[illegible] for
[illegible] get the

[illegible]ther opened the letter [illegible] rejected poem which she [illegible] to a magazine, a Kansas girl [illegible]sed herself as a man, ran away [illegible]om home and hired out as a farm hand. When found she was doing good service. If all Kansas girls were equally sensitive, the farmers of that State in view of the dearth of harvest hands, would do well to encourage their daughters to write poetry. Editors would attend to the rejection feature without any preliminary arrangement.

It is a trifle hard on the frogs, perhaps, but the discovery that their skins can be successfully grafted on a human being whose cuticle has been destroyed is one that will in future save the friends of such unfortunates from the necessity of sacrificing portions of their own skin for grafting purposes. These sacrifices are made willingly in most cases, but at the best there is a good of wear and tear on the nervous system over the denuding of the xesh. Frogs, being "cold blooded," will not mind it so much, of cou[illegible] Let the good work go on.

A Chicago paper has recently canvassed the leading colleges for an answer to the question: "Are young women surpassing young men in scholarship and honors at American institutions of learning where coeducation prevails?" The paper concludes from the replies it has received that they are, and says "the heads of the institutions declare that woman's perception is keener, her memory better, her industry greater and her general capacity for absorbing knowledge is beyond that of her masculine competitor." They are the better halves of men.

Careful observers in China are noticing the gradual decay of Confucianism. Its sway over the minds of the Chinese literati is by no means what it was even as recently as twenty or thirty years ago, says the North China Herald. It is true that there is apparently no marked diminution in the number of ancestral halls, the existence of which all over the land serves as an indication of the vitality of the State religion; yet, nevertheless, the more the country is permeated with Western knowledge, the more are the minds of the educated class becoming alienated from the teachings to which before unquestioning obedience was accorded. The reason for this state of things it is difficult to comprehend. It is gradually dawning upon the educated young men of China that a knowledge of the Confucian classics is no longer [illegible] it was from a commercial point of view. And the comprehension of this fact is sufficient to account for the diminishing interest that is being taken in the acquisition of Confucian learning. It must also be admitted that, as the broader and deeper knowledge introduced and inculcated by Western scholars is being assimilated, there is an ever increasing realization of how inadequate Confucianism is, notwithstanding its merits, to meet the requirements of the present day.

[illegible] and then the current [illegible] ship straight at a mountain [illegible] sticks out of the sea, and bangs it on the rocks there and smashes it.

But nobody gets killed, and the gang fish a lot of provisions and some of their goods out of the water, and crawl up on the beach.

But when they get through with this work, the captain says: "They've taken a big fall out of us this time, all right, all right. You fellows can all dig your graves now, and say, 'Ta ta' to this world. Nobody who gets shipwrecked here ever gets away. Because this is the jumping off spot, and we've done the jump."

That was a love of a place. There were about a million wrecks along the foot of that mountain, and the biggest gilt-edged collection of human skeletons ever gathered under one tent, or words to that effect. There was no way to get over the mountain or around it, if I get Saryzade right, and there was nothing to eat on that beautiful shore, barring the bones. Sinbad said it was his opinion that plenty of people had died there.

All over the beach wherever you looked there were goods of all kinds, and lots of them were valuable stuff. There were rubies and emeralds and diamonds and tiger's-eyes and all sorts of precious stones, and aloes-trees and chunks of ambergris and a lot more things that were selling for big prices at Bagdad. It was enough to make your eyes water, the good things that were going to waste on that beach.

Another thing there was a fountain of pitch, spouting into the sea. Sinbad said that the whales swallowed the pitch, and coughed it up again in the form of ambergris. Say, Charlie, what a world-beating ambergris factory a man could have started there with a band of healthy whales. Every time I hear a whale cough now I look around for a bundle of that stuff.

But the greatest scenic effect nailed up on the wall in that ward was a fresh-water river that came out of the sea and went into the mountain. Oh, yes; that's no dream. That's what that river did. It flowed out of the sea and into the mountain, and Sinbad sat on the bank and watched the ships go by.

And the water was fresh, all right. Sinbad had it assayed, and the samples gave three per cent. mud, seven and a half per cent. bugs, salt nit, and the rest just water. It was the first river of that kind that Sinbad had got next to, and he lay down on his stomach and took a long look at it.

