

It costs four times as much to govern American cities as is spent for the same purpose in European cities.

It may often be the means of saving life to remember the dictum, that "a man struck by electricity should be treated as if drowned."

Most women college graduates teach or marry, in either of which case, the Atlanta Constitution thinks they are using to good advantage what they have learned.

Oscar S. Strauss, who was United States Minister to Turkey during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, thinks that there is not the slightest danger of the partition of Turkey by the powers for a long while to come.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, pointed out as the radical defect of the public schools of the country, that they deal with children en masse, and try to make each conform to cast iron curriculum, instead of dealing with each individual according to his capacities and weaknesses.

Over \$14,000,000 will be at the disposal of the Institute of France, whose centenary was celebrated, when the Duc d'Anmale dies. The income of the five academies that constitute the institute is now \$140,000 a year, and the government besides makes a yearly grant of another \$140,000. The Duc d'Anmale's gift of the domain of Chantilly gives it nearly \$9,000,000 of landed property.

In Vienna, Austria, all bicycle riders before obtaining permission to ride on the public streets are required to pass an examination. They are required to ride between boards laid on the floor without touching the edges of them. At the word of command they must be able to dismount either right, left or backward; until the rider passes this examination satisfactorily, a license to ride on the public highway is refused him.

It has been calculated that if the world keeps on developing as at present, horses, cattle and sheep will become extinct and man will be differentiated into two distinct animals, an upper world of feeble pretentiousness and a most repulsive subterranean race reduced to mere mechanical industry. In the course of a few millions of years the motion of the earth on its axis, which is supposed to be growing slower every year on account of the friction of the tides, will have ceased entirely, and the earth will present a constant face to the sun.

There is no keeping up with the "lightning change Emperor," as the Kaiser is facetiously termed in England. As soldier, orator, painter, stage manager, owner and wearer of 109 uniforms, he is familiar to all of us. Still His Majesty has "another forthcoming attraction," in the language of the profession which he affects. The Kaiser's "very latest is in the character of aesthetic dress promoter. He is very anxious, it seems, to have his court as picturesque looking as possible, and to this end he has given orders that a certain number of courtiers shall attend state ceremonials in costumes which shall be fac-similes of those worn by Venetian Senators in the Middle Ages. The Emperor's talent for stage management is asserting itself in private life, and if he does not tire of this latest whim the Prussian court promises to be the most picturesque in Europe.

A case involving a novel law point, and said to be without a parallel and without any analogous precedent, has recently been decided by the Supreme Court of Connecticut. In 1890, relates the New York Post, S. P. Williams of Waterbury leased for ten years the greater part of a block owned by George L. Lilley, agreeing, among other things, to pay the insurance. The lease gave Williams an option to purchase the entire property during the term of the lease. In 1893 the building was partly destroyed by fire. Lilley collected the insurance, \$24,851.54, and reconstructed the building at a total expense of \$15,561.60, leaving \$8,789.94 of the insurance money unexpended. Subsequently Williams decided to purchase the property, and claimed that he should be credited with the unexpended balance of the insurance money on the purchase. In this claim he is sustained by the court, which treats the money as a substitute for the property, and holds that if Williams had elected to take the property before the reconstruction he should have received the insurance money, and the fact that the building was put up for less than the insurance did not change the plaintiff's equity.

A Prairie Lullaby.
Hush little baby, he still and swing,
Hear the corn-leaves softly sing;
The gopher is down in the cool, damp ground
Under the dome of his freshly-made mound;
The birds are all still, the sun says 'tis noon,
Hush little baby, sleep will come soon,
Hush, hush, hush and swing,
Swish, swish, the corn-leaves sing,
Hush—swish—swing.

Hush little baby, he still and sleep,
The west winds over the corn-fields sweep,
The flowers all drowsily hang their heads,
The cattle stand still in the marshy beds,
Even the crickets know it is noon—
Hush little baby, while the soft winds croon,
Hush, hush, hush and swing,
Swish, swish, the corn-leaves sing—
Hush—swish—swing.
—William R. Dunroy, in the Pathfinder.

MRS. HAZARD'S PURSE.

