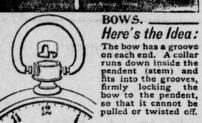
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How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it

cially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous lift.

base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous litthe branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.

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A FULL HARVEST.

Seems like a feller'd ort 'o jes' today Git down and roll and waller, don't you

know.
In that air stubble, and flop up and crow.
Seein sich craps! I'll undertake to say
There's no wheat's ever turned out that away Afore this season! Folks is keerless, though And too fergitful, 'caze we'd ort 'o show And too fergittul, 'caze we'd ort 'o show
More thankfulness! Jes' looky hyonder, hey?
And watch that little reaper wadin thue
That last yaller hunk o' harvest ground—
Jes' natchur'ly a-slicin it in two
Like honeycomb, and gaumin it around
The field—like it had nothin else to do
Only ies' wastat all on me and you!

On'y jes' waste it all on me and you! -James Whitcomb Riley.

THE VERGE OF DEATH

There was great excitement at Newell's ranch.

Miss Rose Newell was coming out from the east to visit her father, and the employees of the ranch, with three exceptions, were on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Those three exceptions were old Barton and his wife and James Lyall, or Deacon Jim, as he was more commonly

The morning of the day on which Miss Rose was to arrive the cowboys, with the exception of Deacon Jim, spent two hours or more in making preparations for the event.

Deacon Jim alone appeared in his ordinary everyday clothing.

"Why don't you fix up, deacon," some one asked, "and do the honors of the occasion?"

"I don't propose to make a fool of myself," Jim replied, "by parading before Miss Newell like a circus clown. I'm not so anxious to show off what little clothing I own, and I guess she's seen better many a time.

"Humph! "Have you fellows got an idea that Miss Newell is going to take any notice of you? It's hardly likely she's by such common cow punchers with a speed. lot of gaudy trappings. I ain't fool enough to make a spectacle of myself and give Miss Newell a chance to laugh at me, you bet!"

When the carriage bearing Miss Rose arrived at the ranch, the cowboys, with the exception of the deacon, stood about the door, each one "with his best foot forward," anxious to be seen by the young lady and hopeful of making an impression on her heart.

That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's

loveliness. "I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to seen her; I never saw a

woman so beautiful in all my life." "I don't doubt her beauty," the deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not go-

ing to care anything for us." "Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "and maybe you don't. If you but by her looks how truly grateful she had seen her smile when she saw us, you might think differently from what you

"Yes, and she was looking right smart at me when she smiled!" cried Ab Johnson. "I noticed that."

do now."

"Humph!" said Anson. "She was looking as straight at me as she could look." "She wasn't!" exclaimed Ab angrily.

"Hold on now," said Jim. "It isn't worth while for you to fight over that. I can easily believe that she'd 'a' smiled, whichever one of you she was looking at, when she saw the clothes you had It was enough to make her smile I'm sure."

Ab and Anson muttered something, then went away, and the subject was dropped.

From that time on they viewed each other as rivals and were never on good terms again.

A month passed. Miss Newell proved a very sensible young lady, and though she had grown up under the influences of the highest refinement she adapted herself readily

to her new surroundings. She treated her father's employees with the kindest consideration, laughing and chatting with them with perfect freedom, little suspecting what stress they placed upon every word and every ripple of laughter that fell from her

lips. Anson and Ab both grew more sanguine and hopeful as the days went by, and each in his own heart came to feel assured that he was winning his way into Rose's love.

Deacon Jim had continued on from the first in the even tenor of his way.

He never thrust himself forward at all -never made any effort to gain admission to Rose's society, but if anything rather seemed to avoid her.

A change had come over the deacon too. Always serious, he had become al-

He liked to mope about alone or sit for hours gazing thoughtfully into space. He was in love, though he tried hard to conceal the fact from himself, and for all the world would not have admitted

it to any one else. One morning when the men were preparing to begin the work of the day a dispute arose between Anson and Ab, and as it grew warmer and more bitter

"When I become a partner on this shooting. I won't have you here.'

"When you get to be a partner!" sneer-"You a partner!" Anson said mockingly. "Why, Rose Newell wouldn't

have you if you were the last man on "My notion is you'll both see that you are making fools of yourselves," old Barton observed. "Miss Rose will never have either of you. If I had to name anybody on this ranch that she was most

Jim." There was a universal roar of laugh-

likely to marry, I'd say it was Deacon

"Why," said Anson, "the deacon don't

off, Barton-away off. Jim ain't in it at

That day Rose rode with her father across the country, and late in the afternoon was returning alone to the ranch.

