LAUGH AND BE HAPPY.

Laugh and be happy, laugh while you may,
Laugh 'mid the wild, rushing storms of to-day,
Breasting the current when downward it trends;
Grand is the battle if grandly it ends.

Laugh and be happy, laugh, it is best,
Sailing the wide sweeping sea of unrest,
Though the dark billows are running so high,
Courage! my brother, the haven is high.

Laugh and be happy, laugh while you may,
Laugh 'mid the wild, rushing storms of to-day,
Faith, like a beacon light, woos us along,
Fill the glad moments with laughter and song.

—Cora C. Bass in The Churchman.

A Farewell Performance.

Jack Halliday and Doris Verrall were what the society papers—especially the penny ones—call "smart people." They lived in a dear little world of their own, whose inhabitants had nothing whatever to do but eat, drink and be merry; a charming sphere where everybody tried their very hardest to be amusing and amiable, and where nothing was ever taken seriously—that is, in public. When they did a good deed, they did it by stealth and threw mud at it afterward; when they spoke of things human and divine they hid their true selves and real meaning under an impenetrable cloak of flippant slang and cheap witticisms. Halliday and Miss Verrall had much in common. They used the same devices to conceal their good instincts, and occasionally went so far as to hint at a decided liking for this or that play, person or picture. Now and again they caught sight of one another for a brief instant, but the passing glimpse was always too short to lead to a longer one. They had known one another some two years, and, living in the same small world, met almost every day in the season and every other one out of it. These meetings could hardly be considered profitable. Sometimes they flirted for a change—the flirtations of this peculiar people are so like love as to be undistinguishable from the genuine article—and, maybe, shook off the motley for an occasional brief moment of rest—simply a pause between two acts, with the orchestra playing in between to remind them that they were still in the theatre. Thus, the net result of their acquaintanceship was that Doris Verrall had never got a word of sober sense out of Jack Halliday, while Jack Halliday had never heard a syllable of wisdom issue from the delicate lips of Doris Verrall.

Doris was an only child and motherless. She and her father had kept house together and mutually spoiled one another these last 15 years. They had a miniature Mayfair palace all to themselves, an Arcadia that would have surprised most of the Utopians, among whom Doris took her pleasures, by reason of its restful simplicity and quiet affections. Father and daughter were very fond of one another, each in their own way—Mr. Verrall in a dignified, old-world manner that reminded one of Balzac's elderly aristocrats, while Doris showed her affection by being disrespectful. She treated "Daddy," as she playfully styled Mr. Verrall, like a big spoiled child, and he was as clay under her fingers. The old gentleman was allowed to live his own life in peace and quiet, while Doris danced and made merry under the chaperonage of a score of friends.

It was a Sunday evening in June. The sky was clearing fast after a day's rain, and London looked as though it had just come home from the laundry.

Doris and Mr. Verrall, who had gone down to the park for a mild constitutional, ran up against Jack Halliday, bent on a similar errand, and bore him home to dinner. He had never dined en famille with the Verralls and wondered what it would be like.

The dinner was a success. All three enjoyed it—Jack Halliday most of all. It was different from the shallow glitter of his everyday life. It reminded him of the "Home, Sweet Home" that Patti sings about, and the domestic Doris, carefully looking after her white-haired old father, was an unexpected revelation. It seemed strange to think that this pattern of filial affection was the cynical, witty and flippant Doris Verrall he had hitherto known. For a moment or two the thought made him uncomfortably self-conscious. He was an intruder, he had no place in the domestic economy of that household, no right to pry into their attachment and intimacy. This feeling gave way after the first few moments. No one, save himself, noticed the incongruity of his presence; he was evidently a welcome guest and belonged to the picture. Doris had never seen him so quiet before. To him she seemed a new being, more like one of the people in the books he reads in his lonely chambers than the Miss Verrall of yesterday.

They grew silent after a time, while Mr. Verrall talked lovingly about books and pictures and men and women who had written and painted them. The old gentleman had a simple, homely way about him that was restful. Doris and Jack listened contentedly, and again Halliday thought of the people in the books, while the girl looked encouragingly at her father—even tenderly, Jack thought. She stayed in the dining room while the men smoked and then Mr. Verrall, with many apologies, settled in a big armchair for his usual after-dinner nap. It was nearly dusk, and Jack asked her to play to him in the twilight, so they went up stairs to the drawing room. Doris seated herself at a piano, while he went over to the fireplace and sank deep into a big chair piled with cushions. Doris played divinely, and the music went deep into his soul. It wove subtle spells as it filtered through the shadowy room, and made him sink deeper into the chair and guard the silence of death lest he should lose a single note of the harmony that spoke to him out of the dimness, out of the fleecy haze that wrapt all things. A whole world of spirits whispered in his ears; they told him of Jack Halliday—much about Jack Halliday. It was too dark for Doris to see his face, so he let his feelings have full play. Every note raked up some long-forgotten dustheap in his heart, recalled thought after thought of past hopes, ambitions and love—chiefly love.

