Ah! it seems a little matter le the man on solid ground That your legs are knocking under And your bands are simply bound By the cruel gyves of weakness, Wrapped around your quivering frame;
Though you're working tooth and talons
To "get there" all the same.
He'll often kindly tell you
That you "mustn't lose your grip,
But must sally forth to battle
With a good stiff upper lip!"

There is value in the saying And there's value in the fact, And there's many times its value In just the simple act ; But I often stop to wonder When I hear it glibly said

How much there is in knowing You have easy paths to tread, And can hold the hand of fortune And need not fear her whip While you sing and dance beside her "With a good stiff upper lip!"

And oft I wonder further In behalf of him who's down. As he watches through the darkness For some cherished good to crown The effort he is making
In the silence and the night,
If, standing in the doorway
In a blaze of welcome light, Who give this brilliant "tip, Holding out their hands to help him, "Keep a good stiff upper lip!"

But e'en through all its phases That mock our load of care This homely bit of wisdom Is a tonic to despair : And we need to take it humbly As we wander to and fro. For the God-man made it holy

On the cross of long ago : And though we drink the wormwood And life's pleasures seldom sip. We must still toil on, my brothers, "With a good stiff upper lip!"
—Chicago Chronicle.

<u>*******************</u> THE MONTGAGE UN RODERICK DHU.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Tilly stopped ironing and listened. ment of baby language, had ceased. again?-Oh, dear!

'It's that gran'mother knot I tied!" she thought. "If I only could learn Tilly, or I'm ashamed o' you, yes I to tie a square one that he couldn't am! undo!"

She got down from the salt box in a

-just as she had expected. He'd run over and over again; it comforted her. away! The clothesline trailed away Roderick Dku, rosy and dimpled and dirty, at its end. Only his crumply pink sunbonnet with the white "poker dots" was left of him. Tilly snatched

it up.
"Roddy Doo-oo! Rod-dy Doo-oo-oo! Where are you-oo?" she kept calling, unconsciously poetic. There was very little poetry in Tilly Gamble's hard, unsheltered little life-and so much

The big calico apron that went with the irons and the salt box trailed flapped against her knees as she scurried on.

"Where'n the cr'ated world's herun to?" she gasped. "He ain't up the road or down the road or crossways o' the road. I can't see a single inch of house they lived in. By and by the him, and it's too far to the riv- Oh, no, no, no!"

frame, and the freckles on her small niteness comforted Tilly, and there face stood out unduly prominent on its sudden whiteness.

such teenty-tonty short legs-he rent free, in the tiny, unkempt house. couldn't! he couldn't!" She comforted and beyond its reach.

"Oh, dear!" sometimes she thought, Bulrushes and he hal a miracle rod and could dry that river up!"

But Roddy Doo had not run away to the river. Tilly found him-of all yard. Was there ever such a baby her. there before? Did ever another baby rummage among his flower beds?

It terrified Tilly to see him there. in her apron. "O Roddy Doo!" she cried, softly.

"You ran away, you naughty babyyou naughty, naughty Roddy Doo!" "Fow! fow! see!" piped Roderick Dhu, opening his tiny moist palm to display a broken-spirited flower or two her arms and his sweet, warm breath crushed into it. His little face peeping out of Tilly's apron was freighted with mischievous glee.

"Mo' fow!" he cried, struggling to get down.

"No, no; no nore flowers. Roddy Doo must go right home with Tilly breath. It set her pulses beating an' never, never, nev-er run away again! An' O Roddy Doo, when you do run away, don't run to this man's house. He don't like little babies— till he went to sleep again.

uaughty babies!" she added, pointing "I'll do it. I'll do it!" she whisnaughty babies!" she added, pointing a hasty moral.

She hurried home and retied Roderick Dhu with an extra knot to the way!" rope's end. Then she went back to her ironing. It was Mrs. Primble's ironing, but when Tilly took it home by and by a sharp disappointment awaited her.

"You needn't come after the clothes next Tuesday, Tilly," Mrs. Primble said, "an' you needn't go to Miss Kath'i ne's neither. She told me to say so. She an' me's goin' to put out our washin's an' ironin's both. We've decided to."

"May-may I do 'em for you?" asked Tilly, eagerly.

You ain't no more fit to scrub than a swaddlin' baby." "Oh, yes, Mis' Primble, I'm real strceg—feel of my arms. An' they're

just as tough! I-I wisht you'd let and stern as her master's, was as in-"No, no, child. Wast an idea!"

