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Professors in some colleges in Spain are said to be paid only $200 a year.

France has 422 fighting ships, and the number will be increased to 515 by 1897.

Virchow, the celebrated German man of science, regards diphtheria as the most dangerous of all contagious diseases, not excepting cholera.

Lunatics and epileptics abound in the Imperial family of Austria. It is stated that, with the sole exception of the Emperor himself, almost every one of the archdukes and archduchesses belonging thereto is subject, in a greater or less degree, to fits of epilepsy.

The School-Management Committee of the Chicago Board of Education has decided to recommend to the Board that, after the present school year, clay-modelling studies be discontinued, and that unmarried women take precedence of those who are married when appointments as teachers are made.

The salaries paid to persons in the Civil Service of the United States amount to $90,000,000 annually. This seems like a tremendous amount, says the Chicago Herald, but when it is borne in mind that this sum pays the wages of 180,000 persons it need not appall anyone. The average is only $500 a year.

Watling's Island, where Columbus first landed when he discovered America, has twelve white and six hundred colored residents. The blacks are very poor and the whites are not much better off. The crops failed last year and the people having little or no communication with the outside world find it a hard matter to live. They are in great need of a schooner to enable them to communicate with neighboring islands.

A noteworthy example of the vast agricultural resources of our country is found in the official report of the cereal harvest for the year 1892. The yield of three cereals—wheat, corn and oats—reached the enormous aggregate of 2,341,450,000 bushels. Assuming that the population of the United States is 65,000,000, those three crops would give an average of over thirty-six bushels to every man, woman and child in the whole country.

The hospital work of our flower missions has always been recognized as most beneficent and helpful, observes the New York Press. In London, musicians have formed an association known as "The Guild of St. Cecilia," to cheer and beguile the patients in the hospitals of that great city with good music. There is in this a suggestion for the young people in the conservatories of New York. Physicians and nurses agree that music is the most valuable agency for healing in the influence it has over the minds of the sick and suffering.

Says the Atlanta Constitution: A story from San Domingo rivals in dramatic interest anything that has ever been told of the world's most famous tyrants. The President, Henreaux, had his brother-in-law arrested on a charge of conspiracy. The prisoner remained in confinement for some time, when the President one day went to the prison to see him. Henreaux ordered a fine dinner and during the meal was so cordial that the unsuspecting victim felt confident of his speedy release. At the close of the dinner the President assumed a serious look, and asked his relative in solemn tones if he was prepared to die. The alleged conspirator could not believe that he was in any danger, but his every confidence was changed to surprise and terror a few minutes later when a file of soldiers appeared and escorted him to the prison yard, where he was promptly shot. The despot who could plan such a horror must have a nature akin to that of Richard the Third.

Doctor Nansen's late lecture before the British Geographical Society contained many ingenious devices suggested for the benefit of future arctic explorers. So many of these devices are dependent upon a supply of electricity, that the outfit of the coming successful explorer will not be considered complete without its dynamo. Doctor Nansen's proposed method of generating electricity is to some extent original, even if it be somewhat deficient in the quality of reliability. He proposes to have a wind mill on deck to drive the dynamo, and, when the wind fails, to have the men operate a "walkmill" by shifts, which would afford them such exercise as would be involved in heaving an anchor. The generation of electricity for lighting the darkness of the long arctic night is a good idea, and, if it prove a success, why not suspend an imaginary arc lamp upon the hypothetical North Pole and thereby establish a station from which to signal the people on the planet Mars?

THE COUNTRY FAITH.

Here in the country's heart,
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,
And the crop grows tall—
This is the country faith,
And the best of all.

—Norman Gale.

AS BLUE AS HER EYES.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"GOOD gracious! you are loaded, Aunt Jane," said Patty, running down to help her aunt with the boxes and bundles she was bringing up stairs.

"Don't talk," said Miss Jane. "Madame Sprigenheimer will have the most she can out of every body, and when work was over she gave us each four bandboxes to leave as we came over in the morning. 'It vill giff you an early valk,' she said; 'and you vill see some roses in your cheeks by that. I do it for your healts.' Old screw—she does it to save errand girls' wages; and it means getting up at five o'clock. For we are not to be late—she conveyed that idea to us very plainly."

"What a shame!" said Patty.

"I must say," said Miss Jane as she put the bandboxes upon the table, "that I do not believe that there was ever a Paris bonnet lovelier than Mrs. Figgs's."

