

WHEN TO MAKE HASTE.

If anything unkind you hear about some one you know, my dear, do not, I pray you, repeat...

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Sorrow never dies. In life's duties seek relief. Be not ashamed of thy virtues.

Be quick to love, make haste to be kind. Men are esteemed for virtue, not wealth.

A wise son knoweth his own father's youth. Heaven is not reached at a single bound.

All that is solemn in death is its mystery. Butterflies are bits of animated sunshine.

Where impudence is wit, 't were folly to be wise. How friendly a glowing coal looks at you on a winter night.

The man who despises himself usually shows good judgment. Even the doves in a city grow dingy and disreputable looking.

Time smiles at a jolly old man and frowns at an old youngster. Weigh your words and do not throw in too many for good measure.

Wish men well, and show them that you do so. Thou must honor thy place, not thy place there.

Life's a reckoning we cannot make twice over. If a man is worth knowing at all, he is worth knowing well.

It is of little traits that the greatest human character is composed. All people love authority, but the vulgar love it the most.

Honor is a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times. Neah was the first man who rose to the level of the occasion.

A man who takes care of his youth is apt to be a wise old man. Gratitude is a virtue that has commonly profit annexed to it.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. True greatness can only be the result of a fully rounded character.

Dear to a woman's heart as old china is to a man's heart is friendship. Sincerity, truth, faithfulness, come into the very essence of friendship.

Faithfulness is the humblest part better at least than proud success. The devil don't want to break up the church. What he wants is to run it.

If thou wilt seal up the avenues of ill, pay every debt as if God wrote the bill. If you want to believe that a man is your friend, never ask him to prove it.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man; but his conduct is in his own power. To promote the kingdom of God is to fuss among the sinners didn't begin right.

A good conscience is a continual feast, and a peaceful mind the antepast of Heaven. How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had seed-time of character?

Patience and love in a chastened heart are pearls more precious than happiness. It is easy to gain a great reputation for truthfulness by always speaking ill of yourself.

By the time a man realizes that he is a fool it is usually too late to realize on his realization. Of every mean man it is usually said, as an apology to humanity, that he has a wife.

There is no culture out of work. The world has not great places enough for all its great people. Charity, in whatever guise she appears, is the best natured and the best complexioned in the world.

The man who thinks the boy who lives next door to him is a good boy has not been found. We pity others because we are better off ourselves; but the unfortunate don't pity the unfortunate.

There are two sides to every question, but some questions do not seem to have any end to them. It is not a good time to read the Bible while your wife is out in the rain cutting stove-wood.

You may doubt a man's Christianity who is always complaining of his dinner on week-days. When four women sit down for a quiet game of whist you can't hear the silence in the next room.

If you wish to be entertaining, just forget yourself long enough to talk to somebody about himself. No man who loves his neighbor in a Bible way will use mean cigars and blow the smoke in his face.

Poor men can afford to die when all the benevolent associations agree to reduce funeral expenses. The man who can keep a secret may have a high opinion of his own ability, but no woman likes him.

A man gets too old for a great many things, but the ability to make a fool of himself is outgrown. A man cannot always tell what is the right thing to do, but he can come near telling every time what is the wrong thing.

Why the Cows Came Late

Crimson sunset burning O'er the tree-fringed hills; Golden are the meadows, Ruby flash the rills.

Home the farmer hies, But his wife is watching, Shading anxious eyes

While she lingers with her pail beside the barnyard gate, Wondering why her Jenny and the cows come home so late.

Jenny, brown-eyed maiden, Wandered down the lane That was ere the daylight Had begun to wane.

Deeper grow the shadows, Circling swallows cheep, Misty o'er meadows creep.

Still the mother shades her eyes beside the barnyard gate, And wonders where her Jenny and the cows can be so late.

Loving sounds are falling— Homeward now at last, Speckle, Bess and Brindle Through the gate have passed;

Jenny sweetly plushing Jamie, grave and shy, Takes the pails from mother, Who stands silently by.

Not one word is spoken as that mother shuts the gate, But now she knows why Jenny and the cows came home so late.

—Omaha World-Herald.

HANDY WITH FRACTIONS.

