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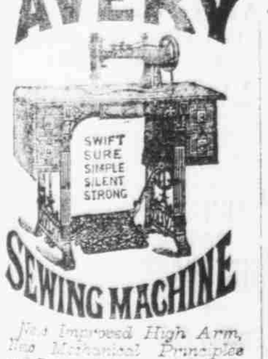

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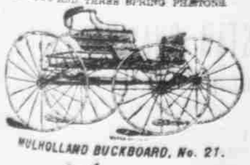

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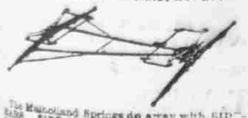

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A LITTLE MISTAKE.

The Professor's keen, admiring glance
Fell on the pupil's face—
The rosy cheeks, the bright, black eyes,
The form of matchless grace,

Reclining with coquettish ease
Against the wooden bench—
"Allow me, Miss, to ask your name."
She murmured, "Hélène French."

The Professor started with a frown;
Could he have heard aright?
Could a depraved and hardened soul
Shine through those eyes so bright?

And could he, should he, ought he to
Allow her to be free
And join with him—a learned Prof.,
An A. M., Ph. D.?

The little maid turned white and red
And trembled 'neath his frown;
Upon the pretty, dimpled cheek
The tears went trickling down.

"Was this the way they treated girls
At this old, hateful college—
Coeds who came five hundred miles
To get a little knowledge?"

Anatomically speaking,
The Professor had a heart,
And it thumped against his waist-coat
When he saw the tear-drops start;

So, taking out his handkerchief
And mopping off his head,
And wiping off his specs[illegible]
In soothing tones he said:

"I would suggest, Miss, when you joke
You choose some other game;
Now, please, at once to tell me what,
In English, is your name."

—(The Judge.

NELLIE'S MATCH.

"My dear child, Nellie Middleton is not a coquette—at least in the ordinary acceptance of the term. She has an exceedingly desire to be liked, to be petted; to be something more than a mere acquaintance of those whom she admires. She is a general favorite among women, unless they chance to be jealous of her—though how she manages that doubtless you will soon be able to tell better than I; but with the men she has the art of finding out the thing which you especially desire to shine, and to appreciate you in that thing. For instance, knowing little things, she discovered what my wife don't know yet, that I am not very proud of my scribbling—think it, in fact, very poor stuff, indeed; but I like to be considered as a man of fine taste and keen perceptions and sympathies. It didn't take Nellie more than three times to find that, and she is always appealing to those supposed qualities. I know perfectly all the time she is playing with me; that is only her way of making herself agreeable; that she isn't overwhelmingly anxious for my approval; that she isn't occupied when away from me in picturing to herself all my good and winning qualities, and yet I like it. When she is looking at me in her soft, appealing way she can twist me around her finger."

Vivia gave a little sigh.

"And you say she is coming this afternoon?"

"Yes; she will be here to supper."

Nellie came, dressed simply enough in black—a very pretty girl, fair, but not blonde, with brown hair brushed away from the wide, calm forehead; gray, cheerful eyes, and a face in general outline of feature not altogether unlike that of Marie Stuart.

She was quiet, almost silent. The girls looked at one another as if they would say: "Is this the paragon whom we were to dread?" and arched brows and pursed-up mouths in pretty contempt at me, not seeing, as I did, that Nellie was simply taking their gauge and a survey of her position.

She felt instinctively a certain stand-offishness assumed toward her by the feminine element, and set herself to combat it; found in less than a week a hundred ways of being useful and entertaining. She was skillful in devising ways in which to afford the girls tete-a-etes with their respective "particulars," behaved, in short, more like a grandmother than a belle of 20; won them all over, even including Bell, who seemed to like her grudgingly and under protest, and then was ready for action.

During her week of quiescence there had been, though she had appeared unconscious of the fact, masculine observers. They had seen that she was not only lovely, but after that piquant fashion which depends much on expression, and keeps you busy studying it.

She sang sweetly, played well, conversed delightfully, had a keen eye and soft touch; grew on you, in short, strengthened her hold upon you day by day.

One thing, however, puzzled me—an unusual languor, almost timidity, in Nellie, and Otto Winstanley's almost incomprehensible conduct.

