

# HOW HIGHBALL WON THE DERBY.

## Glorious Race Furnished Inspiration for Poet's Song of the Strenuous Steeds.

The West against the East contending,  
Has sent her champion to the fray.  
On blithe Highball our eyes are bend-  
ing—  
The sluggard holds the right of way.  
Where a Irish Lad, the New York won-  
der,  
Whose deeds have set the turf on fire?  
His hoof beats ring like rumbling thun-  
der—  
His Titan heart will never tire!

Which horse will win the Derby laurel?  
Will Woodson snatch the Croesus prize?  
Will Highball conquer in the quartet,  
Or English Lad the world surprise?  
Rapid Water, too, may loom as master—  
Big brother to the boisterous breeze.



"How the frenzied crowd is shout-  
ing, as English Lad bends to the  
chase!"

Blithe Highball's stride seems surely  
faster,  
Than surging foam from wind swept seas.  
"This Derby Day, our glorious season,  
When summer swoons upon the land,  
To pick the winner from the staid,  
Each jockey grimly eyes his neighbor,  
And trails him at his saddle belt,  
And urges on the steeds that labor  
With the fire and fury of the Celt!

Over fifty thousand here assemble  
To see the maddening, braising chase:  
Shy, piquant maids will mount and tremble,  
"Brave Highball will win the race,"  
Blithe Highball looms so spruce and  
sleender,  
Moharib stout may snatch the prize:  
Fort Hunter looms a keen contender—  
Rich laughter gleams in Beauty's eyes,  
What ringing cheers salute the Master,  
Blithe whirlwind of the pampered East,  
Staunch Highball neighs and spurns dis-  
aster,  
And looms a supple, splendid beast,  
A crafty jockey guides his chances—  
Fuller—impulsive in his seat,  
The pompous palfrey proudly prances  
And caracoles with dainty feet.

Comes English Lad, the West's Defender,  
The stubborn sluggard takes his ease,  
Requital's son looms spruce and slen-  
der—  
Big brother to the boisterous breeze,  
Old Time, they say, is fast and fleet-  
ing,  
Time Limpas a laggard in his train!  
What fierce delight when steeds are meet-  
ing,  
And grappling on the wind swept plain!

They're at the post—all grouped together,  
They're jockeying for the friendly rail,  
With hearts as buoyant as a feather,  
Like cavaliers of Grecian tale,  
They hearken to the bugle blowing,  
Its aerial challenge through the air,  
Keen silvery stanzas thrill the blowing,  
Like haunting strains from Siren's lair,  
"They're off—they're off," the railbirds  
cry—  
"All ranged together in a line!"  
Supreme delight to see them flying  
As stately squadron o'er the brine,  
Each gallant thoroughbred is straining,  
With foam flecked mouth and tossing  
crest,  
And dauntless Highball's grimly gaining.

"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining, for dauntless Highball's van-  
quished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gaining,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

### POOR LUCK WITH ALLIGATORS.

#### Visitor Failed to See What Captured the Negro.

When I got down into Mississippi I began to look for alligators, thinking to find them basking in the sun on the banks of every creek and bayou, but three weeks passed and I had not yet got sight of one. Then I accepted an invitation to stay with Major Burbanks for two or three days. He had a big bayou on the west of his plantation, but would not guarantee an alligator. On the second evening I walked down to the water to look in vain, but at the same time I was somewhat interested in a negro who sat on the log fishing. He told me he had never seen a gator in the bayou, and that he was expecting to catch a catfish at any moment, and I had turned away when there was a yell and a splash. I whirled about, but all I could see was the muddy water churned into foam and the waves lashing the bank. At that moment the major joined me and I said: "Major, there was a negro fishing from that log a moment ago."

"Yes?"

"And something has taken him?"

"Yes?"

"But—but it must have been an alligator?"

"And you never caught sight of him?"

"No."

"Shoo! You do seem to be out of luck with the 'gators, for shore. Let's go back to the veranda to smoke."

