THE NOBLE RED MAN.

Bome of the Civilized Notions Which He Has Acquired. [Cor. Boston Post.]

At Amargo, a station on the Apache reservation, I had an opportunity to inspect the dreaded redskin on his native heath. There were about fifty of them, men, women and children, around the depot. As soon as the train came to a stop, they made a rush for the news agent, and bought out nearly his entire stock of apples at exorbitant prices. It is an amusing sight to watch an Apache devour an apple. His facial expression is one of supreme happiness.

Scalp taking and apple eating appear to be their chief accomplishments. Their dress was a mixture of white man's and Indian's. The long, straight, black hair was parted in the middle and tied up-a switch on the back of his head. This was adorned with gay feathers. Their shoulders and chests were covered with bright colored blankets. Their legs were encased in pantaloon legs. The true Indian, when he receives a pair of pants sent by the Great Father, proceeds at once to cut These pantaloon legs ov "he seat. were bound on to them by bands of red, white and blue cloths. They either wore moccasins or nothing at all.

I tried to negotiate with an aged worthy who, by the way, bore the reputation of having taken in his day some thirty or forty scalps, for the purchase of his bow and quiver of arrows. "How much?" said I. "Five doucee," holding out his outspread hand. I asked him again and he dropped his price to "Four doucee and a half." We continued to haggle, partly in Indian-English, and partly in pantomime, until the train got ready to leave, when he let me have the coveted prize for "one doucee," or one dollar.

The Apache has acquired many civilized ideas beside those incident to the striking of a bargain. He has always an excuse ready for his misdoings, no matter how heinous his offense may be. The old Indian of this tribe had the reputation of being a very bad Indian. Among other things he had killed his mother, his wife, and his pappose. In consequence he soon gained the reputation of a "bad Indian." This was too much for the noble red man. So he enters his complaint to the Indian agent. Savs he:

"They don't treat me fair. They call me 'bad Indian' when I am 'good Indian.' They say I killed my mother. Yes, I did, but I did it because she was too old to work. Then they say I killed my wife. I did that because she was too sick to work. They talk about my killing my pappoose. Well, I did that too, but it cried too much and I couldn't sleep. I am 'good Indian,' not 'bad In-dian.'"

Light-Houses, Ancient and Modern. [Demorest's Monthly.]

The first lights that flashed out over the stormy waves were the beacon fires on a hill, by whose blaze the mariner steered clear of the rocks that environed him. These were not "inextinguishable lights," therefore recourse was had to something better. The Egyptians built their fire towers and dedicated them to a divinity. On the summit they placed a bronze apparatus in which a fire was continually burning. Other nations followed the example of lighting the mariner's perilous way, and thus light-houses were established all over the world, one of the most ancient and most celebrated being that on the island of Pharos, at Alexandria. The system of lighting has varied at different times and in different places. There are five varieties of lights-the "revolving," the "flashing," the "fixed." the "intermittent," and the "double lights' placed in one tower. Wood and coal fires were at first used, then candles, and subsequently lamps, with metal reflectors. The greatest care has to be observed to keep the lamps and reflectors free from dust, or the light would be obscured. They are either washed or burnished, and sometimes stoves are introduced in the room to Equalize the temperature, and prevent a mist gathering on the glasses. The glass of the lamps is sometimes shattered, not by the waves, but the sea-birds dashing against them, attracted by the light. Sometimes it besomes necessary to protect the lamps with a network. The birds, bewildered and dazzled by the light, fly at the glass, dashing themselves with so much lorce against it that they not only break the panes, but injure themselves in the Juslaught.

PREMONITIONS OF DANGER.

A Railroad Engineer Gives His Experience.

[Washington Critic.] "A fortnight or so ago I was on my

way to the far west, traveling on a fact through Baltimore & Ohio express. Og a bright Sunday morning I awoke in my berth and realized that the train was starding still. I raised the curtain and peeped out. The sun was well up in the heavens, and the train stood in a dense wood, away from any living creature. It did not move for some time, and I arose, made my toilet. and went outside. The train stood partially on a long trestle-work or open bridge, and I could see smoke rising from the end of the structure furthest from us. I walked out past the locomotive and on the bridge, where I met a number of gentlemen talking.

