TO DRINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live, And if men thwart thee take no heed, And if men hate thee have no care; Sing thou thy song and do thy deed, Hope then thy hope and pray thy prayer, And claim no grown they will not give, Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thom thy soul-sworn steadfast oath, And to thy heart be true thy heart; What thy soul teachers learn to know, And her met there is the source to be the source of the And play out thine appointed part; And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow, Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth, To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face, And let thy feet be lured to stray Nowhither, but be swift to run, And nowhere tarry by the way, Until at last the end is won, And thou may'st look back from thy place And see thy long day's journey done.

A WIFE'S REVENCE.

The autumn day was crisp and clear, and a pretty basket phaeton stood before the Ransford cottage, the spirited little bay pawing the ground restlessly, as though impatient to be gone. Within, Mrs. Ransford stood drawing on her driving gloves, a wistful expression on uer proud, dark face that seemed quite inusual to it.

"I would so much like to have you go, Norman," she was saving. "The day is just perfect, and Redwing was aever in better spirits, as you can see,' with a glance through the window at the impatient pony. "But I shall not enjoy the drive alone."

"Get one of your friends to go with you, then," replied the gentleman, in a tone so absent and preoccupied as to seem almost cold. "If it was not for that imperative engagement down street this afternoon [should go, of course. But business before pleasure, you know," and he bit off the end of a iresh cigar as he consulted his watch, "Can't you find some one else to keep you company in your drive, Louise?"

"I shall not try," she answered, bravely suppressing the piteous quiver of her hps, "'If my husband refuses to accompany me, I shall not ask elsewhere.

And without waiting for his reply, she hastily swept out to the waiting phaeton.

Norman Ransford immediately followed to assist her into it, but when he reached the gate she had already seated herself and gathered up the reins. The next instant, with a little half nod of good-bye to her husband, she had driven

"She is angry," he thought, watching the airy little phaeton bowl smoothly lown the pleasant street, "and hurt. There were tears in her eyes just now. and Louise don't often shed them, By Jove, it is a mean business to play the traitor to a wife like that!"

And he stood leaning over the gate, actually forgetting to resume the cigar whose red spark was dying out as he not at first notice any unusual excite-

to forget him, as he was unworthy of her love.

Mrs. Ransford sank down in a large arm chair that stood before the grate, utterly faint, and white as a snow drift, and there the servant found her when she came in to light the lamps.

"Don't, Mary!" she exclaimed, shudderingly, lifting her hand with a swift, shrinking gesture, as though dreading the light. "The firelight is all I care for. Don't disturb me again this evening!'

The girl wonderingly obeyed, and for hours Mrs. Ransford sat there, just as in the child's future, "hev ye made up dozen other choice selections and styles she had returned from the drive, her elbow resting on the cushioned arm of the chair, and her white cheek supported by her gloved hand, gazing straight before her into the glowing grate. Her For a moment she was silent, battling fur-lined cloak had been loosened and with her own heart. Then, as a long. thrown back, but the wide hat with its shuddering sigh broke over her white elegant, drooping plumes, still shaded her face. It was a dark, proud face, as shown

by the firelight, brooding over her bitter wrongs; a beautiful face, with character and purpose shown in the clear, decided contour of brow and chin, despite the softness suggested by the rich olive of the rounded cheeks, and the dark, deep southern eyes which looked as though they could love passionately, or hate bitterly, to the end.

"I will be revenged. I swear it!" she said, at last, clenching her gloved hand with passionate force, while those deep, dark eyes glowed dangerously in the "She has stolen my husbanddusk. ruined my life. As sure as there is a God in heaven, she shall suffer for it!" A few days later her servants were dismissed, her pretty cottage closed and to do anything-everything-for her

errand of vengeance. Of course the town rang with the news of Ransford's flight with the danseuse, for it was once at guessed that they had gone together. But none had dared to question the deserted wife, who, in such proud silence, had quietly gone about making arrangements for her departure and then had suddenly disappeared from their midst.

* * * * * *

The sun, high in the heavens, sent his glances of light down into the pinescented canon, where a rough but stirring mining settlement had taken root and flourished.

The train from the east had just passed through, and the attention of many was curiously turned to the elegant figure of a lady in a gray traveling suit and closely veiled, who had stepped off the train and was making her

way daintily down the main thoroughfare leading to the heart of the settlement.

Presently she came upon a group of men gathered around the open doorway of a cabin standing a few paces back from the street. They were talking in low, subdued tones, with an air of earnest interest, but the lady did

had left home forever, and urging her faithful companion during the three years in which she had untiringly tracked this guilty woman with her yow of vengeance.

