

IN ONE SYLLABLE.

A REMARKABLE ADDRESS TO AN INDIANA SCHOOL.

The President of Fort Wayne's Board of Trustees Shows the Strength which Lies in Short Words.

The strength which lies in words of one syllable has been often demonstrated, and no doubt the simple directness of this address delivered to a graduating class at Fort Wayne impressed itself on the minds of the listeners with a force that made them remember it, says the Chicago Tribune. The president of the board of trustees was Mr. A. P. Edgerton, afterwards national civil service commissioner, and his advice, given eleven years ago, is still worth preserving. The greater part is here quoted:

"This day we close for the year the Fort Wayne free schools, and we now part with you, the girls and boys we are no more to teach. "I say girls and boys, for when three score and ten years have come to you you will be glad to have your friends say that health and peace of mind have kept your heart warm; that you wear no brow of gloom; are not borne down with age, but still, in heart, are 'girls and boys.' When these years come, and I hope they will come to all, the tide of time will fall back and tell you of your school-timids, when the fair, the kind, and the true found love, but the false heart found no friends, no tongues to praise. These days bring rich gifts to age, and when you shall cease to think of them you will find that the free schools of Fort Wayne would help to make you of use to your friends and to the world; would give you faith in all that is good and true, and lead you to seek work; for this you must seek and do if you would have a good name, wealth, a home, a charge to keep, or a trust to serve. Go forth with a bold, true heart to seek the work for you to do.

"Keep in mind that the hours of work run through each day, and that God's great law of life is: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread.'

"Now for you, young men, this truth is told.

"Go where you will through the world, and you will find on the front door of shops and mills, of stores and banks, and on ships, on farms, on roads, in deep mines where men toil for wealth; where laws are made that make some men too rich, and men of worth and work through all our land too poor; where men by law are taught to plot with sin, to spurn the right, that charge and cost and spoil may make old 'Quirk's' law firms rich; where the law is so plead that the judge must guess to find what's law; where quacks most fight o'er sick men's pains and dead men's bones; where types are set, and none to mind the proofs; where priests do preach and pray, and where schools are taught this sign: 'Brains Will Find Work Here.'

"Don't fear. Step up and ask for work; brains will get it. Don't let 'I dare not wait on I would'—like the cat that loves fish, but dare not wet her feet.

"If it be said 'What can you do? Will you learn a trade?' say 'I have none, but I can learn one and put brains in it.' When you go to a place where brains should hunt for work and will be sure to find it, it may be said to you, 'Do you see that plow? Can you hold and drive it deep? That plow, in its wise use gives all men food.

"Do you see that wheel and that crank and those shafts and that press and do you hear the rush and hiss of the steam, which moves them? Can you make and hold and run them? Can you build and drive the works and wheels which make the wealth of the earth and cause it to roll and to float and to move from place to place where it is best for man to use it? "Can you spin the thread and weave it, which makes ropes for kings and silks for the rich and vain, and dress for the poor, and all that skill and art have wrought by loom and hand for man's use?"

"These things are all shot through with threads of light—the light of mind and art and skill which shines each day more bright and dims all the old by some new found light, as the years go on.

"If you say that you do not know how to do all this work, but will try to learn some of it and do it well, then will be said to you, 'Can you and will you work? and in all things strive to do no man wrong?' If you say 'Yes,' then all the doors where man's good and great work is done will swing for you to pass you in to do your part; and thus you will see how God rules in all His ways, in man's good works and deeds. Some may hope for fame, but if they doubt that God rules, have not trust and faith, they will fear their fate. New books, not old ones, keep charge of fame. Look well to books, for through them the world's best thoughts and deeds now speak.

"To you, young girls, I must say a word, not to chide nor to praise. You can plant the rose which shall bloom and give its sweets to all; or you can grow the thorn, which shall pierce and tear the hearts of those who love you. hope for you, pray for you."

The turn your minds now will take will fix your life to come. If you are led in a just way of pure thought and deed, you will be sure to find joy and peace and health in all you do. You each hope, some day, to be a good man's wife. It is well to be this; but take care that you are not a fool's drudge.