### BEGGARS AMUSING CHARACTERS.

#### Strange Requests Made by Impecunious Mendicants.

Miss Mary Richmond of Philadelphia is one of the noted charity workers of America.

As the executive head of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity, Miss Richmond has made a thorough study of all sorts of beggars, and some of the beggars she has met must have been amusing characters. There was one, for instance, a New England beggar, who used to tramp about in the twilight, saying to every hewer who answered to his knock: "Will you give me a drink of water, lady? for I'm so hungry I don't know where I'm going to sleep to-night."

And Woodson nobly stands the test!  
How rich the sweep, how grand the measure,  
That rises like grey ocean's swell,  
They spurn the turf with lordly pleas-  
ure,  
Exulting like clear chiming bell,  
They rise and fall like billows swelling,  
And surge and shoulder in the fight,  
Full fifty thousand men are yelling,  
And cheering at the glorious sight!

How the frenzied crowd is shouting,  
As English Lad bends to the chase!  
Lithe his lassies flushed and pouting,  
Show lustrous eyes, shy roselate face  
Blithe Highball gallops surely faster,  
Than whirling wind or tipping rain,  
Rapid Water seems to spurn disaster,  
Stout Woodson nobly stands the strain.

Far back English Lad is hiding,  
The stubborn sluggard bides his time;  
His jockey nurses, calmly guiding,  
Blithe Highball holds the right of way;  
Relentless as lithe leopard leaping,  
Highball comes bounding thro' the  
throng,  
Resisting as fierce cyclone sweeping,  
He glides as splendid as a song.

"Come on you hound," the tipsters yell-  
ing,  
"Wake up and do your song and  
dance!"  
The railbirds with alarm are swelling—  
"You brute, move up and take a chance,  
But English Lad still keeps his distance,  
Blithe Highball holds the right of way;  
He seems to spurn the turf resistance,  
And Woodson trails him in the fray."

They're in the stretch and madly strain-  
ing,  
The panting steeds set sail for home;  
And gallant Highball's grimly gaining,  
All dappled grey with heaving foam,  
The jockeys nurse the steeds that labor,  
And trail them at their saddle belt,  
And grimly eye their strenuous neighbor  
With the fire and fury of the Celt!

The pace was swift, the struggle bru-  
is-  
ing,  
As they thunder down the sloping way,  
With foam flecked mouth like hounds as-  
cending,  
Staunch Highball leads the strenuous  
fray,  
Their hoof beats drown the rumbling  
thunder,  
Relentless as fierce Cyclops might,  
There is no time to break or blunder,  
Since Death's in ambush for a fight.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

And Woodson at his heels was gain-  
ing,  
Their names will live in rippling rhyme,  
—James E. Kissella,  
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Who won the race, who snatched the  
plunder?  
"Vain, English Lad, your desperate  
straining,  
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

# LONG TOIL REWARDED

## FRENCH PRISONERS LABORED YEARS TO ESCAPE.

### Their Secret Passage Was Discovered Through Perfidy of Fellow Convict, But Pardon Was Granted.

A wonderful example of the patience of prisoners in preparing means for escape was discovered some time ago in the French penal settlement in New Caledonia. The convicts live in barracks, and every morning they are thoroughly searched and locked in.

Among the prisoners were two marine engineers who were in for political crimes. They lived together in the same hut. Every night, for two years, they labored at digging an underground chamber beneath their house, concealing its entrance during the day. Every morning each of them carried out some dirt in his blouse or his pockets.

Their hut stood near the seashore. After two years' toil they had dug a tunnel reaching almost to the sandstone bank by the beach. At the end of the tunnel they hollowed out a large cavity, and in this cavity they set to work building a boat. By cutting through to the beach they were able to come out at night and find pieces of driftwood on the shore, and every serviceable piece of timber they dragged in.