A flerce anger thrilled her breast when she first saw how fate had robbed her of her victim. But, gazing down upon the still, white face of her dead rival, whose dangerous fascinations were now forever powerless, softer feelings began to stir in her heart, and she thanked God for having saved her from her own wicked purpose.

"Well, ma'am," broke in the voice of the miner, who had seemed interested yer mind yit whether ye're goin' to cotton to this 'ere young kid?"

Louise started; her bosom was torn by a thousand conflicting emotions. ups, she answered quietly:

"Yes, I will take the child."

She handed the man a plain white card upon which she had pencilled her address.

"When the father returns," she said, "give him this. It will tell him where he may find his child."

We are back at the Ransford cottage. Norman Ransford is there, and, despite the care worn lines on his face, the light of a great happiness rests upon it, while the beautiful dark eyes of his wife are soft and brilliant as stars. There has been a long, long talk, and all is at last forgiven.

"But one thing more, Louise," says her husband, with a motion of his hand toward dark-eyed little Norma, who is playing near them. "I am willing Louise Ransford started forth upon her welfare, only-don't let us keep her here.

> "Why, surely you love your child, Norman?" she asked, with gentle reproach.

"Yes, but-and the gesture which finished the sentence eloquently tells the story of his remorse and shame.

"I understand," says Louise, softly. "But I love the child for her own sake, and I shall keep her with me."

And, to herself, she adds:

venge.

"He can never look upon that innocent, lovely little face without remembering the great sin of his life. And if I still cared for it, that would, indeed, be my surest and sweetest re-

A Lady Detective.

"What have you in that basket?" said a sprightly, middle-aged woman to a lady who had just come off the ferry black feather, adorned her head. The parti-colored top-knot instead of the person whom she addressed was a tint desired."

held is in his hand, looking after the wife who loved him so well, and almost tempted to call her back and join in her nearest to her with the point of her fall of plums, on which she paid the ter. duty, As she was leaving the office Miss Thomson thought that the woman's speechless contempt a moment and then burst forth: figure did not appear to be exactly natural, and called her back, The two women went into a room at the rear of

Bleached Bangs.

A reporter dropped into a "hair manufactory" a few days ago and had a rather interesting little talk with the lady in charge. A show case occupied one side of the neatly furnished room This case was full of things made of hair, and at one end was a collection of curious little instruments. The contents of the show case were described to him in terms which fell meaningless upon his ear. Wige and toupees, and fronts, and waves, and switches, and knots, and bangs, and Langtry's, and curls, and sides and backs, and half a of hair were rattled off. Some of the hair was coarse and some fine as silk, with intermediate grades. Some was straight as a poker, while some was kinky and other was curly. Every color from a raven black to flaxen was represented, not omitting some very flashy

red curls. "Where do we get the hair?" said the lady. "We buy it sometimes in the rough and make it up to suit orders. and some we purchase already made up, in the expectation of being able to fit it to customers. I don't know where it comes from originally, but much of it is imported. 1 am told that in some countries girls sell their luxurious tresses, but that would hardly fill the market, as in those countries where a girl will sell her hair the color is generally the same. I mean by that that you will find in some countries that everybody has dark hair, while in others flaxen is the ruling shade. The intermediate colors must be secured from other sources. I suppose some of the shades are produced by dyeing or bleaching the dead hair.'

"Can red hair be produced from any other color by dyeing or bleaching?' asked the scribe.

"Oh, no," replied the artist in capillary treasures, "red hair is red hair always. Anybody who has red hair when he or she is born has it when death closes up the earthly career, unless the head is kept shaved and a wig worn. Once red-headed, alway redheaded."

The scribe diffidently asked: "Is there much bleaching of hair practiced by the ladies in the city?"

"Bless your innocent heart, yes, "Why, was the startling response. where do you suppose all the blondes fashionable now, you know, but a year have red hair and who wanted to put on style, bleached her cranium cover-

teenth century that nature once more supplanted art in poetry and other literature, and that the genius of the great master of Euzabethan verse was fully recognized.