Mrs. Primble's voice was unconsciously sharp. "Besides, we've got a woman all spoke to. How's Roddy?" she added, hastily changing the sub-

pretty well, thank you, ma'am. Iguess I'd better be goin' now."

Out in the street Tilly's tense little She winked rapidly to keep back the There's a little gal an' a baby."

"She might's well've said it," she The pounding, with its accompani- thought, bitterly. "She might's well've said, 'you don't iron 'em "Roddy Doo! Roddy Doo!" called smooth enough, Tilly Gamble, an' Tilly, in alarm. Had he run away you wouldn't wash 'em clean.' I guess I knew what she meant! Poh, I should hope you ain't goin' to cry,

But in the night Tilly's tears persisted in pushing their way out. She hurry. It fell over with a little crash. could not wink them back. In her Tilly was so short and the table was so plain little nightgown she sat up tall that the salt box was as necessary straight in bed and gazed into the to ironing day as the irons themselves. darkness unseeingly. Mechanically "Roddy! Roddy Doo—oo!" she called she put out her hand and patted Roddy all the way out to the apple tree. Yes Doo's warm little body beside her

"Somebody else has got to let me with sinuous curves down to the little iron," she was thinking. "I've got to do something. If—if I don't, an' -an' the money gets all gone, then I'll have to carry Roddy Doo to the sylum-Oh, I can't, I can't!"

Poor little Tilly! The thought of that was more than even her stout little heart could bear-to have Roddy Doo taken away from her! It had stared her in the face ever since her mother died. That was nearly a year ago now.

If Mis' Primble an' Miss Kath'rine had given her up an' the Peters' moved away-"an' they're goin' to!" round Tilly's toes and got in their way | moaned Tilly in the dark; what should persistently. The crumply sunbonnet she do? She couldn't go out to work -there was Roddy Doo. And the money-mother's money-was almost

Another trouble-but Tilly would not think of that—was the little shanty man that owned the land was going to tear it down and build a great, new She shuddered all overher thin little house. By and by-its very indefiwere nearer dangers now to brood over. Until "by and by" she and "He never could run there, with Roderick Dhu were permitted to live,

"But you can't live in free houses herself, but the fright stayed behind without eatin'," ran on the child's in her heart. That terror was never anxious thoughts: "an' you can't eat quite out of Tilly's heart, except at when there ain't anything, an' folks night when Roderick Dhu was asleep won't let you iron their clothes. Oh,

dear me!" It was very late when at last the "if Moses Brady's last name was only stiff little figure swayed back on the pillow asleep. There followed hard days for Tilly. She hardly knew how she got through them, the load on her heart was so heavy and the dread places!-in Gershom Flint's front of the "'sylum" loomed so before

The Peters moved away, and, one by one, Tilly's slender little means of support seemed to desert her. She She caught him up and twisted him kept her trouble to herself, and, when there was no help for it, she set her little white teeth and got Roddy Doo ready. It was a very short process. The night before the day she had set to carry him to the orphan asylum she ay awake all night, with the baby in fanning her cheeks. Her trembling fingers patted him incessantly, hour after hour.

> Just as the faintest daylight began to creep into the world Tilly's inspiration came to her. It took away her with wild, triumphant joy. She hugged Roddy Doo fiercely against her breast and then crooned over him

> pered. 'T'll go today--oh, I'm goin' to keep Roddy Doo-I've found a

> Gershom Flint was the richest and the hardest man in Prospectville. People said he had been keen and snug and hard as his own name. The boys nicknamed him Skin Flint, and to all appearances he admirably fitted the unsavory name. About half the houses in the town were under mortgage to Gershom Flint-wee betide them!-and a sharper man could not easily have been found to carry so

many of other people's burdens. That was what people said. If old Mary Jessup, who had kept Gershom You, child? Why, you're crazy! Flint's house for him for 20 years, thought different, no one knew it. If she could have told of many quiet good deeds done during all these years, she never did tell. Her face, as grave scrutable. They lived their lonely, uneventful lives in apparent indiffer-

ence to people and people's tongues. At his breakfast one day Mary interrupted him in an unusual way. She was smiling, and her master felt a sudden wonder that he had never seen "What'm? Oh, Roddy Doo? He's before how really good looking Mary

"There's some young ones to see you, sir," Mary said. "They come to hands beat tattoo against her sides. the front door, an' they're waitin'.

