THEY SEEM TO BE INVESTED WITH A VIGOROUS IMMORTALITY

Reviving a Conundrum Which Was Satisfactorily Solved Forty Years Ago-Tricks That Are Played with Numerals-Inte esting Problems in Arithmetic

There are certain problems, chiefly arithmetical, endued with a vigorous immortality. No matter how often the solution is printed, or how widely an exhaustive answer is published, the question comes up again, before the ink is fairly dried, to the lips of hundreds who have not seen the rouly or who, either have not seen the reply, or who either cannot understand it or will not accept it. There are several of these which we have printed so often, but which still kept coming, that to save further time we struck off a hundred proofs of each, and mailed one to the inquirers in suc-cession without comment. These proofs cession without comment. These proofs are exhausted, and we have accumulated from a score or more of correspondents the same old questions, with urgent requests for a fresh solution. We notice that The Brooklyn Eagle has been strug-gling with one of these. The editor who has charge of that department is very clever, and we think he is playing a little

clever, and we think he is playing a little with his inquisitor.

The original question sent to us forty years ago and involving the same point submitted to The Eagle was, how to find the product of £19 19s. 11d. 3f. multiplied by itself. Of course if the parts of the pounds were subscribed by the course of the pounds were subscribed. the pounds were stated as fractions, and the pounds were stated as fractions, and the pounds as whole numbers, then 19 959-960ths could be multiplied by itself. But money of account has not two dimensions. If a table is 4 feet wide and 4 feet long, then 4x4-16 feet, and we have the number of square feet on the surface. Five times five pounds are £25, but five pounds times five pounds is ummeaning, as money does not measure itself in that fashion. Twice two children are four children. Twice two children are four children, but twice children two children has no meaning. So "nineteen pounds, nineteen meaning. So "nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, eleven pence, three farthings times nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, eleven pence, three farthings." is

TROUBLESOME MILLS.

The next puzzle on the list, and one which comes the oftenest to our desk, in some form of a problem which propos to divide a whole sum into fractions th ether did not make the dividend e original of this in our columns was The original of this in our columns was an answer to an actual case where a man in his will had devised one-third, one-fourth, one-fifth and one-sixth of his property respectively to his four children, supposing that he had thus devised the whole of his estate. The fractions mentioned only made nineteentwentieths of a whole number. This is easily seen if they are reduced to a common denominator. One-third is twenty-sixtieths, one-fourth is fifteen-sixtieths. mon denominator. One-third is twenty sixtieths, one-fourth is fifteen-sixtieths one-fifth is twelve-sixtieths, and one-sixth is ten-sixtieths, which together make but fifty-seven sixtieths, leaving three-sixtieths (or 1-20th) to make up the whole number.
This puzzle reappears in some form

every few days the year round. It is answered on the same principle involved in the interpretation of the Arab's will. He had fifteen horses and four sons. He devised his estate, giving one son a half, another a quarter, another an eighth and the last a sixteenth. They found it impossible to agree on a division. The eldest son insisted that as seven horses would not be half of fifteen he should have eight; but the other sons objected, and as neither one-half, one-fourth, one-eighth nor one-sixteenth would give either son an even lot they had a fierce dispute over the division. A venerable sheik rode up just as the quarrel was at its height, and to compose their differences dismounted and generously offered to add his mare to the fifteen belonging to the estate, agreeing that each should take his allotted share from the whole sixteen, only stipulating that his should be the last selected. The addition made an easy solution of the difficulty. The first then took eight as his half of the sixteen, the next took four for his quarter, the third took two for his eighth, and the fourth took one for his sixteenth. As this made but fifteen the sheik mounted his mare and rode away. The Arab boys regarded it as a miracle and exclaimed that Allah had given a horse to the sheik for his generous inter-ference. In spite of this oft told tale the problem still survives and annually puz zles hundreds of our countrymen.