Suddenly the music ceased. Doris closed the piano with a bang, and turning a tap in the wall above her head, filled the room with a great blaze of light. Halliday sprang hastily from his chair; then, regaining some of his old composure, "By jove, you might give a fellow some warning!" he said. She smiled, divining the cause of his nervous face and the softness in his eyes with a woman's ready intuition. Then they both rubbed their eyes because of the sudden glare of the electric light till she laughingly said, "Caught you napping, Mr. Halliday. I really didn't know that you ever took anything seriously," and a picture of the invariably flippant and supercilious Jack Halliday rose up before her. She saw a half-reproachful, half-pained look in his eyes, so she added, "I mustn't be personal or you'll hate me;" then taking a chair on the other side of the fireplace she went on tentatively, "Let's talk sober sense for an hour or two, and keep up the illusion."

"Intoxicated nonsense is nicer, isn't it?" he answered weakly.

"Mr. Halliday, do you want me to frown?"

"No, but——" the smile that was on his lips died away as the pain in his eyes deepened. "Do you know what you are risking? Are you in earnest? Shall we really take each other seriously for a change? He paused here, wondering whether single men and women ever did take each other seriously—in his world, at least. In the other world, where people had to work for a living, it was different. They had to be serious or go under. Then he looked at her for an answer, marveling at the kindness and good will in her face.

"Why not?" she said slowly, "Doesn't the small talk sometimes bore you more than the big words? Weren't you serious when I turned the light on? Tell me what you were thinking about, if I'm not too curious."

A world of invisible poetry had sprung up between Halliday and Miss Verrall during the last hour or two. Each one felt that there was something indefinable in the other, something that made them more akin, more trustful and less afraid—a strange new feeling that made them throw off their stage trappings now and become human, with all the strength and weakness of ordinary human beings.

Doris was silent now. She was waiting for him to speak. Her heart was too full for words, filled by that strange, new sensation that made her wish to help him, to comfort him and give him happiness, even at the risk of her life—a feeling unselfish, self-sacrificing and purely womanly that increased with every word he uttered.

Jack began nervously, gaining force as he went along. "The music rather stirred me up and set me thinking of the nothing, the empty nothing that represents my past—a thing I thought was gone and done with—quite gone. It's different with you," he went on. "You've got some one at home you can talk sense to. I haven't. I sit alone in my room sometimes and think of another life than the feeble imitation of a one I lead—something real, something like the people who say 'Time is money' lead. We say, 'Time is made to be killed;' I suppose it's because we've got the money. It's not the work I want, but it's something different to the aimless vanity of our life."

She looked at him—kindly, it seemed to him. He thanked her with his eyes and continued: "This may be sentiment, even sickly sentiment, but you know that when a man begins that way he is ten times worse than a woman. It's a long time since I saw anything real—anything lasting. Perhaps if I had I would not have believed in it, would have pooh-poohed it. May I be personal? I envied your father tonight and I envied you. I always thought your life as empty and as hollow as mine, or else I should never have complained. It was all new to me; it ought not to have been—only one forgets everything in time. I suppose the real world is full of men and women who live for men and women, but I've been playing my part alone all these years without help and without helping." He kept his eyes away from Doris, save every now and again when he looked at her wistfully, pleadingly. When he caught her eye, he saw pity in it, and even fancied there was love as well. Her face was that of a woman—a real woman, tender and sympathetic.

He continued his monologue. "Then the twilight and the music, and may I say you, too, got hold of me and set me thinking of my people that are gone and the sister miles away in India, and a thousand other selfish thoughts of self-pity. But it's not too late to join the other people, to get out of the narrow world, the pack-of-cards thing I've built—that's now toppling over." He stopped and looked at her inquiringly for words. He knew she would comfort him, could comfort him, that he could find peace, even happiness with her. It was all part of the new sensation that had made him pour his heart out to her, and to look to her for help to face his new life. She spoke to him. It was difficult for her to retain her voice least it should be too tender, but there was an occasional tear in spite of her self-command, and he loved her the better for it. She even thanked him for the confidence he had shown her; and then she spoke to him of his family and himself and other things they had only dared to vaguely hint at in the past.

They sat long together, talking as old friends do, openly, intimately, without restraint. There was a new sense of rest in both their hearts now; a vague thing that people recognize and call happiness when it has become a memory.

Mr. Verrall came in later on and joined them, until Jack reluctantly said good night.

Doris saw him as far as the hall. They shook hands, he pressing her five fingers to his lips and thanking her earnestly, saying he had never spent a happier evening, and asking if he might come again and talk to her.

