

VERBATIM REPORTING.

It Involves Five Distinct Simultaneous Mental Operations.

Psychologists may find an interesting field for investigation in the intellectual processes that are involved in rapid shorthand writing. There are at least five distinct mental operations carried on continuously during verbatim reporting. First, there is the sensation of sounds received by the ear; secondly, there is the perception by the brain of the word uttered, practically simultaneous with the sensation in the case of a distinct speaker, but often delayed a large fraction of a second when a preacher "drops his voice" or a witness in court has a foreign accent. In the third place, the stenographer must analyze the consonantal structure of all the less common words in the sentence, all except the stock words and phrases, which he writes by word signs by a practically automatic habit.

Fourth, these relatively uncommon words must be put on paper according to the principles of the system employed. This operation involves many subordinate and infinitely swift efforts of recollection, association and decision.

Fifth, all these mental operations are carried on while the pen or pencil is from two or three words to an entire sentence behind the speaker—this, of course, in rapid speaking—thereby complicating the situation by compelling memory to keep pace with attention. In other words, while the scribe is writing the predicate of one sentence and analyzing an unfamiliar word in the subject of the next, he is at the same time giving his auditory attention to the predicate of the second sentence then being uttered by the speaker. This is impossible to an untrained mind. The average educated person cannot retain more than perhaps six or eight words of the exact phraseology of a speaker at one time. The competent stenographer can hold up ten, fifteen, twenty words or even more in his memory, while at the same time taxing his mind by the act of writing the words that preceded.—The World Today.

SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.

Amusing Mistakes in Examination Papers by British Pupils.

The following list of amusing mistakes made by British schoolboys in their examination papers is compiled by the University Correspondent:

Iron is grown in large quantities for manufacturing purposes in S. France. The sun never sets on British possessions because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south and east.

The diminutive of man is mankind. Question: Define the first person. Answer: Adam.

Blood consists of two sorts of corkscrews—red corkscrews and white corkscrews.

Asked to explain what a butters is, one boy replied, "A woman who makes butter," and another, "A female butcher."

Teacher's dictation: His cholera rose to such a height that passion well nigh choked him. Pupil's reproduction: His collar rose to such a height that fashion well nigh choked him.

A job's comforter is a thing you give babies to soothe them.

A sky-wrepper is an overtrimmed hat.

Political economy is the science which teaches us to get the greatest benefit with the least possible amount of honest labor.

An enolment is a soothing medicine.

In the United States people are put to death by elocution.

Gravity was discovered by Isaac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the autumn, when the apples are falling from the trees.

Sure of a Fine Funeral.

"Larry," said a merchant to a sturdy Irishman in his employ, "are you saving any of your money?"

"Indeed I am, sir," replied Larry. "I've got \$400 hid away in a safe place."

"But it isn't a public spirited policy to hoard money away," remarked the merchant, thinking to quiz him. "You ought to deposit it in a good bank, so as to keep it in circulation."

"Sure it'll all go into cirklization the second day after I'm dead, sir," said Larry proudly.—Youth's Companion.

He Knew a Thing or Two.

Anaxagoras, the Athenian philosopher, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ, taught his scholars that wind was air set in motion by rarefaction; that the moon owed her light giving properties to the sun; that the rainbow was the resulting phenomenon of reflection; that comets were wandering stars; and that the fixed stars were at an immeasurable distance beyond the sun, besides giving them many other ideas thought to belong to more modern times.

Information at Hand.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—I confess that this particular passage in the book of Revelation has always been somewhat obscure to me.

The Rev. K. Mowatt Laightly—Why, I cleared that all up in the first sermon I ever wrote. I shall be glad to let you read it some day.—Chicago Tribune.

Ingrawm Appreciation.

Wealthy Patron—This portrait doesn't resemble my wife a particle—not a particle.

Artist—No; it doesn't look much like her, but, oh, dear sir, the technique, the technique!

A Critical Summary.

"What do you think of that writer's work?"

"Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "he has said two or three clever things and several thousand others."—Washington Star.

STATUES IN ITALY.

When a Monument Is Not a Monument in Rome or Florence.

Rome is in the absurd condition of possessing a monument which the municipal authorities declared nonexistent. Long ago a monument was raised to the philosopher Spedaliere, but never unveiled, as there was a difference of opinion about the advisability of having the monument at all. So through sun and rain, wind and hail, the poor statue stood, swathed in its dingy drapery, an eyesore and object of derision to all.

