

# What Can't Pull Out?

Why the

## Non-pull-out

**Bow on the Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases, made by the Keystone Watch Case Company, Philadelphia.** It protects the Watch from the pick-pocket, and prevents it from dropping. Can only be had with cases stamped with this trade mark.

Sold, without extra charge for this bow (ring), through Watch dealers only.

Ask your jeweler for pamphlet, or send to makers.



## A STRANGE CASE.

### How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'zome' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvellous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recommendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

## TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS.

2d year of the most successful Quarterly ever published.

More than 3,000 LEADING NEWSPAPERS in North America have complimented this publication during its first year, and universally concede that its numbers afford the brightest and most entertaining reading that can be had.

Published 1st day of September, December, March and June.

Ask Newsdealer for it, or send the price, 50 cents, in stamps or postal note to

### TOWN TOPICS,

21 West 23d St., New York.

27th This brilliant Quarterly is not made up from the current year's issues of Town Topics, but contains the best stories, sketches, burlesques, poems, witticisms, etc., from the best numbers of that unique journal, admitted by the critics, readers, most complete, and to all MEN AND WOMEN the most interesting weekly ever issued.

### Subscription Price:

Town Topics, per year, - - \$1.00  
Sales from Town Topics, per year, 2.00  
The two clubs, - - - - - 3.00

Town Topics sent 3 months on trial for \$1.00.

N. B.—Previous Nos. of "Tales" will be promptly forwarded, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents each.

### WONDERFUL!

The cures which are being effected by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases by their compound Oxygen Treatment is indeed marvelous.

If you are a sufferer from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, write for information about this treatment, and their book of two hundred pages, giving a history of Compound Oxygen, its nature and effects with numerous testimonials from patients, to whom you may refer for still further information, will be promptly sent, without charge.

This book aside from its great merit as a medical work, giving as it does, the result of years of study and experience, you will find a very interesting one.

Drs. STARKEY & PALEN,  
5129 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.  
Please mention this paper.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by A. McMillen. #23-1yr.

## THE LITTLE ARMCHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little armchair. It stands in a corner dim, But a white haired mother gazes there And yearningly thinking of him Sees through the dusk of the long ago The bloom of her boy's sweet face As he rocks so merrily to and fro With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand, Sometimes a pencil and slate, And the lesson is hard to understand, And she figures hard to mate, But she sees the red of his father's head, So proud of the little son, And she hears the word so often said, "No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days, When a child with sunny hair Was hers to scold, to kiss and to praise At her knee in the little chair. She led him back in the busy years When the great world caught the man, And he strode away past hopes and fears To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream, Like a picture out of date, She sees a head with a golden gleam Bent over a pencil and slate. And she lives again the happy day, The day of her young life's spring, When the small armchair stood just in the way, The center of everything. —Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar.

## THE FATHER.

Thor Overaas, of whom we are about to speak, was the wealthiest man in the parish.

His tall figure stood one day in the pastor's study. "I have got a son," he said eagerly, "and I wish to have him baptized."

"What shall he be called?" "Finn, after my father."

"And his godparents?" They were named, being relatives of Thor and the best men and women in the district.

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor and looked up.

The farmer stood a minute.

"I should like to have him baptized by himself," he said.

"That is to say on a week day?" "Next Saturday at 12 o'clock."

"Is there anything else?" "Nothing else."

The farmer took his hat and moved to go.

Then the pastor rose. "There is still this," he said, and going up to Thor he took his hand and looked him in the face, "God grant that the child may be a blessing to you!"

Sixteen years after that day Thor stood again in the pastor's study.

"You look exceedingly well, Thor," said the pastor. He saw no change in him.

"I have no trouble," replied Thor.

The pastor was silent, but in a moment he asked, "What is your errand to-night?"

"I have come tonight about my son, who is to be confirmed tomorrow."

"He is a clever lad."

"I did not wish to pay the pastor before I heard how many were to be confirmed. I have heard that, and here are \$10 for the pastor."

"Is there anything else?" asked the pastor, looking at Thor.

"Nothing else." And Thor went away.

