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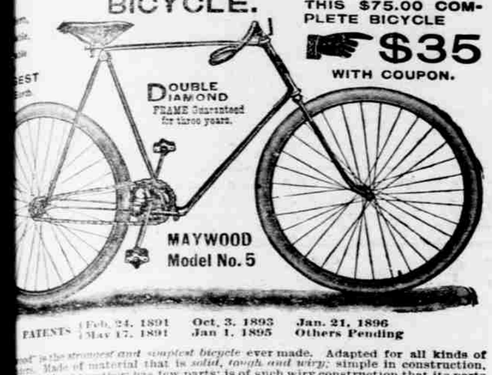

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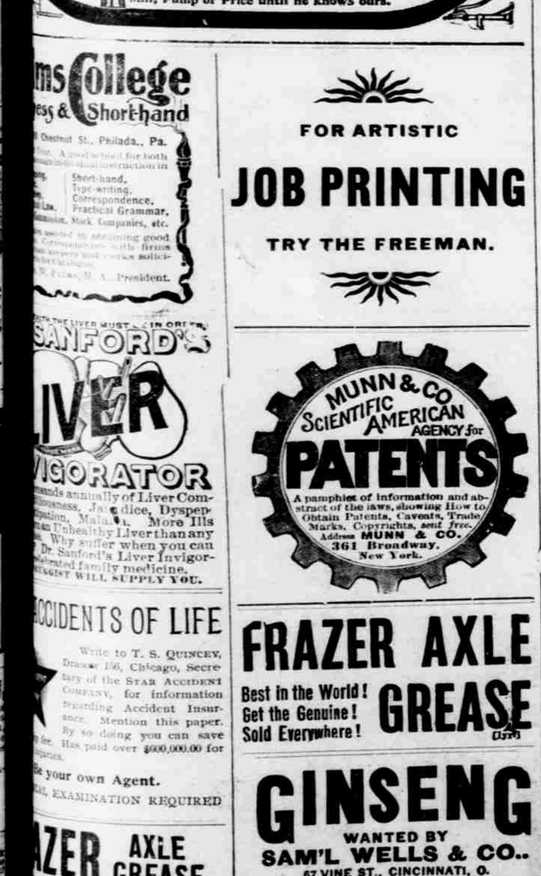

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THE BABY'S FIRST SMILE.

There's many a pleasure we meet with in life,
Of joy there is many a thrill;
There are transports that come in the midst of the strife,
When the noise of the conflict is still.
But there's naught in this world so wonderously sweet,
From Greenland's white snows to the Nile,
There's nothing so heavenly, pure and complete
As a dear little baby's first smile.

The lover's first kiss—we know it is fine;
Its memory will haunt us for aye;
Though the flowers may fade and the stars may decline,
Its rapture will never decay.
Yet not for a moment can we compare
What may have a tincture of guile,
In an Eden of blossoms so fragrant and fair,
With an innocent baby's first smile.

An angel, perhaps, is a beautiful sight,
But an angel we never have seen,
And far, far away on the regions of light,
With their daisy-starred meadows so green;
But we are content when here we behold,
Encumbered with burdens the while,
A gleam from the city whose streets are of gold,
In a sweet little baby's first smile.
—George W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

BY GEORGE R. COOMER.

"That fine-looking boy who holds the bat," said the new master, indicating a young lad in the center of the playground, "is one of my best pupils. He is English, and was brought here a year ago, after being taken from a wreck."

"Ah," I replied, "you like him, then. I am glad of that. As to his studies, there is certainly one in which he will be likely to excel, and that is geography."

"Geography!" exclaimed the master. "It is really a pleasure to hear the little fellow recite it. He fairly devours it. I think he would be able to floor the committee in that branch of study."

The new master was a grave, elderly man, who, whenever I met him, seemed to take pleasure in talking to me, though our acquaintance had been only for a week or two.

But now Arthur, the English boy, catching sight of my calico shirt and blue jacket, came eagerly to the spot where we stood; and then, for the first time, the teacher knew that his young pupil and myself were fast friends.

"You must tell me the story, from first to last," he said, after listening to the greeting between Arthur and me, in which we had dropped some remarks that aroused his curiosity. "I must hear it, for I feel a great interest in both of you."

We seated ourselves on the schoolhouse steps—the master, Arthur and I. But how difficult it seemed to realize the past and feel that this happy schoolboy had ever looked upon terrors so dreadful as those amid which I had once seen him, far out upon the great deep.