"What's the matter?' I inquired of

"'Oh, a section of the bridge has burned,' replied the gentleman.

"'Lucky the engineer saw the fire in time to save us,' I remarked, gazing down into the water below, and shuddering at the thought of being piled up, in a sleeping-car, in the chasm that yawned for me.

"'But the engineer says he didn't see any fire when he stopped,' exclaimed

"'No, said the engineer who stood hard by, 'I saw no fire. I had a presentiment as I approached the bridge. Something seemed to warn me that it would not be safe to cross the bridge, and it came upon me so strongly that I just stopped the train and got out of the cab, and I hadn't walked twenty steps before I saw that the act had saved many lives, for the whole train would have gone down that hole, although it is but the length of two rails. The fire didn't show up much above the ties, as it was confined mostly to the timbers below. Right there in that little shed a watchman sleeps,' said tho engineer, pointing to a diminutive dwelling a half dozen rods away. 'and it was his duty, and has been for years to be it out here, and to pass over the bridge just before and after us; but somehow I felt that he was not faithful, that he might be asleep, and I could see in my mind, as I approached the bridge, the whole train going down to death, and could hear the cries of the dying, and so I just stopped, as I said. The watchman, sure enough, was asleep. Oh, you needn't laugh, for this is not the first time presentiments have saved lives when my hand was at the throttle. No, I've been in just this position before,' said he, blushing to the tips of his fingers, as two or three gentlemen smiled and whistled a bit.

" 'No,' said he, 'I had a foreboding of danger stronger than this a few years ago. I was running then on a division of the Sandusky. There is a little station on that road where the passenger trains seldom stop. It has a siding for freights, however, and there was nearly always a freight train side-tracked as I passed through on the fast express. That little place is on a long stretch of splendid track, and for years the engineers had that as a racing ground, and I tell you some mighty good time has been made the.e. the time I had this presentiment the rivalry among the engineers on that stretch of track was at its height. It was a sharp winter night that I approached the station, on the down trip. It was foggy, and a fierce wind blew. I hadn't stopped there for three months, and as I went into that good track with a dash, and approached the village at a terrible speed. I never thought of stopping. My locomotive was the fleetest on the road, and I was congratulating myself, as the firemau drew his watch, that I was making the best time on record, and was thinking to myself how I would appal the trainmen side-tracked as I dashed through. When a quarter of a mile from the station something whispered to me to stop. I didn't want to stop, and reflecting how chagrined I would be if I would have to stop when in the heat of a successful race, I tossed my head, opened the throttle a little more, and oh, how we flew! Seems to me I never saw a train come so near flying, and yet she just lay as close to and smoothly on the track as could be. Quick as thought I was commanded by an inner being to stop, or it would make a run to death; and, without effort, my hands reversed the engine and applied the air. There was no signal, no whistle nor bell sounded, and the fireman was astonished to see my frantic movements. The train lay still a few feet past the depot. and as I jumped from my engine I felt so embarrassed that I almost burned. I could make no explanation to the coninctor or the trainmen who came about me. I looked all over the engine. Everything was all right. I cast my eyes along the train. Nothing appeared wrong. Then I walked down the track in front of the engine. When I had zone less than a hundred feet, and beyond the rays of the headlight I ran against a box car! It stood right out in front of the engine, full on the track. The switch had been left open and the wind had skewed it out. It was loaded with carbon oil. Had I not seen it, scores of persons would have been killed and burned.

Jeff Davis' Capture.

