The referer chords have all been touched Upon the harp of life; all joyous notes have all been hushed In the dim of its battle strife, ant this is true of many a harp That sounds in human life, the quivering strings within the soul,

Of all sweet sound is 'reft,

Ahl who would care to live this life, When all its lights have fled, When nothing can the mind delight, For all its joys are dead, There's nothing in the past but pain Since memory's turned to gall; And backward views bring back again Its woes to bruise and pall.

The songs that once keen pleasure gave, Now enty pierce the heart, For every note brings cruelly back Each sharpened memory dart. Then may who would not gladly fling This joyless life away; Whose every morning light doth bring Fierce pain that shrouds the day.

But there is one who will extract Each shaft that rankies there; That binds the heart upon life's rack And cruel stabs and tears. Yes, He will take each cruel spear From out the bleeding heart; Bind up each wound and dry each tear And hope, and peace impart.

#### A PAINTER S PERIL.

It was the studio of one of Paris' most renowned painters, and the time the early part of the last century. Deschamps, still a young man, in 1714 had the world already, as the phrase is, at his feet. His pictures were accepted for the salon as a matter of course, and they sold at fabulous prices; for to possess them was a matter of fame, Madelaine near where it becomes the tree would lie Europa. Rue des Italiens, His work-room was the envy of poorer painters and the pattern for richer. Yet it was not her last mandate: choked with the usual paraphernalia of the artist; there were no pieces of armor, no ancient weapons, no statues, no trophies of the chase in wild lands. with nothing for show, but with everything that the work in hand might render fitting. His lounging-room, again, was sui generis-a room for comyoung and formerly used to a meagre life, bad now his own ideas of pleasure, and knew how, with his large income, to carry them out,

It was only in his reception-room that he bowed to the popular tastes. This apartment was small and richly though sombrously hung with heavy embroidered portieres; the rugs were indefinite in design, like the oriental mind that planued them; the furniture was of dark, foreign woods, upholstered in violet silk. It was in this room at the close of a winter's day that a visitor awaited. The wax lights were lit in their sconces, but they only partially illumined the gloom of the lustrous surremadings. Little gleams shone fitfully from the carved angles of the dark woods, like the dark flashes of a dark eye which intimates yet conceals some terrible mystery. The caller had chosen a seat in the greatest obscurity that the room afforded; but throwing aside her heavy veil for a moment's glance at her surroundings she exposed a face which, even in the half-light, would have appeared of irresistible beauty. Her eyes were large and of a hue in which the bazel struggles with the jet; her nose, delicately Grecian; her complexion, olive; her eyebrows arched in a curve of which mathematics with its art could never discover the equation. There was about the face, too, an exaggerated harrteur and arrogance which marked in those days the woman of the nobility. Her age was, probably, twenty-five.

The veil was raised only for a moment; a soft step was heard along the hall without, and the portieres, swinging aside, allowed the entrance of the painter.

"M. Deschamps?" The painter bowed and the lady continued, with her veil still lowered: "You are about to produce a scene

from mythology?" "You find it necessary to quit Paris?" The painter, not understanding the

object of these questions, remained "You are leaving Paris," the stranger went on, "because you cannot find here a suitable model. You desire a woman

of refinement and intelligence as well as beauty. You consider the faces of ladies of the nobility lacking in freshness and naturalness. These were, indeed, Deschamps' rea-

sons for seeking a model outside of Parts. Neither the rich nor the poor of large cities are fitting figures in a painting which reproduces antiquity. "Knowing this," continued the lady, with an added haughtiness of tone, "I

have determined to take the part myself. You will udnerstand now why, thus far, I have kept my face and name concealed. If 1 have not sufficient merit—" This last sentence was began in a manner as if her merits were a little questionable, and she allowed the sentence to remain unfinished, as if in se slight a doubt she had wasted words enough. But the painter did not choose his models at such random. "My intended picture is Europa," he began to explain.