He had joined in none of the conversation anticipatory of her arrival, and when she was presented there was a start and sudden paleness on Nellie's part and a sudden dark upleaping of color and feeling to his face as he muttered something about a previous acquaintance.

I think no one else observed this, or the fact that his indolent flirtation with Bell glowed with sudden and unaccountable ardor since Nellie's arrival. Perhaps, also, no one else remarked that he certainly treated Miss Middleton with downright rudeness and neglect, or thought to ask themselves if a man was apt to be rude and neglectful toward a sweet and winning girl to whom he was perfectly indifferent.

But, be that as it might, two slow weeks went and I saw no more clearly into the mystery than I had done at first. But one evening Nellie came and sat down beside me in the twilight.

She sat very still, looked even paler than usual, and I caught myself pitying her, but at a loss how to manifest it. I remained silent.

Otto strolled in, and giving me a brief nod, sat down and began playing with Jip, the terrier. Having a vague idea that Nellie might be inclined to be more specific with him than me, I made Mrs. Polly do some one a good turn, for one of the few times in her life, and getting up a fiction about being wanted, left them alone. What afterward occurred I have from the best authority—Nellie herself.

They sat in the fast-growing twilight, memories busy at the heart of each; pride struggling with a feeling that, during those weeks, had fast been growing too strong for it. Nellie, with bowed head and swimming eyes; Otto watching her, with face softening in spite of himself.

Suddenly Nellie rose with an air of desperation, and brushing past Otto, went over to the piano.

As she reached it something rang out sharply—a click, as of something metallic that had struck on the marble hearth.

Otto stooped to pick up something that shone in the red firelight just at his foot. She moved forward as if to prevent him; stood then, as if paralyzed, as he held up a ring—a simple little thing—only a plain gold circlet, bearing some words engraved on it, hanging from a chain attached to a hood like a watch guard.

Otto looked alternately at it and Nellie, who stood by him crimson and speechless.

"You have kept this all this time, Nellie?"

Nellie was silent.

"Why did you keep it?"

"I wanted something to wear on the chain, and I don't carry my watch."

"Oh, I thought perhaps you kept something for it after all!"

"You thought differently when we were last together."

"I had reason."

"That is your assertion."

"Answer, then. I ask you to judge yourself. Had I not reason? Would not any man have been justified in being incensed and outraged at your conduct?"

"I was very young, very thoughtless. I never dreamed that you really cared. It was pleasant to talk and feel, and I liked to vex you for the pleasure of the reconciliation."

"A strange pleasure, that was pleased with the pain it inflicted on what it loved the best. A strange thoughtlessness, that permitted me no freedom, but schemed an unbounded liberty for herself."

"You have said all those things once," returned Nellie, with some dignity, "and it was painful enough to hear them once."

"I had no intention of reproaching you," answered Otto; "forgive me if the bitterness of the heart my mouth spoke. It is so miserable to look at you and think what might have been, and how now we are hopelessly separated."

"Otto," said Nellie, timidly, "don't you think we might be friends? You need not treat me quite as an enemy. If you have suffered, so do I; and you cannot think what a pain it is to see the eyes that once were my light look coldly on me. It makes me wretched. Let us, at least, be friends."

Otto looked at her earnestly, took her hands and drew her toward him. Half unconsciously she sank down on the little stool at his feet, her head close to his hand, that, following its old habitude, began to stroke the soft, bright hair. Presently——

"No," said Otto, firmly. "We can never be friends."

"You are unforgiving."

"Very. I will not hate an atom of my just rights. I must and will have you for my wife, as you once promised me to be, or nothing. Mere cool friendship will not satisfy me."

"And I was not very obstinate," concluded Nellie, archly, "as that was precisely why I came, knowing that he was here."

I have their wedding cards before me now, and now I am going to whisper in the ear of the public what I then thought: Nellie dropped the ring on purpose.

ILL-FITTING NAMES.

How the Sentiment Attaching to the Cognomen is Often Belied by the Possessor.