In their underground chamber they made a forge, and with little bits of steel and iron, some smuggled in from the marine repair shops in their hair and under their arm pits, they made, first tools, then bolts, rivets and the necessary ironwork for the building of a launch. Then they set patiently to work building an engine for the launch. When that was finally accomplished, they had been working nightly for over seven years.

At this time another convict was lodged with them, a Paris embezzler, and they had to take him into their confidence. For six months he helped them, until everything was ready, except to provision the boat. Then the embezzler turned informer, hoping to gain favor thereby. Next night guards surprised the two marine engineers in their underground chamber, seized their tools, and put them into solitary confinement with ball and chain.

The subsequent investigation brought to light the entire plot. The seven long years of patient toil so impressed the French commandant that a year later he managed to obtain a pardon for the two engineers, and they returned to France.

### POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

#### It Frequently Plays Strange and Unexpected Pranks.

"We humans are a pretty weak-minded lot," said Col. William Zeverley, of the Indian Territory, who was philosophizing. "Witness how a man goes to a race track to play a certain horse and lets any stranger tout him off it."

"I remember when Ash Ewing was sergeant-at-arms of the Missouri Legislature. Ash was a big, burly, healthy man, with a face like a full moon. One Monday morning Senator Walker put up a job on Ash. He hunted up half a dozen senators and told them to go to Ash one after another and ask him what was the matter with his face.

"They all agreed, and Walker started the ball rolling. 'Good morning, Ash,' he said, when he met the sergeant-at-arms. 'How are you this morning?' 'Fust rate, senator; fust rate.' 'But, Ash, what in heaven's name is the matter with your face?' 'Nothing is the matter with my face,' said Ash, rubbing his hand over it. 'Nothing at all.' 'Six men, one after another, met Ash and held the same conversation with him. Each time Ash protested there was nothing the matter with him, but his protests grew weaker and weaker.

"When the seventh came around and said: 'Good morning, Ash, how are you this morning?' Ash replied: 'Fust rate, except for that blankety blanked face of mine.'"

### Not a Matter of Birthdays.

The passengers in a train the other day were annoyed by the impassioned strains of a lusty-lunged infant who refused to be pacified or comforted. A very youthful looking "Bertie," whose nerves seemed to be in an irritable condition, writhed in silent agony for some time; but at last his endurance gave way, and, leaning over the back of his seat he inquired of the mother of the screaming darning, in a brief interval of comparative calm:

"How old should a child be before it can be taught to keep its mouth shut?"

"Young man," replied the irate mother, with a fierce glance at the smooth-faced boy who had had the temerity to put forward such an inquiry, "you should ask your own mother that question!"

### The Fisher of Nippon.

Where now the brownie fisher lad?  
His hundred thousand fishing boats  
Rock idly in the reedy moats:  
His baby wife no more is glad,  
But yesterday, with all Nippon,  
Beneath his pink-white cherry trees,  
In chorus with his brown, sweet bees,  
He careless sang, and sang right on.  
Take care! for he has ceased to sing:  
His startled bees have taken wing!  
His cherry blossoms drop like blood;  
His bees begin to storm and sting;  
His seas flash lightning, and a flood  
Of crimson stains their wide, white  
ring.  
His battle-ships belch hell, and all  
Nippon is but one Spartan wall!  
Aye, he, the boy of yesterday,  
Now holds the bearded Russ at bay;  
While blossom'd steeps above, the clouds  
Wait idly, still, as waiting shrouds,  
—Joquin Miller in the Century.

# TO TRANSFORM A WILDERNESS.

## Irrigation is Expected to Accomplish a Miracle.

One of the most forbidding portions of the North American continent has been the desert of Idaho in the Snake river region. Little besides sage grass would grow there, and the lands, suitable neither for agriculture nor grazing purposes, have been abandoned to coyotes and noxious reptiles.

