SAILING WITH ADMIRAL DEATH.

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
And here's to Admiral Death!
He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,
He's the senior flag of all that float
And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service free?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
The rules o' the service are but three
When you sail with Admiral Death.
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that calls:
"Ay, ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him among the rest?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
By the glint o' the stars that cover his breast
Ye may find Admiral Death.
By the forehead grim with an ancient scar,
By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
By the tenderest eyes of all that are
Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before?
(Hear what the sea wind saith)
Their bones are white by many a shore—
They sleep with Admiral Death.
Oh, but they loved him—young and old—
For he left the laggard and took the bold,
And the fight was fought and the story's told
And they sleep with Admiral Death.
—McClure's.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

WHAT led Herr Schweppe to join the Amanites no one knew but the elders. The Amanites did not gossip about it. They were not given to gossiping about anything. Work, duty, God—these were all their thoughts. But the visitors to the close-lying Amana villages seldom failed to notice that Herr Schweppe was a gentleman and to wonder how he came to join the Amanites, with their plain clothes and their lives of toil. The mystery was hid in the books of the elders. There was once a visitor who claimed that he had a glimpse of the page and saw "Bismarck" written twice on Herr Schweppe's record. The name was "Von Schweppe," too, this visitor said, although it was only Schweppe now.

Be that as it may, Herr Schweppe's daughter, Annie, bore the traits of noble German birth. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed maid, appearing among the other girls of the community like a bit of Sevres ware surrounded by pieces of useful but homely plain white china. Little did the thrifty, godly Amanites care for such beauty. In Amana a yard of blue calico was accounted as worth far more than a simple.

The sorrows of exile killed Herr Schweppe when Annie was a child, before she had grown so beautiful. Annie had never seen a mirror, and no one told her of her beauty. Her mother gloated over it in secret. She loved Annie far better than the elders would have sanctioned, but when the child was near she was silent and cold. The life of repression had had its effect on poor Mother Schweppe.

In Amana the elders discouraged lovemaking. Men and women entered the church by different doors, and a line of sawdust-box cuspidors marked off the men's side of the house. But among the girls at the Amana gasthaus were two persons who did not have the law of Amana in their hearts. They were not Amana girls, but came from outside, for no Amanite would have permitted his daughter to be subjected to the gaze of the strangers in the gasthaus. It was Madge and Nora, alas! who put all the mischief into Annie's mind.

June moonlight was falling over the yellow wheat fields, and the fragrance of grapevine blossoms on the wall half intoxicated Annie as she leaned out of the small, square window next the slanting roof of her mother's cottage. It was while Annie was still thinking of the land that might lie outside of Amana that Madge and Nora came along and asked her to go with them to their "party." And Annie stole away, and went.

A ghostly little "party" it was, of Madge and Nora and Annie and only three others, in the hotel kitchen, but as they sat in the glare of the oil-lamp reflector it seemed to Annie the wildest dissipation. Two sheepish young Amanites slouched on the bench at one side of the kitchen, nervously pulling their straw hats over their faces if any one glanced at them. The third young man was entirely unlike these. Annie, big-eyed and timorous, gazed at him in wonder. He wore such clothes as fitted him; his ruddy hair was brushed back from his ears, not over them, in the fashion of the Amanites. His face was clean-shaven, his figure lithe and sinewy, and his merry eyes roved hither and thither while he regaled the company with music. It was a mouth-organ which he played, but no matter. To Annie it was heavenly. She had never before heard music of any kind, for the Amanites attached a penalty even to whistling. Suddenly Annie was trembling and sobbing, and the player, conscience-smitten, ceased his melody.

He was not a great stranger to her, as Annie had thought. He had, not so very many years ago, worn the blue jeans and straw hats of the community. He was none other than Hermann, the son of Herr Tappan, whom Annie had often seen in church when a child. The community had permitted Herr Tappen to send his son away to a college, for Hermann was to be the physician of the community, their Herr Doctor, as they called him.

Hermann understood the timidity of Annie. He, too, had once been restrained till all his thoughts were sadness. He bade the girls take her at once to her mother's cottage, and he watched them till Annie had disappeared through the window.

But why should the young Herr Doctor come to Mother Schweppe's cottage next day, asking for her famous wine for his patients?

"Knowest thou not I have disposed of it long before this time?" cried Mother Schweppe.

"I thought perhaps thou mightst be making it again," faltered Hermann.

"Make wine in June? What sort of a man!" and Mother Schweppe laughed loudly and unmelodiously, much as one of her cabbages might have laughed.

