WILD FLOWERS.

beautiful blossoms, pure and Agleam with dew from the country WRYS.

To me, at work in a city street, You bring fair visions of bygone Glad days, when I hid in a mist of

To watch spring's delicate buds un-

And all the riches I cared to glean Were datsy sliver and buttercup

"Tis true you come of a lowly race, Nursed by the sunshine, fed by the showers:

And yet you are heirs to a nameless Which I fail to find in my bothouse

flowers: And you breathe on me with your honeyed lips.

Till in thought I stand on the windswept fells. Where the brown bees hum o'er the ferny dips. Or ring faint peals on the heather

I close my eyes on the crowded street, I shut my ears to the city's roar, And am out in the open with flying

Off, off to your emerald baunts once

more! But the harsh wheels grate on the stones below. And a sparrow chirps at the murky

And my bright dreams fade in an overflow Of passionate longing and tender

◆ 经安全条件的条件的条件条件的条件的 A CHAPLAINS STORY. GERBERLERINESSESSESSES

Jim Bourn and I were boys together at Westminster, we went to Oxford together, to Ballol, we took our degrees together in the classical (honors) school, and we were ordained together by the bishop of L- as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town, still single, at thirty-four, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study, as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets From Each Other?" I said "No." Jim said "Yes." We both smilingly stuck to our text. It was not often we differed In opinion, but this was one case, any-

"Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two people were happy and loving they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any sceret which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar "that's just it. Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "It must remain a secret be- your courage up, and you'll probably tween us two. I have never spoken of it to anyone in the world, and never

shall, except to yourself." "Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know. I'm only curious to know the case." And I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's

"I was the chaplain of Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got at Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'so ciety' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, sooirees, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with, none were nicer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of fifty, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house, called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody bad a good word

for her. Nor was her niece, Ella York.

any less popular. People in Lowmar-

ket fairly worshiped both of them.

"I was twenty-eight when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart not one whit less than report stated. I loved her. Of course I could not say so at once, and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my workfor Miss York, the elder, took great interest in our sphere of labor-she guessed my love and reciprocated it. I could not then say. I found, from judicious inquiries, that Miss York-Ella -had lived with her agent from childhead; that she was now twenty-four; that her mother was dead and her father lived on the continent for his health; also, that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were, of course, only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.

"After much heart-searching and debating with myself, I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into detalls as to how I did it beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Elia in the grounds, and after talking as we walked along on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night-flow tenderly I regarded it. Howson!-from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming to-morrow for her approval: that Miss York had been kind but acted rather strangely and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her

any more than this. I was in a curious frame of mind as I went rext morning to see Miss

York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me! My position, my family, my life, were, I hoped, beyond reproach. Even if it were a question of money, I had private means enough, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be lonely without Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely, she didn't expect her never to get married! It was preposterous,

"I was destined not to know her obection. As I approached the lodge the portress met me. " 'Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!'

"I was more puzzled than ever. Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see, and I no doubt expressed it in my looks. "So sudden, too, sir!" said the wo man. Nobody expected it!'

" 'Whatever's the matter?' said I "'Why, haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No? Oh, dear! Poor thing! Had a fit in the night, docter says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and dled at 9 o'clock this morning!"

"My heart sank. I felt faint and glddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how feels, Howson, unless you have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say my one thought was, 'My poor, lonely, dar-

ling Ella! There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business, it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money, and, as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvementh afterward. She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple have ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"

"Amen!" said I, solemnly and reverently.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella, even now, had it not been for the following circumstances: Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. He had been sent been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before, for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been sent to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times and certainly been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live long. "You seem pleased to see me? I

said. 'Yes, sir,' replied No. 152, "'I'm glad you've come. I hardly expected you would, considering how standoffish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer-perhaps not until

"There, well, never mind! Keep

ive the doctor "I talked to him about his soul, and spiritual things. That we may pass by, Howson. I believe he was thoroughtly penitent. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one I hardly like to ask you.' His eyes looked eagerly at me

"'Go on,' said I; 'I'll do it, if possi-"'I've had a queer life, sir,' said the convict. I might have been somebody and done some good, but I got led astray after my marriage, and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow, but I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And as you'll promise me to do one thing when I am dead, I shall die happy.

"'I'll promise as far as I can,' said I. 'What is it?' "'It's to take care of your wife,' answered No. 152, smiling. 'I thought that would astonish you!"

"Take care of my wife!" I gazed at him in amazement, 'Way, of course I shall! But what is that to you?"

