A Toad Twenty Thousand Years Old.

There is something wonderful about toad life which has never yet been satisfactorily explained by the naturalist. We refer to their ability to live for untold ages when shut out from water, air, light and food. That toads have this remarkable faculty of sustaining life under adverse circumstances is not denied by the best authorities we have on geology and natural history. Below we append a copy of a letter written by a well known geologist to Amelia B. Edwards, the authoress: "I suppose you have often heard of toads being found in solid rocks, coal blocks, etc., when the same were opened by the workmen's picks. I have today just seen one taken from a bed of clay in a railroad cut near here. It is alive, but very inactive and semitorpid. It seems to have no bones and is so limp that its legs bend in any direction. It has two beautiful eyes and a mouth that has grown tightly shut, what little breathing it does being done through the nostrils. The clay in which the creature was found is of the glacial variety and is supposed to have been deposited 20,000 to 80,000 years ago. There is no doubt but that this wonderful toad was alive at least 15,000 to 18,000 years before Noah built the ark."—St. Louis Republic.

His Free Confession.

The following story, which hails from a north country town, shows there are widely varying ideas as to what constitutes voluntary testimony on any subject.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the magistrate, addressing the determined looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" queried his worship.

"Well, first I gave him a good hiding," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper and took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."—Pearson's Weekly.

Big Cotton Presses.

Of the many cotton presses which were in operation in New Orleans 60 years ago the two principal ones were the Levee cotton press and the Orleans cotton press. They were large and massive buildings, each occupying, like most of the others, a square of ground. The Levee cotton press was built in 1832 by a company bearing the same name at a cost of $500,000 and was two stories high. It compressed some 200,000 bales of cotton a year. The Orleans press, also fronting on the river, occupied an area of 632 feet by 308, the buildings nearly covering the whole space. This press, which was begun in 1833 and completed in 1835, cost over $752,000, compressed about 150,000 bales per annum and could store 25,000 bales of cotton. Its immense length gave it a very imposing appearance from the river.—New Orleans Picayune.

Ink on Tickers.

In every stock and news ticker is a little steel type wheel, from which the imprints are made. It is a costly piece of work, and when the ticker was first introduced the company controlling them was embarrassed to find that the ink used had such a corrosive effect that after a few days' use the wheel was worthless. By way of experiment one of the steel heels was placed in a bath of ink. In 24 hours it had disappeared entirely. An operator who has since become a reporter set to work and patented an ink which is now used in all tickers. By its use the life of a type wheel is prolonged to nine years. The ink is absolutely noncorrosive.—New York Mail and Express.

Government Marriage Dower.

Providing marriage portions for poor young girls is the object of a government fund in Italy. Without a dower it would be almost impossible for a girl to be married, and this form of charity is said to be highly appreciated. The annual sum available for this purpose and distributed every year among the marriageable young girls is £500,000. To be a recipient it is necessary for the applicant to prove her good reputation and character by several witnesses, to show that she has no means available and that the young man who wishes to marry her has a trade.

Paying Inventions.

The idea of copper toed shoes was patented Jan. 5, 1858, by a Maine genius, who made $100,000 out of it. Another similar invention, which made a great deal of money, was the metal button fastener for shoes, invented and introduced by Heaton of Providence. At the time it was considered a fine invention, for the old sewed button was continually coming off. It has gradually grown in popularity since its introduction in 1869, until now very few shoes with buttons on are manufactured without the Heaton improvements and appliances.

Venezuela Coffee.

The coffee crop of Venezuela amounts to $15,000,000 a year in value. The average crop is 60,000 tons of coffee. Two-thirds of this product is exported, mostly to England. Maracaibo is one of the centers of trade. Maracaibo coffee is known everywhere.

The tuberose is considered by young ladies of France symbolic of dangerous pleasures. In England and America it is in common use as a funeral plant, and it is considered symbolic of death.

The crown of Chosroes, the king of Persia, was hidden in an Arabian fortress and remained concealed for nearly 1,000 years.

WHAT A CHILD WANTS TO BE

Girls Desire to Teach, Boys to Handle Tools, When Grown Up.

