

**HIS DIVINITY.**

I felt within the cushioned pew. But must confess my thoughts pursued A rather worldly course, in lieu Of penitential fire. Yet none within the edifice In worshiping are less remiss— My thoughts are tinged with heavenly bliss. For Nellie's in the choir.

A witching figure, straight and trim. She stands and carols forth the hymn. She blushes 'neath her broad hat brim. To see how I admire. I watch her lovely, pulsing throat. Her dimples and her curls I note— Celestial music seems to float. For Nellie's in the choir. —Detroit Free Press.

**THE ART OF ACTING.**

"Hullo, Monty! Alone in your glory, eh?" exclaimed Frank Kortright, as he strolled into the Betterton club at about 6:30 one afternoon. "Where is everybody?"

"I can't tell you," replied Monty. "They weren't in the city, that's all I know. The house was half empty, and the mining market as flat as dishwater. I don't believe I've made a pony this month."

"I never knew London so empty. Not half a dozen theaters open; which is rough on the dramatic critic, who has to write about the drama or starve. Charles, give me some connoisseur and some grilled salmon, and— Will these lamb cutlets take long? Very well, then; I'll have some cutlets and an Imperial pint of 114, as quickly as you can please."

"Going anywhere?" asked Monty. "Yes; to a theater you probably never heard of—the Elephant and Castle, in the New Kent road. By the way, would you care to come, too—I have two stalls." "Inquired the critic. "It might amuse you, if you've never been to that sort of a theater before. They're playing an old-fashioned melodrama called 'Madrina, the Marionette-Maker's Daughter,' in five acts and twelve tableaux."

"Does it matter about my not being dressed?" "Dear, no. Nobody dresses there, I'm only dressed because I'm going there officially."

"Then I shall be delighted, Charles, is my coffee ready?"

In half an hour's time Monty Braham and Frank Kortright were in a hansom on the way to the New Kent road. "It's the devil of a way," remarked Monty after a time.

"If you really want to see fine acting," said Frank, "you'll have to travel a good deal further than the New Kent road. I shall never forget the impression that a certain company made upon me—never. It was at the Pousakine theater, at Krasnoyarsk. The most marvelous acting you ever saw. Talk about Irving, Salvini or Barnum."

"What, the South African chap?" "No, no; I'm speaking of the German tragedian. Why, their man Ostolopoff could wipe the stage with any of them. And that sweet woman, Archangelovski, as beautiful as Julia Neilson, as graceful as Ellen Terry, with all the originality and repose of La Duse, combined with the force of Sarah Bernhardt. Barely 19 years of age—I knew her personally—a most interesting girl. The low comedian, too; Little Pik! So full of humor and resource. Never at a loss—a mixture of Arthur Roberts and Noblet. He was a very distinguished politician at one time at St. Petersburg—in the Russian ministry, in fact; but he took to conspiring and they packed him off to Siberia. I met him in private. Half his head was shaved, he twice tried to escape." And so on.

"Yes, but surely you can appeal to heaven without that! If only actors understood the value of repose—of repression!" sighed the critic, making a black mark on his program against poor Fitz-Gibbon.

"Now, what does an old chap like that get paid?" asked Monty, presently. "Fitz-Gibbon? Oh, I don't know. I should think he'd consider himself in a seventh heaven if anyone were to offer him \$4 a week."

"But he'd get more than that in the west end, wouldn't he?" "My dear Braham, we shouldn't stand that style of acting in the west end! We've changed all that, thank goodness. We've exterminated the barnstormer and godfathered a new school. And yet there are some people who say, 'What's the good of critics?'"

"An actor who can please a west end audience can make his £20 or £30 a week, I suppose?" "Oh, at least. A good deal more, if he has a theater of his own."

"Upon my soul that sounds very fine! I've a deuced good mind to take a theater myself."

"My dear fellow, a first-rate idea, provided you have the fur sacre!" "What Mr. Kortright meant by this I do not know, but that is what he said."