"She was beautiful, was she not?" interrupted the stranger. "See if I am," and with a graceful movement she flung back her veil. The painter was dumbfounded. The face was the most strikingly beautiful he had ever beheld. And it was now only that he recognized

his visitor. "Pardom me," he cried. "You are the princesse-"The Princesse de la Desgenettes.

Do you think me capable of representing Europa?" "There is no question, Madame la Princesse," replied the young man, in great embarrassment. "But, excuse me, it cannot be that you understand the design of my perfected work. Allow me to paint you in some other charac-

"I understand perfectly," said the rincesse carelessly.
"But I shall attempt to portray Eua at the moment when Jupiter, in painter repress an exclamation of wonthe form he assumes, comes to carry der. Never had he dreamed of such

her to Crete; the figure will be full,

Madame la Princesse.

satisfactory one.' "That is already decided," answered Deschamps. "Through your love of art, perhaps, you consent to supply me with the intelligent and refined face that I most needed. I can take the head from yours, at any moment you may find suitable.

"Dull!" replied the princesse; "you are dull. I desire to be taken from the whole figure. When can you begin?" The painter had been lionized by all His rapid life had been full of the surprises of fortune, but this seemed the most singular of all. It was so great that it staggered his credulity. "I see, Madame la Princesse," he began respectfully, "I see that you do not understand the picture as I have planned

it. I implore you-" "As I have twice repeated," said the princesse, imperiously, "I understand perfectly; Japiter in the form of a white bull stands contemplating Europa. The female will be full, posed as I may decide, and undraped. Make no more excuses. Now when can you commence? I leave St. Petersburg as scon as the picture is complete.

"We can begin to-morrow and finish in a week."

"That is a short time. We will set twice the period. Be at my hotel tomorrow at 12. I shall pose there. An apartment will be arranged and the necessary material provided. Give me the proper directions for this."

In a few words Deschamps explained what would be needed. The canvas There was nothing strange, then, in the was to be of heroic size. The room was luxurious style of his apartments, which to be set as a grove with tuited green occupied an entire floor on the Boulevard | for turf. At the foot of a practicable

> The princesse made a few notes. When these were completed she gave

"I have one more word. Give it attention. Quit your studio to-morrow, giving out that you are about to leave Paris. Come to me at the hour named in short, it was dressed like the stage, in the disguise of a woman. You will be obliged to stay until the picture is completed, and, as a man, you might be recognized by some of the servants. It is necessary to take precautions. fort as understood alone by men of art Besides you will give me your word or men of letters. Deschamps, though never to reveal the identity of the model.

> "Certainly; but when the picture is hung it will be recognized," The princesse made a little gesture as if this were a thing she had not taken into account. "I may hang the painting in the

Salon?" asked Deschamps, "That is your object in executing the work, is it not?" said the princesse, nonchalantly, and dropping her veil, she was conducted to the door,

Deschamps remained petrified, Could it be possible his visitor was the Princesse de la Desgenettes? He had heard of her, as all Paris had, and she had been pointed out to him as she drove on the boulevards; but, by her rank, even from the highest who called Deschamps an acquaintance, she was far was the most beautiful of Russian princesses. She was unmarried, and with, apparently, the strongest disposition to love, had refused the bravest of her admirers. What should he decide? He could not pretend to instruct her in the obligations of her rank. Even if she were not a faultless model he must paint her as Europa, To do otherwise would be an insult which Russian princesses knew too well how to avenge.

Why had she come to him? It was a mystery which Deschamps could not satisfactorily soive. "It is only a freak," said he; "perhaps she intends to buy the picture when it is done, and only poses as Europa because she imagines I will exert myself more for the Salon. If that is the case I shall return a rich man."

