

Wordsworth and Burns.
A friend writes us from England: We visited the simple tomb of William Wordsworth in Grasmere churchyard. The old church stood near it, among the ancient trees, and the grand hills lifted their green domes in the cloudless sky.

We had ridden past the poet fanned lakes of Widdermere and Grasmere, with memories of Coleridge, De Quincey, Christopher North, Mrs. Hemans and Harriet Martineau, and had rested by Rydal Water in the shadows of Rydal Monks.

"Wordsworth," said one of our party, calling to mind the author of the "Excursion," "seems to be the soul of all these scenes. He made himself the ever-revering spirit of the English lakes."

"Burns was his teacher," said another. "They, under the grand trees lifting their solemn tops to the sun, our friend repeated a single verse from Wordsworth's poem on the death of Burns: I mourned with thousands, but as one More deeply grieved, for he was none Woodlight I had when a first it shone As shined my youth How I may build a primrose throne Of humbler traits."

"Youth's Companion."
The Rev. T. D. Witherspoon in a sermon at Patterson related an amusing story of his experiences while evangelizing in the mountains. One day while passing a cornfield in Leslie county he was surprised to see long strings of papaw bark knotted together and tied to stumps. He asked his guide what it meant and was informed that it was "to bring luck."

"And does such a foolish superstition exist all over this community?" asked the minister. "Oh, no," said the mountaineer; "the old preacher over in the settlement yonder says papaw vines don't do good."

"An intelligent man," interrupted Mr. Witherspoon, "I'm glad to find one man who isn't let in ignorance." "Yassir," the native continued, "he was he who was father of twins and a rival had given him a carriage, with the information that he had seen me buy one for another customer who had a baby. I haven't straightened it out yet, and I'm doubtful if I ever can."—Washington Star.

A Keen Eyed Engineer.
An old engineer was getting his right tested by a doctor who lived in a house facing a large park. The doctor used to say to his patients, "Look over there and tell me what you can see." When the engineer learned that his sight was to be tested, he had arranged with his son to take his bicycle half a mile into the park and be riding it due time the old man was led to the window, the doctor saying, as usual, "What do you see?"

"The old man, peering out, said, 'I see a young man stooping beside his bicycle.'" "Do you?" said the doctor. "I don't see anything at all," "Nonsense," said the engineer. "Why, he is doing it!"

The Voice of a Child.
Professor Drummond told the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a heavy heart. I don't think he could hear it way up in heaven, but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms and told her that, even though God were at that moment surrounded by all his holy angels, sending on their golden harps and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever was heard in heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush! Stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."—Ram's Horn.

Wagner and Schumann.
Wagner, writing in 1846, said of Schumann: "He is a highly gifted musician, but an impossible man. When I came from Paris, I wanted to see him. He is very dear to me, and I represented the state of the state in France, then that in Germany, spoke of literature and politics, but he remained as good as dumb for nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Schumann gave an account of this interview which practically agrees with that of Wagner. "I have seldom met Wagner," he said, "but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unnecessarily, and that one cannot endure for long together."

Slavery in Great Britain.
Slavery survived in England much later than in generally supposed. The word "bondage" in Northumberland still means a female farm servant. The coalminers and saltminers of East Lothian were actually slaves till 1775. If they deserted their service, any harborer of them was liable to a penalty of £5 if he did not restore them in 24 hours. The last slave in England was not freed until 1789, and in 1842 there was a coolie living who, as well as his father, and grandfather, had worked as a slave in a pit at Musselburg.

Paradoxical.
"It seemed sort of strange at first," said a stroller, "to see a leg cuffed man looking at the display in a shoe store window, for it didn't seem as though he would take more than half an interest in shoes, but as a matter of fact he appeared to be as much interested as anybody."—New York Sun.

