SKATING STORIES.

They Were Good Enough to Tell, but Their Truth Was Doubted.

The group were talking about skating. "I don't pretend to be much of a skater," said the man with his feet on the mantelpiece. "The last time I indulged in the pastime, though, I had the good luck to slip into an airhole."

"You don't call that good luck, do you?" asked the man who had been trying to break into the conversation and tell a story himself.

"Well, under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't call it good luck," replied the man with his feet on the mantel, "but in this instance it led to my catching the largest fish ever found in this section of the country. It happened this way: I was skating around the airhole, and at last ran plump into it. The lower part of my body went under the ice, but I was able to hold myself up by the arms. At last a man came to help me out, but one of my skates seemed to have become entangled in something below the surface, and he had to call for assistance. Several persons responded, and by their united efforts pulled me and a four pound rock bass through the airhole. The jaws of the fish were held apart by one of my skate blades. I suppose," he added by way of explanation, "that I must have struck my foot in his mouth when I first went down."

It was the unuttered consensus of opinion that the speaker was a liar.

There was a short pause, and the man who had been waiting for a chance told of an adventure on Lake Superior. He said that while skating there one evening, far from shore, he was pursued by a monstrous gray wolf. "The wolf chased me about considerably," he said, "but I wasn't afraid, because I always was a good skater and could beat any wolf that was ever created when it came to getting around on the ice. After I had a little fun with the animal, making 'figure eights' and things like that around him, I thought I would put him to some use. So I made a dash around to his rear and caught hold of his tail with one hand. I had a shiny stick in the other and beat him across the head with it. Well, gentlemen, that beast was so astonished and surprised that he didn't know what to do. He jumped around just like a colt that was being broken in. I held on tight, though, and he finally concluded, in conclusion that he wanted to go home, and lit out for home.

"Gentlemen, I hope you will believe me when I say that that was the supreme moment of my life. There I was a-holding to the wolf's tail with one hand, beating him with the shiny stick which I held in the other, and flying over the glassy surface at the rate of about 40 miles an hour. As we neared the shore he slowed up a little and on reaching the land lay down and died from exhaustion.

"I have his hide at home now," concluded the narrator, "and you can see it if you want to."

This served satisfactory proof of the truth of the tale. At least no one questioned it, and the meeting adjourned.—Washington Star.

Tell Army Stories.

During the war Father Sherman was a camp follower, going in when about 8 years old and remaining with his father, General William T. Sherman, until the close of the struggle. At Black River, on the march from Atlanta to the sea, a Confederate was sent under a flag of truce to Sherman's headquarters. Arriving, he found the general absent, but young Thomas was there and inclined to be communicative when taken upon the knee of the Confederate.

Drawn into conversation, he bluntly remarked, "Why, father can whip you fellows every time." On being interrogated as to how and why he could whip them, the boy proceeded to give detailed information. "Father has 50,000 men and so many cannon, just so many foot and so many horse soldiers. He has just exactly so many men, foot and horse, and so many cannon at another place." The boy did not neglect to state that the northern troops were well off for provisions and how and where they could get them when they wanted them.

General Sherman after the Confederate's departure learned of the conversation. "Why," said he, "you young traitor! There is nothing for it but that you must be court martialed, and you will probably be shot." The boy was not shot, but he was told of the rules and usages of armed forces when at war.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Work Done by Earthworms.

In 1890 Alvan Millen, an employee of the British colonial government at Lagos, west Africa, made some remarkable observations on the work of earthworms. Over scores of miles around Lagos, he says, the earth is literally covered with cylindrical casts of earth brought to the surface by the worms. In some places the earth is covered to the depth of several inches with these little cylinders, which have been caked hard by the sun. Having removed these casts from a space of just two square feet, I weighed them carefully and found that the weight was 10½ pounds. Estimating 5 pounds to the square foot as the amount of earth which these creatures bring to the surface annually, I find that they bring up an average of not less than 62,233 long tons of subsoil to each acre of farm land in this vicinity."—St. Louis Republic.

Pride and Prejudice.

"I'd be ashamed to go around begging," said the prosperous citizen.

"Pride's a funny thing, ain't it?" answered Mr. Everett Wiest. "Here you are, too proud to beg, and here I am, too proud to work. Takes all sorts to make a world, I guess."—Indianapolis Journal.

Its Effect.

Boggs—I see the weather bureau has put in a typewriter.