When within two miles of her destina tion, she was aroused from a drowsy reverie by a rushing, surging noise that

came suddenly up from behind her like the onsweep of a great storm. She listened an instant, glanced back, then uttered a cry full of terror.

A little distance away she saw a great herd of cattle in full stampede, sweeping down upon her in one mighty, irresistible mass.

On over the level prairie the horse sped, and on, on, in the rear came the surging sea of horns.

One mile was thus run and part of another, and the girl, bending low over the horse's neck, urged the animal to a still greater speed, while a hope of escape came to her heart.

But at that instant the horse stumbled and fell to its knees, and she was thrown forward to the ground.

The horse recovered its footing and sped away.

She arose, looked about her in a daze of wonder, saw the herd almost upon her, and in a hopeless despair attempted to run, but with a cry of pain she sank down helpless.

She had sustained a sprain and could not support her weight. She heard the cattle as they swept up

nearer and nearer over the hard, dry Another minute would bring them

upon her. She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

Then she felt a pair of strong arms about her.

She was lifted up and set upon a horse's back. A man sprang quickly in front of her to the saddle, and planting his spurs in

going to come out here and get dazzled the animal's side swept away at full There were a few minutes of uncertainty, a few minutes fraught with terror, alternating with hope and despair.

Then it was over, and amid a wild shout from the assembled cowsboys the horse halted at the ranch while the herd swept by but a few yards away.

It was Deacon Jim who had saved Miss Newell's life, and everybody agreed that he had performed a brave deed. Even Anson and Ab admitted that.

Jim, however, considered his act of very little consequence except for the result, and he did not like to hear it mentioned.

The next morning Miss Rose sent for Jim, and blushing and trembling he went to her room. She was lying on a couch looking more

beautiful than he had ever seen her be-She thanked him profusely for her rescue, and showed not only by language

How the deacon ever came to say it no one could surmise, and even he could never account for such boldness and au-

"Miss Newell," he said, "to do you a service is a glorious reward of itself. To them against "foot binding:" "China save your life, believe me, is a privilege

worth living for." Then, blushing at his own temerity, he arose to leave the room, but she held out her hand to check him.

Soon it became noised about that the ried in a few days and that the deacon was to become a half owner of the ranch. This information was not pleasant to

Anson and Ab, but bitter as it was they had to swallow it. said old Barton. "She's a girl of sense,

"I can tell you how it came about." and it is not what a man says or the way he looks that takes with her, but it's the way he does. Jim won her by his actions, which appealed to her heart, while you chaps tried to win her by your dress. If it's clothes a girl wants to marry, she can beat taking you fellows all hollow by going to a clothing store and buying a suit."

"Blamed if I don't believe she could!" said Anson.—Boston Globe.

Slavery In Siam.

Slavery in Siam has been abolished in name, but it can never be abolished in fact, for the slaves have no means of supporting themselves outside their masters' houses. Every member of the Siamese upper classes can fetter his servants or throw them into prison without any kind of trial or permission being necessary. One morning I went to call upon one of the ablest and most enlightened of the ministers, a man who has been to Europe, and who once actually got into serious trouble for trying to inaugurate a sort of woman's rights movement in Siam. I made my way by mistake into a part of his grounds where visitors were not expected, and I found a slave fastened down to the ground in an ingenious kind of pillory in which he could not move hand or foot, while another slave tortured him with severe strokes of a bamboo rod at the word of a member of the family in order to force him to confess to some misdeed.-Contemporary Review.

Curious Marriage Presents. One New Jersey clergyman received for a marriage fee in a monogramed envelope a bridge toll ticket of the value of 2 cents. Another got something neatly wrapped in paper. He took it to a grocer, told him that it was a wedding fee, that he had not opened it and did not know what it was, but would give it to him, "sight unseen," for a watermelon. The grocer agreed, the dominie seized his melon, and the grocer found in the paper a silver 3 cent piece. One groom, as he passed out with his bride. threw into a workbasket an old pair of gloves, saying to the minister's wife that she might have them. The minister's wife looked at them with scorn and contempt. A few days later, however, wishing to do some gardening, she thought the despised old gloves might be useful after all. She attempted to put them on and found a difficulty. In every one of

AT THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE.

The dead leaves rustle at my feet,
The moon is shining brightly;
Something has softly dimmed my eyes.
Across the path one shadow lies,
The path two trod so lightly.