"Children-to see me!" Gershom

Flint's voice had astonishment in it. responsibility that greatly astonished It was such an unusual occurrencechildren! When had any children ever been to see him before?

He got up and pushed away his "Where did you leave them, Mary?"

he asked, with affected indifference. "I asked 'em in, but the little gal said she'd stay to the door. She's got the baby tied to her."

"She's got what?" "The baby, sir-tied to her with a string. She said she had to or he'd

run away."
"Oh! Well, go and fetch em in here. Tell 'em I've only got a minute to spare. Hurry 'em up.

Confound it! What could any children want of him, Gershom Flint! He wasn't really on visiting terms with any of their kind; must be little beggars, confound 'em!

He took out his watch and held it in his hand as Tilly and Roddy Doo came in. Roddy Doo was tugging back on his leash stoutly. His small, round face was very shiny with recent soapsuds and puckered with grieved re-

Tilly put both hands on his tiny shoulders and pushed him toward Gershom Flint. Her face was full of thought I would stop and see if myeager purpose.

"I came-Roddy Doo, make a bow quick-to the man-to get you to mortgage the baby." she said. "If you please," she added, in polite mterthought.

Mr. Flint stared astonished. "Hey?"

"To mortgage the baby-him, you know," prodding Roddy Doo's fat cheek with her finger. "I want him mortgaged right off-if you please. It's the way they do when-when they haven't any more money left, isn't it?' she asked, eagerly. She had gone up quite close to him and was peering wistfully into his stern face. Roderick Dhu, on tiptoe, reached up and cluched his dangling watch chain with a murmur of approval. The little moist, velvety hand touched his for an instant on its way.

The girl's anxious face close to his face, the baby's touch unfamiliarly, oddly pleasant, and, above all, the extraordinary proposal, combined together to produce a strange effect upon tiershom Flint's senses. If he had ever cried or laughed in Lis life he would have better understood the confusion of sensations. As it was he merely waited for further developments. What would come next?

"Won't you do it?" asked Tilly, a little note of apprehension in her voice. "He's a beautiful baby to mortgage. I wisht you would!"

"You wish I would, hey? Mortgage the baby, hey? Come here, little

Gershom Flint actually lifted tue child to his knee in an awkward, unaccustomed way. Little amused wrinkles were beginning to radiate from the corners of his eyes-stiffly, as if the skin were unused altogether to the process. A warm spot somewhere in Gershom Flint's heart was manifesting itself insistently. He ran his fingers lightly over the wriggling baby body as if testing its sound-

"What do you value him at?" he asked, gravely,

"W-what?" quavered Tilly, looking blank.

"I'm not accustomed to mortgage for more than two-thirds the value. So I must know what price you set on the youngster-how much you think he's worth, that is."

"Oh!" breathed Tilly. Her brows were knit in puzzled thought. She looked at Roddy Doo with all her love in her eyes and an anxious quiver in her chin. The tiny fellow's head was nestled against Gershom Flint's coat, as he clinked the gold chain, with soft repetition, against the buttons.

"He's worth everything-all there -to me," said Tilly, slowly. "Exactly," Gershom Flint nodded gravely. "Well, I will mortgage him at two-thirds of his value, interest at

six per cent., payable quarterly. Does that suit you, hey?" "Oh, yes--oh, I thank you so much! An' I needn't put him in any dredful 'sılum—no, no, no! Roddy, Roddy Doo, do you hear, darlin'? You're

guin' to stay right with Tilly an' be tied to Tilly's clothesline?" Gershom Flint uttered a queer guttural sound. Roderick Dhu was asleep! His little hand slowly relaxed about the watch chain and fell with a soft slap to the big hand under-

neath. Through the thick cont his

little head felt pleasantly warm. When Tilly went home that afternoon she carried, tightly held against her breast, a little role of "mortgage money" that meant home and Roddy Doo and all things beautiful to her. She hid the most of it away with careful prudence and only resorted to it under actual stress of need. For little Tilly Camb'e carried on her narrow, thin shoulders a wise head of her own. She went patiently about among the neighbors seeking work, squaring the thin shoulders and trying to look 'grown up" and capable. It was a discouraging quest for the most part, but Tilly kept persistently, stubbornly at it till she found, here and there, little tasks to do that helped to make

Roderick Dhu's mortgage "spend." But the little hidden hoard dwindled in spite of Tilly. There was the interest money-that came out of it every month-and every month, with precise regularity, Tilly and Roddy Doo, shining and clean, paid it to Gershom Flint.