" Why? " 'Because she's-my daughter!" "I looked at him in terror and asionishment, and was about to call the nurse and send for the doctor, feel ing

sure he was rambling, when he said,

" 'A great deal,' said he.

"'Sit down, sir, please. I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton. I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York-you see, I know her name all right-was taken when quite a child, by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilton to her mother's name of York, and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired-and, oh, sir, I did often desire-to see Ella, my darling. Miss York always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track, if I could help Yes, sir, I see you can't realize it yet, but you'll find Ella Wilton's birth and baptism in the registers at Northfield, and I give you my word it's

true. "I sat in dumb silence. What could say. Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter

'Please, sir, don't tell her,' said he. She never has known. Don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

'My senses had somewhat returned.
''No,' said I, 'of course not. I am half-dazed, but I feel that what you say is true. But Ella is my own now. and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it can-

not alter my love for Ella. "Thank God!" he said 'And, sir, there's one thing. The doctor says I may sleep myself away. Do you think It could be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die-just one 'I'll try. Yes,' said I, 'she shall, if

you'll leave it to me." I will. God bless you, Mr. Bourn. "I left him. When I got home Elia

Overwork, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep and

would not awake in this world. "I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said T, 'a prisoner who is dying, and has no-few-friends, told me to day how he has seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will

'Certainly, darling.' "And, with eyes full of tears, she

The unconscious form half-rose; th eyelids half-opered; the face smiled. She didn't know. Did he?

"I led her away weeping, my ow heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella had never known any more, Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?"

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both."-London Tit-Bits.

MILK AS A DIET.

A Physician Proves a Theory by

Personal Experience. A medical man expresses the belief that a person could live for any length of time and take heavy exercise all the while on no other food than sweet milk. His conviction is the result of personal experiment. He wanted to establish the fact that persons convalescing from sickness may grow stronger with no other nourishment than sweet milk, and they are not obliged to take "something solid" to eat, as so many people imagine. He holds that many a convalescent has gone into his grave as a result of overtaxing his weak stomach by putting 'solid" food into it; and he maintains that the old belief as to bread being the first essential of human life is shown by his experiments to be erroneous. His test was to live thirty days with only sweet milk as a nourishment. In the whole time he lost five and a half pounds in weight, but no strength. He even attributes the loss of weight to the warmth of the weath er and to excessive exercise on the bicycle and the daily manipulation of sixteen-pound dumb bells and other heavy weights. He took more exercise than usual in order to test the thing fairly. On the seventh day of the experiment he ran several foot races with a skillful runner and was was beaten in each race. On the thirteenth day he again pitted himself against the same runner and did the best of the racing, which certainly would tend to confirm his statement that he lost no strength during the thirty days' test. He drank four pints of milky daily during the last week. He thinks a healthy person should take about five pints of milk daily when no other food is being taken. His practice was to drink milk at intervals of two hours during the day, commencing at 7 o'clock in the morn ing and continuing until 10 at night. After that he would take no more until next morning.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

SOME HISTORIC WATCHES.

Mary of Scotland Had Several Grim Time Keepers. Mary of Scotland had her watches In those days there was great variety in the shape of the watch. A favorite shape was that of a skull. Another was that of a coffin. Descriptions exof several of Mary's watches. There was one coffin-shaped in a rystal case. There was another in which cat-gut supplied the place of the interior chain in the modern watch. One very marvelous piece of workmanship in form of a skull is the property of the Dick Lauder family. It was originally the property of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was bequeathed to Mary Setoun, her maid of honor, Feb. 7, 1557. On the forehead of the skull are the symbols of death, the scythe and the hour glass. At the back of the skull is Time, and at the top of the head are the Garden of Edeu and the Crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull. Inside are the holy family, angels, and shepherds with their flocks. works form the brains. The dial plate is the palate. Another skull-shaped watch which belonged to Mary was a gift from her husband, Francis II Arnold of the Strand presented George III., in 1764, a watch of his manufacture set in a ring. Later, in 1770, be presented the king with a small repeating watch also set in a ring, the cylinder of which was made of an Oriental ruby. The czar of Russia. when he heard of these mites of watches, offered Arnold 1,000 guineas if he would make one for him, but the artist would not consent.-Jewelers' Review.

