FERN COTTAGE.

AND Fern Cottage is leased for two years to a widow lady, Mrs. Raynor. She brought good letters from New York, and supports herself by coloring fashion plates for a magazine there."

This was the statement my landlady made upon the long-winded recital of the state of my affairs, when I returned from a seven-years' absence, to take up my abode in my own home. He had by my directions renovated and put into good order the large, handsome house that was my inheritance from father, grandfather and great-grandfather, passing in each generation through a course of modernizing that still left the stately, old-fashioned walls and extensive grounds intact. We Hiltons were very fond of Hilton place, and had ample means wherewith to maintain its beauty.

But beside my own home, I also possessed several houses in the village of Crawford and one cottage just at the boundary line of my garden—a pretty place that my mother had christened Fern Cottage, from the number of rare ferns that nestled in the little garden under fanciful miniature grottos and piles of rock placed there.

I confess to a feeling of decided annoyance when I heard that this little gem of a country home had been leased to a workingwoman. It had been a summer resort for some of our own intimate friends, who preferred an independent home to the hospitalities of others, and it annoyed me to think of any one living there who would not preserve its dainty furniture and pretty surroundings with cultured taste. But I kept my opinion to myself, and, indeed, for many days, was so crowded with business calls that I quite forgot the matter.

It was after twilight on a warm April evening that, passing the cottage, I saw through open windows my new tenant. She was bending over a small table, apparently drawing, while the circle of light from a student lamp fell full upon her. I had fancied a vulgar, commonplace woman. This was what I saw:

A figure slender and graceful, with hands as white and perfect as if carved in marble. A face purely oval, colorless and fair, with regular features, and shaded by hair of midnight black. Twice, while I looked, she lifted her eyes, large, lustrous and dark, full of suppressed pain. A face that covered a heart full of bitter anguish, a brain sensitive and cultivated.

I am a physician, though I have practiced little, preferring to write for the use of younger students; but I love my profession, and cannot quite keep its instincts quiet, when I study a new face. And all these instincts warned me that here was a woman burning a candle already flickering at both ends.

I had quite forgotten that mine was not a strictly honorable position, thus spying on a solitary woman's privacy, when an elderly woman, seemingly an upper servant of better days, came into the room.

"Will you never cease working?" she said, fretfully. "When the daylight is gone, and you cannot sort your colors, you take up that drawing that is ruining your eyes. Rest, child!"

Then the voice, I knew must belong to that face, full, rich, melodious, but freighted with sadness, answered her:

"Rest! You know I cannot rest!"

"Play then! Do anything but strain your eyes any longer over that fine work."

The widow rose then, sweeping her heavy, black draperies across the room to the piano, where she played. Surely if this was recreation, it was a pitiful mockery. Wailing, minor music full of sobbing pain, and heavy chords melting into sad refrains. A master touch, a rare power in the long, slender fingers only called out strains of heart-breaking pathos.

The old servant took out her knitting, seemingly satisfied to have driven her mistress from actual work, and the darkness fell around me, making still clearer the bright circle of light upon the table, and the soft, shadowy gloom of the corner where Mrs. Raynor, with her deep, sad eyes and breaking heart, poured out something of her pain in music.

A soft rain drove me home, but I mused long and deeply over my tenant. I called several times, and received courteous welcome, was entertained by strictly conventional conversation, heard the piano in some fashionable, showy music, and found the surface society of Mrs. Raynor, a gentle, refined lady, attractive and agreeable—no more.

I might have accepted this for the real woman, but I had a habit of lingering about my garden, and as the drawing room of Fern Cottage commanded no other view, my neighbor seldom closed the windows and the spring crept into summer. Paler, more shadowy, with added sadness in the great, dark eyes. Mrs. Raynor became almost ethereal as the warm weather stole something each day from her strength, and I was not surprised one morning to see old Susan coming hastily into my hallway.

"Oh, Doctor Wilton," she said, "she has fainted over those horrid pictures! Will you come?"

I went at once, finding my patient prostrated at last, and gently submissive to all my commands but one, the most imperative.

"I must work," she said, "as long as I can hold a brush."

"But you will die," I said, bluntly, "if you do not take a few weeks of entire rest."