She said, "Of course,"

The door closed on Halliday, on all the vain trumpery of his past, and he went home planning a new world built on the ruins of the old. Yet the old was not utterly worthless, for it had given him Doris Verrall.—(Black and White.

A Water-Tight Door.

The invention is just announced by the San Francisco Chronicle of a door that is never closed and never open. It is the only door on earth that a person is forced to shut behind him under any and all circumstances. Water cannot pass through it or around the casing. It is the invention of Alexander Kircaldy of Glasgow, Scotland, and he has labored to bring it to its present state of perfection for ten years. Primarily, this door is intended for vessels, for its chief claim to distinction is that it is water-tight. To the bulkhead, where the door is fitted, is bolted a hollow, cylindrical casing. In this casing are two doors, but they are not opposite one another. Within this hollow casing revolves a hollow cylinder, and there is a doorway to this cylinder. When it is desired to pass through this novel door the cylinder within this casing is turned so that the door therein is opposite one of the other doors in the casing. When the ingress doorway is in a line with the bulkhead doorway the passenger enters and stands on the bottom of the casing and revolves the hollow cylinder by hand until he brings the ingress doorway into line with the second bulkhead doorway, which permits of egress from the casing.

The remarkable feature of this double door is that it is absolutely impossible to leave it open, as one door must of necessity be effectually closed before the other opens. The revolving cylinder is hung on ball-bearings, and is easily brought into the position desired for ingress or egress. At the same time no gear, which is so familiar to other types of water-tight doors, is required.

Walking Four Miles an Hour.

"There's no end of people," said a man who walks a great deal himself to a Boston Joureal reporter, "who think they can walk four miles an hour; and very likely they could, but they would have to move along very briskly to do it. As a matter of fact, very few people indeed do walk four miles an hour; three miles is a very fair gait, and when one exceeds that he is beginning to walk fast. If my recollection serves, the old 'common' time in the army carried a man two and seven-eighths miles an hour. The distances which the soldier covers in an hour have now been increased somewhat by slightly increasing the length of his steps, but my impression is that the 'common' time remains under three miles an hour. Certainly three miles would be good, fair walking, and fully up to men's average speed."

Not Impressed.

"That tenor of ours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute."

"Faugh! I've held one of his notes for two years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A New York watchmaker recently accomplished the feat of drilling a hole through a common pin from head to point.

THE MYSTERY OF SMELL.

PROBLEMS THAT AWAIT THE ATTENTION OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

No Standard of Smell or Unit Odor Has Yet Been Established—Some Remarkable Things About Odors—$500,000 Earned in Fees by Professional Smelling.

One subject which in this scientific age has not been made the subject of thorough scientific investigation is the sense of smell. Our knowledge of the science of odors remains about where it was fifty years ago, although we have learned so much about light, heat and sound. The old imperfect classification of smells into "pungent, saline and saccharine" s ill remains. Indeed, about all that most of us know is that some smells are agreeable and some decidedly the reverse. There is no standard of smell, no unit odor established as a base of comparison. We do not know when one smell is twice as strong as another. As a famous chemist said: "Quantitative analysis has not yet been applied to the skunk."

A writer in the Independent does, indeed, say that on an examination of several thousand flowers he found that there was a connection between color and perfume. He finds that of white flowers 14 per cent. gave out agreeable odors; of gray ones, 11 per cent.; of red, a little over 8 per cent.; of yellow, a little over 6 per cent.; of blue, 4 per cent., and of green, only 2 per cent. But, further, yellow flowers contain the largest number with a disagreeable odor, and the white the next largest. But this analysis is vitiated by the fact that a perfume agreeable to one person may be sickening to another. There is no æsthetic standard of smells, and there are but few which all declare to be delightful. An English manufacturer of perfumes asserts that he is able to combine odors so as to produce a certain effect and talks of a perfume scale, but this seems rather commercial than scientific. If he could really produce an odor which everybody would recognize, by the combination of different smell elements, the foundation of a science of smell would be laid.

One remarkable thing about odor is that the emission of it does not appreciably diminish the mass of the body from which it is given off. A grain of musk may fill a room with odor for years and weigh as much at the end of the time as it did at the beginning. Its weight must have been diminished, for it is impossible to believe that an effect on our organs of sense can be produced without an impact of material particles from a source of energy, but the amount of matter dissipated is infinitesimal in the case of an odorous body.

The sense of smell is apparently universal, but stronger in animals than in man. The lowest orders smell with their mouths, insects smell with their hairs, fishes smell in water, and the acutenes of the power of smell in dogs and in savages is well known. Humboldt says that the Peruvian Indians could tell in the darkest night whether a person approaching was a European, a negro, or an American Indian. In those deprived of the other senses the power of analyzing odors is sometimes abnormally developed.

