

The View of Him Who Saw.

The subdued study lamp, though cast but a faint light, could not be the fact that it was a man's room.

A great bookcase loomed there to the ceiling, and incased therein were the great tomes of the law, government reports and other statistical works.

As the clock struck midnight the door-bell rang and a butler hastened to obey the summons.

He puffed for some time in silence. As the lands of the clock pointed to 30 minutes after midnight a look of perplexity came into the face of the man before the fire.

When he returned a woman walked ahead of him. They both talked in an undertone and with studious courtesy.

"This is the first time I ever sought out a man," she said simply as she ushered her to a chair.

"Have you altered your decision?" he asked. "I have not," she returned; "but I have come to see whether you have altered yours."

"I have but to say," he announced between tightened lips, "that no woman of ladylike instincts would venture to parade before the footlights in any way that would reflect upon her in the eyes of her audience.

"It's all in our work, our sober, serious life work. I did not think so at first; but now I am accustomed to it; my art has become a part of me."

"If that is the case," he rejoined, "why continue this? The hour is getting late."

"As you say," she replied, with a forced effort at gaiety.

The man followed her to the door as she went and the last farewell seemed a struggle for him.

Several nights after that early morning interview Gilbert Washburn, the corporation lawyer, had a box party at the theatre.

The actress playing her part behind the footlights seemed to portray sensations hardly in keeping with her role.

After the theatre party Washburn walked home, deep in thought, but he was brought to a quick stop as he jumped up his own steps.

A woman stood there—a woman who thought herself outraged. Her eyes flashed and she fairly choked with anger.

"Who was that woman with you in that box?" she screamed, brandishing a small dagger over her head.

"Yes, anything," she panted. "Then I'll take you home," was all he said.

Bus Mystery.

Shopwalkers and bus conductors. It seems to me, disappear immediately they reach middle age.

The First Encyclopedia. The honor of first bringing a dictionary of general knowledge into alphabetical order belongs to Abraham Chambers.

Alcohol is the chariot which bears many a lost soul to perdition.

The actual cost of the Suez Canal was \$126,750,000.

Never notice how many friends you have when you don't need them.

A HORSE'S TOE NAILS.

His Hoofs Play the Part and Grow a Third of an Inch a Month.

Few persons realize that a horse's hoof is really the same thing as the toe nails of human beings or of animals having toes.

As the new hoist grows out cracks or defects in the old gradually work down to where they can be cut off just as with human finger nails you can watch the progress of a bruise from the root to the tip.

A Venerable Gourmet.

A New Yorker of sixty years was told by a young couple that he might consider himself at liberty to contribute a book to their library.

The United States Cotton. The United States produces the greatest amount of cotton, but speaking generally it is not of the best grade.

British Patents. By the patent act which recently passed the British Parliament and has already gone into effect it becomes necessary for foreign holders of patents under British authority to erect and operate works in Great Britain for the production of articles thus patented.

Old-Age Pensions. Let the old-age pensions be limited to fathers and mothers of seventy years who have brought four children or more into the world.

Sensitive Plants.

There are plants so sensitive that if, when standing by them, one should suddenly put up an umbrella or sunshade, it would cause them instantly to close together their leaflets and turn down their leaf stalks.

A French Delicacy. The artificial cultivation of snails is an extensive and flourishing industry in France, no less than 2,500,000 pounds of this succulent delicacy are consumed annually.

Convicts of Java. Public streets in the towns of Java are daily swept and kept clean by native convicts.

Arizona Temperature.

The greatest daily change of temperature to be found on the earth's surface is in Arizona.

Animals of the Earth.

About 2,500 different kinds of animals are known on earth—that is, warm-blooded, milk-giving creatures like our common domestic animals.

New Zealand Half Holiday.

In New Zealand everybody is bound by law to take a weekly half-holiday, and there must be no shirking the obligation.

A Thrifty Ruler.

The German Emperor has a well-equipped pottery which brings him in \$50,000 a year.

Australia's Only Beast of Prey.

In Hungary it is compulsory to insure against accidents and disease.

Five men can hold down a lion.

Only one person in one thousand reaches sixty years.

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TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

The Sequoia There Grows 400 Feet High and 26 in Diameter.

The sequoia here in Humboldt is the tallest tree in the United States. But the tourist from the East or West knows it not.

On the ridges and flats of Humboldt in the forest, and of that forest the trees grow to 26 feet in diameter and tower 400 feet in the sky.

The redwood of California is the great tree of the Pacific coast. Two thousand acres of it exist in three long along the Chetco River.

The climate and topography of northern California have brought about this limited distribution.

West of the Coast Range the climate is even and moderate, with a temperature running from just below freezing to eighty degrees.