"Die!" she said, quietly, not as if there was any terror in the thought but as if it was a new possibility in some problem of life. "No, I must not die yet!"

"Then you must obey me," I answered. "I will send a carriage every afternoon with a careful driver and you must go with Susan for a drive. You must be outdoors as much as possible, excepting during the heat of the day, and then, if possible, sleep."

Her dreary smile confirmed my opinion that sleep was a rare visitor at her pillow, but she did not say so. Indeed, she made no complaint, evidently allowing my visits solely out of regard for Susan.

And to Susan I turned at last for counsel. She had come to my house for some medicine I had brought from Paris—an opiate not yet in use in this country. And I pointed to a seat, saying, "Susan, I am past sixty years old, crippled, as you see, seldom leaving my home except for foreign travel—no gossip. If you think you can trust me with Mrs. Raynor's secret trouble, I may be able to cure her."

The woman looked startled for a moment, and then, bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, sir, it's awful trouble, and we don't want it to be known about here!"

"I'll not betray you," I said, gently.

"Yes, see, sir, she is not a widow, after thinking herself one for four years! He, Mr. Raynor, sir, for she's never hid her name, is a bad man, a man who nearly killed her with his drinking and gambling and bad company. He spent all the money her father left her, he crippled her boy with a blow of his drunken fists, and then he left her poor and sick, and the boy all crooked. She worked day and night for the child, little Harold, and he grew to nine years old, but always crooked and puny. Then Mr. Raynor found us out, and he would have taken the child, he would, the fiend, because she loved it. So we stole Harold away in the night and sent him to Germany with a friend. I'm telling my story all wrong, sir. We heard Mr. Raynor was dead—heard it from his own brother, too, who believed it, and Miss Wilton—Mrs. Raynor, I mean—thought herself free, when she let Mr. Duchesne come to see her, and—ah, well, doctor, he was a true man; gentle, kind and loving, and so good to Harold. He thought she was a widow, and her heart was sore, so sore you can never guess, for she was one to take trouble hard—and what harm, if they loved each other? They would have been married if Mr. Raynor had not come back, pleased as Punch to find he could make a little more misery for his wife."

"But he is not living now?"

"Yes, he is, sir; the more's the pity! Mr. Duchesne is in Germany with Harold, and my poor dear is working her precious life away to pay for the baths for the boy, and to keep Mr. Raynor away. She pays him so much a month to leave her in peace."

"And this delicate woman supports a husband and child?" I said.

"Yes, sir, and lives upon the meanest of everything for the sake of being alone! It's awful, doctor, to think of those two loving hearts, one in Germany, one fretting here, and a bad man between them. They won't even write to each other, but we hear from Harold how kind Mr. Duchesne is to him. It is like him to try to comfort her by being so good to her crippled boy!"

"It is a sad story," I said. "And I was too hasty in thinking I might help Mrs. Raynor if I knew it. We have no medicines, Susan, for such misery as this."

But yet I was glad to have heard the story. I sent books to the cottage, and I went over frequently, trying to win the heavy-hearted woman away from her own troubled thoughts, and amazed at her rare patience and courage. I had done but little in my efforts to restore her health, when Susan came hastily to summon me one heavy August day.

"Come, please," she urged. "He's there, hurt!"

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr. Raynor! He came cursing and swearing, because his money was not sent last month, and this morning he went over to Crawford and got drunk. He was coming home again, when he stumbled, somehow, and fell under a hay cart. He's badly hurt. I think the wheels went over his breast. I suppose, bad as he is, we'll have to nurse him."

And bad as he was, tyrant, tormentor and traitor, the new patient thus thrown upon my hands was nursed as tenderly as if he had been both loving and beloved. Out of her heavy despondency, throwing self aside, Mrs. Raynor developed her charitable, forgiving nature in the weeks of illness that followed her husband's injuries, fatal from the first. I believe she would have kept him in life if by any self-sacrifice it had been possible, but she could only make smoother the passage to the grave.

I had thought her own tenure of life but frail, but in her devotion she grew stronger. She gained sleep by actual physical exhaustion, and calmness by the consciousness of duty performed. Susan, by my advice, provided food that was nourishing in small quantities and as the injured man passed toward the portals of eternity, we kept his wife from knowing her own life away by our united efforts.