The Scotch boy, James Mitchell, a blind deaf mute, could distinguish the individuals in a room into which he was led. John Mossman, a deaf mute of Parkersburg, W. Va., was able to locate oil wells with the certainty that a setter finds partridges. His nose brought him a fortune of $500,000 as fees for professional smelling (it is strange that no one has trained a dog to point petroleum). Possibly a dog might be taught to "stand" a nugget of gold in the frozen soil of Alaska, as pigs find truffles in Perigord, for metals have a characteristic smell. It is probable that everything gives off a characteristic effluvium, though our sense is not delicate enough to detect the most subtle ones. Some gases, like hydrogen, have no odor, others, like chlorine and the product of the Hartford Gas company, have a very perceptible one. There is a general idea that a body must possess a molecular weight fifteen times as great as that of hydrogen before it can affect the olfactory nerves of human beings, but even that needs confirmation. We frequently confound taste and smell, and it is said that no one can distinguish an onion from an apple by taste alone.

Some odors cling to the surface of things, as the odor of game, which rarely rises much above the ground; others are rapidly diffused through the air. Why is this? No one knows. One of the most singular things about the sense of smell is that it is not subject to illusions. Sight may be deceived. One may imagine he sees things which are not before him; he may hear a roaring in his ears when there is no sound, but it is said that even the insane are not subject to olfactory delusions. There are no ghost smells. If this is true, what is the reason, what is the explanation of the phenomenon? Again, why are the earth and fields so much more fragrant in the morning than at noon, when, on the other hand, the strength of most odors is increased by heat?

The scientific men ought at least to "make a bluff" at some of these problems. As it is, here is an original sense or power of perception of the utmost refinement, older, probably, than the sense of sight, a power for the exercise of which we use a complicated mechanical and nervous mechanism, the nature and modus operandi of which is as much a matter of conjecture as were those of the senses of sight and smell 1000 years ago. Evidently science has not discovered everything yet.—Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

UNCLE SAM'S STRONG BOX.

What It Costs to Run the United States Treasury.

It costs annually about $350,000,000 to maintain the United States government (exclusive of over $90,000,000 for the postal service, much of which is paid back from postal receipts). We expend annually for the civil establishment (that is the salaries of public officials and employes of the executive departments, care of public buildings, etc.) about $88,000,000; for military establishment, $50,000,000; for the naval establishment, $27,000,000; for the Indian service, $12,000,000; for pensions, $140,000,000, and for interest on the public debt, $35,000,000—making a total of $352,000,000.

To meet these expenditures, says Harper's Round Table, the United States government has to raise the necessary funds by taxation. The greater amount is raised by customs duties and by the internal revenue tax upon whiskey, tobacco, beer, playing cards, oleomargarine, etc. For the year ending June 30, 1896, there was collected $160,000,000 from customs taxes and $147,000,000 from internal revenue taxes, the balance consisting of miscellaneous receipts from sales of public lands, revenues of the District of Columbia, consular fees, fees on letters patent, national bank circulation, profits on coinage, etc.

One can easily realize the immense work of collecting this vast sum of money. In addition, however, the treasury through its accounting officers, has to supervise the expenditure of every dollar paid out for the support of the government, and to adjust the accounts of every officer spending the public money. Not a dollar can be paid into the treasury of the United States nor paid out without an order from the secretary addressed to the officer known as the treasurer of the United States, directing him to receive the money, which is technically termed "covering it into the treasury," or to pay out money to the person entitled, as the case may be. This order of the secretary is called a "warrant," if it orders the treasurer to receive money into the treasury it is called a "covering" warrant; if to pay out money, it is called either a "settlement" warrant (when the money is paid to some person entitled to it of his own right), or an "accountable" warrant (if the money is paid to some officer of the government whose duty it is to expend it for the purpose of the government). This latter officer has to give bond to properly apply said money.

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 to detect variations in its general contour.

John Smith, With Variations.

Plain John Smith is not very high-sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; yet it is good and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus, in Latin, it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smoothes it off into Giovanni Smithi, the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeets; the Russian turns it into Jonloff Smitowski; at Canton John Smith becomes Johon Shimmit; the Icelanders say he is Jahnno Smithson; along the Tuscaroras he becomes Tam Qua Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; among the Welsh mountains they call him Jihom Schmidt; at Mexico his name is written Jontli F'Smitri; in Greece he turns to I'on Sinikton; in Turkey he is almost disguised as Yoo Seef.

Too Weak to Hold It.

Charles—Uncle, I want you to try this Limberger. It was imported all the way from Germany, each pound carefully wrapped in tinfoil.

Uncle Josh—Gosh! Air you sure they didn't have to do it up in biler iron?—Indianapolis Journal