About two months later London was ringing with the triumphs of Montague Braham, the new actor. It was impossible to secure a seat at the Elite Theater without booking at least a month in advance. There were no two opinions about the genius of this "latest addition to the band of manager-actors," as he was called. He had come, he had aspired, he had conquered. The play was called "Dunstan's Deception." It was a strong, modern drama, with a touch of the supernatural in it. It is needless to give the plot of it, but this is Frank Kortright's opinion of Braham's performance, as set forth in Monday's Ephemeris:

"A first night in the Elite.—What a revelation! cried a young lady who was waiting for her carriage in the vestibule of the Elite at 11:45 Saturday night. And 'What a revelation!' was the exclamation from everyone's mouth. 'Who is this Mr. Braham?' asked several. The answer is easy— indisputable. Mr. Braham is one of the most remarkable young actors of the century. From the moment that Dunstan enters the stage as the trusted old solicitor—soberly dressed, unobtrusive in manner, his keen, dark eyes peering from under the bushy, dark eyebrows, ever on the alert, taking in everything, the closely cropped gray whiskers and scanty, well tended hair (a marvel of 'make-up,' by the way), suggesting nothing but commonplace respectability—to the moment in the last act when, trembling and white with fear, he bursts into the cottage of the family he has ruined and craves pardon of Agnes, whose lover he has consigned to a madhouse—until the climax, when he finally expires on the hearth-rug, himself a gibbering lunatic—the great audience were in the hands of the great actor as a pliant rod in the grasp of a skillful angler. Mr. Braham can sway them as he pleases. There is no trickery here, no slavish following of the old, no masterful striving after the new. It is greater than art, because it is nature; it is greater than nature, because it is art. Mr. Braham is like a young surgeon who does not discard the scalpel because he has mastered electrolysis. He can hunt with the old-fashioned leech and run the new-fangled microbe. We know not in what physiological dissecting-room Mr. Braham has acquired his knowledge of the anatomy of human nature. But he knows it to a vesicle. In time, we were all too hypnotized by the antiseptic spray of his exuberance to be able to analyze it precisely. We woke up from the trance like the 'little old woman upon the king's highway,' only to exclaim with the young lady in the vestibule, 'What a revelation!'"

From that day forward everything went well with Monty. His looking-glass was crowded with cards of invitation from all the highest in the land. He became president of the Stoke Newington Philothesians and patron of the Braham Rovers (Battersden). He gave a lecture to the Playgoers' Club, called, "How Much Should Be Told," and he laid the foundation of a new opera house at Newton (isle of Wight). Photographers and interviewers would camp on his doorstep in order to get a glimpse of him as he left the house. His photographs filled every shop window and decorated every bondior. They appeared also on soap advertisements, on cigarette-boxes and from automatic machines (when these were in working order). When there was room in the daily papers one might occasionally find tidings of war, of politics and of scientific advance. But the journals were mostly filled with news of Monty—his habits and ideas. One learned that he liked best to study his parts "in the still of the night, when this great London of ours is fast asleep;" that his favorite drink was "tea in Russian fashion, with a slice of lemon—or else plain soda water." That he "used to sketch and play the piano and that sort of thing;" but that now he had no time for such things. That he "still loved to scamper over the hayfields after the hounds;" that he was "passionately fond of animals;" and that he first discovered his wonderful talent when playing with a favorite wolfhound.

"Poor old Conrad! That paper knife was made out of one of his pads. I was playing with him one afternoon and happened for a joke to pretend to be dead. Conrad set up such a dismal howl that I knew I was an actor!"

Monty was also elected eagerly to many clubs; but he frequented chiefly his old friend the Betterton, and it was while he was dining one afternoon that an acquaintance suddenly exclaimed to him:

"By the way, Braham, did you know this old chap, Fitz-Gibbon?"

"The old actor?" replied Monty, looking leisurely up from the salad he was mixing. "Oh, yes; I remember him. What's happened to him?"

"Well, he's dead; that's all," said the other. "There's a short notice of him in this evening's paper. Respectable representative of a bygone school. A favorite with our more easily pleased forbears, and all that sort of thing. He seems to have died very suddenly this morning."

"Charles," said Monty to the waiter, "get me my bill and a Bradshaw."

