THE MINUET-DANCER.

So, my enchantress in the flowered brocade.

You call an elder fashion to you ald, Step forth from Gainsborough's canvas and advance,

A powdered Galatea, to the dance.

About you clings a faded, old-world

though the link-boys crowded round your chair.

As though the Macaronis thronged the Mall.

And the French horns were sounding at Vauxhall,

They trend the stately measure to its close.

The silver buckles and the silken hose Ladies and exquisites that bend and sway.

Brilliant as poppies on an August day.

You dance the minuet, and we admire, We dullards in our black and white

attire. Whose russet Idyll seems a mere burlesque,

Set in a frame so far less picturesque.

Yet I take heart; for Love, the coatless rogue,

Can scarcely heed what raiment be in vogue,

Since in good sooth his negligence is known

As something scandalous anent his OWD.

And so he whispers, Eyes were bright and brown.

Long ere the powder tax dismayed the town.

And faithful shepherds still shall babble on.

Although the raplers and the frills be gone.

0///////////////////////////// A RETURN TO NATURE. o////////////////////////////

a flows Minister Obeyed the

"Rev. Augustine St. Gregory, Miss Helen Mackintosh, Married-"

"Tear up the wedding cards!" interrupted Pris Armstrong. "It was in-fatuation-fanaticism. How could a Boston girl, brought up with every ad-vantage of education and association, marry a full-blooded Sloux! I went to the wedding under protest; as Hel-en's nearest friend, I sat there under protest; and it required all my self-control to refrain from shricking aloud at the words; 'If any man can show just cause why they should not law-fully be joined together'-"

You talk as though you had just arrived from the plains, in wampum and var paint," returned Annie Chesley, indiguantly. "I met him at Mrs. Cot-ting's reception, and thought him per-fectly fascinating. He has the lovellrectly fascinating. He has the loven-est manners—so gentle and subdued, and, with his soulful dark eyes and melancholy face, he reminded me of Edwin Booth in The Iron Chest. Such an interesting history as he has, too. He lost his father at the battle of the Little Big Horn and after the fileh Little Big Horn, and after the flight treacherous and savage deed. of Sitting Bull and his men into Canada, the poor little fellow was found by a missionary and sent to Hampton. later, by means of an old lady's bequest, he was educated for the ministry preparatory to going as mission-ary to his own people. If you had heard him speak the last Sunday in Advent, when taken forcmfny ...,'se'w Advent, when the collection is taken for the domestic mission, you would realize what religion has done in transforming a savage into a Christian gentieman and clergyman." "Lielen was taught from babyhood to save her pennits for the Domrsto: Mission," said Pris slowly. "In Lent her childish sacrifices were for the benefit of some Indian school. Her cast-off toys were sent to Hampton; her Sunday school class supported an Indian there. Later, she attended all the meetings for the benefit of the Indians, has been an active member of the Dakota league and devoted all her charitable energies-and a Boston girl must have some outlet for philanthropy, as imperatively as for her love of music, books and art-to collecting funds and packing barrels of clothing for the Indians. As she stood by the altar it seemed the culmination of a life-long fad-an earnest and religious one, if you will, but still merely a fad -in which love bore a minor, if not a doubtful part. There was a delay in getting to the carriage and I waited. No, not to throw rice, but-but to see Helen once more. Capt. Carter, Helen's cousin-he was best man-closed the carriage door, with a gay good-He stood, with uncovered head, in the fog and drizzle, and I saw the look upon his face."

clamation from both, for it was the surplice, with the circle-emblem of immortality embroidered upon its front, that lay there blood-stained and trampled. He sank into the chair again, and

The next moment there was an ex-

she, who had learned in the last few months that there were times when it was best to leave him undisturbed, illently closed the shutters outside the broken window and pinned closely over it the heavy curtains of Mexican blankets. The room was both sitting room and study. In the corner a prie dieu, with a threadbare cushion, testified to the length and frequency of his devotions.

Presently Helen looked anxiously up from the altar-cloth she was embroidering.

