THE RACING QUESTION.

Will the L. A. W. Still Try to Keep Control?

TO BE DECIDED BY THE ASSEMBLY

The Contest Will Be the Most Important Feature of the Next Annual Meeting—A Matter of Great Interest to All Who Are Interested in the Welfare of Cycling.

The most important question the coming assembly of the League of American Wheelmen will have to decide will be whether it will continue the control of cycle racing. There is an element in the organization which has contended for the last three years that the racing department has been a detriment to the work for good roads, cyclists' rights and privileges and the many other objects for which the league is working. This element has been gradually strengthened from time to time, chiefly through local disturb-

J. A. McGUIRE.
(Member L. A. W. rules and regulations committee.)

ances that effected the division officials, until now the question is the most important the league has on its hands.

The general contention of those who oppose racing is that through the system of punishing riders and track owners for infraction of the rules enemies are created who work an injury to the organization. The proracing adherents maintain, on the other hand, that there is a large portion of the membership which has been recruited from sportsmen who enjoy racing and want to keep it above reproach. They also say that with the racing department the organization is complete in that it covers every possible branch of cycling.

Able men are to be found on both sides, and the contention is one which is becoming more intense with time. The interest will culminate in the assembly, when it will probably receive a final decision, though this is by no means assured. The first time the question came up was four years ago, and it has recurred with each year, but each time the proracing men have been able to carry the assembly by a large majority. Last year the vote was 199 to 61 in favor of continued control.

A different aspect has been given the matter this year, however, from the fact that the difficulties between the L. A. W. and the opposition have undeniably injured the league because of the principles of the situation not being generally known. This has increased the strength of the opponents of racing until they are now in a majority, but it would appear from the schedule of the delegates to the assembly that they will not be able to get the two-thirds majority.

As this question is one of the most interesting in the sporting world the delegates to the assembly which will make the decision are of interest. The delegates are allotted according to the membership in the divisions and as officially listed are as follows:

	Members.	Delegates.
Colorado	366	3
Connecticut	1,322	6
Delaware	129	3
District of Columbia	226	3
Florida	65	3
Georgia	56	3
Illinois	1,156	6
Indiana	520	4
Iowa	405	4
Kansas	147	3
Kentucky	476	4
Maine	467	4
Maryland	677	5
Massachusetts	10,078	25
Michigan	1,684	7
Minnesota	358	3
Missouri	206	3
Montana	43	1
Nebraska	138	3
New Hampshire	586	4
New Jersey	2,064	10
New York	10,022	25
North California	67	3
Ohio	2,426	9
Oregon	53	3
Pennsylvania	10,038	25
Rhode Island	1,436	6
South California	271	3
South Carolina	36	3
Tennessee	55	3
Texas	63	3
Vermont	170	4
Virginia	131	3
Washington	45	1
West Virginia	53	3
Wisconsin	832	6
Ex officiis	—	16
Ex-presidents	—	11
A. A. U.	—	1
Professionals	—	1

The effect of the decision, however rendered, will be of the utmost importance to the sport. If in favor of racing, it will be with the understanding that the fight against the so called "outlaws" will be continued with all the strength of the organization instead of a misunderstood campaign as it has been during the past year. If the decision is against the control of racing the sport will be turned over to the National Cycling association. The situation now looks like a continuance.

GEORGE D. McCARTER.

CULTIVATING INK BLOTS.

Peculiar Pastime Which Affords Amusement For Some People.

This paper concerns blots—blots of ink, made on blotting paper, grown and cultivated with care, until, perhaps after many hours' close attention, they have assumed shapes of delicate pattern and extreme beauty.

If the reader has never before heard of beautiful ink blots—and, certainly, the words would appear paradoxical—let him read on and maybe he will become so fascinated with the idea that he will take up the hobby of cultivating blots with enthusiasm.

It must be explained that the blots under discussion are not made by merely filling a pen with ink and allowing the drops to fall on paper. They are grown and watched with anxious care until they attain their full measure of beauty and form. They may be made with ordinary black or blue black writing ink or with colored inks or with mixtures of several kinds of inks, and, as a blot grows, the colors of the ink sometimes form into differently colored concentric rings, each color ring being sharply divided from the next.

