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Sir Edwin Arnold says that the people of Boston preserve the purest traditions of English speech.

The railroads of this country owe the United States Government the enormous sum of $112,512,613, and the debt is rapidly approaching maturity.

It has been figured out that the World's Fair will cost $21,000,000 and that $16,000,000 of this sum must be expended before a dollar of revenue comes in.

A strange figure on the streets of Washington, states the Chicago *Herald*, is that of Josephine J. Jarocki, a Polish Countess and a grandniece of Count Pulaski, of Revolutionary fame. She is described as a "human dried apple," poor to indigence and shabbily dressed, and she is about fifty years old. For twenty years she has been fighting for a fortune left by Count Pulaski.

The wonderful growth of property invested in the railroads can be seen from the following: This country possesses 30,000 locomotives, costing $450,000,000. Of cars there are 1,109,000, of which 26,000 are used for passengers. The latter represents $250,000,000, and the others about $800,000,000. Coupled together, this would form a train nearly 7000 miles long and capable of carrying 1,500,000 passengers, besides a weight of freight equal to the pyramids of Egypt and of all the State Capitols of the United States.

A lugubrious and ludicrous story of national disaster is reported from Central America. The San Salvadorean navy has been severely crippled, if not disabled, and in the event of war the position of the Republic would be most serious. The news is that Admiral Ambrosini, an Italian, by the way, who was commander of the little Criscatian, the only war vessel belonging to Salvador, has abandoned his post and gone to San Francisco carrying with him about $6000 of the national funds which the Government had sent to him to pay for necessary repairs to the vessel.

Some years ago a rich Glasgow (Scotland) merchant named Buchanan left the money to build and maintain a suburban home for sixteen unfortunate business men or other deserving citizens of Glasgow, the only stipulation being that they should bear the name of Buchanan. The place, which is under the trusteeship of the Provosts and magistrates of Glasgow, is now ready for occupancy. There is a park of three acres, a handsome building, accommodations for sixteen men in perfect style, and an annual revenue of $6000. The only thing lacking is impoverished Buchanans. There are lots of that name in the town, but none who needs help, and the Trustees are going to apply to the courts for permission to install bearers with less fortunate patronymics instead.

In the *Forum*, Camille Pelletan quotes some striking figures to show the burden of the military expenditures of France and Germany during the last twenty years. He says that between the close of the last war and the year 1889, France spent a sum equal to $2,500,000,000 for the support of her military and naval forces, and more than $500,000,000 for the renewal of her military material, or say, $3,000,000,000 in all. Except for the navy he estimates the disbursements of Germany as being very nearly the same. The one country spends annually $190,000,000 on its army and navy, the other $180,000,000, and the group of five great Continental powers shows an aggregate annual war expenditure of $600,000,000. Well may M. Pelletan ask, "how long can European labor, obliged to compete with that of the New World, support such overwhelming burdens?"

A brave French officer, now on the retired list, who lost his right arm in the Franco-Prussian war, appeared as a witness before court in a city in the south of France a few weeks ago, relates the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. When called upon to swear that he would tell the truth, in the customary manner, the officer naturally raised his left hand. The counsel for the defendant objected to the witness at once, on the grounds that "an oath taken with the left hand was worthless." The learned judges were unable to decide the question, and withdrew to an ante-room for consultation. In a few minutes the solons reappeared, and the President read the following decision, from a literary and patriotic point of view worthy of a Monsieur Prudhomme: "In consideration of the fact that, when the glorious events of our army appear in our [illegible] respond to their legal duties, [illegible] and that they take on[illegible] interf[illegible] you. If I am, [illegible]

DREAM AND DEED.

What of the deed without the dream? A song
Reft of its music and a scentless rose.
Except the heart outsear the hand, the throng
Will bless thee little for thy labor throes.

The dream without the deed? Dawn's fairy gold
Paled, ere it wake the hills, to misty gray.
Except the hand obey the heart, behold,
Thy grieved angel turns his face away.

—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

A TENDERFOOT.

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

AS Jim Harden, with with a critical air, packed the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe, preparatory to lighting that article, he suddenly looked up and said:

"Speakin' of tenderfeet reminds me of one I knowed oncet, since which time I hev be'n a whole lot more respective in speakin' of 'em.

"'Twas in the summer of 18—, I was then workin' fer Ole Harvey Skerrett, who kep' store an' run a ranch down at Three Forks, in th' foot-hills.

