

REVIEWS OF THE PRESS.

The golden light of sunset
Shines on the corn fields round.
And the breeze, as it passes over,
Makes a sweet, rippling sound.

THEO'S ROMANCE.

"Love is the cross and passion of the heart."
A long reach of glittering gray beach,
on one side of which rolled the calm,
golden azure of the sea, and on the other
a green landscape touched here and there
with tints of rosy bloom.

Two persons had met on the sand
just where through a break in the rocky
crags the red sunset light streamed
down, warm and picturesque, across
gnarled fir roots and trophy timbers of
triumphant and ruinous storms, that
were polished into a tawny and brilliant
lustre by the ceaseless friction of the
tireless surf.

One of these persons was a woman,
young and comely, although a sort of
dreamy despair had aged her fair and
perfect features, and robbed her graceful
figure of its natural elasticity.

The white plume of her stylish bonnet
was not more colorless than her lovely
cheeks, and the fashionable dead
black of her silk garments not more
gloomy than the darksome trouble of
her sweet violet eyes.

The gentleman who came to meet her
with a curious, contradictory mien of
loath eagerness was very handsome,
very distinguished, and in the prime of his
youthful manhood.

He touched his hat courteously, and
then extended a large and shapely hand
cold as ice.

The small dainty fingers that fluttered
into his palm were quite as cold.
They lay there for a moment lifeless as
pieces of marble, and then dropped away
slowly, sadly, quivering.

"I congratulate you, Waldemar," said
the fair woman, faintly.
"For what, Theo?" he asked gently.
"For your fortune in matrimonial
marriage with some beautiful woman
in America. What else.

He smiled, and the smile was quite as
full of wonder as her voice had been.
"I am not married, my Theo," he
said; "although I hope to be soon, and
the most beautiful woman in America,
who is yourself. I know you are
true to me, Theo, but I have been sadly
perplexed recently by your strange
silence. Theo, I have come for you. Do
you see those brown gables yonder
behind the sand hills and tall green trees?
Yes? Well, my love, I have bought
that place—old Surfmore, for your home
and mine. I heard you were here, and
followed you, my darling, to beg your
consent to our immediate marriage.
Why, Theo?"

had made her familiar with such ignominy.
He turned toward her, his face livid
with his thin, tigerish lips trembling.
"You have seen Waldemar Beresford?"
he asked.

"Yes," she answered, wearily.
"Of course he has informed you
that he is still unmarried?" he answered.
"Of course he has been pleased
to tell you?"

She was yet too faint and dazed by
her unexpected meeting with Waldemar
Beresford to fully comprehend the enormity
of the treachery of this man whom
she had made her husband.

"What has he told you?" repeated
Rufus Aldrich, as she shrank back from
him voiceless and trembling.
"I hardly understand yet," she
replied in a weak whisper. "Rufus, you
professed to be our common friend—the
confidant of each; but you were
false to each of us when you persuaded
me to believe that Waldemar was false
to me. Oh, it was a cruel thing to do—
why did you do it?"

The dull agony and the piteous reproach
of her tones and words seemed
to move him.
"Who, Theo?" he demanded, hoarsely.
"Who do you not guess why? Because
I loved you, and because I had vowed
that you should be my wife though I
should stain my soul with worse sins
than falsehoods to make you mine.

He looked at her as she stood before
her so strangely humble, and something
like pity for him struggled with her
pain and anger. That she was his wife
it was impossible to forget. Perhaps, if
he really were in earnest in his promises
of amendment, she might learn to
be content, even though happiness was
denied her.

"I will try to remember only that you
are my husband," she said gently.
"Of course, I will try to do my best,"
he responded, with great earnestness.
"Of course, I will try to do my best,"
he responded, with great earnestness.

But in a month, or a little more, the
unhappy wife was assured that this was
but a proxymal contrition. The old
habits were strong and the man was
pitifully weak—so weak that the familiar
besetting sins conquered him anew,
and dragged him into deeper dissipations
than ever before.

A more dreary sadness settled upon
Theo's pale young face, and a heavier
and more hopeless melancholy upon her
heart.
Finally, when she had been less than
two years his wife, Rufus Aldrich
disappeared.

It was known that while intoxicated
he had sold his fine house for half its
value, had drawn the money and left
the place. But those were the sole facts
that could be ascertained, and for five
years fate was shrouded in impenetrable
mystery.

In the meantime Theo had realized
from the sale of her jewelry and other
costly articles that were neither useful
for her nor precious as souvenirs, a sum
sufficiently large to purchase a small
cottage that had belonged to the hand-
some estate, and here she lived in peaceful
seclusion.