Says a writer in London Truth. Now is it not a pity that people's names fit so badly? Would it not be better not to give the Christian name until girls come of age? I once knew a family of nine girls, none of whom was christened until the youngest was 16 years of age. They used to be called Nos. 1, 2, and so on to 9. At 16 the character is sufficiently formed to be suited with a name, and no one would feel perplexed at hearing a great bouncing creature, who talks stable slang and whistles to her dogs, called Selina or Susan, or some such homely name; while, perhaps, all one's previous impressions of the probable Gertrude, or Adelaide, or Frances, receive a violent jerk on being confronted with the owners of those names.

And men's names are occasionally quite as anomalous. The only Frank I know is short and stout, and a slow thinker, who begins to dribble out his words before his thought is ready, and then has to make a clumsy pause while the poor slow thing is overtaking him. How different from the bright and winning Frank of fiction. How many a George does one know who slay their dragons? And how many Jacks who kill their giants. Tom is somewhere near Jack, but less attractive, for these yielding, susceptible sinners are generally very likable. Andrew is not. He is slow and sure, and quite reliable, so far as his own interests jump with yours. I think I should hate to be married to an Andrew; that is, the typical Andrew.

As to John and James, they are either John and James, or else they are Jack and Jim, and worlds divide these from each other. James and John are fixed stars—Jim and Jack are planets, if not comets, with the exception that not all the science in the world could with certainty predict their movements. Then there is Alfred; often a quite unbearable prig, while Fred is the very contrary. Frederick is a very different man from Fred, and it seems as impossible for Harry to grow old as it is for Henry to be very young. Charley is surrounded by historic grace, which disappears when we examine into facts, but the name is improved by the cloudy halo that surrounds it. But Charles? Oh, "Charles" is dreadful.

A Siberian Priest Ahead of Pasteur.

The French Professor Pasteur, who has made himself famous by inoculating men and cattle with disease germs to insure them against epidemics, ought to yield the palm of priority in that discovery to a humble priest of Siberia. In 1868, when the Siberian plague was killing the cattle in this place, Father Andrew Joakimansky of the Troitzky village, resorted to a desperate means in order to save his cows. He got some blood from a dying cow, saturated threads with that blood, and passed those threads through the ears of the healthy cows, numbering eleven. At the place where the ears were punctured there appeared tumors of the size of a pigeon egg. In a short time those tumors disappeared, and the cows remained alive and healthy, though the rest of the cattle of that village perished.

They Were Acquainted.

He was only a stray wolf of a yellow cur, with no ancestry to boast of, but as he sat upon the wooden seat upon one of Boston's parks with a little child's tiny arm lovingly twined about his ugly thick neck and a sweet, cooing voice saying in his ear, "I love you, little doggie," he was as proud as any prize setter in the land. "Is that your dog, little boy?" asked a policeman as he passed the happy couple. "No, he doesn't belong to me, only I'm acquainted with him," answered the affectionate friend of the little tramp dog.

Seventy-eight Miles of Liquor Saloons.

It is estimated that London increases its population by 46,000 every year. It has 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in its port every day. Its beer shops and liquor saloons would, if placed side by side, form a row seventy-eight miles long.

A Devotee of the Game.

Proprietor of sporting goods house (to college freshman who has just purchased a complete base ball outfit)—Anything else to-day, sir?

Freshman—H'm, do you keep base ball literature?

Proprietor—Oh, yes, everything ever written.

Freshman—Well, you might give me a copy of "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Umpire."

Origin of the Handkerchief.

The term "handkerchief" is not found earlier than the fifteenth century, when in the wardrobe accounts of Edward IV., of England, "Vidozen haud converchieffes" are named as having been made by one Alice Shapster, to whom a payment had been made. A handkerchief was formerly the square of fine linen employed by women for covering the head.

THE BEAUTY OF ARKANSAS.

Fascinating Features of an Indian Woman Who Chewed Tobacco.

They were sitting, a number of kindred spirits, spinning yarns in the law office of Cox & Grider the other afternoon. The conversation had turned on the subject of beautiful women, and where the handsomest women were to be found. There was a great diversity of opinion, the majority stoutly maintaining, of course, that the girl par excellence was not to be seen outside the glorious sovereignty of old Kentucky.