I would like, for humanity's sake, to write that the reprobate reformed, or even showed common gratitude for the care lavished upon him, but he died as he had lived, sinking into stupor for days before the end came, and never, Susan assured me, bestowing one word of thanks upon his gentle, tender nurse.

It was a small funeral cortege that left Fern Cottage to take the remains of John Raynor to his New York home. I insisted upon escorting the widow, and left her with an aunt, who was sympathizing and kind, but evidently spoke from her heart when she said to me:

"Thank the Lord, he is dead this time!"

I scarcely expected Fern Cottage to be occupied soon again, but Mrs. Raynor returned in a few weeks, working again busily, for her boy, she told me, content to bear some further separation, as he was gaining greatly by the German treatment. But the desolate yearning was gone from the large, dark eyes, and health came back slowly in the winter months, when my advice was followed, and Susan guarded my patient against overwork. The piano ceased to wail and sob, and the slender fingers found tasks in weaving gladder strains.

A year passed, and one evening, just before the Christmas time, I opened the cottage door. Upon my startled ears fell the sounds of song. Never had I heard Mrs. Raynor's rich, melodious voice in song before, and I paused, astonished, as Susan whispered:

"Her boy is coming home for Christmas. Mr. Duchesne is bringing him, and we expect them any day. And Harold is perfectly cured."

I did not go in. Such joy as that I felt should have no witness.

Then came, these eagerly expected travelers, just before the Christmas bells rang out their joyful peals. The slender, handsome boy had his mother's face, and was evidently cured and on the way to a noble manhood.

And of his companion I can only say that I have no truer or more valued friend than Frank Duchesne, who comes every summer with his beautiful wife and pretty children to spend the hot months at Fern Cottage.—N. Y. Ledger.

POINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Stained leather chair seats and couch covers may be cleaned by rubbing it with lightly beaten white of egg. For grease stains benzine may be used.

It is often a difficult matter to clean brushes so as not to loosen the glue which holds the bristles nor to stain the silver back. Perhaps the best way is to immerse the bristles in boiling soapsuds, in which a small piece of soda has been dissolved, shaking the brush gently from side to side, being careful not to get the suds in over the back. Then rinse it thoroughly in cold, blued water, to preserve the color; the use of the two extreme temperatures will maintain the stiffness of the bristles.

A paste made of benzine and whiting is said to be excellent for removing grease stains from stone steps, while a paste made of whiting and chloride of lime spread on the stains and left to dry in the sun is said to be almost infallible in removing marks. Paraffine brushed over and well into the tiny holes is said to be the most effectual remedy for the ravages of the wood worm; a second good application for this same pest is an even coat of pure copal varnish.

The best way to stiffen silk handkerchiefs in the washing is to dip them in a bran water, although a rinsing in cold water, in which a little sugar has been dissolved, will give a good effect. A solution of isinglass dissolved in water is probably the best of all, as the stiffness imparted to silk articles thus treated will be more lasting than that given in any other way.

A pretty way of arranging scent bottles is to tie them up in long narrow bags of silk, with dainty ribbon bows about the necks; they are then suspended by ribbons from the gas jets.

Deep Holes in the Ocean.

The deepest spots so far sounded in the ocean, were found a year or two ago by the surveying ship Penguin, while returning from the Tonga group to New Zealand. In three places a depth exceeding five thousand fathoms was found. Till these soundings were made, the deepest water found was to the northeast of Japan, where, in 1874, the United States steamer Tuscarora obtained a cast of 4,655 fathoms.

The Penguin's soundings are 5,092, 5,147 and 5,155 fathoms. The increase is therefore 500 fathoms, or 3,000 feet.

These soundings are separated from one another by water much less deep, and the holes may not be connected. The distance from the two extreme soundings is 450 miles. Specimens of the bottom were recovered from the two deeper soundings, and prove to be the usual red clay found in all the deepest parts of the ocean.

These soundings afford additional evidence of the observed fact that the deepest holes are not in the centers of the oceans, but are near land, as two of them are within one hundred miles of islands of the Kermandec group, and the other not far from a shoal.