In order to grow beautiful blots, you only require a small basin, an ink bottle, a piece of glass tubing or a firm straw, a piece of soft lamp wick, and, of course, some ink and blotting paper. The ink bottle is placed in the basin and is filled with ink. The wick is inserted in the tube, which is placed in the ink bottle, and is kept in an upright position by a lid of paper or tin with a hole in the center. The blotting paper is then placed over the basin so that its center touches the slightly protruding wick. The blotting paper, thus fed by the wick, absorbs the ink, while the blot grows in the form of a circle and gradually widens, owing to the force of capillary attraction. In less than an hour it will probably be four inches across. It may finally attain a diameter of about 12 inches.

It must not be supposed that there is anything at all difficult in the way of blot growing. If you have not a basin, a wick or a tube at hand, dispense with the basin, put any extemporary wick, say a piece from a towel's fringe, in any extemporary tube, a piece of a quill pen, for instance, and place the wick and tube in the ink bottle. Arrange matters so that one end of the wick touches the ink and the other end touches the blotting paper and wait for the blot to develop.

Your interest will grow with the blots. It will be observed that the edges of the circles into which the blots form are sometimes serrated or daintily scalloped, although some inks preserve a perfectly smooth outline for each of the two, three or more concentric circles into which they may break. It becomes doubly interesting to observe the different developments caused by various inks. Every new experiment yields a new result.

When the blot has been grown with a certain kind of ink, it is interesting to dilute the ink with water and then to grow another blot and note the difference, which will often be surprising. On this experiment may be varied by feeding a blot with plain water after it has been grown with undiluted ink. The water will often cause the original blot to spread in a most remarkable and unexpected manner.—Pearson's Magazine.

John Wesley.

John Wesley contested the three kingdoms in the cause of Christ during the campaign which lasted 40 years. He did it for the most part on horseback. He paid more turnpikes than any man who ever bestrode a beast. Eight thousand miles was his annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less frequently than 5,000 times. Had he but preserved his scores at all the inns where he lodged they would have made by themselves a history of prices. And throughout it all he never knew what depression of spirits meant, though he had much to try him, suits in chancery and a jealous wife.

In the course of this unparalleled contest Wesley visited again and again the most out of the way districts, the remotest corners of England, places which today lie far removed even from the searcher after the picturesque. In 1890, when the map of England looks like a gridiron of railways, none but the sturdiest of pedestrians, the most determined of cyclists can retrace the steps of Wesley and his horse and stand by the rocks and the natural amphitheaters in Cornwall and Northumberland, in Lancashire and Berkshire, where he preached his gospel to the heathen. Exertion so prolonged, enthusiasm so sustained, argues a remarkable man, while the organization he created, the system he founded, the view of life he promulgated, is still a great fact among us. No other name than Wesley's lies embalmed as his docs.—Augustine Birrell in Scribners.

His Life For the Poor.

J. Eads How of St. Louis, who has refused to accept $1,000,000 inherited from his relatives because he has not earned it by his own labors, has given $2,000 to be expended "for the public welfare." This represents the interest on a sum he keeps in bank to enable him to prosecute his work of relieving distress among the poorer classes. It is "unearned increment," he says, and therefore he refuses to use it himself. As a matter of fact, it is very seldom that he spends any money on his own account. He left his mansion in Lindell boulevard to live among the poorest classes in St. Louis. He conducts the Mission home at Ninth and Washington streets. One room and a kitchen constitute his home. He is a nephew of the late James B. Eads, who built the bridge across the Mississippi river at St. Louis. He was educated at an eastern college and while traveling afterward in Europe conceived the idea of devoting his life to the poor.

The Horseless Farmer.

For 30 years William Johnson, a farmer near Kokomo, Ind., has run a farm of six acres and never had a horse on the place. He is known throughout the section as "the horseless farmer." He raises corn, potatoes, cabbage, celery, melons and all kinds of vegetables, all the land being under cultivation. Johnson does all the work himself by hand. He has hand plows, hand cultivators, hand planters and hand harvesters. Even the marketing is all done by hand. He trundles his crops to town in a wheelbarrow, making an average of three trips a day the year round. In the 30 years Johnson and his wheelbarrow have traveled 168,000 miles, nearly seven times around the world. When a boy, he was kicked by a horse, and since then he has had nothing to do with horses.

HIS START IN LIFE.