And while her dull eyes were closed in mirth, Hermann crushed into Annie's hand a bit of paper, and Annie, child though she was, hid herself among the grapevines before she dared to open it.

"Thou art most beautiful! I love thee." That was all.

After that it was easy for Annie to climb down by the grapevine from her window, and once she went alone with Hermann, far down the solitary railroad track. But Madge loved Hermann, too, in her way, and, being jealous, she told Annie's mother.

The next day the elders came to Mother Schweppe's house. No one smiled, and the interview was full of long silences. Annie was taken down the street, an elder in front of her, and an elder behind her. They put her in a house, far away from her mother, and gave her a double portion of work. Hermann, too, was taken to a cloister, though he went laughing.

Six months' separation, six months fasting, prayer, and hard work was required, and if after that ordeal the two still wished to be married the elders would consider the matter.

A week passed, Hermann and Annie had sat in their places at the morning service, and it chanced that they, with meekly folded hands, emerged from the two doors of the church at the same moment. Suddenly each one advanced to the other, they met, and walked together. The elders were so astounded that for a moment no one could speak. There had never been such an audacious breach of the rules. Even the most venerable members of the community were dumfounded.

The whistle of an approaching train awoke them all to action. "Disobedience!" the chief elder cried, and all the elders hurried down the street to the railway station. Here they found Hermann and Annie, impenitent and defiant. There was a brief storm of angry words.

"We give you but one year to consider," said the long-faced chief elder. "You may never show your faces here again if you come not back within the year."

"Thou, Hermann, leavest thy aged father, and thou, Annie, thy mother," said another, more kindly.

Annie looked down at her blue calico gown and her rough shoes. "What have they done for us?" she cried.

They ascended the steps of the car. "Give them good-by!" called Hermann, petulantly. "We come back no more."

"All the world loves a lover," said Herr Tappan to Mother Schweppe, sadly, "but the lover loves no one but himself and his sweetheart."

So Hermann and Annie went to the city. They were happy, and there seemed to be no ghosts at their fireside. "Father and mother think more of their carrots than they do of us," they would say, merrily, when they spoke of Amana at all.

In May their baby was born. He was a beautiful child, and Hermann and Annie never tired of watching him. Hermann could scarcely tear himself away from baby to attend his patients. Contagious diseases he refused to treat. Baby might catch them. Annie's face grew softer as she looked at the child. For hours they would amuse themselves watching him clasp a lead pencil in his chubby fingers. They cut off a lock of his baby hair and saved it in the Bible.

"Whom does the baby look like, Annie?" asked Hermann, carelessly, one day.

"Like you did when you were a baby, I suppose," answered Annie, gayly. Suddenly a startled look came into her eyes. The thought came to Hermann at the same moment. He dropped on his knees before the child. "Did they think of me as we think of our baby?" he whispered. Annie was sobbing. "God may yet forgive us," she cried. "The year is not ended. We may still return."

The good God had not ended Mother Schweppe's life. Herr Tappan, too, was still trudging among his vegetables, when Hermann and Annie came back.

"It would have been a year to-morrow, already," Herr Tappan said, stolidly, but his withered lips went trembling, and he embraced Hermann and Annie and blessed them.

And Mother Schweppe paddled back to her cellar with a sly smile, returning full-handed. "I have all this time since last autumn kept six bottles of wine for thee, Hermann," she said.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

A novel idea in the tea and coffee line recently patented consists in placing enough of the article for one brewing in a small porous sack and attaching it to a metal weight, which sinks to the bottom of the pot when dropped in.

A Frenchman has patented a composition for closing punctures in pneumatic tires, consisting of gutta-percha, a balsam, birdlime, turpentine, a saturated solution of celluloid and a solvent to prevent the mass from hardening inside the tire.

An Ohio woman has patented a teakettle attachment which will prevent it from swinging around against the hand when tilted to pour out the water, a piece of wire being secured to the side of the kettle and extended to the handle.

A Canadian has designed an ice skate which has the foot plate pivoted to the center of the runner, with spring at the front and rear, which allows the foot to rock up and down at each stroke and cushion the skate in passing over rough ice.

Slipping on icy pavements is prevented by a handy shoe attachment made of wire, spring clamps being formed of a shape similar to the sole of the shoe, with short prongs set in the under side to sink into the ice and afford a secure hold for the foot.

Fish are easily caught by the use of a new spring hook, comprising a single piece of wire bent to form a spring at the center, with barbed hooks at the ends, the later being crossed when the hook is set and spreading apart when taken by the fish.

