My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN once we had made up our minds to get married, we both of us came to the conclusion that the sooner we did so the better; more especially, as the introduction of a new factor into our relationship was to my unaccustomed mind in a certain sense improper and irksome, although by no means unpleasant. Also it wasted time and tended to direct our attention from the vast undertaking to which we were pledged. Accordingly, within a very few days of the occurrence already described, I visited a registrar, and having, as it seemed to me, paid several unnecessary fees, provided myself with a license. On my way back I walked down Fleet street, thinking amiably of getting married and Dr. Jobson, and intending to take the omnibus at Charing Cross. As I went I happened to look up, and my eye fell upon a notice to the effect that a certain well-known life assurance company had its offices within the building opposite. Then it was that the idea first occurred to me that I ought to insure my life, so that, should anything happen to me, Fanny might have something to keep her from poverty. As it was, she would have absolutely nothing. All that I had, and that my wife had brought with her, was strictly settled upon the boy John in such a way that I could not even give my subsequent wife a life interest in it, or a part of it. I stopped there in the street, and having given the matter a few moments' consideration, came to the conclusion that it was my duty to provide for Fanny to small extent—say two thousand pounds.

Upon this decision I crossed the road-way, and, entering the office, some inquiries from a clerk. As it happened, the doctor attached to the company was at that moment in attendance and disengaged, so thinking that I could not do better than get a disagreeable business over at once, I send up my card and asked to see him. The messenger returned presently, with a request that I would "step up," which I accordingly did, to find myself, to my astonishment, in the presence of an old fellow-student of my own with whom I had in former days been tolerably intimate, but whom I had not seen for years. We greeted each other cordially enough, and after a few minutes' talk I told him the business I had in hand, and he began his medical examination with the series of stock questions which doctors always put upon these occasions.

The only point upon which he dwelt at all was insanity, and he was so persistent upon this matter that I perceived he had heard some of the rumors about me being mentally deranged, which my friends and relations had so materially assisted to spread. However, I got through that part of the business, and then I undid my shirt, and he proceeded with the physical examination. First he applied the stethoscope to my heart, and quickly removed it, evidently satisfied. Then he placed it over my right lung and listened. While he did so, I saw his face change, and a thrill of fear shot through me as it suddenly came to my mind that I had experienced some trouble there of late, of which I had taken no notice, and which, indeed, quite passed out of my mind. Next he tried the other lung, and placed the stethoscope on the table.

"What is the matter?" I asked, keeping as calm a face as I could, for I could tell from his look that there was something very wrong.

"Come, Gosden, you are a medical man yourself, and a clever one, and there is no need for me to tell you about it."

"Upon my word," I answered, "I know nothing of what you mean. I have not bothered about my own health for years; but, now I think of it, I have had some local trouble on the chest, last winter especially. What is it? It is better to know the worst."

"Our rule here," he answered dryly, "is not to make any communication to the person examined; but, as we are brother practitioners, I suppose I may dispense with it, and tell you at once that I cannot recommend your life to the board to be insured upon any terms. That is what is the matter with you, old fellow," and he went on, in terms too technical for me to write down here, to describe the symptoms of one of the most deadliest, and yet most uncertain, forms of lung disease, in short to pass sentence of death upon me.

I do not think I am a coward, and I hope I took it well. The bitter irony of the whole thing lay in the fact that while I was in active practice, I had made this form of disease a special study, and used to flatter myself that I could stop it, or at any rate stave it off indefinitely, if only I could get at it in time. I might have stopped my own, if I had known about it. Ah! who shall heal the physician?

"Well, there you are, Gosden," went on my friend; "you know as much about it as I do; you may live three years, and you may live thirty, but the odds are against you lasting long. You know what an uncertain thing it is. There is only one thing certain about it, and that is, that it will kill you sooner or later. I speak plainly because we are both accustomed to face these sort of facts. Perhaps you had better take another opinion."

I shook my head. Now that my attention had been called to it, no opinions could help me. He was perfectly right, I might go very shortly, or I might live till well on into middle life. As the event has proved, I have lived, but I am not far from the end of my tether now.

