"How shall man surely save his soul?"

'Twas sunset by the Jordan. Gates
Of light were closing, and the whole
Vast heaven hung darkned as the fates
'How shall man surely save his soul?"

said,
As fell the kingly day, discrowned and dead

Then Christ said. Hear this Parable Then Christ said, Hear this Parable:
Two men set forth to journey fast
And reach a place ere darkness fell
And closed the gates ere they had par
Two worthy men, each free alike of sin,
But one did seek most sure to enter in.

And so when in their path did lay
A cripple with a broken staff,
This one did pass straight on his way,
While one did stoop and give the half
His strength, and all his bread did nobly

share Till they at sunset saw their city fair. Then he who would make sure ran fast

He cried and cried, but never watch replied.

Meanwhile the man who cared to save
Another, as he would be saved,
Came slowly on; gave bread, and gave
Cool waters; and he stooped and laved
The wounds. At last, bent double with ight ssed, unchid, the Porter's private gate

Hear then this lesson; hear and learn:

POOR THING!

BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

I was tired, oh, so tired and cross; oh, so very cross! I leave it to you if I had not good reason! It wasn't poor dear Charlie's fault, oh, dear no! and I didn't blame him one mite, but I leave it to you, if the circumstances were not very irritating.

if the circumstances were not very irritating.
You see I was a young wife then, a very young wife, little more than a bride, in fact, having been married only six months. We were not poor exactly, but we had to be economical, and I had such struggling to make things "go just right," so that accounts might not worry us. And this month I had come out a little ahead and was rejoicing in the fact that I had in hand the money for that particular sofa for which I had been waiting ever since I was married. And then what do you think! Charlie came home the afternoon before, and told me then what do you think? Charine came home the afternoon before, and told me in a great hurry that there was at the hotel some old friend of his to whom he owed so much (not money, you know, but those kindnesses which money can never repay), and common decency demanded that we should give him and his wife some kind of entrationed.

never repay), and common decency de-manded that we should give him and his wife some kind of entertainment.

I said "O Charlie!" in despair, but it didn't do one bit of good. Charlie showed me very kindly (Charlie always does things in the loveliest kind of way) that the party was not a matter of choice, it was a necessity; and further, that it must be given the next evening, as the bride and groom would leave the day after. Of course I saw the philosophy and succumbed to Charlie's judgment (I always make a point of succombing to Charlie's judgment, albeit I don't always see the philosophy, though I do honestly try my best) and flew around accord-ingly. But I looked sadly at my little pile of bills which I knew would be so awfully diminished by that time two days later.

days later.

I put on my best bib and tucker, and called on the bride, then returned to the house, wrote my invitations, hunted up a small boy to deliver them, then sat down

smatt oby to deriver them, then sat down to think.

In this I was not unaided by my maid of all work, Betty Deenan; indeed if it had not been for the wise counsels of that prime minister the royal household would have gone to pieces long ago and the queen have retired in ignominious disgrace.

would have gone to pieces tong ago and the queen have retired in ignominious disgrace.

Well we planned and talked and settled till we were dizzy, but we "got things fixed," so that there was nothing to do the next day but get ready.

Now if there was one thing in which Betty Decana excelled, it was in chickensalad. No caterer could ever hope to make it better, nor wring from her, her recipe. I had tried all the arts and blandishments known to womankind. Love me she did and faithfully, did Betty Decana; go through fire and water to serve me would she, but tell me the secret of her chicken-salad she wouldn't. Make it she would, any time and every time; but let me make it she wouldn't. I might cut the chicken for her and wait on her, etc., but that was all. When it came to dressing she retired by herself and concocted it, as I always strongly suspected, with some magic incantation.

Suddenly Idropped my knife and fork, with which I was reducing the anatomy of a chicken to shreds.

"Betty!" I said in a solemn tone, "the silver!"

"'The silver, 'mem! Shure and what-

ou'll get me the step-ladder, I'll clean at the same place, whither he had gone

you'll get me the step-ladder, I'll clean the silver!"

