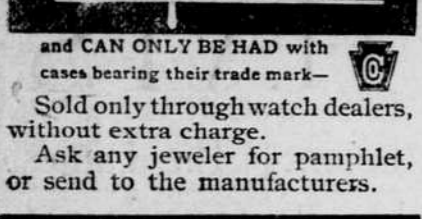


The Keystone Watch Case Co. of Philadelphia,

the largest watch case manufacturing concern in the world, is now putting upon the job. Boss Filled and other cases made by it, a bow (ring) which cannot be twisted or pulled off the watch.

It is a sure protection against the pickpocket and the many accidents that befall watches fitted with the old-style bow, which is simply held in by friction and can be twisted off with the fingers. It is called the



Sold only through watch dealers, without extra charge. Ask any jeweler for pamphlet, or send to the manufacturers.



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 "zone" 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. Marvelous 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.

AGENTS On Salary and Commission for the only Authorized Biography of James G. Blaine, by Gail Hamilton, his literary executor, with the co-operation of his family, and for Mr. Blaine's Complete Works, "Twenty Years of Congress," and his later book, "Political Discussions." One prospect for the best selling BIOGRAPHY books on the market. Mr. A. J. OF K. Jordon of JAS. G. BLAINE, of Maine took 112 orders of the first 100 calls; agent's profit \$196.50. Mrs. Ballard of Ohio took 15 orders, 13 seal Russia, in one day; profit \$25.25. E. N. Rice of Massachusetts took 27 orders in two days; profit \$47.25. J. Partridge of Maine took 43 orders from first 35 calls; profit \$75.25. Exclusive territory given. Write immediately for terms to THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO., 9-4ts. Norwich, Connecticut.

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.

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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 cure required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by A. McMillen. 23-1yr.

When the hair has fallen out, leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

A QUATERNION.

Let there be light within thy soul
O'er the fair world of things to wonder,
And each fine link that binds the whole
Nicer to note and well to ponder.

Let there be Liberty with broad wing,
At plastic Nature's high dictation,
From crude, chaotic stuff to bring
The magic of a new creation.

Let there be Love, that each free force
May seek and aptly find another,
To move in sweet, harmonious course,
And work as brother works with brother.

Let there be Law to sit supreme
On steadfast throne of sanctioned order,
That each new hatched, untempered scheme
May fear to cross the sacred border.

Hold by these four, by right divine
That wisely guide and sweetly sway us,
Else tossed about in aimless rout
And drifting blindly into chaos.

—Cassell's Family Magazine.

THE COURIER.

"I intrust you with a sacred duty," said the general as he handed his courier a letter. "Remember, you are to stop for nothing. If you fail, you will be shot, but if you succeed the Order of St. George will adorn your breast. Now go, and God be with you in all your perils."

The young courier knelt and swore to protect the life of the czar with his own, and then he pushed the curtain aside, leaving the general alone.

The evening was fair, cold and beautiful. As the general leaned from the balcony of the palace he thought what a farce this ball was when his heart was full of terror for the czar and all Russia.

In the adjoining room, near a marble pillar, stood a young girl covered with magnificent satin and jewels. Looking at her with flashing eyes was a man of about 40, with coal black hair and cruel expression.

"Nodine, this must be your work." She shivered as he spoke, but Otaroff, the traitor, had no mercy.

"And to it at once!" he said.

"What is my task?" she asked him, and again she shivered.

"An easy one, my beautiful queen. Merely to throw yourself in his way, and this courier will forget the czar and all Russia."

"I doubt it," she answered.

"You must not doubt it," he cried fiercely and held her wrist so tightly that the pain made her face white to the very lips.

"Our scheme must go through this time, and the courier will arrive to late. You hear, my beautiful daughter?"

"I hear you," she answered and wrenched her wrist from his grasp.

"But, father," she said pleadingly, "you have never used me as a decoy before. Oh, I beg of you not to do it now! I cannot do it. I cannot."

"Fool!" he hissed at her. "You little know your power. With your beauty you can do anything."

"And would you sell it?" she asked.

He hesitated, then said:

"Yes, for the cause."