He came to anticipate their coming with more interest than he would confess to his dogged old heart. It grew to be the one bright, fresh spot in his lonesome existence - the sight of Tilly's plain, honest little face and Roddy Doo's nestle on his knee. Between times, too, he kept the children in view, quietly and with a feeling of | indefinite length of time.

himself.

Once he made them a call at the spanty house. He had heard that its owner was planning to tear it down and rebuild in a short time. The news disturbed him unaccountably.

Tilly was ironing, pieced out by the salt box. The baby, pieced out by the chesline, was placidly making mud pies outside the kitchen door. He held one up to Gershom Flint with prompt politeness, pressing it upon

"No, thank you, I've had my dinner, Roderick Dhu. Where's your sister, eh?"

Tilly appeared at the door, rolling down her sleeves precipitately.
"Oh, Mr. Flint," she said, "won"

you walk right in? I'll wash Roddy Doo's face an' untie him. Won't you take a chair?" Gershom Flint's keen eyes looked

over Tilly's head at the kitchen's bareness and tiny dimensions. He noticed how clean it was. He sav the salt box, and it appealed with dumb pathos to him. And this was the home they were going to be turned out of!

"No. No, I won't come in," he said, slowly. "I was going by and ah-property was in good conditionor needed repairs-or anything of that sort.

He looked down at the little mudpieman, with the wrinkles again around his eyes.

"He seems-yes, I should say he was in perfect repair. I am entirely satisfied," he added, gravely.

When winter arrived affairs in the shanty house were sorely out of joint. The old contingency s ared Tilly in the face, and new troubles augmented her alarm. Roddy Doo's mortgagethat was all gone, and, oh, the interest money! Tilly wrung her thin little hands in despair. The interest had not been paid for ever so long. And the last—not least—straw was the shanty house itself. For they were ordered out in three days.

It was interest day, and Tilly muffiel Roderick Dhu in her shawl and led his little lagging feet to Gershom Flint's. Not to pay it—oh, no! But they must go and tell him, they couldn't

"I-I can't pay it, Mr. Flint," she cried, tremulously. "I can't. But if you'll wait-" "No," Gershom Flint said, distinct-

"I shall foreclose." "F-fore-what, sir?"

Tilly did not comprehend the word, but the sound of it terrified her. It sounded like "'sylum" in her ears.

"I shall foreclose," said Gershom Flint again. "And that means the baby belongs to me. When the interest is unpaid the possessor of the mortgage has the right to the mortgaged property. Roderick Dhu, come here! Take off his shawl."

He held out his arms, and the child leaped into them. "Tilly come-Tilly too!" he cried in his shrill little treble. "Tilly come

Tilly stood in fixed despair. Her gaunt little face slowly whitened. What was this that had happened? No wonder that word sounded like "'sylum"-it was "'sylum"-it was! it was! And no help for it in all the world!

A low cry escaped from Tilly's rigid "Tilly - Tilly too !" shrilled the

baby voice importunately "Yes." Gershom Flint's voice rang out distinct and gentle and comforting. He held out his hand:
"Yes, Tilly—Tilly too," he said.

The Housewife.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Blonde hair is the finest and red the coarsest that there is.

There are silver ingots lying in the Bank of England which have been undisturbed for 200 years.

In the Klondike regions in midwinter the sun rises from 9.30 to 10 a. m., and sets from 1 to 3 p. m.

It is expected that when the 1899 season opens there will be a cogwheel railway from Chamounix up the Mon-

Benjamin Bissell, who lives near Ballston Spa, N. Y., says he has voted for eighteen presidential candidates, not one of whom was elected.

Giraffes are from fifteen to sixteen feet from the ground to the tip of their horns. Specimens from eighteen to twenty-three feet have been Japanese officers who fought in the

late war against China have petitioned their government to erect a monument to the memory of the horses that fell in the battle. The toothache excuse for absence

from duty does not work in the post-office service in Switzerland. They have government doctors to pull out the offending molars. The beautiful lace known as Fayal

is made from the fibres in the leaves

of the bitter aloe-grown in the Azores

or Western Islands-a relative of the common century plant. A fat men's club as been instituted in Paris, with the novel aim of increasing the weight of the members, the rules enjoining all the comrades

to sleep, eat and drink as much as

A runaway horse at Florence, S. C., jumped a six-foot gate and, the dangling check rein catching on a picket, the horse's head was pulled in such a manner that the animal turned a somersault, landing on its back, but it gained its feet and ran on.