It was upon a night like this Love left us only sorrow; I held her little hand in mine; That parting is to me divine. Then there was no tomorrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well Hearts are not easy broken. Tonight all joys I have forgot; There's something sacred in this spot, Where sweet goodbys were spo

I'd feel less lonely with myself If I were broken hearted; Would I could live that night again, With all its sadness-sweetened pain, When love from love was parted!

A college graduate had hardly received his diploma before he was compelled to face poverty and family disgrace. His father, who had been reputed to be wealthy, was an embezzler and a fugitive from justice. His mother and sisters

were entirely dependent upon his modest

What a Young Man Did.

earnings in a broker's office. He had planned taking an advanced course of professional study in architecture. His ideal occupation had to be abandoned. He was in love with a charming girl, but ceased to visit her since marriage was out of the question.

An opportunity for a year's travel in Europe at a friend's expense was given up. Year after year he maintained a hard, bitter struggle to make a living at uncongenial employment for his mother and sisters, to support his father abroad and to overcome prejudice caused by the family disgrace. He became a successful business man, but was prematurely gray at 40. His life was haunted by the ghosts of his youthful hopes.

Such lives do not furnish material for exciting stories. They are dull and prosaic, but are nevertheless heroic. To give up all that is dear to youth and to keep an animal in confinement who finds be loyal to family obligations sometimes | it too much trouble to attend to its health is a crowning triumph of unselfishness. -Youth's Companion.

Many Ministers Present. Ex-Secretary Lincoln, while United States minister to England, wished to get into Westminster on the occasion of a special service there. Archdeacon Farrar had told Mr. Lincoln to go to the east door of the cathedral to avoid the crowd and to inform the usher that he was the American minister, so that he could be conducted at once to the archin his name and title, the usher came out and said, with surprise, "For gracious' sake, how many American ministers are there?" It seems that several gentlemen of the cloth had each deftly made his way into the church by informing the usher that he was an American minister.—San Francisco Argonaut.

What Could He, Indeed? A group of women in China got hold of a fashion magazine from the United States. After examining it carefully for some moments one of the number said to women pinch foot. You say China woman velly bad. Melican woman not pinch foot. Melican woman pinch here," laying her hand on her waist. "Life here, life not in foot. Melican woman velly much

Five Years' Bank of England Paid Notes. The stock of paid notes for five years in the Bank of England is about 77.745,-000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes. which if placed side by side would reach 21 miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of 5% miles, or if joined end to end would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial area is rather less than that of Hyde park. Their original value was over £1,750,626,600 and their weight over 90%

tons.-London Tit-Bits.

Followed Plenty of Advice. A Connecticut farmer who wished to paint his barn asked all his neighbors what would be the best color: He accepted the advice of every one of them, and there never was a barn that showed as many colors as this one when the work was done.-New York Times.

A Siamese Ceremony. The removal of the topknot of a Siamese prince, which indicates that he has reached manhood, is accompanied by imposing ceremonies which last several days. The governors of all the provinces are expected to be present with gifts.—Philadelphia Press.

A Ring on His Hands. that Miss de Riche jilted him?"

"No; but it annoys him exceedingly

to think that the ring she gave back was

purchased at her father's store and paid for, too, by Jove!"-Harper's Bazar.

The Fact Remains. Miss Azure Hughes-I emphatically deny that the educated woman is ashamed to admit her age.

Giglamps—But all the same I notice she doesn't put her college year after her name.-Vogue.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, had a memory so wonderful that on a wager he spent a whole day at an auction, and at night repeated all the sales, the prices and the names of the buyers. The properties and use of the mariner's

compass were known to the Chinese cen-

turies ago. It was brought to Europe in

the thirteenth century and first used on the Mediterranean. The smallest tree in Great Britain grows on the summit of Ben Lomond. It is the dwarf willow, which is mature

when it attains the height of 2 inches. A map of Ireland made of hairs taken from the heads of the different members the 10 fingers there was a \$5 bill.—Tren- of the McLean family is in the possession of Mrs. A. McLean of Pelham, Ga.

Ancient Girdles. Ancient girdles were in some respects ike the chatelaines not long ago so much the rage among the ladies, but they differed therefrom in being more useful, more comprehensive in regard both to sex and to articles worn, and when completely furnished more costly. It is partly for this last reason that we find girdles bequeathed as precious heirlooms and as valuable presents to keep the giver's memory green after death. They were not infrequently of great intrinsic value. One of King John's girdles was gems, and that of the widow of Sir to the mother church of Worcester, was of green color harnessed with silver and richly jeweled.

