

Bashfulness is a disease, says a medical writer. Still it's not the kind to fear, because it doesn't seem to be catching.

The port of Hiogo, Japan, was opened to the world in 1868. Beginning with nothing, its commerce has increased to \$80,000,000 annually.

In extent of territorial possessions Uncle Sam ranks fifth among the great landlords of the world. Britain, Russia, China and France each own a larger portion of the globe than that belonging to the United States.

The report of the railway commissioners of New South Wales for the year ended June 30, shows that there are now 2691 miles of railways open, and of tramways 65 miles. The total earnings amounted to \$16,700,000, showing an increase of \$10,000 over the previous year. The increase is largely due to mining and agricultural development.

"Alabama," observes the Savannah News, "contributes three luminous games that will live in the history of the war with Spain. They are those of Major-General Joseph Wheeler, of intrepid courage and brilliant military ability; his daughter, Annie Laurie Early, of courage no less than her sire, but employed in a diametrically different manner, and Lieutenant Hobson."

The supreme court of Massachusetts has decided that the city of Boston is the trustee of the fund created by Dr. Benjamin Franklin in 1790, now amounting to about \$500,000. Franklin designated that the fund should be "managed by the selectmen of the town, and the ministers of the oldest Episcopal, Congregational and Presbyterian churches," and it was contended before the court that this was tantamount to creating a board of trustees. The court rules in a decision written by Judge Allen that the gift to the town passed to the city on its incorporation, and that a municipality may be a trustee for a public charity.

Some statistics on education collated by a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald have special interest now that the school year has begun. It appears from these figures that the public schools in the United States have an enrolment of 14,465,391. All of them do not go to school every day, the average daily attendance being 9,747,015 children. To teach these requires the services of 400,325 instructors, of whom 130,366 are male and 269,959 are female. There are 240,968 schoolhouses, and the value of all school property is \$455,948,164. The cost of the public schools is \$181,453,780 per year, or \$2.61 per capita of population. For each pupil it costs \$18.62.

On the basis of these and other figures, the assertion is made that the United States, with but one-twentieth the population of the world, within her confines has one-third of the world's schoolchildren, and spends one-half of the amount spent by the world for education.

Judging from the intermediary state censuses and from other enumerations of the people, the Philadelphia Press expects the national census of 1900 to show that the centre of population has stopped moving westward and has gone toward the southeast. It points out the large increase in Massachusetts of 256,402 in 1895 over 1890, and an increase of 553,204 between 1885 and 1895, an increase nearly twice as great as was made during the previous ten years. Rhode Island's census also showed a larger percentage of increase in population between 1890 and 1895 than it had in the previous five years. Cited also in evidence is the well-known fact of the rapid growth in population of the New England cities, and of the cities in New York and Pennsylvania. More striking, however, is the record in New Jersey of an increase in 1895 of 228,009 over 1890, or two-thirds as much increase in five years as the state made in the previous ten years. On the other hand state censuses in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa, and estimates based on school or other enumeration in other states in the middle West, while insuring an encouraging gain in that section, do not equal the large percentage of increase found in the states on this side of the Alleghenies. Two causes for this change in growth occur to the Press. One is the fact that the limit of profitable agriculture has, for the present, been reached, and has rolled back the tide of population. The other reason is the growth of manufacturing in the eastern states, which is drawing to the cities the increase which once went so largely to the West.

The Czar of Russia wants peace and the reduction of armaments. Russia keeps 900,000 men under arms. Why does not the Czar tell half a million soldiers to go home and go to work?

Professor Martin, the Swedish savant, has discovered in the Kremlin at Moscow, Russia, a large portion of the Swedish war booty captured by Gustavus Adolphus. It appears that the majority of the silver vessels and ornaments kept in the treasury at the Kremlin are presents made at different times by various kings of Sweden to the czars of Russia.

To each of the nearly six hundred public and private schools in Porto Rico an American flag is to be presented by Lafayette post, G. A. R., of New York city. With the stars and stripes floating over the school children, and with their parents constantly experiencing the contrast between American and Spanish rule, it will not be long before Porto Rico will become one of the most loyal and patriotic possessions of the United States.

The scream of the locomotive is to sound in the mountain fastnesses of Madagascar. A French company has been granted the concession to build a railway which will run from Tamatave to Tananariva, shortening the distance between the places by fifty per cent. and affording facilities for transportation of freight and passengers to the various distributing points on the south and west coasts of the huge island. Because of the chasmed country the road will be very expensive. Construction is to begin at once.