How his bright eyes sparkled or moistened, as I related the circumstances which had, a year before, brought us acquainted, and which I will repeat in substance for the reader:

I had sailed in the ship Altai, bound for Maranham, in Brazil, and on the equator we were becalmed for 23 days.

There was from the first, a sail in sight, which after a time was brought quite near us by those momentary puffs of air which will occasionally ripple the water in such a calm; and we at length found her to be the whaling brig Catherwood, of London, Capt. Dore.

Her officers were several times on board of us, while the vessels lazily drifted within half a mile of each other, and it seemed very pleasant to meet such neighborly people upon the ocean. They laughed, however, when we complained of the tediousness of our passage, which had up to that time occupied five or six weeks, and said they had not seen land for seven months!

It was then that I first saw young Arthur, whom I found to be the captain's son. Mrs. Dore, the lad's mother, was also making the voyage; and coming on board with the others fairly charmed our crew with her sweet face and manner.

Seven months out from port, the captain's wife and son were hungry for books and papers, and we were happy in being able to supply them, in exchange for the well-thumbed reading matter which they brought us from their brig.

Capt. Dore told us that as soon as the calm should be over, he would go northwardly, toward the West Indies, to give everybody a good run ashore; but that he did not wish to enter Maranham, near which we then were, as a vessel he had spoken had reported the yellow fever there, and he feared for his wife and boy.

When the wind again sprang up, we stood for the Brazilian coast, while the Catherwood bore away to the north, carrying away with her more domestic happiness than I had ever before associated with the idea of a whaler.

Arthur waved his handkerchief to us from the maintop, and then dimmer and dimmer grew the white sails of the English brig, till even her main royal disappeared—a demonstration, if any were needed, that the world is a mere ball.

We lay at Maranhan for a number of weeks, then started on the return passage. Once more at sea I speculated on the chances of again falling in with the Catherwood; but the old proverb of "a needle in a haystack," naturally recurred to me, as I felt how improbable it was that we would meet with her. In the meantime, I had been much interested in the whaler's books, and wondered how Mrs. Dore and her boy liked those which they had obtained from the big merchant ship.

But we were fast sweeping to the northward. The West India islands were passed, and I ceased to think of the English brig as hovering anywhere near our path.

One night, however, when we were almost up with Bermuda, I dreamed of going on board the Catherwood, and seeing her crew in the most terrible distress. I have little faith in dreams, yet so vivid was the impression conveyed by the one in question, that during all the following watch I felt my spirits oppressed by a melancholy which would permit me to think only of shipwreck, starvation and death.

It was early that forenoon, when one of our men, at work aloft, reported an unusual object off the lee-bow. Upon standing in its direction, we discovered it to be a portion of a vessel's deck, on which were five men. Yet they hardly seemed men, for their faces and forms were those of frightful skeletons. They had almost lost the power of articulation, and not one of them was able to rise upon his feet.

After being carefully lifted to our deck, they showed an anxiety to inform us of others of their vessel's crew who were somewhere drifting in a like condition. Three or four of us ran aloft, away up to the royal mast heads.

In a moment or two we hailed the deck, announcing a discovery, and the ship was headed for the forlorn object which we made out upon the distant waters.

We came down from our lookout to find one of the five poor sufferers already dying, and our kind-hearted tars doing all in their power to alleviate the misery of the others.

That portion of the wreck for which we were steering was soon visible to all hands, and as we hove-to and towed it alongside with our boat, it was seen that among the nine persons who lay upon it were a woman and a boy.

Until this moment I had not connected the Catherwood with the tragic scene, but the sight of these two inspired a sudden thought of her, and recalled my dream of the night before.

Yet that they could be Mrs. Dore and her son appeared almost impossible—this ghastly woman and boy who resembled nothing living that I had ever seen before.

The child appeared at the point of death, but the woman, although very weak, seemed to have borne up better than any other of the sufferers. She could speak with no great difficulty, and her first words, upon being handed over the ship's side, were those of anxiety for her boy.

"Do not mind me now," she said. "Attend to him. Oh, do not tell me that he is past help!"

Still, we could not see in her Mrs. Dore, or in her son the little lad we had so petted as a most welcome visitor only a few weeks before.

But presently she added:

"We belong to the brig Catherwood. I remember your faces. I came on board your ship off Brazil. Save my poor boy! Oh, to lose him now, after all this suffering!"