JUGGLING WITH FRACTIONS A more recent problem which we have already answered several times, but which is repeated every week from some the division by another. The original question which we answered several years ago was: "What is the quotient of two-thirds di-vided by one-half?" The unthinking per-son would say that as the half of twothirds is one-third, this must be the solution of the problem, but Daboll will easily refute it. The quotient of 2-3 divided by $\frac{1}{2}$ is 1 1-3; that is, $\frac{1}{2}$ will go in 2-3 one and one-third times. The last form of the problem, received as we write this, is to find the quotient of 1 divided by 1, two partners in a leading banking box two partners in a leading banking house, having disputed, as they say, all one day over the result, the senior maintaining that 1 divided by \(\frac{1}{2} \) is \(\frac{1}{2} \), and defying any one to refute it. We answer that when 1 is divided by \(\frac{1}{2} \) the quotient is \(2 \); that is \(\frac{1}{2} \), will be found two times in 1. If \(6 \) the divided by \(\frac{1}{2} \) the parameter is \(1 \); the divided by \(\frac{1}{2} \) the \(\frac{1}{2} \). be divided by \(\frac{1}{2}\) the answer is 12; that is, there are twelve halves in six. We should beg pardon of our readers for repeating these demonstrations if it were not for the character and magnitude of the disputes which occur every day concerning them.

We have reserved for the last of the puzzles the century question, which will never be laid to rest, we believe, as long as the world stands. We printed 250 proofs of a former answer, and they have all been distributed to parties who have quarreled over it. A writer whose initials are E. E. B. asks us in a letter just to hand whether the Twentieth century begins with Jan. 1, 1900, or Jan.

1, 1901, and declares that of all whom he accheesed for an answer about half took one day and half the other. There should be no question about it. This century ends with the last moment of the year 1900, and the next begins with

Jan. 1, 1901.

The muddle grows out of the fixed idea which some people have that the reckoning of time begins with a cipher, and that one is counted when the hour, day, month or year has closed: wherea all the counting of time begins with one, and at the end of the first period two begins to count. Thus, when a child is born, he enters on his first day of the first month of the first year of his life. His ten years are finished, not when he enters in his tenth year, but at its close; and his hundred years are completed, not when the hundredth year is begun but ended. When we write 1900 we have begun the last year of the century not ended it. The centuries do not begin with 0, 100, 200, but with 1, 101, 201, and thus the Twentieth century begins with 1901 at the first moment of that year. The quoted date comes with the beginning, not the close of the twelve months; and therefore, while we quote the year 1900 as we do every other year at its beginning, we must wait till it ends to close the century.—Journal of

Fighting Parson During the Eighteenth century Pres-yterian ministers settled among the peo-le of northern Scotland needed to be en of great strength, piety and zeal The Rev. Eneas Sage, whose story is told in "Parish Life in the North of Scot-land," belonged to the order of muscu-lar Christians, being more than six feet

in height and stout in proportion.

A year or two after he had become minister of Lochearean, he announced one Sunday his intention of holding "s

one Sunday his intention of holding "a diet catechising" at the house of a dissolute man, a desperate character of great physical strength.

The minister's friends remonstrated with him, but he went to the man's house, and was ordered to go away.

"Easier said than done," answered the minister, "that you on," the section of the man's the section of the section of

minister; "but you may turn me out if ou can."
They were both powerful men, and

neither of them hesitated to put upon the other his ponderous strength. After a short but fierce struggle, the minister became the victor, and the landlord, prostrated upon his own floor, was with a rope coiled round his arms and feet

rostrated upon ms rostrated upon ms rostrated upon ms rope coiled round his arms and rope coiled round over to keep the peace.

The people of the district were then called in, and the minister proceeded seriously to discharge the duty of cateshising them. When that was finished, to deal with the delinates solemnly quent present. The man was solemnly rebuked, and the minister so moved his conscience that he afterwards became decided Christian.—Youth's Companior

Early Use of Soap.

than 2,000 years ago the Gaule were combining the ashes of the beech tree with goat's fat and making soap When Marius Claudius Marcellus wa hastening southward over the Flaminian way, laden with spoils wrested from the hands of Viridomar, the Gallic king lying dead by the banks of the Po, his followers were bringing with them a knowl-edge of the method of making soap. The awful rain of burning ashes which fell upon Pompeii in 79 buried (with palaces and statues) the humble shop of a soapmaker, and in several other cities of Italy the business had even then a footing. In the Eighth century there were many soap manufactories in Italy and Spain, and fifty years later the Phœnicians carried the business into France, and established the first factories in Marseilles. Prior to the invention of soap, fullers' earth was largely used for cleansing purposes, and the juice of certain plants served a similar purpose. Th earth was spread upon cloth, stamped in with the feet, and subsequently removed by scouring. It was also used in baths, and as late even as the Eighteenth century was employed by the Romans in that way.—Exchange.