"I can do any example in fractions," said Alan, "and the other evening I experimented with the cat to see if he could hold that patient animal long enough to the grate fire so that its hair would shrivel without any marked protest from pussy."

"Indeed," said uncle, indulgently, "I am glad to see you are so handy with your feet; but I am afraid I did not understand the example. You should learn to read more plainly, young sir."

Alan read the example again and said: "Oh, yes, I see. Please get me some paper and a pencil; you might get several sheets of paper so we will be sure to have enough." While Alan was getting the paper, uncle said: "You don't mind my lighting a pipe, do you, Mary?"

"Not at all," sweetly said the lady, "I believe the reasoning faculties should be as bright as possible." "Uncle did not say any thing in reply; in fact, it was some time before he uttered a word. Then he looked up from a sheet of paper crowded with figures and said, impatiently: "There never was an estate in the world divided in such an illogical fashion. A man who would make such a will would be declared insane in any court on earth, and the will would be broken."

"Perhaps that is 'pure mathematics,'" suggested a voice behind the paper. "Uncle broke his pencil point in some way just then, and when Alan sharpened it he got up on his knees in the chair, with his feet tucked under him, and took a fresh sheet of paper. When that was nearly covered he said: "There's that's your answer, \$1,324.97, and a pretty small estate that is put into an arithmetic."

"Why, uncle," said Alan, "I don't see how that can be, for the daughter got \$1,723.50." "What kind of an arithmetic is this, my way?" growled uncle. "It's an outrage to make such books. When I was a boy we had sensible school books and—"

"That is your old arithmetic, Robert," said the lady behind the paper. "When I found they were using that kind, I told Alan he might as well take yours as to buy a new one." Uncle got down from his chair, walked slowly around the table, and said to Alan: "I am going to change your luck, uncle."

"Mary," said uncle, indignantly, "you ought not to let Alan get such vulgar superstitions into his head. Mathematics, sir, are not to be conquered by luck." Fresh sheets of paper were taken and a maze of figures grew under uncle's hand. Around the edge of her paper Alan's mother saw experiments in proportion, algebra, arithmetical progression, and here and there a dash of algebra. The domain of mathematics was ransacked from center to circumference, and victory came at last. "That state," said uncle, impressively, "was worth exactly \$2,111.13-32, and he said I in the tone of a man ready to fight if his word was disputed."

"I presume that is right," said Alan. "Any way, that is the answer in the book. Now here is an easy one—at least, our teacher says it is easy, and he read: "1130 men in 21 days, by working 10 hours a day, can dig a trench 30 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 12 feet deep, when the ground is called 3 degrees of hardness, how many men in 25 days by working 8 hours a day, can dig another trench 40 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 18 feet deep, when the ground is estimated at 5 degrees of hardness?"

As step by step the features of this problem were presented to uncle, that gentleman slipped further down into his chair. When the voice of the reader stopped, he looked like nothing in the world so much as Grandfather Smallweed, if that amiable old person could be imagined as deprived of even the presence of the "Brimstone Cat." The eyes of Alan's mother appeared over the paper and the abject appeal they saw in uncle's eyes could not be resisted.

"Alan," she said, "it is your bedtime. Uncle is tired." Alan gathered up his books, kissed his mother, bade the figure in the chair good-night, and said cheerfully: "We'll try pure mathematics next time, uncle." —N. Y. Sun.

Lazy men are always the most positive. They are too lazy to inform themselves, and too lazy to change their minds. There is room for everybody in this big world. Friction comes from the fact that too many want the front room.

When a man begins to make a temperance speech by calling whiskey "ardent spirits" look out for a dry time ahead. There is nothing for which a man has to pay so dear as he does for the privilege of being stingy.

PULLED DOWN TO DEATH.

Sad Fate of an Incredulous Foreigner in a Southern Swamp. You have perhaps journeyed between New Orleans and Mobile, and remember the vast expanse of marsh with waterways cutting through it.

In the midst of this desolation is a club house and railway station called English Lookout. It is still good fishing and shooting ground, but the alligator has become so scarce that the sight of one is a novelty. Ten or twelve years ago they crowded across the railroad tracks, and passengers had but to look out of the windows to see them swimming.

