The " Well Donkey."

He might be called the "castle" donkey, too, for he has lived nearly all his life in Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight, where King Charles I. was imprisoned, and where his lovely daughter

In this castle is a well three hundred feet deep, and the clear cold water is brought up by this donkey, who turns a great wheel fifteen and one-half feet in diameter; and that is why he is call-ed the "well donkey."

Now to look at this great wheel, you might think it would be hard work for

such a little fellow, but it goes so easy that it seems no more than play to him. Then when the bucket of sparkling water comes up, the visitors dip in their tumblers, and generally drink it all up, it is such splendid water, and so nice

Then they pat the donkey, and give him sweetcakes, or an Isle of Wight "cracknel," or some dainty bit, so that the little chap is just about as pleased as they are, and I have no doubt thinks the old well was made on purpose for his benefit.

The donkey, too, is taken such good care of by the man who has charge of him, that these "well" donkeys have all lived to a good old age. The one that turned the wheel when I lived in the Isle of Wight had been there nearly all his life, and was then nearly thirty years old. And of those who drew the water before him, one lived to be fifty years old, and the other forty years So I conclude these donkeys have a pretty nice time in their fine old castle. Some years ago they were afraid th water was becoming impure, but I'll tell you how that was. The well-keeper was so foolish as to let visitors throw in pins, which made a curious noise as struck the water at that great depth; so their use was forbidden, and now water is thre vn down from a buck et. It is three or four seconds in falling, and makes a startling noise. And this is a much more harmless way of showing the depth of the well. A lighted candle, too, is lowered down, and has a very curious effect. But the dear old "well donkey" was my chief at-traction at the well.— Youth's Compan-

## " Frietion."

"O Frank! come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it."
"That's the friction," said Frank with the wisdom of two years more than

Eddie was possessed of.
"Yes," said sister Mary, who was "it's the friction; and it makes

Wooden-Shoe Makers. Let us describe a party of wooden-

shoe makers, or as they are termed, sabotiers, at work near a clear stream. The whole family is together; the father with his son and son-in-law, the apprentices, the mother and children run ning about in the beds of cress. Under the trees rises a hut of planks, where all sleep; not far off, the two mules which carry the belongings of the encampment are tethered. They are birds of pas-sage, traversing the forest, and sojourning where the wood is cheap. In this green forest several fine beech trees are marked for the axe; they are fifty feet high, and three feet in girth. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrated with damp; but the beech sabots are light, of a close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud; and in this respect are greatly superior to leather. All is animation. The men cut down the tree; the trunk is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large, they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the sabot roughly with a hatchet, taking care to give the bend for right and left; the second takes it in hand, pierces the holes for the interior, and scoops the wood out with an instrument called the cuiller. The third is the artist of the company; it is his work to finish and polish it; carving a rose or primrose upon the top, if it be for the fair sex. Sometimes he cuts an open border round the edge, so that the blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished, they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm, golden brown hue. The largest sizes are cut from the lowest part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is ou in rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the wash-house, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next come those of the little shep-herd who wanders all day long with his flock, and still smaller ones for the a man, and his chair is vacant by the hearth, they are drawn out to be looked at, sometimes with a smile, too often with tears. During all his toil the workman talks and sings; he is not taciturn, like the charcoal burner; his muscles continually in action, his work in the open air keeps him in good temper, and gives him refreshing sleep and appetite. He sings like a linnet, while the women chatter and mend the family garments. When the trees have been all cut up, the camp is raised, the mules are loaded, adieu to the green hollow, and another place is sought for. Thus all the year long, whether the for-est be tinted with pale spring verdure or covered with the yellow autumn leaves, in some corner will be heard the workers, busy as bees in a hive, gayly carrying on their simple, healthy forest--Chambers' Journal.

