

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening afar,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark:

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

McSHANE'S DIAMOND.

It was a singular incident that once came under my observation, while traveling in an English railway coach, and one that afforded me a good deal of amusement at the time of its occurrence.

I was an American tourist, traveling on small capital and large assurance; the latter of which, allow me to remark, increased in proportion as the former diminished. I was journeying from the picturesque little town of Hadley, on the London and Western, to the great metropolis, where Bob, my fellow tourist, was awaiting my arrival. I had taken a run down to Hadley for a few days, for the purpose of visiting a couple of ruined abbeys in the vicinity, and hoping at the same time to escape from the fog, smoke and noise of busy London.

I left Bob in town, for, alas! he did not appreciate moss covered walls and antique battlements, preferring, by far, the giddy throngs of the Odeon or the Alhambra.

I had engaged myself to my heart's content in wandering among the venerable ruins of a bygone age, and vaguely speculating on the lives of the former owners of the ivy mantled structures. In fact, the time had slipped away so pleasantly that I was greatly surprised one evening to receive a letter from Bob, saying that I had been away a week, whereas I had said three days would be the limit, and that if I wanted to see London in Yuletide garb, I had better "hurry up," to use E's expression. Whereupon, I had packed my Gladstone, and, having settled my account and taken farewells to my jolly host of the Black Horse, not without much regret, I found myself settled in a compartment of a second class railway carriage, whirling away to the metropolis.

Upon entering the compartment I glanced casually around and observed, to my surprise, that its only other occupants beside myself were a rather oldish man, wrapped from top to toe in a huge ulster, and whom, by some unknown mental process, I set down as well to do merchant, and a tall, seedy looking individual with an honest, sun browned face. I was at a loss to determine the calling of the second of my fellow travelers, and the old fashioned portmanteau that rested at his feet did not serve to enlighten me—the fore-said mental process was a fault. I concluded, however, that the two men were as unknown to each other as they were to me.

They had civilly made room for me when I took my seat, and then, as the train began to move, the tall man began talking to him of the ulster, and kept it up.

After I had made myself as comfortable as one can be in an English railway coach, I drew forth a novel and tried to read. I say "tried," for the attempt was a complete failure. The carriage was beastly cold, and between the rattle of the train and the incessant talking of the tall man, I had to re-read the first page of my "Haggard" tale three times before I got the sense of it, and it wasn't very deep reading either. Then I gave it up in disgust, and leaning back, with the stoical determination to grin and bear it, pretended to go to sleep.

The tall man had just finished some "good story," with which he seemed highly pleased, and its denouement was evidently satisfactory to his listener, for he of the ulster was giving vent to a series of throaty chuckles. I immediately made up my mind to listen to the next yarn that the loquacious tall man should tell, and I felt the more justified in doing so because it was largely his fault that my reading had been interrupted.

I had not long to wait, for the effect of the last tale had not yet worn away when the tall man began:

"There's another good story that I know, and I can vouch for the truth of this one, because, you see, I was one of the actors in the affair myself," and then, not pausing for any comments, he continued: "It was way back in the prosperous days of the South Africa diamond fields. I landed in the colony when a mere boy, and, after knocking around Cape Town for a year, came to the conclusion that I'd never make a fortune there, and that I had better strike for the interior, where they said the Koloinoors were to be had for the picking up."

"Well, I reached the diamond district, just how it doesn't matter, and, of course, soon discovered that the reports I had heard concerning the wealth of the district were greatly exaggerated. However, I was there, and had to make the best of it."

"There were a couple of fellows in the camp whom I took a fancy to, and so we three pooled our issues, and, having located a claim, went to work."

"One of my partners was from Lancashire, and was as true a friend as I ever had, but a quiet sort of boy. Poor fellow! he sailed from Cape Town a few years later in a vessel that was never heard of after she left port. The third member of our triumvirate was just the opposite of the Lancashire lad, as far as sobriety of disposition goes. He, like myself, was a Londoner, and was the most jovial, whole souled fellow in the district. Billy Thompson was his name, but the boys had abbreviated it into 'Tomp.' He was forever playing some joke or other on the minees, so that they were always on the lookout when Tomp was around."

