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Failures are quite frequent, averaging about 10,000 per year, and this, a contemporary believe, seems to be an inevitable outcome of the interminable competition of the times.

Garibaldi's remains are likely to be transferred to Rome, from their island grave at Capri, as the Italian Government want to fortify Capri, to complete the chain of defence in the district.

It has been said of the South, that if Cotton is King, the Cow Pea is Queen. What the one takes out of the soil by its profitable, but exhausting growth, the other can supply when applied as a fertilizer.

The *Drovers' Journal* announces that "several large cotton mills are to be established in the States west of the Mississippi River, in order to capture some of the trade which is now possessed by the mills of the Gulf States."

Wonderful development is going on in the coal fields of Maryland and West Virginia; tunnels are to be built to facilitate shipment of coal, and 184 miles of new railroad are now being constructed throughout the richest portions of the fields.

The Hon. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, has found a substitute for Prohibition. He says: "Women in the olden days were not allowed to drink wine, and to prove that they had not been drinking it they kissed everybody they met. This would be better than Prohibition."

J. W. Powers, the cotton king of Webster County, Ga., proposes to grind up 700 bushels of peas, the balance of a great crop fed to his stock, and use the material as a fertilizer for his cotton crop. The peas are worth eighty-five cents to \$1 per bushel, but he expects to get a better return from them in the manner indicated.

The oxen mines of Oberstein, Germany, which have hitherto supplied all the American demand, have become exhausted, and the only known oxen fields left are located in the State of Puebla, between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz. There are several of them there, and for a long time they have been worked in a crude way by the natives.

In the manufacture of paper this country has been making tremendous strides during the last few years. The industry has been brought to such a high state of development, and the production reduced so much in cost by improved machinery and the successful use of wood pulp under a special process, that a large export trade has been established, particularly with England. A market has also been found in Australia and elsewhere.

Putting the population of New York city this year at 1,675,000 the *Sun* calculates that there are more people in New York than in any one of the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida (more than the total population of the last four combined), Kentucky, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, West Virginia, or in the four new States of North and South Dakota, Washington and Montana.

The *New York Sun* says: "Delightful among the honors of the census is the case of the Minneapolis enumerators who came poaching within the limits of the rival city of St. Paul, seeking whom to enumerate. Promptly St. Paul arrested them. Then St. Paul carried the war into Minneapolis and seized more enumerators with their plant. Part of this consisted of lists of Scandinavian surnames and forenames, which, being compounded after the manner of drugs, created enumerated citizens of Minneapolis. St. Paul had no mind to take any such medicine and shrilled exceedingly. Then Minneapolis found a Minneapolis dog enumerated on St. Paul's list as 'Carl Baxter,' colored, and St. Paul drooped. All the proceedings are under the patronage of live Business Men's Associations."

Reports of suffering and starvation come to the Chicago *Nes* from several fishing colonies on the Newfoundland coast. Natives have in some instances been found subsisting on decayed seals. There has been a large emigration from Newfoundland to the Canadian Northwest. The troubles of the inhabitants of the island seem to be augmented by a conflict over French fishing rights between the colony and England, and their mother country. The Premier of Newfoundland is quoted in a recent speech as advocating open war with England or else annexation to the United States. As Newfoundland's war resources are too insignificant for serious consideration, the solution offered by annexation would probably be approved if submitted to a vote of the people.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

Their world was a world of enchantment; A world of luminous light Came out with a flaring of carmine, From all the black spaces of night; The music of morn was as lithesome And cheery as music could be; But all through the dawn and the daybreak I mourned for the song of the sea.

They showed me the marvellous flowers And fruits of their sun-blasted lands; They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys; Forget ye the barren white sands; For a weariness unto the spirit The dash of the breakers must be; So dwell ye beside our blue waters; Forget the sad song of the sea."

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight, On the marge of a dimpling stream, And there in a tangle of lilies, I wore me a wonderful dream; And a song from my dreamland went floating— Far up where the angels must be, But deep in its under vibrations I heard the sweet song of the sea.

With the dew in his locks all a-gitter, The Prince of the Daytime lay dead; For the silver-white lance of the twilight Smote off the gold crown from his head; And the Princess of Night came to see him, Her lights all about him to hang; And a nightingale screamed in the thicket Her song to the slumberer sang.

