

The Largest Tunnel in the World.
A tunnel—the longest in the world—has been projected and begun, practically, under Simpton, to supersede the famous road over the mountain constructed by Napoleon. The "route of the Simpton" is thirty-eight miles in length; the tunnel will be a trifle less than twelve miles and a half. The wagon road is 6,592 feet above the sea level, is twenty-five or thirty feet wide, crosses 611 bridges and passes through several tunnels. It takes eight or nine hours to cross the mountain by the wagon road; the tunnel can be traversed in three-quarters of an hour. The power to run the drills, light the workings and ventilate the tunnel is to be derived from the River Marsa. The cost is estimated at about \$1,240,000 a mile.—Chicago Tribune.

A Curious Superstition in Borneo.
The British consular agent in north Borneo says that on the west coast several people have been seriously hurt by trying to fly out of cocoanut trees, and in some districts the paddy planting season has been allowed to pass without planting the crop. That is due to a curious superstition about a forthcoming general jubilee when everything may be left to take care of itself, when paddy will spring up of its own accord, and people get wings and fly through the air.

Emulating the Wild West.
A boy at Binghamton, N. Y., lassoed a cow on Friday, in emulation of performances witnessed at a wild west show. The animal became frightened and dashed down the street, dragging the boy after her. Before the cow could be caught the lad was terribly mangled, and died after several hours' suffering.

The Cleanly Touch.
Contrary to the usual supposition, cockroaches are quite cleanly and devote a great deal of time to the toilet. It is an interesting sight to watch a cockroach carefully cleaning first its antennae and then its legs by passing them through its multiple mouth parts.—Professor Riley.

The Effect of a Popular Song.
A Louisville dairyman began singing "Ta-ra-ra B om-de-ay" on Friday morning and could not be persuaded to stop. For two days and nights he continued to sing the song, and when his friends could stand it no longer they had him arrested, charged with lunacy. On every other subject he is rational.

French and German Politeness.
In England, as the titles of nobility are limited and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme and where every needy adventurer can assume them. A German baron, in derision, on a race course a few days since observed to a French marquis that the title of marquis was very common in France, "I," added he, "have a marquis in my kitchen." "And I," retorted the Frenchman, who felt insulted, "have a German baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy, it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their country as are French cooks. It affords a just lesson, too, against the folly as well as rudeness of all national reflections.—Magazine Journal.

Sport for the Dog.
The most laughable thing I have seen lately was the discovery of a new kind of game by a lively young setter dog. It was in a large dry goods store where cash is sent to the desk in little boxes whirring along on slender rails. The dog was following his pretty mistress sedately enough, when he heard the sound and saw the swift flight of the of the cash box. He thought it was a bird, and tore up and down the aisles after it, scattering the crowd and amusing everybody in sight. As he would not be convinced of his illusion, he had to be removed forcibly from what he probably thought the best hunting ground he had ever struck.—Kate Field's Washington.

An Idea of Heaven.
On one occasion the leader of talk started the subject of the generally prevailing ideas about heaven. After the usual hit at the materialistic views of the Mohammedan, he turned to an American gentleman at the table and asked what were his notions on the subject? The Yankee, with his slow, nasal accent and cool manner commanding attention, replied, "Wasal my notion of heaven is that of a quiet, green place, without money and without price."—Mrs. Anthony Cross in Temple Bar.

No Head for Business.
Mose Schaumburg, Jr.—Vader, a shentlemans wants to know if dot unshrinkable undershirt don't shrink a leedle anyway.
Mose Schaumburg, Sr.—Does dot shirt fit him?
"No; it was choost a little too pig."
"Of course it vill shrink. Vy don't you have some heads for pishness."—Texas Siftings.

Swordfishing.
The swordfish lives from five to ten hours after it is harpooned, and at any time in that period he is a dangerous customer for the fisherman. Indeed swordfishing is one of the most dangerous as well as most exciting of all the variety of enterprises pursued by our fishermen.—Lowiston Journal.