Her woeful, sunken eyes were wholly dry, as she spoke, but those of our honest sailors were moist indeed.

In the meantime, one of the unfortunates had already breathed his last on our deck, and most of the others looked as if they must soon follow him.

There were now 13 remaining, five of whom died within three days; but Capt. Dore, with his wife and boy, and five of the foremost hands, began slowly to mend.

They told us that the Catherwood had been caught in a hurricane to the southwest of Bermuda. Her masts were swept by the board, and she became water-logged, but the oil she had below prevented her sinking. The casks, however, thumped so heavily as, after some days, to start the deck, which, breaking into two parts, floated with the crew, the remainder of the vessel going down.

There had been 25 persons on board, of whom three were lost in the hurricane, while eight had died of starvation before our ship hove in sight; the only morsel of food tasted by the sufferers during their ordeal of 14 days having been the carcass of a small dog belonging to the captain.

A week after the rescue, we placed the survivors safe on shore at our own port, where in a few months they regained their former strength.

Capt. Dore, being under no necessity of returning to England, accepted the command of a fine American whaleman, while Arthur, as intelligent as modest, became the most popular boy in the school of his suburban neighborhood.

By the time I had told the master the story, the boys had all gathered around; and I left them standing, with looks of admiring sympathy, about their little marine associate, who had seen and suffered so much more than themselves.—Golden Days.

NURSERY HYGIENE.

An infant's thirst is not quenched by milk; it needs clean water to drink with regularity.

Plain, boiled water, given between feedings, will often aid the digestion, and satisfy the child when restless.

Never put a bottle nipple into your mouth and then into the baby's mouth; this will often prove dangerous.

Do not feed the baby because she cries; this may be due to pain, and it is harmful to fill an infant's stomach at such a time.

An infant is a creature of habit, and usually responds to the wish of the mother, if the mother has order in her will.

More infant's lives are taken by overfeeding than by starvation; never liken an infant's digestion or diet to your own.

Cholera infantum would be of rare occurrence if proper attention was always given to the quality and quantity of the food.

Regular habits, proper food, and long hours of sleep are necessary conditions to a healthy infant. The three prime essentials in the nursery are fresh air, good food and pure water.—N. Y. Ledger.

ABOUT ROYALTY.

Henceforth the ameer of Afghanistan is to be known as the "Light of the World." His majesty is having a gold coin struck to commemorate his new dignity.

It is stated that the will of ex-Empress Eugenie, drawn recently, favors her namesake, Eugenie, the daughter of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice.

Kaiser Wilhelm offers a silver cup designed by himself as the prize for a yacht race from Dover to Heligoland next year, after the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of his grandmother's accession to the throne.

Miss Ella Collins, daughter of a New York tailor, will be the first woman of the United States raised to a throne by marriage. She will shortly become the wife of Col. John F. Hobbs, who, under the name of Oumalea, reigns over the semi-barbarous people of the Jilka islands, in the New Hebrides group

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR.

A Difficulty Discovered in the Renting of Skyscrapers.

The business and professional men who contemplate having an office in the business end of the metropolis can, if they are not superstitious, secure quarters at a comparatively low rental. A few days ago rents on the thirteenth floor of a recently built sky scraper were reduced a third. The cut was forced by the dread with which some folk of the class named regard the number 13. Other tall office buildings are in the same predicament, and thirteenth-floor offices are said to be a drug on the market. This is a new and unexpected problem for landlord and agent to solve, and if the 13 hoodoo hits all the high structures as hard as it has hit one on Nassau street, the architect of the future will have to scratch the thirteenth floor off his plans or put the roof on at the twelfth story. The agent of this tall and elegantly equipped pile couldn't for the life of him imagine why the thirteenth floor remained vacant. Business men, lawyers, all kinds of professional men were anxious to take offices on every floor save the thirteenth. Those above it were full, like those below it; but up to a few weeks ago not a soul would venture into the handsome suites on that floor.