Eight years more passed by, and one day the pastor heard a noise without his door, for many men were there and Thor first among them. The pastor looked up and recognized him.

"You come with a powerful escort to-night."

"I have come to request that the banns may be published for my son. He is to be married to Karen Storlien, daughter of Gudmund, who is here with me."

"That is to say, to the richest girl in the parish."

"They say so," replied the farmer, stroking his hair with one hand.

The pastor sat a minute as if in thought. He said nothing, but entered the names in his books, and the men wrote under them.

Thor laid \$3 on the table.

"I should have only \$1," said the pastor.

"I know that perfectly, but he is my only child. I will do the thing well."

The pastor took up the money. "This is the third time now, Thor, that you stand here on your son's account," he said.

"But now I am done with him," said Thor. Taking up his pocketbook, he said good night and went.

Just a fortnight after this the father and son were rowing over the lake in still weather to Storlien to arrange about the wedding.

"The cushion is not straight," said the son. He rose to put it right. At the same moment his foot slipped, he stretched out his arms, and with a cry fell into the water.

"Catch hold of the oar!" roared the father. He stood up and stuck it out. But when the son had made a few attempts he became stiff.

"Wait a minute!" cried the father, and began to row.

Then the son turned over backward, gazed earnestly at his father and sank.

Thor could scarcely believe it to be true. He kept the boat still and stared at the spot where his son had sunk, as though he would come up again. A few bubbles rose up, a few more, then one great one. It burst, and the sea again lay bright as a mirror.

For three days and three nights the father was seen to row round and round the spot without either food or sleep—he was seeking for his son. On the morning of the third day he found him and carried him up over the hills to his farm.

It was about a year afterward when the pastor one autumn evening heard something rustling outside the door and fumbling about the lock. The door opened, and in walked a tall, thin man with bent figure and white hair. The pastor looked long at him before he recognized him. It was Thor.

"Why do you come so late?" asked the pastor.

"Why, yes, I do come late," said Thor. He seated himself. The pastor sat down also, as though waiting. There was a long silence.

Then said Thor, "I have something with me that I wish to give to the poor." He rose, laid some money on the table and sat down again.

The pastor counted it. "It is a great deal of money," he said.

"It is the half of my farm, which I have sold today."

The pastor remained long sitting in silence. At last he asked, but gently, "What do you intend to do now?"

"Something better."

They sat there awhile, Thor with downcast eyes, the pastor with his raised to Thor. Then the pastor said slowly and in a low tone, "I think at last your son has really become a blessing to you."

"Yes, I think so myself also," said Thor. He looked up, and two tears coursed slowly down his face.—Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Translated for Romance.

### Petroleum For Diphtheria.

In the village of Neuville-Champ-d'Oisel, about nine miles from Rouen, a malignant type of diphtheria broke out last year. The country doctor, M. Frederic Flahaut, treated the cases in the usual way, but the deaths were numerous. Remembering, as he says, that the English use petroleum as an antispasmodic and an antiseptic, he determined to try it as an experiment. His first trial was in the case of a little girl 7 years old. He had already given her up and proposed to the parents to make the experiment, which consisted in swabbing the throat with common petroleum. He had little hope of the success of his new method, but to his astonishment he noticed an improvement after the very first application. He continued the treatment, and the child recovered. Then he tried it successfully with his other patients.

This year he had 40 cases of diphtheria to treat, and he was successful in every one. In order to be perfectly sure that the cases in question were genuine ones of malignant diphtheria he had the expected matter submitted to the analysis of Professor Francois Hue of the Rouen College of Medicine, and the professor reported that he had clearly discovered the presence in it of numerous bacilli of diphtheria. Moreover, his diagnosis was confirmed by Drs. Deshayes, Lerefaite and Ballay of Rouen, the last named being the physician in chief of the hospital of that city.

The treatment presents little difficulty or danger. The swabbing is done every hour or every two hours, according to the thickness of the membranes, which become, as it were, diluted under the action of the petroleum. The brush, after being dipped in the petroleum, should be shaken to prevent any drops falling into the respiratory channels. The patients experience relief from the very first application. The disagreeable taste of the petroleum remains for a few moments only.—Normandie Medicale.