The desired article was brought. "Shall I help you get it down, mem?"

''On no, I'll push the dining table close up here, and I can reach them down, one by one. How I hate the nasty job!" I added irritably.

So I mounted the ladder, and travelled a step up and a step down, until I had it all down but two pieces.

They certainly were black beyond description, and bade fair to be cleaned by the "sweat of my brow," as well as the hated powder before mentioned.

Just then the door-bell rang. "I'll go, Betty," exclaimed I, glad of a chance of relief from the monotonous up and down, up and down, of that step-ladder.

My irritation was in no wise reduced by seeing at the front door the conventional yellow bag which bespeaks the travelling agent. "I don't want anything," I was beginning to say crossly, vergaring to shut the door in her face in by seeing tellow bag which bespeaks the travelling agent. "I don't want anything," I was beginning to say crossly, preparing to shut the door in her face in the most unceremonious manner, but while I spoke, my eye caught "silversoap," on some packages in the satchel which she had deftly opened.

"I think," she replied, smiling, "that you do want what I have here to-day," and she glanced back at the silver, which showed through the open duning-room door.

and showed through the open dining showed through the open door.

"Please let me show you this. I am very tired, and it is so hot. I really think if you will let me show you how this works, you will never regret having tried it. It does away with all the disagreeable effects of the powders ordinarily used, being used just like a common soap. Think, madam, of the advantage, wher one has the quantity of silver that you one has the quantity of silver that you

effects of the powders ordinarily used, being used just like a common soap. Think, madam, of the advantage, when one has the quantity of silver that you have. Think of the advantage of being able to just wash it, and find it bright and shining," and she glanced again into the dining-room.

I wavered. If she could prove this to be the fact, "I certainly would buy the article. So I went back for something to try upon. It worked like a charm, and have it I would.

As I was paying her the pitiful sum demanded for the three packages, I noted how very pale she looked. "Wort you step inside and rest a little? Perhaps you would like a glass of water?" I asked gently of the sister-woman whom I had been willing to send from my door a few moments before.

"Thank you," said she gratefully, "I will be glad to do so."

"Perhaps she is hungry," I reflected, "she can't make much out of such work, poor thing! I hardly like to offer her anything to cat. She seems too much of a lady. She might feel it an insult. But I don't believe she has had a square meal to-day. O, I know! I'll make some raspberry vinegar and give her some crackers, and I'll eat some myself at the same time, so that she may feel all right about it, poor thing!" a resolution which I carried into effect, after having seated her comfortably in the hall.

Finally, she departed, much refreshed, and thanked me profusely, (rather too profuse for solid comfort,) for all that I had done for her; all of which I deprecated, of course, and went back to my work refreshed and brightened.

I made the lather and started in, and cleaned and brightened and polished, while I chatted to Betty in the high tones necessary between two people occupying different apartments, of the profuse for solid comfort,) for all that I had done for her; all of which I deprecated, of course, and went back to my work refreshed and orightened and polished, while I chatted to Betty in the high tones necessary between two people occupying different apartments, of the poor thing who had her living to m

promising tone.

"Well?" returned Betty.

"Well?" returned Betty.

"Why don't you say something?"

"What do you want me to say, mem?"

"O, I don't know, anything."

"Whe ware of that already." I replied, taking a position of freezing dignity from which I knew I should be routed shortly. I always was, when I attempted to battle with Betty.

"Well, mem, as I was sayin', the silver's yours, and if you want to be ruinatin' it with all sorts of nasty things that folks leaves at the door, I've no call to say anything. An'I won't, so there but ye'll be sorry for this day's work, see if yo ain't."

But the silver looked too nice and shiny for me to feel that there was any truth in Betty's predictions, so setting the down as cross old frum I finished

When I entered the court-room, the virisoner gave a nervous start, but as hel sack was turned I could not recognize. I could see she was dressed in vidow's garb, and among all my ac unintances, high or low, I knew negidows.

quantances, fight or low, I knew the widows.