Finally, the thirteenth floor began to be regarded with some degree of mystery, even by the superintendent and his staff. It was noticed that all who came to look at the offices there were delighted with them until they happened to discover that they were on the thirteenth floor. Then they gracefully, though mysteriously, transferred their business elsewhere. The bubble burst when it dawned upon the heads of the high house that the superstitious aversion to No. 13 was the secret, and the agent finally decided to balance the superstitions of would-be tenants against their cupidity by reducing thirteenth-floor rents on-third. This action has broken the hoodoo, for to-day some of the offices of the supposed-to-be unlucky floor are occupied. Some of the older sky-scrapers that are supposed to be overcrowded with tenants have vacant thirteenth-story rooms, but so far no attempt has been made to overcome the folly by lowering rents. When the giant St. Paul building, now far above its thirteenth story, is ready for occupancy, the superintendent and others connected with its management will utilize the unlucky floor. At least this is how the agent expects to get around the hoodoo that men who seem to be sound mentally attach to the tricky 13. In strange contrast is the fact that daring aerial artists now filling an engagement at a music hall here are No. 13 on the programme and laugh at the bad luck which some of their admirers declare is bound to come before they leave town. The Thirteen club doesn't seem to be fulfilling its mission here. —N. Y. Correspondent Pittsburgh Dispatch.

AN UNASSORTED LOT.

If you should go to Greenland you would be surprised at the size of the potatoes there, for they grow no larger than a marble.

The widows of Presidents Grant and Garfield are now the only private persons in the United States who are entitled to the franking privilege.

The highest spot inhabited by human beings on this globe is the Buddhist cloister of Hanle, Thibet, where 21 monks live at an altitude of 15,000 feet.

Having a motherly disposition, a 15 months' old Jersey heifer, owned by Frank Casterline, of Bazetta, O., adopted a pig, and continues to bestow best attentions upon it.

To hive a swarm of bees, it isn't necessary to have a full brass band. A gudewife on Cape Elizabeth brought a swarm into a hive the other day by beating a vigorous tattoo on a dishpan with a pewter ladle. The musical instincts of bees are Chinese.

Five gallons of spirits—four of whisky and one of brandy—were forced down the throat of a horse belonging to Frank Corbett, of New Augustine, Fla. The animal had been bitten on the nostril by a rattlesnake, and its head had swelled alarmingly. The horse recovered, but was staggering drunk all of the next day.

The distinction among animals of requiring least sleep belongs to the elephant. In spite of its capacity for hard work, the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four, or occasionally five, hours. For two hours before midnight, and again for two hours after one o'clock, these misborn mountains sleep.

MECHANICAL INSECTS.

There is an English insect something like our bee, except that it is a rich violet in color, which well deserves its name of carpenter bee. By the aid of a chisel provided by nature this bee excavates a home in any piece of timber that suits its purpose.

Not only do wasps make paper, but even cardboard. In South America there is a species of wasp that manufactures a cardboard so smooth and firm that it may be written or drawn upon, and it is in one way superior to the article made by man, as it is waterproof.

Some large beetles are as good as circular saws. They seize a branch or twig with their deeply-toothed jaws and whirl around and around until the twig is sawed off. They have been known to saw a twig as large as an ordinary walking-stick in this manner.

There are other insects that use saws which are much better made, finished and sharpened than the finest ones of steel. With these the little workers undertake jobs that, proportionately, no man would dream of attempting. The saw-fly, which owns the neatest instrument of this sort, cuts a perfect groove in wood.

Electricity on Aluminum Wire.

It has been ascertained by experiments that an electric current sent through an aluminum wire heated it to a temperature of 400 degrees above its melting point. The marvel was that it did not drop. This was accounted for by the fact that the oxidized film on its surface was sufficiently strong to keep it together. A magnet moved gently about in its neighborhood caused it to wave and curve, and to coil and twist and almost tie itself into knots.—N. Y. Ledger.

LITERARY LONDON.

A Strong Attraction for Americans Who Write.

No Aristocracy in the Field of Letters in the English Capital—Sterling Democracy Is the Rule.

During the last half-century the importance of London as a great literary and artistic center of English-speaking people has been steadily increasing. Not only have Edinburgh and Dublin, in the old world, lost that literary character which once attached to their names, but Boston, Philadelphia and Richmond, in America, have in like manner failed to maintain the promise of earlier days. New York has for some years past been the real literary center of the United States, but it is now a little doubtful whether this distinction can long be hers.

Half a century ago American authors were content to abide in their own country, and to find inspiration there. To-day it is to England that most of the prominent literary workers are turning for the recognition which is denied them here, and while Besant, Barrie, Blackmore, Du Maurier, William Black, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle and other Englishmen are writing for American periodicals, Henry James, Bret Harte, Robert Barr, Henry Harland, W. L. Alden and a score of younger American authors have made London their residence and rank among the most popular of the contributors to English periodicals.