"What should you bring to a good and true man to make his and your's a home of peace? I can tell you: Good health; a mind rich in stores of thought; a pure heart, full of love and truth and trust in God.

"It is not a curl, nor a bang, nor a smile, nor a dress, nor art in a sigh or a tear, that can win the worth you need to bless you; but it is the right sense to know the way to a good man's heart; to know how to be true to your own self; to be at your own home and in all you do; to be the girl that pure and good men seek; the girl that knows such men when she meets them, and finds the worth that dwells in them, and does not drive them from her to hear the praise of fools—and thus to make all her life a dream, a woe.

"In all the walks of life good men are

found. They own the world and do all its best work.

"The man with the hard hand of toil can press a heart as true—as lift the babe he loves in a way as soft—and at its smile will kiss its cheek, and at its pain will wot it with a tear—can sing the song that doth please as well—and strike with his strong arm as quick as a judge, or priest, or king.

"The right choice at first, in all things, is all there is to 'well done,' at last. "Our words of 'well done,' here we now give you, with the hope that they may help to guard your way to the end of a well spent life."

WILLOW FARMING.

A New and Growing Industry in the West.

A new industry has been established in St. Louis county, near the little town of Allenton, thirty-six miles west of the city of St. Louis, on the Missouri and Pacific and St. Louis and San Francisco railroads, which, if successful, will furnish employment to thousands of unemployed laborers. The enterprise is for the cultivation, on a large scale, of willows suitable for the manufacture of willow wares.

A description of the process through which the willow goes in its various stages of cultivation, harvesting and preparation for the factory, as given by St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is interesting. The willow plant is obtained by cutting up live willow twigs twelve inches long. These are sharpened at one end and planted in rows by thrusting them into the ground to the depth of six or eight inches. As soon as the plants begin to sprout, the work of weeding and cultivating should begin and be kept up until the crop is laid by, the same as in the cultivation of corn. The canes ripen in the fall, when the frost strips them of the leaves and turns the bark a glossy brown color. When ripe, the willows are cut under favorable circumstances, from ten to twelve feet in length. They are then cut and tied in bundles like rye, carted to the hot-houses, where they are subjected to a sweating process, which softens and bleaches the bark, which is then easily peeled off, b, dragging them through a little machine made for the purpose. Another process is that of steaming the willows, which is much quicker, requiring only a few hours, while the former requires a month, but is not so desirable as the willows are discolored to some extent and thus rendered less valuable for fine work.

The willow plants last about twelve years, after which they are grubbed up and the ground replanted. The plant does not retain its full growth until the second year, as the greatest part of its energy is spent the first year in making its roots.

It is estimated that under the most favorable circumstances an acre of properly cultivated willows during the first three years will produce from 3,000 to 5,000 pounds of peeled willows, ready for market, the price of which is ten cents per pound wholesale.

Taking the lowest estimate of the produce of one acre, 3,000 pounds, at the lowest market price, six cents, the marketable value of one acre is \$180. The cost of planting, including plants and labor, is \$40 per acre. The highest estimated cost of cutting, hauling, steaming and peeling is about \$50 per acre, making a total expense of \$90 per acre, and leaving a profit of \$90 per acre on the raw materials the first year.

Nocturnal Creatures.

Most curious in origin of all nocturnal insect-hunters, however, are the leathery-winged bats, which may be regarded, practically speaking, as very tiny monkeys, highly specialized for the task of catching nocturnal flies and midges. Few people know how nearly they are related to us. They belong to the six-toed division of the higher mammals as man and the ape; their skeleton answers to ours, bone for bone and joint for joint, in an extraordinary manner; only the essential fact that they have very long fingers with a web between as an organ of flight prevents us from instantly and instinctively recognizing them as remote cousins once removed from the gorilla.