"Do you know the prisoner?"
"Not as I see her now. If she will turn will tell you," was my reply.
She made no move.
"Officer, see that the prisoner faces the witness."

Before the officer could touch her, sho ose, suddenly wheeled and faced mediantly

rose, suddenly wheeted and head defiantly.

It was my turn to give a nervous start.

It was my turn to give a nervous start.

There sat the "poor thing" whom I had taken in and done for on the memorable day of the party.

It was all clear to me now. I had stepped from the step-ladder to the front door, leaving the closet open, and the silver on the table all exposed to view.

I was about to speak when she interrupted.

rupted.
"'Tain't no use! Game's up. I'll tell

Then came her story. She made some very unflattering comments on my innocence, only she didn't call it that. She called it "greenness" in the most offensive way.

sive way.

She did not hesitate to disclose in the She did not hesitate to disclose in the most reckless manner, that she took up the silver soap agency, because it gave her a chance in houses and among young housekeepers that were as big "greenies" (yes, she did, she actually called me a "greeny") "as that one there."

Of course she was not one by herself, that goes without saying, but they never captured the rest, but we had our silver.

The circumstances have always remained very vividly in my memory, and I have wondered a hundred times whatever became of that woman (she was so young!) when she had served her term out, poor thing!—[Yankee Blade.

Black Friday.

Black Friday.

The stock panic was September 22, 1869. On the 23d gold was sent up to 144. Commodore James Fisk, Jr., and the Hon. John Morrissey were leading operators. On Friday, the 24th, the day opened in the gold room quietly, the metal being at 150. It was not until 11 a. m. that the monotony was broken; 150 1-2 was bid. A hundred fists were shaken at each other over the little fountain, and yells filled the room. The bulls had begun their grand charge. From 150 1-2 the metal suddenly jumped to 155 1-2. This was unprecedented. Men began to rave and shriek. They ushed about the little fountain in paroxysms of fury. Within fifteen minutes the price had been forced up to 162 1-2. At this point, Albert Speyers, a leader among the bulls, threw among the raving mob an offer of 169. Such a bid from a responsible source startled the room into momentary silence. James Brown took the offer for five millions. Hallgartens, who was in possession of a private despatch from an employe in the Treasury Department, sold one million more. This paralyzed the bulls. In fact, the Secretary's order to sell four millions was already in town. Away went the market to 133, and the bulls were ruined.

Speyers went crazy. His eyes were fixed, his voice husky; he rushed about the little fountain in terror. At length he raised his hand and shouted hoarsely. The crowd paused to hear. "He is after me now with a big knife," shrieked Speyers; "look! look! don't you see the knife?" He was got into a carriage and sent home. Another broker told a Sun reporter he felt his head going, and took a stage up Broadway as far as Canal street to pull himself together. The failures reported were Smith, Gould & Martin, Heath, Speyers, Belien and a half score others. The firm first named was first to will come of the continuation of the c

reported were Smith, Gould & Martin, Heath, Speyers, Belnen and a half score others. The firm first named was first to "lie down," and stop paying out money. General business throughout the city was nearly suspended. The militia were under aims in Brooklyn.—[New York Sun.

But the silver looked too nice and thinking for me to feel that there was any truth in Betty's predictions, so setting if her down as a cross, old frump, I finished my work in dignified silence—a silence of the break and the whole evening, among the causes of the party was a grand success, and the whole evening, among the causes of the party was a grand success, and the whole evening, among the causes of the previous of the party was a grand success, and the whole evening, as well as the sleep of the previous of the prev The great Siberian mammoth, a specie

of a chicken to shreds.

"Betty!" Isaid in a solemn tone, "the silver; mem! Shure and what ever do yez mean?"

"The silver isn't cleaned, Betty," a calculated in a sepulchral whisper.

It was Betty's turn to look aghast and drop the knife and fork.

"Sure an' it's a disgrace to look at, "mem!" sho said, with despair in her tone.