And the stream from the tangle of lilies Came winding its way through the seage; And a silvery nocturne it rippled Among the tall flags on its edge; But its babble I fain would have given For the deep-voiced sea voices' hull, And the nightingale's song would have lured For a desolate cry of a gull.

Their world was a world of enchantment; And they laughed with the laughter of scorn, When I turned me away from its beauty In the light of the luminous morn; But I heard a grand voice in the distance Instantly calling to me, And I rose with a jubilant spirit And followed the song of the sea. —Harriet Whitney, in *Belford's Magazine*.

DAISY'S FARM.

Daisy was engaged, and her betrothed was receiving the merry congratulations of the family, consisting of her uncle, her aunt and nearly a round dozen of cousins.

Wharton Hill, a young lawyer, slowly winning name and fame in his profession, was being vigorously handshaken and noisily welcomed by the Trueman when Ned cried: "Perhaps you didn't know Daisy was an heiress, Wharton?"

"Ned—don't!" said Daisy reproachfully. "A landed proprietress," cried Tom. "I do not refer to the paltry six hundred a year she draws from her father's estate, but to her own property."

"Her farm, in fact!" cried Sue. "Yes, her farm," echoed Ned, coming to the front once more. "When you are tired of the law you can start gentleman farming upon your country seat."

After they were all gone, having jested a long time on the subject, Wharton was surprised to see tears in Daisy's soft, brown eyes. "What is it, darling?" he asked. "They don't mean to hurt my feelings," Daisy said gently, "but they will just about my farm, and—and—I don't like it."

"Then you really own a farm?" "It is not a valuable possession, as you will see when I tell you about it. When I was a baby, soon after mamma died, I was very ill, and the doctors advised my father to send me to the country for change of air. There was an old servant of father's family, who had married a farmer and was left a widow with a small farm. Such a farm, Wharton! The house has only three rooms, and looks as if a high wind would utterly demolish it; the land is so poor that it is slow starvation to cultivate it. But it was all the home Margaret had. You may judge that she was very glad to receive the liberal price father paid for me, and my own mother could not have given me more loving care. Every year father came to take me away, and every year was persuaded to leave me, until I was eight years old, and a marvel of rugged health and perfect ignorance. Then I was put in boarding school, but I still spent my summer vacations with old Margaret, and my trunk was always half filled with comforts for her. Having no one in the world who claimed kindred with her—no one else but me to love, Margaret loved me with her whole heart. Six years ago, after father died and I came here to live with Uncle Tom, Margaret died and left me her farm. It had been a joke in the family ever since. The place is so utterly valueless that we can neither sell it nor rent it, and it represents only the love of an old woman for her nursing."

"Some time we will visit it. You have not told me its locality." "It is in Pennsylvania, nine miles from anywhere, father used to say, because it is nine miles off the railroad. But you can always hire a wagon or carriage at G— to go over to Corn's Mill, and my farm is very near Corn's Mill."

After this explanation, Wharton bore the jesting about Daisy's real estate with perfect good nature and declared his intention of erecting a palatial country seat upon the place, when he became a millionaire and Judge of the Superior Court.

Being people of modest desires, and having an income of about \$600 apiece, Wharton and Daisy saw no reason to delay their wedding, and were married with a large assemblage of true friends around them. They went to house-keeping in a little house, modestly furnished, and were fair specimens of "love in a cottage."

But Wharton Hill was ambitious. Having studied his profession under great difficulties, often getting hungry to buy needed books, often losing his night's rest to pore over knotty points, he was

both fond and proud of his life work, and strove to win a good position therein. His love for Daisy—true, honest love—was never allowed to interfere with his pursuit of fame in his profession, and after he was married he attacked his studies with fresh ardor, spending his time in his office when not actually engaged in the court room.

Little Daisy, whose life was affection, found time often hanging heavily upon her hands, as Wharton became more and more popular and the number of his clients increased. But she was always ready with loving welcome when he did come to his home, and she knew that much of his ambition and ardor was for her sake.

The third year of her married life was nearly over, and her only child, Tom Trueman Hill, was eighteen months old, when Wharton, ever busy and full of energy, began to complain of racking pain in his head and loss of memory. Often in the midst of an argument the thread of his speech slipped from his mind and he a great mental struggle to be resumed.