Well, when the gang got the situation sized, they divided up the feed-fare and gave every guy what was coming to him, and then they entered a scientific competitive contest to see who could live the longest on the grub given him. I put my dough on Sinbad, of course. I knew he was a cherry ripe, and would gallop in, whatever happened. His staying qualities were his main hold.

Maybe old Sinbad didn't learn to dig graves at that place. Well, I guess. The guys with him eat up what they had, and croaked one by one as the roses fall. It was a cold day when there wasn't somebody to bury for about two weeks. Sinbad helped stow them all, and the last two or three he had to bury all by himself. He got to be a first-class, popular grave-digger, neat, handy and reliable. He could give satisfaction to all, and he held the belt for quick work. He could dig the grace, plant his man, and round off the mound in nineteen minutes, and that was the record in these parts.

Well, when he'd got the last man buried, his own grub was pretty near gone. He was living on two spoonfuls of beef tea, and one gingersnap a day then, and his legs were beginning to wobble. So he dug his own grave and got into it, in order to be there when he went out. When he was digging his grave he felt tough and he was sore at himself, and he said:

"Well, this is the wildest play I've made yet. I seem to have a passion [illegible] money out of it.

The river ran into a dark cave, and Sinbad scooted along for several days inside the mountain. He finished his last can of tea and his last snap, and then he lay down on the barge and went to sleep. When he woke up he found himself in the open country on the other side of the mountain; and the raft was tied to the shore, and a lot of colored people were rubbering around it. They told him they had spotted his raft bobbing down the Wabash, and had hauled it inshore. They were irrigating a bunch of corn-fields and watermelon patches, and they wanted to know how he came to be picnicking on the wet. When they heard his little tale, they held up their hands and said his experience was a Johnny Corker, and that he'd have to go and spring it on their king. So they packed him on a horse, and took his goods and waltzed him up to the king's place.

Well, the king was so struck on Sinbad's adventures that he had the yarn written in gold letters and filed in the county recorder's office. Sinbad unrolled his parcels and showed the king what a lot of fine cat's-eyes and diamonds and stuff he had picked up on the seacoast, and offered to give him the whole thing. But the king said that wasn't his style. He not only wouldn't take anything, but he said he do something for Sinbad himself before he left there. Then he turned Sinbad over to a main guy, and told him to give him a good time.

That was on the island of Sarahdub or something like that, and Sinbad stayed there for a month looking around.

By and by Sinbad hit the king for a passport so he could go back to Bagdad, and the king was such a real gentleman he offered him two, and gave him a fine present of something. Besides that, he gave him a letter and a present for O'Herrin Alraschid. O'Herrin was the Caliph of Bagdad. The letter was written on the skin of a yellow goat, or some beast that was worth money, and the ink used was blue. The letter went something like this:

"From the King of the Indians, whose parade starts off with a hundred elephants, and who lives in a big palace frescoed over with a hundred thousand rubies, and who has twenty thousand diamond-covered crowns in the safe deposit vaults, to Caliph O'Herrin Alraschid. Dear O'Herrin:—Though the little gift I send you isn't much, please accept it for friendship's sake. I am a friend of yours, old man, and you can bet your eye on that. I'll prove it any time you want me to. I hope you're a friend of mine, because I believe I'm [illegible] your class, and a man you'll find it a good thing to tie to. Good-by."

The present was a flowery offering, Charlie. There was a cup made out of a single ruby, and it was six inches high and an inch thick and full of pearls. There was a wagon-load of aloes-wood and camphire, and a snake-skin with scales as big as twenty-dollar pieces; and you couldn't get sick if you lay on that skin. But the article in the invoice that faded everything else was a slave-girl. She was a prize beauty—a beaut from Beautyville. It would make you light in the garret to look at her, and her pinafore was hung with diamonds. I guess she was perfectly miserable, from what Sinbad said.

Sinbad took these things and his ambergris and stuff and blew home to Bagdad, and he delivered the prize beauty and the letter and the ruby tumbler and the snake-skin to O'Herrin Alraschid.

When O'Herrin read the letter, he said: "Is this on the level? Is this Tommy as big a duck as he says he is?"