"Are you of opinion," I asked, "that my form of disease is likely to prove hereditary?"

I knew what his answer would be, but I put the question as a forlorn hope.

"Of course, I should consider that it would certainly be hereditary; and, what is more, it is extremely probable that your wife would contract it also. But why do you ask? You are not going to get married again, are you?"

"I am engaged to be married."

"Well," he replied, "of course it is an awkward thing to talk to a man about, but if you take my advice, you will be a little more honorable than most people are under the circumstances, and break the match off."

"I am quite of your opinion," I said, "and now I will bid you good-day."

"Well, good-bye, Gosden. I don't think I have, for many years, made a report to the board unless you wish it. Don't worry yourself, old fellow and keep your chest warm, and you may see fifty yet."

In another minute I was in Fleet street again, in a relatively satisfied frame of mind. It looked just the same as it did a quarter of an hour before. Most of us have experienced this sensation when some radical change of circumstance has suddenly fallen upon us. It seems curious that the busy, hurrying world should be so dead to our individuality and heedless of our most vital hopes. A quarter of an hour before, I was a man with a prospect of a long and useful, perhaps a most eminent career, before me. I was going to be married to a congenial wife. Now I was, as I then thought, doomed to an early grave, and as for the wife, the idea had to be abandoned. I was in honor bound to abandon her for her sake, and for the sake of possible children.

Well, I walked to Charing, Cross, and took the omnibus as I had intended. I remember that there was a fog, and I recall it, who insisted upon carrying my bag for me, and then when I refused with the conductor seriously in consequence. All this took place in the month of December, and by the time I got home it was beginning to grow dark. I went straight into the study. Fanny was there, and the lamp was lighted. When I entered she flung down her pen, and jumping up, came forward and kissed me; and, as she did so, I thought what a splendid looking woman she had grown into, with her intelligent face and shapely form, and somehow the reflection sent a sharp pang through me. Now that I knew that I must lose her, it seemed to me that I loved her almost as I had loved my dead wife, and indeed I have often noticed that we never know how much we value a thing till we are called upon to resign it. Certainly I no.iced it now.

"Well, dear," she said, "have you got it? Why, what is the matter with you?"

"Sit down, Fanny," I answered, "and I will tell you, only you must try to bear it as well as you can."

She seated herself in her calm, determined way, although I could see that she was anxious, and I began at the beginning, and went straight through my story without skipping a word. As soon as she understood its drift her face got like a stone, and she heard me to the end without interruption or movement.

"Well, Geoffrey," she said, in a low voice, when at last I had done, "and what is to be the end of it all?"

"This, that our marriage cannot come off—and death!"

"Why cannot our marriage come off?"

"I have told you why, dear. A man afflicted as I am has no right to send his affliction down to future generations. People are fond of calling the inevitable result of such conduct the decree of Providence, but it is the cause of most of the misery of the world, and as medical men know well enough, a wicked and selfish thing to do."

"The world does not seem to think so. One sees such marriages every day."

"Yes, because the world is blind, and mad, and bad."

"I don't agree with you, Geoffrey," she answered, with passion. "Our lives are our own, posterity must look after itself. We have a right to make the best of our lives, such as they are, without consulting the interests of those who may never exist. If they do exist, then they must take their chance, and bear their burdens as we bear ours. All this talk about the future and posterity is nonsense. What will posterity care for us that we should care for it? We cannot affect it one way or the other; it is hopeless to expect to turn Nature out of her path. We are nothing but feathers blown about by the wind, and all we can do is to go down where the wind blows us, and when we fall, we fall as softly as we may."

I looked up in astonishment. I had no idea that Fanny held views as merciless, and, opposed to all pure altruism as these were, in a sense, unanswerable. Indeed, I had heard her express notions directly contrary, and at the moment was totally at a loss to account for the change. Of course, however, this explanation was easy enough. Theory had come into conflict with interest, and, as is often the case, even in the most highly developed people, it was so much the worse for the theory.