He fought the symptoms bravely, but Daisy was full of terror at the change in him. He grew haggard and restless, oppressed with vague fears of loss of reason and really suffering great physical pain.

At last, much against his will, he allowed Daisy to call in the family physician, whose advice was simple, but strongly urged, consisting of two words only—"Perfect rest."

"The brain is overworked," he exclaimed, "and no medicine will avail while he persists in study and practice. Get him away if you can. If—this is May—a good time for a country trip. Take him to the country, Mrs. Hill."

Wharton rebelled. It was ruin to leave his office, where cases of importance were in his hands. He must work or he might all starve. He would decline some of the practice offered him; would take little trips during the summer; would, in short, temporize.

And then Daisy—little, brown-eyed Daisy—whose voice was as soft as a flute, who was scarcely larger than a well grown child of twelve, "put her foot down." Such a might of a foot! It was absurd to imagine it had any weight in the world's machinery; but it was down and Daisy kept it there. Tom was a lawyer and Tom could take Wharton's cases for the summer months. There was her farm—a poor place, to be sure, but at least a house, and with some furniture in it and surrounded by beautiful scenery, possessing the purest of air and water. With six hundred a year they would not starve, and there was a nest egg in bank in case of an emergency.

Wharton pshawed! Wharton fumed. All in vain. Resolute little Daisy packed trunks, arranged her household, engaged her one half-grown girl to accompany the party as child's nurse and enlisted the entire Trueman family on her side.

And Wharton, finding those queer feelings in his head increasing, the dizzy spells becoming more frequent, finally submitted to fate, in the person of Daisy, explained the various points at issue to Tom Trueman, and, accompanied by wife, child and nurse, took up his journey to Corn's Mill. It was early morning when a rickety old wagon containing the party and baggage entered an enclosure that had once been a fence and the family took possession of Daisy's farm.

The prospect was not encouraging. The house had not improved in years of emptiness and neglect, and even Daisy's heart sank at the broken roof, the tumble down doors, the shaky windows. But she said, covering her dismay with a brave smile, "there they were, and they must make the best of it!"

Jennie, the nurse, proved a treasure and the women were soon busy "putting to rights," while Wharton took Tom on an exploring expedition over the estate. There was a queer glance in his eyes as he came back again in time for dinner, but he only said:

"I can't quite trust my own head yet, Daisy, but is there a postoffice at Corn's Mill?" "Yes, the mail goes out twice a week." "Give me a sheet of paper and an envelope, that's a dear!" "Now, Wharton, that is not resting." "I'll only write a dozen lines, dear." The dozen lines being written and posted Wharton seemed to find an unfailing source of amusement revolving about the farm, poking holes in the ground with a short case, often kneeling down to examine the earth so turned over. Daisy hinted at planting some vegetables, though she said despondently:

"I don't suppose they will grow if we do." "Never mind the beans and peas now, love. Wait till we have an answer to my letter."

A week later, when June was young, the answer came in the person of two men—one white haired and absent minded, the other young and emphatically business-like. Wharton gave them cordial welcome, and after partaking of a substantial luncheon the three started out upon the farm.

Little Daisy, intensely happy in the knowledge that Wharton had not had one dizzy turn since their arrival on the farm, that he had the appetite of a plow-boy and was cheerful and full of animation, was busy baking a batch of pies when the three gentlemen returned to the house. She could see them from the kitchen window as they came over the neglected path, and saw that Wharton's eyes were full of exultation, his face flushed, his carriage erect. He looked like some one newly laden with good tidings, and all three were talking eagerly and earnestly.

Daisy wondered a little and scorched one of her pies. While she carefully pared the burned edge of crust the kitchen door opened, and Wharton, heedless of her big calico apron and bare arms, ushered in the strangers.

"I don't understand," Daisy faltered. "The farm, my dear, your legacy from your old nurse, is one solid bed of coal, and there is no mine with ten miles of it. Nobody knows how much lies beyond your fences in the vacant land about us, but in my mind's eye I see this a colony of miners."

"Are you sure, Wharton?" "I suspected it the first day we came, but having no experience I wrote to one of my clients in Pottsville to send me an experienced hand to test my suspicions. These gentlemen confirm my opinions."