Since that night on the sands she had
never seen Waldemar Beresford. He
had gone to Europe a few days after,
and since then the beautiful house with
the brown gables looming among the
noble trees had been deserted.

too far gone to harm you, and I shall
return immediately."
Brief as was his absence, an ominous
sensation of ill thrilled him from head
to foot as he approached the little
cottage about which a portentous silence
seemed to rest.

He tapped at the door, but there came
no sound of answer from within, and
with a strange dread at his heart, he
entered unbidden.

There, stark and upright against the
wall, sat the tramp—dead, and the
glazed and staring eyes were fixed in
awesome wonder upon Theo, who lay
senseless and silent, prone upon the
floor before him.

"Has he harmed her? My God! it is
Rufus Aldrich!"
He was indeed Theo's wretched hus-
band, who, sunk to the lowest depth of
degradation, had wandered back to her
to die.

The shock was great, and before she
had recovered from her long swoon,
kind hands had mercifully removed the
awful and pitiful thing out of her sight.

If she did not mourn for the man who
had blighted the summer years of her
life, let none blame her too harshly.
He had robbed her of the love of a
worthy man; by a lie he had made her
his wife; he had outraged her pride, her
affections and her womanly perceptions
of wifely rights by every act that coarse
unkindness or rude neglect could devise,
and then had deserted her.

And when, after a time, she became
the wife of the lover of her youth, she
accepted the happiness that came to her
as the proper denouement of the romance
which, like all other romances, had
been shadowed by elements of profound-
est grief.

But the two had loved each other
well, and as true love is only perfected
by sorrow, they were dearer to each
other because of the trials of their long
estrangement.

The Chances for Gamblers and Insur-
ance Companies.
It is an indubitable result of the theory
of probabilities that every gambler,
if he continues long enough, must ultimately
be ruined. Suppose he tries the
martingale, which some believe infallible,
and which is, as I am informed, disallowed
in the gambling houses. In this
method of playing, he first bets \$1. If
he loses it he bets \$2; if he loses that
he bets \$4; if he loses that he bets \$8;
if he then gains he has lost 1 + 2 + 4 + 8 = 15,
and he has gained \$1 more; and no matter
how many bets he loses, the first one he
gains will make him \$1 richer than he
was in the beginning.

In that way, he will probably gain at
first; but, at last, the time will come
when the run of luck is so against him
that he will not have money enough to
double, and must therefore let his bet
go. This will probably happen before
he has won as much as he had lost in
the first place, so that this run against
him will leave him poorer than he
began, some time or other it will be
sure to happen. It is true that there is
always a possibility of his winning any
sum the bank can pay, and we thus
come upon a celebrated paradox, that,
though he is certain to be ruined, the
value of his expectation calculated according
to the usual rules (which omit this
consideration) is large. But, whether
a gambler plays in this way or any
other, the same thing is true, namely,
that if he plays long enough he will be
sure some time to have such a run
against him as to exhaust his entire for-
tune. The same thing is true of an insur-
ance company. Let the directors take
the utmost pains to be independent
of great conflagrations and pestilences,
their actuaries can tell them that,
according to the doctrine of the chances,
the time must come, at last, when
their losses will bring them to a stop.
They may tide over a crisis by extra-
ordinary means, but then they will
start again in a weakened state, and
the same thing will happen again
all the sooner. An actuary might be
inclined to deny this, because he knows
that the expectation of his company is
large, or perhaps (neglecting the interest
upon money) is infinite. But calculations
of expectations leave out of account
the circumstance now under consideration,
which reverses the whole thing. However,
I must not be understood as saying that
insurance is on this account unsound,
more than other kinds of business.
All human affairs rest upon probabilities,
and the same thing is true everywhere.
If man were immortal he could be
perfectly sure of seeing the day in
which everything in which he had
trusted should betray his trust, and,
in short, of coming eventually to
hopeless misery. He would break down,
at last, as every great fortune, as every
dynasty, as every civilization does. In
place of this we have death.—Popular
Science Monthly.

Science Popularized for the People.
In whaling oil is generally struck
while floating on the water. An out-
ward application of tar and feathers
over the whole body is effectual in
keeping off mosquitoes during the winter.
Gold coin has been beaten so thin
in the United States that it has not been
visible for the last fifteen years. Some
of the fixed stars are at such immense
distances from the earth that a man
could not, with a two-foot rule, measure
the immeasurable distance in a whole
year. It is now discovered that the
Peter Prussiate of potash, when
trituated with the Dioxide of the
potassium, will unite and form a
sympodium of pizerinnum. The
ephemeris of the five inner satellites
of Saturn has been calculated for
the ensuing year. It should be framed
and hung up in every coal cellar. If
the earth should be suddenly stopped
stopped in its orbit a degree of heat
would be evolved which would furnish
 motive power for 25,000 locomotives
going at the rate of two miles a minute,
for 4,000 years. The bones of a Nas-
turtion were recently found in Urge,
France. The stomachic cavity was
full of melted ice, a proof that it lived
beneath the glacial period. Professor
Sequig announces that the Pharos
built the Pyramids to make three cor-
ners in building materials. Gunpowder
may be kept non-explosive by keeping
it away from the fire. Professor Tyndall
has been making some interesting
experiments on sound. He finds
that the phrase, "Will you take some-
thing to drink?" uttered in a Western

bar-room, will be heard all over the
building a third quicker than any other
combination of English words.—New
York Dispatch.