"I wish you would not watch me in that covert manner," said her husband with new irritability.

He was tired; her woman's heart chid her, after that moment of strange and chilled misgiving. It was a long, cold walk to the settlement, and the people there were the most degraded of his pastoral charge. They consisted only of old men, women and children; the young men were out hunting-a euphemism for having joined certain bostile tribes in the northwest.

"I have questioned lately, Helen," he began presently, "whether I have not, after all, mistaken my vocation. The fire has died out of my utterances, my prayers no longer ascend as on wings of light, but fall crushingly back upon my heart. The meaning has gone out of the Holy Scripture; its words are as 'a tale told by an idlot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." She spoke gentle, reassuring words

and the strange foreboding vanished from her heart. Long after she had gone to bed, he

was kneeling at the prie-dieu. In the days that followed, she noticed that he was unusually silent; that the carly services, the prayers and fastings became more frequent-the last so rigorous that she begged to have care lest his health suffer.

"We are commanded," he replied solemnly, "to crucify the old man and utterly abolish the whole body of sin." went about his work like a man

dy that had dream. The melan always characterized him had become | That man is James R. Green of Elisodiness, a taciturnity that his wife earned was best left unquestioned. His favorite subjects of conversation had formerly related to his work; now he never alluded to it. His texts had been chosen from the New Testament that upon which he had most frequent ly dwelt being: "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." Now his sermons were drawn from the Old Testament, and particularly from those accounts that dwelt upon vengeance and bloodshed. When he read the lesson telling of the killing of Sisera, there was a repressed force in his utterance, an intensity of dramatic action in the gestures of his slender hand and flexible wrist, that brought the scene with awful vividness before his listeners.

"She smote the nail into his tem-ples-for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died." His personality was merged into that of Jaci, and ez-aliation was exultation over the His manner in speaking of his own people had formerly been tinged with sadness. Was it a wild fancy of his wife's that it now held a subtle pride? A distinction, too, had evidently grown up between "these people"-of his flock and those amongst whom his childhood had been passed.

forward on his face, but the circle was instantly reformed. The young brave who had held her gaze was prostrate at last, in the kind of swoon to which the others had succumbed. Suddenly he leaped to his feet.

"I have seen the Great Father," he cried, "and he will not talk to me, because I have married a white woman!"

It was the voice of her husband!

Half-frozen, blinded and staggering, she reached her own door at last. She must have wandered many times from the path, for the cold, gray morning light was breaking. She dropped from force of habit, into the chair by the work table. She must darn those stockings of August's. It was the morning for early service. There was a little Bluminated book of devotions in which it was her daily habit to read. Was she going mad? The words were revolving in a circle over the page. A capital A, in scarlet and gold bore a fantastic resemblance to the paint bedizened figure of the dance.

There was a sound without. The door was pushed open and a naked savage strode into the room. She saw his purpose

"August! For the sake of our unborn babe! What followed may not be told.

-Edith Robinson in Argonaut.

SAW THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Midshipman Who Watched the Fight Through a Sea Glass.

Wednesday, the 19th inst., was the eighthieth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Of the hundreds of thousands of men who struggled that day for supremacy all have passed away, except two in America, four in the British Isles and six in France, and most of these are centenarians.

There is another, who, although not a participant in the great battle, had the privilege of witnessing the thrilling events of that week in Belgium which marked the downfall of the Napoleon dynasty and who viewed that battle from a better vantage ground, 11111 111 11 worth, Ohio, who'ls ninety-seven years of age

The old gentleman was born in Bol ton, Lancashire, England, on July 25 1798, and entered the English navy at the age of sixteen as a midshipman The next year his ship was employed in transporting the English soldier for Wellington's army across the chan nel from Southampton to Antwerp and it was at this time that he accl dentally witnessed Waterloo. In 1818 he entered the East India merchant service, and for many years voyaged in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, making many trips around the Cape of Good Hope to Delphi, Calcutta and In 1820 he made his first Bombay. voyage to America in a sailing vessel. It required twelve weeks to cross the stormy Atlantic, Since then be bas rossed the Atlantic twenty-three.