Doubtless deeper depressions in the bed of the sea are yet to be found, but the fact, that this sounding of 30,200 feet shows that the ocean contains depressions below the surface greater than the elevation of the highest known mountains is perhaps worthy of record.

Don't Blame Him.

Because his wife drank thirteen gallons of fine old wine stored in his cellar, Jacob Wahl, of Abilene, Kan., has applied for a divorce.

NOTES OF THE VOGUE.

Moire ribbons are, for the moment, higher in fashionable favor than satin or taffeta.

Purple color is the very newest shade and is particularly effective in heavy satin or faille.

A new summer dress material is called chaille de lustre, and is, as its name indicates, a glossy fabric, somewhat resembling mohair.

The fine mesh silks for early autumn wear are in the pretty bayadere stripes, a trying fashion, however, becoming to none but women of the Trilby type.

Narrow baby ribbon is a feature on modish gowns, and is now ruffled and used for edge ribbons of greater width—a particularly pretty finish for the long ribbon sash.

The old fashioned iron grenadine is again the vogue, superseding the flimsy materials which masquerade under that name, and to which even the crispest of taffetas fails to give a satisfactory body.

Brilliant hued plaids are in high favor, and the up-to-date girl revels in an endless variety of sailor-hat bands, belts and neckties, which, worn in sets, give a chic finish to her duck skirt and tailor-built shirt waist.

A full niche of black at the throat gives a modish finish to the simplest costume and is a needed touch of precaution these chilly August evenings. One recently seen in London is of black chiffon, cascaded to the waist-line and edged with narrow white ostrich feather trimming.

To avoid that unpleasant sagging at the bottom of the dress the newest silk petticoats are stiffened at the hem with a whalebone, one ingenious woman who particularly dreads an appearance of limpness placing a second bone across the front breadth in a casing ten inches above the dust flounce.

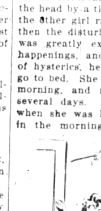
AN ELECTRIC GIRL.

PANS AND DISHES CLATTER THROUGH THE AIR.

When Her Powers Grow Active—When This First Happened, Barbara Became Frightened, and Now She Thinks That She Is Possessed by a Genuine Devil.

(Special Letter.)

THE psychologists of Europe are deeply interested in a strange case which has just developed near the small town of Kufs, Upper Francconia, Germany, and investigations about to be made will doubtless result in proving to the world the existence of a greater human wonder than the famed Eusapia Paladino, whose mystical powers have defied scientific explanations for more than twenty years. The Kufs curiosity is a peasant girl named Barbara Roeschlau, a typical flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, stout-limbed daughter of Germany, stolid looking and uninteresting until recent happenings made her the center of interest in psychological exploration. All her life she has lived near Kufs, and has never been twenty miles away from home. Her surroundings have always been primitive, her education is limited, and her knowledge of the outside world is practically a blank. The Roeschlau girl is possessed of electrical power of considerable force. It displayed itself for the first time about six weeks ago, and since then it has appeared at irregular intervals. It should be understood that she does not fall into trances or indulge in any of the theatrics of spiritualistic mediums. She is greatly distressed about herself, and firmly believes that she is possessed of some evil spirit. Six months ago she left her father's home to work as a domestic servant for a family named Hoffmann, living in Kufs. She proved to be an efficient worker until her peculiar malady asserted itself. She was sitting in the kitchen conversing with a friend and knitting, when a knife suddenly jumped from the table, and, flying across the room, struck the girl who was talking with Barbara upon the face. Both of the girls jumped up, and in a few minutes every metal object in the kitchen began to clatter. Small pans and knives and forks flew through the air, all of them coming toward Barbara. Mrs. Hoffmann entered the room to discover the reason of the disturbance, and was struck on the head by a tin dipper. Barbara and the other girl ran into the street, and then the disturbance ceased. Barbara was greatly excited by the unusual happenings, and, being on the verge of hysterics, the mistress told her to go to bed. She was all right the next morning, and nothing happened for several days. Almost a week later, when she was lighting the fire early in the morning, a good-sized stone



BARBARA IN "ACTION."