Children in their early teens have strange ambitions. From 2,500 replies to the question, "What would you like to do or be when you grow up?" it is recorded in the annual report of the department of instruction in New York that among the girls 38 per cent wanted to be teachers, 24 per cent milliners, 11 per cent clerks and stenographers, 3 per cent housekeepers, storekeepers, nurses and servants, each 2 per cent; artists, 1 per cent; then follow missionaries, musicians, factory hands and those who hope to be wives and mothers, each about three-fourths of 1 per cent. It is indeed a poor showing for the desire for motherhood. What is wrong with our schooling system that most young girls make up their minds that they would like to be teachers, and that only three-fourths of 1 per cent of them express any interest in being a wife and mother?

Among the boys who were questioned the most popular occupations related to the trades. Fourteen per cent had this preference. Next in frequency came the desire to be merchants, 12 per cent; then clerks, 7 per cent; then farmers, 6 per cent; doctors, about 5 per cent; lawyers, about 5 per cent; engineers, nearly 4 per cent; teachers and soldiers, each 3 per cent; railroad men and sailors, each 2½ per cent; business, 2 per cent. The rest named 35 different occupations. It was noticed that the boys thought that an occupation that dealt with tools, plants or animals meant something that conferred power over one's fellows. Only in boys about 7 years old was there a large preference for such occupations as that of policeman, fireman or railroad man. As he grows older the average boy modifies his desire for the perilous, until at 14 he wants to be a bank clerk. There is one interesting exception to this. The ambition to be a sailor appears at 7 and increases slowly, culminating at 14.

Here is the composition of a boy of 14, parents American, his father a laborer: "When I am a man, I will go to sea and be a sailor on the stormy ocean. Then I can see strange and foreign lands and places, where no man but the sailor can go. * * * I can go among the icebergs of the antarctic region, and I can spend a nightly winter in some arctic country. The dark continent holds many joys for the sailor. He can hunt and have adventures without other cost than walking into them. Because I speak in such glowing terms of the sailor does not say that I think he has no discomforts, for what kind of life does not have its full share of the dangers and discomforts? The millionaire frets about the fact that some bank will go under. * * * Even the poorest laborer frets, fearing he and his family will starve to death when he has no work. And now, hurrah for the sailor!"

And here is a little end of the century old maid of 9, of English and American parentage, whose father is a staid minister of the gospel: "I want to marry a man that doesn't smoke, because I don't like the smell of smoke. I want to teach school where they will let me spank the children. For children knead disciplin. I want to wear bloomers all the time. I want to wear a cutaway suit. Because it looks nice with bloomers. I will wear russet shoes and brown stockings. I want to have my hair cut short. Because it will be coler."—New York Press.

THE EVANGELISTS.

Perhaps It Is For the Best That None of the Original Gospels Exists.

Some of our readers there may be who find it difficult to understand why, since God has revealed to us his will in a book, or rather in a library of inspired books, as the Bible truly is, he has not at the same time given us an infallible text. How much labor would have been saved had we possessed the autographs of four evangelists! To this we answer that, had one such autograph existed, some branch of the Christian church—possibly every branch, ourselves included—would have made an idol of the writer's parchment while neglecting its teaching altogether. We can only seek to comprehend the ways of Providence in one sphere by observing them in another. Man is the heir of all things, yet he is sent into the world to depend for food, clothing and all the comforts and adornments of life on his wits. How greatly is he thereby differentiated from the brutes! How immeasurably is the educated man, and especially the scientific investigator, raised above the savage simply as the result of his own efforts!

Is it not possible that he who gave the word of life designs to quicken our interest in it by arousing afresh in each successive generation of Christians the desire to approach nearer to its sources, to remove the undergrowth of legend and tradition which has sometimes obstructed its free course, and that we are saved from the danger of finding it trite by the feeling that we possess a divine treasure which, though a gift, is not entirely independent of our own exertions for the measure in which it shall minister to our edification?—Agnes Smith Lewis in Century.

Plucking Fowls.

Plucking fowls may be easily and quickly accomplished in this way: As soon as the bird is dead immerse it in a pail of very hot water, the water to cover all the feathers. One minute is usually long enough to keep the fowl under hot water. Too long soaking is liable to discolor the skin. After this hot bath the feathers are so loosened that they can be almost rubbed off. The bird is then rinsed in cold water and wiped with a soft cloth. It should then be put into a cotton bag kept for this purpose and hung in a cool place. When fowls are not to be used at once, they should always be loosely rolled in cloth or paper to keep them from turning dark. Ducks cannot be managed in this way, as their feathers contain so much oil that the water does not penetrate them.—New York Sun.

ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

No One Allowed to Shoot Them Without Special Permission.