"There was an Irishman in camp by the name of Mike McShane. He was a true son of the Emerald Isle, light hearted and 'aisy goin', and, as was natural, he and Tomp struck up a warm friendship. He used to come down to our quarters almost every night, and many is the good yarn that he and Tomp used to spin to while away the evening. All that the rest of us needed to do was to lie around and laugh at the right time."

"I think I can hear Tomp now, as he used to ask Mike, when the latter would come up to our hut of an evening:

"Well, Mike, have you found the big diamond that's been waiting for you these long years down in your pit?"

"Faith, me boys, yez kin joke az much az yez loike, but, begorra! it'll be moy toime to joke whin of ye found the jewel, as of will some toime. Whist! ye spalpeens, don't of tell yez of've seen it in me drames? Mike was a thorough believer in dreams."

"His pit was an old one that had been unsuccessfully worked for a few weeks by a delicate young fellow, whom nobody knew anything about. He had become more and more disheartened at his ill luck, and, at last, he was found dead in the pit one morning, with a bullet hole in his head, and a pistol in his hand. Poor boy! he had given it up. For a long while the pit stood empty—none of the miners would go near it, for they declared it was haunted by the ghost of the dead man; but when Mike McShane came into the district he immediately took possession of it, saying that the spook would guide him to the right spot to dig."

About eight months after Mike's appearance in camp a regular out and out Yankee struck the district. He was a good one and no mistake.

"One night he sauntered into our hut, Mike wasn't around, strange to say, and sitting down by the fire, began to talk and to spit tobacco juice at one particular flame. Somehow the conversation gradually drifted on to the relative ability of the English and Americans. Tomp, as usual, did most of the talking for Old England, while the Yankee defended the United States; and I must say he downed Tomp, so to speak, on every point the latter would bring up. Finally, as a clincher to a particularly strong argument, he ran his hand deep into his pocket and brought out what I thought at first was a large, uncut diamond."

"There," said the Yankee, "do you think yer Englishmen can make such an imitation jewel as that? See how it flashes even though in the rough!"

"Pooh!" said Tomp, not a bit abashed, "a greenhorn could tell that wasn't genuine. That will do to fool Americans with."

"Will it?" replied the Yankee, with his peculiar drawl, and he was about to replace the false stone in his pocket—at that instant a brilliant idea struck Tomp.

"Hold on, my friend," he said; "let's look at that a minute."

The Yankee handed the false stone over to Tomp, and the latter turned it over and over in his hand. Presently he looked up and said—

"You don't want to sell this piece of glass, do you, stranger?"

"That depends," said the Yankee laconically, as he neatly extinguished the bright little flame by a larger shower of nicotine juice than usual.

"Well, to make short work of it, they dickered around till, finally, Tomp traded a stone worth five pounds for the paste jewel. As soon as the Yankee was gone, Walters, the Lancashire lad, and I spoke up.

"What the devil did you do that for?" we cried in a breath.

"Never you mind," replied Tomp, coolly. "I'll have some fun out of Mike McShane and this paste diamond yet."

The next morning, while we were eating breakfast, we were startled by a terrible racket coming from the other end of the camp.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Give it up," said Tomp, with an odd sort of smile. "Guess you'd better take a look outside."

"Walters and I rushed for the door, and Tomp followed more leisurely. A laughable sight met our eyes. At the head of a crowd of miners was Mike McShane, capering about like mad, and yelling and singing by turns, but all the while advancing towards our hut, and crying:

"Hooray! hooray! me boys, o'ive found it at last, o' said of woe, and yez see me drames have come true. Och! Nora, me darlint, yer fature's made."