"Near Skerrett, 'bout two miles away, Ole Si Hendershott hed a ranch. He likewise hed 'bout th' purtiest an' nicest darter thet ever wore millinery, an' Si, he was proper proud of her, you bet. Moreovermore, all of us galoots 'round Three Forks was up to our back hair in love with her—plumb, tearin', wide awake mashed, as I've heard say. But it didn't do none of us no good—leastways, only one of us. That war Perry Roane, a young rancher from down th' creek 'bout ten mile. Perry, he cut us all out, 'thout half-tryin', 'cause he was a big, han'some cuss, an' well fixed, besides havin' been t' school lots when a kid. So he went in an' winned—almost. That is t' say, he froze us out an' kep' reg'lar company with Hetty. I guess 'twas all settled that they was t' be hitched some time or other, when 'bout May, along come a feller from Boston with a letter to Ole Si from some relation of his'n, an' jes' camped right at Si's fer the summer. He was one of these here artist chumps—not a real, genooine fottygrapher, but one of th' sort that carries a lot of paper, an' pencils, an' colors in little lead squirt-guns, and draws red, white an' blue sunsets, likewise funny-lookin' trees an' bowlders. He talked like a book an' called all th' boys 'mister,' besides saying 'beg parding' if he didn't hear what ye said first time.

"Sure 'nough, we guyed the chap lots at first; but Spenceley—that wuz th' tenderfoot's name—was so doggoned nice an' pleasant, an' took a joke so easy, we all t' likin' him tiptop. All 'xcept Perry Roane. He hated him lots soon's he seen him. 'Cause why? Jest 'cause Spenceley was under th' same roof with Hetty, an' he knowed that it might turn out kind of bad fer him 'specially as he knowed right then—which nobody else did—that Hetty wa'n't much stuck on him, anyhow, an' had only promised t' marry him t' please th' ole man. Ye see, Perry was a good deal of a bully, an' drank considerable, an' then there was an ole story 'bout his havin' skipped out from th' States, leavin' a wife that died a little later. But this didn't cut no figger with Si. He had his eye on Perry's pile, an' was willin' t' take chances on makin' Perry treat Hetty first rate, 'cause th' ole man was a tolerable dangerous cuss himself.

"Well, th' artist feller got t' feelin' soft of soft on Hetty himself, an' 'most ev'ry day they'd go wanderin' 'round th' country, drawin', an' fishin', and so on, an' in th' evenin' when Perry come over t' set a while he'd find Mister Artist there in th' settin'-room, cool as a cucumber an' polite as polite, him not knowin' that Perry had a first fillin' on th' calico. An' Hetty, jest like any woman, 'njoyed it all immense.

"But Perry wasn't th' chap t' stand this very long; so one mornin', happenin' t' be at th' store an' meetin' Spence-

SPENCELY LOOKED AT HIM.

ley there, he walks up an' says to' him: 'See here, my pale-faced an' weak-eyed consumptive. D'ye know whose toes you've been steppin' on?'

"Spenceley looked at him kind of queer, but said he didn't know as he'd hurt anybody.

"'Well,' says Perry, 'it's my toes, an' it'll pay you t' climb from under, 'fore somethin' draps on ye. D'ye know who has th' first claim on Miss Hendershott's company? Better find out an' take care of yourself.' An' Perry started t' go out, swaggerin', but th' artist says, real sharp, 'Mr. Roane, I wasn't aware that [illegible]

"Perry turned like he'd ben kicked. It was th' first time we'd ever heerd him sassed, an' we was lookin' fer th' artist feller t' get bruised a whole lot. But he wasn't—not any. Perry looked at him a whole minute,, an' seen there was no scare there, so he jest turned an' walked out, grumblin' an' cursin'.

"Somebody, hid, took a shot at Spenceley a few nights later, but he never kicked none, only come up t' th' store' an' blowed hisself in fer a forty-four an' took shots at a mark ev'ry day—jes' fer sport, he sez; but I kinder s'mised he was 'xpectin' Mister Roane an' him'd hev trouble in th' near foochur, which was c'rect.

"One day, not long arter this, some galoot brung word thet th' 'Paches was out 'thou muzzles, an' was chawin' ev'rythin' in sight—an', moreovermore, comin' our way, an' not fur off, nuther. Nope, we didn't wait none. Me'n th' ole man jes' tuk all th' dust in th' box, hid all th' stock we could, nailed up th' shop—'twas stone—an' lit out for Hendershott's, t' tell them. Thar Skerrett leaves me, him havin' th' fastest little mustang in th' kentry, an' goes ont' tell folks, ez many ez he kin.