A STORY THAT A DISCUSSION ON RELIGION BROUGHT OUT.

It Involved a Christian and an Infidel and a Most Remarkable Coincidence, And the Narrative Pointed a Moral as Well.

The question of religion came up the other day in the Busy Men's Lunch club, and old Parmesan, who is senior warden of St. Pecunia's church and therefore constitutes himself a defender of the faith, remarked, "You may say what you like, gentlemen, but a religious man is more apt to help those who need it than an infidel."

"I am a firm believer in Christianity," remarked Bilson, who has made a million or so in the Swamp during the last few years, "but I take exception to that statement. When it comes to helping a fellow who is down, it's about an even toss between a Christian and an infidel. You doubt it?" he continued as he saw old Parmesan shake his head. "Well, to prove what I say I will give you an episode in my own life. I came to New York in 1873 with no capital but a country made suit of clothes and a common school education. I was a lank looking young fellow, with 'hayseed' written all over me; but, like many another raw country lad, I was irresistibly attracted to the city, where I soon expected to strike the combination that would lead to fortune and fame. But before long my main thought was to keep from starving. I could get no work, and nobody would listen to me when I asked for it. I tried to keep up my courage, but in my heart I would have given anything to be back on the old farm again.

"Well, one day I grew especially desperate. The papers were full of the triumphant success of 'Billy, the Converted Bum,' who was holding revivals all over the country. And I asked myself why I, a clean, decent young fellow, who had never been a 'bum,' should be allowed to starve, while 'Billy' was living on the fat of the land. At first the wild thought came into my head to start out myself on a career of er—I mean of revivalism under the name of 'Charley, the Converted Boy Fiend,' and rake in the shekels like 'Billy.' But somehow I felt I couldn't get down as low as that. A brilliant thought struck me, however. I would state the whole thing in an advertisement, more to relieve my feelings than with any hope of getting an answer.

"So I scraped enough money together to insert the following in one of the papers: 'If I were a drunken "bum" just taken out of the gutter, scores of kind religious people would stretch out a hand to help me. But as I am only a decent and self respecting young man, with no vices or bad habits, I am without work and starving in this great, cruel city.' And I added my initials and address.

"The next day I called to see if there might possibly be an answer and got two. The first one I opened read as follows: 'I was touched by your strange advertisement, as I myself was once in the same position. I found help through a noble Christian man, and if you will call and see me I will prove to you that there is a Christian who is able and willing to help you if you are worthy. Ask to see me personally, as I am sorry to say my partner is an infidel, and, though a good man, he might not be disposed to look at your case so kindly.'

"My heart jumped with joy on reading this kind letter, and for a little while I forgot the other one. But I soon opened it and read as follows: 'I was deeply stirred by the undertone of despair in your advertisement, as I was once as friendless as you are. I found a start in life through a noble man who, like myself, was an unbeliever. And if you will call and see me I will prove to you that there is an unbeliever who is both able and willing to give you a start in life if you are worthy. Ask to see me personally, as my partner is a Christian, and, though a good man, he might not be disposed to look on your case kindly.'

"Wonderful coincidence, wasn't it? But the most wonderful part of the story is yet to be told. These two men were partners. Each one of them was trying to do a good deed without the knowledge of the other.

"The end of the story? Well, that was interesting and remarkable too. After trying in vain to decide to which of these two gentlemen I should make myself known I determined to see them together and read the two letters to them. I did so, and you ought to have seen the look of blank surprise that came over the faces of both men as they learned that, though differing so widely in creed, they were at one in acknowledging the religion of humanity. They were silent for a few moments, and then the Christian, with tears in his eyes, grasped the hand of his partner and said:

"'Brother, I have wronged you, for I have learned that, without knowing it, you are not far from the kingdom of heaven.'

"'It is I who have wronged you,' exclaimed his partner, 'in assuming that you would not obey the teaching of your Master to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Let us hereafter live as brothers indeed, even though we may not be able to profess the same creed. And may the unknown God whom ignorantly we worship accept us at the last.'

"These two good men gave me a start and were my dearest friends until they died. The moral of it all? Well, I think there is more goodness in the world than can be enshrined in any creed, however true."—New York Tribune.

The manufacture of quinine was begun in Philadelphia by John Farr in 1820, the year of its discovery.

IMMUNE TO FEVERS.