Ericason's Home Life

Wealth was unknown to the Ericsson family, and Swedish country living at that time was plainness itself; but love abounded, and the mother's cheerful abounded, and the mother's cheerful temper, with the father's good humor and generous disposition, assured the blessings of a harmonious and happy home. Caroline was a child of unusual beauty, Nils was spirited and engaging, and the baby, John, a wonder to all. As a child John was busy the day long, drawing bering and cutting. Providing drawing, boring and cutting. Providing himself with pencil and paper, he would in the early morning, run to the mines and sit there until dark, watching with deep, earnest eyes the motions of the heavy engines, copying their forms and studying into the secret of their motion "John Ericsson, the Engineer," by Col.

W. C. Church in Scribner. I am often asked what is the best style of dress to be worn at a morning wedding by the groom. I can only say that according to "form" in New York if the wedding occurs before noon, a doubl breasted Prince Albert coat, silk hat and light trousers. If after the noon hour, it light trousers. If after the noon hour, it is more strictly the vogue to wear a single breasted black cutaway coat and vest, dark striped trousers, and carry a black derby hat. Standing collars must black deroy hat. Standing collars must be worn with either costume, a four-in-hand scarf of rich and quiet colors, gloves in harmony with the ensemble, and a bunch of white flowers as a bou-tonniere. The ushers and best man must be similarly attired, with the exception of a distinctive variation as to gloves and boutonniers. - Society Man in Globe

Vaccination on the Leg.
A French practitioner, in the course of a large number of revaccinations, was struck with the fact that the operation was far more successful when performed on the leg than when the arm was se lected. Among 177 cases the percentage of failures was 45.45 on the leg, as compared with 53.84 on the arm.—Medical Circular.

GOOD OLD FAMILY WAYS.

OLIVER OPTIC TRIES HIS HAND AT LOOKING BACKWARD.

A Chat of the Days of Wood Fires, Smoke Jacks and Tinder Boxes-The Grand Old Spits for Roasting Meat—Some of the First Men Who."Blew Out the Gas."

One who has lived long enough to do so, in looking back fifty or sixty years is greatly astonished at the marvelous changes in the manner of doing things in everyday life. Sixty years ago in Boston anthracite coal was not in common use, if it was in use at all. tain sections of the city there were wood stands, where people from the country coming into town with a load of wood waited for customers. The best of hickory brought \$8 a cord, which is about the price of the best wood at the present day, though that of inferior quality was sold at a lower rate. Such a thing as a cook stove was hardly known, and all the cooking was done with wood in an open fireal case. with wood in an open fireplace. Biscuit and loves were baked in a bake kettle, which had a cover with a rim around it, so that coals or hot ashes could be put on it. In hotels and large private houses meats and poultry were roasted before the fire. A "smoke jack" was used in the former and it did its work a great deal better than any oven can Roast beef and roast turkey at th ent time are misnomers, as a rule, for they are really baked.

THE SMOKE JACK.

My young friends, and very likely many of my older ones, do not know what a smoke jack is, and I have not seen one for forty years, though possibly they are still in use in some large hotels. Its construction is very simple. In the flue of the kitchen chimney a flange wheel, something like the propeller of a steamer, is placed so that it will turn readily. When a smart fire is made the hot air rushes up the flue and turns the wheel. It may have been supposed that the smoke turned it at a time when young people did not study physics in young people off hot study physics in the day school, and this may have been the origin of the name. The axle of the wheel projected out through the chimney wall into the room, about six feet above the hearth. On the end of the axle was a drum with four grooves in it over which a chain could be passed.

Long spits, with a grooved wheel at one end, were provided, over which the

chain, eight or nine feet long, fastened together so as to form an "endless chain," passed. An iron stand, to which four holders were attached, held up the other end of the spit. Another stand was placed near the grooved wheel by which the distance from the fire could be regulated. The fire was made in a grate not more than six or eight inches deep, but from one to two feet high. From one to four spits were used room one to four spits were used as needed, and the jack was so geared that the spits turned very slowly all the time. Pans were placed under the spits, from which the cooks did the basting. Roasting is better done with this apparatus than it can be done in an oven, for the reason that the continued turning of the reason that the continued turning of the spits does not permit the juice of the meats to run out, as when they are at rest.