Nobody may shoot an elephant, says the London Telegraph, on the Annamulle or Tipperah hills or anywhere else throughout India and Ceylon without permission unless it be a "rogue," or plainly dangerous and destructive. The capture of the wild elephant and his careful training are things carried out under an admirable and scientific system, which gives to the administration in all its branches and to the native courts a superb staff of massive and faithful servants, the commissariat and artillery elephants.

Although they will seldom or never breed in captivity, the grand creatures are easy to keep and manage, invaluable for many special purposes, and at their demise whatever tusks they may carry go to the world's stock of ivory. The older it is the better generally its quality. But, in any case, how senseless it seems to extirpate the living source of this beautiful commodity, as the reckless hunters and ignorant native chiefs and merchants are still allowed to do in central Africa! When shall we see the governments of these various regions sensible enough to perceive and proclaim that live elephants are very much more valuable even commercially than dead ones, and that the preservation of these stately and serviceable animals shall be henceforward a fixed policy for African benefit?

It has been truly remarked that directly the native and foreign hunters are convinced that one live elephant is worth dozens of tusks they will be as keen to preserve the animal as they now are to exterminate him. We might plead earnestly, even upon the ground of aestheticism and natural science, for the protection in future of the noble beast, whose majesty and tranquillity of mien so well become his silent haunts and philosophic, harmless existence. The ears of those, however, who massacre the innocent giant to cut from him 30 or 80 pounds of material for paper knives and shoe horns would be closed to such remonstrances. The best hope of all who understand the value of the elephant for Africa is that even the most ruthless of his assassins may come to learn that they are destroying their own markets. The rest is for official authorities to do. But certain it is that if decided measures be not promptly taken there will be no elephants to save and, we shall see in another continent the shameful human sin and folly perpetrated which has stripped America of every free living vestige of her noble droves of bison.

THE TIPPING QUESTION.

How It Is Practiced at Home and Abroad and the Need For a Reform.

The question of "tipping" seems small enough in detail, but rather important when exaggerated.

A woman who spent last winter in one of the most sumptuous of New York hotels says she invariably gave a quarter to her waiter at breakfast and luncheon, those being meals taken alone. At dinner time she was joined by her husband, who always handed the servitor 50 cents.

The latter sum seemed to evenly fill the man's idea of what was due him, and his "Thank you, sir!" was bland and gracious, but the lady's modest quarters always found their grave in the black waistcoat pocket, with no expression of gratitude from the recipient's face, which wore a meaning look, as of one who says, "Women are mean, an never knows 'ow to do the right thing by a man, but one 'as to put up with 'em."

It is only in reckless, good natured America that optional fees are so much larger than they ought to be. A dollar, which is a common enough sum for a man to give at dinner in a fashionable restaurant, would make a French waiter stare, although he would have the presence of mind to pocket it quickly.

In Paris there is an unwritten scale which apportions 5 per cent on the amount of a customer's bill as a tip. Thus a person ordering a dinner that costs $2 would, on settling his bill, add 10 cents for the attendant.

It is time we had either a legal or informal rule governing tips in this country, and it is to be hoped that some rich persons will help on the reform.

It will never be done by those whose means are really small enough to feel the tax, for it is one of the errors of the impecunious to feel obliged to show as much liberality as a millionaire, even if, like the guest in "Charley's Aunt," he has to borrow half a dollar from the butler with which to tip him.—Illustrated American.

A Splendid Crown.

One of the most splendid crowns in the world is that of the Russian empress, Anna Ivanovna. According to Hamlin, it is well proportioned and lightly formed of open gold work, incrusted with a vast number of exquisite gems and among them 2,536 diamonds of great perfection. On its top, serving as a base to a slender cross of pearls, is placed the immense and wonderful ruby which the Russian embassador purchased at Peking at the price of 120,000 rubles.

The Geranium.

The geranium expresses preference. The idea has not, so far as known, any foundation in history or legend. It is said that Henry VIII first showed marked preference for Anne Boleyn by giving her a bunch of red flowers. Some persons have supposed these flowers to be geraniums, but the plant was little, if at all, known in England at that time.

A fly is almost invincible. It will survive long immersion in water and will sustain the odors of sulphur and other disinfectants without apparent injury. Only turpentine, chloroform and ammonia can get the better of a fly.

Thirty days are required for mail to travel between New York and Bushire.

NUPKINS AWAKENED.

THE ONLY PLAY EVER WRITTEN BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

It Was a Satire on the Justice Dispensed by Sir Peter Edlin—The Poet Artist Took a Part Himself—A Socialist Benefit Performance.