A Georgian has patented a driving bit which can be used to give medical treatment to the animal, the center of the bit being hollow, with screw-threaded ends, to which flexible bulbs can be attached to contain a medicament, discharging it into the horse's mouth.

Flies and other insects are exterminated by a Missourian's unique device, a small lamp being suspended over a tub of water, with vertical screens on opposite sides of the flame against which the insects strike as they attempt to circle around the light, falling into the water and drowning.

Things Invented by Lunatics.

On the authority of the resident physician of a lunatic asylum, a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, now in daily use everywhere, was invented by the inmate of an asylum. No name is given, because the inventor is now quite cured, and is a somewhat prominent man, but his invention, designed and modeled while he was perfectly mad, has since brought him thousands of dollars. Another lunatic invented a simple automatic contrivance to be fixed on the heads of lawn tennis rackets to pick up the ball without stooping, and so satisfied was the doctor of there being money in it that he advised the inventor's friends to secure a patent for him in case he should become cured.

ORIGIN OF BONBONS.

Sugar Plums, Pastilles and Burnt Almonds Have a History.

The most popular and most ancient of bonbons are sugar plums, pastilles and burnt almonds, but how many persons know their history? Sugar plums date from Roman times, for the Romans were the first to think of covering almonds with layers of sugar. The inventor was a certain Julius Dragatus, a noted confectioner, who belonged to the illustrious patrician family of Fabius. He made this great discovery, which has wrought so much damage to our teeth for twenty centuries, in the year 177 B. C.

These bonbons, called dragati, after their inventor (dragees in French), remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius. But at the birth or the marriage of one of that family a great distribution of dragati took place, as a sign of rejoicing. This custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

The pastille is of far later origin, having been invented and introduced into France by an Italian confectioner, the Florentine John Pastilla, a protege of the Medicis. When Maria de Medici married Henry IV. of France, Pastilla accompanied his sovereign to the French court, where his bonbons had a tremendous vogue. Everybody wanted the Florentine's pastilles, and, strange to say, they were perfection from the very beginning. He made them with all kinds of flavors—chocolate, coffee, rose, violet, mint, wine, strawberry, raspberry, vanilla, heliotrope, carnation!

Burnt almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, his chief confectioner, and promised him a great price for some new sweet that would please his palate, dulled as it was by all the pleasures of the table. Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, was a man of resource. He searched, he reflected, he combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptized gloriously with the name of his master, Praline, the French for burnt almond.

This is the history of the invention of bonbons, for all others are mere combinations or developments of these three—the sugar plum, the pastille and the burnt almond.—New York Herald.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

THE saloon is the devil's drawing room.

Healthy growth is downward as well as upward.

Sense with toil means less labor with more work.

The Old Testament is the kindergarten of the race.

The hand that shut Noah in shut the world out.

It is the mirror in the Bible that many men dislike.

The poison is in the rattlesnake before it bites.

Faith leaps over the wall that reason cannot pierce.

A discontented Christian denies the Fatherhood of God.

Too many forget to be useful in trying to be consistent.

You cannot pass God's notice even on the crowded street.

Your preacher needs your prayers more than your prattle.

You will never need to grub-stake your claim on heaven.

God gets blamed for the thistles men have sown themselves.

The Celestial City Express carries neither freight nor baggage.

Self-love is like an inverted mirror; it puts things in a false position.

No man knows himself till he knows his Creator in whose likeness he has been made.

The Bible is not a text-book on the science of theology, but on the science of living.

Law may keep you from the act of sin, but only love can save from the sinful imagination.

Heaven, like the rainbow, is very high, but there are places where it reaches to the earth.

Scuttling the Ship.

The rattling of the musketry increased.

The pirate chief leaped to the mizzen halliards.

He waved his broken sword.

"Scuttle the ship," he shrieked.

There was a moment's agonized silence.

Then a quavering voice arose above the guns.

"Master," it screeched, "somebody has stolen the scuttle!"

At this the rattling broke forth afresh and the man awoke.

His wife was shaking down the baseburner!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What He Thinks.

Jumps—What is Bigghedd looking so glum about?

Bumps—Why, the gypsy fortune-teller just told his wife that she would have two husbands, and that the second one would be a very fine sort of man.

Jumps—Ha! ha! And Bigghedd thinks that is a reflection on him, I suppose?

Bumps—Oh, no! He thinks his wife must have been married before, and never told him.—Tit-Bits.

If it were not for this thing called love, half the physicians in the world would have to go out of practice.