Mehemet Ali Pasha, alias Schultz, ha led a checkered life. The son of a poor music master in Berlin, young Schultz apostatized and became as unrelenting a Moslem as the fiercest of the Turks. He was adopted and befriended by Aoli Pasha, Turkish Minister at the Prussian court, and was early placed on the high road to fame and fortune. His bravery and dash as a soldier won him great re nown among the foreign officers of the Sultan; but, after the death of his protector, he was made the victim of many court intrigues. Early in the Russo Turkish war he distinguished himself by such military movements as he was allowed to make; and, in August, 1877, he was apppointed Generalissimo in place of the disgraced Abdul Kerim. dehemet Ali was accused of making immense sums of money on his position.
His death was the direct consequence of his refusal to lead the Albanians against the Austrians,

False Confessions of Murder.

Mr. Henry C. Lea's "Superstition and Force" gives many remarkable instances of false confessions of murder, extracted by torture, and capital punishment inflicted in consequence thereof, followed by the detection of the real culprits. Boyvin du Villars relates that during the war in Piedmont, in 1550 during the war in Piedmont, in 1559, he released from the dungeons of the Marquis of Masserono an unfortunate gentleman who had been secretly kept there for eighteen years, in consequence of having attempted to serve a process from the Duke of Savoy on the Marquis. His disappearance having naturally been attributed to foul play, his kindred prosecuted an enemy of the family who, under stress of torture, duly confessed to having committed the murder, and was accordingly executed, in a town, where Messeyne himself. in a town where Masserono himsel was residing. Godelmann relates that a monument in a church in Upper Ger-many, representing a man broken on a wheel, commemorated a case in which wheel, commemorated a case in which two young journeymen set out together to make the accustomed tour of the country. One of them returned alone, clad in the garments of the other, and was suspected of having made way with him. He was arrested, and, in the ab-sence of all other evidence, was prompt-ly put to the torture, when he confessed the crime in all its details, and was ex-ecuted on the wheel, after which his ecuted on the wheel, after which his companion returned. Another case was that of a young man near Bremen, whose widowed mother lived with a servant. The son quarreled with the man, who fied and took service at a distance. His father, not knowing his departure, accused the youth of mur-der; and torture speedily drew from the latter a full confession of the crime, including his throwing the corpse into the Weser. Not long after his execution the serving-man reappeared and was duly put to death, as also was his father, to make amends for the blun-ders of the laws. Few, when once enmake amends for the blungaged in such pursuit, could be ex-pected to follow the example of the Milanese judge who resolved his doubts as to the efficacy of torture in evidence killing a favorite mule and allowing the accusation to fall upon one of his servants. The man of course denied the offense, was duly tortured, confessed and persisted in his confession after torture. The judge, thus convinced by experiment of the fallacy of the system, resigned the office whose duties he could no longer conscientiously discharge, and in his subsequent career

rose to the cardinalate. The mood in which these untoward results were usually treated is illustrated in another somewhat similar case, which was told to me think of two little boys who were Augustin Nicholas, at Amsterdam, quarrelling over a trifle this morning; in explanation of the fact that the city and the more they talked the hotter was obliged to borrow a headsman from their tempers grew, until there was no the neighboring towns whenever the knowing what might have happened, if services of one were required for an exmother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate of Amsterdam, returning home late at night from a revel, sank upon a door-step, in a drunken sleep. A thief emp-tied his pockets, securing among other things, a dirk, with which, a few minutes later, he stabbed a man in a quarrel. Returning to the sleeper, he slipped the bloody weapon back to its place. The young man awoke, but before he had taken many steps he was seized by the watch, who had just discovered the murder. Appearances were against him, he was tortured, confessed, persisted in confession after torture and was duly hanged. Soon after, the real criminal was condemned for another crime and revealed the history of the previous one, whereupon the States General of the United Provinces, using the ordinary logic of the criminal law, deprived the city of Amsterdam of its executioner, as a punishment for a re-sult that was inevitable under the sys-

## A Wonderful Tree.

tem.