"You are a strange father," she said slowly, looking at him with no spark of love in her eyes, "but I may prove traitor too. What, then, father?"

He bent his head and whispered in her ear. "I will shoot you, my beautiful queen; so take care. For the first time tonight I doubt you, but 'tis an insane idea. Go into the ballroom and dance an hour, then return to your house and prepare for your journey."

She went from him down the marble steps into the room beyond and never once looked back. Her heart was sad and heavy. Many noticed the beautiful woman, but wondered why her face was so tragic.

It was about 8 the next night after the ball when the courier of the czar arrived at the first posthouse and asked for a change of horses.

"Stop a little!" asked the worthy postmaster.

"No," answered the courier in a tone which silenced all other questions.

"I want horses and nothing else."

The Russian looked with much admiration on this tall courier and speedily went for them. With a clap of the whip the tarantass was off, and the little Russian was alone, but not for long. Down the road he saw another tarantass coming at breakneck speed. "Ah, perhaps they will stop," he said to himself. The little man had to flee for his life, for the horses dashed on, and he only caught sight of a very beautiful face in a red hood.

A dreadful storm broke upon the night, and in the darkness a flying tarantass dashed by—the one occupied by the courier. "Some one else in this dreadful storm," thought he. "God help them." When the first dawn of day came, the rain had ceased, and they were almost past the dangers. In the middle of the road lay the figure of a woman, and the horses almost ran over her.

"She is dead!" cried the courier as he laid his hand upon her heart. "No; she lives. I cannot see a mortal die like this." So, with the help of the driver, he carried her to the tarantass and laid her gently down. There he sat, looking at the girl's pale face and wondering what he should do with her.

Suddenly she opened her large, dark eyes and gazed into his face. Her wondrous beauty captivated him, and he forgot to ask her if she was hurt. He only gazed and said nothing.

"You are a courier?" she asked at length.

"No; I am captain of the Fourteenth guards. And you?"

"I am going to meet my father at Isham," she answered. Her voice was wonderfully low and sweet, and he believed all she told him.

They journeyed on together, and the time sped rapidly away.

At last they reached Isham, and the girl looked for her father, but of course he was not there. She burst into tears and would not be consoled. An officer had taken the last horses an hour before, and our hero had so wait for his own to rest.

In the meantime Nodine, for it was she, wove a subtle charm around the courier. He was not proof against the glances from her splendid, half veiled eyes. Her red lips seemed to say, "Come and kiss me." Her voice, her smile seemed to make the air he breathed delightful, and his nerves thrilled with joy. How could he help loving her? Seeing her in all the glory of her youth and beauty, he forgot the czar and all Russia.

They were standing beside a high rock, and with an impulse prompted by his great passion he knelt at her feet, kissing her hands madly and begging her to tell him her name.

Her poor heart beat wildly. For the first time she loved, and at the cost of her life she resolved to be true not to her oath, but to the man who knelt before her.

"Go! Fleo for your life!" she cried. "My name is—nihilist!"

He started to his feet and turned to leave her in a dazed manner. A sharp report of a pistol sounded in the air, and the courier of the czar fell wounded. With lightning quickness Nodine knelt beside her lover, and while smoothing back his hair with one hand, with the other she stole the imperial letter and slipped it into her breast. Then she left him, for she had made up her mind that she would carry the important message to the czar herself.

After traveling day and night without food or sleep she reached the palace and delivered the letter to the czar.

"What can I do for you?" asked the czar of all Russia.

"What do you do for nihilists?" she asked him.

"We shoot them," he answered angrily.

"Then I shall be shot." She said it so calmly and deliberately that the czar looked at her in surprise.

"Nihilist or no nihilist, my child, you have saved my life, and therefore I spare yours. You may return to your home in safety."

With a cry like a hunted animal she fell at his feet.

"Don't send me back. The bullet that struck the courier was meant for me. I heard the word 'Traitor' hissed by my own father, and if I go back he will not miss his aim again. He has sworn to kill me if I prove false to the cause, and he will keep his oath. I pray you, don't send me back."

He saw her agony was genuine, and placing his hand on her head said: "Rise, child. You stay here." At that moment Ivan Liveresky, the courier of the czar, dashed into the room. His clothes were covered with mud and his body weak from loss of blood.