Not a few wealthy commoners were able to afford the luxury of gold embellished belts and were not superior to that pardonable vanity so long as no regulation prohibited them. Those who have studied our social history will not be surprised to learn that enactments were passed restraining them. Edward III forbade any person under the degree of a knight from wearing girdles, gilt or silver, unless he should happen to be an esquire of substance valued at more than £200, when a reasonable embellishment was tolerated. Henry IV confirmed this regulation, but it does not seem to have been stringently enforced, for Edward IV was constrained to impose a penalty of 40 pence upon the wives of servants and laborers who should have the pertinence to aspire to be as good as their masters' spouses.—Chambers' Journal.

Making the Most of Household Pets. Whatever beast is kept it should have its own quarters in which it is at home and free from intrusion and to which it can retire when it chooses. This home should be kept clean and sweet by frequent changes of bedding and the use of soap and water. No one has a right to and comfort. It should be regularly fed on food that is most healthful for it, and what is quite as essential to its happiness and consequently to its health, it should be talked to and noticed as much as any-

body. I am certain many animals and birds suffer and die in our homes from pure loneliness and from being regarded by their human neighbors as creatures of an altogether different nature. Whereas the truth is, if one will but cultivate their acquaintance, he will be astonished deacon's pew. When Mr. Lincoln sent to see how the dullest and most stupid will wake out of its apparent torpor and

show understanding and character. I know a family very fond of pets, in which the creatures show most extraor- with our own. This is perhaps a more dinary individuality. Their cats do things no cat was ever before known to do; their parrots and other birds show what we call human nature in a wonderful degree, and their dogs almost talk. The reason is plain; the animal or bird is made one of the family. It is talked to and petted as well as cared for. Its intelligence develops, and the beast becomes very like the human being .-Olive Thorne Miller in Harper's Bazar.

A Gleam of Sunshine. I stood in the great courtyard of Sing Sing prison two days before the famous escape of Roehl and Pallister. The genial keeper had shown us everything and evmore bad than China woman." What erybody of the hundreds of prisoners rid sound resembling that of an infinite deacon and Miss Newell were to be mar- | could the missionary say?-Louisville | save the fatal five in the condemned | number of chariots driven fiercely forcells. We had seen the workshops, the ward, mingled with the noise of crackpencil with scenes from the "Prodigal of the charioteers." Son." As we turned to go away the at-

tendant called to me: "Look yonder." an official of the prison, surrounded by three men in stripes. How they kissed her innocent face and almost worshiped her as she stood among them with the sunlight playing around her slender

form! "Strange thing, sir, but these fellows do so love children!" said the keeper. "If we only let them play where the prisoners can see them, they will watch them by the hour and spend days in making little toys for them. Ay," continued he, "and robins, mice, rats, anything alive, they will catch, tame and

cherish." The scene in the grim, gaunt prison was a fascinating one. As the great iron gate clanged behind us I turned and looked again. The group was still there, gilded by the April sunlight.—New York

Ledger. A Cyclist Catches a Train.

"We have all seen men run for a train," said a traveler. "The other day I saw a man make a break for one on a bicycle. We had halted at a station from which a "Is Harkins worrying over the fact straight, level road ran back at a right angle to the railroad. At a considerable distance up that road we saw a man coming on a bicycle. A man afoot couldn't have got anywhere near us from that ideal home for an author, situated upon distance, and it didn't seem as though an eminence commanding miles of counthe man on the wheel could get within rods of us, but he came down the street whizzing. When he had come about half the distance, the conductor gave the signal to start, and the engineer sounded the whistle and started the train. It was astonishing how fast the man on the wheel was coming now. There was a broad, level space around the station. The bicyclist swept over this in a great moon and to whom have been sent curve that landed him alongside the baggage car. Dismounting, he lifted his wheel up to the waiting hands of the baggage master. A fraction of a second later the steps of the first passenger car came along, and the bicyclist stepped aboard a winner."-New York Sun.

About How He Felt.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitts were out driving. "I wonder," said she, "just what the poor horse's feelings are? It must be just horrid to be driven and dragged around, without any idea as to where

one is going, except as some one directs." "I fancy I can appreciate his feelings," replied Mr. Fitts calmly. "I imagine he feels just about as I do when you take me out on a shopping trip."-London Tit-Bits.