Finally, in the dead of night, to put an end to the scandal and disputes, the police stripped off the old and rotten cloth, and in the morning the Eternal City found herself enriched by the ownership of a new work of art. The citizens laughed and crowded to see what had become a curiosity, but the city fathers were furious, said the police had overstepped their powers and absolutely refused to acknowledge the existence of the monument.

Florence has had a similar experience. A tablet to Gustavo Modena, in his day a celebrated actor and still more celebrated patriot, had been attached to the house in which he lived. But the authorities refused to allow it to be unveiled for fear of provoking an anti-Austrian demonstration, just as in these days when public feeling is in a state of effervescence. Day after day passed until the students made a sudden dash, and, stripping off the cloth, added another interest to the City of Lilies. The municipality here also was highly offended and informed the citizens that the tablet does not exist.

All this irresistibly raises the question, "When is a monument not a monument?" When it is in Italy!—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE USE OF IRON.

Its Effect in the Industrial World as a Barometer of Trade.

There is an old industrial tradition that the iron market is the "barometer of trade." This saying has been ascribed to many modern authorities, ranging from Jay Gould to Andrew Carnegie. As a matter of fact, it is much older than any oracle of this century or the last. It had its origin in the earliest days of the period when iron manufacture and the use of credit were simultaneously rising to importance. The basis for the tradition is that the use of iron and of its products is essential for the prosecution of virtually all other industries. Before the output of miscellaneous manufactures in a community can be much enlarged the industries concerned must be equipped with new tools and new machinery. Before a railroad system can be prepared to transport a greatly increased traffic it must have new rails, new bridges, new stations, new cars and new locomotives. In these days of the steel and iron office building a "boom" in the building trade cannot go far without increasing enormously the demand for structural iron. Even in the agricultural industry it may be said that expansion and prosperity involve necessarily largely increased demand for farm machinery. Since the use of such additional equipment must precede any increase in the business of these other trades it naturally follows, first, that demand in the iron market will be felt aggressively even before the other industries have shown full measure of activity, and, second, that if such other industries foresee a period of slack demand and idle mills the first thing they will do will be to reduce their orders from the iron and steel mills.—Alexander D. Noyes in Forum.

Disgusted.

Amos Cummings of New York used to tell this story of his first assignment as a newspaper reporter: He was sent out to write up an accident where an Irish hodcarrier was injured by a fall from a building. He arrived just as two officers were assisting the injured man into the ambulance.

"What's his name?" asked Cummings of one of the officers, at the same moment pulling out his pad and pencil.

The Irishman heard him and, mistaking him for the timekeeper on the job, exclaimed, with a look of disgust covering his face:

"Isn't it trouble enough to fall three stories without being docked for the few moments I lose going to the hospital?"

Would Have Walked Too.

They tell this story in the commissioner's office at Ellis Island:

Two Irish immigrants just arrived stood one morning on the government landing watching a dredger at work a few yards away. Presently a diver, full rigged, crawled painfully from the channel slime up a ladder to the deck of the dredge. One of the Irishmen, very much surprised, turned to his companion and said:

"Look at that man! Look at him! Begorra, if I'd known the way over I'd walked too!"—New York Tribune.

A Nice Light Business.

"Oh, yes, I've opened an office," said the young lawyer. "You may remember that you saw me buying an alarm clock the other day."

"Yes," replied his friend. "You have to get up early these mornings, eh?"

"Oh, no. I use it to wake me up when it's time to go home."—Philadelphia Press.

The Photographer's Good Work.

"Maud's latest photograph is just lovely."

"Is it?"

"Yes. I had to ask who it was."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kindness Is a Language that even the dumb brute can understand; like silence it is golden and touches the heart of every animate thing in creation.—Maxwell's Tallman.

Thieves and Bibles.

Bibles are said by detectives to be more rarely stolen than any other objects. This is not because Bibles are worthless to a thief, but because few criminals are sufficiently depraved to steal the good book. A detective said recently that in an important case which he had followed up some years ago a thief had entered the house, stolen some valuable jewels and left untouched a Bible bound in white chicken skin and studded with pearls. The detective caught the thief, and the man who had been robbed, a dealer in curios, visited his despoiler in jail, took an interest in him because he had not taken the Bible and eventually reformed him and got him a good job.