### From Beggary to Wealth.

Simon Oppasich, a millionaire who has been sentenced in Vienna to seven years' hard labor for repeatedly perjuring himself, was born without feet or arms. His father and mother were professional beggars, and in his twelfth year he was put on the street by them to solicit alms. His physical defects brought him an exceptional amount of sympathy and goldens. He saved his money, and in 1880, at the age of 47, he had accumulated \$60,000. With this sum he began business as usurer and real estate speculator. In 1888 he had increased his fortune to \$125,000 in cash, and some \$200,000 in Trieste and Parenzo real estate. Since then he has quadrupled his wealth by trading on the Bourse. His miserliness led to his present troubles.

He had promised to marry a woman, but eventually threw her over to avoid incurring the expense of a wedding. When she threatened him with legal proceedings, he bought her forbearance for 4 cents a day. This expenditure was impoverishing him, he told her after a few months, and so he discontinued it. In the trial of the case which she then made against him he swore that he had never contemplated marrying her, had never promised to do so, and had never paid her 4 cents a day. After all this had been proved false, he was tried and condemned for perjury.—Boston Journal.

### Eat Bananas and Turn Brunette.

Those who eat heartily of bananas may run some risk of becoming tawny or copper colored. This may be inferred possibly from the peculiarities of plumage in the turacos of Africa. As long as the weather is dry these birds are gay, the primary and secondary feathers being gorgeously crimson, but when rain comes the color is washed out, and the birds seem to be humiliated and ashamed at the transformation. But the color returns in dry weather. The cause of the coloration has been traced to copper in a very pure state. A single feather burned gives the characteristic indication. The source of the turacin has now been traced to bananas, on which the turacos feed chiefly. All the aborigines who make bananas a diet are very deeply tinted, but the color is sooty rather than red. The North American Indian cannot owe his copper hue to bananas. He has only known of this fruit on reservations and chiefly by the peelings.—San Francisco Call.

### Making Marble Out of Chalk.

In nature marble is made out of chalk by water, which percolates through the chalky deposits, dissolves the chalk particle by particle and crystallizes it, mounting pressure solidifying it. It has been found that similar results may be accomplished by chemical means. First, slices of chalk are dipped in a color bath, staining them with tints that will imitate any kind of marble known. For this purpose the same mineral stains are used as are employed in nature. For example, to produce counterfeit "verde antique" oxide of copper is utilized. In like manner green, pink, black and other colorings are obtained. Next, the chalk slices go into another bath, by which they are hardened and crystallized, coming out to all intents and purposes real marble.—London Science Signings.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

### THE HAPPY FACULTY OF LOOKING ON THE BEST SIDE OF LIFE.

Too Many People Allow Themselves to Be Weighed Down by the Daily Cares of Life That Must Be Met and Fall to See the Pleasant Things Near By.

Everything has at least a good side to it, and sooner or later some one will be able to see it. It is a happy fortune to be able easily to see what is good, though I do not believe in shutting our eyes to the evil. I have a friend who never sees the evil until it overwhelms her. She considers all things to be well enough at least, and so has no foresight to ward off disaster. This is certainly a curious disposition and not a good one for those who have the care of families. What I do mean is that it is a capital thing to see the good that really is in all things.

I said to my neighbor, who is deaf in one ear, "It is a pity, my dear; is there no remedy?" "I don't think there is," she said, "but then there is a great blessing in it, for I have learned to sleep with my good ear to the pillow, and so no noise can disturb me." It was a curious illustration of how one may use a deprivation and make it a real advantage. It is a great art to find out all the good there is in life. Emerson says, "Do not dilate on your private wrongs and personal ills." But no one ever becomes tedious by dilating on her privileges and joys. The longer I live the more I find that most of our troubles are imaginary.

There are half a dozen things we have to learn, and many never do learn them. One of these is that we have will power to control a vast deal that we sit down underneath. Life has no blessing greater than its antagonisms. Differ as we may from professional faith curists, they have a great truth in store, and I wish they may have vast influence in reconstructing sentiment. There is no need of being an extremist in belief, yet it is a fact that we have cultivated a kind of moral cowardice about our diseases. I believe they are right that we are vastly more powerful than we have supposed ourselves to be.