"Mrs. Figgs?" queried Patty.

"A retired grocer's young wife," said Miss Jane. "He's old himself. She's nervous but beautiful. They say she throws things at him and has hysterics, and then he forgives her and gives her diamonds. She is very vain. She ordered a bonnet 'just the color of her eyes—blue, you know,' and madame matched the silk to them. Well, it is lovely! Take it out of the box, the white one, and look at it."

Patty obeyed, and went off into "oh's!" and "ah's!" as the children do over skyrockets on the Fourth of July.

"I made that," said Aunt Jane. "If ever I get a little money I'll start a place of my own and call myself Madmoiselle Janette Smithette."

With this she carried the boxes into the middle room, put them on the bed, [illegible] shut the door, and the two sat down to tea, which Patty had made ready. Rather a high tea, with eggs and bacon and fried potatoes, for neither got home to dinner. And while they ate and chatted a knock came at the door, and in bounced a small boy, Ben Brown's brother—Ben was a brakeman on the H. R. R.

"Why, Tom!" cried Patty.

"Hullo!" said Tom. "Ben sent me over to say he's off to-night, and is coming to take you to the theatre—he's been given some tickets."

"How nice," said Patty.

"Have some supper, Tom?" queried Miss Smith.

"No'm," said Tom; "I've got to tell Ben if she'll go."

"Of course I will," said Patty.

The boy was off. A moment after Patty cried:

"Oh, I have got to wear that old felt turban!"

"Lands!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, I've been trying to get time to make you a hat, for two weeks. What a shame—but you can cover it up with a veil."

Patty pouted. Aunt Jane had no bonnet to lend her, for she was in mourning.

Invitations always came like that, she thought.

"If I had a pretty bonnet, Ben would not have had the tickets."

She left Aunt Jane taking an extra cup of tea, and went out into the middle room to dress.

"If I could wear it to-night," she thought, "I could put a handkerchief on my head under it, and it would not be soiled. Perhaps Aunt Jane would say 'Yes!' No, she would not, I know better that that. I've a mind to do it. I can cover it with a veil. She'll not open the boxes to-night; no one will ever find it out. Oh, it does so become me!"

She dropped her own brown turban into the box and put the cover on.

"What harm could it do?" she queried of some invisible familiar.

At this instant the door dashed open and she ducked below the head-board.

Her gray suit fitted well, and was quite new—so were her gloves. Some one had given her a little bunch of blue flowers; the water she had put them in had kept them fresh. They looked well in her belt. Oh, if she had not had to put on that old brown felt turban!

Then it came into her mind to try on Mrs. Figgs's blue bonnet.

"Blue as her eyes," she repeated, "or mine, for the matter of that!"

And out of the bandbox it came. And when it was perched on her fair hair—oh, well, words will not suffice to describe the effect.

Miss Jane had come in and rushed out again, and in a moment more she cried out:

"Hurry up, Patty!" called Ben, "we're none too early!"

And Patty covered the beautiful bonnet with her veil, and went into the other room.

"I'm saved one walk," said Miss Jane; "Mrs. Figgs's maid came for her bonnet. She went to madame's first, and madame sent her here. It seems Mrs. Figgs got one of her nervous spells, and danced on all her hats, and then burned them in the grate, so she had to have this at once—I just gave her the bandbox—saved me a walk, says I."

"Oh, you didn't give it to her!" cried Patty.

"Why not?" cried Miss Jane.

"If I had but known!" gasped Patty.

"You saw me come and get it," said Jane. "But why—Ah, I see—you think it is a trick to steal it. But I know Eliza by sight, and she had a note from madame."

"Come along and don't stop talking of bonnets," said Ben, jocosely, hauling Patty off.

Despair seized upon the poor girl's heart—it seemed to her that the end of the world had come.

What would be done to her—to her dear Aunt Jane?

She was scarcely herself as Ben hurried down the stairs to the avenue and hailed a trolley-car—she sat beside him, mutely. The pin came out of her veil and it dropped to her lap.

"Patty, I declare you have got a pretty bonnet this time," said Ben.

"It will cost me enough," muttered Patty, between her teeth.

"Eh?" said he, wondering at her frightened face.

At the next corner the car stopped—an old gentleman helped in a young lady. They took the seat before Ben and Patty.