The Remarkable Treatment That Is Used in South America.

The world moves fast, but it is possible that some of the most brilliant discoveries have not gone beyond the simple practices of uncivilized peoples. A Jamaica journalist gives his personal experience of how the Indians of South America not only cure a patient of the most dangerous stage of malarial fever, but also, by inoculation, insure for many years his immunity from future attacks. Other travelers have had similar experiences, and no less an authority than Sir Clements Markham has testified to the efficiency of these Indian cures. The writer, after long escaping the terrible fevers of the country, succumbed at last. He says:

"I lay in my hammock, ravaged by an all consuming fever, with death in sight. Medical aid, supposing it to be of any use, was not to be had within a fortnight's journey. A few miles from our camp was an Indian settlement. I had had some dealings with and won the good will of the head man, so I sent to tell him that I wanted the services of a peiman, or native doctor.

"It was midnight when the messenger returned with my friend, the old chief and the tribe 'medicine man.' By this time I was past knowing anything of my surroundings. My companions told me afterward that I had already developed all the well known symptoms of febrile collapse.

"The peiman tended me, administering internal remedies by means of roughly devised but effective subcutaneous and other injections. Then followed the inevitable mummery, when I was shut up with the peiman, and enough noise was made to indicate a dozen people inside.

"At about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the peiman issued forth and my companions were allowed a sight of me, I was sleeping naturally, bathed in profuse perspiration, which was already moistening the outer folds of the double blanket that enveloped me. At 8 o'clock I awoke and then slept again for 24 hours, the peiman from time to time administering subcutaneous injections. When I finally awoke, there was not the slightest trace of fever. In three days I was able to be about, and in a week I was fit to undertake a long journey."

The most wonderful part of the story, however, is the sequel. The peiman, pleased with the reward given him, offered to inoculate his patient so as to render him proof against all kinds of "bush" fevers, no matter how much he might be exposed to them, for at least 100 moons. If he contracted fever, it would be of the mildest kind.

The traveler went to the settlement and was inoculated. The operation consisted of stabbing gently into the left wrist with a bunch of exceedingly fine needles plucked from a hard spiny leaf, the needles being first passed through a flame and then dipped in a black liquid. In a short time all the well known symptoms of malarial fever developed. Then a peculiarly nauseous medicine was administered, and a deep sleep completed the business. When the patient awoke, he felt perfectly well, except for the smarting of his wrist, which had to be bandaged.

For a long time after this he traveled in some of the worst swamps of Central America, undergoing considerable exposure, including a night spent under the trees after the upsetting of his boat. Of the four white men in the boat three had fever and two died in 24 hours. The third returned to the United States with health completely broken.

Afterward he spent six years about the isthmus of Panama, and in that hotbed of fever, Colon, never experienced a day's fever. Not until ten years after inoculation did a touch of fever come, and then no alarming symptoms were developed.—Chambers' Journal.

Dunraven's Second Error.

The Earl of Dunraven ruined his reputation in America by his charges against the yacht Defender, which afterward he was unable to substantiate, and seriously impaired his popularity over here. Englishmen object to a fellow countryman making an exhibition of himself, and the general impression here is that his lordship acted foolishly. Only the other day Lord Dunraven received a gentle reminder that his fatuous charges against American yachtsmen were not forgotten by any means. He is one of the reactionary members of the London school board. If only citizens of the United States knew how Londoners have to fight for popular education against thick headed Toryism they would not wonder at the ignorance and drunkenness that are met with in the poorer quarters of the mighty metropolis. Dunraven was hauling a board schoolmaster over the coals for being, as he claimed, the worse for liquor, and on investigation it turned out that the charge was quite unfounded. John Lobb, quite a character in his way and also a member of the school board, in making a report of the matter wound it up with the following words: "In fact, this case turns out to be a second occasion on which the noble lord mistakenly believed a gentleman to have taken on an unjust amount of ballast."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Twin Romance.