Mr. Green was in a reminiscent mood when seen by a correspondent, and talked interestingly of the great battle. "I was a midshipman in June, 1815, on one of King George's trans-

THE CHILD-SEASON.

O sunny life of childhood! blossoming To gladden all the world; as if the spring Were captive made, and your soft

hair ungird Had netted all spring's sunshine as it stirred:

Your little nest has still its singing bird.

O youth! fast learning to be wise and vain.

Whose aims are lofty. In the race for gain Great things seem possible-and yet

to-day Some grave that is a milestone on the

way Says over the world's loud voice,

Kneel and pray." hearts that pain has chastened!

Well ye know The song of thankfulness. Ye but

forego Your joy a little while. The leaves may tell

autumn; yet be brave; ye have or fought well

Weep not; ye know that other fighters fell.

O, aged heads that many a Yule-tide snow

Has whitened! Though the time be long ago

Since first ye laughed in childhood's golden ray.

The Child of Bethlehem takes your hand to day. God's blessing crowns your far more

perfect way.

-Chambers' Journal.

• ################################### LOVE ON THE WHEEL.

"Never," she answered, with an ef

fort that cost her much. There was now no doubt in her mind that she loved bim. If she had ever questioned the fact in those hours of solitude when she subjected her heart to the severe scrutiny of her reason, now in the cold moment of parting she did not doubt. He was going to leave her forever. True, he was going at her bidding, but how could it be otherwise? She was a woman of spirit and would not be dictated to, and when he said she must not ride a bicycle, her womanhood rebelled. Love will sacrifice much, but not all. The duties of a fiancee she was happy to meet and to perform; the responsibili-tties of wifehood, soon to be assumed. she was ready to assume; but how long can love last when it yields itself up a slave to tyranny? Not long, in

You must not ride a bleycle," he had said. "Must not!" she cried springing from

her wheel, las punctured tires entangled in his feet, its cyclometer hesting on his vest pocket, and its left pedal grasped firmly in the unconscious victim's hand.

It was spring. George Washburne, who had haln for three weeks delirous, opened his eyes. Reason had returned and his right arm had knit.

"At last," sobbed a fair girl, who with his sister sat at the sick man's "Where am 1?" he gasped.

"Here, George," said Perthenia, for it was she-"here, I'll never ride again."

"Sweetheart, was it you?" he murmured.

"It was, George," she answered with a sob. "I had not lit my lampand I was coasting-and then-then it happened. But never mind, my darl ing, I shall never bike again.

"Oh, my love!" he said, grasping her hand and lifting it to his lips, "do not say that. Bike as much as you will: the wheel that I maligned brought us together again. We owe it much. I will tell why I objected."

And then he told her all; how he had tried to learn, and could not; and how the desire to be with her always had led him to speak as he had. And she, imprinting a kiss upon his forehead, comforted him.

"You were right, darling," she said. "We will get a bleycle built for two, and I will work the pedals, while you can sit on the hind seat and whisper words of love in my ear.'

His answer was a smile, and happiness once more dawned for Georga Washburne and Parthenia Hicksworthy, They were wed last week, and the groom's gift to his bride was a nickle-plated safety for two, with a russet-leather tool-chest and gold wire guards to keep her skirts free from the wheel.-Bazar.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BLIND.

Men to Whom the Loss of Vision Seemed to be Unimportant.

A unique career was recently brought to a close in the suburbs of a great American city. It was that of a man totally blind from early childhood who, by force of an inflexible will, had succeeded in becoming a scientific anatomist.

Although deprived of sight, he trained bimself by muscular exercise to be an athlete. The loss of one sense only strengthened his determination to preserve all his other faculties in the freshness of perfection. His own success in muscular exercise brought a group of young men around him, and before he was 21 years old he was a training master for athletic sports of every sort. He opened a gymnasium with apparatus designed to carry into practice theories of his own respecting the development of the human body.