In our own day many cases of faulty judgment of literary reputation may be uted. American literature-not to go any further-furnishes a long list. Nothing is more dreary than to read the notices of celebrities, each of whom is given many pages in Duyckinck's imposing cyclopedia. Nine-tenths of them are not even known by name to-day, except by special students of our literature. Their works are unread because they are unreadable. They belong as wholly to another age as though they had lived when the Pyramids were built and had cut their effasions in hieroglyphics. No change in literary fashions can ever rehabilitate them any more than a mummy can be restored to life outside of Cherbuliez's charming romance. Even the great reputations which inspired awe in our minds when we were young have strangely dwindled, Washington Irving is about the only author of his time who has kept his hold on the reading public. His charming style and his keen sense of humor will always make him a classic, despite his many antiquated features. Of the remainder it may be truly said that literature has been benefitted by their demise; but their speedy extinction suggests the painful query whether the close of the twentieth century will not see many of the present reigning literary favorites relegated to the same limbo of forgetfulness. Much of the vogue of a large part of the best-known foreign and American literary men of to day depends upon their appeal to moods and feelings which are as subject to change as the cut of one's garments. The poetry of Clough and Rossetti will probably be unintelligible to the twentieth century man who has a sound mind in the body of an athlete and to whom doubt and despondency will be as foreign as they were to the Greek in the heroic age.

Dreams and Dreamers.

Dreams are in the main referred by the savage to the entrance into him of some outside spirit-as among the Feejeeans, who believe that the spirit of a living man will leave the body to all that home agriculture can produce, trouble sleeping folk-or to the real doings of himself. When the Greencome from? Not that blondes are lander dreams of hunting, or fishing, or courting, he believes that the soul or two ago every woman who didn't quits the body ; the Dyarks, of Borneo, think that during sleep the soul sometimes remains in the body or travels ing to a flaxen hue, and blossomed as a far away, being endowed, whether blonde. Nowadays the semi-brunette present or absent, with conditions steamer in Windsor. The speaker was is in order, and the blondes of last year which in waking moments are lacking, Miss Thomson, who is employed by the now have hair, bordering on the red, Wherever we find a low state of men-Canada Customs Department to watch a rich auburn-brown tint, if I may so tal development the like belief exists. that no smuggling goes on among the call it. This is secured from light hair In Mr. Thurnim's elaborate work on fair sex. She was dressed in a neat-fitting suit of black material, and a bleaching. The process is very deli-bleaching. borative evidence the more valuable black straw hat, with an enormous cate, and there is danger in getting a because of its freshness. He tells us can be carried very far and be made that the dreams which come to the to sustain millions of people engaged in Indian are to him as real as any of the fabricating articles for all parts of the events of his walking life. To him country. In this way it is quite posdream acts and waking acts differ only sible for the and region to sustain a in one respect, namely, that the for- population nearly as large as an equal mer are done only by the spirit the area in humid portions of our land. latter are done by the spirit in its body. Seeing other men asleep, and afterward hearing from them the things which they suppose themselves to have done when asleep, the Indian has no diffi culty in reconciling that which he hears with the fact that the bodies of the sleepers were in his sight and motion-Then the scribe remembered having less throughout the time of supposed action, because he never questions that the spirit, leaving the sleepers, played their part in dream adventures,

Life in the Desert.

The limit of population in the arid region is an interesting question. That part of the United States west of the ine drawn north and south at a point 200 miles east of Denver, and reaching to the Sterra Nevada- mountains, is so destitute of rainfall that crops cannot be raised, as a rule, without irrigation. This fact makes the conditions of its development very different from those of the rest of the country. The laws of growth that govern there cannot be applied here. In forecasting our future we are, therefore, almost without the aid of experience. It is true that the arid countries in the vicinity of the Mediterranean have sustained dense populations. It is also true that in the portion of Mexico where irrigation is necessary, very large numbers of people manage to exist. But these experiences are not worth much as guides to us in determining what will be the result of our Anglo-Saxon civilization upon the vast and dry interior of the continent.

Throughout our mountains and plains the nutritious grasses, which the dry seasons mature into hay upon the stalk, furnish great grazing resources, but the population that can be thus sustained must be comparatively small. It takes so much range to maintain a single animal, and when this limit is reached the increase of the herds must come to a halt. Agriculture will be circumscribed by the scarcity of irrigation water. If the latter could be had in unlimited quantities it would be safe to predict that all our tillable land will be eventually put under cultivation, and that our rural population will one day be as dense as that of France. But the water is not to be had after all allowances are made for possible improvements; after the entire flow of the streams has been saved in reservoirs ; after experience has discovered the most economical way to use water: after all there will only be a fraction of the available arid land under tillage. Vast areas must always be left untouched, which will be good only for pastoral purposes.