"Gentlemen," remarked the old Colonel, who had been appealed to for his views of the situation, "the most perfect figure and the prettiest face I ever saw were in the wilds of Arkansaw. A party of us were out hunting over in the swamps between the White and Arkansas rivers. Toward sunset we came to a deep and muddy bayou, which we knew at a glance it would be impossible to ford. On the opposite shore a canoe of the 'dugout' pattern indigenous to the country was moored. Away behind the trees a blue wreath of smoke curled quietly heavenward, marking the place where some settler had built his cabin in the lonely waste. After a series of yells from our guide which would have reflected credit on a Comanche brave about to take the warpath, a woman glided down to the bank on the other side, gracefully seated herself in the canoe and commenced paddling toward us with strong, swift strokes. As she neared the place where we were standing we all saw she was young—not more than nineteen—and with a face of surpassing loveliness. Her complexion was of that perfect brunette type only to be found in those whose ancestors for many generations have lived beneath sunny skies; her cheeks had the indescribable tint so often seen on the sun kissed side of a ripe peach; her mouth was exquisite, with pouting lips like twin cherries; her hair floated down her back in silken, shining wavelets nearly to the ground; and her eyes! ah, gentlemen, how shall I describe the midnight splendor or the transcendent glories to be seen in the liquid depths of those dark orbs?

"As she stepped lightly out on the bank and stood holding the 'dug out' for us to get into," continued the old gentleman, "she displayed the most ravishingly perfect figure I ever beheld. She was dressed in the single cotton garment, fashioned of coarse 'factory,' which is worn by the females of her class in those distant wilds. It had evidently been made a year or two before, for she had outgrown it to such an extent that it in perfectly performed the duties for which it had been constructed. It revealed a bust with which in artistic outlines the famous Venus di Medici could not for a moment compare. The short skirt permitted a glimpse of her ankles, that were absolutely faultless, and—"

I have a book here, gentlemen, which I should like to show you, if you will permit me, said a dapper little fellow stepping briskly into the room.

He was met with a howl of dissent from the Major and the Judge, and the Captain and the old Squire, so wild and fierce that he never stopped running until he was down the stairs.

"Go on, Colonel; oh, go on!" was the unanimous demand of his listeners. The old Judge stepped quietly over, closed the door and locked it, remarking his American heart would be badlinged if he proposed that story would be interrupted any more if the court knew herself, or words to that effect.

"I don't know that I have any more to tell," was the reply."

"Colonel," solemnly said the venerable Major, "if you leave that peerless girl standing there holding a canoe on the bank of that muddy bayou, I'll hold you personally responsible—I will, as sure as there is a God in heaven."

"We didn't leave her there," responded the Colonel. "She paddled us across the stream, and when we asked what she charged she said, 'Oh, nuthin,' I reckon; pop went a b'ar buntin' this mawnin' an' took all his terbacker with him; ef one o' you fellers'll give me a chaw I'll call it squar.' We gave her a chaw and went on about our business. I never saw her again."

"I believe you're a liar," vociferated the Judge, as he unlocked the door. "an infernal old baldheaded liar."

"So do I," chimed in each of the listeners as they passed out and followed the irate leader down the stairs to the street below.

The question of which State produces the most beautiful women is still before the house.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

A New Anecdote of Uhland.

A new Uhland anecdote is sure of a wide welcome. Although the poet delighted to take his subjects from the knighted and romantic middle ages, when feudalism was everywhere in force, he was essentially a poet of the people. The Prussian king, Frederick William IV., offered him the Order Pour le Merite, with flattering expressions of the royal regard. Uhland, however, declined to accept. While he was explaining to his wife the reason which moved him to refuse the distinction, there was a knock at the door. A working-class girl from the neighborhood entered, and presenting Uhland with a bunch of violets said, "This is an offering from my mother." "Your mother, child?" replied the poet; "I thought she died last autumn." "That is true, Herr Uhland," said the girl, "and I begged you at the time to make a little verse for her grave, and you sent me a beautiful poem. These are the first violets which have bloomed on mother's grave; I have plucked them, and I like to think that she sends them to you with her greeting." The poet's eyes moistened as he took the posy, and putting it in his buttonhole he said to his wife, "There, dear woman, is not that an order more valuable than any king can give?"