The decisive battle of Omdurman in the Soudan shows the perseverance of the English government. The advance of this expedition has consumed two years, and has been a striking example of sustained and steady effort. The caprices of the Nile had to be waited for, a railway had to be built, half-trained Egyptian troops had to be fully trained, and 25,000 men had to be moved hundreds of miles across desert wastes, and every mile of that way well guarded. It was a great undertaking, and as compared with the disastrous campaign of the Abyssinia shows most distinctly the difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin races as soldiers.

A new phase of philanthropy has appeared in Allegheny, Pa., in a movement for the cheer of the sick in hospitals. It is proposed to establish an association for the loaning of pictures to be hung on the walls of the hospitals, the pictures to make the tour of the hospitals, and then to be returned to their owners. One of the first to respond offered sixty of the pictures from his home. In an accompanying letter he remarked that many persons spend a part of the year out of the city, and during that time the pictures would do much good in the hospitals without in the least depriving their owners of the enjoyment of them. It is a beautiful charity, akin to that of providing flowers for the hospitals, and may be widely copied if arrangements can be made for insuring the safety of the pictures while out of their owners' possession.

The New York Sun says:—The cable cars are not alone responsible for a new ailment which has lately made its appearance. A medical journal which has published an account of the new ailment attributes it chiefly to the trolley, although in both cases the active participation of the patient is necessary. According to the investigations of a physician, this new trouble consists of a fracture of one of the bones of the spine caused by striking the back of the seat in a street car. He finds that most persons rise in their seats before they have reached their destination or before the car has come to a full stop. In many cases they are thrown back on their seats when this happens or against the back of the seat, and this violent contact is likely to break one of the small bones in the spine. Luckily the result is not nearly so serious as it sounds and is much more likely to be inconvenient than dangerous. As the investigations which proved the existence of the new ailment were made in a Western town where transportation was chiefly by means of the trolleys, the same effects might not have been expected here. But the physician found that the trouble was likely to be caused by any quickly moving vehicle quite independently of what the motor power was. So persons suffering from unexplained backaches may discover that they stood up too soon while those who have so far escaped may take warning and keep their seats, in the words of the conductor, until the car stops.

Along the leaf-strewn paths I walk
Recalling summer days;
Not in a mood for human talk,
I ponder Nature's ways.
Will Summer parted with her breath,
No Autumn's sun could shine;
There is no life but comes from death,
Said Plato the divine.
Then, Autumn! deem not all thine own
The splendors which we see,
For had we not the Summer known
These splendors could not be.
We love to see your banners red,
Which Summer helped to weave,
And every canvas Summer spread
Thy gorgeous tints receive.
—Aaron Kingsbury in the Boston Evening Transcript.

Yet all thy splendors but presage
The desolation near;
For Nature, though she did engage
You artist of the year,
Will send a rude and vandal band
Ere the new year is born,
Whose ruthless ravage through the land
Will blast what you adorn.
Harsher than Summer's seems thy fate;
For her thou didst careen,
And showed her as she lingered late
The utmost tenderness.
To thee, when summoned hence to leave,
No kindness will be shown;
For heartless Winter cannot grieve
For all thy splendor flown.
—Aaron Kingsbury in the Boston Evening Transcript.

At The Appetite-Cure.

A Health Resort Comedy.

BY MARK TWAIN.