What have become of the manuscripts of Dickens' earlier works? Some light is thrown on the question in Mr. Shoaling's paper in *The Strand*. The manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend" was given, as is well known, by the author to his friend Mr. Dallas, and subsequently bought by Mr. Childs, the publisher, of Philadelphia. The manuscript of "Pickwick" was, Miss Georgina Hogarth states, never preserved in its entirety, though stray fragments have turned up, and are dispersed about the world, but it was not given by its author to any one. "I don't think," adds Miss Hogarth, "he attached much importance to his manuscripts in those early days. Portions of the original manuscript of 'Oliver Twist' figure as a curiosity among the articles stolen from a fragment of the manuscript still remaining, which begins with the twelfth chapter and ends with what is now called the forty-third chapter. 'Oliver Twist' is shown how the Artful Dodger got into trouble. 'Oliver Twist' was written in a much larger hand than was most of the later works. The manuscript of 'Nicholas Nickleby' is one of those which have vanished, but a facsimile is given of part of the revised proof of the preface, which shows a long passage struck out by Charles Dickens.—London News.

Circumventing Them.
Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe, and made a united Germany, a dozen little principalities, and many a tiny principality, were scattered about the frontiers until they had satisfied the custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty principality. The herr oberkontrollant asked him to his indignation, was refused. In a concluding way, the Yankee was ingeniously enough not to get out of the carriage, nor even take off his hat. The herr ober then demanded the keys of the tourist's trunk, which his subordinate began handling roughly.

"Here, hands off!" shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back. I'm in no hurry, and don't mind losing a few hours. You're no country, run to only a spot. I'll go round you." And he did.—Strand Magazine.

He Tried It a Second Time.
A new story of the late John P. Spaulding, illustrating his unlimited generosity and original methods of distributing it, was told the Sanitizer the other day. The "sugar king" of Broad street was a confirmed bachelor, as everybody will know. His brother, the late Mahlon D. Spaulding, used to live in Beacon street, and was the father of a happy family. At the birth of the first child word was sent to the rich uncle that the boy had been named after him. "John P. Spaulding," Uncle John responded with a check for \$10,000. A couple of years later another heir was born, this time a girl, and Uncle John was again notified that the little daughter had been named after him. This was a sticker for the uncle, and he wrote for several days, but he never received a word. "There is really no mistake. We named our little daughter 'Spaulding' after you," Uncle John sent another \$10,000 check.—Boston Budget.

Illustrating a Sermon.
A north country clergyman once made clear even to the dullest of his flock the difficulty of treading the straight and narrow path, as contrasted with descent on the spacious highway leading in the other direction. Before he had finished his sermon he had been down the path, and proceeded to suit the action to the word. "My brethren," he cried, "the road to heaven is like this." And lying flat on the banister he began to pull himself up, hand over hand, as laboriously as a boy climbs as grassed pole.

Geographies to Him.
Ask any hundred English men, women or children what is the name of the capital of Russia, and every one of them will reply, St. Petersburg. It has been a small matter, but in point of fact the proper name is "Petersburg." The English are the only folk who insist upon the "Saint." The city was founded by Peter the Great, and is named after him. It is quite true that Peter was one of the most extraordinary men who ever filled a throne, but no ruler has been more transcended than himself at being dubbed a saint. He neither lived nor died in the odor of sanctity, and it is hard to find out how it became the English fashion to mis-call the splendid town he founded.—Little Folks.

An Agricultural Peer.
The Earl of Winchester is best known to the English public by the great interest he takes in "matters agricultural." His interest in birds has led him to make many expeditions, some of which have extended as far as Egypt, and to risk his life at the end of a rope many scores of times on the west coast of Scotland. He has the finest collection of eagles' eggs in England. The earl is also keenly interested in pet animals of different kinds, and he has a fine collection of birds, and his snow-white Haverholme accompanied by a lioness.

Talked.
"There are 14 varieties of apes in Venezuela," he said, "and a long list of them." "And only one variety here," he responded sadly. And again the silence settled upon them.—Detroit Free Press.

The first clothmaker was the weaver bird, which, from threads and vegetable filaments, manufactures a fabric quite waterproof and of very dense structure.