Passing by a certain shop in the Latin

quarter of Paris, I used to stop to look in at the window, for at the back of it there was a great fire, before which in at the window, there was a great fire, before which were several spits on which chickens were roasting. The windows always had on display for sale plenty of cold roast chickens, and they were cooked in the old fashioned way. The French seem to believe in the method of former days, for I saw an ingenious contrivance for roasting in a window in the Avenue de l'Opera. It was a spit, on which was for roasting in a window in the Avenue de l'Opera. It was a spit, on which was a dummy chicken roasting before an imaginary fire. The bird was kept turning all the time by an apparatus composed of springs, which had to be wound up like a clock. But the curious part of it was the appliance for basting the chicken. Over the spit was a small trough with minute holes in the bottom, through which the basting dropped very slowly. The trough beneath the spit was inclined so that the liquid ran down to one end, where it was taken up by a couple of revolving scoops and emptie into the trough above the roast. It was an admirable device, and could not fail to do its work well as long as the ma-chinery was kept in working order.

FOUGHT THE COOK STOVE. The first decided improvement on the iron bake kettle that I remember was the tin "baker," as it was called. It was on the plan of a "tin kitchen," which was also largely in use in the old time, in which the spit was occasionally turned a crane at the end The h set before the fire with the biscuit or loaf in it. The cover was inclined down from the fire, so that it would reflect the heat upon the bread. This and the tin kitchen did their work very well as long as open fires were available, but of course at much greater expense for fuel. The cook stove has nearly superseded all these appliances, though the old ladies of sixty years ago fought against it for a time as a senseless innovation; but they learned to use it and like it in the end. At first wood was generally used in it, but when hard coal came into general use it was the fuel generally used in cooking. This the fuel generally used in cooking. This coal had a hard struggle to obtain a footing in houses in those days. My father hired a new man from the country and told him to make a fire in the morning in the grate. When we got up there was no fire. The man had "given it up."
He could make a fire, he said, as well as anybody out of anything that would burn, but he could not do it with stones

Gas was in use at this time, but I used to be amused at the comments of people from the country upon the lights in the office of the hotel where I was brought up. They all wanted to know what it was that burned. It was air or in the form of air, but they would not believe it, and evidently thought there must be some deviltry about it. The man that

"blew out the gas" was even more com-mon then than now.

I can remember when I was a boy of

being actually alarmed, or at least star being actually alarmes, or at least star-tled, when I saw a man rub a little stick against the side of the house, obtain a light and ignite his eigar from it. It looked like a specimen of the black art. Now what should we do without matches We used to rake up the fire nights and keep a bed of coals to start the fire in the morning. If we lost the fire we had to use a flint and steel and hammer away at it until we sent a spark into the tin-der. Even then there was an outfit that could be bought for a quarter at the nothecary's called phosphorous mate sponsecary scaned phosphorous matches, it consisted of a round box, six inches ong and an inch in diameter. In the op were the matches, and in the bottom was a small vial into which they had to be thrust to procure the light. Perore present sort of matches were in being hey came in oblong boxes, each contain ng a doubled piece of sandpaper upor which to light them.—Oliver Optic.

A Play Is an Animated Picture.

remember that during the rehearsa "The School for Scandal" I was imressed with the idea that the perform nce would not go well. It is alway difficult matter to bring a company a difficult matter to bring a company of great artists together for a night and have them act in unison with each other; not from any ill feeling, but from the fact that they are not accustomed to loay together. In a fine mechanical contrivance the ease and perfection with which it works often depend upon the fact that the cog wheels have their different proportions. On this occasion they were all identical in size, highly boilished and well made, but not adapted to the same machinery.

to the same machinery.