A piece of fiction—fiction with a big F—by Mark Twain the well known humorist, which came out in a late Cosmopolitan, has attracted no little attention, not only for the humor of which it is full, but for the amount of scientific fact to which it calls attention. It is true that we civilized Americans eat far too much, and equally true that no small amount of our disease is due to that habit. This theme the great humorist has clothed in the following attractive form:
This establishment's name is Hochberg's. It is in Bohemia, a short day's journey from Vienna, and being in the Austrian empire, is, of course, a health resort. All unhealthy people ought to domicile themselves in Vienna, and use that as a base for making fights, from time to time, to the outlying resorts, according to need. A flight to Marienbad to get rid of fat; a flight to Carlsbad to get rid of rheumatism; a flight to Kaltenleutgeben to take the water cure, and get rid of the rest of the diseases. It is all so handy. You can stand in Vienna and toss a biscuit into Kaltenleutgeben, with a twelve-inch gun. You can run out thither at any time of the day; you can go by the phenomenally slow trains, and yet inside of an hour you have exchanged the glare and swelter of the city for the wooded hills, and shady forest paths and soft cool air, and the music of the birds, and the repose and peace of paradise. There are abundance of health resorts, as I have said. Among them this place—Hochberg's. It stands solitary on the top of a densely wooded mountain and is a building of great size. It is called the Appetite-Anstalt, and people who have lost their appetites come here to get them restored. When I arrived, I was taken by Professor Haimberger to his consulting room and questioned:
"It is six o'clock. When did you eat last?"
"At noon."
"What did you eat?"
"Next to nothing."
"What was on the table?"
"The usual things."
"Chops, chicken, vegetables, and so on?"
"Yes; but don't mention the u—I can't bear it."
"Are you tired of them?"
"Oh, utterly. I wish I might never hear of them again."
"The mere sight of food offends you, does it?"
"More, it revolts me."
The doctor considered awhile, then got out a long menu and ran his eye slowly down it.
"I think," said he, "that what you need to eat is—but here, choose for yourself."
I glanced at the list and my stomach threw a handspring. Of all the barbarous layouts that were ever contrived, this was the most atrocious. At the top stood "tough, underdone, overdue tripe, garnished with garlic;" half way down the bill stood "young cat; old cat; scrambled cat;" at the bottom stood "sailor boots, softened with tallow—served raw." The wide intervals of the bill were packed with dishes calculated to insult a cannibal. I said:
"Doctor, it is not fair to joke over such a serious case as mine. I came here to get an appetite—not to throw away the remnant that's left."
He said gravely: "I am not joking; why should I joke?"
"But I can't eat these horrors."
"Why not?"
He said it with a naivete that was admirable, whether it was real or assumed.
"Why not? Because—why, doctor, for months I have seldom been able to endure anything more substantial than omelettes and custards. These unspeakable dishes of yours—"
"Oh, you will come to like them. They are very good. And you must eat them. It is the rule of the place and is strict. I cannot permit any departure from it."
I said, smiling: "Well, then, doctor, you will have to permit the departure of the patient. I am going."
He looked hurt, and said in a way which changed the aspect of things:
"I am sure you would not do me that injustice. I accepted you in good faith—you will not shame that confidence. This appetite cure is my whole living. If you should go forth from it with the sort of appetite which you now have, it could become known, and you can see yourself that people would say my cure failed in your case and hence can fail in other cases. You will not go; you will not do me this hurt."
I apologized and said I would stay.
The professor handed me that odious menu.
"Choose—or will you have it later?"

"Oh, dear me, show me to my room; I forgot your hard rule."
"Wait just a moment before you finally decide. There is another rule. If you choose now, the order will be filled at once; but if you wait, you will have to await my pleasure. You cannot get a dish from that entire bill until I consent."
"All right. Show me to my room and send the cook to bed; there is not going to be any hurry."
The professor took me up one flight of stairs and showed me into a most inviting and comfortable apartment consisting of parlor, bedchamber and bathroom. In the parlor were many shelves filled with books. The professor said he would now leave me to myself and added:
"Smoke and read as much as you please, drink all the water you like. When you get hungry, ring and give your order, and I will decide whether it shall be filled or not. Yours is a stubborn, bad case, and therefore I shall be gratified if you will restrain yourself and skip down to No. 15 and begin with that."
Then he left me and I began to undress, for I was dog-tired and very sleepy. I slept 15 hours and woke up finely refreshed at 10 the next morning. Vienna coffee! It was the first thing I thought of—that unapproachable luxury—that sumptuous coffee house coffee, compared with which all other European coffee, and all American hotel coffee is mere fluid poverty. I rang and ordered it; also Vienna bread, that delicious invention. The servant spoke through the wicket in door and said—but you know what he said. He referred me to the bill of fare. I allowed him to go—I had no further use for him.
After the bath I dressed and started for a walk, and got as far as the door. It was locked on the outside. I rang and the servant came and explained that it was another rule. The seclusion of the patient was required until after the first meal. I had not been particularly anxious to get out before; but it was different now. Being locked in makes a person wishful to get out. I soon began to find it difficult to put in the time. At 2 o'clock I had been 26 hours without food. I had been growing hungry for some time; I recognized that I was not only hungry, now, but hungry with a strong adjective in front of it. Yet I was not hungry enough to face the bill of fare. I must put in the times somehow. I would read and smoke. I did it; hour by hour. The books were all of one breed—shipwrecks; people lost in deserts; people shut up in caved-in mines; people starving in besieged cities. I read about all the revolting dishes that ever famished men stayed their hunger with. During the first hours these things nauseated me; hours followed in which they did not so affect me; still other hours followed in which I found myself smacking my lips over some tolerably infernal messes. When I had been without food 45 hours I ran eagerly to the bell and ordered the second dish on the bill, which was a sort of dumplings containing a compound made of caviar and tar.
It was refused. During the next 15 hours I visited the bell every now and then and ordered a dish that was further down the list. Always a refusal. But I was conquering prejudice after prejudice, right along; I was making sure progress; I was creeping up on No. 15 with deadly certainty, and my heart beat faster and faster, my hopes rose higher and higher.
At last when food had not passed my lips for 60 hours, victory was mine and I ordered No. 15:
"Soft-boiled spring chicken—in the egg; six dozen, hot and fragrant."
In 15 minutes it was there and the doctor along with it, rubbing his hands with joy. He said with great excitement:
"It's a cure, it's a cure! I knew I could do it. Dear sir, my grand system never fails—never. You've got your appetite back—you know you have; say it and make me happy."
"Bring on your carriage—I can eat anything in the bill."
"Oh, this is noble, this is splendid—but I knew I could do it, the system never fails. How are the birds?"
"Never was anything so delicious in the world; and yet, as a rule, I don't care for game. But don't interrupt me, don't—I can't spare my mouth, I really can't."
Then the doctor said:
"The cure is perfect. There is no more doubt or danger. Let the poultry alone; I can trust you with a beef-steak now."
The beefsteak came—as much as a basketful of it—with potatoes and Vienna bread and coffee; and I ate a meal then that was worth all the costly preparation I had made for it. And dripped tears of gratitude into the gray all the time—gratitude to the doctor for putting a little common

