

AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Sir John Evelyn's Tribute to His Wonderful Child.

Of all the stories of infant marvels the most touching is that told by Sir John Evelyn in his diary when he records in his quaint, dignified style the death of his wonderful little boy.

"Died my deare son Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, five years and three days onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and learning. To give only a little taste of them and thereby glory to God, sense of God, at two and a halfe ont he could perfectly reade any of ye English Latine or French or Gothic letters, pronouncing the first three languages exactly. He had before the fifth yeare or in that yeare got by heart almost the entire vocabularie of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine, and vice versa, construe and prove what he read and did the government and use of relatives, verbes, substantives, ellipses and many figures and tropes and made considerable progress in Comenius' Janna, began for himself to write legibly and had a strouge passion for Greek. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture to the occasion. He declaimed against ye vanities of the world before he had scene any. So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! Such a child I never saw, and for such a child I blisse God in whose bosom he is."—Exchange.

HELPING A SCULPTOR.

The Favor Falguiere Did For Young Macmonnies.

When Macmonnies, the American sculptor, was a young man working in Paris Falguiere, the famous French sculptor, on one occasion entered his atelier and found there a beautiful Diana that had been for months "on the stocks" and was approaching a perfection measurably satisfactory to the sculptor himself.

Falguiere became so absorbed in the work before him as to forget that it was not his own. He began to twist and pull the dainty limbs of Diana this way and that, to punch her in the ribs, turn her queely head—for she was then only in clay, of course, and susceptible to impressions—until at last he had produced the very pose he desired. "There, my friend; I like her better so," he cried, and skipped out of the studio.

He had really intended to do Macmonnies a favor and had indeed paid him the greatest compliment of which he was capable, but the young sculptor was in distress, for on comparing the remodeled Diana with a photograph of Falguiere's statue of the same character he found the Frenchman had unconsciously made a practical replica of the other. Macmonnies did not rest until he had restored his statue to its original pose.

Billy Rice and a Pin.

Billy Rice, the negro minstrel, used to tell the story of a man who picked up a pin as he was leaving the office of a great merchant after an unsuccessful quest for work. The merchant, seeing the man's action from the window, called him back and gave him employment, which kindness he repaid by becoming owner of the entire business in an incredibly short time.

Billy used to end his story by saying that he tried that scheme once when he was looking for work, dropping a pin carefully on the floor as he entered. He stated his wants to the proprietor, who not only had no employment to offer him, but remarked to his partner as Rice picked up the pin:

"Say, if that fellow's so small as to steal a pin off the floor, how much do you think he'd leave in my till?"

Damascus, "City of Magic."

An oriental city of magic called up by a slave of the lamp to realize one's dream of the orient; a city ethereally lovely, exquisitely eastern, ephemeral, to be blown away by a breath like a tuft of thistle-down, not white, but delicately pale with a pallor holding the faintest hint of a seashell flush; a city slender, calm, almost mystic in its fragile grace, set in the heart of a great wonder of green, a maze of bright and ardent woods, beyond which lie the desert spaces—this is Damascus from the mountain of Jebel Kasyun. It holds one almost breathless seen thus from afar.—Robert Hichens in Century.

A Permanent Position.

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him."

"I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—Success Magazine.

The Gossipers.

"They say she will create no end of gossip."

"Well, I guess the jobbers in that community will be able to handle her output."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Tip He Wanted.

Artist (to burglar, who is making away with paintings)—Er—by the way, if you should manage to dispose of them would you mind sending me your customer's address?—Life.

Had Shown Good Sense.

Hewitt—That rich old fool wouldn't let me marry his daughter. Jewett—Well, he may be rich and old, but he's no fool.—New York Times.

KEELHAULING.

An Old Time Form of Punishment For Offending Sailors.

Very few persons know what keelhauling is, but before the advent of steam it was a recognized form of punishment for offending sailors and more to be dreaded than even the cut o' nine tails.