An Extraordinary Wage.
The series of bravado bets which have been so frequent in Paris reached a climax when a shop assistant, named Alexander, laid a wager of 500 francs that he would swallow a yard of galvanized iron stove piping. The bet was accepted and witnesses and referee appointed. Alexander and one of the witnesses went to buy the piping, which was about one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness and five inches in diameter. Alexander took it to a white-smith and requested him to file it down into a powder in the presence of the witness, who subsequently carried it to a cafe in the Rue de la Chapelle, where the operation of swallowing the filings was carried out. Quite 100 persons attended as spectators. Alexander divided the filings into five portions, placed them in five glasses of beer and tossed them off at intervals of ten minutes. He played cards during the process of drinking, and when the last glass of beer and its metallic additions had been consumed the 500 francs handed over to him. He stated afterward that he felt no inconvenience whatever from the feat.—Paris Letter.

Mr. Vernon's Perpetual Pointer.
"That pointer of mine is a great dog," declared Howard Vernon as he petted the \$1,000 dog, Glenbeigh. "I can always depend on him. When he makes a point, I know that he will be sent a bird, and I know that he will not move a muscle while I have a chance at it. 'I was hunting quail up at Point Reys when I met Glenbeigh. I know he must be pointing in the brush some where, but I looked everywhere for him and could not find him. The next day I returned the search, with no better success, but on the third day I found him in a dense thicket standing perfectly rigid with his tail sticking straight out behind and one foot up. I shall had him into a hollow tree, and the quail dared not come out, and I, true to his training, wouldn't leave. He had been standing in that position without so much as moving a foot, for 60 hours, and when I tried to find him away he could not walk.'"—Francisco Post.

Broke Up the Party.
At a card party in the northwest a evenings ago a cross-eyed man was sitting at the table with him all, giving his positive opinions on every subject in a loud and otherwise unbecomingly general manner. A Boston girl was particularly annoyed at his air he assumed and the attacks he made on some of her pet theories. It came sooner than expected. A few minutes later the Boston girl was the partner of the cross-eyed man, who immediately proceeded to give elaborate instructions as to how certain cards should be played to insure them the game. He finished by saying, "Now, go ahead, Miss Buck Bay, and remember I have my eye on you." She never spoke up, but in the most innocent way imaginable, said, "Which eye, Mr. Jones?" It broke up the party.—Washington Post.

A Palm-tree Reminiscent.
Lord Palmerston, on one occasion took his seat at a meeting in connection with University college, London. He was not so familiar, writes Mrs. S. E. de Morgan in her reminiscences, with the sort of speech expected in such a place as he would have been in Westminster, and meaning to adapt his remarks to the occasion he began very appropriately, "It has been said that it is better than better than better than"—Here came a dead stop. Lord Brougham, who sat beside the speaker, came to the rescue, speaking with his peculiar nasal twang. "Better than a great deal of ignorance." This of course brought down the house, and during a volley of laughter, cheers and Kentish fire, Lord Palmerston recovered the threads of his speech, and finished it with his usual ease and fluency.

Frozen Water in a Kite.
A Yankee farmer in Brazil who longed for ice water had utilized a kite for the purpose of obtaining ice. He flew a kite with water and sends it to the height of three miles, where it is promptly frozen. After a sufficient interval the kite is rapidly hauled in and the cake of ice secured. The inventor is so pleased with his kite that it is said he now proposes to send up a kite 150 feet long by a steel wire cable. Under the kite will be suspended a pulley, over which runs an endless chain bearing cans attached to hooks. The cans will be filled with water and the speed of the belt upon which they will run will be regulated so that the frozen cans will be converted into ice sufficiently hard to withstand the downward journey.

Why He Voted Aye.
When Dr. Kenealy, being returned to parliament by the election of Stoke Newington, was asked the reason for his vote of aye on the judges, he found a teller in Mr. Whalley. On the house dividing it was found that 423 men of all parties voted in the negative, Dr. Kenealy's proposition being supported by Major O'Donnell. Asked afterward why he had gone against his own party, for once merged in the majority, the major, mopping his massive brow, answered, "Bedad, it's a hot night, and I knew there would be more room in the 'aye' lobby."

Had Some Familiarity With Both.
"What is the biggest game in your country?" inquired the English tourist with the gun on his shoulder. "Moose and politics," replied the bank American who was sitting on the fence and whittling a stick.—Chicago Tribune.