Summoning the Doctor.

"Doctor," said an anxious citizen, "something has happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word."

"Why, she must have lockjaw!" said the doctor."

"Do you think so? Well, if you are up my way some time next week I wish you would stop in and see what you can do for her."

Complimenting the Baby.

Young Mother (displaying her first born to occupant of the room above)—Is she not a dear little thing, Major Beeswax? Do you notice what a sweet little double chin she has?

Major Beeswax (a bachelor)—Yes-es, and I'm somewhat surprised.

Young Mother—Surprised?

Major Beeswax—Yes ma'am. From what I have heard during the past night or two I fully expected to see a triple chin.

His Joke Did Not Save Him.

"You are here every week. What is the matter with you? You're a nuisance," said a Police Justice, to Michael Walsh.

Michael's face was in a broad smile as he replied, "Well, even if I am, Judge, you wouldn'nt commit a nuisance, would you?"

"One month," said the Judge.

"It didn't work," was all Walsh said as he was walked away.

Likely to Get the Other Place, Too.

Let the gods have the heavens, but let us have the earth.—[Bob Ingersoll.

SLEEP OF CHILDREN.

An Important Matter—The Beds That Ought To Be Used.

This is scarcely a secondary matter to food and dress. We know how few days one can retain their reason or life if sleep be utterly prevented. There are fearful tales of deaths from this torture alone.

Firstly, children, at least a nervous child, should sleep alone. Its stronger bedfellow draws upon its strength in some not yet explained manner, and one will be too hot and the other too cold with the same blankets.

An aged or weary person also exhausts the vitality of a child. In most elegant homes we see the double beds being replaced by two single ones, side by side. The change has wrought incredible marvels in the health and temper of children.

Again, all children and most adults should have beds which yield to the body. Children are much more likely to suffer in this regard, their prettiest cradles and cribs often having slat or stiff wicker bottoms which would make even our stronger muscles ache. Twice as long sleeps would they take and wake smiling, did we give them the most elastic woven spiral wire with not too heavy a bed atop. The old fashioned, cord-bottomed bedsteads were poorly replaced by any slats or cheap springs; or the light stir-up-able straw beds by their modern substitutes of moss, cotton, excelsior or indeed tied mattresses of any sort except curled hair. The English have followed none of these cheap fashions of misery, and, indeed, every thrifty English, Irish, German or Scandinavian girl emigrant used to bring her feather bed, knowing that a bed must yield to support all parts of the body to rest it.

A hair mattress in two parts weighing a little more than thirty pounds, over a feather bed on a woven wire mattress is the ideal bed. The single wire mattress costs but $3, and with merely a comforter is better than the average children's bed.

A nice cradle or crib bottom can be made of a piece of the woven wire tacked on, or of elastic web being tacked across at distances of four inches. I-beds are not yielding, children will lie on their backs, heating them much more than is feared in a soft bed, if the clothing is fitly loosened and removed, as should be even in day nurseries. The longer naps and the freedom from taking cold through perspired clothing when awakened will amply compensate in time for the few minutes spent.

Spontaneous Combustion.

Some one has estimated that the time thrown away in this world in courting the girl you want to marry, and who is ready to marry you, would build all the railroads and bridges and tunnels and factories and public buildings. The white race should take a lesson in this from the colored people. The other day a likely young colored man stood at a gate in Birmingham, Ala. A likely young colored woman came along with a dog.

"Hi, dar!" he called, "but mebbe you want to sell dat dog?"

"No, sah."

"Mebbe your name is Lucinda?"

"Yes, sah."

"I allers dote on dat name. Ize called Gawge."

"Dat's pleasin'."

"Ize looking', you know?"

"Y-yes."

"Got money saved up, an' a stidy job ahead. Shall I speak to de ole man?"

"He's in Orleans."

"Den I'll see de ole woman."

"She's dead."

"Wall, den I'll ax you to be my wife right now."

"You's foolin'."

"'Deed, no."

"Hain't got nobody else?"

"Nobody, 'tall."

"Reckon we'll hitch?"

"Co'se we will—can't help it."

"Wall, den, I'll say yes, an' to-night you come down to Mrs. Grumley's kitchen an' we'll sot de day an' sorter git acquainted."