Foggs—Well, that means that we are about to have a bad spell of weather.—Yonkers Statesman.

ROBIN IN THE RAIN.

Listen to that soaring strain!
It is robin in the rain.
Sitting there aloft, alofty,
Underneath his leafy roof,
Pouring from his throbbing throat
Note upon ecstatic note,
Rapture in the swift refrain—
Robin in the rain!

Heirloom to the song he sings,
Tiny chorister with wings!
"After all the grief and gloom
Brighter bloom the skies will bloom
After all the cloudy woe
Earth with gladder gold will glow
Joy will triumph over pain"—
Robin in the rain!

—Clinton Scollard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ONE SPORTSMAN'S AMBITION.

It Is to Hunt In the Undiscovered Patches Along America's Coast.

"I'll tell you what I won'd like to do," said a man whose life is spent roving about from city to lumber camp and from park to forest. "I would like to own a schooner fit to weather any gale on the seas and travel in it up and down the American coast from Labrador to Cape Horn and north again to Bering strait. There's a whole lot of odd places one could visit seldom or never heard of.

"Take it about Cape Hatteras. Now, what do you know about the mainland alongshore there? What can you tell of the people in the swamps there and of the game these people find in the woods? It's so little, you have to guess at it. Then there is a whole lot of the gulf of Mexico's shore line, not to mention the islands and lands south of there. Why, only the other day I heard of a tribe of Indians on some islands somewhere down that way that buy buckshot to kill deer with and poor shotguns using only a dram of powder for a charge. Just think what sport a fellow with a good rifle would have among them—if they'd let him. What is more, they pay for what they buy with pure gold, and if ever a white man visited them he did not come back to tell about it, nor will the Indians say where they got their stuff.

"When you come to think about it, the sportsman nosing about in these out of the way places could get more game and curiosities than he could get out of Blue Mountain park or from any other of the big preserves.

"I hope to make just such a trip some time. I'll take a 45-90, a 10 gauge, a 20 gauge and a target pistol, with stacks of fishing tackle of all kinds and no end of ammunition. The specimens I will gather will pay for the trip, as I shall go along prepared to skin and dry anything from a tapir to a crocodile, from a condor to a beetle, not to mention snakes and other things."—New York Sun.

Tree Climbing Rabbits.

The London Field has an item that is likely to call out a discussion among English correspondents of that paper. A man writes that "when shooting with a friend in Banffshire last December my friend called out, 'There's a rabbit up a tree!' Sure enough one was there at least ten feet from the ground. The tree was an upright fir, and the man had seen the rabbit run up the smooth bark as easily as a squirrel. The rabbit stopped on the first branch to look down.

What is more, "there is a lot of blown timber in the wood, and I suppose the rabbits have got accustomed to climbing on it, for I have often seen them jump on to a root and run up the slanting trunk till they were sometimes 15 feet from the ground," which must have been a dizzy height for an animal of such ground habits.

Corroborative letters will probably come in, and rabbits will have an established reputation as climbers. It is said that in Australia the imported rabbits have begun to develop hooked claws, with the aid of which they are able to climb the rabbit proof fences.

A large number of animals with habits acquired because of environment have been noted from time to time—foxes that climb trees, rats that are beasts of prey, birds that build nests adapted to certain conditions, and so on indefinitely.

Her Dilemma.

They met at the linen counter, and the girl in blue looked so sadly perplexed that the girl in brown said sympathetically:

"Why, May, what is the matter? You look so miserable."

"I'm bothered," acknowledged May. "You see, Rudolph and I quarreled bitterly last night. And to save my life I can't make up my mind whether to go on buying household linens in expectation of a reconciliation or to buy me an organdie to begin a new campaign."

"It is bothering," agreed the girl in brown. "Ah! We women have so many hard problems to solve!"—New York Journal.

Her Hope.

"This X ray is doing wonders for mankind," he remarked.

"Yes," his wife replied. "It has done lots for mankind. Maybe it'll be developed in the course of time to where it will enable womankind to see whether her hat is on straight or not without looking in the glass."—Washington Star.

Ancient Timber.

Probably the oldest timber in the world is found in the ancient temples of Egypt in connection with stone work which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stem to another.

"The dog watch," a term used by sailors, was once the dodge watch, a short watch being introduced between those longer in duration in order that too great an amount of work should not be put upon the same men in the course of the day.

The biggest and best marked mocking birds are found within a belt of 50 miles north and 50 miles south of San Antonio.