But of late an almost miraculous change has taken place in this region. The government engineers thought they saw a promise of fertility there, and the tract was chosen as one of the earliest to be irrigated artificially under the new scheme for which congress has appropriated several million dollars. At an expenditure of \$2,600,000, which has been set aside for the construction of great impounding dams and diversion canals above the Minidoka rapids, fully \$12,000,000 of taxable property will be created in this basin. Taking as a basis the last census agricultural figures for Idaho, the 120,000 acres to be reclaimed under this project will, when settled under irrigation, represent the latter value, while the annual earnings of the land will amount to about \$2,000,000. With this area cut up into 1,400 new farms, as is proposed by the government, a rural population will be created of 7,000, which will bring with it an urban population of probably another 7,000, or 14,000 people.

### TRAPPER OF BIG HAWKS.

#### Pennsylvania Man Holds Record as Champion Catcher.

Glenn Russell, a young man of Hunter, Pa., has certainly broken all late records as a hawk catcher. He began his work of catching hawks by means of traps in November last, when on the 22d day of that month he bagged his first bird, which had a spread of wings 50½ inches from tip to tip. The day following he caught another, which measured 54½ inches. On December 8 another one was added to his list, which measured 49 inches. February 27 of this year another was caught, which measured 51 inches. May 4 he scored one which showed a spread of wings of 50 inches; on the 14th another was added, having 48 inches of wing, on the 19th another big fellow was trapped, which showed up 53 inches of sailing power. On the 24th perhaps the daddy of 'em all was taken, and this fellow could unfold 55 inches of wing power. On the same date another was decoyed into Mr. Russell's trap, with a wing measurement of 50 inches.

### The Village Church.

I'm glad I lingered where the village road  
Turned off into the highway to the  
town,  
For, far away among the hills of  
brown  
The tall church steeple showed.

That was the last I saw for many a day,  
Of home—that white, slim turret that  
yet seems  
To come, faith's symbol, in my waking  
dreams,  
To drive my doubts away.

How many times the mists my path  
would claim—  
And oft and oft the voices of unrest,  
And giant strife, had sadly dispossessed  
The hope of simple man.

But mid their guardian hills I know where  
they  
Who gather in their father's ancient  
shrine  
Remember, by their early faith and  
mine,  
For absent sons to pray.

And, if I should go back, I'm sure I'd  
see,  
After I'd passed the highway to the  
hill,  
The faithful church tower shining  
white and still,  
To keep the way for me.

—Frank Walcott Hutt in the Youth's Companion.

### The Japanese Calendar.

Every month in Japan has its particular significance to the Japanese: January, the month of the New Year; February, the inari (fox festival); March, the doll festival; April, the birthday of Buddha, the month when the people stroll out for hanami (flower picnic) and fields and hills are tinted with clouds of cherry blossoms; May, when azaleas are ablaze and the picknickers flock to the beautiful gardens; June, the Temple festival; July, the celebration of the "Milky Way"; August, moonlight banquets; September, the month of the kizukuki (chrysanthemum) shows. October is a desolate month, for the gods are said to be absent. In November the parents celebrate the third, fifth and seventh anniversary of their children and entertain their friends; December, a month of work in preparation for the New Year.

### New Paulist Superior General.

George M. Searle, the teacher, writer and astronomer, has been elected superior general of the Paulists. He has in turn been with the United States coast survey, a professor at Annapolis Naval academy, a professor at Harvard, a professor in the Catholic university at Washington and director of the Vatican observatory at Rome.

### Pincer Mining in Colorado.

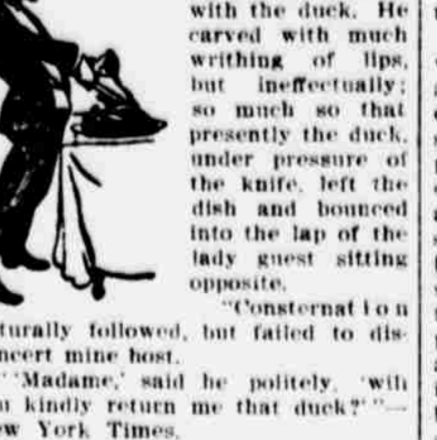
Dredging for gold in the sands of Clear Creek, in the vicinity of Golden, Colo., is one of the latest enterprises to attract the attention of the mining world. Chicago capitalists have prepared to spend nearly \$1,000,000 in the development of their plans, and already have begun building the monster dredges required in the work.