"There is no doubt about the coal, ma'am," said the old gentleman, "nor any about its lying so near the surface that it can soon be available."

"The question is," said the younger stranger, "whether you will sell out or open the mine yourself. I am authorized to make you an offer if you wish to dispose of the property."

"Time enough for that," said Wharton. "I will return with you to Pottsville."

"Wharton—no business." "Don't fear, Daisy; this kind of business won't injure me. You will let me decide in the matter?" "Certainly."

And the decision, after Wharton had spent a month in Pottsville, was to sell out to a company who was already buying up the vacant land surrounding the farm. The young lawyer knew nothing of mining and had no desire to learn, but he was no fool, and he made satisfactory terms for the sale of the "estate," and Daisy returned home a wealthy woman.

A European trip restored the health of the young lawyer, and he resumed practice a year afterward, with every hope of one day realizing the vision of fame, while little Daisy, still rather dazed at her new fortune, entered upon domestic duties in a grand house, with servants, carriages, horses, plate and jewels.

"It is like a fairy tale, Wharton," she said, "to think of that miserable place being so valuable. Poor Margaret little realized the fortune she was bestowing upon me when she left me all she owned—her farm."

The Trueman cousins, "aring in all generous Daisy's gifts and entertainments, no longer jested derisively, but speak in the most respectful terms of that precious legacy, Daisy's farm.—*New York Herald*.

Queen Victoria's Coach Horses.

The eight horses attached to Queen Victoria's coach used upon state occasions are of the famous Hanoverian breed—big, stalwart creams with ghastly wall-eyes; most folk pronounce them splendid specimens of equine beauty. These horses are still bred in Hanover, and the severest pains are taken to keep the stock pure. If at birth the colt is not a pure cream, or if subsequently it develops some defect, it is killed. In this way none but sound and distinct-colored horses are to be met with in this peculiar brand. In Hanover, however, all the horses are not first class; about fifty per cent. of the horses you see in the streets are slight and ill-shapen and bony creatures.

The Dutch horses seem to average better than those of any other nation; they are of noble size, of distinct color, and are strong, hardy and intelligent. Nearly all the horses you see in Holland are sleek, glossy and handsome. The Dutchman takes the best care of his horse. If the weather be inclement he leaves the horse at home in the warm stable and hitches up his wife and the family dog to the plough or to the farm wagon. In Germany the larger dogs are made to do service as drawers of small carts; a stout dog, properly broken, will outwork the average pony. Then, too, while the master is away the dog guards the property to which he is attached.—*New York World*.

How the London Thieves Steal.

It is hard upon people who are on a genuine search for lodgings that they should be subjected to suspicion in the houses they visit, but the thief or thieves whose happy hunting-ground is any place where he sees "apartments to let" is again so active that the police are obliged to warn landlords and landladies to receive all visitors with caution. The lodging-house thief has one peculiarity. He devises pretexts for being left alone in a room and then secures his pocketable booty. We hear that the police are also deeply interested in another class of thief who hovers about the doors of banks. If an innocent looking messenger of tender years comes out with money the thief bears down upon the unsuspecting child and surprises him or her into a surrender of the cash by a bold statement that a mistake has been made, that the check has to be indorsed, or something of that sort. We should have thought that a particularly hazardous enterprise for the thief in these days of sharp children, and it ought not to be long before the police make a capture.—*London News*.

Birth of a Cyclone.

The inhabitants of Connelly Springs, a small hamlet near Nevada, Mo., were thrown into a terrible fright by the formation of a cyclone directly over their town, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. The section was devastated by a cyclone about two years ago, and the people knew by experience what to expect.

As described by an eye-witness, it resembled the lower half of a big balloon. From the sack-like lower end a white ribbon-like strainer had a serpentine motion and seemed in great commotion. It swung off nearly horizontally to the south for some distance from the main cloud, when it curved and took a perpendicular course. About three miles east of Connelly Springs a long piece of this whirling ribbon seemed to break loose and dart to the earth, from which soon appeared a great cloud of dust and debris.

The cloud, with its trailing streamer, moved off in an easterly and northerly direction over St. Clair County, appearing to get nearer the earth. So far as heard from, no particular damage was done in that county.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity can now be used to operate a machine for mining coal. Electric hoisting engines for dock use are among the latest devices introduced.