A SHY DANCER.

Stories Told by Westerners of the Antics of the Sand Hill Crane.

The sand hill crane is a very bright bird. A Recreation writer says that its very name is synonymous of vigilance and alertness. It feeds on the treeless plains or in the barren wheat stubble, where it can see a long way beyond gunshot, or one of a flock is posted as sentinel, and this bird stands with hill half open, ready to give an alarm. It can be killed by decoying it with pasteboard figures cut to proper size and shape and painted, but mounted birds are better. A pit is dug deep enough to conceal a man, the decoys are put out, and the cranes are shot as they come over. The best region to shoot them is in the Columbia river watershed and south of it in the Pacific coast states.

When one shoots a bird of the size and build of a crane in midair, it collapses, like a card house or a tent. But such apparent collapses are sometimes deceptive, as, for instance:

"Before I could reach him he soared off into the air with wheeling flight. Again he hit the ground with fearful violence, but again he got on his feet. Running up, thinking to get him alive for a decoy, I tried to tap him on the head and stun him. He shook his head, and I used my gun as I backed off, and he took to his wings."

The sand hill crane is something of a fighter of men if wounded, and the only safe crane is a dead one. Their bills are long and sharp and are capable of putting out a man's eye.

The sand hill crane has some curious habits that make him of more than passing interest to the student of birds. Out on the prairies parties of them have balls in the spring, to which the select birds seem to be invited. These balls are picturesque affairs from the human standpoint. There are curious dances, which are sort of solitary waltzes or pretty slow jigs. Sometimes the birds leap over one another's backs and flap their wings, giving their peculiar cry. Sometimes rival birds have fierce duels, using their keen bills like lances, battleaxes and swords.

Lady Blessington.

"The most gorgeous Lady Blessington," as she was christened by her very old admirer, Dr. Parr, has long since passed into the regions of oblivion for the general world. As an authoress she never succeeded in making any mark, though she worked at the business as hard as any of her successors of the present day. Her novels were many and fashionable, Mrs. Gore like in their method and filled with strange and wandering scraps of French. She edited books of beauty for fancy clients and at fancy prices, and when The News was first started under the editorship of Charles Dickens she was offered an engagement as a purveyor of fashionable intelligence and asked £800 a year for it. She was offered either £500 as a certainty, or £250 for six months on approval, and confidently chose the latter, with the melancholy result at the end of the term—Dickens having in the meantime retired from his uncongenial work and John Forster having accepted his post ad interim—she was informed that her services were no longer wanted.

She fought for her hand hard enough in later days, poor lady, after years of "Arabian Nights'" luxury with her magnificent husband, but we fear that her position in the literary world was not at any time one of solid security. Privately she lived under a cloud from the scandal which always connected her name with Count d'Orsay, and, we suppose, not without reason. At all events, they never appear to have taken any steps to defend themselves against the charges of papers like The Age, which anticipated a similar class of journals that sprang up in our own day, and rather suffered judgment by default.—London Spectator.

Magnetized Corset Steels.

"Every day something new is found about electricity and its effects," said Mr. Fay of the Southern Pacific. "Do you know that nine-tenths of the umbrellas that men carry nowadays are magnetized? Well, they are, and all that is necessary to prove this is to apply the point of your knife or, better still, a small pen point against the steel rib. The attraction is very perceptible, and it is caused by the carrying of the article inside of the electric cars. The umbrella is rested upon the floor near the motors, and the proximity of the metal causes a certain quantity of the fluid to find a permanent lodgment in the ribs.

"Carrying out the idea, it is very likely that the corset steels of the ladies are similarly affected. Think what the consequences would be if a young man with steel cuff buttons should hug a girl with magnetized corset steels!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Vegetable Properties.

It may be well to mention that an eminent physician who has been investigating the properties of the different vegetables announces that a diet of carrots ameliorates harshness of character and reduces nervous irritability. Peas create fatty tissue and encourage joyousness, while turnips have just the opposite effect. Celery taken in excess causes eye trouble, while cabbage is beneficial in pulmonary ailments, and lettuce acts as a sedative owing to the opium contained in its milky juice, which keeps the skin clear and fresh. Red beets are blood producing and will add plumpness to the thinnest form, providing they are boiled tender.—New York Journal.

Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Liberty is of no value in itself, but is valuable only as a means to equality, and equality that did not eventuate in fraternity would perish. Equality will enlarge itself to the bonds of humanity as fast as people learn that in likeness there is the only rest and comfort and pleasure that men can know, and fraternity will come as a result of the same conviction.—W. D. Howells in Century.

CRUDE INTOXICANTS.

THE MANUFACTURE OF STIMULANTS BY ABORIGINES.

Fermented and Distilled Liquors With Which the Uncivilized Natives of Different Parts of the World Produce "Drunk." Learning From the White Man.

It is a remarkable fact that up to the time of the coming of the whites the North American Indians generally had no knowledge of intoxicants. As for tobacco, they did not smoke it as we do apparently, but merely for ceremonial purposes. Going southward into Mexico in those days, however, the traveler might have found alcoholic stimulants in common use. Even at the present time the natives in that part of the world make an odd sort of beer out of corn. They wet a woolen blanket, lay it in the sun and spread whole grains of maize upon it. The grains germinate, sprouting and sending out rootlets through the texture of the blanket, which is kept moist. They are then parched and ground to a coarse meal. To this meal a little yeast, made by chewing some corn and allowing it to ferment, is added. Then the stuff is mixed with water and put away in jars. Fermentation follows, and as it diminishes the liquor becomes as clear as yellow amber, in which condition it is drunk. It is quite intoxicating.

Several varieties of grasses, herbs and flowers, the roots of sundry plants, the juices of the sugar cane and aloe, and even beets, are used by various tribes and peoples as a basis of drinks. In earlier times spruce trees, fir trees, birch trees and ash trees were tapped for their sap, which was fermented to make stimulating beverages. The willow, poplar, sycamore and walnut are said to yield palatable drinks. The Japanese obtain intoxicating beverages from plums and from the flowers of the motherwort and peach. The Chinese actually produce an alcoholic drink from mutton. The Abnaki Indians of New England used to manufacture a kind of liquor from the tops of fir trees, which they boiled and put into casks with molasses. The contents of the casks were allowed to ferment for three days.

The Eskimos were entirely unacquainted with the art of getting drunk until they came into contact with the whites. Travelers have observed that they drink extraordinary quantities of water when they can procure it. That is not always easy in a latitude where the normal condition of water is that of a solid. In winter one of the most important occupations of the women is the thawing of snow to get water. The snow is cut into very thin slices as a preparation for the thawing process, and it is fetched to the hut from a considerable distance in order that it may be perfectly clean. The Eskimo greatly dislikes water that is many degrees above the freezing point.

The Chilcat Indians of southern Alaska distill a fearful beverage called "hootchenoo." The process adopted was probably suggested to them by United States soldiers originally. Molasses or vegetables of any sort, made into a "mash," are employed as raw material. The mash is put into a large tin can, which is connected with another tin can by a tube of the hollow stem of the giant kelp. This tube is buried in snow. A fire is built under the can that contains the mash, and the alcohol passes over into the other vessel. The liquor thus distilled is drunk fresh and produces temporary insanity.

The aborigines of Mexico and farther to the south were acquainted only with fermented intoxicants up to the time when they learned from the whites the principle of the still. At present, however, this contrivance of civilization is in general use among savages on this continent. The Apaches of southern Arizona make whisky from the sap of a small species of cactus. They cut out the hearts of the plants, resembling little cabbages, and in the cup shaped receptacles left behind the sap accumulates. From this sap they distill the famous "mescal," which drives those who drink it to sheer madness. Many spirituous drinks are made from the banana. Banana wine is obtained by pressing the fruit through a sieve, after which it is made into cakes, dried in the sun and dissolved in water when wanted for use.

On the west coast of Africa it is a common thing to see a bare legged woman climbing up a gigantic palm tree, with a calabash of immense size hung round her neck. When she has reached the top branch, she taps the tree, and the sap begins to flow. Then she hangs the calabash beneath the stream of sap and descends. Twelve hours later she climbs the tree again and takes down the calabash, which by that time is full of palm beer. It resembles mead somewhat, but a small quantity of it stupefies the drinker. African natives universally know how to prepare drunk producing liquors from such simple materials as the tops of broom corn, sugar cane juice and cocoanut milk.