sense in me when I had been empty of it so many, many years."
In a second chapter the writer tells how Dr. Haimberger stumbled across the idea of his cure through a shipwreck which stimulated the once failing appetites of the ship's passengers.

POPULAR INTEREST IN DEWEY.

Of Such a Nature That Any of Us Is Likely to Be Affected.
A retired business man of Cleveland, who has a reputation among people who know him for his kindness of heart, was filled with distress the other afternoon when he was approached by the five-year-old son of one of the neighbors. The little fellow was crying bitterly, and the kind hearted man lost no time in making inquiries as to the nature of the child's troubles.
"Come," he said, patting the boy's head, "tell me all about it. Who hurt you?"
"N-n-nobody didn't hu-hurt me," the sufferer sobbed, "b-b-but Dewey's Dewey dead! Great heavens! That's terrible. Where's the newsboy? Dear, dear, dear, dear. I'm sorry to hear that!"
And forgetting all about the distress of the child he rushed into the house, exclaiming to his wife:
"Mamma, Dewey's dead!"
"Mercy on us!" the lady replied, "where did you hear that?"
"Little Francis Parker just told me. Poor child, he's crying as if his heart will break. I suppose his father has just brought the news home from down town. I wish the boys would hurry and get out this way with their papers. By George, this makes me feel blue! There's been some treachery—you mark my words! Dewey is the victim of foul play. Now I'm for wiping the whole darned Spanish race off the face of the earth. Nothing short of that will atone for our loss!"
By this time the gentleman had got to walking around in a circle, and his wife felt it her duty to do something to keep him from breaking down.
"Why don't you go over to the Parkers," she said, "and find out about it? There may be some mistake. I do hope it isn't true."
"Yes, I hope so too," he replied, mechanically, taking his hat as she handed it to him, "but I'm afraid it is. I've had a kind of premonition from the first that something was going to happen to Dewey. This completely upsets me. It's just as bad as if I'd lost a member of my own family."
Then he went over to the Parkers, little Francis having, in the meantime, returned home.
Mrs. Parker and her daughter Grace were sitting on the porch making things out of fluff lace and linen.
"Well," the kind hearted man said, "it's too bad about Dewey, isn't it?"
"Yes," Mrs. Parker answered, "we feel real bad about him. We had really become attached to him."
"How and when did it happen?" the gentleman asked, as he took his chair that had been pushed forward by Miss Grace.
"He died this afternoon. I guess he must have caught cold. The girl had the hose out yesterday and sprinkled on him, and I think that started it."
The man with the kind heart sat there, looking dumbly at the two ladies for about a minute, after which he asked:
"What do you mean?"
"Why," said Mrs. Parker, "the little chicken that our milkman brought in from the country to Francis. You never saw it, did you? It was a dear little thing. Francis called it Dewey, in honor of the hero of Manila. But," she sighed, "it's dead, and Francis has been crying all the afternoon."
The kind hearted man went home shortly after that, and in answer to his wife's anxious look merely said:
"Nother fake."