Sybil Stanton stood at a window, looking at the stars and wondering whether anything lay before her besides the dull monotony of life which seemed wearing her out. Companion to an old lady—well, it did not seem such a hard life, after all, to others. A good, luxurious home, a liberal salary, light duties; yet—oh, yes—yet it was so dull! Other girls, not so pretty, had been wooed and won, and she had not one lover.

"I suppose I shall die an old maid," sighed Sybil. "There's no romance in store for me."

"Miss Stanton, it's nine o'clock, and Polly's cage isn't covered yet," cried Mrs. Hazard, from her inner room.

Sybil sighed. The parrot was part of her prose. There were the parrot, the canary and the poodle.

"I ought to rejoice in the canary," she said, bitterly. "If I were like other girls perhaps I should, but I only long to open its cage and let it go."

She overslept herself next morning and awoke to the consciousness that it was late. Sybil dressed herself in haste and bounced into Mrs. Hazard's dressing room.

In the middle of the room she stood petrified with astonishment. Mrs. Hazard was holding audience with a young gentleman—a very handsome young gentleman.

"No matter, Miss Stanton," said Mrs. Hazard; "it's only my nephew. Fred, this is Miss Stanton."

And Sybil escaped to the adjoining room.

"She's pretty," said Fred to his aunt.

"She's very good—that's better," said Mrs. Hazard. "I'll see you at breakfast, Fred."

And Mrs. Hazard retired to her room, leaving her newly-arrived nephew to amuse himself as he chose. He prudently betook himself to the garden.

That was the first of it, not the last of it. The nephew, a sort of rolling stone gathering no moss, had been sent to Aunt Hazard, to be done something with—to be recommended somewhere or get into something good.

A puzzled mother, with many other responsibilities and a very small income, had suggested this in an incoherent letter which accompanied her eldest son. And there was nothing for it, as Mrs. Hazard said, but to try to help that ridiculous Letty, who never knew her own mind even when she accepted Fred's father.

Fred stayed at Mrs. Hazard's, and she, with a rich woman's influence, soon placed him where—if he had perseverance and ability—there was a prospect of a good career for him.

Now there came a new face into the household—a new step, a new voice. The dull, quiet evenings were over. Chat and laughter filled the little parlor. Mrs. Hazard woke out of the lethargy, which, being quite alone with each other, will bring about the lives of women and declared herself ten years younger.

She went to the opera with Fred, taking Sybil along. She gave a little party. She grew astoundingly gay, and as for Sybil—well, the world was growing very bright to her, not so much because of the opera-going. A little poetry had at last been brought into her life. Fred Haliburton had begun to make love to her.

There are men who feel their way to women's hearts, slowly, cautiously, prudently. Fred was not one of them. His looks, his manner, said from the first: "I love you, and I mean to make you love me."

This wild Fred, always looking handsomer than other men, won his way very easily and naturally with Sybil. If he was not gravely sensible and sedately prudent, Sybil liked him all the better. She had had enough of gravity and prudence.

It might have been better for her to have admired the professor, who

was now writing a dictionary, and who came to Mrs. Hazard's tea parties, but she didn't.

Where Mrs. Hazard's eyes were, or her ears or her brains, that she did not see what was going on, it is impossible to guess. That she did not, seemed certain, when one morning entering the parlor suddenly, she found Fred with his arm around Sybil.

Mrs. Hazard stood still, glared ferociously and inquired with sarcastic politeness:

"May I ask what this means?"

"It means," said Fred, "that I have just asked Miss Stanton to be my wife."

"And what has she said?"

"What could I say?" asked Sybil. Mrs. Hazard sat down.

"I suppose I was nobody."

"Oh, no," cried Fred. "We meant to tell you."

"Thank you, thank you very much. What if I say I won't have it, eh?"

"I am of age," he said.

"Your bread and butter depend on my word, said the old lady. I am rich, as you know. I mean to leave you well off, Fred, if you obey me, and, Sybil, your place is worth something to you, and I should not forget you in my will. So have done with this nonsense. Marry, indeed! A pretty pair you'd make!"

"There's the Miss Roberts, Fred—quite an heiress; and as for you, Sybil, why the professor is really serious in his intentions. I've said enough, I hope. I'll forgive all this nonsense if it stops here," and Mrs. Hazard marched, beckoning Sybil to follow, but Sybil lingered.

Fred flew to her side.

"Darling," he said, "promise me that you will not let her part us."