A tree well deserving cultivation, which exists in Morocco, is mentioned with favorable comment by Consul Drummond Hay in his trade report on Mogador for the past year. This re-markable tree is the "argan." It grows only in the provinces of Haka Shiedma and Sooz, and in times of scarcity affords nourishment both for the natives and their flocks. It is utilized in the following ways: In the first place, the peasants extract an oil from the nut, which is useful both for burning and cooking purposes. When the nuts ripen and fall off the trees they are collected by the natives, who are aided in the harvest by their goats. These animals swallow the fruit for the rind, but being unable to digest the nut, they throw it up again, and it is then added by their owners to the store for making the oil. For their private consumption the peasants rarely make a large quantity of oil at a time, but crack open a few handfuls of nuts with a stone, and, after toasting the kernels in an earthenware dish, grind them into flour. The oil is extracted by adding water in small quantities to the flour, which is stirred in a bowl. As the oil is being formed by this process, the flour hardens into a cake, which is finally squeezed, leaving the oil perfectly clear and fit for use. This kind of oilcake school-boy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn then serves as an excellent food for catout. As the foot grows, the mother keeps the little sabots in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe. Long after, when the child has become pal and most nutritious food during the year, and is invaluable to the natives in time of drought; for the argan tree is very hardy, and a dry year has little if any effect upon it. Even the empty husk of the nut when broken is not thrown away by the peasants, but is used as fuel. The best charcoal is made from the argan tree, and the dry timber is excellent firewood. The goats feed also upon the leaves of the tree, and when browsing in the argan forest may be seen climbing among the trees, pluck-ing and nibbling the nuts and leaves.

Among the Hindoos early marriages are the rule. By the time a boy of good family has reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, a wife has been selected for him, usually a girl a year or two younger than himself. Very possibly he has never seen her until the marriage ceremony is about to be performed. At the wedding both families lay themselves out to make the utmost rossible display. out to make the utmost possible display. Relatives, friends and guests are gathered in the house of the bride's father. Clad in her richest attire, the girl kneels on a slight platform covered with a rich tissue, the boy sitting cross-legged op-posite her. The bride's father raises her hand over a vase filled with the holy water of the Ganges, and places he hand in that of the bridegroom, who puts the ring on her finger, amid the prayers of the Brahmins. This is the essential part of the ceremony, which makes them husband and wife. The genealogy of the husband is then form-ally read, and the stipulated dowry is paid over to him. After this, the fes-tivities begin, and are kept up for several days.

Fairbanks & Co., scale manufacturers, already get three gold medals at Paris.

RUNNING THE FAST TRAIN,

ightning-Like Railroad Speed Between New York and Philadelphia-A Mile in Forty-Eight Seconds.

The train leaving this city at 7.35 in the morning for New York over the Pennsylvania Railroad is among the fastest in the world. Indeed, a portion of the distance is made at a rate scarcely obtained by any other road in Europe or America. The distance between West Philadelphia and Jersey City is eighty-nine miles, accomplished in one hour and fifty-four minutes, with a single stop, while the return is six minutes less, including two stops. This gives a rate in going, of nearly fifty miles, and in returning of slightly more than fifty miles an hour, surpassing that of the celebrated Queen's mail between Lon-don and Holyhead, where the run of 264 miles occupies seven hours. At half past seven o'clock on the morning when a Times man, by permission, boarded the engine at the West Philadelphia depot the steam guage marked 120 pounds and "still rising." Precisely five minutes later the bell clinked over the engineer's head, and almost simul-taneously he gave a slight clutch of the lever and the train of four cars was off. It stopped at Germantown Junction thirteen minutes later. As soon as the engine got clear of the suburbs she shricked and bounded away at greater speed. About twenty minutes after it ound its way through Bristol, and in still less time the iron bridge over the Delaware was sighted and Trenton was isected at the same moderate speed which had been adhered to through Philadelphia. But it was necessary to do better in order to reach Jersey City, nearly sixty miles away at the appointed time. Trenton was scarcely passed when the engineer touched up his steed. Between the first two mile posts noted, roceeded with so much smoothness that was impossible to appreciate the amazing swiftness. There was no unusual jolting, and in the cars the passengers were smoking, dozing or reading ust as though it was an ordinary train nust as though it was an ordinary train in which they were riding. Just beyond Princeton, the speed rose to the rate of a mile in fifty-eight seconds and continued it without diminution, except a slight "slowing up" at Monmouth Junction, until New Brunswick was in As soon as the town was left behind the engine was at it again, and in the neighborhood of Menlo Park the speed became prodigious, as if the locomotive was snorting defiance to to the