"I am sorry to hear you speak so, dear," I said, "I hoped and thought that you would have supported me in a very painful resolution. The blow is hard enough to bear, even with your help; without, it is almost unendurable."

She rose from her chair, and then for the first time I realized the depth of her emotion. Her beautiful eyes flashed, her bosom heaved, and she slowly crushed the paper she held in her hand to shield her face from the fire, into a shapeless mass, and then threw it down.

"You have no heart," she said. "Do you suppose it is nothing to me, who was going to marry you within a week, to lose my husband and to be obliged to fall back again into this half life, this very twilight of a life? Oh! Geoffrey, think again," and she stretched out her arms toward me, and looked at me, and spoke in accents of impassioned tenderness. "Think," she went on, "can you not give up your scruples for me? Am I not worth straining a point in your conscience? There is nothing in the world, Geoffrey, that a man can profit by in exchange for his love. Soon this disease will take a hold of you, and then you will grow weak, and miserable, and incapable of enjoyment. Live now while you can, and leave the consequences to Providence, or rather to the workings of those unchanging rules which we call Providence. Look at me; I am beautiful, and I love you, and my intellect is almost as great as your own. Don't throw me away for a theory, Geoffrey."

All the time that she was speaking she drew slowly nearer to me, her arms outstretched and her eyes alight, glowing and changing in the shaded light. And now the arms closed round me, and she lay upon my heart and gazed into my face, till I thought that I should be overcome. But, thank Heaven! somehow for conscience' sake I found the resolution to hold to what I knew to be right. I think it was the recollection of my dear wife that came over me at that moment, and induced a sudden feeling of revulsion to the beautiful woman who lay in my arms, and who did not scruple to resort to such means to turn me from my duty. Had it not been for the thought, I am sure that being but a man, and therefore weak, I should have yielded and then there would have been no possibility of further retreat. As it were, I with a desperate effort, wrenched myself free from her.

"It is of no use, Fanny," I cried, in despair, "I will not do it? If think that it would be wicked for a man in my condition to get married. This distresses me beyond measure; but if I yielded to you I should be doing a shameful thing. Forgive me, Fanny, it is not my fault, I did not know. I had enough upon, I added, with a natural burst of indignation, "to be suddenly doomed to a terrible death without having to go through this agony," and with a sudden motion I flung the wedding license into the fire.

She watched it burn, and then sunk back in the chair, covered her face in her hands and said no more. In this position she remained for nearly half an hour. Then she rose, and with a stern, cold face that it almost frightened me to look upon, returned to her work, which was now once more the chief bond between us; nor was the subject of our engagement alluded to again for many months. Nobody had known of it, and nobody knew that it had come to an end. And so I went and went the way of dead things into what seems to be forgetfulness, but is in truth the gate-way into those new and endless halls of perpetuated life on whose walls evil and unhappy records of the past, blazoned in letters of fire, are the lamps to light us down from misery to misery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RELIABLE KNOWLEDGE.

Human Experience the Foundation of All Science.

The growing complexity of civilized life demands with each age broader and more exact knowledge as to the material surroundings and greater precision in our recognition of the individual forces or tenuencies about us, says Popular Science Monthly. We are in the hands of the fates and the greater our activities the more evident become these limiting conditions. The secret of power with man is to learn of limitations. To this end we need constantly new accessions of truth as to the universe and better definition of the truths which are old. Such knowledge, tested and placed in order, we call science. Science is the gathered wisdom of the race. Only a part of it can be grasped by any one man. Each must enter into the work of others. Science is the flower of the altruism of the ages, by which nothing that lives "lives to or for itself alone." The cognition of facts and laws is the province of science. We only know what lies about us from our own experience and that of others, this experience of others being translated into terms of our own experience and more or less perfectly blended with it. We can find the meaning and phenomena only from our reasoning based on these experiences. All knowledge we can attain or hope to attain must, in so far as it is knowledge at all, be stated in terms of human experience. The laws of nature are not the products of science. They are the human glimpses of that which is the law "before all time."