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The saddle is valuable as a dye. It grows wild in many parts of South Europe.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.
The View From the Summit of the Mountain of the Ark.
At last we stood upon the summit of Ararat, but the sun no longer pierced the white vapor; a fierce gale drove across the forbidden region and whipped the eye, straining to distinguish the limits of snow and cloud. Vague forms hurried past on the winds of the whirlwind; in place of the landscape of the land of promise we searched dense banks of fog.

We were standing on the spot where the ark of gopher rested, where first the patriarch alighted on the face of an earth renewed. Before him lay the valleys of 600 years of sorrow. The airiest phantasm supported him; a boundless hope filled his eyes. The price of life he sought and fresh around him; the busy swarms thrilled with sweet freedom, elect of all living things. In the settling exhalations stood the bow of many colors, eternal tokens of God's covenant with man.

Although the summit of Great Ararat, which has an elevation of 17,616 feet, yields in height to the peaks of the Caucasus in the north and to Demavend (19,400 feet) in the east, nearly 500 miles away, yet, as Bryce in his admirable book has observed, there can be but few other places in the world where so mountain so lofty rises from a plain so low. The summit of Great Ararat has the form of a dome and is covered with perpetual snow; this dome crowns an oval figure, the length of which is from northwest to southeast, and it is therefore the long side of this dome which you see from the valley of the Araxes. On the southeast, as you follow the outline, further, the slope falls at a more rapid gradient of from 30 to 35 degrees and ends in the saddle between the two mountains at a height of nearly 9,000 feet.

From that point it is the shape of the Little Ararat, which continues the outline toward the east. It rises in the shape of a graceful pyramid to the height of 12,840 feet, and its summit is distant from that of Great Ararat a space of nearly seven miles. The southeastern slope of the lesser Ararat corresponds to mountain and descends to the floor of the river valley in a long and regular train. The unity of the whole fabric, the intimate correspondence of the parts between themselves, in a word the architectural qualities of this natural work at once impress the eye and continue to provide an inexhaustible fund of study, however long may be the period of your stay.—Strickland's.

MAGIC WORDS.
These in Various Cases Are Supposed to Be Frequent Wishes Good Luck.
Here are one or two magic words—words that really do things; words that are endowed with the blessedness of "Abracadabra." The word "Abracadabra" drives away the ages; keep it therefore about the house. For epilepsy the word "Ammanapha" cures a man and "Ammanapha" cures a woman. The word "Alga" should also be kept about the house because it is good in exorcisms, and the word "Abraxas" possesses qualities which not even the most fervent believer can fully comprehend. If you are attacked by a snake, do not run away, but just say "Oya," and see what will happen. And if you want a really all round useful word I will give you one. Get it engraved on a ruby, mounted with gold, and you will have continued good luck. The word is "Bedonk."

If you want another word, the attention of which brings bad luck, I can also find you one. It is a word held in execration by Arabs, Turks and Persians. On one occasion the late Edward Palmer cleared a whole hamlet of its occupants by repeating this word aloud. They fled shrieking and cursing, and looking to see the infidel fall dead on the spot. The word is—No—I reserve it for mine enemy. I shall meet him some day. I shall engage him in friendly conversation. I shall then pronounce the word aloud, and a lamp-post or a coping stone will instantly fall upon him. For my own part I shall not be hurt, because I shall have "Bedonk" in a ruby ring, "Abracadabra" in a silver case round my neck, and "Alga" in the left.—Walker Bosant in Queen.

Mobile's Gem.
The celebrated cannon, the "Lady Selkirk," was served, it is true, by men of the Washington artillery of New Orleans, but it was an Alabama gun, made in this state for defense of Alabama, and was used in the battle at Blakely, on the shore of Mobile bay, and nowhere else. It is almost the sole relic of that great contest which remains in this locality. The Washington artillery propose to purchase it of its owner—the citizen who paid for its transportation from Blakely to Mobile, and if the purchase is made it will be moved to New Orleans. Are Mobileans willing to part with it? Are they ready to have this relic of the last battle of the war taken far from the scene of its glory? We pause for a reply.—Mobile Register.