A son of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was captured along with Jefferson Davis, gives the following version of the affair in an interview with "Gath." published in The Cincinnati Enquirer:

"Now I did not see the capture of Mr. Davis. The first thing I saw of Mr. Davis he was sitting in his tent. There were tents pitched there. He was under guard, and was in a fearful state of mind. I said to him something to the effect that at last we had been seized. 'Yes,' said he, 'and if I had not been pinioned by Mrs. Davis I would have thrown, the scoundrel from his horse.' Mr. Davis had long before that told me how to throw a man from a horse. He said that if you would take the horse by the brille and give him a jerk, and at the same time apply ever so light a movement under the foot of the rider, that the jerk and the apward push together would undoubtedly throw him on his head, So I suppose that his remark meant that he would have tried that trick on the countryman who saized hin ' "Did Mr. Davis have any disguise

"I believe that Mrs. Davs did throw a waterproof over him. Several of us had these waterproofs. Mine was a sort of brown color. I understand that when the attack was made on the camp Mrs. Davis threw her waterproof over her husband. That is, I believe, the extent of the story of his disguise. I had hardly spoken to Mr. Davis, when one of these officers, I think it was Pritchard, came up and addressed him in insolent language, something like this: 'Woll, old Jeff, we have got you at last.' Mr. Davis replied: 'The worst of all is that I should be captured by a band of thieves and scoundrels.' 'Oh,' exclaimed this officer, 'we have had plenty of that kind of talk. You're captured, that is the long and short of it, and are our prisoner.' With this another officer, who seemed to have more decency, came for ward and said to the first man: 'It is not worth while to talk like that.' and he led his friend away. The language they addressed to Mr. Davis was entirely unbecoming a man of character and the dignity of the prisoner. I somewhat regretted that Mr. Davis had ost his temper. He was in a very excited state of mind."

Woes of an Inventor's Wife. [Baltimore American.]

"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one, as the ladies put up their sewing, "but Id like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?" "What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic lady. "William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but William will invent. He goes inventing around from morning till night, and 1 have no peace or comfort. I didn't object when he invented a fire-cscape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how it worked. Then he originated a lock for the door

Two Ways of Doing It.

[Croffut in St. Paul Pioneer Press.] A celebrated singer told me this week

wo stories of the elder Bennett. When Parepa first came to this country she salled at the Bennett mansion and presented a letter of introduction which she brought from Europe. Mrs. Bensett, who was a dressy and rather magaificent society lady, received her in the parlor, and, after welcoming her, pore her to the library where her disinguished husband was at his desk. "Father," said Mrs. Bennett, "father ! here is Mme. Parepa, come to ask the protection of our paper.'

Mr. Bennett expressed his pleasure at seeing her, but Parepa bridled perceptibly and exclaimed earnestly:

'No! no! Pardon me! You surely mistake. I do not come to ask the protection of The Herald, but only to prosent a personal letter of introduction from your friends."

Constraint and embarrassment folowed. Mrs. Bennett was angry. The all was short. And The Herald never zave a word of cordial praise to Parepa till both her host and hostess were lead.

Another : When Madame Gazzanigga, he finest singer of her time, was in this city, she called on Mrs. Bennett one day and waited for her half an hour in the drawing-room, and then left. On letting her out, the servant asked : "Who shall I tell her called?"

"Tell her," said the prima donna, that she will find my card on the oiano."

And there, sure enough, it was found, Gazzanigga," scrawled in the dust that had blown in that summer mornng on the polished piano lid! Instead of being offended, Mrs. Bennett was at once pleased by the impudence and iveliness of her caller, and thenceforward the two were good friends, and The Herald could never say enough for ler.

How Londoners Dress.

Private Letter in San Francisco Bulletin.] The streets generally were thronged with people, principally gentlemen. English ladies seem to walk but little in the streets. The London gentlemen ire a fine looking set of men. They icess remarkably well, wholly in Prince Albert coats and white vests, and ties. They wear the glossiest, most shining hats, what we call "stovepipes," which nake them look taller and better lressed than the "beanpots" of America. Nearly every gentleman has either a tose, jasmine or a tuberose ia his buttonhole. It may be their dress or their hats that give the impression. but English gentlemen look taller than Americans. Their physical development is good: their faces handsome; their features clearly cut. Most of them are clean shaven, except a small mustache and acat side-boards. There are very few beards to be seen among the better class

of young Englishmen. The streets of London are enlivened with red-coated soldiers. They are a Sne looking class; their dress very oright in color and well cut. On the streets they usually wear a cap, resembling a smoking cap, which they auntily perch on one side of the head, id in their hands carry a lithe or slenler walking cane. Their walk is very regular and their bearing military; and on account of the number one sees they contribute quite a feature among the city sights.