A new electrical coal cutter is being brought out in Boston. It makes two four-inch cuts in five minutes. A silver lode, yielding forty-five per cent. of pure metal, has been discovered in the bed of the River Donetz in Southern Russia.

The longest crane in the world has just been completed by the Morgan Engineering Company, of Alliance, Ohio; it will lift 150 tons. By a new method of cementing iron the parts cemented are so effectually joined as to resist the blows even of a sledge hammer.

Tests in Germany of a new electrically controlled steering apparatus show that the Captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point about the deck. Coffee is found to have a remarkable anti-septic power, its effect in destroying microbes seeming to be due to empyreumatic oils, developed in roasting, and not to caffeine.

It has lately been shown that if two spoons are placed on opposite sides of a plate of glass and electrified for two minutes they will leave a perfect image of themselves upon the glass. The perfected target for firing at the small-arm ranges is worked by electricity. By means of contact and a battery there is communication with the indicating apparatus at the firing end of the range showing which section of the target has been struck.

In the new audio-telephone that has recently appeared in England the principal characteristic is the mouthpiece, the particular advantage of which is that it intensifies the sound waves, making it possible to carry on a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice.

The new eye-piece for the Lick telescope, in California, is fifty per cent. larger than any lens of the kind yet constructed. The light from the heavenly bodies, seen through the Lick telescope with this new eye-piece, will be 2000 times as bright as that seen with the naked eye.

Professor Eilhu Thompson says that in the near future railways will be run by electricity. By this he means not only the small roads for cities and suburban districts, but the large ones connecting cities, and he looks for a higher speed than is now attained with the steam locomotive.

In order to keep machinery from rusting take one ounce of camphor, dissolve it in a pound of lard; take off the scum and mix as much fine black lead as will give it iron-color. Clean the machinery and smear it with this mixture. After twenty-four hours, rub clean with soft, linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

In Canada there is a nickel company which has a nickel mine. The ore is mixed with copper and after the dross is taken off the alloy is called matte, which contains about seventy per cent. of nickel and thirty per cent. of copper. This is shipped to Germany and Swansea, in Wales, where the secret is jealously guarded of the process by which the two metals are separated.

Ramic spinning mills have now increased to four in France, being operated by La Societe Generale de la Ramic de Maulny, Simonnet of Warnerville, Gavelle-Briere of Lille, and the Societe La Ramic Francaise, who have two establishments, one at Essonnes with 2000 spindles and a doubling plant, and one at Entraygues with 5000 spindles. The last-named company is the most important, and besides spinning is also engaged in weaving. They have twenty looms at work for ramic cloth, ten machines for curtains, etc.

An Electrical Whirlwind.

Mr. Charles F. Hefer's farm on the Monticello road, about four miles from the city, was recently the scene of rather a remarkable occurrence. Mr. Hefer's attention was attracted by several loud reports, which he likens to the discharge of a gun, at the edge of some woods bordering his cotton field. Immediately a whirling column of dust and debris was seen to take a circular course from the woods through the cotton field and back to the woods again, sweeping aloft everything in its path.

A colored man employed in the field fled for his life, but caught enough of the force of the whirlwind to blister his back, so he said. On examination it was found that all along the track of the whirling column the leaves of the cotton had been scorched as if by fire, but no other damage was done.—*Columbia (S. C.) Register*.

Some Enormous Hammers.

Sightseers in St. Louis, Mo., always take a lively interest in the monster trip-hammers used in the various large iron works, which, although as large as anything of the kind to be found within the limits of the United States, are but figures when compared with those used in the great rolling mills and gun foundries of Europe. At the Turin works in Italy there is a hammer which weighs fifty tons. It was cast in 1873, and is said to have taken ninety days to cool sufficiently to admit of being set in position. Alexandrovski, Russia, has one ten tons heavier that was cast in 1874. At the Creusot works in France there is one of eighty tons. It was made in 1877 and sets on an anvil block of 160 tons weight. The Cockerill works in Belgium have a 100-ton hammer, and the Krupp gun works at Essen, Germany, have one of 150 tons. The last named hammer is the largest now used in the world.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

St. Louis, Mo., claims to manufacture more wagons than any other city in the country.

EDUCATING THE INDIANS.