The following morning he left his rooms in charge of the concierge, drove for a few moments to his club, and gave out that he was quitting Paris, and then, securing the necessary disguise directed himself to an obscure hotel, where he might make the metamorphosis. A little later he set out to keep his strange appointment. As he stood before the princesse's magnificent hotel, who shall say what passing fancies were being conjured up by his always fortunate hopes? Perhaps the next transformation would change him from a painter to a prince. Perhapsbut he had no more opportunity for the princesse,

dress, which represented him as a middle-aged woman of the middle class, and then, dismissing the servant, directed Deschamps to follow her to the

improvised studio. "Is it well done?" she asked. light fell, stood a tree-trunk with fantastic roots partially imbedded in the tawny rugs which served for the gazon, work had been given.

"Is there anything you wish to suggest?" she demanded, "Nothing; it is faultless,"

"Then prepare your materials, I will return shortly. "But I was to make a promise, stammered the painter. "It is not necessary. I had forgot-

ten nothing except that you will con-

tinue to wear your present dress," such disadvantage, but he could only submit, With her last word the princesse swept away to her dressing room, and Deschamps, having made his preparations, took his place at the easel and sketched rapidly in the natural objects. He had but a few moments to attend when the door opened and his royal

perfection, such curves, such proportions, such color. He paused a mo-"You wish a model, monsieur, and it ment, and then, controlling his voice, only remains to know it I shall be a said: "I will not draw you as I in tended. I will make simply an image of beauty, and by Jupiter's silent adoration I will show what the power of

perfect beauty is. The princesse smiled and, sinking upon the turf, became a motionless statue.

Deschamps seized his caryon and began with ardor what he believed

would be his greatest work. When the light failed he was given a private room and supplied by a servant with such comforts as were suitable for a woman of the class he was supposed to represent. His ordinary divertisements were, of course, denied him; but this was necessary as a part of the princesse's precautions. The following day the work recommenced, and thus the time passed on. At first the young man was overcome by the strangeness of his position, but later, remembering how fortune had hitherto favored him, there again came to his mind the high hopes of exalted station which he had begun to entertain on his first arrival at the hotel.

One day he had been singularly happy in his touches, and the princesse coming in from a drive which she took daily atter posing, was noting the progress of his work. She gave him the first compliment he had received, possibly to spur him to greater efforts. Emboldened by this, he hinted his admiration, and, receiving no rebuke, declared his love.

"Wait until the picture is finished." was the only reply, given as coldly as her commands; but Deschamps lived in the hope of a noble alliance.

It was an alternoon of a day in the third week that the princesse was posing for the last elaboratious of the great master. The plain canvas had become glorious. Finally, when the the branches of the tree. The crowd light was at its best and his genius cheered, and, feeling encouraged by most exalted, Deschamps saw that his work was done.

"It is wonderful," he exclaimed with this I have never painted. I wish my reputation to stand upon this alone!"

As he said these words he forgot what ephemeral passion he may have had for the princesse, and with his thoughts on in the world of men where he might be recognized more than ever as her priest. The princesse had retired. Returning after a short period, she examined the picture a moment narished painter to follow her conducted him by unused passages to a room on the ground floor, when she motioned him to a large arm-chair and 'herself took a seat at a little distance.

"When this picture is in the salon?" he began. She interrupted him, and there was

look upon her face which was new to him-a look of cunning and triumph. You amuse yourself, M. Deschamps, when you speak of the picture of the Princesse de la Desgenettes being hung in a public salon. To-night I shall removed. He knew simply that she start with it to St. Petersburg, and I eyes but mine will ever behold it. There will then remain only yourself who will know how the picture was obtained. that your possession of this secret

would be painful to me?" "But," said Deschamps, "I am willing to take an oath of silence, I assure

"You are very dull again," replied "If you took an oath the princesse. and kept it-" "As I should," answered the painter,

with some indignation. "Even if you kept your oath," continued Desgenettes, "you could not forget. You must be made to forget. Do you know how that can be done? As you have had the gallantry to make love to me, I will explain a method which I contrived before my first visit to your studio. Where are you now supposed to be?"