"At that instant I happened to look at Tomp, and saw that he was trying to keep from laughing, and it immediately occurred to me that he had perpetrated some joke on Mike, and that the paste jewel was at the bottom of it. Apparently, Walters thought the same thing, for he said to Mike, in his quiet way:

"Let us see your find, Mike."

"Not yit! not yit!" answered Mike. "But yez must come with me to the assayer's to see how much it's worth. Thin yez can look at it az long as yez wants."

Just then a big rawboned Scotchman spoke up, saying:

"The mon's bewitched. He's got na diamint."

"Bewitched is it?" cried Mike, excitedly, "all right, me bhoys, he sez o'im bewitched. Come along to the assayer's office and see."

So saying, Mike led the way toward the government buildings, in which the assayer's office was established. The crowd followed, and we joined them, beginning to wonder how this strange joke would end.

"As we filed into the low ceilinged room used by the assayer, that individual looked up from his work. He was examining some gold ore that had been brought in from the Transvaal and was annoyed at being disturbed."

"Well, my lads," he said impatiently, "What can I do for you?"

"Taking off his shabby cap, that he kept twirling nervously in his fingers, Mike stepped to the front and said:

"Plaze, yer honor, o'ive found a diamint in me diggings this mornin', an' o'ive brought it down for to find out how much it is worth and the quality of the shtone. Begorra! the bhoys say o'im

clane gone crazy, and have been dhramin', but o'ill have it all with yer honor."

"Whereupon Mike thrust his hand into his pocket and, slowly drawing it forth, deposited on the table a sparkling white stone of unusual size. Giving it a hasty glance, and taking it for the Yankee's paste jewel, I turned to look at Tomp. I could not catch his eye, however, for he was leaning forward like a lover, breathless with interest.

"Humph! I muttered, 'one might think to look at him that he knew nothing about it. I did not know before that Tomp was quite so deceitful.'

"Meanwhile the assayer was examining the gem very carefully. He turned it over in his hand, squinted at it through a magnifying glass, looking for flaws, I suppose, and, finally held it up between his thumb and forefinger, that it might catch the rays of the morning sun, as he poured in through the square hole in the wall that answered for a window. The jewel certainly had, or seemed to have, a lot of fire in it, and I could not help admiring its brilliancy."

"Then the assayer, laying the jewel gently down upon the table, spoke, saying very slowly:

"That is the finest diamond that I have seen for six months. It is of the finest water, and is absolutely flawless."

Taking advantage of the yells and cheers that rose from the half a hundred throats at the assayer's words, Tomp leaped quickly toward me and whispered:

"By jove! Mike must have missed the paste stone, and has really made a find!"

"Then, before I could reply, Mike himself rushed up to us, dancing from one to the other, and began hugging us like mad, until I almost agreed with the old Scotchman, that he was possessed."

"Hold on, my good man," said the assayer kindly, "tell us how you came to find this valuable jewel."

"As the cheers subsided, Mike cooled off a little and told the following story of his great find:

"Well, bhoys," he began, addressing himself to the crowd, "yez all know az how how wuz forever a sayin' that the sherriff of the poor fellow phat killed himself (rest his soul phot) would some guide me to the right spot to dig. Yis-terday I began a new shaft, a little further to the east of the old one, fer sez of to meself, 'There's nothin' loike havin' two irms in the fire, Moike, me bhoys.'"

"Well, last night of wuz onaisy loike, and couldn't slape, so oi got up to take a bit of a walk. Oi hadn't no more than reached the door of the cabin when I saw somethin' movin' from the bushes to me new shaft."

"What's sez oi, 'uts the ghost of the former owner come back to look for some diamint that he didn't find when alive.'"

"Well, me boys, oi laid meself down close by me hut an' watched the ghost. It wasn't so dark but what oi could see him diggin' away for dear loife in me new shaft, but all on a sudden he stopped and felt in his pocket."

"Ghosts don't have pockets," yelled some one derisively from the rear of the crowd.