flew up and struck her on the forehead. The kitchen utensils began to dance again, and, in response to the girl's screams, both Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman ran into the kitchen and found her lying upon the floor in a paroxism of fright. She was in a state of exhaustion for some time after this, but in a few days was able to attend to her duties again. After these occurrences, Mr. Hoffmann consulted his family physician, Dr. Wolfram, and, after several examinations, the doctor concluded that it was some unusual force possessed by the girl that produced the phenomena. In his investigations, Dr. Wolfram discovered that when the girl visited at different houses nothing unusual happened, as she seemed to lose her strange powers. One explanation advanced for this is that Hoffmann's house is invested with a current of natural electricity, and that the animal electricity of the girl produced a positive and negative current, the same as with the weather under certain atmospheric conditions. It is believed that she could be made to do more wonderful things than the Paladino woman, and without resorting to methods that might cause suspicion of fraud. Mlle. Paladino goes into a trance before exhibiting her powers, and the room is invariably darkened. Under these conditions she can operate the keys of a piano at the opposite side of a room, cause tables and chairs to fly through the air and deliver what feels like sharp blows upon the heads of the audience. But with the German girl no trance is necessary, and, strive as she will to fight down the power, it exerts itself in spite of her. The fact that it was forceful enough in one instance to move a barrel of water weighing 200 or 300 pounds, and in the open air, proves that it is more of a wonder than the power of the Italian woman. It is possible that Barbara will be brought to Berlin, where thorough investigations can be made by the physicians and scientists who are anxious to find the solution of the mystery.

The Chesapeake Mill.

The Chesapeake, the American man-of-war which was captured by the British ship Shannon, during the war of 1812, had a curious after history. She was taken to Halifax and thence to Southampton, England, where in 1829 she was broken up, her timbers being sold to John Prior, a miller, in the little town of Wickham, near Southampton. He used the great beams of the frigate in building a new mill. The great deck timbers, thirty-two feet long, and eighteen inches square, served for floor beams in the mill, and the smaller ones for uprights, all without being cut or altered in any way. Of course many of them were full of the shot fired by the Shannon in the fight and the shot are there still. We give a picture of the mill. Many years ago, a life of Captain Broke, the commander of the Shannon during the action, was published in England, and from it we may make an extract describing the mill: "Nothing ship-like or of the sea was to be seen from the outside of the mills. A large cigar box made of the polished pine of the ship, and bearing the word "Chesapeake" in brass nails, stood upon the table. The beams were carried in many places by grape shot. The mill was merely a building, but as I stood there I noticed that the cannon of those planks Captain Lawrence fell mortally wounded. Captain Broke almost so, and the first lieutenant of the Shannon and the third of the Chesapeake died. Thus pondering, I stood and still the buzz him of the peaceful mill went on.

Two Kinds of Miles.

There are two kinds of miles—a statute or land mile and a nautical or sea mile. A statute mile is 5,280 feet long. A Roman military pace, by which distances were measured, was the length of the step taken by the Roman soldiers, and was approximately five feet long; a thousand of these paces were called in Latin a mile. The English mile is therefore a purely arbitrary measure, enacted into a legal measure by a statute passed during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It has no connection with any scale in nature.

A nautical mile, on the other hand, is equal in length to one-sixtieth part of the length of a degree of a great circle of the earth. But the circumference of the earth is nowhere a true circle; its radius of curvature is variable; hence the nautical mile, as a matter of fact, depends for its length upon the shape as well as the size of the globe sailed over; and hence, strictly speaking, the length of the nautical mile should vary with the latitude, from 6,046 feet at the equator to 6,109 feet at the pole. Such extreme accuracy is not necessary in navigating, and cannot be well attained without undue labor. The British admiralty therefore have adopted 6,080 feet as the length of a nautical mile, which corresponds with the length of one-sixtieth of a degree—or one minute of arc—of a great circle in latitude 48 degrees. The United States coast survey has adopted the value of the nautical mile "as equal to one-sixtieth part of the length of a degree on the great circle of a sphere whose surface is equal to the surface of the earth." This gives the length of one nautical mile as equal to 6,080.27 feet which is very nearly the value of the admiralty mile adopted in the British navy. Practically the nautical mile is 800 feet longer than the statute mile. In other words, the nautical mile is equal to 1.1515 statute miles; or one statute mile is equal to 0.869 nautical miles.