"Thank God!" he cried when he saw the czar. "Otaroff, the traitor, is captured, has confessed all, and you are safe."

"He was my father," said Nodine softly.

The courier caught the back of a chair for support, and the czar turned to her in anger.

"Yes, do with me what you will. I am Nodine Otaroff, who despises her name, her father and most of all herself."

"Wait a moment," said the courier to the czar; "there is some mistake. Otaroff gave me some papers and confessed having stolen a child out of revenge from the rich Cordisky. He name was Nodine." And Liveresky handed the documents to the czar, who in turn, after glancing over them, gave them to the young girl.

"I will send a messenger to Moscow, and one who would travel night and day, without sleep or food, to deliver this letter to the noblest of Russians." So said the czar and left the room.

"You have saved my life!" the courier cried.

"And you mine," answered Nodine.

"Yet, my loved one, it is worthless without yours."

"Then," she said, with glad tears in her eyes, "I give mine for thine. I love thee, Ivan Liveresky."

He took her in his arms and kissed her many times. When Cordisky arrived he found he had gained a child only to lose her again, for Nodine gave her heart and hand to a young soldier decorated with the Order of St. George, given to him by the czar of all Russia.—Exchange.

Dr. Mary Did Not Whistle.

When Dr. Mary Walker was in Philadelphia not long ago, she wanted to ride in a Market street cable car. She signaled the gripman, who appears to have taken no notice, and the doctor put after the conveyance in indignant haste.

"Why didn't you stop?" she said sternly to the conductor.

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the latter. "I didn't hear you whistle."

"Oh, you horrid brute!" exclaimed the doctor, "what do you mean?"

The conductor began to realize the situation and stammered an apology.

"You should never judge a man by his clothes," said Dr. Walker, with the charming smile she can wear, "and the same rule applies to women."

She did not seem to mind the curious gaze of the other passengers, and upon her signal the car stopped instantly. As she got off the conductor tipped his hat, and she raised her high silk hat in dignified acknowledgment.—Philadelphia Press.

Professor Frothingham's Discovery.

Professor Frothingham of Princeton college returned not long since from an extended archaeological tour through central Italy, and one of the most interesting results of it is the proof he has adduced to the effect that many of the Christian churches which have been supposed to date from the early centuries of our era really belong much later—in fact, well into the middle ages.—College Bulletin.

Feeding Horses in Norway.

In Norway horses always have a bucket of water placed beside each animal's allowance of hay. After each mouthful of hay they take a sip of water. It is said that this mode of feeding is beneficial, and to it the fact is attributed that a broken winded horse is rarely seen in Norway.

Poor Animals!

"You see, Miss Fanny, even the birds seem happier running in couples."

"Yes, but they are geese and don't know better."—Wonder.

MEN WHO HAD LUCK.

STORIES CIRCULATED IN A GROUP OF TACOMA SPORTS.

Most of Them Were Told by Professional Gambblers and May or May Not Be True, but an Affidavit Is Required For the Yarn About the Gold Seeker.

"Well, that was luck."

The speaker was one of a group of half a dozen men who were standing on Pacific avenue puffing away at Havanas and talking just to pass time away and to clear their throats. The conversation had been about the livery stable man, Martin, of this city, who had fallen heir to \$350,000 three years ago and didn't find it out until a few days ago.

"Talk about luck," said one of the group, who was a gambler, "we see plenty of it. Do you know that one day last week a man entered one of our gambling houses with a nickel and won out \$400 in three hours? He had gone clean busted the night before and found the nickel in an out of the way corner in his room the next morning."

"That blokie went to the gambling house with the intention of placing his 5 cent piece on the number 5. He got into the room when the roulette ball was whizzing around on its tour of numbers. He rushed to the table and got down his nickel on the five just as the game runner shouted 'All down!' In a few seconds the ball started on its rear end' bouncing, and in a few seconds more the man shouted 'Five!' That gave the man with the nickel \$1.75 for his 5 cents. Then he put \$1 on No. 17, and that number came up, giving him \$35 more. He continued to play with varying luck until in three hours he had won \$400. And the next day he was broke again. He borrowed a nickel and tried the game again, but it didn't do."