"Wa-al, Hendershott's folks was ready, real sudden, only Ole Si, he wouldn't go. Sez he: 'I hain't goin' one foot. This here's all I've got, 'cept th' ole lady an' Hetty, an' I'm goin' t' stay right here an' hold it. Ef them wimmen hed me an' no ranch they'd be wuss off nor nothin'.' An' there Ole Si stayed, an' bundled me'n th' artist an' the women-folks off fer Chloride quick. Th' wimmen was in a light waggin, little Jose, a Greaser kid, drivin' an' two Greaser girls on th' back seat. Me'n Spenceley ride bronco back, 'lonside.

"'Long in th' afternoon, bout 3, we looked over south, an' here comes a feller on hossback, like a streak o' greased lightnin', throwin' dust like the very dooce—an' back o' him, 'bout two 'r three miles, come 'bout a dozen 'r fifteen fellers—near as we c'd guess—also kickin' up a big cloud.

"'Twas a good ten mile t' Chloride, an' we thought we was goners, fer, of course, we didn't s'pose them last fellers was nothin' but Injuns.

"Spenceley set his teeth an' looked at his guns, an' so did I. Then he rid up t' th' waggin, give Hetty a six-shooter, sayin' somethin' I didn't hear, an' told th' boy t' make them mules fly. Then he come back where I wuz an' sez, real quiet: 'D'ye think we kin hold 'em off long 'nough, Mister Harden?' I guessed yes; but great Scott! didn't I wish I was outer that!

"LET ME INTERJUCE MY WIFE."

"Th' lone chap come racin' up. 'Twas Perry Roane, whiter'n a gravestone. He didn't stop, only yelled 'Injuns!' an' kep' on goin' not stoppin' t' say 'Hello!' t' Hetty in th' waggin—jes' kep' on, headed for Chloride. Th' artist turned t' me in a minute, with his mouth curled up, an' sez, 'stampeded!'

"We waited, all ready for them Injuns, but when they come up th' blood sort of come back t' my heart agen, 'cause we c'd see a mile off thet they was white—surveyors an' cowboys; some stampeded theirselves, we foun' out.

"Things got quiet in a day 'r so, fer it happened thet Uncle Sam hed a lot o' sojers lyin' in camp near Chloride, an' th' way they kep' them Injuns movin' back south was real lively.

"Wal' in a week 'r so, up come Mister Roane jes'a big ez life, an' ez chipper, an' goes t' Hendershott's when th' old folks was at th' store and Spenceley out ridin.' I reckon him 'n' Hetty jes' hed a real lovely row. He hed th' gall t' tell 'er thet he was jes' ridin' fer a doctor for a sick cowboy, an' hadn't heard o' no Injuns. Hetty was onto him, though, an' talked real rough t' the cuss, I reckon.

"'Bout 5 o'clock, little Jose come ridin' t' th' store in a hurry, an' tol' us hed be'n listenin' t' Hetty an' Roane talkin', an' all of a sudden he heard a little scream. Nex' thing, he seen Roane carryin' Hetty outer th' door an' puttin' 'er in his buggy—she lookin' like she'd fainted—an' Roane druv off, an' Jose lit out fer th' store, meetin' Spenceley on th' way, an' tellin' him.

"Th' ole man an' I guessed th' same thing—he'd doped th' girl with chloryform, 'r somethin', an' lit out for Mineral Point, whar Eph Hines, a justice of th' peace, lived. I don't know how we come t' think of it; but I hed read o' sech things, an' so had Si, I reckon. Lord, but th' ole chap looked tar'ble! He didn't say nothin', but he looked like he was thinkin' lots, an' it didn't take me'n him long t' git t' Mineral Point, fifteen mile—bad trail, too. When we got near th' burg, Ole Si loosened up, an' of he didn't cuss fer fifteen minutes, I'm a jay.