On the subject of the theater, an enthusiastic young first nighter would probably have given Morris up after the first attempt to gather his opinion of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as an ordinary citizen who had never formed the habit of playgoing, and neither knew nor cared anything about the theater except as a treat for children once a year during the pantomine season. But Morris would have written for the stage if there had been any stage that a poet and artist could write for. When the Socialist league once proposed to raise the wind by a dramatic entertainment and suggested that he should provide the play, he set to at once and provided it.

And what kind of play was it? Was it a miracle play on the lines of those scenes in the Towneley mysteries between the "shepherds abiding in the field," which he used to quote with great relish as his idea of a good bit of comedy? Not at all. It was a topical extravaganza, entitled "Nupkins Awakened," the chief "character parts" being Sir Peter Edlin, Tennyson and an imaginary archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Peter owed the compliment to his activity at that time in sending socialists to prison on charges of "obstruction," which was always proved by getting a policeman to swear that if any passenger or vehicle had wished to pass over that particular spot in a thoroughfare on which the speaker or his audience happened to be standing their presence would have obstructed him.

This contention, which was regarded as quite sensible and unanswerable by the newspapers of the day, was put into a nutshell in the course of Sir Peter's summing up in the play. "In fact, gentlemen, it is a matter of grave doubt whether we are not all of us continually committing this offense from our cradles to our graves." This speech, which the real Sir Peter of course never made, though he certainly would have done so had he had wit enough to see the absurdity of solemnly sending a man to prison for two months because another man could not walk through him, especially when it would have been so easy to lock him up for three months on some respectable pretext, will probably keep Sir Peter's memory green when all his actual judicial utterances are forgotten.

As to Tennyson, Morris took a socialist who happened to combine the right sort of beard with a melancholy temperament and drilled him in a certain portentous incivility of speech which, taken from the quality of his remarks, threw a light on Morris' opinion of Tennyson which was all the more instructive because he delighted in Tennyson's verse as keenly as Wagner delighted in the music of Mendelssohn, whose credit for qualities of larger scope he nevertheless wrote down and destroyed.

Morris played the ideal Archbishop himself. He made no attempt to make up the part in the ordinary stage fashion. He always contended that no more was necessary for stage illusion than some indicect conventional symbol, such as a halo for a saint, a crook for a bishop, or, if you liked, a cloak and dagger for the villain and a red wig for the comedian. A pair of clerical bands and black stockings proclaimed the Archbishop. The rest he did by obliterating his humor and intelligence and presenting his own person to the audience like a lantern with the light blown out, with a dull absorption in his own dignity which several minutes of the wildest screaming laughter at him when he entered could not disturb. I laughed immoderately myself, and I can still see quite clearly the long top floor of that warehouse in the Farringdon road as I saw it in glimpses between my paroxysms, with Morris gravely on the stage in his bands at one end; Mrs. Kelmscott, a tall and beautiful figure, rising like a delicate spire above a sky line of city chimney pots, at the other, and a motley sea of rolling, wallowing, guffawing socialists between.

There has been no other such successful first night within living memory, I believe, but I remember only one dramatic critic who took care to be present—William Archer. Morris was so interested by his experiment in this sort of composition that he for some time talked of trying his hand at a serious drama and would no doubt have done it had there been any practical occasion for it or any means of consummating it by stage representation under proper conditions without spending more time on the job than it was worth. Later, at one of the annual festivities of the Hammersmith Socialist society, he played the old gentleman in the bath chair in a short piece called "The Duchess of Bayswater" (not by himself), which once served its turn at the Haymarket as a curtain raiser. It was impossible for such a born teller and devourer of stories as he was to be indifferent to an art which is nothing more than the most vivid and real of all ways of story telling. No man would more willingly have seen his figures move and heard their voices than he.—Saturday Review.

A Juvenile Taste Explained.

Little Boy—Our cook has gone away, and I'm awfully glad. Now mamma will have to make the cake, and mamma's cake is always heavy.

Guest—Well, I declare! Do you prefer heavy cake?

Little Boy—Yes. You get more chewin in a piece.—London Fun.

His Business.

Bobbles—I hear you are in business for yourself now?

Wiggins—I thought I was, but from the little I get out of it it appears that I am in business for other people.—Boston Transcript.

Dutch John's Queer Report.