Seeing a hitch during the rehearsal in one of the important scenes, I ventured, in my official capacity, to make a sugestion to one of the old actors. He re arded me with a cold, stony gaze, a nough I had been at a great distance though I had been at a great distance—which I was, both in age and in experience—and gave me to understand that there was but one way to settle the matter, and that was his way. Of course, as the company did not comprise the one regularly under my management, I felt that it would be becoming in me to yield, which I did, not, however, without protesting that the position I took was the proper and only one under the circumstances, and when I saw the scene fail and virtually go to niccess at nicehe I come. and virtually go to pieces at night, I con-fess that I felt some satisfaction in the knowledge that my judgment had been correct. In fact, the whole entertain ment, while it had been a financial suc-cess, was an artistic failure. People wondered how so many great actors could

make a performance go off so tamely.

Harmony is the most important element in a work of art. In this instance each piece of mosaic was perfect in form and beautiful in color, but when fitted together they matched badly, and the effect was crude. An actor who has been for years the main attraction in his plays, and on all occasions the centra and conspicuous figure of the entertain ment, can scarcely be expected to adap himself at once to being grouped with others in one picture; having so long performed the solo, it is difficult to accompany the air. A play is like a pict-ure: the actors are the colors, and they must blend with one another if a perfect work is to be produced. Should they fail to agree as to the value and distribution of their talents, then, though they be ever so great, they must submit their case to the care and guidance of a maste hand.-Joseph Jefferson in The Century

Not Tall Enough.

History has recorded that a foreign princess to whom Henry VIII of Eng land offered his hand in marriage sen back the pointed answer that "if she had two heads she would gladly have placed one of them at his majesty's disposal.'
This allusion to the fate of Anne Boleyn
and Katherine Howard was a good speci men of the epigrammatic smartness of that period; but, says Mr. David Kerr, an equally creditable performance has been furnished by our own age.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, where he was handsomely entertained. Among other spectacles got up to amuse him review was organized at Potsdam.

"What does your excellency thing of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck, as ne of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The prince looked rather surprised at this disparaging criticism. He made no answer, however, and several other regiments filed past in succession; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each and all was still the same: "Not tall enough." At length the grenadiers of the guard

made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant loving father of Frederick the Great; the inexorable critic merely said, "Fine oldiers, but not tall enoug

Then Prince Bismarck fairly lost pa tience, and rejoined, somewhat sharply,
"These grenadiers are the finest men in
our whole army; may I ask what your excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the

face, and replied with significent empha sis, "I mean that we can flood our country twelve feet deep."—London Tid Bits

Byron at Ravenna in 1821.

Lord Byron has here splendid apart-nents in the house of his mistress' hus-and, who is one of the richest men in Here are two monkeys, five cats, eight dogs and ten horses, all of whom (except the horses) walk about the house like the masters of it. Tita, the Venetian is here, and operates as my valet; a fine fellow, with a prodigious black beard, and who has stabbed two or three people, and is one of the most good natured fellows I ever saw .- Life and Letters of Wollstonecraft Shelley (Mrs. Mar

LITTLE STORIES OF ANIMALS.

A Greedy Horse—The End of an Exasper-ating Mule—A Bull's Vengcance.

A Scranton man owned a lank bay horse that stood nearly nineteen hands high. The long legged animal devoured great quantities of food, and after the Scranton man had made several ungreat quantities of food, and after the Scranton man had made several unsuccessful efforts to sell him or trade him off, he got a Waverly farmer to winter the horse at a stated price. In the course of six weeks the voracious horse had devoured a whole stack of hay, and the Waverly man became frantic. He straightway came to Scranton and told the owner of the horse that the greedy heast would ruin him finanthe greedy beast would ruin him finan-cially before spring, and he begged the man to take the horse away at once agreeing to take \$5 a ton for all the hay the horse had eaten and say no more about it. There was a good deal of the milk of human kindness in the owner of

the horse, and he made the discouraged farmer feel happy by removing the horse the next day.