"We rid up t' Hines's, ready t' shoot, an' Si kicked th' door open—an' there, on th' floor, lyin' tied han's an' feet, was Perry Roane—an' Spenceley, kind of flustrated, but smilin', riz up an' pointin' t' Hetty, who was settin' in a cheer, lookin' kind of pale, sez: 'Gentlemen, only gagged 'er, an', be'tween thar an' th' Point, hed made 'er premise t' marry him an' make no fuss, 'r else he'd kill him an' her both—an' he meant it. Hines was jes' gettin' ready fer th' performance when Spenceley rid up. Perry reached for his gun, but Spenceley was too sudden, an' caught 'im in th' gun-arm, an' him an' Hines, who tumbled at oncet, tied th' cuss, arter which he ast Hetty t' marry him on th' spot, an' she done it.

"No, I don't never play low on no tenderfoot."—*in San Francisco Argonaut.*

William Henry Harrison.

William Henry Harrison the ninth President of the United States was of an old Virginia family, around whose mansion is spread the beautisul estate of Berkely. In it a singer of the Declaration of Independence had been born, and again one of the Presidents. Harrison was born February 9, 1773. He graduated at Hampden Sidney College, and then went to Philadelphia to study medicine. But he was a born soldier, and when an army was gathered to fight the Indians in the west he immediately joined it. At the age of nineteen he was with Wayne in all his conflicts with the northwestern tribes, where he greatly distinguished himself by his wisdom and bravery. In 1801 he was chosen Governor of that immense district now including the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. The population of this tract was much scattered and exposed to continual attacks from the Indians. For nearly fifteen years he remained in this far west and distant country, watching it settle into peaceful and wonderful prosperity. He was inaugurated Chief Magistrate in March, 1841; and perhaps no man since Washington has received such an enthusiastic and spontaneous welcome as the hero of Tippecanoe. For only twenty days did he bear the clamor of office seekers and the fatigue of the routine of state business; then his slight constitution, already undermined by his Western life, gave way and just one month after his inauguration he died. He was an honest man, a brave general, and a true lover of his country. The last words his lips uttered were a wish for the perpetual existence of the Constitution. At his death he was in his sixty-ninth year.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Curious Superstitions.

The people of the West Indies are the most superstitious in the world. To them everything out of the ordinary is a "sign." In Cuba a person with a sore or wound of any kind will not look upon a dead person, fearing that the spot will become incurable and never heal. The rum used in washing a dead body is, however, regarded as a sure cure for all eye troubles. They also believe that if the light from a candle or lamp falls on the face of the dead that death will shortly come to him or her who was carrying the light. Rain during a burial is considered an excellent "sign" throughout the islands. If one measures his own height with a rod which has been used in measuring a corpse for the coffin he himself will die within the year. A stroke with the hand of a corpse is believed by the West Indian to be a sure cure for all pains and swellings. The lilac or "hay-brush" is a common charm against all evil spirits, and is on that account usually planted at doorways or under windows. In Barbadoes the ground dove sitting on a house is a "sign" that some member of the family there residing will die before the birds nest again. A procession of black ants is said to be a presage of a funeral in all but one or two of the West Indies. In St. Croix a small bird locally called "creeper" is thought to be the forerunner of illness or trouble.—*Chicago News.*

The Spontaneous Ignition of Coal.

An excellent paper "On the Spontaneous Ignition of Coal" was read by Professor Lewis before the British Association at their recent meeting at Cardiff. In this paper the Professor points out that the common idea that spontaneous ignition is caused by the presence of iron pyrites in the coal cannot be true, because in many manufactures pyrites are largely used, and although stored in heaps and undergoing continuous oxidation, he has been unable to trace a single case of heating. Spontaneous combustion may be more truly traced to the absorptive power of newly-won coal for oxygen, an action which is accompanied by a great rise of temperature, and is naturally hastened if the coal be stored on shipboard that a portion of it is near the funnel or boilers.

Accidents from this cause are most numerous in ships which have to cross tropical seas, from the greatly increased temperature to which the coal is subjected. Ventilation in many ships is worse than useless, for it provides the coal with just sufficient oxygen to feed it when burning. Moisture is also an important factor in determining the ignition of stored coal. Professor Lewes says that if newly-won coal were stored for a month in moderate sized heaps, so as to allow it to take up its oxygen and cool down after the heating caused in the process, spontaneous ignition would be almost unknown.—*Chambers Journal.*

Soap is a Great Beautifier.

A curious prejudice that some people have is against soap as an application for the face; this is a great fallacy. Good soap is a great beautifier, and great preventive of the uncomely looking "blackheads" which are such a disfigurement and are so hard to get rid of. The real cause of these unpleasant little specks is not, as a rule, anything more serious than this: Some people have much larger skin pores than others, and the dust collects, settles and finally forms a hard, black little substance which probably would never have had a chance of developing if the skin was thoroughly washed with soap twice a day and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. Do not be afraid of a red nose; the redness will [illegible] away and le[illegible] Tribune.