After having his track smashed and some of his men killed by a collision with a wild train a German section foreman sent in the following unique report to the division superintendent:

"Ve be makin repairs mit der track und shim spikes down to Fairvell crossin und we kin not mes yet make der mine mit de [illegible] repairs der 'ouse vere der vi[illegible] in vat times der drain comes, and he says she comes purty soon, John, but you have time to get der track down to der crossin and as ve t'inks that he bees talkin der drath ve makes der track gone purty quick, but up der track cums der big puffer like der deffil, und vile ve talked about vat ve do der track goes up over de heat of der puffer und der spikes and men go plunk in der ditch. Vone of der 'Tallian men lose his two legs und he be not strong enough ter valk ve put 'im in mit der luggage in der car vere he dies sure. Mike Doole go up mit de air und cums not down yet, und ve not find him easy, but here bees nodings for him to hit up dere ve dinks he cums down purty sune all right. Der growbars und nine shuvels cum down so ve vaits here till Mike Doole cums down too. Yours, John Schneider."—Railroad Telegrapher.

A Farm Where Snails Are Raised.

Over in Switzerland the people are very fond of snails—almost as fond as the American boy is of mince pie. It long ago became impossible for even sharp eyed snail hunters to find all the snails they could sell, and so some of the clever Swiss have started snail farms. As you may imagine, they are odd places, only a few rods square and divided into small parts, separated by fences about two feet high, with nails along the top to prevent the snails from running away. Little arbors of moss are provided for the snails as shelter from the sun, for snails do not like the sun. If there is not lime or chalk in the earth of the farm, the farmer sprinkles it about. Snails eat cabbage, salad, nettles and dandelion. They seem to be most hungry after a rain.

The harvest time for snails is the latter part of August or the first of September. Then the snails are sorted out. Those having round white houses are considered fat and are the most valuable. They are packed in boxes containing soft hay for shipment and they sell for high prices.—Chicago Record.

No Butter Served.

Questioned about the use of bread and butter plates, Sherry raised his hand in significant protest. "Absolutely never! I do not own a butter plate. I never—this is irrevocable—serve butter at any dinner or supper which I stand sponsor for. Why should I? Everything is accompanied by its own sauce or relish, always sufficiently rich, and butter is as unnecessary as the traditional fifth cartwheel. It is never used at the private tables of those New York families who live correctly. Occasionally I have a protest. I did not long ago, after a dinner on which I pride myself each year. One of the guests, a man, came to me to give an order, saying at the same time that he had recently dined here and was much disappointed. Of course I urged an explicit statement, and he finally told me that first there was no butter, to which I pleaded guilty, but explained that my rule in that particular was invariable."—New York Times.

Should Study the Horse.

Berlin equestrian statues have been examined by a veterinary surgeon of Potsdam named Bougert, who asserts that the position of the horses' legs is wrong in all of them, not excepting the statues of the Great Kurfurst, of Frederick the Great and of Frederick William III and IV. He finds the same faults in many of the paintings in the Berlin National gallery. In Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian works of art the positions of the horses are natural and right. In those of the Greeks and Romans they are not always correct. The equestrian statues of the two Balbi, father and son, in the Naples museum have the legs of the horses in the proper position.

Borax.

While prospecting near Death valley, in Arizona, a miner and his friend discovered the dead body of a horse which had been lying for some time upon the crude borax deposits. As they were nearly dying from thirst, they cut into the flesh in order to moisten their lips with the blood. Much to their surprise, they found that both flesh and blood were quite sweet owing to their preservation by the borax. This incident led to an investigation of the properties of borax and its final adoption by the medical faculty as an antiseptic agent of great value.

The Fly's Mouth.

The fly's eating apparatus is really a sucker of very large proportions when compared with the size of the animal. If the mouth of a man were of the same proportionate size as that of the fly, his head would have to be enlarged about two feet on every side to accommodate his lips and teeth.

Too True.

"If you had the nerve this tooth has," said the dentist to the quivering wretch in the chair, "you could have this all over in about five seconds."—Chicago Tribune.

Mere Vague Assumption.

"She is a Daughter of the Revolution?"

"Sister, I believe."—Indianapolis Journal.

Quick Action.

Men may come and men may go, but the woman who uses a kerosene can on a slow fire always goes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The standard measures of Great Britain are preserved in the archives of parliament.

What He Was There For.