wonderful Edison in his laboratory under the hill. In this neighborhood Conductor Siance, with watch in hand, carefully timed the train for three miles. The first was passed in fifty-four seconds, the second in fifty-two, and the third in fifty. The last was seventy-two miles an hour. The puffs from the engine had become continuous shuddering roar; the driving wheels were spinning around four hun-dred times a minute—a half dozen times second-with a centrifugal force that, it would seem, ought to shatter their peripheries to atoms. The day was a hot one and the air was at a dead calm, but it rushed through the narrow door in front of the engine like a tornado. Small bridges were thundered over so quickly that they gave a single rumble as they whisked out of sight behind; the expres train coming from the opposite direction flashed by like a meteor in a single hot puff of air; you might yell to the en-gineer, two feet distant, and yet he would only see your lips move, without hearing anything above the deafening mysterious to them and above their comroar of the engine, which drowns everything except the shrick of the whistle. All the time the fireman steadily shovels in coal or climbs around the engine with oil can in hand, his clothing fluttering so flercely in the wind that it seems in danger of being blown off. The engineer with his hand upon the lever watches, with a cat-like vigilance, the rails sweeping under his wheels. The whole train s constantly under his eye, and he never

allows his attention to be diverted for an instant. One Saturday morning, as the train was approaching New Brunswick, and before its speed had diminished, Ed Osmond, the engineer, felt a sudden thump beneath him. It was repeated instantly, and then his entire side of the cab flew off as if from a thunderbolt, But the veteran knew like a flash what was coming when he heard the first thump, and with one bound he threw himself astride the boiler, shut off steam, and applied the automatic air brake. This stopped the train with such suddenness as almost to throw the passengers off their seats; but no one was hurt, and the slight scratch of the engineer's nose and the blow on his arm did not prevent his running back to Philadelphia in the evening. This is the only accident which the fast train has encoun. tered since it began running on the 8th of July last. As proof of the ease with which the extraordinary speed is maintained, it may be said that the train goes into the Jersey City depot frequently ahead of the schedule time. One day the passengers began stepping off just a minute and a half before the train was due. Of the twenty-nine trips from West Philadelphia to New York, twentyfive were made on time connection. The train has been missed only twice. Once was on account of the accident mentioned, and the other was a twelve minute detention caused by an excursion train getting in the way. The other delays were just two minutes apiece, occasioned by the draw in the river. The return trip fails oftener, it being difficult to get away from Jersey city at the exact mo ment, while the run is harder, including more up grade.

The train generally consists of four or the train generally consists of the following a palace one, and averages about 300 passengers a day. It is under the charge of Louis Silance, an experienced conductor, while the two engines, which alternately do the work, are run by the vetarans Edward Osmond, who has been on the road twenty-one years and has handled a locomotive sixteen years, and Frank Peacock, equally skilled and careful. The register shows that many a mile has been made in forty-eight seconds, which is at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. Going eastward the train makes one and in returning two stops. The driving wheels of the engine are only five feet in diameter, but this will probably be in-creased to five and a half feet,—Philadelphia Times.