Superstitious.

"What in creation did you call an ambulance for, Chumley?"

"Didn't you see that fellow walk under the ladder there? He won't go three blocks before something happens to him."—Detroit Free Press.

Those Dear Girls.

"Bob says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me," said Mary.

"Why don't you ask him to call oftener?" said Anne.—Harper's Bazar.

Inventions.

"This is a wonderful age of invention," remarked the young man of serious inclinations.

"Yes," replied the skeptic, "and the new machines we are getting do not show that fact nearly as much as the stories invented by inventors about the things they are going to invent."—Washington Star.

Looking to the Bank Account.

Critic—You are not maintaining the high standard which you set at your theater when the season opened.

Manager—No; I've stopped encouraging art to give the people what they want.—Philadelphia North American.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

"Oh, the wind in the chimney!
I hate the wind in the chimney!
It scolds and complains, and it never does tire,"
Says Harry, who's crouching down close to the fire.
Alas! Alas! What does the wind say?
"O Harry, you've been a bad boy to-day!
You've cheated at school, and cheated at play,
And worried and fretted to have your own way,"
Says the angry wind in the chimney.

"Oh, the wind in the chimney!
I love the wind in the chimney!
It laughs and it whistles, it sings and it crows,"
Says Johnny, who's warming his fingers and toes.
Ha, ha! Ha, ha! What does the wind say?
"O Johnny, you've been a good boy to-day.
So faithful in school, and honest in play,
And many a fellow you've helped on the way!"
Says the merry wind in the chimney.
—Youth's Companion.

Johnny's Own Interpretation.

Sunday school teacher (sadly)—I'm afraid, Johnnie, that I will never meet you in heaven. Johnnie—Why? What have you been doing now?

A Victim to Science.

Mamma—Remember, Frankie, what the dentist said about candy ruining your teeth. Frankie—Yes; but why don't you let me prove it, like we do in 'rithmetic?

The Other Horn of the Dilemma.

Old gentleman—My, my! I don't like to see little boys cry. Boys who get hurt should act like men. Boy—Boo, hoo! Then I'd only get li-licked fer swearin'.

Which One Is It?

NAME OF A STATE CAPITAL.

Higher Criticism in the Nursery.

It happened in Sunday school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other said, 'No; this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so each can have one!'"

Inherited His Mother's Spelling.

A teacher in one of the schools in Boston received the following note the other morning from one of her pupils:

"Dear Miss Jones—Pleese ekscoose little Tommy fer his absens yestiday, as he was kwite ill, and the doctor tole me to keep him in bed. So I let him stay home. Yours respectively,

"MISSES SMITH."

The teacher was a trifle suspicious. "Tommy," said she sternly, "who wrote that note?" "My-er-ma did, if you please, ma'am." "Well, I must say that some of that spelling is remarkably like the spelling you give me." The little fellow was equal to the occasion. "Yes, ma'am," said he; "every one says that as far as spellin' is concerned I'm the dead image of my ma."

Queer Boys of Zululand.

John L. Dobe, the young native Zulu missionary, who is at present studying in this country, says that the life of the Zulu boy is not all play. At the same time that our boys are started out for school, often feeling very much injured because the day is bright and they would rather play football, the Zulu boy, without any breakfast, is sent out into his father's field, where the crops are growing.

The work assigned to him there does not in the least resemble any chores that a boy might find to do here, for it consists in chasing away the monkeys and baboons which come out of the forest and prowl about with designs on the ripening pumpkins and other fruits. This is lively work, for monkeys are notably quick in their movements, and unless the youngsters are on the alert the monkeys pounce upon their booty and carry it away under the boys' noses.

At other times of the year it is not the baboons but the birds that must be kept from the ripening grain. After a morning of such lively exercise the boys are ravenous for their noon meal, the first food that is given them during the day, for they only eat twice in twenty-four hours, with not so much as an afternoon tea between times.

The whole aim of a Zulu boy's training is to make him a dauntless and victorious warrior. This being the case, the most important of their games is one in which they learn to throw sharpened sticks with skill. It is played as follows: One of their number ascends a small hill while the others, with their sticks in their hands, range themselves in a row down the side. The lad at the top then throws past the boys with all his force the huge, soft bulb of a large African lily. This bulb is a foot in diameter, and as it goes by the first boy flings his stick at it. If he fails to pierce it the next boy, quick as lightning, throws, too, and if he fails, the next one tries it, and so on until one of them sends his stick into the heart of the bulb, and as a reward he is allowed to go higher in the line, displacing the boy above him.