"I once had a funny experience in marrying a country couple," says a clergyman of this city. "The bridegroom was a decent young farmhand and happy and bashful to the point of crimson speechlessness. When I came to the point where I asked him, 'Wilt thou have this woman?' etc., he made no reply. The bride whispered something to him and then he stammered: 'Mister, will you say them words over again? I'm a leetle deaf.'

"I repeated the question in stentorian tones, while I was conscious of the poorly suppressed merriment of the bystanders. When the man caught the import of the words, he looked at me in surprise and then blurted out: 'You bet I will! That's what I'm here for.' Under such circumstances it was hard to preserve my dignity, but I did the best I could and pronounced them man and wife.

"Then the groom gave me a genuine surprise. Coming up to me, he said, 'Mister, what's the damage?' 'Nothing,' I replied. 'I'm glad to have been of service to you.' 'But I won't have it that way,' he said. 'I know it's the custom to give the minister somethin, and as you won't name a sum I'll do it myself.' And he handed me a $20 bill."—New York Tribune.

One on Amos J. Cummings.

A gossiper in the Washington Post tells this story on Amos J. Cummings, which he says was told to him by Amos himself: During the last campaign Mr. Cummings tried to say as little about free silver as possible, though he was running for congress as a free silver man. Secure in the friendship of every policeman and letter carrier in his district, he got on swimmingly till almost the very last speech he made. It was in a great hall and he had a large audience. He talked about national honor, and the flag, and the equality of man, and the rights of the masses, with a twist or two of the British lion's tail by way of variety. It was a great speech. Suddenly it was interrupted by a man down in the front row. "Tell us about the ratio!" he cried, and he pronounced the first syllable to rhyme with hash. Mr. Cummings paused, perplexed. Just then his eye caught the eye of an especially friendly policeman. No words were exchanged, but an instant later the strong hand of the law descended on the collar of the inquiring man. He was yanked clear out of his seat and hustled to the door. "I'll have you understand," said the policeman as he jerked him down the aisle, "that we'll have no such language used here."

Poisoning by Phosphorus.

The attention of scientists has been called to the rapid increase in the number of cases of phosphorous poisoning among workers in match factories. Unless the ventilation and general conditions are of the best the workmen inhale large quantities of crude phosphorus and after a certain stage rapidly develop disease traceable directly to this deleterious substance. The action of the poison is [illegible] at first, but once it becomes [illegible] through the system it is very difficult to eradicate. In fact, it is believed [illegible] when phosphorus has once [illegible] full of the physical force [illegible] to eliminate it and that the [illegible] of decay have begun. [illegible] peculiarities it has been [illegible] that the bones of persons [illegible] phosphorus are much more [illegible] than those of other [illegible] efforts are to be made to improve the sanitary condition and ventilation of the factories and also to forbid the use of white phosphorus in the preparation of matches.—New York Ledger.

Grant's War Letters to His Wife.

As usual on the eve of battle before the general retired he wrote a letter to Mrs. Grant. I did not know the nature of the contents of the letters to his wife until after the war, when Mrs. Grant, in speaking of them, said that they always contained words of cheer and comfort, expressed an abiding faith in victory and never failed to dwell upon the sad thought which always oppressed him when he realized that many human lives would have to be sacrificed and great sufferings would have to be endured by the wounded. The general's letters to his wife were very frequent during a campaign, and no pressure of official duties was ever permitted to interrupt this correspondence.—General Horace Porter in Century.

Doggie Gets a Ride.

It is a difficult matter to draw a well defined line between instinct and intelligence. During the war I had with me my large Newfoundland dog Felix. On the march this faithful animal was always at the heels of my horse. On one occasion I noticed that he was suffering from fatigue. Turning to my servant near by, I said, "Stop here with Felix until my wagon comes up." This was done, and ever after that when I said, "Felix, stop here and get into the wagon when it comes up," he would leave the column, lie down in the shade and await the coming up of my team to ride into camp.—Animal Friends.

College Bred Criminals.

When a graduate of Cambridge university, England, commits a crime, the authorities of the university take his degree from him and strike his name from the rolls of the alumni. Commenting on this, the New Haven News says: "Some of our American triennial catalogues, and Yale's among them, would bear a little pruning of this kind and look the better for it. They use abroad loss of honor and position more than we do to make or accentuate the punishment for crime. It is a healthy deterrent for those who have any station in society to lose."

Oldest Monument In the World.

Perhaps one of the very oldest monuments is the tablet in a Berkshire church in memory of a soldier who had his left leg taken off "by the above ball," the actual cannon ball being inserted at the top.—Pittsburg Dispatch.