Lloyd Lowndes and Richard Lowndes, sons of Governor Lowndes of Maryland, are twins and look very much alike. According to a story going the rounds, Richard was traveling through Ohio a year ago, when a man came through the cars and slapped him on the back. "Hello, Lloyd," he said, "step over and spend the night with me at Chillicothe." Richard said he wasn't Lloyd, but the man wouldn't believe him, so he stepped over. Among the people he met was Miss May Quinn. She liked him, and he liked her, but Richard had been married for several years. So he told his brother Lloyd about her, and in process of time Lloyd went to see her, fell in love, proposed and was married last week. When he told his fiancee that he was not the Lloyd she first met, but that the first Lloyd was a false Lloyd and really Richard, he had a hard time convincing her he was speaking the truth.

A Postman In Thrums.

David Ramsay, a postman connected with the Kirriemuir (Thrums), Scotland, postoffice, has been on duty 37 years, during 25 of which he covered a distance daily of 24 miles, and 12 miles a day for the other 12 years, which makes a grand total of over 232,000 miles. During the 37 years he never was known to be off a single day with sickness and never received holidays. He is now bordering on fourscore years and resigned his appointment the other day on account of failing health. His youngest daughter has been appointed in his place.

POSITIONS IN SLEEP.

HOW VICTIMS OF INSOMNIA MAY WOO SWEET SLUMBER.

The Way One Should Lie in Bed in Order to Obtain Natural Repose. Various Ailments and the Postures Best Adapted to Them.

Positions that woo sleep in victims of insomnia is an interesting study made by a well known metropolitan physician, Whitman V. White of Brooklyn. Dr. White is a specialist on nervous diseases and in a mild but emphatic manner scores his professional brethren for their free administration of narcotics. He denounces the practice as unnecessarily taxing on the disorganized systems of insomnia patients in many cases. In his own experience he has found a simple method adequate without weakening after effects likely to produce increased symptoms.

"Through a study based on the laws of physiology in human anatomy extending over a period of a dozen or more years I have learned that under certain physical maiconditions," said the physician, "the subject may be given relief by assuming positions at rest that will from the ease afforded the affected parts serve as a natural somnolent agency. It will be readily understood that a constrained position will tend to prevent natural repose, while a comfortable one will woo it. But what may in most cases seem to be a position of ease may in reality be the reverse.

"For instance: a dyspeptic will rest more easily lying on the right side for the simple reason that in that position the food naturally gravitates out of the stomach and into the intestines, while if lying on the opposite side that organ, in its weakened state, has to perform an uphill process of digestion. This is amply sufficient to produce insomnia.

"Lying flat on the back, with the limbs relaxed, would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system, whether in good health or illness. Such is the position advocated by physicians generally in the most exhausting diseases, and it is hailed as a sign of rapid recovery when a patient exhibits an inclination to turn on either side. But at the same time there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep, whether in case of severe illness or ordinary health. Thus in weakly states of the heart or blood vessels and certain morbid conditions of the brain the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to accordingly produce troublesome dreams. I believe that much of that weakening delirium which the physician has to contend with in treating serious maladies is often occasioned in this way.

"In persons who habitually stoop in their gait or work, either as a result of the requirements of their occupation or from the course of their physical development, there must necessarily be some distress consequent in straightening the spine. It may not be sufficient to cause pain and yet be such a strain as to prevent perfect ease. The result is unconscious restlessness, which is the producer of insomnia.

"People who have contracted chests cannot sleep well lying upon their backs. This rule applies especially to those who have suffered with pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs. They will find it easier to get to sleep upon the right side and that their somnolent rest will do them more good if they observe this advice. Furthermore, the habit of lying on the back is the creator of snoring, which much belabors sleep and prevents the subject from receiving the full benefit of its recuperating effects.

"It is desirable, therefore, in all cases to lie on the side, and in the absence of special diseases rendering it more desirable to lie on the weak side, which leaves the strong lung free to expand, the right side should be chosen. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show that when the body is thus placed the food in the process of digestion is greatly aided in its passage from the stomach into the intestines. Here the principle of gravitation directly applies. Then the fact that the stomach doesn't compress the upper portion of the intestines is still another advantage to be gained from lying on the right side when sleep wooing ease to the entire human mechanism is under serious consideration.

"In conclusion, I wish to refer to some injurious eccentricities, or fads, in sleeping which I have observed. A wealthy woman once came to me for treatment for bad dreams of the order commonly called nightmare. Upon making inquiry I discovered that she was in the habit of lying at rest with her arms thrown up over her head, a position greatly to be deprecated, although it will induce sleep in persons who have weak lungs. The circulation is thereby made stronger in the extremities, and the head and neck and muscles of the chest are drawn up and relaxed by the shoulders."—Philadelphia Times.