"I knew," the thief said, "that if I took that Bible it would do me harm and if I didn't take it it might do me good. I let it alone, and now, thank heaven, I'm an honest and a righteous man."

The detective added that in another case where a thief had stolen a Bible the book had been returned. "Another thing few thieves will take," he added, "is a child's savings bank."—Chicago Tribune.

The Useful Sunflower.

It is a common joke to call inferior cigars "cabbage leaves," but, as a matter of fact, some very good "weeds" are made from the leaves of the sunflower. These leaves can also be smoked in the place of tobacco, forming quite a palatable substitute.

The stalks and leaves make excellent food for various animals, while the former can also be employed as fuel. Sunflower cake is made from the seeds of this useful plant after the oil has been extracted, this oil being very nearly equal to olive oil and used in cooking. The seeds not only serve as food for cattle; they are mashed and kneaded into bread by the poor peasants of certain parts of Russia, and they find it very palatable.

Potash is obtained from the ash of the stalks. The proportion is about one-third of potash to the total ash left after burning. A yellow dye is made from the flower of the plant. The fiber can be worked into a silk material.

When Two Rainbows Are Seen.

When two rainbows are sometimes seen at once, one outside the other, the inner or primary bow, as it is called, is always the brighter, and the red band of color is always on its outside. The outer or secondary bow is much fainter in color, and the red band is always on its inside. This is because in the primary bow the sun's rays are only reflected once, while in the secondary bow they are reflected twice, which makes them fainter in color and turns them upside down. In one rainbow we see the rays of the sun entering the raindrops at the top and reflected to the eye from the bottom, while in the other we see the rays entering the raindrops at the bottom and reflected from the top, whence they reach the eye.

The Veil in Persia.

J. D. Rees, a lecturer on Persia, says that the veils worn by Persian ladies are more of a privilege than a punishment. Screened behind it woman may walk wherever she pleases, and even her own husband dare not question her movements. Doubtless many Persian ladies make the most of their opportunities.

The Persians, as a rule, do not think it right to take wine, but as nearly all their poetry is in praise of the flowing bowl it will be inferred that they frequently do violence to their conscience. Occasionally, however, they are seized with remorse, whereupon they destroy the wine of their Armenian neighbors.

Pawning Wives and Daughters.

They have a curious way of utilizing wives and daughters in some parts of India. If a man wants money he puts these members of his establishment in pawn, and his creditor detains them until the debt is discharged. The custom varies in different localities. In Melloro the Yercalls pledge their daughters to creditors who may either marry them or give them away, and a man who has to go to jail deposits his wife with another family or her tribe until his return. In North Arcot unmarried daughters are frequently mortgaged and become the absolute property of the holder until liquidation.

Easy Reading For Infants.

He proposed, conjointly with his father and brother, to blast the stone as the most expeditious mode of gaining access to her arcanas, and this in the open daylight, in order that any tutelary protection she might be disposed to extend to her favorite haunt might, as she was a thing of darkness and night, be effectually counteracted.—Extract From Child's Fairy Book.

Three Men.

There are three sorts of men in the world—three, and no more. And of women only one. There are happy men and there are knaves and fools. Hybrids I don't count. And to my mind knaves and fools are very much alike.—Love and Mr. Lewisham.

A Scotch Sentence.

Lord Braxfield admitted the abilities of a criminal who was undoubtedly an accomplished murderer, for the judge said, "Ye're a clever chiel, but y'll be nane the waur of a hanging, my man."

His Disappearing Pulse.

"My" exclaimed the doctor. "You've hardly any pulse today?"

"Well, don't you remember, doctor," replied the patient, "you took it when you were here yesterday?"—Yonkers Statesman.

He who has no vision of eternity will never get a true hold of time.—Carlyle.

THE COLOMBIANS.

They Are Hospitable People and Like Good Living.

The Colombians are a hospitable people and receive strangers cordially. It is customary for a stranger to send cards to those whose acquaintance he desires, and etiquette demands that the recipients of the cards call within a few days.