Though they consider it a great hardship to be obliged to chase the birds from their father's crops, the boys will pursue them from bush to bush and from tree to tree, until they actually tire their game out, when they knock the birds on the head and kill them. If a Zulu boy were told to put salt on a bird's tail he would not find it such a very difficult feat.

When the young Zulu has become tired or heated from other sports he runs to the nearest river, into which he dives. It is not necessary for him to stop to take off his clothes, because he never wears any, and at such a time he must find it very convenient. Zulu boys have been in the water so much from their very infancy that they seem almost as much at home in it as the fish themselves. Many of their strokes in swimming differ greatly from ours and with them they are able to make headway against the swiftest and strongest river currents. This is very necessary, because the South African rivers all flow swiftly and there are few opportunities for still-water bathing.

They are especially proud of the length of time that they are able to remain underneath the water, and they learn to swim for a long distance without coming to the surface. But perhaps their most wonderful accomplishment in the water is an ability to swim with their shoulders. They do not use their arms at all, but simply call into play the powerful muscles of their little backs.

Expanding Our Language.

Some new words have necessarily been added to the English language since the introduction of the horseless carriage, and the vocabularies of other tongues have also naturally been similarly enriched in all countries where such carriages have become popular.

With few exceptions all these words are technical, and their true significance is only understood by the electrician and the machinist. The members of the Flemish Academy of Anvers recently determined to frame a word which would be readily intelligible to all who understand the language of Flanders and who had ever seen a horseless carriage, and the result was that after much deep thought they framed the following word:

S n e l p a a r d e l o o s z o n d e r s p o o r w e g p e t r o l r i j t u i g.

This euphonious word signifies "a carriage which is worked by means of petroleum, which travels fast, which has no horses, and which is not run on rails." This is, from one point of view, a fine example of multum in parvo, but it may be questioned whether one extraordinarily long word is preferable to half a dozen short words. The Flemish people, however, think differently, and the academicians of Anvers have been highly complimented by them on their linguistic skill as seen in this unique word.—New York Herald.

Unconscious Cerebration.

"Here, how's this? In this article on poets you speak of the 'stepladder of fame.'"

"I wrote that one day when my wife was cleaning house."

Popular to Some Purpose.

"Isn't it wonderful what a lot of friends Mrs. Burnham has?"

"It is, indeed. I am told that she has so many wedding presents it is necessary to pay storage on some of them, and this is only her third wedding, too."

Merely His Opinion.

Higgins—Does your wife play whist?

Adams—She thinks she does, but when Gabriel blows his horn I'll bet she'll awake with a start and ask him what's trump.

That Would Account for It.

"It is claimed that thieves are almost unknown in Norway."

"They must have the same police system there that we have in this country?"

Can Win Without.

"Why is it that the plain girls are always the ones who learn to cook and make their own clothes?"

"Oh, that's easily explained. The pretty ones always know they don't need to."

How can the man who never knew sin know virtue when he meets it?

MORE PENNIES

Than He Wanted or Can Use in a Year or Two.

Over in Brooklyn there is a lumber dealer who has learned what it is to have too much of a good thing. He has occasional use for pennies. He has among his customers a man who makes hand organs for the use of the street beggars. To this maker of Italian street musicians' supplies he had successfully applied on several occasions for pennies in small amounts. A week or so after the last of these applications the hand organ maker drove up to the office of the lumber merchant and with much effort managed to haul into the office a nose bag such as horses are fed from when standing on the street. There was a smile of satisfaction on the face of the organ maker as he lifted the bag and plumped it with a resounding and metallic clang on the desk of the merchant.

"You like the pennies," he said, cordially, as he beamed upon the lumberman. "I have here 2,500 of them. How you like?" And he fairly bubbled over with good nature.

As it wouldn't do to offend a good customer, the lumberman took the pennies and passed over bills for them. But he took good care to let his customer know that he wouldn't need any more small change for a year or two, and that he might find some other place in which to unload the pennies of the organ grinders in the future.—New York Times.

All on Wind.

"Tom Harmon, whatever became of him?"

"Oh, he's here yet. Buildin' up quite a reputation on wind."

"How's that?"

"He's invented three different bicycle pumps, and now he's workin' on a flyin' machine."

A Different Case.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Oh, an old uncle of mine is coming up from the country to visit me. He's one of the greenest old guys in seven States. I suppose he'll make me the laughing stock of everybody that knows me."

"It isn't your Uncle Henry who was up here last year, is it?"