A line was passed beneath the ship from port to starboard side, leaving about a foot of slack under the keel. The unfortunate tar's feet were securely tied together and his arms lashed behind his back. In this helpless condition he was attached to the end of the line and dropped overboard in the smothering seas to be hauled along under the ship, bumping and scraping against the bottom in the process until he was yanked up on the opposite side. The punishment was repeated until the victim became unconscious from fright or bruises, and sometimes by a refinement of cruelty he was allowed to remain under the yelp for a full minute until he was all but drowned. The ship never was stopped while a sailor was being keelhaunched, and if sometimes the strain on the line was too great and it parted, leaving him to go down bound and helpless to an ocean grave, nobody was held responsible for his death, but it was reported in the log as an "act of Providence."

Keelhauling was great sport for the captain and mates, but the mariner who once survived the experience took good care never to do anything to merit such a terrible punishment again.—New York Press.

HIS WIFE'S TRIUMPH.

A Memento That Was Inspiring to John Richard Green.

It has been the fate of many men of letters to have ill health bearing them down as they struggle on toward literary achievements. Thus beset in recent times were Stevenson, Richard Jeffries and J. R. Green. Each of these, it happened, had a high hearted wife to keep him up, even to help him with the actual labor of writing. "The Life and Letters of J. R. Green" show forth a great and sweet man. They show, too, a wife whose sympathy and fortitude helped to make his accomplishment possible.

In copying the vast amount of manuscript of her husband's books Mrs. Green contracted writer's cramp and was forced to stop using her right hand. This looked like a final obstacle in the way of the invalid, who did much of his thinking in bed and could not write himself. But Mrs. Green set to work at once learning to write with her left hand.

One of her first practice pages, which she was about to destroy with the rest, her husband took quietly and put in his pocket. Years afterward when ill health seemed unbearable and in discouragement he felt that he could not work he used to take out that piece of paper, a living record of his wife's triumph over difficulty. When he saw the painful, patient strokes by which Mrs. Green had learned to write with her left hand he could work on with something near to inspiration.

Poison of the Centiped.

The centiped is popularly supposed to carry a sting on each foot, but I have several times handled one after its head was removed without the claws producing any result. It is the first pair of claws only that are venomous, being hollow and provided with poison bags like a snake's fang. The largest I ever saw was eleven inches in length, a grewsome creature. A bite from one of this size would most likely have been fatal to a man in weak health. The tarantula, though his powers of offense are nothing like those of the scorpion or centiped, is, however, a more unpopular character than either. The horror of these large spiders entertained by many people is curious and unaccountable. I have seen Australian bushmen, who in everyday life scarcely seemed to understand danger, turn white as a sheet at the sight of a small "triantelope," as they called it.—Chambers' Journal.

Practice and Preaching.

When the late Bishop Hare was presiding over a Methodist Episcopal church in New York city a large reception was given in his honor to which a brother of his, a lawyer, who closely resembled the bishop, was invited.

During the evening a member of the conference who had never met the bishop's brother approached him and, shaking him warmly by the hand, said:

"Good evening, Bishop Hare. I greatly enjoyed the sermon you gave us today. It is just what this church needs."

"You are mistaken in the person," said the brother, smiling, as he pointed to the bishop on the opposite side of the room, "that is the man who preaches. I practice."

A Long Job.

"Where have you been for so long?" asked the head man of the menagerie.

"Been watching one of the animals clear his throat, sir," replied the attendant.

"But does it take half an hour for an animal to clear its throat?"

"Yes, sir; it was the giraffe, sir."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mean.

The Bride (from Chicago)—This is my third bridal tour. The Groom—Well, my dear, I hope that it will be your last. The Bride (bursting into tears)—You selfish thing!—Puck.

Every man should keep a fair sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.—Henry Ward Beecher.

SAVED BY THE KING.

An Incident in the Career of Holbein, the Painter.

There happened an affair in England which might have been fatal to Holbein if the king had not protected him. On the report of his character a nobleman of the first quality wanted one day to see him when he was drawing a figure after the life. Holbein in answer begged his lordship to defer the honor of his visit to another day, which the nobleman took for an affront. He broke open the door and very rudely went upstairs. Holbein, hearing the noise, left his chamber and, meeting the lord at his door, fell into a violent passion and pushed him backward from the top of the stairs to the bottom.