"You must not give up so much for me, Fred," said Sybil. "Remember, she is rich; she—"

"A fig for her money. I have hands, and eyes and health. I'll make my own way. I'd rather have you than all the wealth of the universe—if you will share the life of a fellow who has not much to offer you yet, but his whole heart."

And Sybil gave him her hand, and her lips, and the compact was sealed.

Two days after this a note came to Sybil, through the hands of the housemaid, and through the same instrumentality an answer was returned. That afternoon Sybil took a walk. It was a long one, leading into the heart of the city. There, at the corner, Fred met her, and offered his arm. Sybil wore her best dress; Fred also was attired with taste. They took their way to a little parsonage, which stood in the shelter of a very huge church, and Fred rang the bell. They were ushered into a parlor. There was something on foot, plainly. The servant guessed what it was, and announced to her master that "that young couple had come."

And downstairs the clergyman and his wife, with the benignant mixture of smiles and gravity which seemed fitting for the occasion.

A few polite words—a blush on the part of the bride—a little nervousness on that of the bridegroom and they were all standing, ready for the marriage service, when the door-bell rung furiously, and, as it was opened, a voice they well knew cried:

"Not at home. Keep me out, if you dare! I will go in," and in walked Mrs. Hazard!

"Ah! I'm in time, I see," cried Mrs. Hazard. "You're not married yet? Come, Fred, I'll give you one chance; give up this folly and come home with me, and I'll leave you everything."

"You're my aunt, madam," cried Fred, "and an old woman, so I'll try to be cool; but, by George, I wonder what you take me for! I—I—Sir, if you please, go on with the ceremony."

"Stop a minute," said Mrs. Hazard. "Sybil, my dear, I've been very good to you. Come home with me; you shall have all I leave. I'll cut him off."

"Mrs. Hazard," said Sybil, "you have been kind, and I grieve to offend you, but all the world could not bribe me to leave him now."

"He'll be a beggar."

"Then I'll help him beg," said Sybil.

Mrs. Hazard ran close to Sybil and caught her in her arms.

"My darling," she said. "I've been trying you both—trying your love for each other, and your honesty and truth to me. How could I know it was not my heir you were willing to marry, Sybil? How could I know how earnest your love was until it was tried? I've put you both to the test, and I must see your wedding." And so, with Mrs. Hazard in high glee; the clergyman blandly tolerant of human absurdity; his wife in sentimental tears; the bride blushing and the bridegroom smiling, the little scene ended blithely in a wedding.

To Prevent Collisions.

Five miles of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad have lately been equipped with the audible block signal, an invention which it is said will prevent ninety-five per cent of the railroad disasters. The system was shown in practical operation recently in Chicago to a number of expert electricians, railroad men and others. A number of prominent Buffalo people were in the party and took a special interest in the test of the new device, it being the invention of a Buffalo man.

The test was entirely satisfactory, and it was found to work even better in actual operation than the model. After the trial was finished it was decided to incorporate a company.

It has been in use on the five miles of road for several weeks, and President Carpenter of the Eastern Illinois, says up to this time it has done all that is expected of it.

It was shown at the test that the system will give timely alarm to the engineer of a moving train when approaching a standing or moving locomotive on the same track, and of an occupied grade crossing, an open switch or drawbridge, or a car projecting from a side track over a main track.

As the signal given is the ringing of the bell in the cab of the locomotive, which will continue to ring until stopped by the engineer, it is apparent that the system is certain to be as effective in darkness as in daylight, or during fogs or rainstorms, on curves or heavy grades where a visible signal could not be seen in time to prevent a disaster.—Chicago Tribune.

A Peculiar Well.

A well on a hill overlooking the surrounding county known as the Wheat Hill, is eighty feet deep, twenty feet sand, forty feet solid blue clay, twenty feet quicksand and ground, has a good supply of water, not affected by the dry weather of this season. Storms are indicated in advance by a discoloration of the water, it having the appearance of milk being dropped in it, and is quite agitated in appearance when pumped from the well. This condition of the water usually continues but a short time, generally becoming clear before the storm commences. With an approaching storm these conditions of the water are more or less extreme, as the storm will be more or less severe.