While immense crops of potatoes can be raised without irrigation, when all the little patches of soil in the mountains are tilled, it is yet evident that our home market will ultimately absorb however much the latter may run ahead temporarily. As the mines develop and manufacturing looms up, we will come to consume much more than our farmers can raise. The arid region must depend for its hope for a large population upon its ability to manufacture for the agricultural States to the east of us. It must hold the same relation to them that New England has long held to the West and South. Of course the ebb and flow of mining will always furnish a large but transitory population. But manufacturing is almost as permanent and constant as agriculture itself. It

drive.

But it was too late now. She was parasol. already beyond hearing. So the halfrepentant husband turned back to the house, not ill-pleased to have it so, for you tell methe appointment that he had mentioned was one very dear to his heart, and a few minutes later saw him on his way to keep it.

"Oh, Norman, I really thought you were never coming!"

This was the greeting that met him as he familiarly entered an elegant little boudour within a stone's throw of one of the popular theatres. And the speaker, a dark, foreign-looking girl, with rich red lips and great black eyes of liquid beauty, rose from her languid position on the sofa and threw herself into his arms as though perfectly certain of his love.

"Ab, Carita, Carita!" ke murmured passionately, folding his arms closely about the girl's lithe form and pressing his lips again and again to those beautiful red ones held up so temptingly.

Where now was that indifference which had chilled the heart of his loving and loyely wife only a short half hour ago? Gone, as it always was at a look or a touch from this enchantress. And what was she? Merely a dancer belonging to the theatre near by, whose name was already smirched with dishonor..

Yet, while Louise Ransford drove in solitude along the beautiful country roads, her heart swelling with the loneliness thus forced upon her, her husband was pleasantly passing the time in ren; I am almost tempted to take it this woman's society, smiling at her myself." rapid, impassioned speeches which he often fond y checked by closing the red tips with a kiss.

"Ah, Norman, why should we wait at all?"

The dark, bewitching face was hidden on his shoulder, and his arms clasped the lithe, yielding form, as those seductive lips put the sudden question.

"Will it be easier to leave a month or a year hence than now? And if not, why-to-day is ours. To-morrow-ah we know not what may arise to separate ns then."

"To-day is ours!"

Norman started. Yes, Louise was out of the way until dark, he was sure. In that time he could make what few arrangements he cared to, and they could easily get away on the late afternoon train.

He had not dreamed of taking this decisive step so soon, but since he had dreamed of it at all, as well go now as any other time. Yes, they would go.

The early dusk had fallen over Norman Ransford's home. A bright fire had not been unfamiliar to her, glowed in the open grate, and the pretty little parlor, lit by that alone, never looked more home like or inviting. Mrs. Ransford entered it, looking flushed from her drive in the cool, crisp air, but with that wistful, troubled expression not yet gone from her charming face.

Almost the first thing upon which her glance fell was a white envelope lying upon the table. She took it up, carelessly at first, walking over to the grate dared to attend when "Mr. Norman" to read it by the firelight, but a low, business-like, informing her that he cealed beneath her traveling sacque, her crushed to death in the deep ravines.

"Pardon me, sir," she began, in a low, sweetly-modulated voice, "but can

"She did not finish, for, as the man turned toward her, the look of awe on the office, and in a few minutes Miss lashes are a terror to women. No his rough, sunburned face struck her Thomson appeared lugging a goodwith wonder, and, involuntarily, she stepped forward among them to learn the cause of it.

Through the open door she saw the lifeless figure of a woman laid out upon was allowed to pay the regular duty and eyelashes, and having wondered a couch within a plain but neatly fur- and take them away. As the woman how the difference in color happened. nished room, and a lovely two-year-old walked out of the door her form seemed child sobbing piteously beside it. Two or three rather coarse looking women what it was a few minutes before when they lay on the dark tints, even going who were moving about the room seemed either too busy or two callous to attend to the grief of the lonely little creature.

"What's goin' to become o' the young un?" said one of the men at the door, in tensively among the women than woman don't care about little things of a stage whisper. "That's what I'd like among the opposite sex?" asked a re ter know.'

"Where is the woman's husband?" asked the strange lady, speaking for the first time, as if inspired with a sudden interest in the scene.

"Husband?" echoed the man, a perma'am, I reckon as how he ain't her husband much more'n I be; but if ye mean that kid's father, why he's gone over the range prospectin', and ain't liable to be back for a month to come."

"Poor little thing!" said the woman, lonely one-thrilling with pity for the motherless babe, "I have no child-

And she went over to the sobbing child, throwing back her thick veil, as she did so, and disclosing a clear, dark face of such proud beauty that every one of the little group thrilled with surprise and admiration.