The reason for this state of things is obvious to all persons who are in touch with the literary and artistic circles of both England and America. In the United States literary workers and artists have long felt the want of proper organization. The little coteries already formed are too exclusive.

In England, literary men, artists and journalists live in a world of their own. When once a man has demonstrated true literary ability, no matter what his pecuniary or social position may be, he meets all his fellow workers on a common ground. An introduction from a literary friend or some editor with whom his manuscripts have found favor will secure him an entree to some "literary at home," and from that time on his social advancement is a question of either personal popularity or literary success. Every week he meets new faces and makes new friends. He soon numbers among his acquaintances some of the best known exponents of contemporary literature, and it is not long before he begins to experience a feeling of comradeship with men who have won high standing.

One of the most striking features of London literary life is its sterling democracy. There is no aristocracy in the field of London letters. The wealthy author may have a secret preference for the atmosphere of the exclusive Athenaeum club, but he never disdains to mingle at times with the rank and file at the "New Vagabonds," or at the numerous "at homes," where the struggling literary tenants of Bloomsbury, Camberwell and Brixton attics drink tea and "talk shop" with young illustrators and embryo journalists.

The London literary "at home" has, unfortunately, no equivalent in America. It is usually held from four to seven o'clock in the afternoon, or from nine to twelve at night. The "at home" of Lady Jeune and Douglass Sladen are probably the best known in London, and are deservedly popular with all those who are fortunate enough to have the entree.

Many of the younger literary men whose success has enabled them to change lodgings for chambers are to be found domiciled in the picturesque old inns of court—Gray's, Furnival's, Lincoln and others. Here each week-day sets aside some night in the week for the entertainment of his friends. These informal functions are as delightful as they are numerous, and there is usually no night in the week that a writer who is fairly well acquainted cannot, after a short stroll or a bus ride, find himself in a circle of kindred spirits.

In London, artists, novelists and journalists belong to the same clubs, attend the same social functions and patronize the same restaurants. The English tavern, or "public house," as it is now called, is no longer the rendezvous for Englishmen of letters that it was in the preceding centuries, but there are still places that may be regarded as the legitimate successors of "The Cheshire Cheese" and "The Cock," which, though still in existence, have lost much of their former fascination for idle writers. In the Press club, just off Fleet street, and in several modest drinking houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden and Soho, one may find at almost any hour in the day men of more or less celebrity who earn their bread by means of their pens.—N. Y. Sun.

Abbot Islip's Rebus.

One of the greatest of the many abbots who have ruled the abbey was Islip, who held office in the sixteenth century. He had a genius for architecture, and did so much toward the building of Westminster and other cathedrals throughout the kingdom that he is known in history as "the great builder." His body lies buried at Westminster in a little chapel called by his name, near the west entrance. In designing and building this chapel the abbot made the room itself a monument to his memory by repeating over and over again in the elaborate carved stone frieze which adorns the wall his favorite rebus or name sign—an eye, with the branch, or "slip," of a tree, grasped by a hand; and, as a second form, a man slipping from the branch of a tree to the ground.—Max Bennett Thrasher, in St. Nicholas.

Valuable Boots.

A fresh example of legal acumen comes from a French police court.

"You say you have been robbed of a pair of boots," said the magistrate. "How much were they worth?"

"Well," said the complainant, "they cost me originally 12 francs. But I have had them resold four times at an expense of three francs each time; so that makes altogether 24 francs."

"Clerk," said the judge, "write: 'One pair of boots worth 24 francs.'"—Youth's Companion.

ALL KINDS OF PICKUPS.

In the Bermudas rats often build their nests in trees, like birds and squirrels.

At Margate, an English watering place, men and women are not permitted to bathe in company.

A brilliant signal light at Atlantic City is visible 19 miles at sea. Each year it burns 2,200 gallons of oil.

The world is crowded only in spots. There are still 20,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface that have not been explored.

Water hyacinths, which cause so much trouble by choking navigable streams in Florida, afford good sustenance for cattle, it has been found.

Degane wood is imported from South America and is used in making light trout and bass rods. It is much like lancewood, but lighter in weight, and is sold generally by the rod and tackle men.

Buddhists believe that hell is a place of eight divisions, each with a form of punishment somewhat different from the other seven. In the first division, which is the easiest, the sinner walks eternally in his bare feet over red-hot needles, points upward.