### Health Forbids Politics.

Ex-Gov. William E. Cameron of Virginia has withdrawn as a candidate for congress in the fourth (Petersburg) district because his health will not permit of his continuing the campaign. He made his announcement at a meeting in Boydton, where he and his opponent, R. G. Southall, had a joint discussion.

# WANTED THE DUCK BACK.

## Inexpert Carver in No Way Disconcerted by "Trifling" Accident.



"Madame," said he politely, "will you kindly return me that duck?"—New York Times.

### BASEBALL TEAM IN FAMILY.

#### Nine Players Among Whom There Should Be Harmony.

It is doubtful if there is another town in the state, outside of Wappingers Falls, Dutchess county, that can boast of the distinction of having a baseball nine, with a substitute player, all in the one family—not merely ten members, but ten good baseball players. They have not only established a reputation by playing among themselves, but by figuring conspicuously in teams along the Hudson river. This novel nine is made up of the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Birkenmeyer, of High street, Wappingers Falls. Although they are all first class ball players, they have never organized as a solid team until last week. The team is made up as follows: Charles Birkenmeyer, catcher; John Birkenmeyer, pitcher; Joseph Birkenmeyer, first base; Oscar Birkenmeyer, second base; Albert Birkenmeyer, third base; Adolph Birkenmeyer, Jr., left field; James Birkenmeyer, center field; Vincent Birkenmeyer, right field; Raymond Birkenmeyer, substitute.—New York World.

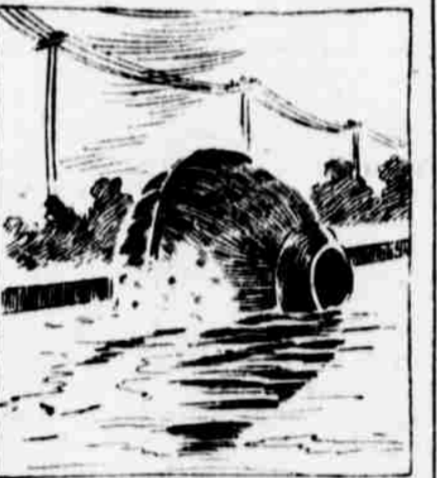
### DOCTORS MOVE GIRL'S HEART.

#### Organ Restored to Normal Condition Though Shifted Six Inches.

Annie Riley, a 13-year-old daughter of James Riley of Dickson City, Pa., became ill with pleurisy about a year ago. The family physician found the whole left side of the child's body over the lungs bloated. He removed the matter and the girl began to get well. Soon, however, a second gathering appeared, which decayed the ribs on the left side. During this second illness the girl's heart moved over to the right side some six inches from its proper position.

The girl was taken to a hospital, where physicians found it necessary to remove four whole ribs and parts of four others. The physicians restored the heart to its natural position, but the operation left the child weak and for two weeks she was in a dangerous position, but now it is believed she will recover.

### Rolling Boat.



In this strange craft its French inventor has created a boat of remarkable appearance, if nothing more. It consists of two drums, the outer acting as a propeller, while the inner contains a twenty-four horse power motor and carries the passengers.

### Fishing with an Ice Pick.

There is a farmer out in Wyoming who lived almost entirely last winter on the contents of a unique refrigerator presented to him by nature. He lives near a small brook which is part of a large stream not far off. A big school of salmon trout came up in the brook and were cut off from returning to the river by the freezing of the small connecting stream. Then came an unusually cold wave, and the brook was frozen solid, the hundreds of salmon trout being caked up in the ice.