"What is your name, dearie?" she asked, with exquisite tenderness, putdrawing her close to her breast. The child looked up in wonder.

"Normie," she lisped, in her sweet baby tongue, checking her sobs as the port, like the rapid discharge of a whole beautiful lady kissed her and soothed park of artillery, thundered through her grief.

At the sound of that name Louise Ransford, for it was she, put the child from her with a sudden agonized gesthe dead.

sort of gasp. Yet she knew, even before my hands to my ears in affright. It the answer came, for the dark, seduc- came from the distant Wetterhorn, tive beauty of that face, when in life,

The female attendants, in their garrulous fashion, told her all they knew its base, and all were falling and crushof the dead woman's story. When it ing together. was ended the wronged wife knew, be- It was absol yond all doubt, that the woman whose Nemesis she had sworn to be was lying avalanches which the sudden jar had dead before her.

She had ruptured a blood vessel while waltzing the previous night at of one blended with the thander of an-one of those "flash" parties which she other, till one continuous roar passed liked to frequent, and which she never along the mountains. The thunder was at home.

read on to the end. It was a note had unconsciously strayed to the hilt of painted those falling masses of snow from her husband, cruelly brief and a sharp and stender Italian dagger, con- and ice as half conscious monsters,

sized ham and nearly a peck of plums, which were confined in a linen bag. As the articles were perishable, they were not confiscated, and the woman to be considerably diminished from cate paints and brushes, with which she entered the office.

"Scarcely a day passes but what some person is brought into the office and searched," said Miss Thomson,

"Is smuggling carried on more exporter who happened to be present at the time.

"In the way of bringing over articles that are not very bulky the women do bleaching and dye stuffs here, and who the most of it. It is astonishing what an amount of goods can be concealed up." ceptible sneer in his voice. "Well, by a woman who is up to the smuggling game.

"What articles are smuggled most?" "Sugar tea and groceries in general. Candies are also smuggled extensively. In fact, nearly every thing which can be handily concealed and which can be softly, her woman's heart-and it was a purchased cheaper in Detroit than in Windsor is smuggled."

Miss Thomson is stationed most of the time at Windsor, but every few weeks pays a two or three days visit to Amherstburg and Walkerville.

An Alpine Echo.

The keeper of the chalet, writes a tourist in Switzerland, had a small mortar, which he fired off at our request. ting her arms about the little one and Ten distinct echoes came back. From deep and awful silence these innumerable peaks seemed aroused into sudden and almost angry life. Report after repark of artillery, thundered through the clear air.

At length the echoes, one by one, sank slowly away, and I thought all was over. Fainter and fainter they grew, ture, and went and stood beside the till nothing but a low rumbling sound couch, looking down upon the face of was heard in the distance, when suddenly without warning or preparation. there was a report like the blast of the The question came from her lips in a last trumpet. I instinctively clasped and rolled and rattled and stormed through the mountains until it seemed as if the very peak was loosened from

It was absolutely terrific. Its fearful echo had scarcely died away before the loosened began to fall. Eight fell in almost as many minutes. The thuoder ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and the deep, awful silence that fol-As she listened to this story her hand lowed was painful; and my imagination

The lady gazed at the scribe

Bleach them? Of course not, Why don't you know that light eyebrows and matter how light the hair is the eye fixings must be dark-the darker the better.

noticed many blondes with dark brows He was informed that ladies have deliso far as to use a liquid called "hohi" with which to darken the eyelids and give a languishing expression to the eyes. "Of course all this injures the hair and the eyes, but a fashionable bleaching liquids, as the mixtures made I have many customers who keep their come regularly to have their hair done

Literary Reputation.

Literary reputation after death is something so unstable that the best minds in every age have been misled by the claims of their contemporaries to a place on "fame's eternal bead-roll." It is questionable whether Chaucer or Shakespeare ever gave a thought to the perpetuity of their names. Modern commentators on these poets have argued from their characters and writings more things than these worthies ever dreamed of. They were simply men of genius, without one trace of self-consciousness which now seems to be so closely allied with all intellectual power. There is no trace of effort in the work of these early giants of English literature; none of their productions smell of the lamp and none have that undertone of unappreciation which is the retrain of so many of our modern bards, These men were head and shoulders above even the brilliant company in which they moved, yet it took more than two hundred years to bring the world to fairly estimate their intellectual stature. The Euzabethan age was the golden age in the history of literature. Genius was a common possession. Even the language felt the influence of the universal spirit and gained a richness and force unknown