The bay nag was an elephant on the Scranton man's hands for a while, but eventually he traded it off for a pair of mare pulles that he didn't know any. mare mules that he didn't know anything about. One of the mules proved to be a very gentle and docile creature, while the other soon convinced her owner that she had been fealed and raised right in the center of the village of Kickerville, as he expressed it. The man quickly concluded that it wouldn't do to keep the mules together, and so he sold the gentle mule for \$175. The bad mule, whose name was Jen, was as big an elephant on his hands as the tall horse had been, and how to dispose of her honorably racked his brain for months, he said. mare mules that he didn't know

Jen was sleek and handsome, but she Jen was sieek and handsome, but she would kick everything to pieces that was hitched to her. In the stall she was as gentle as a kitten until some one undertook to throw a harness over her back. Then her feet flew, and the harness and the man who tried to put it on her didn't stay there long. Len wouldn't her didn't stay there long. Jen wouldn't let any one ride her, either. Several smart young men tried to get on her back in the stall, but Jen's hind feet flew so fast and furiously, and her rump bobbed up at such a rapid rate, that the young men were glad to go to another part of the stable and reflect for a while,

Along in the summer an unusually active young chap offered to bet Jen's owner that he could ride the mule five blocks on one of the business avenues. "Til bet you \$5 you can't," the man told the spry fellow, and the money was put up at once. All that the young man wanted on Jen when he rode her was a blind bridle and a surcingle, and pretty soon Jen was led out on the street in sight of a crowd that didn't get very near her heels. The athletic chap seized the bridle reins in his left hand, grasped the surcingle on Jen's back with his right, and spoke kindly to the mule.

right, and spoke kindly to the mule.

Jen was standing still then, but the expression in her moving ears, her owner said, told him as plainly as words that the old Harry would soon be to pay.

With With a spring the young man leaped Jen's back, and at the same instant Jen's hind legs began to play like drum sticks, while her head went down, and the ath-lete was astride of her neck. Between kicks Jen whirled around a dozen times within a circle of twenty feet, and then made a dash for the open door of a gro cery, in front of which a low awning extended over the sidewalk. Her would be rider saw his danger, and grabbed the eaves of the awning with both hands, and Jen kited into the grocery and be-gan to eat apples out of a barrel. He

was the last person who tried to ride her. In the fall Jen met a tragic fate on the Delaware and Hudson canal, just below Honesdale. The man who put her on the canal knew all about her habits, and had agreed to pay \$150 for her if he could make her work. He hitched her behind three other mules, and in going less than half a mile Jen threw herself into the canal seventeen times. That exasperated her driver to the highest pitch. The butt of his whip was loaded with lead, and as Jen lay kicking on the ground, he hit her with the loaded butt, crushed her skull and killed her.

A wealthy coal mine operator in the Lackawanna valley owned a 6-year-old Holstein bull that was cross and vicious. Generally the bull was tied with a rope in a yard by himself, but occasionally he was allowed to run loose in a yard with a lot of idle mine mules. The two yards joined, and one day four or five of the mules got in the yard where the bull was tied up and began to act mischievously around him. The barn keeper saw one around him. The barn keeper saw one of them nip the bull on the flank and cut up other playful capers. The bull didn't like to be played with, but one mule in particular seemed to take delight in teasbellowing mad, and the barn keeper drove the mules out and put up the bars.

A few days after that the bull was let loose in the mule yard. He began to

nose around a manure heap, apparently as contented as could be, while several of the mules nibbled straw on either side of him. At his right stood the mule that had teased him a few days before. The barn man was watching them. All at once, without a bit of warning, the bull once, without a bit of warning, the bull made a vicious lunge at the mule on his right, and thrust one of his horns deep into its left side. The mule died in no time, and when they cut it open they found that the bull's horn had pierced the center of its heart. After that the bull tried to kill two men and he got to bull tried to kill two men, and he got to be so dangerous that the owner had him shot.—Scranton (Pa.) Letter in New York Sun.

The refusal of a Detroit street car company to receive coppers from passengers brought out the fact not generally known that one, two, three and five cent pieces are legal tenders up to twen ty-five cents, while ten, twenty, twenty-five and fifty cent pieces are legal ten-ders up to ten dollars.

According to the eminent physiologist Sappey, the stomach contains 5,000,000 glands by which the gastric juice is secreted, and a few others which secrete only mucus.

Imagine a language devoid of gram-mar or syntax; unhampered by declen-sions, moods, tenses or inflections of any kind; essentially monosyllabic; in which the slightest change of pitch in the voice completely modifies the sentence; subject to no rules of logic or construction; a language petrified into rolld blocks and representing human thoughts as a mosaic represents a picture; a language in which every sentence is a puzzle even to the sons of the country; a language which once written can no longer be read, but must be scanned—and even then your have imagined but a few of the character-

istic peculiarities of Chinese.