Reckless Rorsemanship. [Inter Ocean.]

It was early in the morning that the pilgrims were favored with an exhibition of horsemanship which is rarely seen. At one of the stations at which the train stopped there appeared among the small knot of natives a veritable cowboy, mounted and fully equipped. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat over an honest, pleasant face, deeply tanned by the sun and atmosphere, a woolen shirt and a short, gray jacket and gray trousers. Over his legs, from his hips to his knees, extended a wide piece of leather, the object of which is supposed to be to protect him from rain and brush. He was asked if he owned the herd of sheep grazing near. and indignantly responded that he did not-that he was a cowboy.

"Let us see you lasso that cow." "Huh! That's nothin'! The boys 'uld skin my head."

"Then let us see you catch the train." Without a word the little pony was urged to the other side of the track, and, as the train started, horse and rider made a dash, going ahead of the train. Gradually as the train got un- | nervous losses, he drinks to restore himder way it gained upon its opponent until it and the horse stood "neck and neck." Then, as if to tempt the rider to his fate, cigars were held to him from the car windows. Without a moment's hesitation the little pony was headed for the road-bed, which it reached by a plunge from the higher ground. The train increased in speed. and the cow-boy, being intent on the prizes offered him, gave the rein to the pony and his attention to taking the cigars from the hands of those inside the cars. Over washouts and uneven ground, through cuts and over elevations the animal dashed, and so close to the train that the rider's feet came in contact with it. The animal was left entirely to itself, and one misstep or a stumble would have thrown both horse and rider beneath the wheels. For fully three-quarters of a mile the race was kept up, and at the end of it the daring rider was greeted with shouts, which he acknowledged by a wave of his hat as the horse mounted the embankment.

The Crash of Worlds. [Popular Science Monthly,]

If ever two great worlds do meet in this way it is possible to predict some of the consequences. To use the technical language of science, "their energy of solar motion will be converted into various forms of molecular and potential energy;" which, translated into the vernacular, means that there will be evolution of heat and light, while at the same time the solids present will be wholly or in part liquefied, the liquids vaporized, and the vapors and gases rarefied and expanded. The intensity of the action will depend, of course, mainly upon the mass and swiftness of the colliding bodies; but an easy calculation shows that if our earth were ever to meet another globe like herself, and meeting with the same velocity, heat enough would be generated by the shock to transform them both into a huge ball of vapor; unless, indeed, the central core of the earth is much colder

BEWARE. PROUD WORLD.

[W. T. Washburn.] Beware, proud world! how thou despisest The humblest of thy creatures, lest In melancholy's sanless mine He chance upon a steel divine Whose edge shall cleave your torturing

And break your sceptred gods' relentless reign

An Old Physician's Views. [Chicago Times.

I believe, however, that it is not the liquor alone which produces the diseases generally attributed to it. It is rather in the fact that those who are supposed to fail in physical health by its use, or who use it to excess, do so because they create by their course of life or labor a morbid demand for the stimulant.] have already shown how a board of trade man may rush off to get a drink to prevent a reaction from excitement. It is so with many other vocations. Take a compositor on a morning paper. He will work all night, and have his slumbers broken in the day. He rises unrefreshed. He must work again, and, utterly prostrated, suffering from self. He continues this course for years, and becomes a wreck. Whether from the drink or the work for which he may have been constitutionally unfitted I could not say, unless I could determine what would have been the result had hefollowed either course and left the other alone.