They were talking, fast and loud, the words came to the girl's ears:

"But, my love, you could wait until to-morrow," said the old gentleman.

"Mr. Figgs," said the lady, "I'd consider myself a coward if I did. Eliza says that when Miss Smith opened the door of the inner room, she saw her niece there, with a blue bonnet on, and that she hid behind the bed-head, and in the bandbox was this old turban that I have on my head. The girl meant to wear it to-night and send it home to-morrow, no doubt. But I'll show this to madame first, and then get a warrant for the arrest of both women—I'll punish them."

Patty suddenly threw her veil over her head. Evidently this was Mrs. Figgs. The poor girl felt very ill.

"Did Ben hear?" she asked herself. "Did he guess the truth?"

Ben, however, was interested in certain vagaries of the electric lights, which blinked and flared surprisingly.

"Well, now, that's kinder hard on the poor women," said the grocer.

"I will have revenge!" said Mrs. Figgs, gritting her teeth and becoming hysterical.

"There! there! you shall, dearest," gasped Mr. Figgs. "Ain't we going there as fast as we can?"

"You're always thwarting me!" sobbed the lady.

"I ain't," pleaded Figgs. "Why, wifey, I ain't no such thing. I always do what you want, only—"

At this moment the electric lights blinked madly and went out altogether—mimic lightning began to play along the floor of the car, and cries were heard outside.

The car stopped; Ben jumped up and walked to the door.

"Lend us a hand," [illegible] the guard.

"Ay," replied Ben.

The car was in utter darkness. A sudden jerk overset Mr. Figgs, and he sprawled on the floor. Mrs. Figgs shrieked:

"I'm struck by lightning! I'm dead! It's all your fault, Mr. Figgs, all your fault!" and went into hysterics.

But Patty did not. She seized the opportunity. With one hand she pulled down the shades, so that not even the faint light of the street could betray her; with the other she whisked her old turban from Mrs; Figgs's head, and in an instant had pinned the blue bonnet to her golden braids. Then she seated herself, put her despised old hat, so precious now, upon her own head and covered it well with her veil.

"Oh, thank goodness!" she gasped, "thank goodness!"

The light flashed up again.

"All aboard!" roared the guard.

Ben was at her side explaining all that had been done—all the danger, all the value of the aid he had offered. She did not understand a word, but she beamed upon him.

"Seems to have cheered you up," he said.

"Well," said Patty; "a little excitement does, now and then."

"Abominable things—these cars," said the passengers, in chorus; "frightful accident some day—a mercy we were not all killed."

"There's one gentleman struck," said an old lady.

But Mr. Figgs had only been wedged between two seats—Ben extracted him safely, and he resumed his position beside his wife.

"Better, love?" he asked.

"No, I shall never get over this," said Mrs. Figgs, "and you ought not to have taken a trolley car—I am sure you did it to be rid of me."

"I didn't," said Mr. Figgs; "my dear, your hair is down and your hat askew."

Mrs. Figgs put up her hands, took off her hat, and deftly twisted her beautiful, golden hair. Then she looked at the blue bonnet, lying in her lap—lifted it—turned it about, gasped and glared.

"What does this mean?" she said: "Mr. Figgs, that shock of lightning has driven me mad—what does this look like to you?"

"As handsome a bonnet as I ever saw you wear, dear," said Mr. Figgs, "and a lovely blue just like your eyes, pet."

"This is the one I ordered to match my eyes," said Mrs. Figgs, "but when I left home I had on a greasy, brown turban. You saw it, Eliza saw it—why it's—supernatural work—spirits, or something!"

"I guess," said Mr. Figgs; "somehow or other, electricity has done it."

"I'm frightened to death; take me home," said Mrs. Figgs, and they alighted at the next corner.

Ben and Patty arrived at the theatre a little late, but they enjoyed the performance. In its midst, Ben said to Patty:

"Why don't you take off your veil and show us your pretty bonnet?"

"It's rather ugly, and quite old, Ben," said Patty demurely. "Only my old brown turban."

But she removed the veil.

"Why, Patty, I'd have sworn you had a new blue bonnet on," said Ben. "Bright blue—as blue as your eyes."

"You see I haven't," said Patty demurely.

"I hope I'm not getting color-blind," said Ben, in a terrified tone. "That would be a bad job for a railroad man."