A few weeks later Frank Kortright received the following explanation of the sudden closing of the Elite Theater, which had so surprised theater goers: "Grand Hotel, Buenos Ayres—My Dear Frank: It occurred to me you might be amused to hear from me why I closed my theater and left town so suddenly. You may remember the night we went to the Elephant and Castle, where we saw poor old Fitz-Gibbon in some old-fashioned melodrama. Well, I went home that night and went through a lot of calculations, and I came to the conclusion that the regular daily twenty-four hours' work of a modern successful actor was really too much for any one man to undertake; so I arranged to divide it with two. Old Fitz was enchanted to do the acting (which wasn't in my line, and which he did extremely well), at a salary of \$10 a week. And I consider myself very well paid for all the interviewing and so on. I had a room fixed up for Fitz-Gibbon next to mine. And I affected a 'mannerism' of always rehearsing in my dress and make-up— which made a great impression and simplified the 'double arrangement.' I never allowed any one to come into my dressing-room. The period during the performance was about the only three hours that I had in the day for sleep. I am now going to rest for a year or two; then—I don't know yet what I shall do. I haven't decided. I may take up medicine. Yours respectfully "MONTY BRAHAM."

—St. James' Gazette.

**NOTHING NEED BE WASTED.**

**Uses to Which Broken Glass and Old Bones May Be Put.**

When a tumbler or other glass vessel is broken do you think its usefulness is gone? It is not, by any means. It is tossed into the ash barrel, indeed, but it is pretty sure to reappear in another form on the table. In making glass it is usual to melt the materials together with a quarter or half their weight of "cullet"—that is, broken glass of the same kind. This uses up great quantities of broken glass which the rag-pickers carefully sort out from the barrels and dumps. Some of the coarsest glass is melted and colored in the paste. When it is cold it is broken into irregular pieces and sold for cheap mosaics in the decorations of shops, while broken bottles are ground up to make sand for glass paper.

Bones have a long career of usefulness after they are discarded from the kitchen. Ground to dust they make valuable fertilizers, while, at some English dyeing establishments, bones are boiled to get the gelatine, or size, for stiffening goods. Sometimes bones are boiled and bleached and then sent to the turners to be made into knife handles, toothbrushes, nailbrushes and buttons, while ground up and mixed with other things they are used as bonemeal to feed cattle. Where does the Ivory-black of the artist come from? From burning old bones in closed retorts, and the same substance is used in making blacking. Bone-charcoal is used in refining sugar because it is so absorbent that it will remove all trace of indigo from sugar colored with it. This charcoal can be used over and over again by washing and heating, and when finally worn out for refining purposes it is used in making phosphorus.

Old tins are cut into strips, punched, blackened and varnished, and used to strengthen cheap trunks and boxes while old iron is repurified and appears in fresh, new form. It is said England ships as ballast much of her worn-out gridirons, boilers, shovels and the like to us to be melted over. Even such small things as corks are collected and recut, while those that are too rough for cork making are used for floats for fishermen and for stuffing horse collars.—New York Times.

**Empress Josephine's Appearance.**

She had thin brown hair, a complexion neither fresh nor faded, expressive eyes, a small retroussé nose, a pretty mouth, and a voice that charmed all listeners. She was rather undersized, but her figure was so perfectly proportioned as to give the impression of height and suppleness. Its charms were scarcely concealed by the clothing she wore, made as it was in the suggestive fashion of the day, with no support to the form but a belt, and as scanty about her shoulders as it was about her shapely feet. It seems to have been her elegance and her manners as well as her sensuality which overpowered Bonaparte, for he described her as having "the calm and dignified demeanor which belongs to the old regime."

**Long Words.**

The longest word in the dictionary is palatopharyngopalatineal. The next longest is transubstantiationist.

Biobibb—"Has Scribbler's new play much local coloring and atmosphere?" Slobb—"Lots of it; but judging from the opening night, the coloring is very blue and the atmosphere decidedly frosty."—Philadelphia Record.

A man who has owned a piano a good many years is amused at the man who is interested in buying one.

If we were a woman, we would not consent to wear bloomers unless we were fixed for it below the waist.