Thus human experience is the foundation of all knowledge. Even innate ideas, if such ideas exist, are derived in some way from knowledge possessed by our ancestors, as innate impulses to action are related to ancestral needs for action.

CICILIAN LOVE CHARMS.

Some of the Most Curious and Popular Ones.

The love charms of Sicily are many and curious. One, very popular and considered very powerful, is to put into an eggshell a few drops of the blood of the longing lover, says Macmillan. The shell is exposed to the sun for three days and to the dew for three nights. It is then placed on hot ashes until calcined, when the whole is reduced to a fine powder and administered secretly in a cup of coffee or a glass of wine to the object of affection. Another charm is for the witch to undress at midnight and tie her clothes up in a bundle, which she places on her head; then kneeling in the middle of her room, she pronounces an incantation, at the end of which she shakes her head. If the bundle falls in front of her it is a good sign; should it fall behind her the charm will not avail. Yet another is worked in the following manner: Pieces of green, red and white ribbon are purchased in three different shops, the name of the person to be charmed being repeated, mentally, each time. The shop-keeper must be paid with the left hand, the ribbon being received in the right. When all the pieces are bought they are taken to a witch, who sets out to find the person to be charmed. On finding him or her the witch mutters to herself, "With these ribbons I bind you to such a one." Then she returns the ribbons to the purchaser, who ties them beneath his or her left knee and wears them at church.

Too Possible.

Knicker—"We had to discharge our pastor because he mispronounced a word." Bocker—"For such a trifle?" Knicker—"Yes. He said the dear departed had gone to "the undiscovered country from whose burn no traveler returns."—Judge.

The Bashi Bazouks seem to be merely a scientific idealized set of ruffians.

CRETE AND PEOPLE.

BEAUTIFUL ISLAND WITH A TROUBLOUS HISTORY.

The Turk Has Been Its Most Tyrannical Ruler — Its Inhabitants Have Struggled for Liberty Through Several Centuries.

(Special Letter.)

THE island of Crete lies at the entrance to the Grecian archipelago, being sixty miles distant from the mainland of Greece and 110 miles from Asia Minor. It thus lay directly in the path of western migration and was one of the first points in Europe settled by man. The Pelasgi, or primitive Greeks, when they entered Greece also took possession of the attractive and luxuriant island of Crete, and in the time of Homer it was a prosperous and thickly-settled country. Its early history is entirely mythical and legendary. It was the birthplace and burial place of Jupiter, and the wonderful and intricate labyrinth of the Minotaur, of which no one who entered could ever find his way out, was situated in Crete. Cydonia, the ancient city that stood where Canea now is, was called "the mother of cities." In ancient times Crete was a place of importance and is described by Homer. "There is a country, Crete, in the midst of the Black Sea, beautiful and fertile, wave-washed, roundabout, with a population infinite in number, and ninety cities. The races are different; there are Achaens, the Cydonians, the crest-waving Dorians, and the divine Pelasgi. Theirs is Gnossus, a great city, and theirs is King Minos who talked nine years with great Jove."

CRETAN INSURGENTS

VIEWS IN CRETE.

The very conditions which tended to the independence and rapid development of Crete in ancient times, its insular position and freedom from outside interference, have served to keep it in subjection ever since it was conquered by the Romans. The Cretans were the earliest seafaring Greeks, and in 67 B. C., nearly eighty years after Greece had passed under Roman rule, the sailors of Crete were still independent. They sailed from one end of the Mediterranean to the other, sacked the defenceless towns that lay near the coast and made it unsafe for any Roman galley to venture forth. In the days of Cicero, when Rome claimed dominion over all the known world, these daring pirates entered the Tiber and captured transports that were carrying grain to Rome. They had grown too powerful to be ignored, and Rome turned all her attention to making an end of them. Metellus, a Roman general, sailed for Crete with a large army, and after a number of sharp battles on sea and land, succeeded in destroying the power of the pirates, and Crete was made a Roman province. Since then it has been constantly under the dominion of some foreign and oppressive ruler, Roman, Saracen, Byzantine, Venetian, and lastly, the "unspeakable Turk," robbing and misgoverning in turn.