Mr. C. D. Sanders, of Parkersburg, West Virginia, is a tall, straight, robust man, between fifty and sixty. He has not slept for fifteen years; he feels tired sometimes, but never sleepy; though he has tried working continously for ten or eleven days and nights. Heavy opiates have no effect upon him. At night he goes to bed, "so as to be out of the way," and lies there and thinks, but does not sleep.

would give him five dollars to get their riatas off the camel's neck. The big in Indian was used to camels, and declared he wasn't afraid. He went—but in less than fifteen minutes, he came back with old Heenan at his heels. The sight struck a panic through the camp, and all hands scattered, pell-mell, Indians, squaws, papooses, and the thievish vaqueros.

The old camel's blood was up now, and he came on, fairly snorting with

INDIAN ASTRONOMY.

How the Red Men Mark toe Changes of th A correspondent of the Philadelphia A correspondent of the Philadelphia Star writes from camp on Clear creek, Wyoming: Considering their ignorance of astronomy, time is very rationally divided by the Indians. Those in the interior parts (and of those I would generally be understood to speak) count their years by the winters; or, as they express, themselves, by speak themselves. express themselves, by snows. Some tribes among them reckon their years by moons, and make them consist of twelve synodical or lunar months, observing, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the lost moon, and then begin to

count as before. They pay a great regard to the first appearance of every moon, and on the occasion always repeat some joyful sounds, stretching at the same time their hands towards it. Every month has with it a name expressive of its seasons. For instance, they call the month of March (in which their year generally begins at the first new moon, after the vernal equinox), the Worm month or moon; because at this time the worms quit their retreats in the bark of the trees, wood, etc., where they have sheltered themselves during the winter. The month of April is termed by them the month of Plants; May the month of Plants; May, the month of Flowers ; June, the Hot moon ; July, the Buck moon. Their reasons for thus denominating these is obvious. August, the Fish moon; because in this month they catch great numbers of fish. September, the Corn moon; because in that month they gather in their Indian corn. October, the Traveling moon, as they leave at this time their village and travel toward the place where they intend to hunt during the winter. November, seconds; the next in a little less, and a third in precisely sixty. Hurrah! The train was spinning along at the rate of a mile a minute. And yet everything proceeded with so much smooth next the beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient store of provisions for the winter seaton. December, the Hunting moon; because they employ this month in purpose ded with so much smooth next the beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient ground. Then I moved the bar-room up stairs, put another story on top and began business again. Pretty non the stairs are provided to the beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient ground. Then I moved the bar-room up stairs, put another story on the provided to the bar-room and the provided to the bar-room up stairs, put another story on the provided to the provided to the bar-room and the provided to the provided the Beaver moon; for in this month because they employ this month in pur-suit of their game. January, the Cold moon; as it generally freezes harder, and the cold is more intense in this than in any other month. February they call the Snow moon, because more snow commonly falls during this month than

any other in the winter. When the moon does not shine they say the moon is dead; and some call the three last days of it the naked days. The moon's first appearance they term coming to life again. They make no division of weeks, but days they count by sleeps, half days by pointing to the sun at noon, and quarters by the rising and setting of the sun; to express which in their traditions which, in their traditions, they make use of very significant hieroglyphics. The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all other sciences and yet they draw on their birch bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. The

latitude and longitude are only wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the pole star, by which they regulate their course when they regulate their course when they travel in the night. They reckon the distance of places, not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculations I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters and mill depend to the place of the place ters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness, by the hie-roglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war parties or their most distant hunting excursions They have no idea of arithmetic, and though they are able to count any number, figures as well as letters appear prehension.

A Camel on the Rampage.