THEY LIVE IN THE DARK.

MANY ANIMALS WHICH NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT.

Blind Inhabitants in the Mammoth Cave—How the Sight is Lost—Compensatory Attributes.

There are many animals in the world which pass all their lives in darkness, never seeing a ray of light. Every one has heard of the blind fishes of the Mammoth Cave. The latter is the biggest of 500 great caverns in the United States. All of them are inhabited by numerous other sorts of creatures that have no eyes for vision. Literally speaking, there is no such a thing as a blind fish, since the most sightless of the finny tribe possesses visual organs in a rudimentary condition. But, through want of use, the optic ganglia and nerves have broken down and been absorbed.

Among the animals in these caves where Egyptian darkness ever dwells are blind crayfish, colorless, which in the water by torchlight look like white phantoms of their outdoor kind. Now and then in such places one comes across a common frog, emaciated and seemingly discouraged, which has found its way, how no one knows, to the Tartarean realms. Also one discovers curious cave rats, of the same color as the domestic rats, but with longer bodies, like a weasel's, more developed whiskers and much bigger ears. Of bats there are multitudes in the caverns, as one might expect, inasmuch as they are creatures of darkness.

Spiders of several kinds are found in the caves. They are uniformly small, weak and of sedentary habits. No webs do they spin, save a few irregular threads sometimes. What they live upon is rather a puzzle, though it is supposed that they catch stray mites and other such small fry. Scavengers constitute a large part of the population of the caverns. Carnivorous beetles are plentiful, particularly in those places where parties take lunch. The processes of decay seem to be accomplished chiefly by a few fungi. It is said that meat hung up at the mouth of one of these caverns remains fresh for a long time, and it is surmised that the bacteria which causes things to become putrid are probably rare in the underground atmosphere.

No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of the caves. Dampness, or a certain degreed of moisture, seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand-leg sort. These thousand-leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegtable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungus growths and bats' dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gathered about hardened drips of tallow from tourists' candles. There are plenty of crickets also.

So far as the insects of the cave are concerned, the loss of sight which they gradually undergo is sufficiently well understood. The first step is a decrease in the number of the facets which make up the compound eyes, with a corresponding diminishment of the lenses and retinæ. After four or five generations the eyes become useless. It would be most interesting to breed these or other blind creatures of the caves in the light, so as to find out if they would get their sight back. In all animals, including man, it is found that nature tries to compensate for loss of vision by increasing the power of the sense of touch. Thus the antennæ of cave insects grow remarkably long. It is very curious to find that nothing in their behavior suggests the fact that they are blind. They walk, run, stop, explore the ground and try to escape from the grasp of the bug hunter just if they really saw. The light of a candle startles them as much as if they perceived it visually. It is a remarkable fact, proving that the ancestors of these creatures could see, that in the embryo stage of their existence they have eyes well developed.

In the abysses of the oceans, below 500 fathoms, many animals have either imperfect eyes or none. Their condition in this regard affords a suggestive parallel to that of cave life and the causes are probably the same. Science is of the opinion that all deep-sea life originally emigrated from the shallows. The creatures which dwelt in the darkness of the depths naturally lost their powers of vision after a while. It is the same way with the mole, which is doubtless descended from progenitors which could see. Blindness in the mole is the result of a degeneration of the optic nerve, the consequence of which is that images formed in the eye itself are not transmitted to the animal's consciousness. Occasionally a mole can see a little out of one eye which has retained its communication with the brain. It is not that the mole is born blind, but that it inherits a tendency to atrophy of the visual organs just as people derive from their parents an inclination to consumption or other diseases. Some day in the future there may be no such thing as a mole that is not entirely and hopelessly blind.

An Old-Teeth Market.

A Philadelphia dentist displays a peck or more of teeth, the product of many aching jaws, in a glass case in front of his establishment. A curious individual recently asked the doctor if the teeth outside were all drawn by him. "Yes, and down in my cellar I have a flour barrel full of all sizes. We used to sell them to articulators of skeletons, and we got $1 a quart for them. They had to buy more than a quart sometimes to get even one tooth to suit, because a skeleton with a full set of teeth was worth at least $15 more than one not having all his teeth. But they can set up a skeleton much cheaper in France."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

[illegible]ore. India is at last getting rid [illegible]

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Ores are purified by electricity.