I am inclined to think, however, that the effects of liquor on a person following a nervous and exhaustive vocation, especially if it be used to braceup to greater efforts and harder work. is far more injurious than when used by such men as those who first peopled the west, and who drank it frequently and sometimes to excess. Their systems were strong enough to throw off its effects. Their occupations did notcause nervous prostration, hence they did not develop a seeming necessity in the system for it. It is not the peculiarity of modern liquor or the depravity of the present generation; it is the exhaustion induced by the terrible outlay of vitality in exciting business that makes drinking what it now is with a large class. My advice to all workers. is to go slow. Do not brace up that you may overwork. Rest; that is nature's own magnificent and unrivaled remedy, that will cure when nothing else will. Take to the woods. the fields, the open air. Throw physics to the dogs, and do not sell your health for money, for you cannot buy it.

A Plea for Little Men. [Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.]

Surely the anthropometrists will doharm if they encourage the craze of tallness. It seems one ambition of mothers that their boys should be tall. Napoleon and Wellington and Nelson were short. The Romans dominated Italy because individual physical inferiority made them perfect their organization. To say that the English is the tallest race is simply to say that they are hewers of wood and drawers of water for the rest. The tallness of Saxon invaders proves little. Although reach was of more importance in the days of sword and ax than now, the tall Saxon did not in point of fact oust the shorter Celt or Neolith except in places where command of the sea gave him power to concentrate rapidly. It. is to organization, sanitary education. etc., and not to tallness, or even to weight, that one race must look to beat another now, as in the days when Romebeat the mountaineers. But if we are toadmire physical condition, surely we should be taught to look to size round. the chest in men, and to size, where size is wanted in women, and not totallness in either case.

A Story of George Peabody. [Pall Mall Gazette.]

The proceedings at the first meeting of the Library association were en. livened by Mr. Henry Stevens, the well-known "bibliographer and lover of books," who related with his usual sumor some literary anecdotes, which, as he said, were not generally to be met with in published books. One of these relating to the late Mr. George Peabody is too amusing not to deserve a wider circulation. The eminent philanthropist, anxious "to do something in a literary way" for his native city. Boston, applied to Mr. Stevens for advice. "How are books?" inquired Mr. Peabody, as if they were stocks and shares. "What can I get 3,000 volumes for?" "Well," replied his adviser, "you can get them at a shilling a volume or a pound a volume.' "Then I will have them at a shilling a volume," was the answer; and he forthwith commissioned the book savant to procure and have delivered to him at Boston, well bound, in good condition, and free of charge, 3,000 volumes for the same number of shillings. This was in dué course accomplished, and the munificence of the donor lost nothing by the fact that a mistaken account of the transaction afterward found its way into the newspapers. describing how the library had been selected and founded at a cost of £1 per volume.

A Rich Deposit.

The finding of a great belt of phosphates in North Carolina is announced in a communication to Bradstreet's. The deposit has been traced a distance of nine miles, and an observer believes they extend a distance of thirty or forty branch of Cape Fear river.

Wants It "Done Brown." [Chicago Herald.]

Flood, the California millionaire, is going to ship brownstone all the way from New York for his new San Francisco palace. This will be an innovation in which health and comfort are to be sacrificed to style. Brick of stone houses in San Francisco are simply uninhabitable because of their coldness and dampness, but Mr. Flood believes that brown stone alone can give the solidity and dignity necessary to such a palace as he means to build. By the way, it should not be forgotten that Mr. Flood used to keep a saloon and attend his own bar. His tastes | at least twice a month by the woman are, therefore, necessarily cultured and and her children. esthetic.

A Point in Peanuts.

It is reported that attempts will be made next season to raise peanuts on land that can be irrigated. The crop was a failure in many parts of the south miles on each side of the northeast | this year on account of the drought.

that wouldn't open from midnight until norning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing." "Why didn't he take his coat off?" "I wanted him to, but he stood around . till the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it.

"That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut and open without handling. It went by clockwork. William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till Sunday night, when it flew open and disclosed William with the plans and specifications of a patent washbowl that would tip over when it got just so full. The result was that I lost all my rings and a breastpin down Then he got up a the waste-pipe. crutch for a man that could be used as an opera glass. Whenever the man leaned on it up it went, and when he put it to his eye to find William it flew out into a crutch and almost broke the top of his head off. The other day I saw him going up the street with a model of a grain elevator sticking out of his hip pocket, and he is fixing up an improved shot tower in our bedroom.