The female bat in particular is absurdly human. Most of them feed off insects alone, but a few, like the famous vampire bats of South America, take a mean advantage of sleeping animals, and suck their blood after the fashion of mosquitoes, as they lie defenseless in the forests or on the open pampas. Others, like the flying foxes of the Malay archipelago, make a frugal meal of fruits and vegetables, but even these are persistent night fliers. They hang, head downward, from the boughs of trees during the hot tropical daytime, but sally forth at night, with Milton's sons of Belial, to rob the banana patches and invade the plantain grounds of the industrious native. The bat is a lemur compelled by dire need to become a flying night bird.—[Cornhill Magazine.]

Two Miles a Minute by Rail.

Engineers are always, like the great Alexander, seeking new worlds to conquer. F. B. Behr, associate of the Institution of Civil Engineers, finds steam locomotion on the surface of this planet too slow at a more or less dangerous maximum of sixty miles an hour and he proposes to whirl the man of the twentieth century at the rate of two miles per minute. Under the title of "Lightning Express Railway Service" he publishes a full statement of his plans with all the necessary technical details. The motive power proposed is electricity and the method that which is known as the Lartigue single-rail system, which, in a rudimentary form, is now at work on a short line of nine miles and a half from Listowel to Ballybunion, in Ireland, and from Fours to Panisseries, in the department of the Loire, France. There are many advantages claimed for this idea, including the absolute impossibility of a train leaving the metals, its cheapness of construction as well as a speed that brings Edinburgh within three hours of London. The King of the Belgians has accepted the dedication of Mr. Behr's interesting little work.—[London Telegraph.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BALTIMORE has more than a hundred Christian Endeavor societies, representing sixteen sectarian denominations, and an effort is already being made in that city to have the annual convention in 1896 held there. Next year's convention will be held in San Francisco.

MR. CHAUNCEY WARNER, an elderly farmer of Cambridge, Vt., has promised to present to the town of Sturbridge, Mass., \$8,000, in recognition and appreciation of the care the town has taken of his deaf-mute female cousin. This is a practical manifestation of gratitude that is not as common as the occasion for it.

COMPLAINT is often made about our Senators and Representatives absenting themselves from Washington while Congress is in session. But we are much better served than England, for out of 670 members of the House of Commons seldom more than 400 are present and are evidently never expected to be present, for there is only seating accommodation for 300.

The growth of the orange industry in Florida has increased from a production of 600,000 boxes in 1885 to 3,500,000 for the season just closed, and according to conservative estimates the combined crop will be fully 5,000,000 boxes, of which over 4,000,000 will be marketed. The average price received by growers the past season was \$1.31 per box.

The wandering St. Regis Indians, who are found in camps and villages on both sides of the St. Lawrence, still retain their own language, though most of them speak English and some of them French. They address one another and their beasts, dogs, and horses in the Indian tongue, and, according to their belief, "the robin bird speaks the Indian language." The women are industrious, kindly, and shapely in middle life, while the men are fat and idle, after the manner of savage males brought under civilizing influences.

LIBERAL thinkers in the churches are having a much pleasanter time now than in the time of Bishop Colenso, 30 years ago. After the Bishop published his book asserting that certain statements and figures in the Pentateuch were untrue he found himself almost universally ostracized. Men and women whom he had known intimately from childhood refused to speak to him. And so general was the detestation of him that his laundress in London refused any longer to wash his clothes, because she lost customers by coming into such close contact with him.

EVER since there began to be colleges in the United States young men have been in the habit of working their way to graduation by tutoring, teaching school, farming, and whatever occupation could be taken up and dropped with ease. The presence of a college at Athens, O., in the Hocking Valley coal region, has offered still another opportunity to young men in search of education. It is not unusual for students at Athens to interrupt their college course by a season of labor in the mines for the purpose of raising money with which to go on with their studies.

A St. Louis physician is querying to know why marriage ceremonies should not be performed by doctors of medicine, instead of having the authority lodged in the hands of doctors of divinity and other ministers. He thinks it would be a good thing for this country if the doctors were given the power and exercised it properly. "If I had my way," he says, "no two persons should be united for life unless they had good, strong and sound physical make-ups. Then I would never marry two blondes, but would always require a blonde to secure a brunette for a partner. If this were done we should become more beautiful as a race, and stronger and longer lived."