During the winter the farmer had only to go down to the brook, chop a hole in the ice and pick out a few of the frozen fish, using them as he needed them for his meals.

### Love of Baseball Caused Death.

When Charles R. Kittredge, treasurer of a savings bank at East Jaffrey, N. H., as he was on his way home one afternoon recently, carrying a satchel containing a revolver, he passed a ball field, here a game was in progress. A fly ball was batted in his direction, and he dropped his satchel so as to catch the ball. The weapon was discharged and the bullet entered Mr. Kittredge's side, causing his death a little later.

### Hop Crop of United States.

The United States now produces more hops than any other country. Of the world's crop of 1,760,000 hundred weight, the United States furnishes 462,000 hundred weight.

# FLY THE BEST BAROMETER.

## Watch Small Pests if You Would Know When It Will Rain.

"Fine day, isn't it?" I remarked as I bade a friend good morning recently in the market house, where he conducts a meat stand. "Yes," he replied, "but it is certain to rain before the day is over."  
Asked how he could be so confident when the sky was apparently clear and the sun shining so brightly, he called my attention to the flies. "You see them clinging to the beef?" he explained. "Well, in dry weather the electric fans serve to keep the flies away from fresh meat, but the instant the atmosphere becomes affected by an approaching shower these insects begin to stick to the meat so tightly that it is almost absolutely impossible to drive them off. Our fans are made to revolve at full speed, and in addition we resort to fly brushes; but even with all these precautions some of the little winged pests cling to the beef with a tenacity that is astounding. When this occurs we know that it will rain, and it never fails. Just watch and see if it is not correct. The fly is the best barometer in all the world."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Lassoed His Big Catch.

Frank Rogers of South Orrington has quite a fish tied up at his wharf on the river shore. He caught a sturgeon 8 feet long, weighing 250 pounds, in his salmon net, and has him fastened by a rope so that he can swim around in the creek. People who wish to see him pull him ashore, and after the inspection the big sturgeon wiggles back into deep water. The sight is quite a treat to those who have never seen quite so large a fish, many many embrace the opportunity.—Kennebec Journal.

### A Road Mirror.



At Woodbridge, Suffolk, England, where three roads meet at dangerous angles, the Urban Council has erected a mirror at such an angle that drivers of motor cars and other vehicles can see whether the road is clear.

### He Hated All Religion.

Elliot W. Preston, who died in Boston recently, left a unique will. After providing that no religious ceremony should be held over his body, and that his body should remain unburied until sure of death, he left all his estate, approximately \$20,000, to the Antivivisection society of Philadelphia. Mr. Preston expressed this wish: "I earnestly request that no religious singing, paid or unpaid, be permitted, in lieu thereof, should that stanch free thinker, my friend, Mr. F. G. Peabody, be present, I request and hope that he will, in a few well chosen sentences, speak of the deceased as one who dared to look, despite of threats, with the undimmed eye upon the Light—as of one unblinded by priestcraft, hating only pain and recognizing in the principle of happiness the eternal and only good."

### Girl Shoots Attacking Coyote.

Driven to desperation by long fasting, due to heavy snow, a pack of coyotes attacked Maude Russell and Clara Sherman near Wilhoit Springs. Fortunately the girls were armed. Instead of fleeing from the wild dogs the Russell girl shot one of the animals. The report of the gun frightened the remainder of the pack away. The young women were mounted and brought the body of the coyote back with them to their home as a souvenir of their venture.

### Good Bankruptcy Laws.

In Norway and Sweden the only thing for a creditor to do is to send in his claims and make sure that the same are recognized. After this has been done he has the right to refuse to accept the propositions offered by the bankrupt and can insist upon court proceedings in case he believes the bankruptcy was brought about with dishonest intentions.

### Ancient Harp.



Old Egyptian harps had but six strings.

### Achievement of Jeweler.

A jeweler in Turin has made a tiny boat of a single pearl. The hull is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a racing sloop, the sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost \$5,000.