He taught large classes, led in exercises of all kinds, and performed the lost difficult feats with unerring acenracy. His facility in using the apsium was amazing. Visitors could hardly be convinced that the expert fearless teacher was absolutely

Extinction of the Bison.

In a wild state the American bison, or buffalo, is practically, though not quite wholly, extinct. At the present oment there are about 200 wild buffaloes alive and on foot in the United States. To obtain these high figures we include the 150 individuals that the white head-hunters and red meathunters have thus far left alive in the Yellowstone Park, where the buffaloes are fondly supposed to be protected from slaughter. Besides these, there are only two other bunches; one of about twenty head in Lost Park, Col., protected by state laws; and another, containing between thirty and forty head, in Val Verde county, Tex., between Devil's river and the Rio Grande.

Four years ago there were over 300 head in the Yellowstone Park, thriving and increasing quite satisfactorily. Through them we fondly hoped the species would even yet be saved from absolute extinction. But, alas! we were reckoning without the poachers. Congress provides pay for just one solitary scout to guard in winter 3,575 square miles of rugged mountain country against the hordes of lawless white men and Indians who surround the park on all sides, eager to kill the last buffalo. The peachers have been hard at work, and as a result our park herd has recently decreased more than onehalf in number. It is a brutal, burning shame that formerly, through lack of congressional law adequately to punish such ponchers as the wretch who was actually caught red-handed in January, 1894, while skinning seven dead buffalos! Through lack of a paltry \$1,800 a year to pay four more scouts the park buffalos are all doomed to certain and speedy destruction.

Besides the places mentioned, there is only one other spot in all North America that contains wild buffaloes. Immediately southwestward of Great Slave lake there lies a vast wilderness of swamps and stunted pines, into which no white man has ever penetrated far, and where the red man still reigns supreme. It is bounded on the north by the Liard and Mackenzie rivers, on the east by the Slave river. on the south by the Peace river, and on the west by the Rocky mountains. Mr. Warburton Pike says it is now the greatest beaver country in the world, and that it also contains a few hands of the so-called wood buffalo. "Sometimes they are heard of at Forts Smith and Vermilion, sometimes at Fort St. John, on the Peace river, and occasionally at Fort Nelson, on the Liard; but it is impossible to say anything about their numbers." At all events in February, 1890, Mr. Pike found eight buffaloes only four days' travel from Fort Resolution on Great Slave lake, and succeeded in killing one. Th Canadian authorities estimate the to tal number in that region at 300,-W. T. Hornaday in St. Nicholas.

Many receipts as published still call for cream-of-tartar and soda, the oldfashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way. In all such re-celpts the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The Fear of Thundor and Lightents Girls who are terrified by thunde and lightning lose a great deal of et wment during the summer when

................................ A Biking Romance, By Anne War-rington Withrup,

"Then you wish me never to refurn ?"

"They say he has always been in love with Helen."

"It was not that. Insight gave foresight, and on the pavement, in Copley Square, he saw the future, somewhere on the Western plains."

"You are tired, August?"

Helen St. Gregory arose from the biano, the one article of luxury she had permitted herself, and leaning over the back of her husband's chair played with his hair. It had been allowed to grow somewhat long in the last few weeks.

He had just returned from a visit to a settlement a few miles distant, consisting of a few wretched, scattered huts. His hand sought his throat and loosened the stiff, clerical bands with an impatience that seemed uncontrol-

"It is stifling here," he said; "the air of a room makes me cough.

"I will open the window."

"Open both windows."

"I gannot," returned Helen, with some surprise at his imperious tone. The other window is scaled, hermetically, with papier-mache, manufactured out of soaked newspapers, after Frank Curter's recipe."

Her ht and strode across the room and with the blow of his clenched fist he broke away the lower part of the BHSD.

"August! How could you-oh, your hand is bleeding!" reproach changing to commisseration.

She caught up a web of soft linen upon the work table.