An exposition will be held at Lyons, France, next year. The fair is to be opened on April 26th. The principal building is to be polygonal in shape, with a lofty central dome, which will rise to a height upon the interior of some one hundred and eighty feet. It rises in a graceful curve, the structure being strengthened by means of the airy lateral supports which resemble the flying buttress of a Gothic cathedral. The building will be seven hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and will cover a space of nearly five hundred thousand square feet. The total weight of the entire structure will be only about two thousand four hundred and eighty tons.

A FRENCH scientist has been using his microscope recently on bank and national notes of various countries and finds that they are the home of a great number of little organisms. These, he says, may be dangerous to health, and he counsels the fortunate possessors of the paper money against placing it in the mouth under any circumstances. On some of the notes were found lactaria and bacilli in considerable numbers. The professor declares that the bills are a dangerous medium for the spread of contagious diseases, and highly praises the system of destroying returned bills adopted by the Bank of England, although for another purpose.

The chartering of the Bellamy colony, which proposes to build a cooperative town somewhere in the Cherokee strip, has excited a great deal of comment. Several hundred of the Bellamy believers have got together and propose to go to this new country and demonstrate that the Bellamy scheme as outlined in "Looking Backward" is a success. They are having built a great many apartment houses in sections ready to transport by wagon and rush them up in a hurry as soon as the opening takes place. Everything will be run on the cooperative plan, and no one will be allowed to buy property unless they join the colony. The food for all of the people of the town will be cooked in one kitchen, and it will be served in one monster dining-room. There are 300 or 400 in the company, and they declare themselves populists, and propose to carry the banner of the people's party into the new territory.

The reports of the patent office at Washington afford the best evidence of what has been accomplished by electricity in recent years. Until 1870, which may be regarded as the dawn of the age of electricity, very few patents

had been granted for electric inventions. So few applications for patents were made in this field that the claims were turned over to a division for the examination of instruments for use in natural sciences. But soon the number of applications increased so rapidly that it became necessary to establish a special division for electricity. In 1884 the patent office granted 1,200 patents protecting inventions in the field of electricity alone. In that year three per cent. of all the patent claims busied themselves with electricity. Since then two electrical divisions have arisen in the patent office, and these have been divided into ten or twelve subdivisions occupied with nearly 200 classes of inventions and experiments. From 1876 to 1893 21,000 patents have been issued for inventions in this domain of applied science—900 for arc lights, 800 for incandescent lamps, 200 for application of new power in the working of metals, 1,650 for electric railroads and the rest for hundreds of varied purposes. Ten per cent. of all the applications in the patent office are confined to the uses of electricity.

The Commissioner of Patents has just rendered an interesting decision in the matter of the appeal to him of the State of South Carolina from the refusal of the examiner to register a trade mark in the name of the State. It appears that the State desired to use a certain label, with the intention to enter markets outside of the State and Union as a vendor of liquors and had already sold in Canada a case of its liquors bearing such trade mark, claiming that it possessed the full rights of a trading corporation. The Commissioner, closing his decision, says: It is considered that the State of South Carolina, notwithstanding the acts of its Governor and the State Board of Control, has no authorized trade in liquors outside of its own limits, is not the owner of any trade mark, has not at this time the right to the use of the trade mark sought to be registered, and therefore the application is denied.

Eccentricities in Palaces.

The King of Siam, who, according to late reports, has had a palace constructed which he can submerge in the sea at will and so live under water whenever he chooses, is not the only monarch who has indulged in eccentricities of this sort.

For instance, history has preserved the memory of the ice palace built by the Russian Empress Anne, who punished several of her dainty courtiers by compelling them to pass the night in this great chamber of state, where they were almost frozen to death.

The Czar Paul, ancestor of the present Emperor of Russia, constructed a room formed entirely of huge mirrors, where he spent hours walking to and fro in full uniform—a singular taste for the ugliest man in Russia.