"Arrah, now, y' galoot!" replied Mike quickly, "your ghost wouldn't have need of one; and not heeding the laugh produced by this sally, he resumed:

"As oi wuz agoin' to say, he shtopped down, an' seemed to put somethin' in the hole he had dug. After that, he filled it up again, and smothered it off so as to make it look natural loike shouders to his spade, az any miner would, and glويد away. When he had vanished into the air entirely (Tomp almost laughed out here), oi got up an' sez:

"Arrah! yer spalpeen, is there where ye buries yer thresures, is it? By St. Patrick! but it'll shtay there till mornin', an' no longer; and with that oi went in an' soon wuz phast ashlap. In the mornin' bright and early oi wuz up, an' takin' me spade, went out and dug as near the place as oi could judge that the sherriff had dug the night before, an' begorra! the first lick oi turned up the siffsame jewel before yez."

"As Mike finished his wonderful tale the crowd began to murmur. It sounded too improbable for them to believe, although I had heard many of the same fellows declare before that they had seen the ghost that Mike described. However, Tomp, who evidently did not want the ghost story investigated, came gallantly to Mike's relief.

"Never mind about the ghost," he cried, "but let's give three cheers for Nora in old Ireland!"

"The crowd responded again and again until the rickety weather boards of the walls rattled as though they would fly off. Then two of us raised Mike on our shoulders and carried him off, and him holding on tight to his 'diamint' and crying and laughing by turns. And I tell you, sir, there were not many dry eyes in that crowd when he cried out:

"Nora, me darlint, yer Moike will come home to make ye rich at last," for, you see, most of us had a Nora some where in the wide world."

"I may as well say that Tomp's paste jewel was never heard of in the camp; but I have an idea that, as Tomp knew where to look for it, he disintegrated it that very night."

"Well, Mike sailed from Cape Town in the next ship that left, but whether he ever reached home and Nora with his diamond, or not, I don't know, for I haven't seen him from that day to this," and the tall man brushed his eyes quickly with the back of his hand.

"Yes, ye havel yez, ye havel!" cried the man in the ulster, springing up and seizing his fellow traveler's hand. "Ye have seen him to-night, now right here! o'im Moike McShane!"

The tall man could not believe it at first; but when the truth dawned upon him he fell to wringing his old friend's hand, till I feared he would pull the arm off. The scene was fast becoming embarrassing for me, when the train slowed up, and the guard throwing open the door of the compartment and thrusting his head in, yelled: "Harlington station, Lunnon!"

That was my getting off place, so seizing my Gladstone bag and my umbrella, I hurried out, leaving the two long separated friends deeply absorbed in exchanging experiences.—Reese P. Risley in Yankee Blade.

FIRE MADE BY FRICTION.

HOW THE THING IS DONE BY NATIVES IN MANY COUNTRIES.

The Rubbing of Dry Sticks Together Is the Favorite Method—Crude Inventions Which Require a Dexterous Hand to Operate—The Pottery and Fungus Plan.

One of the first things every child learns about fire is that certain savage races produce it by the rubbing of two sticks. Delightfully simple as the description of the process is, any one who has tried to perform the operation will certify that it is by no means an easy one, and very likely will afterward declare fervently upon oath that the thing cannot be done. Many travelers have tried, under the most auspicious circumstances—in countries where the production of fire in this manner is in every day use, with a grinning native to choose the weapons and give a practical exhibition of his own skill—and after many joint and muscle aching experiments have given up the attempt in a state of mind bordering on temporary insanity. "We ourselves," writes a traveler, "have been successful just often enough to understand the uncertainty of the operation."