Caterpillars in Bright Colors. More than twenty-five years ago Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace predicted that it would be found that brilliantly colored and conspicuous caterpillars were not among the favorite food of birds, although dull-looking caterpillars are devoured by them with great avidity. Various observations and experiments since then have tended to

confirm Mr. Wallace's conclusion. His idea was that the bright colors of certain caterpillars are the result of natural selection, the caterpillars that originally possessed such colors having also possessed some peculiarity, such as the secretion of acrid juices, which rendered them distasteful to the birds. As the consplcuously marked caterpillars were thus let alone by their enemies they tended to increase at the expense of their

ss brilliantly colored relatives. Experiments have shown that birds actually do avoid the bright-colored caterpillars as a rule. And this seems almost to have become a second nature, for a jackdaw, which had been raised in captivity, and had had no experience in judging the edible qualities of caterpillars, was observed to regard the brilliant caterpillar of the figure-of-eight moth with suspicion and aversion, although it eagerly de voured dull, plain caterpfilers placed within its reach. When It was driven by hunger to attack the other it finally refused to eat it, giving plain evi dence that there was something dis tasteful about the prey.-Philadelphia

IF I SHOULD DIE TO NIGHT.

If I should die to-night, And you should come to my cold corpse and say, Weeping and heartsick o'er my life-If I should die to-night,

And you should come in deepest grief and woe-And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I might arise in my large white

cravat, And say, "What 's that?" If I should die to-night, And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel

you feel. I say, if I should die to-night And you should come to me and there and then Just hint 'bout payin' me that ten,

I might arise the while,

But I'd drop dead again.

Clasping my bier to show the grief

The late Master of Trinity, London, was asked by a lady whether a certain florid divine had not "a great deal of taste." The reply was: "Yes, indeed, madam-and all of it bad."

Steinitz, the chess-player, sometimes becomes so absorbed in considering a problem that he will stand still in the most crowded thoroughfare. It is related of him that on one occasion he caused such an obstruction that a policeman told him to move on, "Excuse me," replied the champion absently, "but it your move."

When General Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, two young men were introduced. He said to one: "Are you married?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Happy man!" remarked the general. He then put the same question to the other, who replied: "I am a bachelor." "Lucky dog!" remarked the general.

Poole, the tailor, was a most accommodating gentleman, and was often invited to the houses of "the great." When staying with a certain nobleman, he was asked one morning by his host what he thought of the party who had assembled at table the night before. "Why, very pleasant indeed, your grace; but perhaps a little mix-ed." "Hang it all, Poole!" responded the jovial peer, " I couldn't have all

A mild bit of repartee is reported in the Youth's Companion as having ocbetween the poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked: "I once had an attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling; "it is only strong benips that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Saxe,

tailors!

Judge Andrews, of Georgia, one when a candidate for governor of his state, was explaining to the crowd of people that had assembled to hear how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate, and that the office was seeking him; he was not seeking the office. "In fact," he exclaimed., office of governor has been following me for the last ten years." At this point a tall countryman at the rear of the audience rose. "But here's yer consolation, judge!" he shouted; "you are gainin' on it all the time! It'll never catch you!" This cheering prophecy proved to be correct.

When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, the daughter of Christopher North," editor of Blackwood's Magazine, he obtained the lady's consent conditionally on that of her father being gaired. This Aytoun was too shay to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady to ask for it her-"We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christo-pher; "I'll write my reply on a slip

of paper, and pin it on your back. 'Papa's answer is on the back of my said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing room. Turning her round the delighted suitor read these words: 'With the author's compliments."

A humorous scene was enacted in the superior court room at Jackson. Ga., recently (according to the Atlanta Constitution). A negro had been charged with burglarizing a store. Colonel Watkins defended him, and was about to open the case with a well-prepared oration of his annocence when the negro quietly informed the colonel that he desired to plead guilty. Judge Beck accordingly read the law in the case, and sentenced the negro for ten years. Dumfounded at this long sentence the negro rolled his eyes round and beckoned Colonel Watkins to come forward, and when the lawyer reached his side, the negro gently whispered: "Say, Mr Wadkins, kain't yer 'peal fer a new trial?"

The editor of the Public Men of To-Day Series, when a little boy at Uppingham, was detected at a Greek Testament lesson with a Bible on his knee, from which, of course he was cribbing. His class master stalked up to him. "What have you there, my boy?" The boy, seeing that no escape was possible, brazened it out with: "A book, sir, of which no one need be ashamed." He, too, is credited with the famous reply to the dean of Trin-College, Oxford. He was being harded up by the dean for some audacious breach of college rules, and made a perfectly glib and satisfactory excuse. "No, no, sir," said the dean; 'that won't do this time. You told me the exact opposite last term. "I know I did," said the culprit; "but that was

Dr. Jephson, of Leamington, one day was called on by a very grand dame, the Marchioness of ing listened to a description of her maindy, the oracle pronounced judg-ment: "An egg and a cup of tea for breakfast, then walk for two hours; a slice of cold beef and half a glass of madeira for luncheon, then walk again for two hours; fish (except salmon) and a cutlet or wing of fowl for dia-

ner, with a single glass of madelra or claret; to bed at ten, and rise at six, etc. No carriage exercise, please." "But doctor," she exclaimed at last thinking he was mistaken in his visitor, "pray do you know who I am? Do you know-ahem!-my position?" "Perfectly, madam," was the reply; "I am prescribing for an old woman with a deranged stomach."