"Lucinda, I—"

"Go 'long, Gawge! Ize dun said yes, an' dat's 'nuff. Come airly."

"So long, 'Cinda!"

"By-by, Gawge!"

The Eccentricities of the Telephone.

The first night after I placed a telephone in my office my wife fell dangerously ill and I at once rushed to the telephone and called up the doctor. After describing my wife's symptoms, I waited for an answer. Presently a voice came hoarsely to my ear——

"Give her a good washing; that's all she needs; you can't expect her to work well for five years without washing. I would turn the hose on her if I were you; and when the dirt is all off polish her up with rags dipped in coal oil."

I was so paralyzed I could not speak for a moment, but I then rung up another doctor, told him how sick my wife was and asked him what to do. And this was the answer:—

"Hang her up by the heels where the sun can strike her and when you have taken the hide off soak it in alum for three days——"

But, with a howl of rage, I rushed off and walked a mile for a doctor.

I subsequently found that the fiend at the central office had switched me with a mechanic and then a tanner, and it was but a brief hour before the fiend lay cold in death.

HINTS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Suggestions as to Some of the Things They Ought to Do.

Do be natural. A poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Do try to be accurate, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of your sex. The incapacity of the female mind for accuracy is a standard argument against the equality of the sexes.

Do observe. The faculty of observation, well cultivated, makes practical men and women.

Do try to be sensible; it is not a particular sign of superiority to talk like a fool.

Do be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

Do avoid causes of irritation in your family circle; reflect that home is the place in which to be agreeable.

Do be reticent; the world at large has no interest in your private affairs.

Do cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of advantages it will be to you when you marry; every man likes to talk about himself; a good listener makes a delightful wife.

Do be contented; "martyrs" are detestable; a cheerful, happy spirit is infectious; you can carry it about with you like a sunny atmosphere.

Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling. Both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them. If you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, do hold your tongue altogether. Silence is golden.

Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration. If you mean a mile, say a mile, not a mile and a half. If you mean one, say one, and not a dozen.

Do, sometimes at least, allow your mother to know better then you do. She was educated before you were born.

IN A SALT MINE.

A Glittering City Underground With Many Streets—Pillars of Crystal.

Going down into a salt mine is taking a glimpse at wonderful things, according to a correspondent of the London News, who writes:

"Light a few candles," was the order passed as we were leaving Winsford; and I am under the impression that the hole down below is like any other hole, and that the "few candles" will give us light enough for the space of some three or four yards. But we shall see. We step into our iron bucket. The door thereof is closed upon us. The signal is given. There is a hesitating, trembling motion, and we drive swiftly into Plutonian night, straight, sheer through a funnel 320 feet deep, and 3 feet 6 inches across the rim of our bucket now and again grinding, scraping, bumping, screeching against the narrow walls.

After the first few seconds have passed one cannot tell, from one's sensations merely, whether one is going up or down, or is suspended at rest. There is only the trembling of the invisible steel ropes and the scraping sound in the walls. In a minute more we touch the floor of the underworld with the lightness of a feather. In the name of all the fairies and goblins and gnomes and sprites of the earth, what have we there? Oh! Master Robert, "a few candles." The city of Dis illuminated—this is what meets my astonished gaze. Open spaces, endless streets turning and winding off in all directions, and outlined in spots of light, and in the farthest distance an ornamental group of lights, as if on a wall or on some vast supporting pillar.

It is as if one looks from some point or vantage upon the lights of a town in a dark night, without moon or stars; not a town with empty space over it, but a town under a horizontal ceiling thirty-three feet above the pavement. On this level pavement the massed bands of the British army may play Strauss' music and the whole of the London West End spin round on "light fantastic toe." The first feelings of surprise over, I examine my surroundings in leisurely detail. At some distance in front of us looms a dark mass with a horizontal line of lights half way up it.

The three of us—Mr. Verdin, the guide and myself—approach it, each carrying a lighted candle across the floor, which appears to be as level as the floor of a drawing-room, and which is covered with a thin carpet of salt, fine as powder and dry as tinder. Wherever the light falls upon it the dark objects glitter as if it were encrusted with rubies and diamonds. It turns out to be a huge square pillar, extending from floor to ceiling. Each of its four sides measure 12 yards, it is 33 feet high and it is nothing but a mass of crystals.