Considering, however, immediately what he had done, he escaped from the tumult he had raised and made the best of his way to the king. The nobleman, much hurt, though not so much as he pretended, was there soon after him, and upon opening his grievance the king ordered Holbein to ask pardon for his offense. But this only irritated the nobleman the more, who would not be satisfied with less than his life, upon which the king sternly replied:

"My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me. Whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, pray, my lord, that I can whenever I please make seven lords of seven plowmen, but I cannot make one Holbein even of seven lords."—"Life of Holbein."

WIDTH OF A RIVER.

A Way to Measure It Without the Use of Instruments.

It is necessary to make use only of the eyes and the brim of a hat to measure the width of any ordinary stream or even of a good sized river, and here is the way to do it:

Select a part of the river bank where the grounds run back level behind you and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and it, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat you may "lay off" a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, supporting your chin with your hand if necessary and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where your hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river, a distance that may readily be measured by stepping.

If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.

Short and Sweet.

Perhaps one of the shortest courtships was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and ninepence," was the answer as the girl walked on.

The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said "Yes." "Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind, and they rode to the courthouse and were made one. It is recorded that, brief though the courtship had been, the marriage proved a pre-eminently happy one.

Disguised Hands Always Bad.

"Here is a truth," says a handwriting expert, "that is as widespread as the ether: A disguised hand always tries to be poorer than the real hand. That axiom is a great help to us experts. For instance, when a letter done in a disguised hand is brought to us we always know that the writer of the letter is in a higher station than the hand would lead us to infer; hence in our detective work we are able to save much valuable time by eliminating all persons socially below the appearance of the letter and concentrating our attention on those only who are above it."

Embarrassing.

"Paw, I want to know what you think the fourth dimension is."

"It's a figure of speech, Tommy, employed to express the idea of the size to which a man feels himself shrinking when the pastor of his church happens to catch him in the act of making a quick sidestep into a saloon."—Chicago Tribune.

A Double Break.

Wife—I saw Mr. Chacer this afternoon, and he looks very bad. What's the matter with him—do you know? Hubby—Compound fracture. Wife—What sort of compound fracture? Hubby—He's broke, and Miss Doughbag, discovering that fact, broke her engagement.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He Told Her.

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta.

"I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie softly.

Four Useful Senses.

The naturalist of Wobrook-in-the-Hills had pointed out a rabbit squatting close under a bush, and the ladies had declared in chorus that they could not see the little animal.

"How do you manage to see everything?" asked one of the party, with flattering infection.

"Well," began the naturalist confidently, "'tain't altogether seeing. Sometimes I see, but when I can't see with my eyes I smell things with my nose, and when I can't smell things with my nose I hear 'em with my ears, and when I can't hear with my ears I prickle all over."—Youth's Companion.

Curacao's Good Schools.

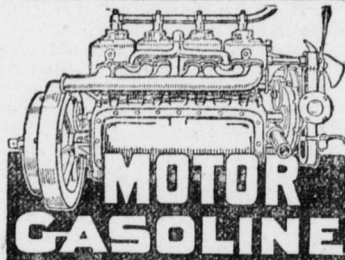
In all Curacao schools, from the most exclusive to the humblest government school, in which the little black or parchment Dutch twigs are bent, Dutch, French, Spanish, English and Papiamentoe are used and taught. By the neighboring islands and even on the mainland and as far away as Central America these schools are highly regarded, and a large number of foreign children are sent to Curacao to get their education.—Charles Johnson Post in Century.

Definition of Tact.

Mrs. Pyne—Mrs. Blank certainly possesses a lot of tact. Mrs. Hyne—What is your definition of "tact?" Mrs. Pyne—Tact is a woman's ability to make her husband believe he is having his own way.—Lippincott's.

Hated's Dividends.

Hated takes time and energy and health. And the dividends on the investment are pitifully small and unsatisfactory.—Acheson Globe.



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