It has often been said, it is still said today, that the Chinese speak after the fashion of children, directly, straight to rasmon of children, directly, straight to the point, with an energy of expression, a directness of purpose, and a natural logic devoid of the artificiality of occidental tongues. As an example of this child like simplicity, which we may be pardoned for thinking peculiar, let us take the following sentence. A Chinaman says to us:

man says to us:

"To have—one—(numerical particle)—
widow—wife—he—to be—religion—
friend—house—within—necessary—to
use—all—to have—although—forsooth—
not—to count—rich—noble—to arrive—
bottom—to pass—to obtain—day—prodnet."

We see at once that in his simple

straightforward way he meant to say:
"There lived a Christian widow who possessed all that she needed; though

not rich, she had enough to live upon."

If brevity be the soul of wit, our children of today have certainly improved upon the Chinese rendering, though how they might have expressed themselves fifty or sixty centuries ago, when the Chinese language was being invented, we have of course no means of knowing. If the parents of that time at all resembled those of today, they would have allowed the children to prattle on unheed-ed until they knew better, or sent them to bed—or— Well, whoever was right, somebody was wrong. So much for the vaunted simplicity of Chinese.—Har-

They Got the Scent

There is a miserly old lady living in Oshkosh who, it is believed, judging from circumstances, has chests and chests, of gold secreted in her house somewhere. She is so penurious and hates to part with her money so bad, that when she is compelled from absolute necessity to buy the necessaries of life she walks to the store farthest from her house so that she can keep in her possession the money that must be spent for food a little longer, and pays for her purchase with more reluctance than Isaac of York could command while

Isaac of York could command while parting with his gold.

It is told of this old lady that one day, while counting over some money, a five cent piece dropped in a big wood box filled with wood, shavings, etc. She searched for an hour in vain, and was almost distracted by the loss, when a bright thought struck her. She would have a couple of little boys, who were playing near the house, seek it. Accord-ingly she called them in and told them if they would find the money which had dropped in the wood box she would give them each a cent. The youngsters, eager to earn the price of a stick of candy went willingly to work, and after hunt-ing for about two hours, gave a howl of delight when they discovered the missing coin.

coin.

The old woman eagerly snatched it from them and, after carefully depositing it in her pocket book, called them dear little children and said they well earned their reward. She then went into another room, brought out a bottle that had once been filled with perfume, and gave each one of the boys a seent of the lingering odor, after which she called them dear little darlings again and told them dear little darlings again and told them to run away now and play. The little fellows were so overwhelmed with gratitude at the old lady's munificence that they kindly thanked her in their abstraction.—Oshkosh Times.

Electric Lights and the Eyes.

The men who made the electric light the indispensable thing to us that it is today must go a step further and invent some means of softening it, or we will become a nation of blind people in a few more generations. No eye can sustain the glare of the electric light that now meets the gaze everywhere. It is ruin-ous to the sight and induces paralysis of the eye. Any defect in the eye is readily transmitted to children, and we can easily see what weak and unhealthy easily see what weak and unhealthy eyes people will have after the electric light has been at work upon several degrees of ancestors

We are much too reckless in our u the light, when a little caution would relieve the eye from the danger. There is no good reason why a spectator in a theatre or ball should have to look at an electric light or past one in fixing his eyes on the stage, and yet this is what he must do now and then. Nor should one read or write by the electric light, yet there are a large number of people in St. Louis and every large city who never use any other light for night work. The only light the eyes will stand healthfully is a soft lamp light, and people will have to pay in the future for giving it up contemptuously as they have done Physician in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Happiness Assured.

rirst Paterfamilias—Beg pardon for intruding, but the fact is your son has proposed for the hand of my daughter; and as the two families are almost strangers, you knowing nothing of my daughter and I nothing of your son, I thought it would be a sensible thing to come around and compare notes.

Second Paterfamilias—Excellent idea! Has your daughter always had every-thing she wanted—dresses, jewels, waiting maids, and so on?

"No. She has had to help her mother. How old was your boy before you stopped thrashing him? "Well, I thrashed him pretty regu-

larly until he was nearly grown up.
"I am satisfied."

"So am I."—New York Weekly,