All over eastern Asia is consumed a drink known as "arrack." The best of it is distilled from the unexpanded flowers of certain varieties of palm. A vile kind of arrack is made from impure molasses that is left over as refuse in the manufacture of raw sugar. It makes the drinker crazy, and under the influence of it whole parties of Malays sometimes "run amuck" together, the sport only concluding with the death of all participants, as well as the destruction of numbers of innocent people. This is a favorite Malay plan of committing suicide. A man makes up his mind that he wants to die, and so he fills himself up with arrack and starts to run amuck, stabbing every one that comes in his way until he himself is slain.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Blotting paper is wholly unsized, the lack of sizing enabling it to take up and retain the ink of the writing on which it is laid.

TEETH MAKE MANY ILLS.

The Evils Which Follow Imperfect Mastication May Be Avoided.

"It would take too long to enumerate the many ills which may spring from imperfect teeth," said Dr. Derby. "Of course one who has good teeth knows their value, but not enough people know what to do to keep them always in proper condition. Neither can you tell one just what is necessary at all times. The removal of all foreign substances from any contact with the dentine is of course the primary necessity in considering the preservation of the teeth.

"One of the first reasons why one should have perfect teeth is the influence they exert over the digestion. To secure proper assimilation the process of mastication should be thorough. Nothing less will accomplish the results intended. If this process is incomplete, all the attendant evils of indigestion are likely to follow. Thus the question of health is interposed as a primary one. Freedom from aches and pains and appearance take secondary places.

"Of the many forms of neuralgia which cause such excruciating suffering a great many owe their existence entirely to the presence of faulty teeth. They can be remedied only by the proper treatment of the diseased roots. When this is done, a number of nervous disorders respond readily to the ordinary medical treatment. Toothache, pure and simple, must be considered as an attendant of improperly cared for teeth. It is an old saying that the man who finds an absolute remedy for and preventive of toothache will make a big fortune.

"Of course the primary instruction to one who is suffering from bad teeth is to see a dentist. The exposed surface of the teeth, the enamel, must be kept perfect and whole. Any breaks in it must be immediately repaired and any wearing away or decaying of the structure must be built up if one expects to secure all the perfect results for which the teeth were designed by nature. Constant brushing and cleaning and any good nonacid wash will do much to keep the teeth in good repair.

"Of course you know the story of the man who, when his teeth were admired, gave the following reasons for their perfect condition: 'I always brush them, night and morning and after eating, and leave them in a glass of salt water while I am asleep.'"—San Francisco Examiner.

HE SNEEZED A BULLET.

Peculiar Experience of a Man Who Was Wounded In the Civil War.

Colonel Sidney Cooke of Herrington, Kan., one of the managers of the National Soldiers' home, tells of a peculiar experience in the army during the civil war. At the outbreak of the war he was a strapping New England boy, with strength and vitality which stood him well during his army life.

After taking part in several engagements Colonel Cooke was shot in the head and left on the battlefield as dead. The Federals retreated from the field and the Confederates soon occupied it. Colonel Cooke, who was then a private, was aroused to consciousness by some one tugging at his boots. The boots were very fine and the pride of his boyish heart, having been given to him by the dear ones at home.

"Ain't you dead, Yank?" asked the Confederate as he ceased tugging to remove the boots from the feet of the wounded boy.

On being assured that Cooke was not dead a compromise was effected. The Confederate brought the Union soldier some water and carried him to a Confederate surgeon. In return he secured the coveted boots.

Cooke had a long convalescence and finally recovered sufficiently to be sent to Andersonville prison, where he suffered, in addition to the privations of prison life, great pain from his wound. This suffering continued even after his release and his discharge from the army at the close of the war.

One day, long after the war was over, Colonel Cooke, who had settled in Kansas, was seized with a violent spell of sneezing. Just in the midst of it the bullet was expelled from his nose.—Chicago Record.

Reading the Newspaper.

"What a newspaper reading people we are!" said Mr. Goslim. "It seems as though everybody reads newspapers. In an elevated car the other day I saw a little child less than a year old which was reading a newspaper, or which seemed to be. The father had been reading the paper really, but the baby, sitting on its father's knee, had clutched at it, and finally the father placed it in the child's little hands, and it sat there, holding the paper in front of itself, and looking at it soberly, and now and then looking up at its father, and all this so pleased a gentleman with a gray mustache, who sat opposite, that when he got up to go out he chucked the baby gently under the chin and smiled at it as he passed."—New York Sun.

A Taking Title.

"Your play is good enough," said the veteran manager after he had read it through, "but it needs a better title than 'Sticketh Closer Than a Brother.' With such a name as that it won't draw."

"How would 'The Mustard Plaster' do?" suggested the struggling artist anxiously.—London Tit-Bits.