One day, during my week's stay at the club, several boats were going out, and one of them was occupied by a French army officer, who was also a guest. He had on a frock coat, and when seated in the stern of the skiff the falls almost touched the water.

"Better take off that coat or pin the tails up," said one of the punters as his attention was directed. "Why?" "Because an alligator may pull you overboard."

The Frenchman laughed and shrugged his shoulders and led the way down channel. For a few feet he was anchored about one hundred feet apart, and the craft I was in was next to the officer's. The fish were biting hot and heavy, and for an hour, no one paid any attention to any body else. I tangled my line in pulling in a fish, and while working at the knots happened to glance towards the Frenchman. Just as I did so I saw the still waters break behind him, caught sight of a black object thrust above the surface, and next instant, uttering a scream which was heard half a mile away, the man was pulled out of the boat and under water.

We hurried to the spot, but nothing whatever marked the site of the tragedy. Even his hat had gone down with him. We roved up and down and beat the banks, but it was useless. "Told him so," said the punter as we gave up the search. "Them foreigners don't seem to know nothing about gators. We had a Prussian here last month, and what did he do but hang his legs in the water, and he was pulled off the boat with me only four feet away." —Detroit Free Press.

Electricity and Milk.

The effect of thunderstorms in turning milk sour is a matter of constant observation in every household. It is not certainly known to what element in the air this souring action on milk is to be directly attributed, and most people are content to ascribe it to "electricity in the air." An Italian savant, Prof. G. Tolomei, has lately made some experiments with the view of elucidating this question.

He found that the passage of an electric current directly through the milk not only did not hasten, but actually delayed acidulation, milk so treated not becoming sour until from the sixth to the ninth day, whereas milk not so electrified became markedly acid on the third day. When, however, the surface of a quantity of milk was brought close under the two balls of a Holtz machine the milk soon became sour, and this effect he attributes to the ozone generated, for when the discharge was silent the milk soured with greater rapidity than when the discharge was explosive; in the former case more ozone being formed than in the latter.

The souring of milk is generally attributed to the growth of a ferment (bacterium) which converts the milk sugar into lactic acid. It is possible, then, that the presence of ozone in the air overlying the milk hastens the growth and multiplication of the bacterium. The first observation—namely, the retardation of souring by the passage of a current through the milk—may be a point of practical importance to milk traders. Any method of preserving milk from its first retrogressive changes, which does not involve the addition of dangerous substances (antiseptics) to the milk, and which is at the same time cheap, effective, and not likely to prove injurious to the consumer, is sure to be welcomed at a time when milk is sent long distances to market, and is often stored for a considerable time before it reaches the consumer. —[British Medical Journal.

Opera by Phone.

A novel method of hearing opera, which the readers of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" will recollect as the one in vogue in the year of grace 2000, has just been instituted at the Castle of Rhonstock.

The Royal Opera House at Berlin is connected by telephone with the music room in the castle at Rhonstock. In the evening the Emperors of Germany and Austria, the King of Saxony and the rest of the royal party assembled in that room and heard the opera of "Les Huguenots," which was performed in Berlin. —New York Journal.

A cast-iron bridge is to be built across the Ohio between Newport, Ky., and Cincinnati, Ohio. It will be 3000 feet long, with the main span 820 feet, and it will take two years to build it.

Miss Annie Torgere, the 20-year-old daughter of the novelist, who received the George W. Childs medal for illustration given by the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, is to enter the New York Art Students' League.

Among the Americans who have won honors at the German Universities this last year, says the New York Tribune, is Dr. Frank Angell, of this city, who has just obtained the degree of Ph. D. at Leipzig, with the highest distinction. Dr. Angell, who is a nephew of President Angell, of the University of Michigan, and of Dr. Peter Collier, Director of the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station, is a specialist in physiological psychology. He has recently been appointed assistant professor of philosophy at Cornell University, and has already contributed important results to the comparatively new branch of science of which he is a student. Dr. Angell will begin his duties at Cornell in the Fall.

HUMOROUS.

A chilly situation—Shake! The telephone girl has a good many close calls.