"Oh, I suppose it must have been the electricity that made it look blue," said Patty.

And Ben nodded, but still looked bewildered.

As for Aunt Jane, she never knew anything about all this. But before next Sunday she had made Patty a bonnet, as blue as her eyes, she said, and as pretty, if not as costly, as that which hysterical Mrs. Figgs now refused to wear, "Because it was bewitched, and had turned into a greasy, brown turban, and then changed back again, all in an hour."—Family Story Paper.

A Country Doctor's Big Fee.

In the summer of 1875, writes C. B. Mason, I was sojourning with a friend for a few weeks in a little fishing village on the coast of Maine. One night my friend was seized with a sudden and painful illness which necessitated my summoning the only doctor in the village, who lived on a farm a mile distant from our hotel and who combined agriculture with the practice of medicine. I aroused the sleeping physician with some difficulty and stated my errand, but despite my importunities he flatly refused to leave his home, as it was against an inflexible rule to leave his house at night, no matter urgent the call. However, he generously consented to compound a mixture, with which I hastened back to the hotel, where I found my friend racked with pain and pleading for medical assistance. I again traversed the road to the doctor's house and thundered at the door, determined to force or bribe the pill compounder from his domicile. When the identity of the intruder was discovered the usually placid physician became irate and somewhat abusive. In vain I urged the necessity of the visit and pleaded the cause of humanity. Finally I offered any fee, in or out of reason he might demand. This gradually softened him, and looking at me critically to see the full effect of his words, he said: "Young man, if I go up there with you it will cost you a pretty penny." Apprehensive of a mammoth fee beyond the resources of a comparatively slender purse, I queried somewhat timidly, "What would you charge?" to which, with the same quizzical look fixed on his face, the answer slowly came: "If I go up there to-night it will cost you $1.50"

Joyously consenting to the condition, while concealing my amusement, I hastened home, and by a recital of the story put the sufferer in such good humor that the doctor, on his arrival, found the patient so far on the road to recovery that two visits completed the restoration. Subsequently I learned that the fees charged the villagers during the doctor's exclusive practice among them of four decades had been fifty cents for calls made after midnight and but half that sum for visits in the daytime.—Detroit Free Press.

Dug Up a Colonial Ship.

Maybe it is 150 years since the old ship whose remains have just been uncovered in Front street, New York City, sailed the seas. She was a ninety-footer and a three-master, and she may have been a ship-of-war, for an old bayonet was found on her, as well as a seven-pound cannon ball. The finders were workmen engaged under Superintendent J. A. Heary in excavating for the Front street power-house of the Broadway cable-road. One day the Italian cellar-diggers reported to Superintendent Heary that they had struck a solid timber and could go no further. Trenches were sunk along the mass and it proved to be the hull of an old sailing vessel, buried almost twenty feet below the level of the street. The oak ribs were as solid as if they had just been turned out of a shipyard. The ribs were eight by ten inches and fastened together with wooden pins. There was not an iron nail found about the vessel.

An old salt said that he had always known of a tradition that an Euglish vessel had been sunk by the colonists in New York harbor about the time of the tea riots in Boston. He was convinced now that the tradition was founded in fact and this was the ship. Old maps of the city show that just where the vessel was found was at one time a dock fenced in by a breakwater. The old hulk may be that of the ship Judith, a Nantucket whaler, which was sunk off the Battery in July, 1740.—Chicago Herald.

Mulberries.

The mulberry has been a neglected tree ever since the passing of the "Multicaulis craze" of the thirties, although it possesses decided value in ornamental planting, and some of the varieties, Professor L. H. Bailey tells, are useful for ledges, shelter belts and small timber. The fruit has merit for dessert, is easily grown and is produced more or less continuously throughout a period of two to four months of every year. In a bulletin issued from the Cornell University Station at Ithaca, N. Y., Professor Bailey names sixteen varieties as fruit bearing kinds, the new American being recommended for the Northern States. Black Persian is occasionally grown in the South and on the Pacific Coast. Hicks is a heavy bearer of indifferent fruit, but valuable for poultry. Stubbs is a profuse bearer of large fruit, of excellent quality.

The Russian type is valuable for ornamental hedges, especially in the prairie States, for planting sparingly as single specimens or in groups and for small timber. The mulberry is easily grown upon ordinary soils. It is often tender in the North during the first two or three years.