The American eagle is about thirtythree inches in length and eight feet in the spread of his wings. It is this wonderful wing power which gives the bird not only his fleetness, but enables him to remain in the air an

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

DRAMATIC EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF EDMUND G. ROSS.

From Typesetting to the United States Senate - Back to the "Case" Again-How He Was Appointed Chief Executive of New Mexico-"Gov. Ross, if You Please."

Forty-one years ago, writes J. A.

Watrous in the Chicago Times-Herald, a family named Ross, then and for some time residing in Milwaukee, constituted a part of a Kansas colony which went all the way from Wisconsin in covered wagons. It is not necessary to say that there were troublous times in Kansas in 1856, when John C. Fremont was the first Republican candidate for President and James Buchanan the Democratic. Shooting between men was an everyday occurrence, and men shot to kill, too. The colony from Wisconsin was armed, both men and women carrying revolvers and the men rifles besides. Nearly every day, while on the way to 'bleeding Kansas," there was a stop to practice shooting at a mark. Some of the young fellows made a frightfully bad showing; couldn't even hit the tree upon which the mark rested. A printer, Ed Ross, a member of the family mentioned, was a most dismal failure as a marksman. His mother, quite an elderly woman, wearing spectacles, stood for some time watching the practice. After the printer Ed had shot four or five times and missed the tree each time, his mother said: 'My boy, you can't shoot for shucks; give me that revolver." She carefully reloaded it and took position several yards further away from the mark than Ed and the other poor shooters had been located. Planting her left foot sixteen inches behind her right and bringing the revolver up like a professional, she took a quick glance at the mark through her glasses, pulled the trigger and down came the white "Stick it up again," said Mrs. Ross.

Again the mark fell to the ground and again it was replaced and knocked down.

When Mrs. Ross offered the revolrer to her son he said: "No mother, you keep it. I'm no gunner; you are. will get a "sit" in a printing office when we get there and use another kind of "shooting stick," and you can kill my share of those border ruffians."

Ross kept his promise. He went to work at his trade and in due time became an editor and proprietor. Not ong after the war Kansas had one of its regular rip-roaring senatorial contests, which resulted in the election of the printer-editor, Edmund G. Ross. He went to Washington a Republican, but would not follow his party in the enterprise to depose President Andrew Johnson. The Kansas Republicans never forgave him. Since then he has

been a Democrat. When Mr. Cleveland became president the first time Ross was a typesetter on a New Mexico paper and very poor. One day, while setting up a list of presidential appointments, the old printer, whose family had been scantily clad and fed for some time, got to thinking over his past good fortune. He said to himself: "The last Democratic president was saved by my vote, and I have suffered for that vote ever since. I could have been re-elected to the United States Senate, maybe several times, but for that act. As it is, I'm poor, in need, my family lacking the comforts of life, and I working at the case. I'll ask the new "George," said the beautiful girl, wi president for the governorship of New Mexico."

The next day his application and the letters of several influential Democrats were on their way to Washington. It was not many weeks after that when the foreman handed the old printer another "take" of presidential appointments. When his dim old eyes, looking through spectacles, fell upon "Edmund G. Ross, to be governor of New Mexica," the "stick" fell from his hand, and when the foreman looked over his "case" the printer's face was in his half-closed hands, resting on

the "space" and "a" "boxes,"
"What's the matter, Ross?" asked

the foreman. The old man slowly raised his head, looked at the foreman and said: "Governor Ross, if you please; look at that," and he pointed to his "copy."

"Drop your work and come here, all of you," called the foreman. "I want to introduce you to the governor of New Mexico. Together, hip, hip, hurrah!"

One of the printers dodged out of the office and ran over and told the Ross family of the good news, and when the governor was about halfway home he saw his household coming to meet him. The baby, a winsome young lady, threw her arms about his neck, gave him a noisy kiss, and in a half laugh and half cry voice exclaimed: "Oh, papa, we are all so glad for your sake. Now you won't have to work so hard."

"Well, daughter, I'm so glad for your sake and that of the family."

Mr. Ross made an excellent governor, as he had senator twenty years before; but his old mother outranked him many times in revolver practice. The last I heard from him he was still living in New Mexico.

A Servant's Stipulation.

Servants have long ruled in American homes, and the servant question seems to be giving equal bother abroad now. In Russia the governor of St. Petersburg has taken it in hand, and now the news comes from London that servants are demanding the use of a bicycle on their "day out." It is an old story that they wanted the use of the piano for at least one evening in a week. But this latest stipulation for a bicycle has (so we are told by a London paper) been acquiesced in by one a promising servant.