The dining tables of the rich are spread with fine linen and set with handsome cut glass and china. Among their beverages, in addition to wines, are cebada, barley water; orchada, which contains almond juice and sugar; agrass, the juice of unripe grapes; naranjada, orangeade and a preparation of chocolate thick as gruel. A dish for invalids is sopa de pan. A raw egg is broken upon a slice of toast, and a beef broth is poured over it. A breakfast often consists of several courses—for instance, fruit, poached eggs, with stewed tomatoes and rice; fish, chops fried in eggs and herbs and a tortilla con queso, brain omelet, sweet potatoes or other vegetable and coffee. Saffron is a favorite flavoring for soup. Chicken or game pies contain a variety of vegetables, hard boiled eggs and other ingredients. A common dish among the poor is a stew called sin cochao. Another stand-by is rice and red beans. Rice cooked in lard, with a little tassaado (dried beef) for a relish, is a tidbit among the lower classes. The flesh of the iguana, a species of land lizard, is regarded as a delicacy and is said to resemble chicken. The natives slice the sides of living female iguanas and take from them strings of eggs as large as plums. They hang these eggs in the sun and dry them for future consumption.

Shorthand and Mental Discipline.

The mental discipline which may be derived from the practice of stenography is permanent. Speed may be lost, word signs may slip away, but the power of concentrating the attention persists. Nor is the increased power of analysis confined to the analysis of spoken words. It is brought into play in all kinds of mental work. Possibly the truth may be that only persons with minds naturally analytic can become expert stenographers and that the faculty is a cause rather than an effect of such proficiency. However that may be, the man who has a mind of that sort can select a topic at random, analyze it rapidly into its natural subdivisions and make a speech or write an essay on it while the other men would be groping around for an introduction. The value of this sort of discipline to a lawyer or preacher or writer is obvious. Mathematics is the only study that can be compared to a scientific system of shorthand for the development of analytical powers.—The World Today.

ACTING WITHOUT ORDERS.

General Grant's Tribute to General Sheridan's Judgment.

Senator Hoar in his "Reminiscences" says that at a dinner where General Grant and other distinguished men were present Commodore Alden remarked that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. "What is that you are saying, commodore?" said President Grant across the table. The commodore repeated what he had said. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say," said General Grant. "One of the virtues of General Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, General Sheridan captured some dispatches, from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could get no communication from me until the next morning. General Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the enemy and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded the first thing General Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now, if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me Lee would have got off." Senator Hoar adds this comment: "I listened with wonder at the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the brightest laurels from his brow and place it on the brow of Sheridan."

Stars by Daylight.

It is worthy of remark that but for the brightness of the sky the stars could be seen in daylight. Even as matters stand, some of the brighter of them have been seen after sunrise by explorers on high mountains, where the air is very clear and the sky dark blue. If we could go above the atmosphere the sky would appear perfectly black, and stars would be visible right close up to the sun. Astronomers observe bright stars in daytime by using long focus telescopes, the dark tubes of which cut off the side light, and persons in the bottom of deep wells have noticed stars passing overhead, the side light being reduced by the great depths of the wells.—T. J. See in Atlantic.

The Modesty of Brahms.

At an interesting dinner party given by Joachim, at which were present also his friends, Professor Dorn of Naples and Von Herzogenberg, the composer, an amusingly characteristic scene occurred. Joachim in a few well chosen words was asking us not to lose the opportunity of drinking the health of the greatest composer, when before he could say the name Brahms bounded to his feet, glass in hand, and called out: "Quite right! Here's Mozart's health!" and walked round, clinking glasses with us all. His old hatred of personal eulogy was never more prettily expressed.—Leisure Hour.

Keeping Up Appearances.

Wife—There was a man around today selling big brass burglar alarm bells to put on the front of the house, so I ordered one.

Husband—What! You know we haven't anything worth stealing.

Wife—I know that, but it will make the neighbors think we have.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Little Off.

"Really," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your little dinner last night was quite recherche."

"Oh, dear," her hostess groaned, "I just knew that new cook would make a botch of it some way!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Essentials.

"Which would you rather marry, Ethel, brains or money?"

"Money, of course. I can get along without the luxuries, but I must have the necessities."—Brooklyn Life.

Ten men have failed from defects in morals where one has failed from defects in intellect.—Mann.

How to Make a Campfire.