"Out of Paris." "And who knows that you are here." "No one," answered the painter,

"Do you see, now, how I shall make you forget your disagreeable knowledge. I shall simply take your life, M. Deschamps, and it seems to me that you have obtained a fair price for

14."

Before her on the floor was a little knob, such as is used to ring house bells. As she spoke she moved her speculation, for he was at the door. He foot toward it. Deschamps sprang sent up the name agreed upon, and in a from his seat. He knew not what refew moments was in the apartments of sult a pressure on the shining brass would precipitate. He only felt that She gave a satisfied glance at his the result to him would be death. He sprang forward to arrest the princesse's movement; but it was too late. foot was pressed down, and at the same instant he heard a noise behind him. He supposed it was the rushing in of the hired assassins. He turned and epic poem upon which he had labored It was perfectly done. Lights from shuddered; his chair bad disappeared. above fell through natural leaves in Where it had stood was an opening in bands, and banks and cylinders. In the floor. By a rare presence of mind the centre, and where the broadest it immediately occurred to him that the princesse had tried to manage the affair by herself. After all it was nothing; the yawning space meant only a It was indeed an ideal grove, full of a light and transparent atmosphere which the real forest never possesses. The princesse gave no explanation of the pretext under which her orders for the you have taken a trifling liberty with

me, allow me the same privilege. With this, knowing that her cries might bring danger, he placed her handkerchief in her mouth and fastened it with his own, Taking her back to the painting-room he found a problem to solve; he must leave the hotel and in his absence the princesse would destroy the picture. He explained the situation, and taking some small ropes "The painter disliked appearing to from the skylights securely bound her to the trunk of the tree, This done, he found his way out and returned to his own studio. There he speedily became again the elegant Deschamps, and, half an hour after quitting the hotel of the princesse, returned with a squad of gendarmes. To them he con-fided the lady while he occupied himmodel appeared. Scarce could the self in the transportation of his great

joined depravity and vanity, poisoned perself in prison

The fatal picture took its place in the salon; it became the struggle of the critics as to which should find in it the most occult merit, the struggle of Parisians was to find a listener who had not yet heard its tragical history.

#### The Wrong Limb.

A large tree standing on the outer edge of the east sidewalk of Washington Square, Philadelphia, was being cut down recently. As the prostrate tree was being cut into logs by a brawny-armed son of toil, who moved with that peculiar ease seen only in men who work by the day, a small crowd gathered about to yolunteer such expressions of opinion as the occasion seemed to warrant. Exasperated almost beyound human endurance by the remarks of the crowd, the stalwart axeswinger flung the axe from him with a burst of emphatic exclamations.

"There," said he, as he recovered from a storm of rage, "if any of you duffers think you can chop better than I can, just blaze away.

A middle-aged man, whose appearance suggested that he was either a wholesale merchant or an officer of a corporation pickedup the innocent-looking axe with the remark that it was some years since he used to chop wood on the farm in Perry cou ty. "That's no way to begin to cut," said he to the chopper, who had seated himself on the pavement in a fit of sulks; "don't you see that you can't cut off a log by chopping straight downward?

must make a slanting cut like this,' The illustration was well-meant but poorly executed. The handle of the axe struck the log with terrific force, bounded away from the middle-aged man's hands and brought up against a street-car that was being dragged over the branches of the tree. The crowd the surly silence of the laborer on the pavement, the man made another attempt, remarking as he laid aside his enthusiasm, "It is marvelous that I ove coat that axe-handles were made have been able to execute it. Before different from formerly. Judging from the expression on the man's face as the axe was poised in air, the crowd expected to see the tree cut in pieces at the first stroke. As the implement descended the people could almost hear the divinity, art, he longed again to be it whizz. There was a wild howl of pain, a wavering of arms and the man, clutching his right leg in both hands, hopped to the pavement and yelled for a coupe. As the axe was duli the man lost only four inches of cuticle and half rowly, and then, signing to the aston- his trouser's leg. The tree was subsequently cut up with a saw.