The Terrible African Fever.
During 1882 we built Kimpoko and Ghobin stations, explored the Kwa and Mfina rivers, and discovered Lake Leopold II, but on returning from this voyage I was attacked by a violent fever. It was my second experience of the dangerous hematocytic type. I was unconscious for days, and in recovering my senses found that my legs had swollen to an immense size. For a month afterward it appeared to me as if a quarter of a hundredweight of mercury had been injected into each leg.—Henry M. Stanley in Century.

As Inexhaustible good nature is one of the most precious gifts of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keeping the mind as smooth and equable in the rough as the sea.—W. Irving.

Best and Bad Temper.
Mrs. Ernest Hart, a specialist on diet, writes: "One deplorable result of excessive eating in England is the ill temper which is a chronic moral complaint among us. In no country, I believe, is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat eating, France, civility is the rule of the house; in fish and rice eating Japan, harmony is unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails even among the children who play together in the streets. In Japan I never heard angry words spoken by any but Englishmen. I am strongly of the opinion that the ill temper of the English is caused, in a great measure, by a too abundant meat dietary combined with a sedentary life. The half oxidized products of albumen form urates and uric acid, which, circulating in the blood, produce both mental and moral disturbances."—London Globe.

The Woman Landlord.
Women make very good landlords, but beware of the woman who owns or buys one house. She regards it as the apple of her eye. She lives near to keep it under surveillance. Whether she goes out on an errand or takes her constitutional, her steps are led by her house. A glance she can tell the condition of the shutters, the front door and the area. Her accustomed eye knows every scratch, and she is prepared to resist to the utmost any proposition to remove the shutters or to paint the front door.

She regards her tenant as her natural enemy, and cannot understand why she may not enter her own property whenever she has a mind. But she is cheerfully prompt on rent day; too prompt, for she does not take delay with grace. When a woman has a second house, say the agents, her character is unimpaired. And as her knowledge of affairs broadens she does not defer materially from other landlords.—New York Journal.

Origin of Two Tavern Terms.
The term "entree," so often seen over bars and taverns (and not always understood by the passerby), is said to have first been used about 1710. Prior to that date, the usual liquor in general use were ale, beer and "twopenny." It was usual for tavern customers to call for a pint or tankard of half and half—that is, half ale and half beer, half ale and half twopenny, or half beer and half twopenny. In course of time it became customary to call for a tankard of "three-threads," meaning a third of ale, beer and twopenny. To save publicans the trouble and waste of turning three taps for one pint of liquor a brewer named Harwood conceived the idea of making a beverage which should combine the flavors of all three drinks. He called his production "entree," or "entree but beer." As it was considered suitable for porters and other working people it is said to have obtained the fanciful name of "porter."—London News.

Wound Steal in Pipes.
The plan of winding steam pipes over eight inches in diameter with three-ounce iron wire, thus nearly doubling the bursting pressure, is pronounced by competent judges to be an important change in engineering practice. Further, that the thickness of sheet copper forming the pipe may be reduced to the minimum, and at the same time ensuring the full advantage of wire winding, an improved system of manufacturing steam pipes has been devised, described as consisting in simply using copper of the thinnest possible gauge to form the interior or core of the pipe, while the body proper is composed of steel wire wound closely around the core, the interstices being filled in solid with copper by electro-deposition. Increased strength comes from wire winding.—New York Sun.

Signatures of Two Presidents.
Charles Moore, a clerk in the Adams express office, possesses a parchment deed signed at the Zanesville (O.) land office on June 20, 1811, by Thomas Humeheart, granting him the northern quarter section of lot 13 of township 9 S. in range 13 of the lands directed to be sold at Zanesville by the act of congress entitled, "An act providing for the sale of United States lands in the territory northwest of the Ohio and above the mouth of the Kentucky river." To the deed are attached the signatures of President James Madison and Secretary of State James Monroe, and an official postscript lower corner is affixed the official seal of the government.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Improving an Old Master.
This is true, though you will not believe it. A distinguished, but very Philadelphia lady, who has in her possession a rare and beautiful "old master," has hit upon the plan of having the nude painter for exhibition in a drawing room. The other day she asked her son, painter clothing on to the figures. Now the picture has a place of honor in her drawing room. I am told the effect is rather extraordinary.—London Gentlewoman.

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