When the Saracens wrested the island from the Byzantine, or Eastern Roman empire, in 823, all the inhabitants were converted to Islamism; it was either that or extermination. But in 960 Phocas won the island back, and the Cretans returned to Christianity. In 1204 the Crusaders, under Baldwin, Count of Flanders, invested Constantinople and overthrew for a time the Byzantine empire. The empire was divided among the victors and Crete was alloted to Boniface, Marquis of Montserrat, who sold it to Venice.

The Venetian rule was but a repetition of all that had gone before, the island being looked upon only as a

A GLIMPSE OF CANEA.

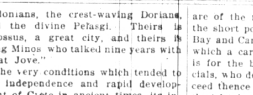
place where taxes could be levied. They were levied so much an extent that the population is said to have been reduced from $1,600,000 to 160,000 in 450 years. At the end of this time the Turks, with the hearty co-operation of the Cretans themselves, drove out the Venetians and a rule even worse than theirs had been was inaugurated. They had exchanged Venetian tax-gatherers for Turkish, and the miseries of religious persecution was added to their others. Rebellions without number have been fought, but always with the same result. The island would be overrun with soldiers of the sultan, the land devastated, villages burned and the Cretans starved into making terms —which the Turks never kept.

This state of affairs has continued down to our own day. Just previous to the last rebellion, in 1866, the Cretans addressed a petition to the sultan protesting.

The answer to the petition was that the Cretans, who had assembled to discuss their situation, disperse at once. They were reluctant to do this, the governor attempted to force them, they resisted and the war was on. Perhaps it would be as well just as well if this petition had received the fate of a former. When it was handed to the pasha to be forwarded to Constantinople, he substituted one of his own composition, in which his reign of misrule was praised without limit and the people represented as peaceful and happy. For this the pasha was loaded with presents by the sultan, and that was the last of the petition. The result of the petition of 1866 was a long and destructive war, the end of which left the Cretans, when the aid of Greece was suddenly withdrawn, had to accept the terms of peace offered by the Turks.

Candia, once the capital and chief city, still has fifteen thousand inhabitants and is the residence of the Greek archbishop. The extensive fortifications of the Venetians are yet standing, but here as elsewhere, they are sadly out of repair. The harbor is almost inaccessible as the result of earthquakes, and the town itself has suffered from the same disturbances.

Suda Bay, a few miles east of Canea, is a beautiful land-locked harbor large enough to contain all the fleets of Europe. The roads throughout the island are of the most wretched description, the short portion of one between Suda Bay and Canea being the only one over which a carriage can be driven. This is for the benefit of the Turkish officials, who debark at Suda Bay and proceed thence to Canea. For the rest of the islanders, toiling along, beside their heavily laden donkeys, any kind of a road is good enough.



LUDA BAY.

All the native inhabitants of Crete, Mohammedans and Christians, are of the Greek race and speak the Greek language. On account of their insular position they have suffered far less from foreign influences than the Greeks of the continent. Turkish and other foreign words are very rare in the Cretan dialect, while common enough in modern Greek. The Cretans of to-day, in language and person, are the purest representatives of the ancient Greeks to be found anywhere. They are tall and athletic, especially the mountaineers, and eager to advance themselves intellectually. Every petition to the sublime porte asks for school and teachers, but schools cost money and consequently are not looked upon favorably by the Turkish government. The women of the mountainous districts are noted for their great beauty, and the explanation given of this fact is significant. Whenever a girl of the lowlands gives promise of being exceptionally attractive she is sent by her friends into the mountains, where the danger of becoming an inmate of a Turkish harem is far less than in the neighborhood of the towns.

The climate of Crete is mild and salubrious, the close proximity of the mountains and the sea giving it a cool and even temperature the year round. The fertile soil of the lowlands produces olives, oranges and lemons in great profusion, and this island, which was once called, with Sicily, the granary of Rome, might again become a prosperous and productive land under a favorable government. Crete has been waiting over nineteen hundred years for such a blessing, and no one can say how much longer she will have to wait. After making a gallant fight in the last insurrection, but thirty years ago, she was compelled to make terms with the Turks by the treachery and intervention of several "friendly powers." It was a case of history repeating itself, and history bids fair to repeat itself again in the present instance.