When aerial ships come in we shall have fly time all the year round. The wills of strong minded men cannot be broken until they die.

The tailor is a good fellow to have around—he can always make some fitting remarks.

It is all right for a girl to look into the future, but it is not becoming for her to look forward.

Gentlemanly stranger—Is the lady of the house in? Mary O'Flannigan-Bedad! and air ye blind?

Mrs. De Flat—What is that horrid smell? Mr. De Flat—I judge from the odor it is one of those odorous oysters.

You sometimes see people too old to read and too old to write, but did anyone ever see a man too old to count money?

Hearts with a Single Thought—When a girl is in love she always thinks the young man is perfect, and he agrees with her.

Customer (entering book store)—Have you "Thoughts of Women?" Clerk (absent-mindedly)—Yes, ma'am; I've been engaged a week.

"It seems to me," ruefully remarked the man whose son had just applied for funds, "that you get broke oftener than the ten commandments."

Father—"Is that stranger who calls to see you a man of regular habits?" Daughter—"Yes, indeed, pa. He arrives every night promptly at 8."

It takes a bright girl to make a correct guess. "I guess you are going to kiss me," said one of them to a bashful beau, and she was right.

Sarah Bernhardt has the reputation of being very thin, indeed, but even she cannot compare with the excusers some men make when they stay out late at night.

Passifer—I hear you keep chickens, Hojack. Hojack—I don't know who could have told you such a falsehood as that. I have had 15 stolen in the last four days.

"This is a dollar store, isn't it?" asked Rusticus, as he presented himself. "No, sir," replied the teller severely, "this is a bank." "Well, what's the difference?"

The man who "never can find time" to do anything you ask of him may generally be seen looking out of the window when there is a brass band going through the street.

Kate—No, I can't bear that Mc-Masher, Aunt Jane—Why not? I'm sure he's a man of good habits. Kate—That may be, aunt; but for all that I detest him! He is so—so ladylike!

A story at hand, describing a love scene between the hero and heroine, says: "He wooed her with a will." That's a good way, especially if the wooer is old and the will is in her favor.

He (fearful of a rival)—"Bobby, do a young man call here nights to see your sister?" Bobby—"Mr. Wilkins calls on sister, but not to see her, I guess, 'cos they ain't no light in the parlor when they're there."

A Poisonous Liquor. The New York Telegram says: "Professor Brown-Sequard, whose elixir of life caused so short-lived a sensation, is reported to have lately informed the French Academy of Science that by condensing the watery vapor coming from the human lungs he obtained a poisonous liquid capable of producing almost immediate death."

The poison is an alkaloid (organic), and not a microbe or series of microbes. He injected this liquid under the skin of a rabbit, and the effect was speedily mortal without convulsions. If this alarming discovery does not discourage the practice of kissing, it ought at least to emphasize the necessity for ventilating the apartments in which folks live and sleep, as well as the public halls, theatres and churches they frequent.

Poor Little Tommy. "What's the matter with you today, Tommy? You seem to be uneasy." "I am," said the bad little boy. "Yesterday was pa's and ma's wooden wedding, and all the neighbors sent 'em shingles."

One of the rarest pleasures in the world is to hear a friend say something good about you when he does not know you are listening.

After you have fallen into a pit you begin to hear from your friends of the many paths you might have taken that would have led you safely around.

The big clock in the tower of Philadelphia's new City Hall is to be wound by a steam engine.

HORSE NOTES.

—Bims was promised \$2000 if he won the Futurity with Dagonet.

—Diallo and Montague broke down at Sheepshead Bay recently.

—Corrigan's Hawthorne track has closed, the losses of the meeting having been about \$30,000.

—Colonel H., by Wood's Hardee, made two unsuccessful attempts at Belmont Course recently, to beat 2:27.

—H. S. Henry is out \$2500 on station representatives stake of \$10,000 trotted at the Point Breeze track recently.

—Los Angeles fell while at exercise recently, and appears to have seriously strained herself about the loins.

—Leland Stanford writes Robert Bonner that "snol is again all right, and that 2:06 doesn't seem beyond her powers."

—Roy Wilkes, 2:04, now holds the half-mile track pacing record 2:14, which he secured at Decatur, Ill., recently.