### Origin of Familiar Proverbs.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," was invented by an editor as a headline to a twenty-line lie so monstrously extravagant that he knew nobody would believe ten words of it. The original use of this proverb is continued until Hold on there, silvery-tipped artist of this day. Whenever you see that line in a newspaper don't believe a spected champion of a glorious cause, word you read under it.

"I'll make a spoon or spoil was the thought of a man who never made a spoon in all his life, and who was reputed to be the richest as she shall place it in my palace where no knew perfectly well that he couldn't make one, and only took a mean man's malicious delight in spoiling a horn. line. P. S .- For a man who likes to take border of refined consideration. Did you consider when you came here his horn straight the introduction of a spoon always spotls it.

"A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse," was said by a man with a stiff neek who wanted to nod but couldn't. Although why any sane man should wish either to wink or nod at a blind horse no one can tell.

"A little more sleep and a little more slumber," commonly attributed to the stuggard, was stolen from him by the night watchman, who invented it in his

"Fast bind, fast find," was remarked by a police justice when he bound the tough over to keep the peace and fined "All's well that ends swell," was said

by a murderer who killed a dude. The name of the murderer is suppressed lest he should be overrun with more orders than he could fill, and thus be compeiled to hire a clerk, who would eventually run off with all the money.

"All's fair in love and war," was the inspired thougt of a railroad conductor. One swallow does not make a summer," was the brilliant remark of a man who was trying to see how many swallows do make a summer. Nota Bene-If the thermometer got half so high as the experimenter did, the dog days came right slong on the heel of Christ-mas that year. The record of the swallows, however, was lost in the dim mists of O'Blivion, the great Irish

swallower. "Dead men tell no tales," was the joyous exclamation of the first editor who slew a man who came in with a continued story in 65 chapters. It was this same editor who, upon receiving a demand for ten cents from a poet for an twelve years, said: "Write makes smite," And again he smote him that he died.

## An Island of Cannibal Crows

On the lower ridge of the Japanese Island of Sado is a fine growth of pine trees, the home of crows innumerable. The number is remarkable, even in this land of crows. In the morning a great whirring of wings, discordant cries and a black cloud of these birds flying over the city tell that they are off on a loraging expedition, no one knows whither. In the early evening by the same token their return is prolaimed. They seem to move in organ ized companies and almost in military style, a "many wintered crow" at the nead of each battalion "leads the clanging rookery home." In appearance they resemble the raven more than the common crow. They are not an unmitigated nuisance, as they are good scavengers. But still there is such an army of them the question often rises, on what do they subsist? It is a well known fact, however, that they are cannibalistic in their tendencies, the sick and feeble ones being devoured by

If you should have just what you really deserve-no more, no less-would you be as happy as you are now?

Don't scold. It is very true that you have more to contend with than any person you ever saw, but

Don't scold. Your children, of course are worse than any children you ever saw, and want to eat oftener than any children in the world; they are harder to get to sleep and are easier to wake up than any other children, but Don't scold.

Your bired girl is the worst in town and you can do ten pieces of work while she is doing one, and nothing she does is done right, but

Don't scold. Your husband is the most careless man in the world; he never knows where to put anything; he is nervous when he should be in a good humor; forgets things that he should remember; can't rock a child to sleep as well as order a load of wood, but hang it,

Don't scold.

cultivate a retentive momory. What his life in celibacy. must you do, eh? Stop and think. That's all right now, don't say that all of the lectures are for the women and rot for the men. Men have to hustle like the deuce for bread. They possibly deserve no credit for it because they do it through affection, yet they do it. Men have received more lectures than women have. The sentimentalist has ever taken the part of women. A man has fifteen thousand and one vexations down town that he probably does not speak of at home. He has been out all day working for a living and he goes home to rest. Of course you are not expected to go around on tiptoe as though some one is ill, but it make him think more of his home if you meet him with a smile. No, you are not expected to laugh every time your husband comes home. No one said you had to laugh, but you would make Mr. Soand So feel much better by meeting him with a smile. You have been neglecting this. Yes you have, and you needn't deny it. You have been looking sour at him when he came home. He has been absorbed in something that you don't care to understand, Don't say he has been down town enjoying himself. Probably he hasn't.