And old Sinbad said: "Cross my heart he is. He isn't swelling it a bit. That palace of his would make you blink. When his nibs goes out for a ride, he sits on a throne on an elephant's back, and the government officials and all the court hands line up in double ranks on both sides; and a [illegible] twenty miles from the river's mouth.

Balloonists who ascended about 10,000 feet in Europe the other day found a temperature of twenty-seven degrees below zero.

Artemiev, a Russian electrician, has invented a pliable coat of mail which effectively protects against currents of 150,000 volts.

In America alone 30,000 automobiles will be placed on the market during the present year, which will only supply half the demand.

The fluctuation of the light of Nova Geminorum is often as much as half a magnitude in twenty-four hours, like that of Nova Persei No. 2.

Harvard University is to have the famous zoological collection of Baron de Beyet, of Brussels, through the kindness of Mr. Carnegie. It is rich in extinct birds.

In Utah there are large deposits of radio-active uranium ores and compounds that are about to be opened. Analysis shows that they will yield fifteen grains of radium to the ton of ore.

Last year 69,000,000 barrels of kerosene were produced in the United States, and it is reckoned that the proceeds from the sale of this and the various by-products from crude petroleum aggregated nearly $500,000,000.

Since the return of the polar expeditions led by Peary, Sverdrup and Baldwin only the Russian expedition of Baron Toll is left in the north. He spent the winter of 1901-2 on the island of Kateinoi and has not been heard from since.

In times of typhoid fever: Sterilize all drinking water by boiling it. Pasteurize all milk and cream. Keep flies from all food supplies. Thoroughly wash in boiled water all fruit and vegetables intended to be eaten raw. Disinfect all discharges of every description from those sick with typhoid fever.

In view of the fact that chickens do not suffer from tuberculosis Dr. Vignier de Malliane, of France, tried to cultivate the bacillus of consumption in the serum of fowls' blood and completely failed. He is now experimenting, with encouraging results, in the use of chicken serum as an anti-toxin for consumption.

The subject of aerial navigation is one of never-failing interest, particularly at this time, when many engineers agree that the problem is one whose solution may be expected in the near future. Almost all engineers, however, further agree that the solution will never come along the lines of the dirigible balloon, and that the many interesting experiments with so-called airships, which rely upon the gas bag to overcome the attraction of gravitation, while drawing popular interest to the subject of air navigation, do nothing toward advancing the time when real airships will become a possibility.

Feathers by Photograph.

The power of the camera in reproducing form and texture in feathers is well shown in an article in "Photography." The marvelous accuracy of its drawing, its power of reproducing texture as well as form, appear to render photography a most suitable process for the purpose of recording those minute variations in plumage on which our classifications are based. The one difficulty which presents itself, that of color values, can be overcome by the use of ortho-chromatic plates and light filters.—Ornarotogic Review.

Diary of a Millionaire.

I spent three-fourths of my life making a million dollars. The other fourth will be devoted to trying to get an appetite to enjoy it.—Atlanta Constitution.

[illegible] and said that she would kill them both unless they got off her claim at once. One of them opened the door as if to obey her bidding and she immediately covered him with her rifle, and told him that he and his companion would make meat for the crows unless they obeyed her.

Under fear of being shot they agreed to go away and leave her in undisputable possession if she would give them a third interest in the mine. In order to get rid of the outlaws without bloodshed, the young girl consented to their terms.

The two men returned to the little town, and as soon as it was learned what they had done they were driven from the camp and then assistance was offered the girl as it was feared they would seek revenge upon her. Miss Helena stoutly refuses all assistance to watch her claim, saying that she was capable of protecting it and herself.

RODE FOR HER LIFE.

Chased for more than a mile by a pack of wild dogs, apparently a cross between the common dog and the wolf, Miss Gertrude Sullivan, daughter of a sheepman living on Birch Creek, nineteen miles from Havre, Montana, escaped only by spending one night in an old corral and picking off the animals now and then with rifle bullets.

Miss Sullivan was riding her pony across the prairie when she saw, some distance away, perhaps twenty animals, which at first glance she took to be coyotes.

As they came nearer, evidently in pursuit of her, the girl saw they were not coyotes, but wild dogs, of which there are several small packs in Northern Montana and just over the Canadian line.