"I'VE KILLED MY GIRL."
A Sombanbulist while Asleep charging
Himself with Murder.
As Sergeant Haggerty was sitting at
the desk in the Fifth Street Police Station
shortly before midnight on Monday
a pale young man entered the room.

"What do you want?" asked the Ser-
geant.
"I have come to give myself up,"
answered the young man, in a low
voice.

"Come to give yourself up?" said the
Sergeant, half inquiringly. "Well,
what's the matter?"
"I've killed my girl," replied the
young man, who seemed to grow paler
as he spoke.

"Come now," said the Sergeant, forc-
ing a smile, "this is the 1st of April."
"But I killed her," pleaded the young
man. "I poked her head through the
window and cut her throat from ear to
ear."

The Sergeant at first thought that the
young man was drunk, and then that
he was an escaped lunatic. He asked:
"Where does your girl live?"
"She lives at No. 516 East Fourteenth
street, and her name is Eliza Gleason,"
was the answer.

The Sergeant called Special Officer
Bissart and told him to go to the house
mentioned. Just as the officer went
away the young man started for the
door.

"Hold on," said the Sergeant sternly,
"you are a prisoner."
The young man, not heeding the
command, continued toward the door,
and the Sergeant hurried from behind
the desk and grasped him by the
shoulder.

"Where an I?" exclaimed the young
man, shuddering and looking about
him in a dazed way. There was no re-
ply to his question, but he was looked
up. The detective returned from the
residence of the young lady, saying
that she was alive, and that when he
informed her of the charge the young man
had made against himself she thought
some one was trying to make her the
victim of an April fool's joke. Yester-
day morning the young man was taken
before Justice Flammner, in the Essex
Market Police Court, and was immedi-
ately discharged. His friends say that
he is a somnambulist, and that he was
undoubtedly asleep when he entered
the police station. He had been reading
of Mrs. Restell's terrible death, and,
falling asleep, dreamed that he
had committed a murder. His name
is Peter Coby, and he is in the employ
of the father of the young lady whose
name he mentioned in the station. Dr.
Austin Flint, Sr., and Dr. Ranney think
that it is a very extraordinary case of
sombanbulism. —New York World.

How to Act in Case of Fire.
Better than all elaborate and costly
apparatus for extinguishing fires are
constant care and watchfulness and
quick and intelligent action on the part
of those who first discover a fire in progress.
The fire which at its beginning could
be smothered with a pocket hand-
kerchief, or dashed out with a bucket of
water, neglected a few moments lays in
waste millions of dollars' worth of prop-
erty. If there is any time in which a
person should be cool and calm, in perfect
command of himself, it is when he
discovers a fire that threatens the de-
struction of life and property. The first
thing to do is to learn precisely where
it is, the second, to consider the chances
of extinguishing it. Of course in cities
an alarm should at once be sent out,
but at the same time a vigorous effort
should be made to put out the fire with
the means at hand; for sometime what
the fire engine is unable to accomplish
when it reaches the scene, can be done
by one or two persons who act promptly
before the flames have had time to
gain headway.

First, then, do not be alarmed on ac-
count of smoke. Frequently there is a
great deal of smoke before the fire has
made much progress. Remember that
one can pass through smoke by keeping
his head near the floor, or by envelop-
ing it in a wet woolen cloth. On enter-
ing a room to fight down a fire single
handed, keep the door closed behind, if
possible. A pail of water and a tin
dipper, in the hands of a resolute per-
son, can be made to work a miracle at
the beginning. If the fire has progressed
too far to admit of this course, and it is
necessary to depend entirely on outside
help, then see to it that every door and
window is closed. By so doing, where
there is a fire-engine in the neighbor-
hood, it will often be possible to confine
the fire to one room.

Every person who stops at a hotel
should take special pains before retir-
ing to note the location of the stairway
so that in case of an alarm he can find
his way out, even though the halls are
filled with smoke. Never leave a room,
where there is an alarm of fire without
first securing a wet towel, or, if possi-
ble, a wet sponge or piece of woolen
cloth through which to breathe. If es-
cape by the stairs is cut off, seek an
outside window and stay there till help
comes. Above all things be cool and
keep your wits about you. When a la-
dy's dress takes fire, let her fall on a
floor at once, and call for help, in the
meantime reaching for some rug or
woolen cloth with which to smother the
flames. There is nothing new in this
advice. It has been repeated in one
form or another hundreds of times, but
it will bear repeating a thousand times.
—American Builder.