Devotion.—The devoted life is too embarrassing, too unconventional; hence how few there are who spend a life of true devotion to the good of others!—Rev. W. S. Key, Catholic, Boston.

MISS HELEN GOULD'S GIFT.

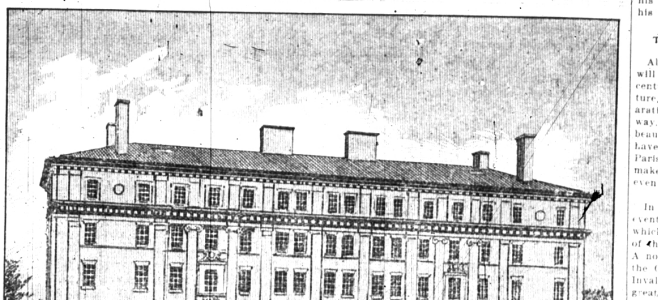
The Fine New Dormitory of the New York University.

On a high point, facing the west and separated by a lawn from the other buildings which form the New York University group, stands the imposing dormitory which was formally opened last Thanksgiving day. The grounds in front of the building are rapidly being filled in and graded, and there will soon be a perfect lawn from the old monument, made from pieces of stone taken from the old university building, to the entrance of the residence halls. Chancellor MacCracken in speaking of the building said:

"We are indebted to Miss Helen Miller Gould for the building, which she has had erected in memory of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould. It is as nearly perfect as we could make it, and I believe that it has no superior anywhere."

Before the plans were adopted the residence halls of Harvard and Yale were closely studied with a view to avoiding any errors which might have been made in those buildings and including what might have been omitted there. It was found that at Harvard a few of the newer and more expensive apartments were divided so that each student had a bedroom and a study, and at Yale in many of the buildings the occupants of two rooms made use of the same study. In this building both plans have been adopted. It is designed for 112 students, and that number can be accommodated if two persons occupy these apartments which have been designed with that end in view. The building contains in its four stories forty-eight studies, each with an open fireplace, and sixty-four bedrooms, accommodating 112 students. Whenever students "double up" two beds will be placed in the room. There are eight bathrooms in various parts of the house, and each room contains clothes closets which would delight the heart of a housekeeper. Besides these there are broad and long oaken wardrobes in every study which may be utilized as closets. These are so handy and so roomy that they will make most beautiful "oceans" into which boots and neckties and letters may be tossed.

The building is absolutely fireproof. The halls being laid with a marble concrete. The construction allows a choice of rooms in suites, differently arranged for one, two, or three students. There are sixteen corner suites, each consisting of a study with adjoining bedroom, and sixteen smaller suites, each consisting of a study with adjoining bedroom and sixteen larger suites having each a study and two bedrooms, then there are also forty-eight single rooms and sixteen large studies with interior bedrooms.



GOULD HALL, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

Leader of a Big Strike.

This is Mrs. Ella Brooks, the leader of a remarkable strike in Atlanta, Ga. Two hundred women and girls employed at the bag and cotton mill struck because of the employment of negro help by the management and Mrs. Brooks was the leader, adviser and spokesman of the crowd. She is a member of the union and an intelligent, quiet, dignified woman. She has worked in the bag department nine years. Four hundred men walked out in sympathy with the striking female operatives. This forced the closing down of the factory. The strikers, gathered in angry groups about the mills and for a time it looked as if there might be a riot.

MRS. ELLA BROOKS.

The president of the company says it is only a small affair and will soon be settled. The strikers, however, are determined, are receiving the aid of the local unions and say they will hold out to the last.

Several years ago the same experiment was tried in working negroes and with the same result.

"He has broken my heart," wailed the beautiful girl. "There, don't take on so," said her friend, in tones of pity; "it might have been your bicycle."—Tit-Bits.

VISITS HIS OWN GRAVE.

A Kansas Postmaster Who "Played 'Possum."

On July 16 the assistant postmaster-general appointed A. W. Hall postmaster at the village of Trading Post, this county, says a La Cygne (Kan.) correspondent in St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The only remarkable thing about this transaction is that, according to the war department records, Mr. Hall is dead. Consequently the government has discharged its obligation toward him by placing a tombstone over the place where he is supposed to be buried.