An absurd and reprehensibly destructive practice is the building of fires beneath a tree "in order to get the draft." The fools that do this kill great trees for nothing but a campfire. There is no sense in this wretched practice. A fire for camp cooking should be built in the open, and nothing is easier. A bare rock is the best place, and if you are to cook by it put up a barrier of loose stones just extensive enough to make a fire as large as a kitchen stove would hold, put a flat stone over these walls, and you will have all you want. You can fry bacon and your corn cakes and boil your coffee on that stone. This is as good for winter as for summer. And if you want a hot old campfire clear a place of all combustibles and begin small, gradually adding a stick or two, and the heat beneath will soon grow so strong that you can keep it up for as many hours as you please. But be sure that you let it get down to the ashes before you leave. Nobody knows what may happen after you leave a blazing fire.—Springfield Republican.

A Fine Gentleman.

The Duc de Richelieu, the beloved of ladies, the breaker of hearts, was the perfect fine gentleman of a stouidly elegant epoch. The suave repose of his manner was unmovable. When his second wife lay dying he came in to see her, stepping softly, hat in hand. Though she was expiring, her fading eye lit up at the sight of him.

"How sweet it would be for me to die in your arms," she murmured.

He held her as she wished till she died, then went out again, stepping softly, hat in hand. One of his spiteful chroniclers—a woman, needless to say—suggests that he was off to a rendezvous with the lady of the moment, and that the graceful manner in which he bore the delay caused by his wife's death was proof of the perfect breeding of one of the finest gentlemen in Europe.—Geraldine Bonner in The Reader.

Paganini's Idea of the Sabbath.

An incident in the life of Paganini comes to us from Liverpool. The great violinist was visiting friends in the suburbs of that city at the house of a lady whose religious ideas were severely strained by her guest venturing to play on the Sabbath day.

"Vy," asked the musician, "ceef ze Sabat mos be so helle that nozing mos be done at all, vy does Providence permit ze leetle birds to sing on dat day and ze leaves of ze forest to clap zere hands for joy, making ze rustling music, and ze vaters of ze great deep to sound zeur mysterious harmonies?"

Paganini's stay at that house, we are told, was brief.—London News.

The Blooming Thorn Tree.

There is a legend to the effect that the thorn blooms on Christmas day. It is said that St. Joseph of Arimathea landed near Glastonbury and stuck his staff in the ground. It took root, grew and blossomed every Christmas day thereafter. The tree was hewn down by a Puritan of the time of Cromwell, but in doing this deed he cut his leg, and chips flying from his ax blinded him. The trunk, though separated from the root, grew and flourished, and for many years slips and blooms from the tree of St. Joseph were sold by the merchants of Bristol.

Breaking It Gently.

His Cousin—We sent off the dispatch to stop your model coming. But you had put one word too many, so we struck it out.

Real Artist—Oh, indeed! What word did you strike out?

His Cousin—You had written, "He is not to come, as I have only just discovered I cannot paint today." So we crossed out "today."—Punch.

Brought Trouble.

White—What is the matter with Plunger's head?

Green—Yesterday was his wooden wedding, and he gave his wife a rolling pin for a present, and when he returned from celebrating the event she returned the present with a speech suitable to the occasion.—Butte Intermountain.

More Thrilling.

Ruyter—I'm writing a sequel to my book "How to Live on Five Hundred a Year."

Scribbler—How do you call the sequel?

Ruyter—"How to Get the Five Hundred."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Safeguard of Ideals.

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him and calm and unspooled when the world praises him.—Honore de Balzac.

THE ISLE OF NOBLES.

A Famous Historic Site, the Cradle of Saxon Liberty.

The Isle of Athelney, or the "Isle of Nobles," as the name signifies, is one of the most famous of historic sites. A thousand years ago it was a low islet covered with willows and alders and surrounded by fens and overflowing marshes, altogether inaccessible except by boats. There King Alfred sought refuge with a swineherd, and there he lay concealed from the invading Danes for the space of a whole year. The resort of his chieftains to this place caused it to be known as the "Isle of Nobles," which may be regarded as the cradle and stronghold of Saxon Liberty.

After Alfred regained the possession of his throne he erected a Benedictine abbey on this spot and "endowed it with all the lands in the Isle of Athelney." The monastery has entirely disappeared, but its site is marked by a stone pillar erected in 1801 by the owners of Athelney. The pillar bears this inscription: "King Alfred the Great in the year of our Lord 879, having been defeated by the Danes, fled for refuge to the forest of Athelney, where he lay concealed from his enemies for the space of a whole year. He soon after regained possession of his throne, and in grateful remembrance of the protection he had received under the favor of heaven he erected a monastery on this spot and endowed it with all the lands contained in the Isle of Athelney. To perpetuate the memory of so remarkable an incident in the life of that illustrious prince this edifice was founded by John Slade, Esq., of Marnell, the proprietor of Athelney, A. D. 1801."—London News.