We have often laughed over the story of the man who had a tiger by the tail, and dared not let go. But even his unpleasant situation has often been surpassed by the comedy of a thief's pun-ishment who mistook the quality of his plunder. The Virginia City Chronicle plunder. The Virginia City Chronicle tells a long and very droll story of a safer hotel. The Blue Hen is too pright adventure of some prowling Mexicans with an old camel. The following

is the substance of it: It seems that a certain French settle in Nevada owns a herd of camels, which Oriental animals he pastures on his ranch near Carson river, below Dayton. One of the camels, dubbed "Old Heenan" by the herders, is a monster in size, and wears a coat of fine silky hair, almost a foot long. The rascally Mexican va-queros in the neighborhood coveted Old Heenan's hair (for their leggings and saddle trimmings), and one night two of them determined to catch him and clip Mounted on their mustangs, they him. softly to the Frenchman's ranch and finding the big camel lying down, and apparently an easy prey, soon had their lassos round his long neck. Old Heenan felt the pull, and rose to his feet in astonishment and indignation. The little horses were horribly frightened at the living mountain of flesh and bones that so suddenly towered up be fore them; but the strong riatas were made fast to their saddles, and they could not get away. For the next few minutes the excitement was intense—as if a whole menagerie had been let loose. Old Heenan ran first at one mustang and then at the other, with his mouth wide open, and hissing and blowing with wide open, and hissing and blowing with rage; and the poor mustangs snorted in terror, and jumped, and reared, an tumbled down. The big camel rushed around, intent on vengeance, and the little horses plunged the length of the lassos, only to be twitched back upon their haunches again. The dust rose in a perfect smudge, and all the sage-bush was trampled flat for a space of five square rods.

The thievish Mexicans soon began to

The thievish Mexicans soon began to be as anxious to get away as their horses were, and making the best of a bad job, were, and making the best of a bad job, they whipped out their shears and cut the lasso thongs. Old Heenan stood scornfully, with the long riatas trailing from his neck, and let his beaten tormentors gallop off the field. The thieves felt chagrined enough at their failure. Besides their rough handling, they had lost their riatas, and these would be hard to replace. They concluded they would try to recover them. cluded they would try to recover them, and presently one of them came sneaking back on foot. Old Heenan saw him, and charged at him in full fury, blowing and charged at him in full fury, blowing and snapping his teeth, and the scared "greaser" ran for dear life. Then the other tried it, but came off quite as ignominiously. Finally, they led their mustangs to a Piute camp, down the river, and told a "big Injun" they would give him five dollars to get their riatas off the camel's neck. The big Indian was used te camels, and declared he wasn't afraid. He went—but in less than fifteen minutes, he came back with

wrath, the ristas still dangling from his long neck. In an incredibly short space of time the camp was cleared, some of the Indians swimming across the river, some hiding under the bank. Old Heensn felt that he had been insulted as well as injured, and he determined to make an end of it. Finding nothing also to receive his rarge upon, he attacked make an end of it. Finding nothing else to vent his rage upon, he attacked the flimsy wigwams with his teeth, and flung them right and left, with all their furniture, till the ground looked as if a typhoon had passed by. The Mexicans did not want anything more of Old Heenan or his hair. Next morning his owner took the riatas of his neck, and chuckled to see what nice ones they were. Nobody ever called to claim

The Blue Hen Hotel.

"Some time ago," said the drummer,
"I had occasion to visit the city of D—,
in the State of Delaware, and I concluded to stop at the Blue Hen hotel, where I had spent one night during a previous visit. When I reached the spot where the hotel used to be, I was surprised to see that the tall building had given place to a low structure with a single row of windows, and the roof close to the ground. However, I recog-nized the keeper of the old hotel sitting on a chair in front of one of the winlows, and I asked him where his establishment was.
"There she is, sir. I've enlarged her

since you were here last." "Indeed! Enlarged? I don't ex-

etly understand." "Oh, I know she looks smaller ; but, stranger, I tell you that I've added four stories to this hotel since January, '75."

"What became of them?"
"I'll explain. After the hotel had been built a year or two she suddenly began to sink. I dunno what the reason is. A quicksand under her, I reckup stairs, put another story on top and began business again. Pretty soon she sank to another floor, and we moved up a second time and added another story. It's been nothing unusual in this house to go to bed in the second story and wake up in the morning to find yourself in the cellar. The milkman has regular instructions to pour the milk down the chimney in case he comes some morning early and can't dig out a window. Last month I overslept myself for forty-eigt hours because the room remained dark, and when I did get up, the roof was just even with the streets.