The Conductor's Large Acquaintance

"When I was out in Chicago at the opening of the World's fair," said a friend of mine, "I had occasion to make a call on some old acquaintances on the West Side. The streets in that portion of the city had many of them the baptismal names of women, and as I lived there at one time the calling of them by the car conductor sounded familiar to me, although it seemed to puzzle an old countryman on board, who was doubtless visiting Chicago for the first time. There were a number of ladies among wrought with gold and adorned with the passengers, and as the conductor called out 'Elizabeth' the car stopped, Thomas Hungerford, bequeathed in 1504 and one of them got off. A few squares farther and there was the call 'Ada,' followed by a stop and the exit of an-

other lady.
"The old countryman began to look interested, and when the next call came, 'May,' and he saw a lady gather up her bundles and walk down the aisle, he had a puzzed air. In quick succession there came 'Pauline,' 'Roberta' and 'Augusta,' followed by the departure of a passenger. The old man could not stand it any longer. His eyes bulged out, and making a rush for the platform he said in a stage whisper to the conductor. 'Great snakes, mister, do you know the names of all the women folks in this big

"He had been under the impression that each woman who left the car answered to the name that was called out." -Philadelphia Inquirer.

Interesting People.

"What makes a person interesting?" It cannot be intellectual brilliancy, for we have all known men whose minds were stored with the best thought of the world, yet wholly failed to interest us; women whose brains were developed by the widest culture, yet were unable to appear other than dry as dust catalogues of knowledge. Think of the people who interest you and study their qualities, and how few you find possessing just the same traits.

It is all a matter of magnetic soul currents possibly. Why not? We can hardly dispute that some human bodies convey electricity much more readily than others. In almost any gathering of a dozen persons at least one will be found who possesses this strange power, the touch of whose hand can cause a sensation like that of touching an electric battery.

Is there anything impossible in the theory that souls have their electric currents, which pass more or less freely to and fro according to the individual power as conductor? Then we have but to assume that the person who interests us is one whose soul current mingles freely satisfactory explanation than the more commonly received one of animal magnetism, a quality on a lower plane and infinitely less subtle in character.—Boston Advertiser.

Earthquake Phenomena.

The wild, untamed earthquake is a terrible thing to encounter. The "quakng," the rending of the earth's surface and the other incidental accompaniments usually described are only a tithe of the real terrors of a seismic shock. To some the noise which precedes the real shock is more terror inspiring than the 'quake" itself. Father Kircher describes these subterranean rumblings as "a hordining room, the tiny sleeping apart- ing whips, neighing of horses and the ments, the chapel painted by a convict's cries of victory and despair on the part

The sounds which preceded the great Lisbon earthquake are said to have resembled "the rumbling of empty omni-There was a little girl, the daughter of | buses, chariots and barrels, the noise increasing in volume until it equaled the roar of a thousand cannons." Another peculiarity is the gyratory motion that is frequently imparted to sections of earth of greater or lesser area. At Colares in 1755 several stone houses in the lower quarters of the city were turned completely around, this, too, without rendering them uninhabitable.-St. Louis Republic.

Where Frank R. Stockton Lives.

Follow the Morristown road, past one country seat after another, for a quarter of a mile, and you come to Kitchell avenue. You are in Morristown now, but in reality nearer Madison. Turn to the left, and the first place you come to is surrounded by a low stone wall. Through iron gates a graveled roadway leisurely turns, and passing beneath huge evergreens reaches a yellow and white frame house, with a veranda in front and a tower at the farther end. Opposite the doorway, beneath the great trees, is a rustic seat and a rustic table.

Between two of the trees is swung a hammock, and in pleasant weather Frank R. Stockton lies in the hammock dictating his fanciful tales to his wife, who sits on the rustic settee. It is an try, removed from the main road and surrounded by a grove.-Newark Adver-

A New Crater In the Moon.

In a bulletin of the Astronomical society of the Pacific Professor Weinek, director of the observatory of Prague, who is a specialist in the study of the copies of the Lick negatives of the meon, has discovered in one of the Lick photographs a crater which is not to be found on Schmidt's map. This object, which is estimated to be about a quarter of a mile in diameter, is of sufficient size to have been seen by Schmidt, and it is difficult to imagine that the distinguished

selenographer overlooked it.

"Centerline sent a story to a magazine the other day and got back a queer reply. They said the story 'lacked rapidity in movement."

"Well, where's the queerness of that?" "You see, he sent the MS. one day and got it back the next, and he considered that pretty rapid movement."-Kate Field's Washington.