"I can tell a story of a man who was lucky," said a business man. "In the early days of the gold excitement in California, there came into San Diego a man who was ragged and sick almost to death. He was taken in hand and fed and fixed up. Then he told a story of a wonderful find of gold he had made. It was only a few days off, he said, and he would take a party to the place if they would outfit."

"Several men who heard the story of the great gold in the mountains that was theirs to go after got up a party of 50. The start was made with that man as leader. After a few days' travel it became evident that the man had forgotten the way. They traveled on, trusting to luck, however. Indians were hostile at the time, and they started in to mow the gold hunters. They picked off one after another with their bullets. A score were thus taken off. Then a fever struck the party, and 11 more went the way of death."

"By this time the 19 survivors were crazy with rage. They had been 14 days out and were traveling in the most arid country. Food was growing less and less, and death faced everybody. On the afternoon of the fourteenth day the leader, who had caused so much misery, was given three days more to find his gold 'find.' If he was not successful by that time, he was to hang."

"Well, the three days had almost passed, and still there was no sign of the find. The last hour was almost up. It seemed that the man must hang. There were only five minutes more, now two minutes, now one minute, now a half minute—then came his luck. Just as the time was up for the hanging that man dropped dead."

"I don't see how he was lucky," put in the gambler who had told the first story.

"Why," said the business man, "he was lucky because if he hadn't died he would have been hanged."

Another gambler told how a few days ago a green Swede who knew nothing about the game, but determined to try his luck, had won nearly \$1,000. He had been an onlooker once or twice and seen big winnings. He went to the roulette wheel with \$30, and in a few hours he had won out \$300. It seemed that no matter what number he put chips on—and he played recklessly, as all new players do—it came up every time. That was pure luck. The man played no combinations or "arrangements," because he was as green as grass and knew nothing about the game.

"I have a friend," spoke up one of the group, who is connected with the city government, "who by the merest luck made a discovery that is netting him millions. His name is Perkins, and a few years ago back in Minnesota he made his discovery. He was a traveling man for a grocery firm, and while walking to a train to go from one country town to another one day he whittled a stick in a triangular shape. On the train the idea struck him that the shape would be just what was wanted for railroad spikes. The square spikes in vogue were not the right thing because they split the grain of the green ties when driven into them, and when dry the wood shrank away from them. The triangle shaped spike would not split the grain, and subsequent shrinkage would be done away with. Perkins submitted his discovery to Pullman, and now the spikes are being made by millions at Pullman, Ill., making millions for Perkins and Pullman."

Another gambler here chimed in with the statement that during the past week a gambler from Seattle had won \$2,300 at faro in Tacoma rooms in two sittings. Both sittings occupied 13 hours, and the first sitting resulted in the winning of \$1,300 and the second \$1,000. During the latter game the man was out nearly the whole \$1,300 he had won at sitting No. 1, but he picked up and won big money. "I suppose he has gone back to Seattle with his dough," said the gambler, "as I have not seen him for some days."—Tacoma News.

Kind Indeed.

Collector (angrily)—Do you intend to pay this bill next week or never, sir?

Trotter—Well, since you offer me a choice, I say never. Really very kind of you. Good day.—Truth.

ONE CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

A Man From New York State Took a Little Active Exercise on Horseback.

"I once was a sufferer from insomnia," said a dentist who lives in one of the small villages of the state, as he sat talking with other men in the sitting room of an up town hotel, "but I got rid of the trouble."

"What did you take for it?"

"Bucking pony."

"Tell us about that, please."

"Well, you see, there was nothing the matter with me only I couldn't sleep. The doctor looked me over and said I wasn't suffering from any disease that he could detect, but all the same I could get only a few catnaps every night, and I felt that I would go crazy if such a condition of affairs continued much longer. A wise friend of mine advised me to try horseback exercise. Just at that time a man had brought to the village a string of ponies from the west. As the ponies were wild they were offered for sale cheap. I bought one. He was such a sleepy looking animal that we called him Rip Van Winkle. After we knew him better we dropped part of the name and called him plain Rip. The first ride I took on him furnished excitement for the whole village. Two men helped me to saddle and mount him in the stable. When the door was opened he shot out into the street like a streak of lightning."