—Hon. William A. Scott, proprietor of the Algeria Stud, who has for some time been dangerously ill, is said to be convalescing.

—Rose Chief, dam of Prince Wilkes 2:14, failed a full sister to that great performer. It is a chestnut filly by Red Wilkes.

—John Condon's brown pacer Surpass clipped 1/4 of a second off his record at Belmont Course recently. He now has a mark of 2:24.

—Alx, 2:10 1/2 is the fastest 3-year-old trotter of the season. She reduced her record from 2:19 against time, at Independence on August 31.

—The fastest 2-year-old trotter in California this season is Arion, by Electioneer, dam Manett, by Nutwood, who took a record of 2:25 1/2 at San Jose.

—Mambrino Maid was shipped West recently; so her special race with Rosalind Wilkes, announced for Belmont Course was declared off.

—Jockey Britton, who was so severely injured during the race meeting at Washington Park, Chicago, has recovered and returned to his home in Lexington, Ky.

—This is a great year for harness stallions, most of the sensational milks being made by them. In former years mares and geldings have done most of the fast work.

The fastest 2:30 now trotter last year, as well as this, was a converted pacer, Housetack, 2:14, headed the list last season, and Pat Downing, 2:15, is now ahead. Both paces naturally, and the fastest pacer is a converted trotter Direct, 2:06.

—J. L. Rose has announced his intention of selling all his runners. The mares and stallions will be sold at Lexington this fall, while the horses in training and yearlings will go under the hammer in New York next spring.

The average time of Hal Pointer's sixteen winning heats in five races which he won on the Grand Circuit was 2:11.58-100. His fastest mile was in 2:10 1/2 and his slowest 2:15 1/2. This does not include his Point Breeze performance, which the pool were declared off.

—The 3-year-old bay filly Blontonian, by McCurdy's Hambletonian owned by Muze and McAdams, Lewisburg, Tenn., trotted the Murrefreesboro (Tenn.) half-mile track recently in 2:23. This is the fastest mile ever trotted by a 3-year-old over a half-mile track.

—The same day that Allerton trotted in 2:10 and Direct paced in 2:06 at Independence the 3-year-old bay filly, by Abe Downing, trotted a mile in 2:15 1/2; the br. s. Inca, by Inca, trotted in 2:14, and the ch. m. Nightingale, by Alcantara, paced a mile in 2:13.

—Mr. Tuttle, who has been managing the Montana string of trotters and pacers, says that Yolo Maid and Hal Pointer both acted very queer in the race at Philadelphia. He intimates that they were tampered with by Marcus Daly ordered the stable home from Philadelphia.

—Captain Griffith, the San Francisco gentleman who owns a pair of pacers that recently went half a mile in 1:03, is looking around for a running mate for the best pacer of his team, and thinks that if he gets a good one he will have no difficulty in beating Westmont's mile of 2:01 1/2 with a running mate.

—Don Leather of Grand Rapids, half owner of Monbars, 2:20, the holder of the 2-year-old stallion record, says he has refused an offer of \$10,000 for the colt, which cost \$750, last fall. Budd Doble is after Sunol's 3-year-old record of 2:18 with Monbars, and if he does not beat it at Terre Haute or Lexington, Monbars will go to California this fall and tackle Sunol's figures on Sunol's own ground.

—An International Congress of breeders and trotting sportsmen will be held at Baden, Germany, on September 19 to 26, to discuss the best measures to adopt to facilitate the holding of international contests, to promote unity of action among the associations, to obtain the views of leading breeders and trainers, and to increase the friendly relationships existing between the leaders of the sport.

—Direct, the new pacing champion, is a black stallion, 6 years old, by Director, 2:17 (son of Dictator and Dolly, by Mambrino Chief), out of Echora, 2:34, by Echo, and she out of Young Mare, daughter of Jack Hawkins, thoroughbred son of Boston. Dictator is by Rydyk's Hambletonian, out of famous Clara, by Seely's American Star, and Echo is by Rydyk's Hambletonian, out of Fanny Felber, by Magnolia, he by Seely's American Star, out of Jenny Lind by Bay Richmond.