An inch of rain means 100 tons to the acre.

The process of separating iron ore by electricity is working satisfactorily in Michigan.

An expert says that the left main driver of a locomotive flattens more than the right.

One or more belts running independently on the top of another will add much to the transmission of power.

A scientific journal states that a little sugar put on the hands with soap will greatly increase its lather and cleansing power, and will remove dirt, chemical stains, etc.

An engineer of Berne finds that 600,000 effective horse-power can be obtained from the streams of Switzerland for electric lighting or electric power transmission.

Belts running over pulleys of small diameter at high speeds ought to be thin and as wide as possible. Orange tan leather of uniform thickness answers remarkably well.

A young man who has never had the sense of smell has been the subject of some curious tests, which have shown Professor Jastrow that many things which we eat with relish are not tasted, but only smelled.

A Frenchman has invented an improved method of telegraphing, so that it is practicable to transmit one hundred and fifty words per minute on a single wire. The message when delivered from the machine is type written.

Those engaged in the production of quinine, whether from bark or chemically, suffer with a peculiar skin affection caused by the inhalation of the vapor from hot solutions of the drug. Fever is an accompaniment of this malady.

It is said Inventor Edison is engaged in a modification of the phonograph to fit it to become the successor of the raised letter system in production of books for the blind. The changes are chiefly in the way of increasing the capacity of the cylinders.

What is described as the most perfect known specimen of a petrified human body has recently been discovered in Arizona. The figure is evidently that of a fully-developed woman. It is five feet ten and a half inches tall, and weighs 580 pounds.

The largest steel spring in the world is 310 feet long, six inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. The manufacture of this spring is a remarkable accomplishment in metal working and was successfully undertaken by a Pennsylvania firm, although the principal European iron works had previously refused the order.

In an electric hammer that has been devised recently the piston is of a magnetic material and the cylinder is composed of a series of coils, through each of which a current of electricity may be passed. The passage of a current through the upper coils raises the piston. By cutting off the current and tranferring it to the lower coils the piston is released and drawn down. The blow may be shortened or lenghtened, as desired, by regulating the distribution of the current in the coils.

Provision has been made for neutralizing the deteriorating effects of acid spray from a battery of accumulators where metal fittings and brass or copper conductors are around. The medium employed for this purpose is an anti-sulphuric acid enamel. It is applied like varnish, in black or other colors. It is found to withstand the attacks of the strongest sulphuric acid for weeks, and is now largely used in England for coating woodwork, iron and copper in the neighborhood of batteries.

Sand in School.

Sixty years ago the schools of this town occupied the old courthouse, writes a correspondent, and I was one of the scholars. In the grand-jury room there was a long table about eighteen inches high with a strip of board fastened around the sides. The centre was filled with fine sand an inch deep. At the end of the table was a wheel on which the letters of the alphabet was printed so that but one letter would appear at a time; around the table the smallest children were gathered and each furnished with a stick. I, as the pedagogue appointed by the head teacher, would take my stand at the end of the table and alongside of the wheel, and as I moved it would announce the letter that was brought to view, which the children would proceed to make in the sand with their sticks. When all had made that letter, I would level the sand with a comb, and the wheel would be moved on to another letter. These little ones were called the "sand class." It was an interesting sight. The system was somewhat like the kindergarten of the present day, and it was clearly an economic mode of supplying writing material.—*Harrisburg (Penn.) Telegram.*

The Sneezing Superstition.

The custom of saying "God bless you!" when a person sneezes dates from the time of the Patriarch Jacob. The rabbis say that prior to the time when Jacob lived a man never sneezed but once—the shock consequent was certain death. When Jacob came on the scene, he interceded with the Master and obtained a relaxation of this rigid law, subject to the condition that in all countries when a person sneezed, he himself, if alone, or a friend if one happened to be near, should make a pious exclamation. This soon crystalized into one general form, that of "God bless you!"

It is rather singular that this curious custom is now observed, in one form or another, in most European countries today. In Germany the sneezer is saluted with "Your good health;" in Ireland with "God bless your honor." In Italy and Spain similar expressions are used. The Russians, in order to be odd, I suppose, exclaim, "How do you do?"—*St. Louis Republic.*

OPPORTUNITY.