"He ran full against the fence opposite the stable and broke several pickets. Then he reared up on his hind legs and came near throwing me over backward. Next he tried to stand on his head, but I yanked him back on his feet and drove the spurs into him. He started to run then, and I let him go as fast as he could leg it until we got to the Methodist church at the end of the street. A temperance meeting was being held in the church and the door was open. Before I could stop the pony we were in the church and half way up the aisle. Women screamed and fainted."

"Some of the men led Rip back into the street. I didn't dare to get off his back. When the men let go of the bridle he began to buck, and for a few minutes I thought my neck would be broken. He would go at a gallop when he went at all, but he would stop now and then to indulge in some bucking. Presently he changed his tactics and went from one street to another, across lots, jumping fences, turning up flower beds, damaging gardens and keeping me busy dodging the branches of fruit trees. The next street led to a turnpike, along which I spurred him for miles until he was covered with foam and nearly tired out."

"He seemed to be docile when I got him back to the stable. Next day, however, he was nearly as bad as when I first rode him, and every day for a fortnight I was obliged to race him along the turnpike several miles. My! my! How he did buck! I was so lame at the end of two weeks that I could scarcely walk to my office, but I could sleep. A few minutes after I got into bed at night I was sleeping soundly, and I awoke every morning thoroughly refreshed."

"Do you still ride the pony?"

"No. By the time I was cured of sleeplessness I had broken Rip to ride, and I sold him for double the sum I had paid for him. My advice to anybody who is suffering from insomnia is to get a bucking pony and ride as fast as he can. If no necks are broken, both man and pony will be benefited by the treatment."—New York Tribune.

To Remove Substances From the Eye.

To remove the solid particles from under the lids, it is sufficient to pull the lid away from the eye and to wipe the body with a piece of moist paper or the corner of a handkerchief. If it is under the upper lid, grasp the lid firmly between the thumb and finger, lift it from the eyeball and draw it down over the lower lid, and then allow it to slide slowly back to its natural position. The foreign body will be scraped off on the lashes.

The operation may be repeated several times. Or lift the lid from the eyeball, allow the tears to accumulate beneath the lid and forcibly blow the nose. Or place in the eye a few grains of flaxseed, which, forming a mucus, will promptly bring relief. Or place across the upper lid the point of a pencil or bodkin, and turn the lid back over it. In this way the foreign particle is brought into distinct view and can be readily wiped away.—Washington Star.

A Long Underground Canal.

The canal between Worsley and St. Helens in north England is probably the longest and most remarkable canal of the kind in the world. It is 16 miles long and is underground from one end to the other. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgewater's estate filled its old mines with water that they might transport the coal underground instead of on the surface. Ordinary canals are used, the power being furnished by the men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with cross pieces, and the men propel the boats along as they lie on their backs on the loads of coal.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Adam's Staff.

The Talmudic writers tell us that "the blessed God gave to the first man in paradise a staff which had been created before the stars. Adam gave it to Enoch, Enoch to Noah, Noah to Shem, Shem to Abraham, Abraham to Isaac, Isaac to Jacob. Jacob carried it into Egypt and gave it to his son Joseph. When Joseph died his household goods were taken to the house of Pharaoh. Pharaoh took the staff of Adam, which had descended to Joseph from the first man, and put it among his special treasures."—St. Louis Republic.

A Big Livery Bill.

A Bangor man who sent his office boy to return a hired team to a stable received several days after a bill for the board of the horse and another bill for the hire of the team for the time intervening. The stupid boy took the team to the wrong stable. The man said he wouldn't mind so much, but there seemed to be no limit to the number of cigars he is compelled to pay for at the instance of feering friends.—Exchange.

Stealing Ideas.