**SKATES IN ITS FEET.**

**The Peculiar Formation of a Philadelphia Duck.**

There is a remarkable duck in the lake which will probably prove the only one of its class that ever has been discovered, says the Philadelphia Press. It is a large, snow-white bird, whose plumage is so luxuriant that it would fill a good-sized pillow. Its wings, when spread out, cover an area of four feet seven inches by three feet and a half. The wings are very peculiar, being jointed very close to the body. This enables it to bend them in such a way as to form a tent. In terrible winter storms in its native land it finds this very useful. When the skies are clouded and the wind begins whistling merry tunes through the leeches this cute and cautious duck erects his wing tent above his shivering self, and goes to sleep in peace, knowing that when the snow and sleet descends it will prove harmless.

As soon as the cool weather was scented those who watched this wonderful duck noticed that a peculiar growth was forming on his feet. As the weather grew cooler the growth grew more pronounced. It appears to be a thick cartilaginous substance which gradually extended. It looked like another toe, and it was thought at first that the bird was going to be malformed. But instead of stopping when the growth reached the size of the other toes, it kept right on. It grew to be about six inches long, and then the end of it took a curious turn. Instead of turning down like a claw, it curled up and round in a picturesque loop. Then it gradually hardened.

What on earth caused this curious growth was a puzzle. What could it be for? Was it simply a malformation, or some adjunct necessary for the duck's happiness? Finally the solution was discovered. The duck had skates on. The peculiar formation was just like the "skees" of the Norsemen. More than probable the "skees" were actually patterned after this growth. These skates were invaluable to the duck in his native land, where ice and snow, with heavy crust, covered the face of the earth and the deep. Travel by swimming was largely tied up by this ice. Wading afoot was slow and tedious, so kind nature provided a better and quicker way, skating. All the duck had to do was to spread out its immense wings, stand firm on its skates, and whiz he would go spinning over the surface of snow and ice at a high rate of speed.

With the approach of warm weather these "skates," or rather this formation, fall off, and the feet are similar to those of any other duck. Then when winter comes again it makes its appearance once more, and gradually grows to its full size. A peculiar characteristic of the duck is that during the period of getting its skates on it is ill and avoids all food. It drinks a great deal, however, but this is not enough to keep it alive. Consequently, it is likely to die at any minute during this time. It also keeps out of sight, and only close search will discover the bird until its skates are fully formed. This duck has never been fully described by scientists, owing to its extreme rarity. It is known by the name of Fakeducus Maximus.

**BURSTING OF A GLAZIER.**

**A Frightful Disaster in Switzerland.**

A correspondent writing to us from Zurich, Switzerland, says: "At day-break on Wednesday a frightful disaster took place at a distance of four miles from Kandersteg, on the Gemli Pass. A huge mass of ice, measuring 1,250,000 cubic metres, detached itself from the Aletsch Glacier and was precipitated into the valley. Such was the impetus of the mighty avalanche that it was not checked in the valley, but dashed up the opposite side, which has a slope of 45 degrees, to a height of 1,300 feet, carrying everything before it until it met a wall of rock, which sent the main mass surging back. At the foot of this rock lies, or rather lay, the Spitalmatt, an exceedingly beautiful and rich mountain pasture with chalets for the cowherds, for storing cheeses, etc. At the time of the disaster there were collected there 150 head of valuable cattle under the care of four cowherds. There were also two officials from Leuk, who had come up to arrange about bringing down the cattle, which event has always taken place on September 13. All have been overwhelmed. Of the animals, only three have escaped.

The loss in the live stock, the ownership of which was partitioned among about thirty families, mostly quite poor, belonging to the village of Leuk, is estimated at \$20,000. The pasture itself, which for years will now be useless, strewn as it is with debris, is valued at \$80,000. The bodies of the two officials and two of the cowherds have been recovered, but in a horribly mutilated condition. It seems that the disaster overtook them while sleeping in their huts. The other two men, whose bodies have not yet been found, are supposed to have been up early for the purpose of milking the cows. The blocks of fallen ice and rocks cover a space of two square miles to a depth of many yards, the whole scene being one of indescribable desolation. Besides the trees which were in the track of the avalanche great numbers have been uprooted by the wind which it produced. Many of the cattle, too, lie about in such positions that they must have been hurled great distances through the air by the same force. Men are hard at work trying to make some sort of footpath over the debris, the ordinary road being, of course, completely obliterated. From old records in Leuk it appears that a similar catastrophe occurred at the same spot in 1782, also only two days before the date fixed for the return of the cattle to the valleys."

able temperature. A small fire for four or five days heats better and with just as little expense as a roaring blaze kindled on Saturday. Church committees often find fault with the heating apparatus on a cold day, when the manner and time of building the fires are at fault. Then, too, a gradual heating of such a building allows of better ventilation than the sudden warming up the day before the building is used.