With the brutes hot on her trail, it became a ride for life with Miss Sullivan. She had with her a small rifle, but the animals seemed so savage she dared not stop and give them battle.

As she began to despair of saving her life she sighted the old sheep corral, and toward this she ran her horse, reaching it only when the pack was but a short distance away, snapping and yelling with rage.

To enter with the pony and quickly close the gate behind her was but the work of a moment. As the gate swung into place the leaders of the pack threw themselves against it.

Snapping and snarling with anger, the dogs tore at the poles forming the stockade, but were unable to gain an entrance into the place of refuge. After recovering her composure and finding that she was safe, the girl began shooting at the animals, which retreated when she fired and returned to the attack when the rifle was silent.

Miss Sullivan was found this morning by her father and her brother, who had been seeking her. The dog pack disappeared when the men approached. The girl had killed several of the animals.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE CHARGE AT BUENA VISTA.

How those fellows went forward over that rock-strewn ground! The cannon thundered at the heels of the horses and the wheels in the air half the time as they bounced over boulders. Whip and spur, spur and whip, the riders goaded and lashed the horses, and ever Bragg was shouting: "Faster, men, faster!" and all the time men and horses were going at a heart-bursting pace. On they dashed across the old field, over the dead, dying and wounded—they had not time to choose their route. On that plateau yonder was centered the fate of an army and perhaps a war, they had no time to think of men. Besides: 'There ain't no 'stop, conductor,' when a battery's chargin' ground."

After them came the infantry, without semblance of regimental formation, every man running at top speed; those volunteers knew they were going over there perhaps to die, and they lost all thought of the touch of the elbow to the right. Bragg arrived and swung his guns in battery just as the Mexicans swarmed over [illegible] guns of O'Brien and Thomas [illegible] "With grape, load [illegible] order. Then he t[illegible] who had ridden [illegible] cult to forget.—London Daily Chronicle.

M. GERENTE'S COURAGE.

M. Gerente, a Senator of Algeria, is the hero of a story about an extra-obstinate mule. He followed the Governor-General of the North African colony and General O'Connor to Figuig on May 31, and was one of the last persons to get away from the fire of the Moors. While the bullets were flying around the Zenaga Pass, the Senator, who was astride a fine fat mule, did not seem to be inclined to escape the danger in a hurry. He was seen from afar by M. Jonnart and General O'Connor, covered with his white headgear and his civilian dust coat, apparently indifferent to the perils of the situation. At last he returned to the official persons, who remarked to him that his conduct was most courageous under fire, but that he had undoubtedly been rather rash, especially as he was a non-combatant, and had no rifle or sword with which to protect himself. The Senator smiled in a sickly manner as he listened to the remarks made, and then said in a somewhat husky voice: "You need not congratulate me. It was my mule that did it. I hammered him with all my might, and dug my heels into his sides, in order to make him gallop after you, but he wouldn't do it. He preferred to amble slowly, and, to a certain extent, gracefully, along. Accordingly I have to admit, in spite of myself, that the obstinate animal had courage enough for the two of us." M. Gerente added that he was very glad that his mule ride from the jaws of death was over.—London Daily Telegraph.

THE MAN "ON THE SPOT."

When a man all ablaze and crazed with pain rushed into a Harlem street crowd Saturday night all but one other man shrank away. One O'Brien threw his arms about the wild sufferer, and at his own risk and his own cost in pain kept him from spreading fiery mischief. Finally this rescuer put out the torturing flames. Then both men went to a hospital.

It happens that O'Brien is a policeman. He is paid to be ready to take perilous chances. Never mind that. What he performed was duty, which is the same thing whether it is part of one's paid-for work or not. Policeman O'Brien—he's of the East 126th street station—did well for his manhood's name and his uniform when he tackled that living torch.

A good head for the police force is always essential. But it is the man on post who must be the man "on the spot."—New York World.

WON WILD DASH FOR LIFE.

Edward Gunn, a one-armed sheep herder, employed by Floyd Zelway, twenty-five miles from Miles City, Montana, was bitten on the right leg by a large rattlesnake. Jumping on his pony, which had neither saddle nor bridle, Gunn lashed the animal into a run and reached Miles City just as the poison was beginning to take hold of him in earnest. As he checked the pony in front of Dr. Benning's office he reeled and fell to the ground. He had just strength enough left to state that he had been bitten by a rattler. He was carried into the doctor's office, where everything possible was done for him, and he seems in a fair way to recover, although it is believed one of his legs will be paralyzed as a result of the poison. The pony dropped dead in his tracks in front of the doctor's office.