Lacaste and Caustic.

Maurice Barrymore's wit is far famed, but a neat little witticism at his expense was Augustus Thomas' laconic criticism of one of Barrymore's plays.

The celebrated playwright had been mercilessly picking flaws in the actor's drama when the good natured Barry winced.

"Oh, come, Gus," he interrupted. "Don't be quite so hard if it's not an 'Alabama.' Just remember that I wrote it in a week."

"Did you, Barry?" retorted Thomas. "Then you must have loafed."—Kansas City Independent.

PEACHES AND BLUBBER.

A Story of Arthur Stringer and an Oxford Professor.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the Dominion "Our Lady of the Snows." When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor Goldwin Smith of Toronto to Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of Christchurch.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast mutton after living so long on frozen seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little, but the next day cabled home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit dish loaded with tremendous peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me today, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the south of France, I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer. They will be such a novelty, you know."

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, then at the fruit, then at the poet.

"I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said the young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm in Kent county, Ont., you know. He has 200 bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones along with the whale blubber."—Saturday Evening Post.

SALARIES OF OUR PLAYERS.

The Pay of Actors Varies From $10 to as Much as $500 Per Week.

Franklin Fyles, writing of "The Theater and Its People" in The Ladies' Home Journal, touches interestingly upon the earnings of actors and corrects the oft repeated reports of the enormous earnings of players. "Salaries vary with circumstances," he says. "The manager may find at $25 a week a player whose moderate talent exactly fits a part of considerable importance. He may have to pay $150 if the role is singular and fit candidates scarce. If he wants celebrity in addition to ability, he may be willing to make the salary $500 a week. In that case he takes into account the public value of the name and makes a feature of it in his advertisements.

"Not more than ten actors in America, aside from the stars, receive as much as $250 a week, and not more than five actresses are paid this amount. In fact, $150 a week is exceptional, and $100 will engage an excellent hero or heroine, a fine comedian or a delineator of eccentric character. The wages run down to $75 for a soubrette, ingenue or old man, to $50 for an old woman, juvenile man or juvenile woman, and so along to utility and chorus men and women at $12 or $18 a week. Those are the wages of thoroughly competent actors in companies of good grade."

Strange Freak of Fate.

Says the Portland Oregonian: It is the belief of some historians that the name Oregon is Aragon in disguise, that it was given to this country by the early Spanish voyagers and that American explorers so interpreted the word given them by the Indians. The theory is at least plausible and indicates a strange freak of fate. The name Spain proudly brought to this distant coast returned to the West Indies 300 years later to destroy the power of Spain on the seas. Little thought De Fuca when he sighted this coast in 1592 that some day it would build a warship which, under the name of Aragon, or Oregon, would be foremost in the battle that marked the end of Spain's dominion in the new world."

Peculiarity of Snakes.

A snake tamer who had trained a serpent to follow him around the house and even out of doors happened one day to take it with him to a strange place. The snake, unused to the locality, suddenly seemed to forget all his training and, escaping into the bushes, resisted capture with bites and every indication of wildness. When caught, it at once resumed its tame habits. This tendency to become wild immediately upon obtaining their freedom and to again become tame when caught is said to be a peculiarity of snakes.—New York Tribune.

The Probable Reason.

The Clergyman (proudly)—People are loath to leave my church. Why, after services, it is fully 15 minutes before the edifice is emptied!

The Sinner—I don't wonder at that. Some people are very hard to awaken!—Brooklyn Life.

Profitless.

Miss Chicago—Money talks, you know.

Miss Boston—A vulgar apothegm. Culture makes no concession to the loquacity of lucre.—Boston Courier.

It was the custom of the Greeks to offer beets on a silver tray to Apollo in his temple at Delphi. Lord Bacon loved the onion so that he declared the rose would be sweeter planted in a bed of them.

The Byzantine princes played a game which differed very little from our modern polo.

SUNSET.

Turn not to the east when the day is declining
And the glory of sunset is here:
Too sad is the light the far hilltops defining
In outlines too sensively clear.
Though fair was the morning its gladness is past,
And the day's brightest beams are reserved for the last.