**Will Not Borrow Again.**

There are two brothers in Memphis who are so near the same size and figure that they can wear each other's clothing. One of them recently bought a fine new overcoat, which was a very stylish and comfortable garment, and of which its owner was very proud. The first night after he bought the overcoat there was a rainstorm. The water fell in torrents and the mud fairly swam in the streets. The young man was going out that evening, but he didn't like the idea of taking his new overcoat out in such beastly weather. His brother had a mackintosh, and when the first young man spied this hanging on the hat rack he decided to appropriate it for the night and so save his new overcoat. Without saying a word to his brother he put on the waterproof and sallied forth into the rain, calculating that he would save his new overcoat at least three months' wear that night. When he came home he found his brother in their room. "Say, old man," he said, "I used your mackintosh to-night."

"That was all right," said the brother. "I got along very well without it." "You didn't go out this evening, did you?" asked the owner of the overcoat. "Yes," answered the owner of the mackintosh. "Then what did you wear?" "Your new overcoat."

**The Banana Tree.**

In the West Indies the dried leaves and prepared portion of the stem are used as packing materials. Fresh leaves are used to shade young coffee or cocoa seedlings in nursery beds and to cover cocoa beans during fermentation. The young unopened leaves are so smooth and soft that they are used as dressing for blisters. In India the dried stalk of the plantain leaf is used as a rough kind of twine, and the large parts are made into small boxes for holding snuff, drugs, etc.

In the Malay peninsula the ash of the leaf and leaf stalk is used instead of soap or fuller's earth in washing clothes, and a solution of the ash is often used as salt in cooking. In the Dutch Indies the skin of the plantain is used for blackening shoes. The juice which flows from all cut parts of the banana is rich in tannin and of so blackening a nature that it may be used as an indelible marking ink. In Java the leaves of the "Wax Banana" are covered on the under side with a white powder, which yields a valuable wax, clear, hard and whitish, forming an important article of trade. The ashes of the leaves, stem and fruit rind are employed in Bengal in many dyeing processes. In Siam a cigarette wrapper is made from the leaves.

Fiber is got from the stems of many kinds of bananas. The most valuable is the "Manilla hemp" of commerce, which holds the chief place for making white ropes and cordage. Old ropes made of it form an excellent paper-making material, much used in the United States for stout packing papers. The Manilla hemp industry is a large one. About 50,000 tons of fiber, valued at \$15,000,000, are annually exported from the Philippine Islands. The Manilla hemp plant is grown exclusively in the southern part of the Philippines, and all attempts to grow it elsewhere have failed. Many articles are made from Manilla hemp—mats, cords, hats, plated work, lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture and various qualities of paper. At Wohlau, in Switzerland, an industry has been started for making lace and material for ladies' hats from it. By a simple process it is made into straw exactly resembling the finest wheat straw for plaiting.

The furrier's trade is not a healthy one, for the dust and short hairs which are beaten out of the skins fill the lungs and thus shorten the lives of many workmen. This is not the case, however, with American furriers, for machinery and improved appliances used in this country and better ventilation serve to keep the air of the workshops comparatively free from the injurious dust. In making fur clothing many skins are sewed together and the workman not only must have the skill necessary to conceal the seams, but must be able to perfectly match the several skins. Chicago has several large establishments where furs are made, and the men and women employed in them are regarded the equals of the most expert French and English furriers.

**Superstitious Cure for Hydrophobia.**

When a person in the Soudan is bitten by a dog supposed to be suffering from the rabies the animal is instantly caught, killed and cut open; the liver is taken out and slightly browned by being held to the fire, after which the whole of the organ is eaten by the patient.