TEACHING BOYS AND GIRLS AT A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

A Ten-Year Course of Study—What is Taught—Instruction in Trades, Farming and Household Duties.

With seventy-six Sioux children from Dakota and fifty-one from tribes in the Indian Territory, the great Indian training school at Carlisle, Penn., was opened November 1, 1879. It now has 800 enrolled, representing fifty different tribes, and the graduating class this year numbered forty-three. In the early years the school was obliged to breast a fierce opposition from many quarters, but year by year the school grew. The name of Carlisle is now known in every Indian camp and there are few reservations east of the Sierras which have not in them returned Carlisle students.

The course of study pursued comprises ten years' training in the ordinary English branches, and at the end of the ten-year period the Indian child is graduated. He is still two years below the grade of the high school graduate in the public schools, but he can read, write and figure his way alongside the average white boy.

The children upon entering the school are filthy, untrained to habits of cleanliness, wedded to the vices of the savage and accoutred in the habiliments of the wigwag. Their hair is long and the comb and brush are strangers. The school work proper at Carlisle is supplemented and made all the more useful by systematic industrial training. Many of the boys are apprenticed to trades at which they are obliged to labor a part of every day. Those who have no aptitude for the trades are assigned to farm work and employed in the dairy. Hundreds of boys have been sent out to farmers and dairymen and others to tradesmen and mechanics, where they can learn not only to work, but learn also how white people live.

The girls are likewise taught house duties, gardening, dairying, etc. Every pupil, male or female, at Carlisle, works every day except holidays and when ill. As a consequence every pupil returns to home knowing how to do something and to do it well, whether he uses his knowledge or otherwise.

There are shops in which blacksmithing, printing, carpentering, shoemaking, harnessmaking, tailoring, tin work and wagon making are skillfully done and taught. The pupils of Carlisle make their own clothing, boots and shoes, and do nearly all the mechanical work about the large establishment.

They successfully manage a large farm and dairy. They made last year \$12,000 for themselves, besides producing a great deal of food, and making numerous articles for the school. This school furnishes the Indian service harness, wagons and linwarc. It is an immense workshop, and all the labor is performed by Indians, the white employees directing them.

And at the commencement these same lads and lassies, who work half the time with their hands, showed that they put in the other half to good advantage with their books. Their essays, orations, declamations and songs would compare favorably with those of any white high school.—*Omaha World*.

Chinese Sailors.

Their dress is a curious compromise between the flowing robes of their native country and the blue jacket and bell-bottomed breeches of the British tar, from whom they took their first lessons in the art of maritime warfare. They wear a blouse cut low at the neck, with white cords like the pictures of Tom Bowling, but it fits high about their necks instead of showing the neck like the British or American shellback. Their trousers are very loose, and like the nether garments of all their countrymen hang down below their bodies at the back between their legs. The ends are shoved into the legs of high, felt, thick-soled boots. Around their waists they wear a belt of turkey red or blue or black stuff, several yards long, neatly fastened at the side by shoving the end under the fold. The color of the dress is invariably a dark blue, the material this cotton in the summer and heavier stuff in the winter, when they pad themselves out with all sorts of cotton wool lined garments underneath, which give them a wonderfully rounded and overfed appearance.

The latter is certainly a misrepresentation of their general condition, for they are not troubled with provender, although they certainly get enough to keep themselves well. But it is out of the "chow chow" of the men that the officers get their biggest "squeeze." On the whole, however, the administration of the navy is infinitely superior to that of the Chinese army, mainly because of the presence of so many foreigners on board the ships, and the strict eye of Admiral William Lang (formerly Captain in the British navy, who with Ting Ju-Chang, is joint Admiral) over all matters of discipline and accounts. A great deal is due to this able officer, who comes from a family that has given many distinguished officers to the English navy.

It is hardly necessary to say that the crews are drilled in foreign fashion, and they become very expert and smart sailors. It is a rather anomalous sight to see them running up the rigging with their baggy clothes and their pigtails curled round their heads, fastened with a long piece of black cloth, and manning the yards when saluting some high official or another man-of-war.