The mulberry is propagated by cuttings of the mature wood of the roots, by root and crown grafting, and by budding with dormant buds in the spring.—New York World.

WHY THE HAIR WHITENS

SUDDEN BLANCHING IS DUE TO AIR BUBBLES.

A Compositor's Startling Experience — A Doctor's Experiments With Hairs in His Beard.

THE blanching of the hair and beard of Ovide Musin, the violinist, following serious injuries in a train wreck, has excited much speculation and theorizing as to the causes of hair so suddenly turning white.

Some physiologists are of the opinion that the hair may become white in the course of a few hours, and this is the popular impression. Others assume that such sudden changes never take place, although it is certain that the hair frequently turns gray in the course of a few weeks. It is difficult to find in the works of the older writers well authenticated cases of these sudden changes, most of those quoted having been taken on the loose authority of persons evidently not in the habit of making scientific observations. Such instances unsupported by analogous cases of a reliable character must necessarily be rejected as not fulfilling the rigid requirements demanded by scientific inquiry, in which all possible sources of error should be rigidly excluded.

Regarding the subject, however, from a purely scientific point of view one must acknowledge that there are a few cases of comparatively recent date in which sudden blanching of the hair has been observed and carefully investigated by men trained to accurate scientific methods.

One of the cases is reported in Virchow's Archives for April, 1855, by Dr. Landois as occurring under the observation of himself and Dr. Lohmer. In this case the blanching of the hair occurred in a hospital in a single night while the patient was under the daily observation of the visiting physicians. The patient, a compositor, thirty-four years of age, with light hair and blue eyes, was admitted into the hospital July 9, 1865, suffering from an acute attack of delirium tremens. A marked peculiarity in the disease was excessive terror whenever any one approached the patient. He slept for twelve hours on the night of the 11th of July, after having taken thirty drops of laudanum. Up to this time nothing unusual had been observed regarding the hair.

On the morning of July 12th it was evident to the medical attendants and to all who saw the patient that the hair of the head and beard had become gray. The patient himself remarked the change with intense astonishment. The hair remained gray as long as the patient was under observation, to September 17th. An interesting point connected with this case is that the hair was subjected to careful microscopic examination. The color of the hair in general is due to the presence of pigment granules and of a few air bubbles. In the case of the compositor the white hairs were found to contain a multitude of bubbles of air in the medulla and cortical substance of the shaft of the hair, but the pigment granules were everywhere preserved unaltered. The hair filled with bubbles of air is white for that same reason that granulated sugar and the foam on the seashore are white. The individual granules of the sugar and the individual bubbles that form the foam are transparent. The reflection of light from granule to granule and from bubble to bubble makes the mass of the sugar and of foam white. In a similar way the reflection of light from air bubble to air bubble makes the hair seem white.

Dr. Landois quotes instances of blanching of the hair in which there were alternate rings of white and brown. Another very curious case of sudden blanching of the hair is reported by Erasmus Wilson in the proceedings of the Royal Society, London, volume xv., No. 91, page 406. In these cases also the white portion presented on microscopic examination great bubbles of air, but no diminution in the quantity of pigment matter.

The possibility of sudden blanching of the hair is further illustrated by the curious observation made by the celebrated Brown-Sequard of elixir of life fame. He observed in his own person four white hairs on one side of his beard and seven on the other. These he pulled out. Two days after he found two hairs on one side and three on the other that were white throughout their entire length. This observation he verified several times.

The microscopic examinations made leave no doubt as to the cause of the white color of the hair in cases of sudden blanching. All are agreed that there is no diminution in the pigment, but that the greater part of the medulla becomes filled with air bubbles, small globules of air being found in the cortical substance. The hair in these cases presents a marked contrast to hair that has become gray gradually from old age. The change of color due to age is caused by an actual diminution in the quality of pigment.

How the air finds its way into the hair in sudden blanching it is difficult to imagine. In all of the cases recorded the blanching of the hair was apparently dependent upon strong emotions, generally terror. This is all that can be said on the subject of its causation, the mechanism of the change not being understood.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Thirteen Dollars for a Shave.

This story is told by the New York News about an old-established East-side barber shop:

Some years ago Edward L. Carey and William H. Sheers came in both simultaneously and both were in a hurry to get shaved. One asked the other how much he would pay for the privilege of getting first chance. The bidding began at $1 and before it stopped the price was raised to $13, which Edward L. Carey paid.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Jupiter was known to the Chaldeans as a planet as early as B. C. 3000.