Once, passing through a garden fair,
Youth spied a flower unfolding to the day;
Its blood-red-bud lips longed to snare
In conquest the young traveler on his way.
So filled with life that flower, its soul it spent
In fragrance, which was mutely eloquent.
"Take me!" it breathed' "to you I all resign."
Youth answered: "On the morrow you'll be mine."

That which was called the morrow came;
The sweet bloom strained its petals to the light·
Its fragrant furnace glowed its ruddiest flame;
So strong was expectation, it betokened might.
The bright day waned, nor for a rose would stay;
Unto his bed night led his bride, the day;
The flower, forgotten, paled and sickly grew,
While from its being fell cold tears of dew.

At last one day did Youth appear,
Seeking the beauty he before denied;
No kindly welcome showed as he draw near,
For that dear life had lived its day and died.
Ashes of splendid hours—beauteous in birth,
Now fire extinguished, fallen back to earth;
To earth! the cradle of the great and small,
The inevitable bier that awaits us all.

—*H. T. Dodsworth, in Boston Transcript.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Water crackers—Ice picks.

A circuit judge—The electrician.

I love the music that handorgan plays:
I love it, that is, when it's far away.
—*Puck.*

As a soul-stirring invention the bastinado is worthy eminent mention.—*Boston Courier.*

When a handsome girl comes out, her papa has to come down handsomely.—*Boston Transcript.*

Notwithstanding the fact that the last laugh is best, every story teller seems anxious for you to have it.

'Wives of great men oft remind us.
We should pick our wives with care;
So we may not leave behind us
Half our natural crop of hair."

When a pretty woman goes to a man with her troubles she is likely to gain his sympathy, his heart, and more trouble.

Yabsley—"Does your wife ever choose your clothing for you?" Wickwire—"No; she merely picks the pockets."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The cautious nature of the Indians may account for their preference for accepting official statements with reservations.—*Baltimore American.*

Miss Flirthard—"I think Mr. Greatheart is so silly." Miss Likewise—"Why so?" Miss Flirthard—"Why, he gets serious so soon."—*Boston Courier.*

"Women's voice is best adapted to the telephone, they say." "So I have heard. She seems to find plenty of other uses for it, though."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"What's your fee for collecting this?"
He inquired with nervous thrill;
And the lawyer calmly made reply:
"The whole amount of the bill."
—*Judge.*

"John," said the wife of a dying man, "here's Dr. Parsonberry come to talk to you." "Tell him I'll see him at the funeral," gasped John.—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Dudlet—"I have great talent, Miss Caustic, and could do wonderful things if I only had a mind to." Miss Caustic—"Yes; you only lack the mind."—*Comic.*

He tells her how wicked he use to be,
Till she shudders and softly cries "Lo!"
But never, not ever, no, never does he
Tell any such yarns to her ma.
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Now, John," said Mrs. Deporque to the new gardner, "I hope you will remember all that I have told you. And whatever you do, don't forget to water the electric-light plant."

Miss Gushley—"Oh, what lovely poetry. And did you really write this out of your head?" Rimer (provoked)—"No, indeed; I was quite sane when I wrote it, I think."—*Boston News.*

Now that we have the safety bicycle and the safety razor, it would not be a bad scheme of some inventive genius to gild the market with a safety accordion, for the benefit of beginners.—*Puck.*

Little Man—"I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar." Big Man—"No, I didn't use the word unmitigated." Little Man—"Then I accept your apology."—*London Punch.*

"We do our own weigh," say the little fish,
As they wiggle their forked tails;
"We do our own weigh because, you see
We always carry our scales."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

He—"You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money." She—"Quite true, but it takes money to buy them."—*Boston Budget.*

Relative—"Well, I sincerely hope you will be happy with him, Mandy. Is he a steady young man?" Miss Mandy—"Steady? My goodness! Aunt Judy, he's been coming to see me for more than eleven years."—*Chicago Tribune.*

He (despairingly)—"It doesn't matter if I have got lots of money, I cannot forget that my grandfather was a stage driver." She (sweetly)—"That's all right—you can refer to your ancestral haul without going into particulars."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Fashionable Tourist (wiping his forehead on the Alps as he suddenly turns round a rock)—"Just to think of it! Here I've climbed six thousand feet up the side of this mountain only to meet face to face one of my heaviest creditors."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

He—"What made you think that picture in the Academy was mine? You must be a judge of style, because it was unsigned." She (modestly)—"You flatter me. I really didn't know it was yours until I saw everybody laughing at it."—*Funny Folks.*