"It is nothing," said her husband almost haughtily, drawing himself so quickly away that the linen fell beneath his foot.

His walks over the plain became more frequent. Helen had supposed their object was the settlement, till an allusion to his work there unde-ceived her. "I have not been there. I walked twenty, thirty miles over the plain," he said, with an excitement

not allow to pass unnotic

"Listen!" and the words that followed were strange to Helen. "It is the tongue of my fathers," went on her husband, with solemn pride. "Upon the vast empty plain, there was a sound from heaven as of a mighty rushing wind, and even as the tongues were given to the disciples at the day of Pentecost, was the language of the warriors given back to me. With such words did my father speak when ne told of his brave deeds in the council. My father was a great brave. He did not live amongst the women and children. He was not a squaw man. He was Black Kettle!"

Bewildered at this strange outburst, Helen called beseechingly to her husband. He made no reply, It was morning when he arose from the priedien.

For the next few days except for an almost unbroken silence, he seemed more like his former self. Late one afternoon, word was brought to Helen that a woman had been confined in the settlement and was dying for lack of food and clothing. The circumstances appealed to her with peculiar force. Filling a basket with food and hastily selecting such articles as seemed most needful, she set out on her lonely walk.

The door of the hut was ajar. The one room was empty. In her charitable visiting in Boston, a similar experience had often confronted her, and now, as then, an involuntary vexation arose at having been made a dupe of her sympathies. She made her way to the next but, but to her surprise, it too was empty. The village was desertedl

The last hut stood on the brow of a strange sight.

Shrinking back into the shadow of the hut, petrified with horror, she stood watching a circle of savage figures men and women alternating, holding one another by the hand, revolving slowly around a large tree. A dirge-like chant filled the air, as round and round the dancers went, in the same direction, with eyes closed and heads bent toward the ground. There were young men in the circle. Had they returned, then, from fheir "hunting expedition?"

Chained to the spot by the mystic spell of the "ghost dance," her own body swayed to and fro in unison with the dancers.

One figure seemed to exercise a particular fascination over her. It was that of a young brave, naked to the hips, and with strenks of red and yellow paint across his breast. Darkness had long ago fallen, and fires were gleaming in the hollow. By and bye, one after another of the dancers fell

port ships," he said, "and with the other 'middles' started across Belgium to join the English troops.

'We came first to Ligny, where the preliminary battle of that terrible week in Belgium took place. That

fight was between the Prussians under Blueher and Napoleon's veterans. The conflict did not last long, but it stands as one of the most desperate fights of history. Blucher was compelled to give way, and his retreat was almost a rout. Flushed with success, Napo on pushed on to his fate at Quatre-Bras and attacked the outposts of the

'At Quatre-Bras Napoleon was repulsed, falling back to Waterloo that night, where he determined to make his final stand.

"On the morning of the 18th, with a sea glass which we had taken with us, we stood on the heights some distance away from Waterloo and took in the whole scene. We could see Napoleon on his charger riding along his lines preparing for the battle. The lines were formed and soon the field was filled with smoke and the roar of cannon reverberated through the hills of Belgium. In the afternoon the fierce conflict ceased and the field was a sickening sight. The green rye had been trampled down and the field was nothing but dust like the middle of the road, while the dead and wounded lay scattered thickly over the plain. Out of 250 pieces of artillery Napoleon lost 156, and 40,000 of his men were either dead upon the field or prisoners. "I can remember distinctly of seeing Blucher, Napoleon, the duke of Wellington and George IV. I can remember seeing George 111. and his couriers riding down to London docks upon many a morning. During the reign of William IV. 1 remember having seen Queen Victoria in a villa near London playing in a garden, and I have distinct remembrances of the last four ruling monarchs of the house of Hanover."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

REWARDED WITH A HALF GUINEA.