It is said to be a geological fact that gold strata underlie Philadelphia.

The planet Neptune has the longest year, consisting of more than 60,000 of our days.

More than one-half of the street railway-mileage in Massachusetts is now operated in whole or part by electricity.

The moon gives out heat enough to affect the thermometer and makes a difference of two degrees or three degrees.

The average weight of the Chinese brains is said to be heavier than the average weight of the brain in any other race.

On the Royal Sovereign, the new English battleship, there are 800 electric lights, connected by thirty miles of wire.

Inventors are now turning their attention to devices for the utilization of electric heating, especially for domestic purposes.

The largest pumping plant in the United States was that placed in a mine at Iron Mountain, Mich. It pumps 4,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours.

Genuine volcano dust has been found in Kansas and the Indian Territory. There is a deposit near Galena, in the Territory, which is said to be many feet in thickness.

To make glue water proof, dissolve of gum sandarac and mastic each five and one-half drachms in one-half pint of alcohol, and add five and one-half drachms of turpentine.

Seventy-five miles an hour is 110 feet a second, and the energy of 400 tons or a train of cars, moving at that rate is nearly twice as great as that of a 2000 pound shot fired from a 100 ton Armstrong gun.

In the manufactures of Great Britain alone the power which steam exerts is estimated to be equal to the manual labor of 4,000,000,000 men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globes.

From a rift in a great rock at Santa Cruz (Cal.) water spouts to a height of sixty feet. The waves that beat on the shore near by have worn a tunnel through the rock coast, beaten through the roof of the tunnel and formed this apparent geyser.

A fine specimen of the egg of Æpyornis, the extinct giant bird of Madagascar, and obtained from southern Madagascar, was exhibited at a recent meeting of the Zoological Society of London. It will be remembered that this egg is about thirteen inches long and of the capacity of 150 hens' eggs.

The captains of ships which carry bricks have to be very careful. An ordinary brick is capable of absorbing a pint of water. So with a cargo of brick in the hold serious leakage may quite well go on undetected, for the water that enters is sucked up as fast as it gets in. If this should be the case, the consequences are bound to be most serious.

Exploration is improving the popular knowledge of the Sahara. Instead of being largely below the sea, the greater part of it is from 6000 to 8000 feet above the level; instead of being rainless, showers make it bloom and cover it with green grass for a few weeks every year; large flocks and herds are maintained upon its borders; the oases are depressions where the water can be collected and stored and are villainously unhealthy in hot weather because of this stagnant water and the habits of the inhabitants.

Isle of Wight Samphire.

Our samphire gatherer in the Isle of Wight, after ascending to a point at which his form was hardly discernible among the giant fragments of rocks, cast a great armful of pale green aromatic cliff herbs into the boat—samphire and sea poppy and wild mignonette. Of these the samphire is the strangest, with its thick, fleshy leaves like iceplant, its salt and pungent scent and taste, and pale, uncanny-looking flower.

To gather it in any quantity it would be necessary to scale the most dangerous parts of the cliff, and it was while seeking this and sea fowls' eggs that a cragsman was engaged when his death occurred. It was his practice to go alone on his perilous expeditions, and the exact manner of his death will never be known. It is more usual for two or three rock climbers to work together. A crowbar is planted in the turf above and two ropes are used. One goes round the body and the other is held in the hand. The first is wrapped around the crowbar, so as to be let out at pleasure; the second is fixed to it by a noose, and when the cragsman wishes to reascend he shakes this second rope as a signal and the men on the top of the cliff haul at the waist rope, while he assists by climbing up the second hand over hand. The greatest risk is run when the climber throws off his waist rope and clambers along the shelving ledges of slippery turf which seams the cliff, where the least slip is fatal.—London Spectator.

Queer Terrapin Cooking Contest.

An intermunicipal terrapin contest took place the other day at Meadowbrook, near Philadelphia, Penn., the country place of Thomas B. Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker. It was the result of a discussion that has long been in progress between some club men of Baltimore and Philadelphia as to which method of preparing terrapin was the better. Arthur Padelford took up the gauntlet in behalf of the Baltimore recipe. He was represented by James Potter, also of that city, and accompanied by a Baltimore chef and a party of seven gentlemen to act as a jury. They brought with them a number of Maryland diamond back "birds," which are quoted just now at $150 per dozen. The terrapin was prepared according to the forms in vogue in the two cities, and nine of the jurors decided in favor of the Baltimore recipe.—Chicago Herald.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot's vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved—
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

—Mrs. Browning.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

With an emerald ring—The Irishman's voice.—Truth.