Life on board a Chinese man-of-war is pretty much like that on board most other war ships, idle and monotonous, with little to do beyond keeping the vessel clean and the guns bright. Contrary to what might, perhaps, be expected, the Chinese war ships are generally cleaner than anything else Chinese, and the outside at least are kept in order. They are invariably black, with a yellow funnel, and present a very business-like front to the spectator.—*New York Herald*.

THE LOOM.

Weaving man's destiny The ceaseless shuttles fly, Bearing the thread of fate, No word at thy command Can stay the waver's hand; He will not pause or wait.

Here adieu cry nor prayer, Nor passion nor despair, A way of help hath found, The shuttles through and through Weave in the pattern true, With threads thyself hast wound.

Thine are spinner's hands, From thee the loom demands, The threads its shuttles hold, In the fresh woven web Thy life is put to proof, Thy purposes unfold.

Be watchful, then, and wise, For still with thee it lies To choose what yet will be, Fill thou the shuttle days With labor and with praise; The loom is not for thee. —New York Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Concocting a felony—Mixing drinks in Kansas. "Did her father kick?" "Yes, but he missed, thank my stars."—*Life*. The leopard never boasts of his spotted reputation.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*. There is a good deal of rank nonsense about English nobility.—*Binghamton Republican*. Women were made before mirrors; and they have been before them ever since.—*Statesman*. When a man's temper gets the best of him, it reveals the worst of him.—*Religious Herald*. First Tramp—"What did you have for dinner to-day?" Second Tramp—"Roast air."—*Mansley's*.

There's all the difference in the world between a friend in need and a sneaky friend.—*Binghamton Leader*. The employe may not be a meddler, but he is always minding somebody else's business.—*Washington Star*. The saddest words of tongue or pen, There are too many women and not enough men.—*Washington Post*. She (to young lawyer)—"What kind of practice do you have, Mr. Sharp?" He—"Oh, I practice economy."—*Mansley's Weekly*. A Chicago man has discovered a cure for insomnia. He sets his alarm-clock to go off a few minutes after he gets into bed.—*Statesman*. The down of a peach is apparent; the down of a banana may not be apparent at first glance, but sooner or later you tumble to it.—*Yonkers Gazette*. "Well, I am engaged to marry Miss Mabel." "Good! How did you break the ice?" "There wasn't any ice. It was a mild winter."—*Chicago Times*. "It's pretty tough luck," complained the big trunk, "to find yourself completely strapped just when you're starting off on a long journey."—*Shoe Recorder*. The things of earth change to and fro, They move, they glide, they run, they fit, But Kesley's motor doesn't go The leastest tiny little bit. —Chicago Post.

Teacher (at Sunday-school)—"Betty, what have we to do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?" Betty—"We have to sin first."—*San Francisco Way*. Landlord—"There are some fine springs in the neighborhood of this farmhouse." City Guest—"Then I advise you to put a few of them in your beds."—*Boston Gazette*. At a dinner of physicians in Paris, the presiding officer rose and said: "I drink to the health—" "Never, never; we protest!" came from all parts of the room.—*Boston Journal*. Wife—"John Jones, you're a fool!" Husband—"You didn't see to think so when I was single." Wife—"No, you never showed what a fool you were until you married me."—*Epoch*. The little thermometer sailed in gloe As the mercury upward drew To the century mark and slightly asked: "Is it hot enough for you?"—*Philadelphia Times*.

Astronomy in the Trade.—Customer—"I want a nice moonstone scarf-pin." Jeweler—"Would you like it set full or in skeleton?" Customer—"Full! No, sir! I want a nice moonstone."—*Jewelers' Weekly*. Charlie—"What an intelligent dog Wildfire is, Miss De Witt. I actually believe he knows as much as I do." Miss De Witt—"Yes, indeed; I wouldn't wonder if he knew more than that, Mrs. Featherbrone."—*Bostonian*. "Mr. Lushley," said that gentleman's wife, in irate tones, "do you know that it's 3 o'clock in the morning?" "Cousin I dush," was the reply. "Doan you sposh I'm shober 'nuff know free'clock when I see it?"—*Washington Post*. "Pass me the rolls," said the professor. "They are all gone," said the landlady. "You were late for breakfast and they were eaten." "What time do you call the roll? I shall endeavor to be present hereafter."—*New York Herald*. Simpson—"What are you going about for grinning like a porpoise idiot? Have you been taking laughing gas?" De Smith—"No;