"Don't I know that, Betty Deenan? And don't I know we were going to clean it all up to-morrow? But that doesn't make iff the useto-night, 'replied I flercely. Well, here was a pretty go! I hated, yes just hated to clean silver, but I couldn't make said and I could clean the silver.

If there was one thing in which we were no poor, it was silver. Charlie, by being the last of his race, had managed to inherit a quantity of silver, so old and so handsome, that it was "worth of the match is match and the color of the closet had been his entirely, and he should was maintained that we were absolutely safe in putting our silver there. Well, there was nothing to do but device our energies to lunting for it. Well, there was nothing to do but device our energies to lunting for it. When the spen of Aluminum.

The report that aluminum, the new wetalt, can be produced for one-third the existing cost, is welcome news. Emination, "Thous didn't, but you did. Perhaps you don't recollect standing on this tis edicing the inspiration.

"Who the late the eigen that a distinctly. "When the properties of this zephy weight earth crust metal were first discovered wherely the cost of refluing the authority of silver, so calculated to a swar question that none of us as prepared to answer, we kept a discovered wherely the cost of refluing the mothing to do but device the cost of refluing the proposal to the proposal time that the was a question that none of us as prepared to answer, we kept a discovered wherely the cost of refluing the proposal to the closet had been his entirely, and he day and always maintained that we were absolutely safe in putting our silver there.

Well, there was nothing to do but device a

tone.

"Don't I know that, Betty Deenan;" And don't I know we were going to clean it all up to-morrow? But that doesn't make is fit tous to night, "penjied I fiercely. Well, here was a pretty go! I hated, yes, just hated to clean silver, but I couldn't make salad and I could clean the silver. Charlie, by being the last of his race, had managed to inherit a quantity of silver, so old and so handsome, that it was 'worth its weight in gold," and of course it must be on dress pande to night, worth its weight in gold," and of course it must be on dress pande to night, wold, there was no help for it, Ugh! how I did hate the idea of touching that powder. I knew I should feel for days as if I had been groping in the ashes, but there was no use fighting, my own phillosophyshowed me that.

When I wan a desception of the police. First, however, Charlie went all over the house, and made an examination of the buttle state of the was a closet, way up over the pantry door. This was ingeniously surrounded with moldings, so that no one would suspect its being there at all.

There was likewise, as a double safeguard, no keyhole. We opened the closet by pressing a spring.

"Well, Betty," I said dolefully, "if"

Well, Betty," I said dolefully, "if"

Well, Betty," I said dolefully, "if" No article sent out to the Congo State, where there are 40,000 of people and any number of small potentates, is so popular and sells so readily for a large sum as the huge, gay umbrellas of which Brussels now produces tons every year. These umbrellas are, in a certain way, the insignia of royalty—that is, they are much prized by the black kinglets who sit beneath their grateful shade.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNS MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Possible Substitute-Very Pron ising — A Powerful Man — He Groundless Fears—On the Watel Etc., Etc., Etc.

A POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTE.

Wife (to her husband)—When you are down town, John, step into the store and buy me some scouring soap; there isn't a bit in the house.

Little Johnny (looking up from a newspaper he is reading)—Wouldn't posse be good in place of soap?

"Posse! What do you mean?"

"Why, the paper tells about a train robbery, and says a posse is scouring the woods for robbers."—[Texas Siftugs.

VERY PROMISING.

"I hear," said his rich uncle to Detter that you are a very promising young man."

And Detter would have been highly pleased if his uncle had not gone on to say that Detter's tailor had told him so.

HER GROUNDLESS FEARS.

Clara (with emotion)—George, are you sure you will always love me?

George (fervently)—While life lasts, my wom.

Clara (suppressing a tear)—George, if trials and tribulations should come?—

George (amazed)—My heart is yours alone, my love, and always will be.

Clara (sobbing)—George, are you sure, perfectly sure that nothing—nothing at all, could cool your affection?