But east of the mountains, less than fifty miles from the sea, the interior valleys never visited by fog, parched and rainless in summer and wet only occasionally by the winter rains.

There are two types of the tree—that which grows on the hillsides, and the second, which grows on the flats along the rivers and streams.

On the slopes 225 feet is about the maximum length and 10 feet its greatest diameter.

"Dear Katherine—I am in town for over to-morrow, having run down to attend the wedding of my cousin and namesake.

Seventy Miles of Pies. A woman of Boston has been celebrating her "golden anniversary" as a cook.

One good thing about bad habits is how you wouldn't enjoy life if you broke yourself of them.

THE FORTIETH TIME.

Katherine Hollister was in the seventh heaven of happiness. Her story had been accepted.

Stupid, slow, gossipy Millville! How far away it seemed to-night and how different a girl from the budding authoress who had dragged her humdrum existence there.

"But why do those eyes always seem to be questioning one?" Katherine pondered half impatiently.

"Yes, it's worth while, quite worth while, Willis King," she said aloud. "I'm afraid your farther from me to-night than ever before."

"Why need there be a choice, Katherine?" Willis had asked. "You must know me well enough to understand that I would never demand the sacrifice of your work in order that you might marry me."

"The same old story," was the reply. "I tell you, Willis, the two things don't go together.

"Well at any rate," was the final response, "remember that I shall wait for you."

The evening paper lay on the table unread. To quiet her unstrung nerves she waded through the column after column of society scandal and Wall street operations.

A knock at the door filled her with consternation. She half rose from the couch where she had thrown herself to answer the summons, and then decided to feign sickness or sleep.

Willis King's handwriting. Her heart leaped at sight of the familiar characters, then a sharp pang reminded her of their changed relations.

"Dear Katherine—I am in town for over to-morrow, having run down to attend the wedding of my cousin and namesake.

Katherine Hollister turned for the last time to the photo on the dresser. There was a beautiful, still light of deep content in her eyes as she whispered softly:

Smartness.

Do not be "smart." Whenever you see any of your mate showing signs of "smartness" in his work, his talk, or his play, take him by the hand, or both hands, or by the back of the neck, if necessary, and lovingly, playfully, but firmly lead him to a knowledge of higher and more interesting things.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT READS.

Gratifies Versatile Taste by Using Odd Minutes.

President Roosevelt is the kind of man who would make himself at home anywhere, whether in the back woods of the West, in the stately home the United States provides its Presidents, or anywhere in the wide range that lies between these extremes.

The President is an omnivorous reader. At one turn of conversation he is reminded of a passage in "Homer," the next he is expatiating on the history of "Titmouse."

How does the President find time for his reading? Well, all over the world it is the exceptionally busy man who has spare moments for desirable ends.

"All my life," Mr. Roosevelt once said to me, "I have taken care of my ten minutes certain that the hours and the days would take care of themselves."

A Well Once Used as a Safe.

Edwin Curd, of Fulton, tells an interesting story of the way in which the proprietors of the old Western Bank, the first bank in Callaway County, took care that bushwhackers should not get away with their gold.

It was at last agreed that Mr. Curd, Colonel W. T. Snell and Ed Parker should make a secret disposition of the treasure.

"I ventured the idea," says Mr. Curd, "that we drop it to the bottom of a well back of John Hartley's store—it stood where the Adams block is now, and the well was on the west end of the lot—and my suggestion was adopted."

Catch Trout in Orchards. Game Warden Thomas Mullen of Yakima county, has called the sportsmen of this district together to devise some way of protecting the game fish which are now being slaughtered in thousands by being dumped on the orchards and alfalfa fields from the irrigation ditches.

Pope Pius has taken the apartment recently occupied by Pope Leo, which has been entirely renovated.

It is computed that the English language is spoken by 350,000,000 people.

ROMANCES OF MINES.

Discovery of the Rich Coolgardie—Unsuccessful Prospector's Find.

In the history of gold digging and gold finding many a romantic story is to be found. Few of these stories, however, possess more interest than that of how the famous Coolgardie mines, in Western Australia, were discovered in 1892.

In April, 1892, two Victorian miners named Bayley and Ford struck out for the northeast of Australia, but after traversing 250 miles they lost their horses and had to turn back.

With a few days of their return they happened upon the reef that made Coolgardie. Beginning with a "slug" weighing 50 ounces, they picked out from a cap of that reef in a few hours upwards of 500 ounces of gold.

Almost as sensational as Coolgardie were the Londonderry and Wealth of Nations finds. The Londonderry was discovered by a party of unsuccessful prospectors on their way back to Coolgardie.

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Harvest Time in Kansas.

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