Don't scoid. Give the poor fellow a half of a show. will you? You have thought that you were very "smart" when you asked him a question that he could not answer immediately. He may have forgotten where he was at a certain time. He may be honest but forgetful. "Oh, yes," some fellow who wants to be sentimental will hop up and say, "look at the husbands who abuse their wives!" sentiment, you are no doubt the rebut hold on. The man who mistreats his wife is too mean for the severest kind of punishment. The conversation is within the

Don't scold. The main point in this thing is to re-There is nothing that makes a community so unsatisfactory as a scold. In this regard, the smallest kind of a cloud can create the worst kind of a hurricane, but there is a remedy for this-

Don't scold. Ah, yes, Mrs. Piggleworth, think that a mean advantage has been taken of you, eh? Yes, you always think that every one is wrong and that you can do a great work for your fellowcitizens, and that is, Don't scold.

## English Public Caterers.

siderable size has caterers, who may be dinner companies at a few hours' notice, probably their wages for the evening would not be more than \$1.00 each.

Expenses are not rectilinear, but circular. Every inch you add to the

diamter adds three to the circumference. Invisible Writing .- If, one should write upon a sheet of white paper with chloride of platinum, no mark would be the drawing or writing will be reproduced upon it line for line. than from 140° to 165°, even when the keep perfectly still and are in quit

Rochester, New York, is the possessor of the only living salamander now in this country. This wonderful natural curiosity was secured in Japan by Professor Ward and brought home under his personal supervision. The salamander of fable is one of the biggest frauds on record. A famous maker once named his safes after the salamander to indicate their indestructible composition, but it is to be feared that if they could not endure fire more readily than the salamander, as he really exists, none of their number would be found again after a fire. But the very fact that so much romancing has been done about the wonderful endurance of this monster makes him an object of unusual interest. The specimen in question, which was viewed by a reporter shortly after its arrival, is called the Gigantic Salamander or Sieseems to think of everything but home; boldia Maxima. It was named in honor of Dr. Von Siebold, who brought you can; forgot to leave the grocery the first live specimen to Europe and book as he went down town; forgot to placed it in a tank at Leyden, where it bring up a pair of shoes; didn't think to passed a period of many years in captivity. Its length was about a yard, and it is stated that two specimens were Why? Simply because it will do no brought over at the same time by Dr. If your husband is nervous it Siebold, but the male unfortunately will make him more so. If he is for- killed his intended bride and ate her up, getful it will not in the least tend to leaving himself to pass the remainder of

It may be stated as a coincidence that Professor Ward also started from Japan with two salamanders-one a male, the other a female-and that the female in this instance also came to an untimely end on the voyage. But her death was not due to any cannibalistic trait in the character of the male, but rather to the fact that the water with which her tub was replenished upon one unfortunate occasion was too warm for her constitution. The sad event took place one day before the steamer landed at San Francisco.

The survivor measures thirty inches in length and is apparently fall grown. So far frem longing for a bath in a fiery furnace, this one cannot endure even the mildest form of heat-light. When brought from the dark recesses of the cellar in which it is temporarily housed, it creeps into the darkest corner of the tub in which it is confined. It has four legs with rounded toes, which remind one of the rog-babies in Nast's cartoons. Its tail is long and resembles that of a lizard, and its soft skin is of a pale brown color, with darker markings. Its head is large and fiattened, being wider than any part of its body, On the forepart of its head it has small dull eyes, which, unlike the jewels in the head of the toad, do not relieve the general ugliness. Its entire body is covered with warty excrescences. The present specimen has not eaten anything in several weeks, the appetite of salamanders being very irregular. They feed chiefly on fish, which, despite their sluggish behaviour, they are able to catch. They also devour other animal substances.

