foresight, that's all. You should before going into the dairy business have taken precautions to prevent your cows from being contaminated. You showed poor judgment in opening a grocery in a district that was liable to be affected by business conditions, and you should have known better than to put your money in a piece of ground that adjoined a suitable site for a dog pound. People never get rich or great through mere luck. Bad luck is always the excuse of people who lack the ability to rise. It's as old as the world and as foolish as the belief of the man who thinks he can lift himself by his bootstraps. Go ahead now and finish mowing the lawn. After you're through I'll see about giving you a regular job for the summer."

The humble one went on with his work. As he was pushing his mower past the turreted stable the coachman emerged.

"Do you know how the man who lives here got his money?" asked the stranger.

"Haven't you heard the story? Thirty years ago when this city was a strugglin' village and nobody thought it would ever amount to anythin' a man who owed him $75 had a ten-acre lot here. It was mostly swamp and couldn't be used either for farmin' or buildin'. He couldn't pay the $75, and the boss here had to take the land. He tried to trade it off for a mule, and I guess would of done it all right only the mule died just before they come to an understandin'. A little while after that the boom struck the place and he wanted to sell out for $30,000, but the people that were goin' to buy busted up, and he had to take his swamp back. He was so disappointed that he took sick and was out of his head for three weeks. When he got so he could set up and recognize people again his land was worth $4,000,000." The man with the mower then went on about his work, for he was cutting the grass by the job, and couldn't afford to waste time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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A QUARTER-CENTURY OF CATASTROPHISM.

Angelo Heilprin in the New York Nation of January 2.

The student of geology, however taxed his mind may be with the consideration of the numerous unsolved problems in the physics of the earth, cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the catastrophic happenings of the last twenty-five years. The record of no other like period, so far as it is written in the book of science, carries with it so clearly the concept of the unfinished globe, or so eloquently teaches the inconsequence of man beside the titanic forces of nature. When, in August, 1883, a cataclysm rent asunder the island of Krakatoa, and caused a shock throughout almost the entire mass of the earth, we saw how the processes of adjustment which shape the interior of our globe were still tending to produce equilibrium. For two years or more we gazed upon the wondrous red and yellow afterglows which marked the distribution of the high-blown ash, and reflected the energy by which 40,000 or more persons were swept out of existence. At this same time, or close to it, Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, fell. The ash from Krakatoa had hardly settled when we learned of the reawak-

ening of Tarawera, in New Zealand—a battered volcano, whose activities had been assumed to be ended for a full hundred years prior to June, 1886. The tourist then beheld, seemingly for the last time, what had been designated the "eighth wonder" of the world, the famous pink and white terraces of Rotomahana. Before the great rift that had formed in this lake-basin had entirely closed, came the disaster to Charleston, S. C.

The major disturbances following the Carolina earthquake were chiefly in the field of Japan, where the number of shocks noted in the nineteen years between 1885 and 1903, as we are informed by the Japanese Earthquake Investigation Commission, was 27,485. The decapitation, in 1888, of Bandai-San, and the hurling of its vast mass over miles of inhabited lowland, was followed the next year by the great movement of Kumanoto, and two years later by perhaps the most far-reaching of all the recorded earthquakes of Japan, that known as Mino-Owari. Thousands of lives were destroyed in this shock, which the distinguished seismologist, Montessus de Ballore, characterizes as "le plus formidable tremblement de terre dont l'histoire fasse peut-être mention" [perhaps the most formidable earthquake of which history makes mention]. Within three years came the tremendous earthquake of Tokio, 1894.

A new era of catastrophism began with evidences of unrest in Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli, in a number of the volcanoes of Central America and of Hawaiian Islands, and in the mountains of Alaska northern South America, in Colima, Mexico, in the (Wrangell, Sheshalden, Iliamna). There had also been widely separated earth-movements, as those of the Phocian plain of Greece, of Carinthia, and of southeastern Alaska. This last brought about the interesting displacements on the shores of Yakutat Bay and the disruption of the Muir glacier. The rapidly-succeeding events of the year 1902 are still fresh in the minds of most people: the destruction by earthquake, on January 16, and on April 18, respectively, of considerable portions of the towns of Chilpancingo, in Mexico, and Quetzaltenango, in Guatemala; the eruption on May 7, of the Soufrière, of St. Vincent; on May 8, of Pelée, with the annihilation of Saint-Pierre; on August 30, of the same volcano, with the razing of Morne-Rouge and other villages in Martinique; on October 24, of the volcano of Santa Maria, in Guatemala, with the further destruction of Quetzaltenango; the earthquakes of Shemaka and of Andijan, in farther Asia. The result of it all was the death of between fifty and sixty thousand persons. The same year saw the foundering with nearly all of its inhabitants of the island of Tori-Shima, in Japanese waters, as the result of a volcanic explosion.

This event was soon followed by the first of those vast disturbances in Formosa, which culminated in the catastrophes of March and April of 1906, when the greater part of the island was devastated and thousands of lives sacrificed. Preceding these calamities by a few months, and coincident with a paroxysmal awakening of Stromboli, was the earthquake of the Monteleone region of southern Italy. The echoes of this had hardly died down when Vesuvius opened a new chapter in its history and closed it with the outbreak of April, 1906, which in

violence and destructive effect is thought to have surpassed all other eruptions of that volcano, with the exception of those of the years 79 and 1631. Then, nearer to our own hearts and homes, the tragedy of San Francisco was enacted—followed in almost exactly four months by the still greater tragedy of Valparaiso, in Chili. Before the close of 1906—a year which had also witnessed in its early days the minor disturbances of Esmeraldas, in Ecuador, of Buenaventura in Colombia, and of Castries in the island of St. Lucia—a great part of the city of Arica lay in ruins. And now, with the beginning of the year 1907, the seismo-volcanic registry records the eruptions of Mauna Loa and Etna, the continuing vast flows of lava from the Savai volcano in the Samoan Islands, and the appalling disaster which has converted the capital of the island of Jamaica into a mass of debris.

In all these events we see the earth in the making—a process now, as ever, destructive. Within this quarter-century the population of the globe has been diminished by not less that 125,000 or 150,000 as the result of terrestrial catastrophism. Possibly the figures should be even larger, for the records are incomplete.

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THE GOD OF CLAY.

I watch each day my singing sisters go
  Lightfooted to the temple on the height,
Bearing fair gifts, trailed blooms of rose and snow,
  To please the golden gods of their delight;

The golden gods that, in their lofty place,
  Stand in their flawless might for all to see,
Bearing each one upon his perfect face
  The pride of his infallibility.

And ever on their way and singing thus
  They pause sometimes to urge me or deride,
"O sister, wilt thou never come with us
  To worship where the gods of gold abide?"

They never know that, ere they pass the gates
  Of bronze and ivory, I take my way
To where, in his unlighted darkness, waits
  My desecrated, shattered god of clay.

Before their golden gods my sisters cast
  Their fleeting blooms, the gladness of their years;
I bear to my degraded god this last
  Great gift of silence and of awful tears.

—Theodosia Garrison.

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First Monkey: "It seems to be a toss up whether man is descended from us."

Second Monkey: "Yes, it's heads, they win; tails, we win."—Smart Set.

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Laird: "Weel, Macalister, and have you found any of those strayed sheep yet?"

Macalister: "Yess. But I was finding them all again, sir, whatever. And I did find two by itself and one together and three among one of MacPherson's."—London Punch.

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"At last!" exclaimed the foreign statesman and man of letters, as he stood on the deck of the ocean steamship and gazed with kindling eye at the busy mart of commerce that lay almost at his feet.