It must be surprising to the uninitiated to see how soon fashions become generalized in Paris. A "creation," a new fashion, is hardly out of an exclusive house of the Rue de la Paix—hardly out of the workrooms, it might be said—when you see it copied in the show windows of the Louvre and the Bon Marche, where it can be bought for less than one-fourth of the price asked by the great couturier. At first the rulers of dress thought that some of their workpeople were bribed to give points, but they soon discovered that the pilfering of ideas took place in the showrooms instead of the workrooms. The Louvre and the Bon Marche engaged handsome, distinguished looking young women, dressed them as if they had \$30,000 a year and were accustomed from infancy to having and wearing the best, gave them a private carriage and had them go to the great costumers to order garments "just come out."

These afterward served as the models of things which the week after you might buy for the dozens. The large shops resort to this means to obtain novelties not only in the beginning of the season, but all the year round, and the couturiers have no way of avoiding the sales, for their showrooms are open to all who wish to purchase and give orders. To be sure these couturiers make most of their creations for authentic princesses and duchesses, but here also the shops get the best of them.—Cor. New York Tribune.

An Eccentric Washington Woman.

There is a woman in Washington society whose eccentricities in certain lines are so well known as to pass without comment. Her position as a matron of literary proclivities is the motive for sundry gatherings at her house during the season. On one occasion the guests bidden to the literary feast were informed upon arrival that they must enter by a side door, as the morning being rainy they would otherwise track mud over the hall carpet. That the hostess is not so much a respecter of persons as of things is further evidenced by her conduct at an afternoon reception.

Those of her guests whose garments were ornamented with jet were asked during their stay to remain in the second parlor, where the furniture was of mahogany. This sorting out process was explained by the frank announcement that if people would wear sharp ornaments on their clothes she must protect her own property by excluding them from the sacred precincts of the first parlor so that the rosewood furniture could not be scratched.—Kate Field's Washington.

How to Keep a Chameleon.

The Florida chameleon, which also is frequently brought home by the tourist, is a bright and intelligent creature. He requires almost unlimited sunshine to bask in, and flies, which he catches on the end of his long tongue, to eat. A fernery is a comfortable place for him. This fellow, it is said, has a temper, and if not well treated or if teased he will show fight, though he can hardly do much harm. The genuine chameleon, after whom the Florida lizard is named, is one of the quaintest and oddest of pets, but he is a native of the old world and rarely seen in our country.

Another American of the family, often sent from the west and south to pet lovers, is called the horned toad, though he is no toad, but a lizard. He is said to be an interesting pet and capable of being taught. All the small members of this race live on insects and need to be kept in very warm quarters.—Olive Thorne Miller in Harper's Bazar.

The Boomerang Is Not New.

The boomerang, the Australian native's weapon of offense and defense, referred to in all reference works as an instrument unknown until after the discovery of Australia, was doubtless known before the time of Christ. Pliny the elder, a contemporary of our Saviour, writes as follows in his "Natural History" respecting an instrument made of the wood of the aquifolia:

"If a staff made of this wood, when thrown at an animal, from want of strength in the person throwing, falls short of the mark, it will come back toward the thrower of its own accord, so remarkable are the properties of that tree."

It is altogether probable that the learned Pliny did not consider the shape of the "staff" and referred its peculiarities to the nature of the wood of which it was made.—St. Louis Republic.

Blunder Worse Than Guilt.

There are some penalties on innocent acts essential to human safety, and the signaller whose failure has destroyed a train must be punished, even though, when he pleads that he was in a "dwm," he is to his own mind telling the simple and sufficient truth. Nature is even harder on blunder than on guilt, and though man has no right to be as stern as nature, which, for example, executed a dynamiter at Madrid—not for his intention to murder, but for his carelessness in dropping his bomb—still, there are points upon which he must be nearly as hard.—London Spectator.

Colonel North's Strong Room.

Colonel North is said to have at Eltham one of the strongest of strong rooms probably in the world. Not only is his gold and silverware stored here, but lady visitors to Eltham are provided for, special arrangements being made for "taking care" of their jewels during the night. The "room" is floored with cement and walled all round with weighty granite. To get into its interior you must pass through many gates, all fitted up with burglar alarms. The treasures are kept in iron cages, and the "room" is 30 feet under ground.—London Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

Two soldiers lay under their blankets looking up at the stars. Says Jack, "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I loved war, Jack, so I went. What made you go?" "Well," returned Jack, "I had a wife and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."—Chicago Inter Ocean.