"Yes."

"You didn't seem to be afraid that he'd make a laughing-stock of you then."

"I know; but the old chump's gone and lost all his money."

Cerrachi.

The likeness of Franklin upon our postage stamps is taken from a bust made of him by Cerrachi, and not by the artist whose name usually figures in postoffice reports. Cerrachi was a Corsican, and one of the party who attempted to assassinate Napoleon while on his way to the theater one evening at the time when Napoleon was plotting to be made Emperor. Cerrachi was guillotined. He had made the acquaintance of Franklin when the latter was the American envoy to France, and on Franklin's invitation had visited America, and here made busts of many eminent men.—New York Post.

Collection Boxes Run by Electricity.

The minister of a progressive church has recently introduced an electric contribution box. By pressing a button several small silver cars lined with velvet run along a miniature railway placed at the back of each pew. As they pass along the members of the congregation drop their offerings. All the cars concentrate at one point and the collection is taken out.

COMPETITION FOR LABOR.

State of Affairs in Japan that Seems Odd to Us.

The owners of factories in Japan have a hard time of it, judging by an article in the Christian Register. Industrial progress has been so rapid especially since the war between Japan and China, that a rather peculiar condition of things prevails. The emigration to the cities has not kept pace with the demand for labor, and consequently the factories, which have such a press of work that in the case of the cotton and spinning industries they are run day and night, cannot find enough laborers.

In this state of affairs the factories vie with each other to obtain men and girls. They send out agents to distant places to muster a crowd of working girls and bring them to the towns. Dormitories are built for those who come from a distance. But the number of girls and men thus obtained is not sufficient. The inhabitants of the cities must be bribed to work in the factories. Different attractions are offered. Some owners provide tenement houses which they let to the workers at a nominal rent, others sell them cheap rice.

Competition goes further still. Not only do the factories bid for outside help, but they try to lure away the workers from rival factories. This has led to so much quarreling that often the police are called upon to interfere. As a consequence, a union among the thread factories has been formed, and an agreement made that no factory shall employ man or woman from any other factory in the union until he or she has for a certain stated period left the other factory. If an employer does thus engage one from another factory, he is fined.

Yet the stealing of laborers goes on. It has become a necessity for each factory to send an inspector to other factories from time to time, to spy out the stolen ones. The thief, however, is often too wary to let his booty be discovered. It is said that some factories have skillfully contrived hiding-places where the fugitives can conceal themselves the instant an inspector enters the factory. One of the factories is said to have gone so far as to feed the men who have left other employers until the stated time has elapsed.

LONG TRIPS.

An Eight-Thousand-Mile Continuous Railway Journey.

Some idea of the immense extent of Russian territory may be gleaned from the enormous railway runs that are possible there.

In the latest edition of the Continental Bradshaw there may be found times of starting and arrival of a continuous series of railway trains making up a connected railway journey which would begin at Calais and would end at Kijutschi, the most eastward station at present open on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and about twenty hours' journey east of Krasnoyarsk, in Central Siberia. The length of this journey is, as nearly as possible, 5,100 miles, and of this distance some 3,500 miles are traversed in Russian railway carriages. The time occupied would be 12 days and 20 hours. It is possible to travel by rail as far as Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, which is 600 miles east of Krasnoyarsk. This exceeds the longest possible American run by nearly 1,000 miles. Our longest transcontinental trip is in Canada, from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, where the traveler may get into a Canadian Pacific car and go through to Vancouver, on the shores of the Pacific, 3,666 miles away. The longest possible run would be from Halifax to Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, via New York, Montgomery and Mexico, a distance of about 4,200 miles. When the Trans-Manchurian Railway joins the Trans-Siberian, as it will do, at Onon, it will be possible to travel continuously by rail from Calais to Port Arthur. The latter part of the route has not yet been definitely decided upon, but the estimated total distance will not be much less than 8,000 miles, which will be performed in about twenty days.

Venice.

Venice is built on eighty islands, and has 400 bridges, which are very steep and have many steps. The circumference of the city is about eight miles.

When a man reaches the end of his collateral he is pawn-broke.

A dirt cart might be appropriately termed a real-estate conveyance.

"Do you find people generally pretty civil?" asked a life insurance agent of a bill collector; "they nearly always ask me to call again."—Bazar.

Theatrical angels rush in where wise men fear to tread.

A Dilemma.

There was a young lady of Del.
Whose garments were mannish I'm wel
The young men now query
She makes them so weary
"If she wears those, what shall a fel.?"
—Exchange.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.