But I am a broader believer than they, for I am confident we cannot only cry "down and out" to half our physical ills, but to a large proportion of our troubles and what we call our bothers. And that is just the meaning of life—it is a series of defeats or of victories over small affairs. The habit of making much of petty evils indicates defeat. Many a woman is thoroughly whipped by her ordinary household duties, as many a man is whipped out by weeds and thistles. She never can face a day with a smile and a strong will. She does her duty as a task and never as a joy. This hefts our duties down; the opposite way lightens them.

Life everywhere has a better side to it than we are always willing to confess or able often to see. Our choicest gifts and blessings lie just the other side of our saddest moments. It seems like mountain climbing to get a view of a sunrise, but we are willing to toil hard to get to the mountain top. It pays not only at the top, but all the way up. I have a delicious fern bordered glen that every summer I visit and do not mind the bushes that tear nor the extremely hard climbing to get in and to get out. Ah! the lovely brook at the bottom, and the pebbly island in that brook, and the old moss covered beech logs, and the banks of "creeping hemlock." It pays. Every step pays. I come back full of rest, not of weariness, of joys that sparkle and run like the brook itself. Last summer I took with me an enthusiastic lover of nature into my pet ravine, and she being a good scientist found in an hour's search five sorts of salamanders.

If we live widely and think nobly and study what the world is, we find that the cheapest and roughest conceals grand facts that make character and joy for us. The world is a ready spread feast for our senses and intellect. But there are races that will not eat eggs, and there are others that will not use milk. So there is a possibility of not seeing the best things about us and hearing the finest harmonies. The best question one can ask of herself is: Are you getting the best of the world about you? I have heard the narrowest kind of men preaching on the parable of the prodigal son, not knowing that they were themselves feeding on husks—the poorest husks of thought and manhood.

I suppose, in fact, there is a good side to everything, only I am not able to see it on the occasion. The best effect of studying history is to teach us to look back at events some time after their occurrence, when we are almost surely struck by the real advantage that comes out of what at the time seemed totally evil. There is no question but that American character has been made stronger by the great fight with and victory over slavery. There is just as much good accumulating from the fact that interdependence is so hard an evil to eradicate. Harriet Martineau says, "The greatest advantage of long life—at least to those who know how and wherefore to live—is the opportunity which it gives of seeing moral experiments worked out, of being present at the fruiting of social causes and of thus gaining a kind of wisdom which in ordinary cases seems reserved for a future life." This is fairly what any one may reap from life, that apparent evil is or may be made to become good.—Mary E. Spencer in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Ninety-two Years In a Workhouse.

The death has been reported to the Sheppey board of guardians of Eliza Humphries, who has been an inmate of Sheppey Union workhouse, Sheerness, for 92 years. The deceased was born in the establishment and remained chargeable until her death, a somewhat weak intellect debarring her from earning her own living. She was affectionately known as the "mother" of the house. Frequently she would ask the visiting guardians whether her long residence had not entitled her to a pension.—Exchange.

### When Learning Was Despised.

Abraham Fabert, who in the seventeenth century became a marshal of the French army, lived in an age when learning was despised and mere animal courage won the plaudits of court and people. "The king has no need of philosophers in his armies," said one who knew the signs of the times. "He wants soldiers, stirring, active and resolute men. Debaters are only useful in the schools."

It was at this period that the Marquis of Cramail, at a critical moment, addressed his rear guard, imploring them not to ride away from the field, and his eloquence was at once destroyed when some one cried:

"Why listen to him? He has written a book!"

"I mend my pen with my sword," said a noble of the time to a poet, and the retort was prompt:

"Then I am no longer astonished that you write so badly."

But young Fabert, who became a private at the age of 14, was determined to master all the branches of his profession from the simplest to the most complex. He fulfilled all his practical duties perfectly, and at the same time studied with unflagging zeal. He taught himself the rudiments of geometry, fortification and drawing. He read history, studied German, Spanish, Italian and Flemish and was always eagerly seeking to improve his knowledge of geography.

"This," he used to say, "is as necessary to an officer as arms are to the soldier."