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, the author of the "Self-Interpret Bible," was a man of singular bashfulness. His courtship lasted seven years. Six and a half years had passed away, and the reverand gentleman had got no further than he had been in the first six days. A step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. "Janet," said he, one day, as they sat in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now six years and mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might take one, my bonnie lass?" "Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper wi' it. "Surely, Janet; we'll ask a blessing." The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, overpowered with the blissful sensation, nost rapturously exclaimed:: "Heigh, lass, but it is gude! We'll return thanks!" Six months later the plous couple were made one flesh.

GRATITUDE.

A Splendid Example of It Reported from the South

A wealthy slave owner of the cotton belt entered the southern army, fought bravely and brilliantly, and died in one of the closing buttles of the war. His widow was left penniless, with large plantations incumbered with mortgages, and 100 or more emancipated negroes who had ceased to be her property. Her business affairs were mismanaged by agents and lawyers, and she lost one plantation after another. Her health failed, and in her old age she became wholly dependent upon one of her former slaves. This negro was grateful to her for having given him a start after the war. Learning from experience than she could not manage plantations successfully, she had rewarded the fidelity of a small group of emancipated slaves by deeding over to them out-right small farms. This negro received in this way a farm of twenty-six acres, with a cabin.

He prospered from the outset. He made a living out of the ground, and saved every year a little money. In the course of a few years he bought another farm and doubled his resources. Other purchases followed, until he was a truck farmer with considerable wealth. He did not forget his old plantation mistress in his prosperity. When she had lost all her roperty, and there was no other friend to take care of her in her old age, this negro rescued her from destitution. He became her most faithful friend. Both are still living. On the first day of every month the negro farmer draws a check for \$100 and sends it to the aged lady whose slave he was in his boyhood. At first she was unwilling to become his pensioner but he pressed help upon her with tears in his eyes, telling her that he would never have got on in the world she had not generously alded his by giving him the first farm. His county is now her only resource. Philadelphia Ledger.

The Bank Was Closed.

One night recently a resident of Manchester procured some crabs and home at midnight and in the quiet of the parlor undid the package. The fish had apparently gone to sleep for the night, and to give them some animation he poured a few drops of whisky on them from a convenient bottle, and then emptied the creatures into his trousers pockets. Soon all was quiet in his bedroom, and he suceessfully counterfeited his accustomed Scandinavian snore. Then the partner of his bosom quietly arose and proceeded to do some banking bustness with his trousers, which hung on their usual peg. It is said that "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko Well, if she ever shricked as did this female when she got a couple of mad crabs on the ends of her tape fingers it would have scaled all the whitewash off every ceiling in Poland. When a woman can yell so that it curdled all the milk in the neighbor hood you can rest assured that, as the saying is, there is something in the air. She continued to shrick to til she exhausted all the atmosphere there was in the house, by which time the crabs got frightened and let go of their own accord.—Philadelphia Times.

English Officers Wear Armor.

In discussing the modern use of armor by officers and men in the foreign "little wars" of to-day, an English accoutrement-maker says: "I give you my assurance that an immense number of the officers of our army and navy who go on foreign service, especially when one of our 'little wars' is expected, provide themselves with certain easily recognized protections. These, mind you, are well-known articles of trade to the service. The commonest and most useful type of these protections consist of fine but beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms and over certain parts of the body. These can either be sewn into a particular tunic or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. The most valuable of all chains, in connection with accoutrements, are those which guard the head, and in cases where the regulation cap or helmet is not sufficiently protected in this way specially made chains are sewed inside the same and covered by the lining.'-London Tid-Bits.

Pincing Him.

She turned upon him imperiously: "What have you to say for your-

The dude cowered before abashed, and then passed through the door without a word. She shook her head sadly.

"Once more is the old saying verified 'It goes without saying!' She gently locked the door behind him.-Truth.

SHOWN BY THE TEETH.

Traits of Character Indicated by Their Shape and Size.