**Odds and Ends.**

Miscellaneous Items—Union P. C. Black velvet, with white satin lining and white chiffon, is extremely stylish. In preparing cocoa for use the seeds are roasted like coffee, then ground or pounded.

**JOKER'S BUDGET.**

**JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.**

**Seeking Information—Her Periods of Rest—Why He Stopped—Dead Easy—Etc., Etc.**

SEEKING INFORMATION. "Mamma, what do you call that big turkey?" "A gobbler, my child."

HER PERIODS OF REST. "Mrs. Smylax is very talkative at times, isn't she?" "At times!"

WHY HE STOPPED. "Cobble—Miss Spinlow says that you don't write any more poetry to her. What's the matter, old man?" "Stone—I am trying to marry her."

DEAD EASY. "I thought you said, darling, that your father was difficult to approach?" "Didn't you find him so, dear?"

"No, indeed. I had been talking with him only five minutes when he approached me for a fiver as easily as any man I ever met."

PARDONABLE IMPERFECTION. "No man," said the Cheerful Idiot, "is ever more than half right."

"Oh, come now," began the new boarder. "The other half," continued the Cheerful Idiot, "is left."

A NICE SERVANT. Servant—Give me a pound of tea. Grocer—Green or black? Servant—It doesn't matter, my mistress is blind.

HE MADE A RECORD. "They tell me your representative made a fine record in the Legislature." "You bet he did."

"What bills did he get through?" "No bills 't all!" "What in thunder did he do, then?" "What did he do?"

"Yes!" "Why, he just stood right up an' moved they adjourn!"

THE COMFORTER. Susie—And so you are an old maid, auntie—a real old maid!

Aunt Ethel—Yes, Susie, dear—I'm a real old maid. Susie (wishing to be nice and comforting)—Well, never mind, poor dear auntie; I am sure it isn't your fault.

ACCOUNTED FOR. Mistress (severely)—How did this fire go out?

New Girl (innocently)—I guess you forgot to tell me to put coal on.

NOT INAPPROPRIATE. "Yes, the first five children had black hair, but the sixth was rather a chestnut."

"Well, that seems appropriate enough."

HE HAD PROOF. "How do you know he married her for money?" "I've seen her."

GOOD STORY TELLING. "Browne tells a good club story, doesn't he?"

"Well, yes, very late at night." "When he has grown inebriated, I suppose?" "No; it's after he gets home."

LOGICAL AT LEAST. Miss Parvie-Now—And wouldn't it be splendid if I should catch a lord?

Miss May-Fair—Yes, then you would be a lady.

PLAUSIBLE THEORY. Young Wife—What makes you so gloomy this evening, Charlie?

Young Husband—I guess that chicken we had for dinner was not plucked very thoroughly.

Young Wife—What's that got to do with it? Young Husband—I don't see what else could have made me get down in the mouth.

NEVER DO IT. Jagley—I struck a man once, and he promptly knocked me down.

Bagley—As you lay there did you have time to think what a coward he'd be if he struck a man when he was down?

Jagley—No. But I had time enough to think what a blame-fool I was to strike a man when he was up.

A BALANCE DUE. "Your bicycle is very heavy, Allen." "Yes; my employer is a very heavy man."

"I don't see what that has to do with its weight." "He has a lien upon it."

WHY, INDEED. Young lady (reading aloud from a novel)—"Donald gazed at her with hungry eyes."

Grandmother (interrupting)—Law sutz! Why didn't she get the poor fellow some thing to eat?

THE LAWN A POEM. Mrs. McSwat (at the front window)—How beautiful our lawn looks this evening in its mantle of snow. It's a poem!

Mr. McSwat—It is, my angel, and I swear it makes my heart feel light as air to see that little lawn arrived to-night in a robe of spotless white, and to think how many months must pass before I'll need to cut the grass with that loud, beastly lawn mower that—

Mrs. McSwat—I think you're as mean as you can be!

HOW TO SUCCEED. "I am rich, very rich, although when I commenced business I had nothing."

"That may be, but those who did business with you when you commenced had something."

MORE SUITED TO THEM. Wagleigh—Men are more inclined to pursue the narrow path than they used to be.

Tagleigh—How do you account for it? Wagleigh—By the bicycle craze.