Civilizing the Brahmins. [St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

The Hindoos can never become civilized, according to our standard, until they shall lose their old religion. This faith is so interwoven with the tissue of their every-day life that they are never free from it for a moment. By its influence they still plow with an iron-shod stick, reap with a sickle and thresh the grain beneath the feet of oxen. It gives them no idea of right and wrong. according to our standard. It incalcates child marriages and the terrors of widowhood; it fosters female infanticide by its doctrine of female depravity and worthlessness. In short it is a vast improvement over fetichism and Parseeism, but it falls short of the real needs of mankind, and it is only through this foreign missionary work and its active support that these poor, benighted, down-trodden and heart-broken sisters of ours can ever be lifted out of this utter darkness into the light of truth and happiness.

The God of the Bedstead.

[Chicago Herald.]

The principal idol of Chinese women is the God of the Bedstead, which they worship religiously until the youngest child is 15 years of age. This god consists of a rice bowl, with two pieces of red ribbon laid on the bottom of it. two cakes of yeast, and twelve leaves. culled from as many different trees. The god is kept on a shelf, either above or under the bed, according to the fancy of the worshiper, and is appealed to

A Paroxysmal Winter.

[Exchange.] Professor Cather, of Alabama, makes bold to predict that the coming winter will be very cold and early, and "phenomenal for its paroxysmal spells of heat, succeeded by intense cold."

After Mineteen Years. [New York Journal.]

On the 21st of June, 1864, a young ady residing in Frankfort Ky., sent a letter addressed to "Lieut. J. K. P. South, Company D. Fifth Kenucky Infantry, Lewis' Brigade, Wheeler's Division," which was forwarded but never received by Mr. South, After the war the letter came into the possession of Rev. E. C. Guerrant, of Mount Sterling, who placed it in a box with a number of other mementoes of his comrades of the "lost cause," where it was discovered by Mr. W. F. Haven aditor of The Moant Sterling Sentinel. who forwarded the long missing letter to Mr. South, who received it one day last week. The fair writer at the time she wrote the letter was the betrothed of Mr. South, but is long since married to another man, and now resides in Louisville. Lieut. South is the happy father of a family residing in Reading. Pa. . Mr. South intends to send the long-scaled letter after he reads the contents to the lady as a reminder of their former friendship.

Thaddens Micvens' Grave. [Letter in Philadelphia Times.]

Stevens had purchased and paid for lots in the "Lancaster" cemetery before he knew that its charter limited its tenants to those in whose veins ran no African blood. He then negotiated for ground in "Woodward Hill" cemetery. but ascertaining that they, too, didn't think a black man good enough to moulder to dust in their graveyard, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that they're a set of fools, too." Mrs. Smith says that the directors then offered to have the obnoxious limitation stricken out of Stevens' deed, but the old man declared he would have nothing to do with them or their cemetery, and that he "would rather be buried in Potters' Field." And so this consistent champion of the oppressed turned to the less pretentious burial ground, where he now lies, beneath that graven tablet whereof all the world knows and honors.

(Progress in Medication. [British Quarterly Review.]

Since the time of our fathers great changes have taken place, all in the direction of the diminution of the volume and number of drugs administered. Doses are getting smaller, pills are dwindling in size, and powders are growing so beautifully less as to suggest at no distant period their final and blessed extinction without hope of resurrection. Drops are substituted for tablespoonfuls, and effervescing salts for the black draught of still blacker mennory. The whilom bolus, monstrous in size and nastiness, is an extinct type of physic, and what pills still survive in dwarfed form cover their nakedness in coats of varied hue, or present themselves in the seductive guise of bonafide sugar plums. Numberless are the ways and forms in which now-a-days the

and more refractory than is usually supposed. At any rate, the quantity of neat developed would be sufficient to melt, boil, and completely vaporize a mass of ice fully 700 times that of both the colliding worlds-an ice planet 150, 000 miles in diameter.