The Man with the Adz.

Wonderful Accuracy of His Aim at the Butcher's Block.

Outside a butcher shop twenty or thirty persons stood watching a man at work with an adz. He stood on a large wooden block, such as meat is chopped on, which he had taken from its legs and placed on the curb, sloping toward the street. The surface of the block had become scarred and roughened from use. With clean, accurate strokes of the adz the man soon made it as smooth as a mahogany table. It was the wonderful accuracy of his aim that made passersby stop to look at him. He paid no attention to them. A single false blow would have ruined the block, collected \$5 and went off to keep another appointment.

"It has taken me twenty-three years to learn to chop like that," he said to a reporter. "My charge is from \$5 to \$10, according to the size of the block. A block requires evening off in that way every three or four years. I have customers now that I had when I first began business, twenty-five years ago. In all that time I have spoiled only two blocks, and they were during the two years of my apprenticeship. The butchers can get their chopping blocks put in condition by sending them to the sawmill. But it is more expensive, and they can't spare them so long from the shops. There is enough work of this kind in New York to keep myself and half a dozen others busy."—New York Press.

Korean Men's Hats.

The quaintest feature of the picturesque costumes of the Korean men are their hats. They are mouse-trap-like arrangements made from the hair of the wearer's ancestors. This priceless possession is handed down from father to eldest son, who reaches the goal of his ambition at the moment when the family hat is placed upon his head. Another grotesque form of Korean headdress is the mourning hat that is worn in rural districts by the eldest son for three years after the death of either of his parents. This conical shaped affair of rushes or rice straw is as large as a bushel basket and extends to the shoulders.

The Value of Exercise.

The brain that never calls upon itself for work must become dull and stupid, and it is the same way with the muscles of the body. They are filled with blood vessels that should be up and doing. The blood has several purposes, and one is to carry away the waste fluids of the body. The lungs are a sort of refinery, and the blood is a distilling agent. If the blood becomes thick and unhealthy and sluggish the body does not keep its youthful state. Eyes grow dull, lips lose their redness, and the complexion is sallow and unlovely. It is an easy and simple matter to make exercise a habit.

Wart Cures.

Vinegar and cooking soda in solution are said to make a capital cure for warts. If the wart is kept moist with it for ten minutes several times a day it will disappear in the course of a week or so in ordinary cases. Another cure is to touch frequently with acetic acid or nitric acid, but one must be careful not to irritate the surrounding skin by dropping either acid.

Why They Spoke.

"We had known each other slightly," said Miss Evvy Waite, "but never to speak to until one day while out skating I fell down quite near him, and—"

"Ah, yes," replied Miss Peppery. "That broke the ice, of course."—Philadelphia Press.

Choosing a Minister.

Dean Everett used to say that parish committees had no more ability choosing a minister than a minister chosen in buying a horse.—Boston Christian Register.

The Time to Think.

Clara—I suppose I ought to stop and think before I accept it.

Maud—Oh, no. You'll have plenty of time to do that afterward.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MODERN NOTE.

It Is Not Sentiment, but Bravery With a Dash of Humor.

According to the modern notion, a man should be something of an artist in life. He should at least appear to play his part easily, with dash and gusto, like the acrobat who performs each dangerous feat smiling. This is la panache, the feather in the cap of courage—bravery with humor added. It is the spirit in which Lungtungpen was taken, in which Cyrano composed his ballade while he fought a duel, for Cyrano and Alan Breck, no less than Mulvaney and Sherlock Holmes, are very modern heroes.

Stevenson's whole life was one long devotion to this ideal. He carried his ill health and penury bravely and wittily into far corners of the earth through many strange adventures. As he wrote to William Archer: "The medicine bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not exist in my prospect."

The melodramatic gloom of Byron, the lachrymose pathos of Dickens and the shallow sentimentality of Thackeray touch the source of our tears less surely than the sheer gay heartedness and courage in the face of disease, difficulty or danger. This is the modern note. A clever woman told me that every young man of her acquaintance when he reached a certain degree of intimacy, quoted these lines of Henley's:

Under the bludge