The town of Trading Post is within three miles of the Missouri state line. During the war Mr. Hall, then a young man, enlisted in the union army and saw considerable irregular service fighting the bushwhackers, who swarmed over the country and terrorized the inhabitants. One day a company of ten soldiers, of whom Hall was one, and an officer were detailed from a company of scouts to cross the state line and forage for provisions, the Kansas settlers having been pillaged until nothing was left. Hardly had they crossed the line before 100 bushwhackers swooped down upon and captured them. Without a moment's hesitation the captain of the guerrillas ordered their execution. They were taken to the summit of a large mound about a mile west of the line and shot in the dogs. Hall fell with the rest, shot through the head, but did not lose consciousness, and heard his executioners discuss the advisability of wasting another round of ammunition. Large numbers of union men were in the vicinity and the marauders made haste to cross the line and seek safety farther east.

Hall was found by friends, was taken care of and recovered, but was reported as killed in the war department. To this day he is known over the country as "Possum" Hall. His dead comrades were buried about two miles from Trading Post, and a few years ago the government erected a slab to mark the graves, bearing Mr. Hall's name, in addition to those of the dead soldiers.

Thus it happens that if the postmaster so desires he can ride out and visit his own grave and read the record of his death.

THE NEXT WORLD'S FAIR.

Although the Paris exposition, which will mark the close of the nineteenth century, is still three years in the future, the French capital has its preparations for the great event well under way. The remarkable extent and beauty of the world's fair at Chicago have stimulated the civic pride of Paris, and no pains will be spared to make this exposition of 1900 surpass even that of 1893.

In anticipation of the approaching event several grand public works, which will add greatly to the beauty of the city, have already been begun. A noble avenue is to be opened from the Champs Elysees to the Hotel des Invalides, crossing the Seine by the great bridge of Alexander III., the corner-stone of which was laid by the czar during his visit to Paris last year.

At the upper end of this avenue two beautiful art palaces, which are to be permanent additions to the public museums of the city, as well as features of the exhibition, are being built. And finally, the Seine in the neighborhood of the exhibition grounds is to be transformed into a sort of Venetian canal, lined with palaces, terraces and Italian gardens, and furnished with bread embankments for use as promenades.

All of these undertakings are now fairly begun, and upon the most magnificent scale. The Pont Alexander III. will be nearly two hundred feet in width, and its single arch crowded by monuments of heroic size will occupy three years in building.

The exhibition itself is planned upon lines of equal grandeur, and there is every reason to expect that it will improve the most extensive and varied display of the products of civilization, useful and beautiful, which the world has ever seen.

Our own country has not yet officially announced the invitation to take part, but will soon do so. It is to be hoped that the American nation will be represented by a display in all respects worthy of itself and of the occasion, and that Americans who visit the great fair will have no reason to blush at seeing the republic outdone in the friendly rivalry.

Not Much Danger.

A dash of cold, worldly knowledge falls occasionally like a wet blanket on a gush of warm sentiment, and leaves nothing more to be said. A young man who had gone to the great city to make his fortune had written home to tell of his unexpected success in finding a job.

"I have great hopes of Archie," said the mother, looking over the letter for the fifth or sixth time, "if he only won't fall into expensive habits."

"I don't think he will, Matilda," replied the father. "I don't think he will—on nine dollars a week."

A Norwegian Monarch's Long Reign.

Norway has a boast one of the longest reigns known in European history. Harald Fairhair, the founder of the kingdom of all Norway and of the dynasty which reigned 400 years, became king at the age of ten, 860, and died 923. If he had not resigned, owing to his advanced age, in 930, he might have held the "record" of Europe, which now belongs to Louis XIV. of France.

Very Natural.

"What's the row between you and Miss Nipper?"

"Oh, she accused me of cutting her in the street, and I explained, too, that as I had only met her at evening entertainments I didn't recognize her without her clothes on."

Difference of Opinion.

"I hear you are going to marry again," "That," said the lady who had already disposed of four husbands, "that is my business." "Oh, your business? I thought it was merely your recreation."