One of the native princes of Java cooled his palace by making a stream fall in a cascade over the gateway, and the Indian despot Tippu Sahib placed beside his dinner table a life-size figure of a tiger devouring an English officer, the roar of the beast and the shrieks of the victim being imitated by hidden machinery.—[Harper's Young People.]

Facts About Glycerine.

Glycerine is one of the most useful and misunderstood of every-day assistants. It must not be applied to the skin undiluted, or it will cause it to become red and hard, but if rubbed well into the skin while wet it has a softening and whitening effect.

It will prevent and cure chapped hands, two or three drops will often stop the baby's stomach ache.

It will allay the thirst of fever patients and soothe an irritable cough by moistening the dryness of the throat.

Equal parts of bay rum and glycerine applied to the face after shaving makes a man rise up and call the woman who provided it blessed.

Applied to shoes glycerine is a great preservative of the leather and effectually keeps out the water and prevents wet feet.

A few drops of glycerine put in the fruit jars the last thing before sealing them helps to keep the preserves from holding on top.

Half a teaspoonful every half hour will cure summer complaint or dyspepsia.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

Love for the Zigzag.

The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in their streets and buildings and have banished it completely where country field paths are concerned. They will always substitute a curve whenever possible, or they will torture it into a zigzag.

In districts not devastated by the Tai Pings nor subject to the influence of the foreigner the houses and temples are characterized by curved, often peaked, roofs, ornamented with fantastic modifications of the "myriad-stroke pattern." The inhabitants of such regions are soon found to have a mental world to correspond. The straight line is scouted. They think in curves and zigzags. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons. It belongs not to the heaven above nor to the earth beneath. In a true horizon line are seen the "undulations of the dragon." Therefore, argues the Chinese, the straight line pertains to hades.—[Contemporary Review.]

Seven Wonders of Corea.

The seven wonders of Corea are described at length by a Chinese paper. They consist of a hot mineral spring near Kin Shantao, which is capable of curing any disease, no matter how serious; two wells, one at each end of the peninsula, which have the peculiar characteristic that when one is full the other is empty; a cold cave, from which issues constantly an ice-cold wind of great force; a pine forest which cannot be eradicated; a "floating stone" of massive rectangular shape, free on all sides; a hot stone, which has been lying from time immemorial on the summit of a hill and emitting a glowing heat, and a "sweating Buddha," on which not a blade of grass or a flower or tree has flourished for thirty years.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE SECRET.

About the meadow all the day I see the bumblebee at play; Also the lazy butterfly Beneath the shining silken sky.

But when the autumn's brown and red The merry bumblebee has fled; And no fair butterfly is seen Drifting about on wing serene.

I know the secret: when 'tis cool These pretty insects are in school; But in the summer's golden prime They're out for their vacation-time.—[Once A Week.]

A FIGHTING BIRD.

Doctor Franklin, when he recommended the adoption of the turkey as our national emblem in place of the often unclean and not particularly courageous bald eagle, had a great many good reasons to give on behalf of his candidate. Among them he did not fail to include its fighting qualities. A turkey cock is not a bird of prey, it is brave, but he is a gallant fellow when engaged in battle, and decidedly more willing to meet an adversary of his own size than is an eagle; at least an eagle of the particular species selected to hold our American thunderbolts in its talons. We are used to hearing tales of unfortunate infants carried off by eagles, and likewise of rash boys in search of eagles' eggs or young eaglets, who are attacked by the wrathful parent birds while clinging to the sides of precipitous cliffs, and just escape with their lives.

A few—a very few—of these tales are probably true. But for every youth terrified by a shrieking eagle flapping about his ears, how many young Americans have trembled at the gobble of a well-grown turkey cock, with his wattles flaring, his breast ruffled to the utmost, his wings half-spread, and wrath in his every feather? How many have ignominiously fled before such an aroused monarch of the barn-yard?

And now, if the capacity to slay be really an addition to the dignity of a bird of power, we find that the turkey can claim that also. There have been various anecdotes of the arms and legs of small children broken by the blow of his mighty wing; but these do not count because the same tales are related of geese. But an antiquarian searcher among ancient newspapers recently discovered in an old journal published in Newburyport, the obituary notice of a man killed by a turkey.