George (thoroughly alarmed)—My gracious! What's happened? Has your father failed?

father failed? Clara (hysterically)—Worse. Far

George (much relieved)—Tell me all, my angel; I can bear it. Clara (with a heroic effort)—George, I've—I've got a—a boil coming on my nose.—[New York Weekly.

A POWERFUL MAN.

"The blacksmith is the only artisan no can create an animate being," re-

Wife—Did you notice Mrs. Stunner's connet in church this morning? Husband—No, indeed. I was lost in dmiration of your own.—[New York

BETTER SUSPEND THE GIRL

BETTER SUSPEND THE GIRL.

Briggs—I want some soiled neckties.

Astonished Clerk—Soiled neckties,
sir? Soiled, did you say?

Briggs—That's what. When you call
on a girl four times a week and she's
making a crazy quilt, you will understand
that a man has got to buy neckties at
job-lot prices or suspend payment.—
[Clothier and Furnisher.

A BRILLIANT SCHEME.

Hostess—Dear me, the conversation is

Hostess—Dear me, and the flagging. What can we do to amuse ou guests?
Host—I don't know, unless we leav the drawing-room for a few minutes angive them a chance to talk about us.—[New York Sun.

PUNISHED BY PUNNING

"This man stole an upright piane "This man store and the property of the proper

THE REAL SUFFERER.

Boy (who is about to be punished by his teacher)—If you whip me, sir, it's you who will be the sufferer and not \(\mathbb{I} \) Teacher—How so?

Boy—Because you are not a strong man, and if you exert yourself whipping me you'll get as weak as a cat.—[Fliegende Blatter.

Young Tramp—Let's break into the kitchen of that big house to-night, and get something to eat.

Old Tramp—We wouldn't find much there. Them folks put on too much style. Get into the kitchen o' steady-goin', old fashioned folks ef yer want ter strike a banquet.—[Good News.

A LONG-LIVED RACE.

Rumnose—Who says beer ain't healthy?
Look at the Germans?
Mrs. R.—I was not aware that they
were exceptionally long-lived.
R.—That's 'cause you never read the
papers. Look at this, "A German rifle
company is soon to celebrate its 700th
anniversary,"—[New York Weekly.

A DECISION REACHED.

Tis true she is rather antique, And the bloom is all blown from her

chique,
chique,
But she's rich, so I'll wed her,
For anything's better
Than working for fourteen a wique. Her father may write me his cheque
For gold or of silver a peque.
How gladly I'd use it,
But should he refuse it,
My hopes he will terribly wreque.
—[Chicago Post.

NOT "SELECT" ENOUGH "Are you going to the Van Twiller's tea on the 16th?" tea on the 16th?"
"Oh, no; that's one of their general affairs to square accounts. They give a select dinner on the 19th."

"Going?"
"No; I wasn't invited."

PERSIFLAGE IN THE VOID. "I'm no coward," said the Earth.
"No; but you have two great fears,"
observed the Sun, hotly.
"And they?"
"The hemispheres,"
"You've forgotten the atmosphere,"
put in the Moon. And the Comet
wagged his tail with joy.—[New York
Herald.

MIGHT NOW, IN THE CEMETERY. County Treasurer (to tourist)—No, sir!
Ye do not have cyclones in this part of
ansas. Sometimes the wind is a trifle

We do not have eyelones in this part of Kansas. Sometimes the wind is a trifle brisk, but—
Rip! Slam! Crash! Smash! Thud!
Treasurer (emerging from the big safe, ten miles away and ten minutes later)—Yes, as I was asying, sometimes the wind blows pretty brisk. It— Why, hello!
Thar's that stranger impaled on that broken sycamore limb up thar! That's too bad! Kinder reckoned on selling him a couple o' lots.—[New York Hereld.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

Store clerk—Books of travel? Yes, ir. Here is something just out. "How o See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day." Customer—Hem! Have you any ook on "How to Stay at Home n Fifty Cents a Day?"—[Good News.

ON THE WATCH. ON THE WATCH.