Not a common bark—An ocean greyhound.—New York Journal.

On the roll of fame—The champion wheelman.—Galveston News.

A discarded official standing about is out of place.—New Orleans Picayune.

The man who fancies he writes poetry frequently wrongs it.—New York Morning Journal.

Old Diogenes would have had an anxious time of it in France.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is certainty of continuance, not the present amount, that is the measure of kindness.—Puck.

When there is a great falling off in a hod-carrier's business some one gets hurt.—New Orleans Picayune.

The best cure for trouble is labor. Who ever heard of a wood-sawyer committing suicide?—Buffalo Enquirer.

Law, physic or divinity—
Which is the easiest of the three?
Divinity; because the fact is
'Tis easier preaching than to practice.
—Judge.

Little Elsie—"Who was Shakespeare, pa?" Scribblems (the playwright)—"One of my predecessors, child."—Tit-Bits.

Just as soon as a young man finds that he can't have a girl he begins to imagine that he can't do without her.—Dallas News.

"This is a vane struggle," as the breeze said after trying and failing to turn the weathercock.—Philadelphia Record.

No man can sleep well in cloudy weather when he knows that he has a sandy foundation under his house.—Ram's Horn.

Most creatures are entirely harmless when they are asleep. But the moth does the most mischief when it is taking a nap.—Siftings.

"What I am looking for," said Bliggins just after he had rented a telephone, "is the man who said that talk is cheap."—Washington Star.

He (painting)—"If you were I, Miss Maud, I wonder how you'd treat this subject?" She (posing)—"Oysters."—Kate Field's Washington.

"It is an odd thing," mused Indigestic, "that the same food which makes the brain so stupid by day, keeps it so ferociously active at night."—Puck.

The Professor—"Ah, Miss Iris, it's very pretty, but it's not the least like the model. I'm afraid you've painted the eyes out of your own head."—Punch.

Oh, from that swell deliver us
Of whom it may be said
The swelliness is most noted in
The region of the head.
—Washington Star.

"Maggie," called Mulligan to his accomplished daughter. "What do you want?" "Is the pianny bruk or are you playin' classical music?"—Washington Star.

"But why do you always hear them called etchings?" Father—"Um—er—well, I suppose because it takes such hard scratching to pay for them."—Inter-Ocean.

"The early bird gets the worm," mused the big fowl. "I'll just hang round in a leisurely way till he does, and then I'll take it away from him."—Washington Star.

"On the Verge of the Unknown" is the title of an editorial in a recent issue of the Fort Worth Gazette. So they have hash in Texas too, do they?—Chicago Mail.

Mother (to her child, who has just had some sweets given her by the man opposite)—"What do you say to the gentleman, Mabel?" Mabel—"Have you got any more, please?"—Judy.

Diner—"Waiter, I find I have just money to pay for the dinner; but it nothing in the way of a tip for yourself." Waiter—"Let me add up the check again, sir."—New York Herald.

Tommy Figg—"Sister's beau kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him, you bet." Johnny Briggs—"How?" Tommy Figg—"I mixed quinine with her face-powder."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

While Mr. Donovan was watching an engine that was engaged in backing the other day he was heard to remark, "Faith, that's the most roundabout way of goin' forrard Oi iver saw."—Washington Star.

Caller—"So you mean to be an M. P. when you grow big, Tommy?" Politician's Youngest—"Yes; like pa." Caller—"Then you've made up your mind to do a great deal of talking?" Politician's Youngster—"Yes; like ma."—Funny Folk.

Yabsley—"I tell you, when I see one of these hard-working, patient school-ma'ams I feel like taking off my hat to her in reverence." Mudge—"I tried that once and her brother kicked me clear across the street."—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss G— met a beggar in the street and was moved to help him. "Here's my card," she said. "If you'll call at my house, I'll give you some clothes." He failed to put in an appearance; but a day or two later she chanced to see him again and asked: "Why didn't you call?" "Indade, mum, but your card do say 'Thursdays!'"—Brooklyn Life.