Only a Hint.

He—Do you believe in palmistry—that you can tell anything by the hand? She—Certainly; now, for example, if I had a certain kind of ring on a certain finger of my left hand people would know that I was engaged.—Truth.

One result of the prosperous year enjoyed by Great Britain last year is the greatly decreased immigration.

PARISIAN OMNIBUSES.

There is No Crowding and Strap-Hanging Upon These Lumbering Vehicles.

On all the streets of Paris one of the features most noticeable to a foreigner, perhaps, is the little omnibus stations so characteristic of Paris. The Parisian omnibus system, by the way, is an excellent one when you understand it. But you usually have to be put off a bus two or three times before you appreciate its merits. In time you discover that the vehicles stop regularly at little stations, where those who understand the system obtain bits of pasteboard bearing numbers on the precise order of their application of them, entitling them to the same number to the vacant seats in the bus when as they arrive. These little stations being not far apart, it is a matter of no difficulty to obtain these numbers, and when that is done the system secures, as you see, a perfect application of the rule, "First come, first served." For when the bus stops, just opposite the little station, an official comes out and, standing behind it, calls off the numbers in their order, and the would-be passengers, as the corresponding ones are called, take the vacant places. When all the vacancies are filled the bus drives on, and those whose numbers come next in order have, of course, the first chance at the vacancies on the filling bus.

And now let me mention another feature of the omnibus system which I think is worthy of our notice. Each omnibus and each street car in Paris—for the street car system is practically the same—is built to seat—not carry, mind you, but to seat—a certain number of persons. That number is inscribed upon the exterior of the vehicle, and when it is complete no more are permitted to enter under any circumstances. Our glorious American system, therefore, of riding on a strap, or of getting one foot on a back platform of the street car and clinging to the unfortunate individual who has preceded us and has both feet on, is wholly unknown in Paris.

Rubinstein's Disillusions.

The posthumous "souvenirs" of Rubinstein are continued in the "Vom zum Meer." They contain some of the disillusions of a great musician. Rubinstein alludes to a concert, organized by Pasdeloup, which he conducted in Paris, the programme consisting mainly of his own compositions. It was held in the "Cirque," and some 4,000 people were present. Throughout Rubinstein was possessed with the conviction that the attention of the entire world was directed exclusively upon him. On reaching his hotel Rubinstein was met by an old friend, who expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him. "What!" exclaimed the friend, "you in Paris! When did you arrive? One never hears a word about you nowadays. Are you thinking of giving concerts in Paris?" Rubinstein was so much taken aback that he was speechless.—New York Post.

Kashmiri Wool-Carriers.

It is commonly supposed that all savages lead a lazy life and have nothing else to think about than occasionally attacking their more peaceful neighbors and giving them a hurried send-off to the happy hunting grounds; but travelers frequently come across real, hard working people in savage lands. Look at the two Kashmiri wool carriers depicted in the accompanying illustration. The original photograph of this was presented to the Royal Geographical society, with others, by Captain H. H. Deasy, who has been recently attempting to reach the sacred city of Lhassa, in Tibet. Captain Deasy met these men near Bandipura, in Kashmir.

KASHMIRI WOOD CARRIERS.

"I weighed one load," he says, "and it turned the scale at 240 pounds." No wonder the poor fellows carry a pole to lean upon.

An English Railroad.

The London and Northwest railway passes through more than half of the fifty-eight counties of England and Wales.

GRANT AS A WRITER.

HIS STYLE WAS VIGOROUS AND ALWAYS TERSE.

He Had Great Concentration of Mind, and Nothing Disturbed Him—Some of His Graphic Sentences—Very Little Ornamentation.