PLEASURE'S PROFESSION

Though the perfume of the roses.

Brings no more its blandishment;
Though the honey bee now dozes In luxurious content; Let us still be bland and smiling, Nor lament the days of yore; Let us turn to the beguiling
That the future has in store.

Though the honeysuckles vanish,

Though the honeysuckies vanish,
Though the frost may reign supreme
Ruthless autumn cannot banish
Redolence and dainty gleam.
Our good cheer cannot be shattered;
Fancy sweetly bids us wake,
To inhale the incense scattered By the radiant buckwheat cake. -Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

"I'm sorry to hear you have been ill. Had you to keep your bed?" "No, miss; I had to sell it."

First Cyclist-Oh, you wouldn't ike Jobson; he's got a wheel in his head. Second Cyclist-What make? "My dear, why are you saving those

old fly papers?" "Why, you said you always have to buy flies when you go fishing." Si Hayseed-Hyar, young fellar! I don't allow nobody ter ketch fish on

my farm. The Young Fellow (dis-gustedly)—Who's catching fish. "Why do presperous men always say that the ladder of success is mi up of broken rounds?" "Well, they do it that other fellows won't try to

zrawl up after them." The Sunday school class' was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing londer, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.

Sister-There! you have candy all over your new suit. What will mam-ma say? Little Brother-Well, mam ma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em speiled.

Blinks-You don't mean to say you've found a sure way to make money at the races? Jinks—Sure as shooting. I never fail. Blinks—My! my. Do you buy tips? Jinks—No; I sell them.

"Our typewriter girl asked the bose if he couldn't lighten her work." What did he say?" "He told her not to hit her typewriter keys so hard and to lick her postage-stamps only on the Foster-Look here, Felton! I took your advice on that horse Felidown, and I'm dead broke. I thought jou

said the owners were going to play him to win? Felton—That's right. They did win. They bet sgainst him "Now, really," said the Thoughtful Man, "did you ever see a woman who was homely enough to stop a clock by looking at it?" "No," said the Nonsensical Chap, "but I have seen a woman stop a car by looking at the conductor."

"I saw Jones this morning," said the gentleman with the pes green whiskers, "with an awful cut on his head that his wife had given him. Ho was hurrying as fast as he could to the—" "To the doctor?" "Naw.

To the barber's to have it cut right." Pleasant Woman (in art gallery, Pleasant Woman (in art gallery, noticing an artist copying one of the old masters)—Why do they pain this picture twice? Her Husband—Why, that's quite plain. When the new picture is done, they hang that one on the wall and throw the old one away.

"So, I have won the wager," he a generous light in her eye, "I am not the one to drive a hard bargain. Let's call it nine ninety-nine." At ten o'clock the score was past the hun-

dredth mark.

Pug Envious of the Swim Every one of the kaisers' six sons. even the youngest, can swim like rate and this reminds me-whoever heard of a cat swimming? But there is certain cat of clerical associations and impeccable social standing, who swims like a fish, and what is more, appear to enjoy it like any duckling. A production of the family seems to think to performance unnatural, and whenever the cat goes down to take his bath, pug follows, showing every sign of jealousy when visitors applaud and express surprise. The other day Master Pug could stand it no longe he, too, took a plunge, and in a moments having reached puss se the creature by the throat and held its head under water until life was nearly extinct. Fortunately some one saw the deed and rushed to the res but even this painful experien failed to deter the cat from taking his favorite amusement. One mig readily believe now that even the animal species were "degenerates" and turning topsy-turvy in this century end, like their superiors. - Bosto Herald.

The Earth at the Poles.

A French scientist, M. de l'Apparent, finds in Nansen's discovery of the unexpectedly great depth of the Arctic ocean an argument tending to show that the earth is slightly top shaped, the protuberance corresponding to the point of the top being at the South Pole. This, he thinks, would explain the different results arrived at by the various measurements of astronomers and geodesists. These differences are very small in comparison with the entire bulk of the globe, yet they are readily appreciable, and one of the explanations that has been suggested for them is that the earth is tetrahedral in form. But M. de l'Apparent thinks the top-shape theory is preferable. The fact that to an eye looking at the earth from a point in space it would not sensibly differ in appearance from a true sphere shows how refined are the methods of science which enable men living on the surface of the globe gentleman in London rather than lose to detect variations in its general coatour.