More than 250 young ladies have availed themselves of the privileges of the Lafayette home, founded in Paris by Dr. T. W. Evans, of Philadelphia, for the benefit of his young countrywomen who came to Paris as students.

David Crockett's masonic apron is now in the possession of Mrs. E. M. Taylor, of Paducah, Ky. It is in excellent condition and treasured highly. It was given to Mr. Taylor by a descendant of a friend, one of the old-time settlers, and an associate of Crockett.

BICYCLE AND WILD ANIMALS.

A Comic Paper's Porcupine Joke Nearly Realized in the Woods.

A comic paper printed a picture some time ago that showed a man riding along on his bicycle with a porcupine in the middle of the road before him. The front wheel went into the porcupine's quills, and the tire was punctured many times. Only those who have ridden over country roads and have seen the various animals that escape the wheel by a narrow margin realize how easily the jest might come true.

In the immediate vicinity of New York a good many small animals have been killed—rats, mice, sparrows, probably gray squirrels and snakes—but in the woods on a good trail the wheelman finds added possibilities that are not entirely pleasant. The porcupine joke was almost a reality one Sunday night recently to a woodsman who had been up to Morehouseville, 22 miles from Northwood. The woodsman left Morehouseville at 11 o'clock, and went spinning down grade to Northwood. A five-mile patch of woods was soon reached, and in this he came upon a porcupine while going at a 2:30 gait. His lamp showed the beast just in time for him to turn out, and go past less than two feet from the prickly beast. This same woodsman was one day riding up a trail when he saw five partridges ahead. One of these birds did not see him until it was so close that the wind from its wings fanned his face. Between Carthage and Lowville, N. Y., recently, a skunk was found dead in the road. It had been killed the night before by a bicycle. Curiously enough the rider probably did not meet with disaster, as his wheel had broken the skunk's back.—N. Y. Sun.

WRITERS AND FICTION.

Sir Walter Besant, in collaboration with Mr. H. Pollock, is about to publish a volume of eight drawing-room plays.

A French author, M. G. Descamps, is trying to find out how far the character of modern French fiction has affected the marriage rate.

Hector Malot, the French novelist, is going to make himself disagreeable by publishing in his autobiography a key to his romances, all of which, he declares, he took from actual events.

W. A. Cragie has produced a volume of Scandinavian folk-lore, beginning with the most amusing and interesting of the early sages and legends and coming down by groups into the field of modern writings of the same character.

Will Carleton, who has recently gone into story writing, continues to be the industrial worker. Though he is now recognized as an eastern man, he won his fame in the west. He was reared and educated in Michigan, but now has a connection with a Brooklyn monthly called Everywhere. All his writings are now first published in that magazine.

Apples for the Complexion.

"The secret of a bad complexion," said a well-known physician, recently, "is a bad digestion, and we generally trace that to a bad liver. One of the best remedies for a sluggish liver is cheap and pleasant. Dieting is the secret of the cure. The best liver regulator for persons of sedentary habits—and those are the ones whose complexions are muddy—is to be found in apples, eaten baked if they are not well digested when eaten raw. I attended the pupils at a well-known boarding-school, and among them was a country girl whose complexion was the envy of all her associates. I found that she was a very light eater at her meals, but she had a peculiar custom of taking a plate of apples to her room at night and eating them slowly as she studied her lessons. This was her regular practice. Some of the other girls in the institution took it up, and I know, as a result of my personal investigation, that the apple-eating girls had the best complexions of any in the school."—Life and Health.

WHIRR OF THE WHEEL.

At the funeral of Linton, the professional bicyclist of London, his wheel, draped in black, was led behind the hearse.

It is estimated that during the last five years $100,000,000 have been spent in the United States in the purchase of bicycles.

Prof. Hubert Herkomer, the painter, was thrown from his bicycle, getting a severe shaking and a cut in his hand, while riding down a hill near Conway, in Wales, without a brake.

The empress of Japan and her ladies have taken to the steel horse, and cycle on a maze of walks made on purpose for them in a secluded part of the imperial gardens.

STRANGE THINGS ABROAD.

The "Giants' club" in Berlin admits to membership no one who is less than six feet in height.

Red socks have just killed a hostler at Stamford, England. The dye entered a cut in his foot, causing blood poisoning.