HUMOROUS.

"Wouldn't you like to live your life over again?" "And owe twice as much as I do now? Well, I guess not."
"Has Miss Dobbins given you any encouragement?" "Well, she declines my offers of love, but she accepts my boxes of candy."
"How did Eleanor announce her engagement to the family?" "She just wiggled the finger that had on the diamond ring."
Little Sister—What's the difference 'tween 'lectricity and lightning? Little Brother—You don't have to pay nothin' for lightning."
Old Gentleman—What! Let you have Ethel? Why, she is my only daughter. Ardent Lover—Yes, I know; and I am her only bean.
"He says his soldier life reminded him constantly of home and mother." "How was that?" "They wouldn't let him sleep late mornings."
"What seems to be the trouble with Wilson, doctor?" "None at all. None at all. I wish every patient I have paid as promptly as Wilson."
"Why is it that geniuses are always eccentric?" "I guess it must be because that's about the only way in which genius can obtain recognition."
Nephew (to rich uncle, who has fallen down stairs)—I hope you are not hurt. Uncle—Oh, you do, do you? You know very well that I must be either hurt or dead.
"Why," asked the youngest boarder, "do they measure the speed of a ship in knots?" "I think," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that it has something to do with the tied."

"You had better not go boating with Ada," said Tommy to his sister's fiancé. "Why not, Tommy?" "Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."
"There's no choice for me," said the blacksmith. "I always have to begin at the foot." "Yes," assented the customer. "With you it does seem to be hoss and hoss."
"I love you. Won't you give me your hand?" he pleaded. The maiden hesitated. "Come," he said. "Surely you will not refuse me such a little thing." She could resist no longer.

Mrs. Short—Here's an invitation to Mr. Long's wedding. What on earth can we send them? Mr. Short—He lost a ten dollar umbrella of mine a year ago. I'll make him a present of it.
"Madame has gone out, sir, but she left a message for you." "What was the message?" "She wished that you—Oh, dear, I've forgotten! Just wait a minute, please, and I'll go and ask her!"

Indignant Bicyclist—Madam, your dog snaps at me every time I pass. Here he comes now. (Starts off.) Old Lady—Sport! Sport! You foolish dog! Come here. Them ain't bones. Them's legs!

Mrs. Chngwater—Josiah, I see a good deal in the papers about infernal machines. What is an infernal machine? Mr. Chngwater—Well, sometimes I think it's a lawn mower, and sometimes I think it's a piano.

Mrs. Myrtle—Jane, where is the pudding? I told you we would have pudding for dinner. Cook—You said, "I think we will have pudding for dinner." But I wouldn't mind it mem; I sometimes thinks things myself that never come off.

Hungry for a Handshake.
He was sitting in a park. He looked down-hearted and despondent. His clothes were dusty, but not ragged. There was a look of despair on his boyish face—almost a look of desperation. Some one noticing his despondent look sat down by him, saying:
"I judge you are a stranger in the city; I want to shake hands with you."
A bright look came into the young man's face, and he eagerly held out his hand.
"Oh," he said, "I am so hungry for a handshake! I left my home about a week ago with the prayers and best wishes of my friends. Times were hard, and it seemed necessary for me to go into the world to make a living for myself. I supposed there was lots of work for me in this city, but I don't think there is anything, and I am discouraged."
He bit his lip hard as he said this, and his mouth quivered.
"I will try again," he went on to say, "since some one cares enough for me to shake hands with me."
That handshake was the beginning of his success. Down-hearted and discouraged before, feeling that there was no one who cared for him in a great city, his heart was made glad by that simple thing, a hand-shake, and he took courage and soon found employment.—Ram's Horn.

Centuries Old.
Some of the wooded churches of Norway are fully 700 years old, and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and all most Arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar

There's no use disputing. The dear old refrain
Comes echoing sweetest again and again.
And it's tenderest when, with the hardships gone by,
Its cadence brings smiling instead of a sigh
When it breathes of a welcome of roses and cheer.

Instead of the parting which wakens a team
When it greets the glad pilgrims from over the foam,
The simple, and threadbare old tune "Home, Sweet Home."
The toll of the masters no man may disdain.
Yet they gave us no gentler or seemlier strain—
It has quickened men's hopes as the slow hours went by;
It has gladdened their souls when reunion was nigh.

Let "The Conquering Hero" reverberate clear,
Let "Hail to the Chief" bodily sound far and near;
But for laddies returning and laddies who roam,
The standby forever is just "Home, Sweet Home."
—Washington Star.

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