The result was that when France needed the service of a trained mind and well disciplined will Fabert was at her service. Moreover, he was the first marshal who rose from the ranks.—Youth's Companion.

### A Commencement Costume.

A pretty commencement gown may be made of white embroidered muslin, the tiny flower being done in white, and upon close examination proving that it is a forgetmenot. The skirt, which is full and round, just barely escapes the floor. At the foot it is finished with five narrow "milliner's folds" of white satin. A quarter of a yard above these are three narrow folds, and a quarter of a yard above these is one. The bodice is round and belted in with a broad, white satin belt laid in fine folds like those on the skirt. Just in front, where it fastens, are four white satin ribbon bows knotted in the square style, so that they look like forgetmenots themselves.

The gown is open at the throat, turned over in very broad revers, faced with the muslin and outlined with Irish lace, that has the stitches necessary to keep it in place hidden under folds of the satin. The sleeves are very high puffs of the satin, reaching quite to the elbows, and below them fall frills of Irish lace. The gloves are white undressed kid, and the fan is a white gauze one. The slippers are white satin and the stockings white silk. The hair is parted in the center, drawn back and arranged low on the neck in a loose knot.—Isabella Mallon in Ladies' Home Journal.

### A Napoleon of Literature.

The man was as thin as a rail and had the cadaverous look of a poet out of a job. At least that's the way he appeared to the editor as that gentleman raised his eyes from his work to see what he was shuffling across the floor toward his desk.

"Good morning," said the visitor.

"Good morning," responded the editor.

"You are the editor," said the visitor inquiringly, half in doubt. "Yes, I know you are. I can always tell an editor by his intellectual expression. I have here, sir, an article for the press."

"Prose or poetry?" queried the editor, not regarding the fattery.

"Both, sir; a combination effort, I may say."

"Ah, you must be a genius!" "Well, sir," and the visitor plumed himself, "I am considered by my friends a Napoleon of literature, sir."

The editor didn't like that a little bit. "Um," he said, looking him over.

"Um, I didn't know you were a Napoleon, but I knew you were a bony part of literature. Anybody could see that with half an eye."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Government of Spain.

The government of Spain is a limited monarchy under the constitution which was drawn up and proclaimed in 1876. The power to make laws belongs to the cortes, which consists of a senate and a house of deputies, the senators numbering 360 and the deputies 431. The senators are of three classes—those holding office in their own right, those nominated by the crown and those elected by the civil and ecclesiastical corporations of state. In the election of deputies all male Spaniards may vote under certain restrictions, and deputies are elected in the proportion of one deputy to every 50,000 souls of the population. Both houses of the cortes meet every year, and the ministers are responsible thereto.—New York Sun.

### Went After Dinner.

Patrick—It's poor advice ye've been givin me. Didn't ye say th' best toime to ask a mon a favor was after dinner? Bikins—I certainly did.

Well, O! wint to ould Buffers wid th' schmallest koind av a request, and he refused. It was after dinner too.

"Are you sure he had had his dinner?" "Faith it's little O! know about ould Buffers' ingoin's and outcomin's, but O! had moine."—New York Weekly.

### Getting Points From the Savage.

It is said there is a tribe in Africa where speakers in public debate are required to stand on one leg and are not allowed to speak longer than they can stand in that position. With all our boasted civilization we discover every now and then points in which savages surpass us.—Exchange.

### The Great Difference.

"There is not much similarity between our ways of earning a livelihood," said the dentist to the paint manufacturer.

"No," admitted the manufacturer, "there is not. I grind colors while you pull grinders."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tobe was triumphant and Sary crestfallen. Further inquiry brought out little that was new on either side. After admonitions on my part and good promises on the part of the children we set out for home together. Our road was the same for 100 yards perhaps; then the children went up the mountain, and I went down. I stood still in the road and watched them until a turn hid them from view. The last glimpse I had of them they were waving hats and sun-bonnets at me.

That evening I sat alone on the mountainside until the shadows darkened round me, and the freshening wind of the twilight brought sweet odors from many a flower. I was building air castles, and, as is the habit of mothers and teachers, they were peopled with other forms and faces than my own.