As to its reliability and accuracy as a weather forecaster for western New York, a correspondent says: I consider it correct from observations of the past summer and fall, while the weather bureau and all of our weather prophets have made mistakes on account of unexpected counter winds and highs and lows. The well has made no mistakes. For example, on the 16th of August last the weather bureau gave no warning of storm. Mr. Parker stated that no rain was in sight and could look for continued dry weather, but the well gave the strongest indications of storm of any time this summer. On Saturday, the 17th, in the afternoon and evening there was a terrific electric and rain storm, which swept Wayne and Ontario counties.—Rochester, N. Y., Democrat and Chronicle.

Noble Sandwich Pedlars.

The news that the gentleman sandwich man has become a familiar feature of the streets of Paris will surprise nobody who has studied the problem of the unemployed, and the tragic condition of what a French paper calls "le strug-for-lifeur aristocratique."

Six gentlemen, says the Figaro, wearing gray overcoats, and uniformly clad, pass slowly along the boulevards two and two. They possess fine voices, and in tone sometimes a litany, sometimes a duet, sometimes a psalm of triumph singing the song of the new chapeau Marice, of the redingote Rossignol.

They are "gentilhommes" by birth and education, and the French word might even imply noblemen. The noble sandwich man or the sandwiched nobleman! And why not? A title is often in its right place on a board of directors; why should it not have its own value between other boards?—New York Herald.

Reckless, Indeed.

Mabel—I'm afraid I shall have to break off my engagement with Fred. Alice—Why?

Mabel—Because I fear he is not a good business man.

Alice—What makes you think that?

Mabel—Well, you see, in his last letter he sent me two hundred kisses, and he never took the precaution to register the letter.—Philadelphia American.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

FOUNDATIONS FOR SOUP.

To make ordinary stock, put in a pot soup meat, the shank and other bones, the carcass of roast turkey or chicken or the trimmings of roasts or steaks. Cover with cold water, a handful of salt, and boil gently for several hours. Add no vegetables or spices. Skim from time to time and add water as the stock boils away. Strain, put in stone jar and set in a cold place.

Vegetable Soup—Boil for three and a half hours two quarts of water containing two ounces of haricot beans, two ounces of split peas, one onion, one carrot, half stick of celery, parsley, herbs, pepper, salt, five cloves and a blade of mace.—New York World.

HYGIENIC BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

One pint buckwheat flour, one-fourth pint corn meal, graham or whole wheat flour, as preferred: One pint warm water, one-fourth pint liquid yeast or one-half ounce compressed or other solid yeast, dissolved in two tablespoonsful warm water; one teaspoonful salt. Mix these ingredients thoroughly at noon the day before the cakes are wanted, using an earthen vessel—never a metal one unless granite or porcelain lined. Clean the smears of batter from the sides of the vessel, cover and set away in a moderately warm place. Next morning when ready to bake the cakes stir the batter down gently and take from it a generous quarter of a pint to be used in place of other yeast to start cakes next day. Cover and put in a cool place, where it will not freeze. To the rest of the batter add 1 tablespoonful New Orleans molasses and 1-2 teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little water. As some like these cakes thinner than do others, water may be stirred in with soda and molasses, remembering that a little wetting thins a good deal, and that the quality of the cakes is injured if flour has to be added at this stage. All the batter should be used; it is the left-overs that ferment too much and commonly cause the indigestibility of these cakes. The measures given are enough for a family of four or five, and one can soon learn to gauge the quantity to the family so that there will be no waste.

A few points about baking. When filling the griddle, dip the batter from the side of the vessel farthest from the griddle, otherwise there will be a trail of the batter over the side of the vessel onto the stove and griddle. A greaser should be used, instead of putting the fat on the griddle in bits with a knife. This may be a piece of bacon or salt pork on a fork, or a swab of muslin tied to a small stick or fork. Handy greasers may be had very cheaply at the house furnishing shops. Only enough grease should be used to make the cakes turn nicely. The griddle should be wiped free from spatters of batter and grease after each baking. This may be done neatly with a piece of manilla, not newspaper, which should be burned when the cakes for the meal are all baked. If these directions are followed the disagreeable and unhealthful smoke and flavor from burned grease may be avoided. These cakes may be continued from day to day indefinitely, without the addition of new yeast, provided the fourth of a pint of batter is kept over in good condition for each day's mixing.—New England Homestead.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Mice are very fond of pumpkin seeds. Try using them to bait your traps.