He was a very aged gentleman, it appears, and slightly childish. A mid day of Indian summer having come, his relatives put him in a comfortable arm-chair on the porch, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown and wearing on his head, to keep off colds and neuritis, a peaked red nightcap with a tassel on the end. There he unfortunately fell asleep; and as he dozed, his head nodded; and as his head nodded, his nightcap wagged.

The scarlet tassel bobbing thus conspicuously caught the eye of a turkey that was wandering about the place, undergoing his autumn fattening no doubt, and was regarded in the light of a challenge.

Swelling and gobbling meeting with no response, the bird at length flew at the poor old gentleman, plucked his nightcap off, beat him with his wings until he fell out of his chair, and as the paper puts it "so ill-used and maltreated him as he soon thereafter died." Perhaps, despite Doctor Franklin, to be eaten is a more desirable fate than glorification for so dangerous a bird.—[Youth's Companion.]

A BUTTERFLY'S BATH.

Standing on the banks of the Hop River in Jamaica one brilliant July day, watching the dragon-flies, or "darning needles," darting over the water, I saw a sight that was entirely new to me, and one that filled me with wonder.

A beautiful butterfly, of a sort common in the West Indies, known to the naturalists as Victoria Stenales, and oddly banded with pale green and deep black bars across its wings, floated lazily down to the water's edge and landed on the damp sand.

Walking quickly to the very edge of the water, where the breeze sent in little rippling waves, the butterfly waded in so that its body and head were completely submerged, and then slowly beat its wings to and fro, seemingly in an attempt to cover them with the water also. Of course it could not do this, for it was so light in proportion to the expanse of its wings that whenever it attempted to force them under the water its feet lost their hold on the ground and for an instant it floated on the surface. Quickly flying up from this perilous position, it regained the shore and again began the attempt to get entirely under water.

All this was a most interesting spectacle to me, and I was entirely at a loss to understand its meaning. I had been a student of butterflies for nearly twenty-five years and a collector in many different countries, yet I had never witnessed such a sight before.

The weather was not especially warm, in fact "the doctor," as the Jamaicans call the strong sea breeze that daily makes life more endurable, was unusually cool that day. So it could hardly be for the purpose of cooling itself that the insect indulged in these strange proceedings, or it would have been a sight long since familiar to me and to other collectors. I was well aware that butterflies do get overheated and out of breath; often after watching two of them fighting furiously in the hot sunshine, or having raced them myself across the fields. I had seen them flapping their wings lightly up and down, thereby forcing the air more rapidly through the little holes at the base of the wings through which they do their breathing, and thus cooling themselves off.

Failing to fathom such queer and apparently unnatural actions on the part of this butterfly, I was just preparing to capture it to make a closer examination when I was thwarted by a third party. Evidently I had not been the only interested watcher, for at that instant a whip-poor-will dashed out from the gloom of the bordering woods and in its attempt to capture the butterfly effectually frightened it away.

It was some months after this, on a visit to another stream in Jamaica, that I saw precisely the same performance repeated

—again on the part of the beautiful banded Victoria. This time, however, it was more fortunate, and quickly had the butterfly in my net and a moment after it was between my fingers and under the powerful lens, which is my constant pocket companion.

At once all was clear to me, for here and there on the hairy covering of its velvety body, but especially near the bases of the wings, were little bright carmine patches, which on close examination, after stirring them up with a pin, proved to be made up of scores of tiny red parasites.

Holding the butterfly carefully between my thumb and finger by the wings so as not to hurt it, I immersed it in the water and held it there until the kicking of its legs plainly told me that it was growing uncomfortable for want of air. Then, on re-examining it, I found that most of the tiny parasites had been drowned off; and after three or four such baths I could not find one remaining.

Then I allowed my captive to fly away, and I have often wondered just what its thoughts—if any it had—must have been concerning the giant who thus aided it to get rid of its microscopic tormentors.