They Disagreed.

Langley—Don't you think Jack treats things altogether too seriously?

Seaber—Not much! He took that $5 bill I was kind enough to loan him last month and has treated it as a joke ever since.—Detroit Free Press.

Stop not, unthinking, every friend you meet, to spin your wordy fabric in the street. While you are emptying your colloquial pack the fiend lumbago jumps upon your back.—O. W. Holmes.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

Harter's Innovation.

Mr. Harter was the author of an innovation in office seeking which created a sensation when it was first disclosed. After President Cleveland was elected he made out a list of every federal office in his district and wrote opposite each the name of the man he considered most competent to fill it. He had a wide acquaintance himself, having lived there from boyhood, but when he was in doubt consulted persons in the different localities in whose judgment he had confidence. Then, without saying anything to any one, he filed a copy of this list with President Cleveland and said:

"These are my nominations for all the offices in my district. If you desire to appoint them, I shall be very much pleased. If you desire to know my reasons for selecting any particular man for any particular place, I shall be glad to give them. If you think proper to appoint others I shall not be offended. I submit these names as a matter of duty and shall not approach you on the subject again unless I am sent for."

At the same time the list was published in the local papers with an announcement that it would be useless for any one to attempt to persuade Mr. Harter to recommend any persons but those named.—Chicago Record.

A Man Without a Past.

When Adam had shaken himself and looked around him on the day of creation, he indulged in something like the following soliloquy:

"Well, it doesn't look as if I were going to have much company to keep me from being lonesome, but there is one thing I can congratulate myself upon, and that is I'm a man without a past.

"I have no foolish actions to grieve over, no notes coming due, no bad character to live down, no breach of promise suit on my hands, no loss of lost money to kick myself about, no creditor to make me hide in the woods, no dun to put off till next Monday week, no apology to make for calling on a girl when I was three sheets in the wind, no lies to manufacture to appease an angry wife, and a great many other things I haven't got to do, and, last and best of all, I'm in no danger of being run down and killed by a bicycle ridden by a woman in bloomers. On the whole, I don't see but that a man without a past is pretty well off."—Boston Courier.

Egyptian Art.

The Egyptians were conversant with the art of landscape gardening, though they had to contend with the flatness of the land. Water, however, as an adjunct was often called into play, for there was the inexhaustible Nile. We have three plans of their gardens, as the one found in the tomb of Meryieat Tell el Amaron, which gives us the perfect idea of how a grand garden was laid out. We have, too, pictures of Egyptians reclining on chairs and fishing in these artificial lakes. At Karnak there was one such lake, but whether it was used for the convenience of the priests or served for certain religious purposes we do not know. There is a good chance that whatever may be the secrets of this Karnak lake will shortly be disclosed. Mr. de Morgan, the most indefatigable and at the same time the most practical of Egyptologists, proposes pumping out the sacred lake of Karac, and at the latest date was at Assuan making his preparations.

The World's People.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world and use 3,004 different tongues. There are about 1,000 religions.

The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only 38 years. About one-third of the population dies before the age of 17.

According to the most careful computation, only 1 person in 100,000 of both sexes attains the age of 100 years and 6 to 7 in 100 the age of 60.

The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,200,000,000 souls, of whom 35,214,000 die annually, an average of 98,848 a day, 4,020 an hour and 67 a minute.

The annual number of births is estimated at 38,792,000, an average of 106,800 a day, 4,200 an hour and 70 a minute.—Science.

His Blooming Mistake.

A countryman of Goethe gives another instance of the difficulty a foreigner has with the English language. He was invited out to dinner soon after his arrival in England and was desirous of saying something in a very pleasant way and made use of the following expression: "Will you have the blooming kindness to," etc. He used it in the sense that the word "blooming" is used in German, as being something very charming and beautiful, little knowing what havoc slang has played with the word in England. He was absolute at a loss to understand why everybody was so utterly horrified at what he thought was an extremely nice expression.

Altogether Different.

"I don't know how I'm going to make out," said the agricultural statesman who had been retired. "I've got to depend on the old farm for a living now, and I'm blest if I feel any certainty about making it pay."

"But you used to make your constituents very proud of you by showing off what you knew about farming," said his wife encouragingly.

"I know it, Maria. But don't forget this—farming for votes and farming for crops are two mighty different things."—Washington Star.

By imagination a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.—Addison.

Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most uncouth at the court.—Shakespeare.