Small, short, square teeth, when sound, are indicative of great bodily vigor and strength. They are rarely found in the mouth of an intelligent man. Many very vain women have noticeably long, narrow, fragile teeth. You need not look for much force from their possessors. The huntsman looks carefully at his dog's teeth and selects his canine companion only after such an examination. The horseman invariably looks first at the mouth and teeth in passing judgment on a horse

The condition of the mouth is just as significant in human beings. Long. projecting teeth denote a grasping disposition, especially when great breadth is seen at the upper part of the nose next the check. Usually long and narrow side teeth, commonly called eye teeth, are the accompaniment of doglike tenacity. People with there teeth often curiously resemble dogs when they are angry and show their teeth as an enraged dog willthey snarl literally. They will often have long, narrow hands, slender, tenacious fingers and parrow feet. With a strong under jaw, projecting very slightly, and these long teeth, the subject will fight to the death before yielding; with a receding chin, the indications are ambition, self-conceit and failure to really accomplish great things. Very resolute, determined women usually have strongly set teeth but from a habit of compressing the lips do not display them often.

Almost all men remarkable for energy and strength of will have the same cast of mouth and jaw-notably Napoleon, Luther, Caesar and Frederick the Great. It is said that nearly all red-headed people have rather short upper lips, rising in the center, displaying the front teeth, and that they are singularly susceptible to flattery and exhibit a great desire for ap-

probation. Men of great resolution have frequently rather large teeth, with a development of the jawbone in the center amounting to a projection and producing a noticeable fullness there. This characteristic is increased in the subjects who combine it with straight and rather long eyebrows. Arching eyebrows are always a sign of a more easily moved nature.

Small, pointed teeth denote many unpleasant characteristics. When accompanied by nearsighted, rough eyes, a pug or snub nose and noticeably small and sometimes very pretty ears, their owner will be found to possess many catlike attributes.-Boston Her-

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

An Experiment Showing the Danger of a Brief Neglect.

Some years ago experiments were carried on at Sandy Hook. In the United States, with steam boilers, under various conditions, and among them was a case in which a boiler was exploded deliberately and experimentally by over-pressure; but the manner in which the application of different pressures was made, and the results thereof, teach a rather startling lesson in the line of what might happen under careless management. An old steamboat boller had been removed and finally turned over to the experimenters for the good of the engineering profession. The boiler had been, when last in use, tested by hydrostatic pressure up to fifty-nine pounds, had been allowed by the steam-boller tied them up in a paper. He reached inspectors of the district to carry a working pressure of thirty pounds, and, soon after being removed, was subjected to an experiment which resulted in a violent explosion, com-

pletely demolishing the boiler. The records commence with a steam pressure of 29 1-2 pounds, and in thirteen minutes the boller exploded with terrific violence at a pressure of 43 1-2 pounds, or 5 1-2 below the hydrostatic test pressure. The rise of steam pressure during the experiment was fairly uniform, and when 50 pounds was reached some of the stay bolts parted in the welds, the crowfeet remaining in place. Then, a few minutes later, quite contrary to the accepted belief as to old boilers gradnally giving out with little or no vlo lence, the entire boller exploded like an immense bombshell, leaving nothing at the location but a mass of mutilated tubes. If that boiler had been in useful service and subject to neglect at various times, with the pressure going to no one knows where, at some time or other, a few minutes' absence of the fireman or engineer, coupled with an overloaded safety valve, would have caused the most destructive sort of a boiler explosion, with the usual mysterious accompaniments.—Cassier's Magazine.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

As Seen Through the Eyes of an English Newspaper. Mr. Chauncey Depew is said to derive

huge enjoyment out of an evening in his own house. There are callers every half hour or so, but he is so used to it that it never worries him. He has splended library, and has particularly retentive memory. night at home he can read up and retain enough fresh material with which to build a dozen good speeches on a big variety of subjects. Political leaders, railroad men, newspaper reporters and a few friends troop in on Mr. Depew in a night, and on the evenings that he attends a dinner, a meeting or the theatre there are always a number of people walting in his house to see him on his arrival home. Even in his sleep he is not safe from the always present caller. At 1, 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning there is often a loud ring at the Depew doorbell, and when the great speaker pokes his head out of the second-story window he finds a reporter waiting to interview him on some late piece of telegraphic news. Mr. Depew never loses his temper. He can talk in his nightgown from the second-story window at 3 a. m. as well as he can in evening clothes behind the toast table at Delmonico's. No reporter, no matter at what hour of the day or night, who goes to interview Depew on any reasonable subject comes away empty-handed, and that is one of the main reasons of his interpopularity. - Manchester national