For more than 10 years I did not see Raccoon mountain, though every year, especially in the spring and summer, my heart was sick for the sight of it, its trees, its flowers, its cliffs, and with but a breath of wild honeysuckle there came the music of the wind among the pines, the tinkling of cowbells and the notes of the schoolbell mingling with childish laughter. The desire grew upon me year by year, and when last summer I stood among well remembered scenes on Raccoon mountain I felt I was home again. It is true the babies I had known were boys and girls; the boys and girls, young men and women; the young men and women, middle aged; the middle aged, old, and the old—gone.

I was thinking of all this when some one called my name. I looked into a homely face, bright with a welcoming smile.

"Why, it's Sarah."

"Oh, you knowed me, didn't you? After 10 yrs you knowed me," and Sary laughed, and we looked into each other's face to see the changes that we knew must be there. Then Sary stepped back and drew a man, whom I had scarcely noticed, to her side. With a smile and something of a blush she said:

"This is—"

"This is Tobe. Of course it is." The cross eyes were the same, though the hair was somewhat darker. As I looked at Sary and Tobe the years fell away from us, and we were back in the little schoolhouse on the mountain once more. The stirring of a tiny bundle in Tobe's arms brought us all back. As I took the little atom of humanity in my arms I knew that I was looking down in the face of the most wonderful baby that ever existed, although its nose was a decided pug and its eyes slightly at cross purposes. Sary and Tobe watched it with pride as it blinked at me wisely and took its fist out of its mouth to soothe it.

Sary and Tobe, with many others, came to the little station to see me off when I left Raccoon mountain. As I stood on the platform of the rear car, and old friends waved their adieus, my eyes were misty. When my vision cleared, I saw Sary and Tobe climbing the mountain together, and Tobe was carrying the baby. Then I remembered the air castles I had built as I sat on the mountain 10 years before. Fair castles they were, but not so fair as the one Sary and Tobe had built for themselves.—Margaret McLaughlin in Cincinnati Post.

### Success In Hatching Sturgeon.

An important step in fish culture has recently been made by the United States commission of fisheries. Commissioner Marshall McDonald will be able to demonstrate that the artificial culture of the sturgeon is as practicable as that of the shad or trout. The sturgeon fishery produces a most important export in its caviare. It is one of the most valuable of the coast industries, and its present condition seems to warrant all the efforts of scientific fish culture. In 1888 experiments in the hatching of sturgeon were carried on at Delaware City, Del., by the commission, but they were so little successful that until the present no further efforts were deemed advisable.

The results that have just been attained at the same locality by an assistant of the commission, Dr. Bashford, dean of Columbia college, New York, seem, however, to be most important. In his trial experiment he has employed a floating hatching case of his own design and has succeeded in hatching several thousand young sturgeon. The floating cases were filled with fertilized eggs and moored in a strong, brackish current. The eggs were hatched in 94 hours.—New York Times.

### Keeping Still Half a Minute.

There was no sound except the faint and regular tick of a watch. Otherwise silence and gloom pervaded the elegantly furnished drawing room.

In one chair sat a beautiful girl, her lips tightly closed, her eyes staring straight before her and her every muscle tense with a powerful effort of self control. In another sat a young man whose face expressed seriousness but confidence. In his hand he held an open watch, which he observed closely, only raising his eyes now and then to glance at the beautiful girl, who seemed to be in such agony. Five seconds, 10, 15, 20 seconds passed. The position of neither the young man nor beautiful girl had changed. Suddenly her eyes gleamed with a wild light; her bosom heaved; she clasped her hands convulsively.

"I must speak!" burst from her bloodless lips.

"Twenty-four seconds," said the young man as he closed the watch and put it back into his pocket. "You lose the caramels by six seconds exactly."

He had bet on a sure thing, but she wot not.—Truth.

### An Energetic American Girl.

Miss Young, the American girl who built a railroad to the extensive salt deposits she owns in Chihuahua, has received from the Mexican government a valuable concession in the form of a privilege for the establishment of colonies in the states of Chihuahua and Coahuila. Miss Young has gone to England to make arrangements for bringing over several thousand English families to settle upon the lands she has secured from the government.