A Shakespeare Mulberry.

The bond of union between Stratford-on-Avon and Southwark, says the Westminster Gazette, was cordially acknowledged the other day by the reception accorded by the Mayor of Shakespeare's native town to the Mayor of Southwark. In the course of the visit to New-place the Mayor of Stratford offered to present a seedling of the fa[illegible] mulberry tree in the grounds [illegible] planting in one of the [illegible] Southwark—[illegible] him[illegible]nt.

[illegible] simple thing for her to leap to the ground in safety, the onlookers could not at first understand why tabby did not do so. Finding that she could expect no aid, and that she would have to act quickly, the old cat disappeared in the loft, but soon again appeared at the window, bearing in her mouth two kittens, with which she lost no time in jumping. The kittens were carried to the feet of the ranchmen, and the mother looked up appealingly, the while meowing as much as to say, "Please care for these!" With that heroic tabby scampered off to the barn and entered the stairway to the loft, despite the fact that it was filled with smoke and flames. She was successful, and soon again appeared again at the window with the third kitten. Again she leaped and satisfied to deposit the last rescued with the others.

The poor old cat's feet were burned raw, her whiskers were gone, her sides were scorched badly and her tail was partly burned off. The animal's suffering was intense, no doubt, but she made no fuss about it, and the ranch folk gave her a new home in the woodshed, where salve and bandages soon relieved her. This wise old cat is a very ugly looking one now, but her devotion and bravery and wonderful judgment in such a trying time has endeared her to her masters beyond price.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHIRLIGIG.

Cut this whirligig out very carefully and paste it on a square bit of thin cardboard (a postal card will do). Let it dry, and then cut the cardboard out round the whirligig, and with a tiny

pin fasten it through the centre to a bit of stick for a handle. This should be about the thickness of a match and three times as long.

Now [illegible] hold of it by the han[illegible] from left [illegible] for every [illegible] And the boys? Well, the boys have good times, too.

The kite is what they like best, and such kites as they have! American boys would open their eyes if they could see them. Not only are they of all shapes and sizes, but some actually sing—that is, they make music like that of an aeolian harp as they float in the air.

Others look like animals, but the oddest of all are the fighting kites. These have their strings soaked with glue, into which powdered glass has been dusted, for a distance of thirty feet from the kite. When the glue hardens the string becomes as sharp as a file.

The boys try to get their strings crossed while in the air. Then each pulls his kite this way and that, until one of the strings cuts the other in two.

In such a case the owner of the victorious kite is entitled to the one that has been cut.

PUZZLE OF BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

Find Generals Howe and Pigot.

FANCY DRESS COSTUMES.

Very pretty costumes are Old Glory, Night and a Grecian maid. For Old Glory the skirt is red and white striped, the waist blue with silver stars; a plain silver crown with one large silver star in front comprises the costume.

"Night" was a costume of some soft black material which will float gracefully and is covered with silver or gold stars. In the hair a silver or gold crescent is fastened.

The Grecian maid was a simple Greek costume, but is very effective.

THE MEADOW LARK.

Most meadow larks migrate to the South. A few remain in the New England and Middle States during the winter. This bird and our bobolink are the best two singers of the lowlands. "The bobolink mood is one of care-free happiness; the meadow lark's suggests the fervent joy that is akin to pain," says Florence Merriam Bailey. The meadow lark's song has been well translated as a clear, piercing whistle, "spring o' the y-e-a-r, spring o' the year!"—From Nature and Science in St. Nicholas.

Self-Sacrifice Extraordinary.

Two elegantly dressed men, who have long been wanted on a charge of burglary at Mayence, Germany, were arrested there the other day while in the act of committing robbery. They were taken to the police station and confined in separate cells. While one of the men was being examined the other committed suicide by cutting his throat, and during the confusion caused by the suicide the other prisoner availed himself of the opportunity to escape.

Wealthy Seas.

[illegible] has been made [illegible]