The morn is for growth, and the noontide is stronger
In all that is bravest and best,
But the hands become weary as shadows grow longer,
And we look to the evening for rest.
And why should we sigh for the morning's delight
When ripe for the quiet and peace of the night?

Turn not to the east when the day is declining,
Nor muse on the past with a tear,
When bright o'er the hilltops the red light is shining,
And the glory of sunset is here.
Enjoy, then, the moment, the brightest and best,
When morning is passing away in the west.
—Mary H. Wheeler in Boston Transcript.

WASHINGTON AND BURR.

Alleged Cause of the Break Between the Two Great Men.

An old lawyer, speaking of dramatic incidents in court, said: "Jere Clemens, a once famous United States senator from Alabama, told of a trial in which Burr appeared for the defense of a man charged with murder. My recollection is that the trial was in the southwest.

"When Burr addressed the jury, it was night. The guilty man was in the room—he had been the principal witness for the prosecution, but Burr had learned that this witness was the assassin, and in closing his address for his client he picked up two lighted candles from the table, and, holding them in the face of the witness referred to, he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen of the jury, there is nature's verdict. Now write yours.' At that moment the witness fled from the room. After Clemens told this story he wrote a historical novel called 'The Rivals; or, The Times of Hamilton and Burr.' In that book he wove the incident into one of the chapters. The book is out of print and has been for many years. But it had a great sale, particularly in the south, before the civil war, for Clemens was a typical southern orator and a man of wonderful personal magnetism. The object of the novel was to make Burr a hero and to besmirch Hamilton's character.

"In one chapter where Burr was high in the esteem of Washington the latter is represented as reading a letter from Hamilton in which Hamilton detailed some scandalous gossip about Burr. Burr was standing behind Washington during the reading of the letter. Washington, incensed at the contents of the letter, turned quickly and saw Burr, to whom he said, 'How dare you read my letter over my shoulder?' Burr, as Clemens represents, stung to the quick, drew himself up and replied with all the hauteur of his nature, 'When your majesty addresses such an inquiry to me in the manner you have, the only reply decency can prompt is, Aaron Burr dares to do anything.' This, Clemens avers, was the cause of the break between Washington and Burr."—New York Sun.

Ballast For Ships.

To solve the question of ballast many expedients are resorted to, and the results obtained often are singular. The most popular ballast is stone or rock, and every shipmaster who hails from the port of New York knows, or is supposed to know at least, the relative value of certain grades of rocks at various ports besides the metropolis. He can dispose of a cargo of stone to contractors here which will more than reimburse him for the expense of loading and unloading, and if the shipmaster is alert he will arrange for such disposal many months before his return from some out of the way corner of the world.

Every time a sailing vessel returns from a foreign port she usually is visited by contractors or their agents, who make competitive bids for her ballast cargo of stone, if she carries one. This stone is used mostly for macadamizing and paving streets. Frequently material is brought over which is good enough for building purposes.—New York Press.

Music For Fish Bait.

An eccentric hermit named William Schueller, who lives at Franklin, Mich., is said to be one of the most successful fishermen in his part of the country, and he claims to call the fish to him by singing "Old Hundredth." He goes out in his boat and takes a station in fairly deep water. Then he sings, at the same time keeping his eyes on the water in search of fish. Gradually the fish crowd about his boat, he claims, and when enough are gathered together the wily fisherman casts a net and catches dozens at a single haul. The old gentleman has a famous voice, and his neighbors are inclined to believe his strange story.—Chicago Record.

Deadly War Missiles.

In 1870 an ordinary shell when it burst broke into from 19 to 30 pieces. Today it bursts into 240. Shrapnel fire in 1870 scattered only 37 death dealing missiles. Now it scatters 340. A bomb weighing about 70 pounds 30 years ago would have burst into 45 fragments. Today, when it is charged with peroxilene, it breaks up into 1,200 pieces, each of which is hurled with much greater velocity than the larger lumps which were scattered by a gunpowder explosion.—Chicago Democrat.

No Cause to Be Discouraged.

Mr. Youngpop—My little girl is nearly 2 years old and hasn't learned to talk yet.

Mr. Henpeckke—Don't let that worry you. My wife says she didn't begin to talk until she was nearly 3, and now—Philadelphia Record.

New Mexico's Coal.

There is enough coal in New Mexico to supply the whole of the United States for 1,000 years.

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