JUDGMENT AND DEXTERITY. In the first place judgment is required in choosing the sticks. The immense variety of tropic vegetation furnishes many sorts that answer the purpose, but many also that will not; an expert sometimes may be long in finding two species suitable. One must be light and soft, the other heavy, of close texture, and both must be dry. Upon the heavy bit he cuts two grooves, in the form of a cross, fixes it tight—with his prehensile toes probably—sharpens the light bit, places it in the intersections of the cross, and twirls it steadily between his palms. Gradually tinder forms, in the shape of dust, which drops down the grooves in a tiny heap on either side. If the twirling be interrupted for a second that represents so much waste time, which must be recovered at enormous interest. If the heavy piece shifts the tinder is displaced.

But the power of originating fire in this manner with facility is not an accomplishment possessed by every one, even in the countries where the practice exists. The inhabitants of the tropics do not always depend wholly upon their two sticks; among many tribes they are nothing but a last resort. They have other methods of producing fire. A native carries in his belt box perhaps a fragment of hard pottery and a morsel of dry fungus. Fixing a bit of the latter in the hollow of the former, and holding it down with the thumb—in such a way that it follows the edge—he smartly strikes his box, which is bamboo, of course, just as if he were handling flint and steel. The fungus tinder is glowing in an instant.

The friction methods in use in different parts of the world are various. One of the simplest is with the stick and groove—a blunt pointed stick being run along a groove of its own making in a piece of wood lying on the ground. In Tahiti Mr. Darwin saw a native produce fire in a few seconds, but only succeeded himself after much labor. This device is employed in New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, Tonga, Samoa and the Radack Islands. Instead of rubbing the movable stick backward and forward, other tribes make it rotate rapidly in a round hole in the stationary piece of wood, in the manner referred to, thus making, as happily designated, a fire drill. This device has been observed in Australia, Kamechatka, Sumatra and the Carolines, among the Yeddahs of Ceylon, throughout a great part of South Africa, among the Esquimaux and Indian tribes of North America, and in the West Indies, in Central America and as far south as the Straits of Magellan. It was also employed by the ancient Mexicans, and Mr. Taylor gives a quaint picture of the operation from Mexican MS., in which a man, half kneeling on the ground, is causing the stick to rotate between the palms of his own hands. This simple method of rotation seems to be generally in use, but various devices have been resorted to for the purpose of diminishing the labor and hastening the result.

THE FIRE DRILL. The Guácho of the Pampas takes "an elastic stick about eighteen inches long, presses one end to his breast and the other in the hole in a piece of wood, and then rapidly turns the curved part like a carpenter's center bit." In other cases the rotation is affected by means of a cord or thong wound round the drill and pulled alternately by this end and that.

A further advance was made by some North American Indians, who appear to have applied the principle of the bow drill, and the still more ingenious pump drill was used by the Iroquois Indians. For a full description of these instruments we must refer the reader to Mr. Taylor's valuable chapter in his "Researches." These methods of producing fire are but rarely used in Europe, and only in connection with superstitious observances.

We read in Wuttke that some time ago the authorities of a Mecklenburg village ordered a wild fire to be lighted against the murrain among the cattle. For two hours they strove vainly to obtain a spark, but the fault was not ascribed to the quality of the wood or to the dampness of the atmosphere, but to the stubbornness of an old lady who, objecting to the superstition, would not put out her night light. Such a fire to be efficient must burn alone. At last the strong minded woman was compelled to give in; fire was obtained, but of bad quality, for it did not stop the murrain.

A belief in the peculiar virtues of fire obtained by the friction of wood has at one time or another prevailed among nations of Indo-European race, and not many years ago the obtaining of need (fire) was practiced in the Highlands of Scotland. One of its principal virtues has always been considered to be its efficiency against disease.—Fireman, London.

THE PLANTAIN EATERS.

Description of Three of the Most Beautiful Birds in the World.

Among the many beautiful birds found in western Africa, none will compare with those bearing the name of plantain eaters, being so called because they feed on plantains and other fruits. The naturalists call them Musophagidae, but it is not at all likely that our boys and girls prefer this to the more easily remembered name appearing at the head of this article.