# Education for Boys.

A majority of our boys are destined

to be employed in business parsuits of respect a gentleman. He is not consid- one sort or another, and yet, strange to ered in this discussion. He couldn't be say, few parents think it necessary to discussed with us. He is beyond the direct their education to that specific object. Of course, no objection can be made to the general education given at our ordinary schools or colleges. It is all necessary to develop the mind and spectfully request that no one will scold. | qualify the boy for something that will arise at some time or other in his future manhood. That, therefore, must not be neglected nor abridged. But when it is intended that a youth shall follow a mercantile pursuit it would seem reasonable to suppose he would conclude that it is necessary that a portion of his education should be devoted to qualifying him specifically for the experience that will occupy two-thirds of his wakyou are right. But there is a way that | ing existence. When our systems of education gave no other instructions of this kind than what was embraced in a theoretic study of the ordinary rules of arithmetic, our boys had no choice in this matter; for they could only accept such education as educators had provided. But now that institutions are Every town in England of any con- provided which, within a brief course of study, equip the ordinary educated called in for public or large domestic boy for any or every branch of business employment, no youth intended for a and to whom every detail of such a commercial employment can be condinner may be committed without the sidered properly educated until he has least anxiety as to a perfect and satia- passed through the specific studies of factory result. And there are outside one of our well-conducted "business of the establishments of the caterers colleges." A few months at one of these men employed in municipal offices and establishments is worth all the boy's bead porters in municipal or public previous education, in the very importbuildings, or church sextons, or young- ant sense that it gives point, applicaerly men holding like positions, who tion and practical bearing to all the are ready at a few days' notice to en- general education he has acquired at gage themselves to serve at a dinner school. What the attendance on hoscompany. These men, the most capa- pital practice is to the medical student efficient and gentlemanly among -the application of all he has learned them, are to be seen in all the large in theory-a good business college is to houses in provincial towns when formal the boy who has finished his course of dinner companies are given. They will school study; it is the application of his come in the early part of the evening, education to business formulas, methtake chaage of table, see that it is prop- ods and practice. The training he erly laid, will arrange the flowers and requires in these institutions is equivathe dessert, will select the wines and lent to the saving of two or three years' decide the quantities to be used, will initiatory education in the office, and see that the dinner service is all in per- therefore gives the youth an advantage fect condition, and will, in short, be at his start in active life of the greatest responsible for the efficient and satis- value. What we have witnessed of the factory serving of the dinner. Such a work and results of these establishwell-known man would not expect for ments induces us to direct the attention his attendance more than from \$1.50 to of our boys to this essential branch of \$2,50, and, if he brought assistants, education -essential, we say, because a youth without it has no fair chance in competing with one who has had the benefit of such training.

The limit of temperature at which men can work depends upon the length of their exposure, the amount of exertion they put forth, their condition and the nature of the atmosphere, particularly as to its degree of moisture. Men. visible, as the liquid is quite coloriess. have been employed on railways at 104°, But hold the same sheet of paper over in mines—under very favorable condithe vapor of mercury, and the metal it | tions-at 1250, and are said to work ocreceived in the former operation will be casionally in the stoke-holes of tropical brought out in dark tints. Several surprising effects may be produced by utilizing that fact. If the experiment be reversed not less marvelous results map the air is as dry as possible, but that be obtained. First expose a drawing even 1040 is likely to be fatal in an ator writing to the gases of mercury to mosphere saturated with meisture. It charge the lines with mercury. Then is considered certain that men cannot oring the writing or drawing in con- become accustomed to stand, for any act with a paper previously sen-lized with a solution of platinum, and than from 140° to 165°, even when they