If, however, the impinging masses were, to begin with, mainly gaseous (as the sun seems to be) the effect might be curiously different. Heat would, of course, be generated, just as in the case of solid bodies; but as a consequence. apparently most paradoxical, the resulting nebula might actually be cooler than either of the bodies before the en counter; of course it would be vastly expanded in volume. Just as a gaseou mass contracting under its own gravity from loss of heat by radiation at its surface, continually rises in temperature, so a similar mass, expanding against its own gravity from accession of heat within, may fall in temperature, nay, must fall, if the body is composed of "perfect" gas. Of course, immediately after the collision, and before the ultimate expansion bulk was attained, the temperature and brilliance of the mass would be for a time vastly increased. but the final result would be as stated

Soothing the Victims. [Arkansaw Traveler.]

Marwood, the English hangman, used to soothe his victims by whispering words of encouragement to them. "Come on now," he would say kindly. "I won't hurt you, and it will all be over in a minute. It will be all right. Just leave it to me." A well known sheriff in Arkansaw is equally as kind Some time ago he entered the cell of a man who was to be hanged the following day and said : "That little affair of ours comes off to-morrow, you know, and I hope that you will be quite ready for the performance. Hold yourself pretty stiff when the cap is drawn. Then you will go down straight and won't dangle. It's very uncomfortable to dangle and you will find the stiff method preferable."

Prison Morality. [Chicago Herald.]

A man who was convicted of theft and sentenced to the state prison in Philadelphia the other day astonished the judge by making these pointed remarks in court: "I worked three years in your state prison making shoes, and I know as much about making shoes as I do about watches. They taught me to be dishonest. My principal work was to paste leather and pasteboard together to make a thick sole to impose on the public. The man who had the contract was a Christian, a member of the church, and at the time I called his attention to the pasteboard business he was foreman of the grand jury.

What His Idea Was. [San Francisco Bulletin.]

A New York merchant was speaking of a gray-haired comrade who had just married a third wife. "I can't under-stand it," he said. "I am a widower myself, but my idea has always been that if a man's first wife suited him, he wouldn't expect that another could fill horrors of physic contrives to hide her place, and if she did not suit him, he wouldn't want another to fill it."

One of the Serious Wants. [Chicago Times.]

In the carriage-makers' convention in New Haven, Conn., after the committeeon apprenticeship had reported in favor of restoring the old system of indenturing apprentices until they reach their majority. Mr. John W. Britton, of New York, said : "One of the serious wants of this country and of our trade is good boys. Our boys are deteriorating, as are our men. The greatest difficulty we experience in New York is that of getting boys who have brains and are willing to learn a trade thoroughly. The example of men who have made millions in a few years is held up before our boys in school, and the boys become inflamed with the notion that they must make their millions and be able to found cross-roads colleges before they die. So they eschew trades and become poor professionals."

The Authorship of "Old Grimes." [Chicago Tribune.]

The New York Tribune has been trying to fix the authorship of the pathetic ballad, "Old Grimes." The weight of the testimony is in favor of Albert G. Green, a graduate of Brown university and author of "The Baron's Last Banquet." There is a pretty well authenticated claim, however, that the author was a student of the Vale college during the presidency of Dr. Dwight. In those days the janitor of the institution was an eccentric character, who wore "an old brown coat," and was called by the students Professor of Dust and Ashes. He died, and the claim is that one of the college rhymsters wrote the lines in question, which were sung by a lot of heartless students. who assembled for that purpose on the roof of the college building.

A Uscless Habit.

[Chicago Times.] The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing, which is habitual with many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason-unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example tothe next generation. A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and s* -nographers.

A Warning. [Inter Ocean.]

A Boston editor became "a walking" encyclopedia of historical and biographical knowledge" and then died. People should not try to be encyclopedias unless they expect to be soon laid on the shelf.

itself.