At every 25 yards, north, south, east, west, stands one of these gigantic columns—all of them, like this one, masses of many-tinted salt crystals, and with the diamond flash darting over their sides, the plan of this wonderful colonnade is now obvious. The miners have been cutting their way all these many generations through the solid rocksalt, horizontally, cleaning a smooth floor below their feet, leaving a smooth ceiling over their heads, and, at the already named distance, those enormous pillasters, whose function it is to prevent the roof—that is, the 330 feet of the earth's crust—from falling in. The ceiling is too high to respond very liberally to the flicker of our candle lights; but in a hundred spots it twinkles like stars peering through the clouds at night. They look as though they had the strength of room, those pillars, and were destined to last to the crack thereof.

A Great Diamond.

The Amsterdam correspondent of the Manufacturing Jeweler, tells the story of the immense African diamond—weighing 457 carats in the rough—which is in process of being cut by Mr. Jacques Metz, one of the largest diamond-cutters of that city. The stone is said to have a somewhat curious history, and, though its exact birthplace is only a matter of conjecture, it is known that it was found by somebody in one of the four mines of Kimberley, in Cape Colony, South Africa.

It is said that in June or July of 1884 one of the surveillance officers of the Central Mining Company in the Kimberley Mine found the stone, and, being exempt from search, carried it through the searching-house unperceived and sold it to four irregular dealers for $15,000. Before leaving the province the new owners had a night of drinking and gambling, which ended in two of them becoming its owners instead of four. The two owners escaped the secret police and reached Cape Town, where they found a dealer who readily paid them $95,000 for the stone. There is an export duty on diamonds shipped from Cape Colony of one-quarter per cent., but it appears this stone was smuggled out of the colony by a passenger on the mail steamer and brought to London, where its presentation at Hatton Garden created a great sensation.

A former resident at the Cape mines managed to form a company of eight persons, who bought the stone between them for $225,000 cash, on condition that the seller or sellers should receive a ninth share of the eventual profits. The real value of the stone has been estimated in London at above $1,000,000. According to the rules of valuation of the famous Travenier diamond, its value would be $4,166,980. The correspondent says that the art of diamond-polishing existing in Amsterdam for more than three centuries, has been brought to such perfection that it is expected that this stone, weighing in the rough 457 carats (and said to be whiter and purer than any of its historical predecessors) will lose in working much less than other famous stones; that it will be more rapidly finished, and it has every chance of remaining the largest and finest diamond in the world.

The Island of Anticosti.

Anticosti is a low strip of rocks, miserable soil and peat, 130 miles long by 30 wide, lying off the coast of Labrador. It is rich only in geological fields. It is death-strewn from end to end; during the last ten years 105 vessels of all kinds, 3,000 souls, and $8,000,000 have been cast upon its deserted shores.

The Woodshed Lesson.

"Now, you young scamp," said Blinks, sr., as he led his youngest out into the woodshed and prepared to give him a dressing down, "I'll teach you what is what." "No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch." And then the old man's hand fell powerless at his side.

On the Eve of Boyhood.

A gentleman passing along the street saw two children, apparently five and six years old, playing in the gutter. The elder wore pantaloons, while the younger still clung to infantile dresses. Stopping, he addressed the boy with pantaloons: "Are you both boys?" "No," was the answer. "I'm one, and Johnny's going to be one next week."

The Joke of Maud's Pa.

Papa (soberly)—That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor last evening. Maud (nettled)—Indeed! That must depend upon one's understanding of the term "monstrosity." Papa (thoughtfully)—Well, two heads upon one pair of shoulders, for example.

THE PROGRESS OF POLITENESS.

A Dream of What May Yet Be.

From Puck.

The common people are becoming more and more refined year after year.—[Recent Periodical.

Office Boy.—"I regret, sir, that I cannot with certainty in form you at exactly what hour my respected employer will return."

(Old Style.—"How do I know when the boss 'll be in? He didn't leave no word?")

Policeman.—"I trust you will not be offended, sir, if I take the liberty of informing you