In Hamburg a dog is taxed according to his size; a little tax for a little dog, and a big tax for a big dog.

In the city of Brussels there is a clock which is wound up by the wind, and never by human hands.

Globular lightning set fire to a woman's dress near Angers, in France, during a recent storm, the burns causing her death soon after.

Some of the towns of Germany have their water pipes made of glass, protected with an asphalt covering, to prevent fracture.

A fire at a farmhouse near Axminster, England, was put out recently by pumping on it cider from hogsheads, as there was no water to be had.

Blondin's, the tight-rope walker's, stock in trade is offered for sale in Paris. Besides the tri-colored wheelbarrow, the harmonium, cornet and costumes, it includes the cable on which he crossed the river above the falls of Niagara.

Tiny, the smallest toy terrier in the world, died recently in London. He was less than four inches long. His late owner, Lieut. Gen. Sir Archibald Maclaine, has had the body stuffed and has presented it to the London Zoological garden.

At Persian funerals the mourners are supplied with wads of cotton, which they use to wipe away their tears. The cotton is afterward collected and squeezed, and the tears are bottled and preserved. They are supposed to possess restorative qualities in fainting fits.

Bicycle readings are the latest English novelty. They are a sort of Chautauqua on wheels. Clubs of literary young ladies are formed to read up on various subjects, and the members wheel away to the woods with their lunches and notebooks at stated times to hold their meetings under the trees. There is no international copyright on the idea, and it will bear importation.

CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE.

Queen Victoria purchases almost every new book of note published, and her expenditure on literature of all sorts is over $6,000 per annum.

Czar Nicholas has presented to the Magyar national museum at Budapest the sword of George Rakoczy I., prince of Transylvania, whom they have made one of their national heroes.

The king of Greece delights in taking recreation in the fields. He can plow, cut and bind corn, milk cows, and, in short, could at a pinch keep a farm going single handed.

Emperor William's latest fad is telegraph, and he is spending several hours a week learning to send messages by dots and dashes. He has already made considerable progress as an operator of the key.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has a miniature farm, the produce of which she gives to the poor and to the hospitals. Her Swiss chalet is stocked with the accumulated toys of 12 years or more, and here she learned to "keep house" in the most approved Dutch style.

For the first time since 1867 the queen of the Belgians has gone on a long visit to France. She is at Chantilly, the guest of the Duc d'Aumale. Chantilly is a place where training of horses for race courses is the staple business, and the queen has a passion for horses. The queen of Naples has a racing stud at this place.

GLEANED FROM HISTORY.

The Assyrians first introduced the heel for security and comfort in walking.

The first religious journal in this country was the Recorder at Chillicothe, O., in 1814.

The first temperance society in the United States was organized in Saratoga, N. Y., in 1808.

Cardinal Richelieu is said to have been the first chocolate drinker of any fame, and to have set the fashion of using it.

The sugar cane was introduced into America soon after the discovery, and its cultivation rapidly spread over all those parts of the new world adapted to its growth.

The Hessian fly is so called from the fact that it was brought to this country in straw, used in 1776, when the Hessian cavalry was imported to fight the Americans. It made its first appearance on Staten island, near the stables of the Hessian troops, and soon traveled over Connecticut, spreading throughout New England and the west, at the rate of 20 miles a year.

The first mention of coffee in England statute books is in the year 1660, when a duty of four pence was laid on every gallon of coffee made and sold; and in 1765 King Charles issued a proclamation to shut up the coffee houses because they were seminaries of sedition. The French first conveyed some plants to Martinique in 1727, whence they probably spread to the neighboring islands.

Saved from the Guillotine.

During the reign of terror, David had Houdon, the sculptor, arrested, and wished to have him guillotined, as he had declared war against all the artists, his colleagues. Mme. Houdon went to Barrere and urged him to save her husband. "I see no way," Barrere said, "but tell me, for which of his works has he been imprisoned?" "For a statue of St. Scolastica," said Mme. Houdon. "What does she look like?" "A fine woman, with a scrap of paper in her hand." At that moment entered Collot-d'Herbois. Barrere said to him: "Houdon has made a statue of philosophy meditating on the revolution; you must have it bought by the assembly and placed in the room in front of the assembly-room, and declare that Houdon has deserved well of the country." This was done and Houdon was saved.—Chicago Chronicle.

—It may be said of the theater hat, like some other disagreeable things, that there is likely to be a woman at the bottom of it.—Texas Sifter.