They are chiefly found in the forests of Senegal, and sometimes specimens are met with on the coast of Guinea. A somewhat similar species is also seen in South America.

The beautiful plumage of this variety of bird fully justifies the statement made by Bruce, the famous naturalist, that it is "one of the princes of the feathered creation."

The most notable of its kind is the violet plantain eater. It is a large, elegantly proportioned bird, twenty inches in length, whose general plumage is of a shining, blackish purple, set off to great advantage by the deep lilac and crimson of its wings, a combination of colors seen in no other bird in the world.

It has a large bill, the outer half of the upper and the whole of the under mandible being of a bright crimson, shaded off at the front or thickest part into a brilliant yellow, and then merging into crimson again on the crown and back part of the head. Around the eyes is a naked space which enhances the beautiful colors of the bill and crown. Above its ears is a pure white stripe, extending backward and downward almost to the upper edge of its neck.

Nearly one-half of the lower part of the wings is of a deep carmine hue, glossed with lilac, the margins being tipped with the blackest violet color that spreads over the rest of its body. This dark violet becomes a very dark green on the under parts, and is particularly rich on the tail. The legs are black, and its thick, hooked and very broad claws, of the same shade, show that it is fitted for living among trees. This formation is seen in all birds requiring superior powers of grasping, the middle toe of this particular species being of sufficient length to encircle any ordinary sized branch.

Another elegant specimen of this family is the variegated or crested plantain eater, so named on account of its very peculiar crest or "topknot," which is placed directly on the nape of the neck, and not, as in the majority of crested birds, on the top or crown of the head. The general color of the upper parts of this bird is very light gray, with a narrow, blackish stripe down each feather. The front and top of the head and the whole of the chin and throat as far as the breast is chestnut brown.

The under plumage beyond the breast is white, each feather having a dark stripe down the middle, while the primary and secondary quills of the wings are blackish, with a pure white spot, varying in size in the middle of each. The feathers in the middle of the tail are gray, with black tips, those on the end being entirely gray. Its bill is pure yellow throughout, the crimson seen in the violet plantain eater being absent, and its legs are gray. Its length is the same as the first mentioned variety, but its middle toes and claws are somewhat smaller.

Still another kind is called the crowned plantain eater, or Senegal toucan, and it rivals in beauty its violet hue companion. Like the bird just described, its chief attraction is a magnificent crest. The whole of the head, including the crest, its neck, wing covers and around the shoulders is grass green without any gloss, and this color also extends to the under plumage as far as the breast, beyond which it becomes obscured and darkened with a blackish hue. The bill is blackish purple in the middle, but along the edges and within the margins of the sides it is a bright crimson, the tips of both upper and lower mandibles being blackish.

Around the eyes is a crimson patch, the upper part of which is shaped somewhat like the teeth of a saw. Immediately in front of the eyes is a white stripe, extending to about one-third of the length of the upper eyelid, while beneath each is a black stripe running backward toward its ears and terminating in a point at the lower edge of the crimson patch already described. This bird is smaller than either of the others, its total length from bill to tail being but sixteen inches.

Taken altogether, these specimens of the bird creation stand unequalled in brilliancy of plumage and shapely proportions, and it is to be regretted that because of their rarity and extreme shyness but very few specimens can be obtained. Were it otherwise those living in the neighborhood of museums of natural history would have a chance to feast their eyes on this matchless array of colors, and thus get a better idea of the beauty of the plantain eaters than can be conveyed by a mere pen picture.—Philadelphia Times.

Testing the Hardness of Waters. A rapid method for ascertaining the amount of lime and sodium carbonate necessary to soften a hard water has been devised by M. L. Vignon. It gives satisfactory results in waters which do not contain a large quantity of magnesium chloride or sulphate. He employs a standard solution of lime for titrating the water, using an alcoholic solution of phenol-phthalein as an indicator. The volume of lime water added is a measure of the lime required to combine with the free carbonic acid present in the water, and that necessary to convert the hydrogen calcium carbonate and hydrogen magnesium carbonate into insoluble salts. On filtering off the precipitate formed in this way from 100 c. c. of the water under examination, the filtrate is titrated with a solution of sodium carbonate containing one gram per liter, phenol-phthalein again being used to indicate the end of the reaction. The amount of sodium carbonate required will give the quantity of salts of calcium and magnesium other than acid carbonate present in the water.—Industries.