How Paderewski Was Proffered a Small Tip by an Englishman. Paderewski had a sinzular experience in Clifton, England, quite recently. No sooner had the popular planist an incline. In the hollow beyond was | arrived at his hotel than he found a courteously worded letter asking him to allow an invalid lady to call upon him and hear him play one plece, promising in return for "this great treat" a douceur of half a guinea, which was tendered with much apology. The letter was so worded as to be a courteous and delicate appeal to the planist's generosity. The letter had the desired effect, and he appointed a time. Punctual to the moment the lady appeared and Paderewski played her a few pieces. The lady thanked him and slipped the promised half guinea in the most gracious mode of tip-giving into his palm. "Ah, what is this?" blandly asked the planist. "The half guinea I promised you." "I really believe," he answered with a smile, "that I shall be able to get to the next town without it," saying which he returned the proffered largesse, bowed the lady out, and sat down to his interrupted breakfast .--San Francisco Chronicle.

his arms, 'n which she had for the moment nestled. "That's what I said," said he, petu

lantly. "It will make you round-shoul-dered." She eyed him angrily for a moment.

"Round-shouldered," she cried. "Oh, you men, you men! Had I married you and grown round-shouldered making my own dresses, you would not have mumured. Had we gone hand in hand into poverty and my shoulders grown round from bendlug over a laundry stove, you would have permit ted it: but because I choose to acquire humphack riding a wheel for pleasare, you use that word that whence

word must to me, who have loved you, declined to dance and drive with others for you-oh, George, George, George!

"Well, I mean it." said he, caluly, "Choose between us-me or the bleyele-which is it to be?"

She made no answer but walking to the porch, rang the bell of her wheel. It was his answer, and he realized it. "I do not care for bicycling," she

said, "but I can have no nots in my life. Leave me." He walked out into the night, and Parthenia, throwing herself limply voon her wheel, pedaled weepingly in

the other direction, forgetting to light her lamp. George Washburne walked moodily down the road which one short laur before he had traveled with so light

a heart "Heigho," he said. "All my life shattered in a moment. If she but knew how I loved her-if she could only have guesse I my motive in speaking as I did-that I wished always to be at her side, and that if she rode I could not, since, try as I will, I can not myself ride a wheel, it is beyond me, and yet I have not dared confess to her that I have tried to learn and can not. In his wife's eves a man should be a hero capable of all things. Supposing I had told her of the les I have taken is secret at the SOUR academy, of the dents my head has made in the hardwood floor, of the attendants I have run over and crippled and the wheels I have shattered, until the manager of the place has told me even as has she-never to return. It would have lowered me in her esteem. I can not, can not tell her, and shatter her respect for her, former

fiances. As he spoke, he reached his own front door and was about to enter. when his heart grew too full. "I can not go in yet" he said. "I will at least walk back and gaze upon the light in her window.

Prey to melancholy the unhappy fulfilled his destiny. Back walked, gloomily ruminating over the future, now so black. Deep in his thoughts, he did not notice where he was going; he did not notice that he had passed Parthenia's house; he did observe that he was ascending Coaster's Hill, a half-mile beyond; he did not even her a rumbling noise in the distance which would have taught him caution. Alas! thoughtless moral: and yet how happily all transpired! There came a crash, a thud, a moan, George Washburne lay unconscious in the road.

Parthenia Hicksworthy stood, having landed on her feet, ten yards dis-

Pressing the prostrate man into the earth were the shattered remains of | fire."-Brooklyn Eagle

sightless.

His gymnasium was gradually converted into a school of health. By physical exercises conducted under his supervision, he undertook to remedy deformliles of the body, and to cure patients afflicted with diseases of lungs, digestion and disordered nerves. He became in fact, if not in title a physiclan of recognized skill, and applied many original theories to the treatment of diseases, devoting the best years of his life to a minute study of the mechanism of the human body, with a view to remedying the physical

designing the finest yachts or the blind entomologist making scientific discoveries or the blind statesman discuss. ing in parliament the intricacies of finance and conducting the laborious executive department, only the most resolute natures can win such victories as these.