How Queen Victoria Makes Money.
The Queen of England is at this mo-
ment the richest woman in the world,
totally apart from the sum which she
annually receives from the country.
When the Prince Consort chose South
Kensington as the site for the Great Ex-
hibition he invested a large amount of
money in lands thereabouts, and that
money has by this time increased forty
or fifty fold, and brings in a revenue
adequate in itself to cover the expenses
of a good-sized kingdom. The Queen
herself is an excellent manager, and
she has begun life with a capital of £500,000,
for she has a turn for money making,
and never loses a chance for increasing

her shining store. It may be doubted
whether she spends much if any more
than £25,000 a year, for she rarely re-
ceives anybody, even to dinner, and al-
though she has to keep up a large staff
of servants, \$125,000 will go a long way
even here, to defray all expenses of that
description.

I mentioned this sum of £25,000 the
other day to a friend of mine who
knows a good deal more about the
Court than I do, and he laughed at it
as being absurdly high. However that
may be, the Queen receives £385,000
a year from the nation, about £40,000
more than the Duchy of Lancaster, and
not less than £200,000 from her invest-
ments—or \$1,125,000 a year. The
Prince of Wales receives \$400,000 from
the nation, about £80,000 from the
Duchy of Cornwall, and his wife £10,000
from the nation, altogether £110,000;
and upon this he has to keep a large
family and to receive and entertain
numerous visitors and guests, give
garden parties, balls, dinners, and incur
vast expenses generally which ought
properly to fall on the monarch. No
wonder he is relatively a poor man.
The prospect before him is not very
bright, for the Queen may reign for
twenty years to come yet. She is only
fifty-eight, and as strong as a lion, in
perfect health. —N. Y. World.

Kicking a Bear.
Forest and Stream tells this "stun-
ning" bear story about a Vermontor,
named Jack Foster, a man of great
physical strength.

Jack was in the woods, on his way
home from sap trees, where he had been
boiling maple sugar. It was a mild
day in March. The snow was six feet
deep, and the warm spring air had soft-
ened the surface so that no one could
walk on it without snow-shoes, a pair
of which Jack had on his feet.

He was unarmed. As he walked on,
he came to a fallen tree directly in his
way. He stepped upon it, but as he
did so, a large bear rose up behind it,
and rushed at him with open jaws.

The warm air had roused the creature
from her winter sleep, and she was fur-
ious with hunger.
Taken wholly by surprise, Jack gave
a tremendous leap which carried him
a distance of ten feet from the trunk of
the tree. But he sank deeply into the
snow, and the bear was upon him before
he could extricate himself.

Then the battle began, man and bear
rolling over and over each other in a
desperate struggle. As often as the bear
tried to seize him with her teeth, or over-
power him with the fatal hug, Jack
would save himself by kicking her on
the nose with his snow-shoes.

Finally, with one fierce plunge of
claws and teeth, the brute fastened up-
on Jack, and failing to hold him, tore
off almost all his clothing at a single
sweep.

Fortunately just at that moment he
hit the top of her nose with a most pow-
erful kick. A blow on the end of the
nose causes pain so acute as to disable
a bear for a time, and it had the effect
in this case.

Chemper Crisps.—Two cupsful of ma-
lasses, one-cupful of lard, one table-
spoonful of ginger, one dessert-spoonful
of soda dissolved in a very little hot water,
and enough flour to make a smooth
dough, roll them.

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Stanley's Convert.
When Mr. Stanley visited King Mtesa,
one of the most powerful monarchs of
Central Africa, on the northern shore
of Lake Victoria Nyanza, he found that
he had been converted from heathenism
to Mohammedanism. He advanced
him in his religious progress by teaching
him some of the truths of Christi-
anity, and leaving with him Darlington,
a colored boy who had been edu-
cated at an English mission school, as
a kind of spiritual guide, and as an in-
terpreter to any missionaries who might
accept the King's earnest invitation.

When these facts became known in
England, a philanthropist made a large
donation for the purpose, and Lieuten-
ant G. S. Smith, Mr. O'Neill, and some
assistants, were sent to Mtesa, who re-
ceived them very cordially. Their
work appeared to be going on very fa-
vorably when a telegram order, based on
letters that had arrived at Zanzibar,
was received in London, announcing
the murder of Messrs. Smith and O'Neill.
The particulars are not given, but from
what is known from their previous
movements, they were probably killed
by some unfriendly natives, while visit-
ing remote parts of the lake. It is be-
lieved that their relations to Mtesa had
continued to be friendly. Men to fill
their places will be sent out immedi-
ately, and there are faint hopes that
their murder may yet be contradicted.
—Cincinnati Gazette.

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