A Youthful Sculptor.
Julia Bracken, who has received the commission to execute the figure representing "Illinois Welcoming the Nations," is considered the best of all Sculptor Taft's assistants. She is but little more than twenty years of age.

Potato rot is caused by a minute parasite, which is so small that a colony numbering 300 individuals can live in a space smaller than a pin's head.

Where the English Poets Are Buried.
Of Shakespeare Westminster abbey contains only a monument. His bones, as everybody knows, rest at Stratford-upon-Avon, and Milton is honored only by a bust. The author of "Paradise Lost" is buried in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and there is no reason to doubt that the dean and chapter of his day would have refused him the right of sepulture in the abbey when he died had it been then asked for. Even so late as the beginning of the Eighteenth century the phrase, "second to Milton alone," which had been proposed as an epitaph for the poet Phillips, was "ruled out" by Dean Sprat, who regarded the name of Milton as too detestable to appear in a building dedicated to religion.

Thirty years later not only Milton's name but the bust to his memory was admitted, although the accompanying inscription was not of a felicitous character. Byron was actually refused burial in the abbey; Goldsmith lies in the precincts of the temple; Gray was buried in the country churchyard, that at Stoke Poges, near Slough, in which he wrote his immortal "Elegy;" and of more modern bards Wordsworth, Tennyson's immediate predecessor in the laureateship, is buried "by Rotha's stream" in Grasmere churchyard, while the heart of Shelley and the body of Keats are interred in a Protestant cemetery at Rome.

Posterity is the only sure judge of poetical renown, and who can doubt that were Keats and Shelley to die now they would as a matter of course be accorded a place where Browning and Tennyson lie. It is a safe prediction, however, that our descendants will not hold us of the Nineteenth century to blame for admitting into the poets' corner the remains of the author of "Morte d'Arthur" and "In Memoriam."—London Telegraph.

"Doing" Europe.
"Tourists do say funny things yet," said a young woman just home from Europe, "though I feared I shouldn't hear any of them. Two women were standing before a tapestry in a church, and as I approached one of them said to the other? 'Got your notebook, Hannah? Put down (consulting her catalogue) 'tapestry of St. Agnes;' then, studying the picture before her, she summed it up: 'Girl on a bench, sheep in the foreground,' and the two moved on without a second look."—New York Times.

Teaching Dancing.
In some of the private schools of the city teaching the minuet is a part of the course of physical culture. Skirt dancing will be an easy translation from this, and it may be expected to be included in the course shortly.—New York Times.

"Say Your Nasty Little Prayers!"
Mr. Sala in his journal relates the following experience of Mr. William Black, the novelist: "When at work Mr. Black loves intense quiet, and cannot bear the slightest noise. For this reason he always selects a room at the top of the house as his study. At one time it was his misfortune to live in what he describes as a jerry built house, and while endeavoring to work in the early hours of the morning, as is his custom, he tells of one amusing inconvenience that he was called upon daily to put up with. "The nursery of his next door neighbor was in a line with his study, and in this a somewhat numerous family was located. Every morning as regular as clockwork Mr. Black could hear the elder sister call out, 'Now then, you horrid little things, kneel down and say your nasty little prayers!' A profound silence would follow, but the interval was a brief one. Then came a rush and clatter, and the shrill voices of the children were heard exclaiming, 'We have said our prayers; we have said our prayers; we have said our prayers!'"

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She Didn't Indulge.
They were enjoying a moonlight walk in the park. He was a nature strongly tinged with romance. Her nature leaned decidedly toward the practical side of life. "Is this not positively enchanting?" he exclaimed rapturously. "We can now drink to our fill of the beauties that nature has so lavishly bestowed upon this lovely retreat!" "Yes; but, George, I don't drink," replied the young lady prosaically.—New York Herald.

Trinity college, Cambridge, England, has an autograph letter of Sir Isaac Newton which the curators of the institution bought in 1889 for \$315.

Amurath III killed five of his brothers; his mother in grief took her own life; and he was shortly after taken off by poison.

Checkers or draughts were known to the ancient Egyptians, and pictures 4,000 years old represent a quarrel over the game.

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