Who Was Lord Chesterfield's Son?

To turn to that feature in Lord Chesterfield's life which has impressed itself most strongly on the world at large—his relations with his son—we find that, for the last quarter of his life, Lord Chesterfield lived almost entirely for his son (the issue of a liaison with a French woman of the name of Du Bouchet). This young person is much to be pitied. He is one of the most eminent victims of parental ambition, the determination that is, to make a son what you think you would like him to be, not that he was born to be. What Philip Stanhope might have been, we need not waste our time in guessing. Nothing very striking, probably. At best he seems to have shown signs of being an inferior Gibbon; his father is always telling him that he spends too much time over his books, so that probably he had a real taste for erudition. But that was not at all Lord Chesterfield's idea of a man. "The cloistered pedant," "the illiberal pedant," is the object of his unceasing scorn. He determined that his son should lead the same sort of life that he had led, but he so much more successful in that he should have had the advantage of all Lord Chesterfield's experience.

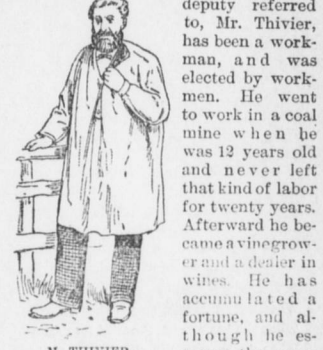
Unfortunately, the scheme of education which he devised was far from well adapted to carry out these ideas. At its root there was a fundamental error. Lord Chesterfield held a theory, of which he flattered himself he was a living example, that everything except poetry can be acquired, and, as in one place he thanks God that neither he nor his son was born to be a poet, for practical purposes he may be said to have believed that everything, not merely facts, but feelings, not only outward habits, but frames of mind, only waited for a vigorous will to summon them and take possession. This was a radical error of his, but he believed it with all his heart and soul. It is wrong, but nevertheless it may be a highly useful lesson to teach while the mind is in its acquisitive stage. Then it may act as a powerful stimulus, but it may be abused, and Lord Chesterfield certainly abused it.—Temple Bar.

He Wears His Blouse. There is a member of the French chamber of deputies who constantly wears a workingman's blouse. This blouse in France is worn by all workmen. It is a coarse, blue garment made like a shirt and worn outside the trousers. The

deputy referred to, Mr. Thivier, has been a workman, and was elected by workmen. He went to work in a coal mine when he was 12 years old and never left that kind of labor for twenty years. Afterward he became a vinegrower and a dealer in wines. He has accumulated a fortune, and although he espouses the cause of the workingman he is not a Communist, as many such are in France, though he is a Socialist.

Through all his career he has stuck to the blouse, and now that he is in the chamber of deputies he keeps his accustomed garment. Perhaps he believes in a familiar couplet changed to read—

You may take off the workingman's blouse if you will, But the ways of a workman will hang round him still.



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Boston's Farragut. The Boston committee on statues have accepted the design of Henry Hudson Kitson, a young sculptor who has won fame on two continents. The statue to be erected in Boston will be of bronze, and will be cast abroad of solid French metal.

The admiral will be presented standing on the quarter deck, holding his marine glass against his breast. It will be of heroic size, and when completed will be a splendid piece of KITSON'S FARRAGUT. American memorial art. The sculptor, Kitson, wears many name and foreign decorations and medals, though he is but 25 years of age.

Dress the Hair. With Ayer's Hair Vigor. It cleanses, restores, and repairs the hair, and is the best remedy for all hair troubles.

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