Mr. Fawcett, when he met with an accident in his youth by which he lost his sight, was a student with an ardent ambition for public life. A weak er nature would have given up the first fight as hopeless, but with unflinching courage he followed the career he had marked out for himself. He continued his study of political economy by the aid of other men's eyes: trained his memory until he could carry complex tables of statis tics as easily as other men could read the figures from the printed page, and achieved great distinction as a uni-

versity professor and a political leader. So complete was his conquest of infirmity that Mr. Gladstone was the only man who could rival him in parliament in the exposition of statistical questions.

"I well remember," wrote Mr. Prescott, the historian, "the blank despair which 1 felt when my literary treasures arrived and I saw the mine of wealth lying around me which I was forbidden to explore." He was virteally blind, but with unconquerable patience he went on with his work year after year.

A Phrase Older Than History.

The celebrated Metternich used the phrase, "After me, the deluge," as implying that after him no statesman would be able to preserve the peace of Europe. But the celebrated mot was not original with him, as Mme. Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., who died nine years before Metiernich was born, was quoted as saying, Apres nous le deluge," and the wily diplomatist only changed it to

"Apres mol." The idea did not originate with her, quick witted though she was. Cicero ascribes it to a Roman emperor, and Milton supplies the name: "They practice that when they fall, they may fall in a general ruin, just as cruel Tiberius would wish; 'When I die, let the earth be rolled in flames.' " "Reasons of Church Government," book L, chapter 5, page 34. It was older, however, than Tiberius, and is a very ancient Greek proverb, too old for any discovery of its author. Tertullian ascribes it to Demosthenes, but it turns out only to have been used by him as a common proverb, familiar to the public even in his day. Tiberius is represented as having said: "After my death, perish the world by

have storms as well as sanshine. may not be quite possible for ever one to help being afraid when th sky is black with clouds and the light ning's flash, but it is within the power of most people to control the expres-sion of fright. Once or twice having resolutely refrained from showing your terror, you will be surprised and pleased to find the terror itself lessen

I know persons who go through life in a sort of bondage to fear of various kinds. They tremble and turn pale, or grow hysterical and cry, when the dark clouds gather and thunders roll Whether it is the blind boat builder | There is a pretty German hymn wo

begins;

It thunders, but I tremble not, My trust is firm in God.

His arm of strength I've ever sought Through all the way I've trod."

I advise all of you who need the advice to remember that God rules in the heavens, and his hand sends the storms. Trust in God when you are afraid-really trust, and you will grow calm and be happy. Another grain of comfort may be found in the fact that when you see the bright zigzagging flash and hear the rumbling thunder. the danger for you is over. You will never see or hear the electric current which hurts or kills. It is far too swift to walt and warn you in that way.-Harper's Round Table.

Size of Japan.

Although frequently spoken of as "little Japan," among the nations of the earth Japan is not specially little, either in area or population. The area of Japan, one hundred and forty-seven thousand six hundred and tifty five square miles, is larger by twenty-seven thousand square miles, than that of the United Kingdom. Furthermore, there are forty-one million people who are subjects to the mikado, against thirty-eight million in the United Kingdom, taking latest census returns in both cases. Japan's population is larger than Italy's by fully ten milllon, while her area is thirty-seven thousand miles greater. No one speaks of Italy as "little Italy," although she is not as populous as Japan. Japan has nearly ten times the area and almost twenty times the population of Denmark. Japan is not "a little country." save as compared with such unwieldy masses as the Chinese empire, or such a glant as the United States. That she is big enough to hold her own and more, she has evinced in battle to the amazement of her great antagonist .- American Youth.

The Serpent's Trick.

The power of continuing motionless with the lifted head projecting forward for an indefinite time is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and is one of the highest importance to the animal, both when fascinating its victim and when mimicking some inanimate object, as, for instance, the stem and bud of an aquatic plant; here it is only referred to on account of the effect it produces on the human mind, as enhancing the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinking eyes fixed on the beholder's face, the effect may be very curlous and uncanny .- Fortnightly Review.

tant.