A tablespoonful of flour to a tablespoonful of butter is a cooking rule for all sauces.

Boil the cream or milk for the coffee. It does not then chill the coffee and adds to its richness.

The best time for the baby's bath is just before his nap, whether that be in the forenoon or the afternoon.

A good furniture polish is made by using one part of vinegar to three parts of raw linseed oil. Rub on with a flannel cloth.

When ironing a table-cloth never iron in a cross fold. Fold the cloth lengthwise and then once more only, also lengthwise.

Do not open the oven for twenty minutes after putting in cake; then close the door gently or the jar will cause the cake to fall.

To clean glass bottles which have held oil, put a few ashes in each bottle and stand them in cold water, which bring gradually to a boil; let them boil for one hour, and then stand in the water 'till cold. Wash the bottles with soap and rinse with clear water.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Antiquarians say that glass was in use 2,000 years B. C.

One Maine hunter has shot more than 70 coons already this season.

The region in the immediate vicinity of the Dead Sea is the hottest on earth.

The Jasper vase which the Czar of Russia has presented to Paris weighs four tons.

A rattlesnake with thirty-two rattles was killed near Phoenix, Arizona, a few days ago.

In Japan, paper coats, oiled, and thus made waterproof, have been in use at least ten centuries.

Marcus Antonius possessed a dwarf, Sissiphus, not quite two feet tall, and yet the possessor of a remarkable wit.

American gold pens have the reputation in our own and foreign markets, of being the best pens in the world.

Green Lake, Col., is 10,250 feet above sea level, and is said to be the most elevated body of water in the world.

William Cullen Bryant wrote poetry when nine years. At eighteen his masterpiece "Thanatopsis" was published.

Taking the whole land surface of the globe into consideration there are 22 1-2 acres for each inhabitant on this planet.

There are two or three well-to-do old ladies in Paris who make it their business to feed the stray cats of the city. One feeds more than 100 daily.

A Pennsylvania man began hunting pheasants eleven days before the season opened. He killed 82 during the 11 days, and they have cost him \$10 apiece.

Clinton, Me., got up a competitive skunk hunt the other day, and the place will smell sweeter for some time to come. The game brought in was 130 skunks.

In Paris, at the foot of all steep inclines, are found members of the "Wheelpushers' Guild," who for a small consideration push the rider's machine to the summit.

Tramps in Holland are put in a cistern which has a pump in the bottom. Water is turned on in sufficient volume to keep from drowning. One dose is generally sufficient.

James M. Mann, an official of Evanston, Ill., was relieved the other day by a surgical operation of a piece of bombshell, which he has been carrying in his nose for the past 32 years.

Mrs. Mary Rochester, colored, died in the New Castle, Delaware county almshouse a few days ago at the reputed age of 104 years. She had lived in that vicinity during most of her life.

Sandwich is one of the few English towns in which the curfew is not rung. The custom was very nearly ended recently, as the people objected to the ringer's ringing the bell at 5 o'clock in the morning, too.

Treasure Hunters of a New Kind.

Treasure hunters of a new kind are at work at the bottom of the sea at Port Discovery, Wash. Two divers, employed by speculative citizens, are hunting through the wreck of the ship Warhawk, which was sunk there fourteen years ago, for a considerable quantity of whiskey which went down with her. The Warhawk took fire in the harbor soon after her arrival from San Francisco, and, to save other shipping, she was scuttled, and went down in deep water. Nothing was recovered from the wreck. The divers who started work a few days ago, brought up a lot of canned goods, glassware, and four barrels of whiskey. The canned goods were spoiled, but the whiskey was all right. They are now trying to recover the rest of the spirits.—New York Sun.

Three Strange and Remarkable Men.

As Dumas, the grandfather, prided himself more upon his wonderful strength and skill in athletics than his generalship; as Dumas, the second, prided himself more upon his knowledge of cookery than the authorship of "The Three Musketeers," so Dumas, the third, prided himself more upon his knowledge of art than upon the writing of "La Dame aux Camelias." They were three strange and remarkable men.—Rochester N. Y., Post Express.

A Question of Antiquity.

Miss Winthrop-Bludbine, haughtily—Your people are rather—rather recent are they not? Now I am a Daughter of the Revolution.

Miss Nobody of Nowhere—Morey! How well you carry your years.—New York World.