before and unparalleeld since. Yet Shakespeare, by his own contemporaries, was underrated, and the generation which immediately followed looked upon him as at best a barbarian, whose genius ran beyond all bounds and 10,500,000. The vote in 1880, using whose richest gems were buried beneath a mass of base ore. Every age since then has seen the same curious reversal of literary judgments. The Queen Anne poets and poetasters regarded Pope as the great man of his time and predicted that he would occupy a place above Milton or any of the poets who to perpetuate the measure which the 49,874,000 in the States includes a votauthor of the "Essay on Man" spent a lifetime in bringing to such admirable perfection. In turn, his weaker imi- population of nearly 14,280,000, or that was only after the middle of the eigh- of voting.

In the Shandinavian Vatusdaela Saga there is a curions account of three Finns who were shut up in a hut for three nights and ordered by lngimun]. a Norwegian Chief, to visit Iceland and inform him of the line of the country where he has to settle. Their bodies become rigid and they sent their sons on their errand, and on their awakening. that sort. We import much of the at the end of three days, gave an accurate account of the Vatusdal, in which in this country do not do the work well. Ingimund ultimately dwelt. No wonder that in medizeval times, when witches swept the air and harried the cattle, swooning and other forms of insensibility were adduced in support of the theory of soul absence-or that we find among savages-as the Tejals of the Luzon Islands-objections to waking a sleeper, last the soul happens to be out of the body. As a corollary to this belief in soul absence, fear arises owner, and hence a rough-and-ready theory of the cause of disease is framed, for savages rarely die in their beds. That disease is a derangement of functions, interrupting their natural action and carrying attendant pain as its indication, could not enter the head of the uncivilized; and, indeed, among ourselves a cold or fever is commonly thought of as an entity in the body which has stolen in, and, having been caught, must be somehow expelled. With the universal primitive belief in spiritual agencies everywhere inhaled with the breath or swallowed with the food or drink, all diseases were regarded as their work, whether, as remarked above, through undue absence of the rightful spirit or subtle entrance of some hostile one. If these be the causes to which sickness are due, obviously the only cure is to get rid of them, and hence the sorcerer and the medicine man find their services in request in casting out the demon by force, or enticing him by cajolery, or in bringing back the truant soul.

Vote for President.

It is estimated that the popular vote for President this year will be about round figures, was 9,220,000, in a total population of 49,871,000, and in a male population of the voting age reported at roundly 12,571,000 for the 38 States. The population of the States will be in November next above 56,000,000, in the eight Territories and the District of The duals were of silver and brass, the Columbia very nearly 1,000,000, making for the whole country a grand total of overthrown this claim by refusing even 57.000,000. Now, if a population of inches in diameter. A plain watch cost ing population of 12,571,000. a populaton of 57,000 000 contains a voting

tators were lauded to the skies, and it number of men possessing the legal age

"Old Bum."

A half drunken man while walking along the street of Still Rock several nights ago saw that the opera house was lighted, and asking a boy what was going on learned that a minstrel show was cutting capers on the boards. Religious worship of a newly-imported denomination is occasionally conducted in the opera house, and this particular night quite an eminent divine was "holding his own" below the drop curtain. The half-drunken fellow went up, and, seeing no one at the door, slipped in. Just then the minister arose and began to preach. The amusement seeker went down into the pit and

waited for the jokes to begin. Leaning over, he whispered to an old gentleman : "Takes off the preacher firstrate,

don't he?' The old gentleman shook his head. 'Well, he just does.'

'Sp-e-e !' hissed the old gentleman. 'What's the matter with you, old bum? You're sick ; you'd better go home.

After awhile the preacher said a 'pretty good thing.' and the fellow laughed, reached over and punched the old gentleman. He waited for another lest it be prolonged to the perial of the jcke, wondering at the stupidity of the audience.

'I want to say one thing before I forget it. I have preached in quite a number of cities recently, but I don't know of a town whose streets are worse than that of Little Rock

'That's the worst local gag 1 ever heard l' exclaimed the fellow, arising. 'Come on, old bum, and let's get another drink."

An officer of the church hustled the disturber out of the house, but during the remainder of the discourse the congregation looked on the old gentleman with suspicion and a lady leader of a temperance organization turned up her nose at him.

The Watch.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward Vi had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plumments of lead." The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great im-provement-the substitution of springs for weights-was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five ordered it took a year to make it.

DEAF mutes converse by means of signs, because actions speak louder than