"This part of the house that you see now I built on early last week. The property became too valuable to lease. There are sixteen stories to the Blue Hen now, and I have got to add another before the week is out. If this hotel was spread out sideways she'd be about three hundred yards long. Eventually I expect she'll be six or seven hundre stories high, and it 'll take you a week to get into the celler. I s'pose if I keep on, this here hotel will reach clean through, from Delaware to China. The lower end will come bursting ont into Hong Kong or Shanghai, and maybe I'll be taken Chinamen for boarders without knowing it. Then, very likely, they'll tax both ends of the hotel and take money out of my pocket. They're always grinding a poor man so's he can hardly get along. Costs like thunder, you know, to run a hotel like this that requires so much to keep up a respecta-ble appearance. I duno exactly wha I'll do if she breaks out on the other side of the earth and then slips through the hole. I can't carry on a hotel float-ing out into ethereal space, you know. "I have some hopes that may be, before she sinks more'n a mile or two, she'll strike a volcanic vein or something and get a shove up; come all the way out, for all I know, and stand on solid ground. If she does, you come round and see me, and I'll take you up and show you the view. I'll bet you can see Peru and Oshkosh and Nova Zembla and Tuckertown, and all those places regular bird's eye view. You come mound anyway and I'll take you down

Max Adeler, in Philadelphia Bulletin.

Curiosities of Grafting. In 1866 Mr. Carillet, of Vincennes, France, took two young pear trees, each of which was worked on the quince stock, and one of these, the Beurre de Aremberg, was made to serve as the stock, while the other, the Buerre de Charneu, was grafted upon it in an inverted position, having it roots fully exposed to the open air. The operation was performed in April, and during the summer the stock grew vigorously and bore two fruits, while the scion tree threw out buds and shoots from the quince stock. Two add to the com-plexity of the experiment, M. Carillet grafted four pear scions on the principal roots of the quince, and two of these succeeded. The sap thus passed from quince roots through Beurre de Aremberg, thirdly through the inverted Beurre de Charneu, then through the quince again, and finally into the two varieties of pears.-London Graphic.

Rhyme and Repartee. Several years ago the reverend and venerable Dr. Jeter, of Virginia, was holding a Wednesday night service, and very slim audience was present. After lecturing for half an hour, he gave out a hymn to close the exercises. No one belonging to his own denomination being present to raise the tune, he called on a Methodist brother present of the name of Moon. He said :

"Brother Moon,
Will you raise the tune?"
But brother Moon had no hymn book,
and was unacquainted with the spiritual
songs of the Baptist church, therefore he replied, extemporaneously : What's the meter?"
The laugh that followed was long and loud, and Dr. Jeter, without singing the hymn, said: "Let us unite in prayer."

Baltimorean. The big picture of the Berlin congress by Director Werner, painted to the order of the city of Berlin, is under way. The artist took separate sketches in water color of all the members of the congress, and that of Lord Beaconsfield is among the best. In the picture he is to be represented standing at the upper end of the congress table, leaning over the chair of Prince Gortchakoff, and laughing in a

friendly way with that celebrity. Prince Bismarck stands firmly planted beside them, and Counts Andrassy and Schou valoff are depicted advancing to shake hands. The picture promises to be of interest and excellence.

A man may sneer at a woman all he will because she cannot sharpen a lead pencil, but she has the smile on him when he stands holding an unoccupied suspender button in his hand, and wondering whether it will hurt less to pull the needle out of his thumb the same The old camel's blood was up now, and he came on, fairly snorting with the needle out of his thumb the same way it went in, or push it on through,—

Hawkeye,

An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconstruction his contemporaries put upon his able leader on demand for men."

Prempt Referm et Bedliy Evils.
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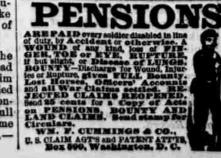
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