Since then I have ascertained, with the aid of a powerful microscope, that the minute parasite I discovered on the butterfly is armed with a most formidable proboscis, or beak, which is attached to a powerful pumping apparatus within its head. With this outfit and its eight legs, each armed with many claws, it is able to cling to the butterfly, and extract its life juices. Thus it is plain that these pests must become a terrible drain on the butterfly's system, and it is in self-defense driven to this most effectual, though apparently very unnatural procedure of taking a bath for taking to the water is about the last thing that most of us would expect of so fragile a creature as a butterfly.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Trapping the Beaver.

The famed beaver, in both structure and habits, is by far the most interesting animal killed and hunted for the sake of its skin. So much was its fur in demand prior to the introduction of silk and rabbit's fur in the manufacture of hats that the poor little chap had in some districts become nearly exterminated.

The beaver trapper, be he white man or Indian, must of necessity lead a solitary, desolate, and dangerous life. To be alone in the wildest solitudes of unknown wastes demands a courage and endurance of no ordinary kind. A beaver is a very difficult animal to trap. The trapper knows at a glance the various marks of the animal, called signs. These discoveries, the next step is to find out how close the beaver gets to his house, which is generally in shallow water. Then a steel trap is sunk in the water twelve or fourteen inches below the surface. Immediately over the trap the bait, made from the castor, or medicine gland of the beaver, suspended from a stick, so as just to clear the water, with a long cord and log of cedar wood as a buoy, the latter to mark the position of the trap when the beaver swims away with it.

The fated little builder—perhaps returning to his home and family—scents the tempting castor. He cannot reach it as he swims, so he feels about with his hind legs for something to stand on; his tool, has been craftily placed for him. Putting down his feet to stretch up for the coveted morsel he finds them suddenly clasped in a steel embrace; there is no hope of escape. The log, revealing his hiding place, is seized by the trapper and the imprisoned beaver dispatched by a single blow on the head.

The principal use made of the beaver fur now is in the manufacture of hats and coats. The long hair is pulled out and the underfur shaved down close and even by a machine.—[Chicago Times.]

Made the Judge Listen.

Judge Van Brunt of New York has a habit which sorely distresses members of the bar who appear before him, particularly young men, of talking to his associates on the bench while the lawyers are delivering their speeches. Mr. Choate was about to make the closing speech in a highly important case recently. Forty minutes had been allotted him for the purpose. He had scarcely uttered a dozen words when Judge Van Brunt wheeled around in his chair and began a discussion with Judge Andrews. Mr. Choate ceased speaking immediately, folded his arms and gazed steadily at the Judges, his handsome face a trifle paler than usual. A hush fell upon the courtroom. Judge Van Brunt, noticing the stillness, turned around and looked inquiringly at the silent advocate.

"Your honor," said Mr. Choate, "I have just forty minutes in which to make my final argument. I shall not only need every second of that time to do it justice, but I shall also need your undivided attention."

"And you shall have it," promptly responded the Judge, at the same time acknowledging the justice of the rebuke by a faint flush on his cheeks. It was an exhibition of genuine courage, but one that was more fully appreciated by members of the profession than by the laymen who witnessed it.—[New York Tribune.]

A Cantonment.

The cantonment at an Indian town means the place where the English live. The native town is usually inclosed by high walls and is accessible only by a few gates. It is brimful of people, who crowd its bazaars or shop streets. Quite outside the town and a mile or two away is the cantonment, an unwall'd district, where each house stands in its own enclosure or compound, and where the regiments—British or native—are quartered in "lines" or rows of huts.

The cantonment usually has wide, well-kept roads, with a grassy margin and avenues of fine trees, giving it the appearance of a great park. The English visitor, if he stays with friends, might be a week without seeing the native town at all, unless his curiosity prompted an excursion in search of it. There is always in the cantonment a club, with a ladies' wing (unless the ladies have a gymkhana or club of their own), and, besides the various parade grounds, a polo ground or tennis court, so that a visitor bent only on amusement has plenty of resources.—[The Nineteenth Century.]