GENERAL Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant" deals with the siege of Petersburg in the "Century." General Porter expresses the following opinion of Grant as a writer: His powers of concentration of thought were often shown by the circumstances under which he wrote. Nothing that went on around him upon the field or in his quarters could distract his attention or interrupt him. Sometimes, when his tent was filled with officers talking and laughing, at the top of their voices, he would turn to his table and write the most important communications. There would then be an immediate "hush!" and abundant excuses offered by the company; but he always insisted upon the conversation going on, and after a while his officers came to understand his wishes in this respect, to learn that noise was apparently a stimulus rather than a check to his flow of ideas, and to realize that nothing short of a general attack along the whole line would divert his thoughts from the subject upon which his mind was concentrated.

In writing his style was vigorous and terse, with little ornament; its most conspicuous characteristic was perspicuity. General Meade's chief of staff once said: "There is one striking feature about Grant's orders: no matter how hurriedly he may write them on the field, no one ever has the slightest doubt as to their meaning, or ever has to read them over a second time to understand them." The general used Anglo-Saxon words much more frequently than those derived from the Greek and Latin tongues. He had studied French at West Point, and picked up some knowledge of Spanish during the Mexican war; but he could not hold a conversation in either language, and rarely employed a foreign word in any of his writings. His adjectives were few and well chosen. No document which ever came from his hands was in the least degree pretentious. He never laid claim to any knowledge he did not possess, and seemed to feel, with Addison, that "pedantry in learning is like hypocrisy in religion—a form of knowledge without the power of it."

He rarely indulged in metaphor, but when he did employ a figure of speech it was always expressive and graphic, as when he spoke of the commander at Bermuda Hundred being "on a bottle strongly corked," or referred to our armies at one time "like horses in a balky team, no two ever pulling together." His style inclined to the epigrammatic without his being aware of it. There was scarcely a document written by him from which brief sentences could not be selected fit to be set in mottos or placed upon transparencies. As examples may be mentioned: "I propose to move immediately upon your works"; "I shall take no backward step"; the famous "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and, later in his career, "Let us have peace"; "The best means of securing the repeal of an abnoxious law is its vigorous enforcement"; "I shall have no policy to adopt save against the will of the people"; and "Let no guilty man escape."

WHY ACTORS LOOK YOUNG.

All the Muscles of the Face Kept in Play.

The ever-youthful appearance of the members of the dramatic profession is a constant source of surprise to the public at large, says the Strand Magazine. Visitors to museums, for instance, can be heard every night commenting on the wonderfully preserved youth of Miss Ellen Terry, who, although she some years ago passed that memorable landmark in a woman's life of 40 years, might still be mistaken for a girl in the early 20's. The same observation is made night after night at most of the other theaters. The reason for this is not so much the paint necessary to be used in making up—which obliterates, to a certain extent, the natural wrinkles of the skin, while it lubricates and nourishes—but it is due to the change in the expression of the various emotions which every part demands. This causes the actor to bring into constant play all the muscles of his face. By using them equally all natural wrinkles of the countenance and strength and none wastes away from disuse. The result is that the skin is kept stretched and tense over the face and does not fall into hollows. The youthful appearance is, therefore, maintained off the stage, even though the actor's hair changes from the youthful tint to gray. This is the reason why such men as the late Charles Matthews, who did not put on flesh as he grew old, but retained his slim figure, are able to continue impersonating parts well characters until they have outlived the allotted period assigned to man by the psalmist.

Yes, Indeed.

A wheelman hung his bicycle from the ceiling of his cellar, and not far from a swinging shelf on which food was kept. A mouse jumped from the wall onto the tire of the front wheel, evidently hoping thereby to reach the shelf. The wheel started, and the mouse naturally rad toward the highest point of it, keeping it going. When discovered next morning, the mouse was still running and the cyclometer showed it had traveled over twenty-eight miles.

Sunday Eggs for the Church.

Mrs. H. Martin of Ashland, Mo., has hens that lay eggs for religious purposes. She donates the proceeds of all the eggs laid by her hens on Sunday to the church to which she belongs. Owing to the ability of her poultry her contributions are generous, and if the eggs continue to increase this spring the salary of the pastor will be raised.