A man about 54 years old, accompanied by his son, a boy of 14, was waiting for a train in the Grand Central depot the other day, when a man on the same bench, who had been reading a paper, folded it up and asked:

"Has the McKinley bill affected your neighborhood any?"

"The McKinley bill. How does it strike you!"

The old man didn't know anything about the bill, and he was fishing around for a reply, when the boy called out:

"Father, you keep still! he wants you to say that it strikes you good or bad, and then he'll call you a liar, and offer to fight the both of us!"

Miss Longpurse—Why, of course, Helen of Troy was beautiful. Do you suppose there would have been a twenty-year war over her if she hadn't been beautiful?

Mr. Shortcash (forgetting himself)— Oh, I don't know. Maybe she was rich.—[Good News.

of migns)—Theorems of migns of migns of miss?

Wife (calmly)—It's all right, dear. The guests of the Astor ball are just coming home, and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so the neighbors would think we were there.—[New

trouble is they York Herald. boil draw well?
Patient—I should say so. See what a picture it has made of my face.

"You are very proud of yourself, I think, chappie."
"Yes, I consider myself a boon to mankind."

"Greater than a boon, chappie -- say a

Miss Artiste—I am so fond of paintng! Indeed, I may say that I am
vecded to my art.
Jack (her admirer)—Would it be any
se to inquire whether you have any concientious scruples against bigamy? TWO POINTS OF VIEW. Single Man—Poor George! He fell in love with a beautiful girl who cared nothing for him, and he has finally gone

razy.
Married Man--The fool!—[New York

A DULL TIME. Dock Lounger—What makes the captain o' that steamboat so glum?
Dock Hand—He ain't been able t' smash a yacht for three days.—[Good News.

Returned Tourist—By the way, Mrs. De Beauti, I have not seen your charming daughter since my return. When I left she had determined to submit her first novel to the Heighton Magazine. Has she been successful in her literary aspirations?

aspirations?

Mrs. De Beauti—Perfectly. She married the editor.—[New York Weekly.

A Terrapin Farm. A terrapin farm is described by the Fernandina (Fls.) News. It is an inclosure about twenty feet square, one-half of it filled with loose sand and a tank occupying the rest of the space. The tank is below the tide level, and at high tide the salt water runs in from the marsh to a depth of four feet. The sand was all perforated with holes, and the owner, digging down with his fingers, unearthed some baby terrapins an inch or two long. They were lively little fellows and were restless in the daylight. The earth was full of them only a few days old. The mud at the bottom of the tank was also full of them. After they are a few days old they seek the water, and, burying themselves in the mad, remain there until spring, when they come out to make a start in the world. All this period spent in the mud they live by suction. They sell for \$18 a dozen in New York when fully grown. The A terrapin farm is described by the

The Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has accepted an offer of General Albert A.
Hope of this city to contribute such
sums of money as the institution may
need during the next five years, up to
the amount of \$6,000, for the promotion
of an option in highway engineering connected with the course in civil engineering or mechanical engineering. This
sum is to be used by the institute in preparing some competent graduate, by
if studies at home and abroad, for a nominal instructorship on this subject in the
institute, the instructor gathering material and facts on the subject for the benefit of the institute, delivering a course
of clotures thereon yearly, and standing
ready for consultation by the officials of
towns and cities not employing permanent city engineers. It is expected that
the option will eventually lead to the establishment of a department on highway
engineering, a most important but sadlyneglected science.—[Boston Journal.

A NATION OF ATHLETES

EXTRAORDINARY MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF JAPANESE.

The Whole Country Run by Human Muscle and Man the Beast of Burden—The Use of Mas-

n Fifty Cents a Dayy"—[Good News.

ON THE WATCH.

A man about 54 years old, accompanied y his son, a boy of 14, was waiting for train in the Grand Central depot the ther day, when a man on the same ench, who had been reading a paper, olded it up and asked:

"Has the McKinley bill affected your eighborhood any?"

"The what?"

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"The McKinley bill. How and synd of the bill, and he was fishing around the bill, and he was fishing around of the bill, and he was fishing around the hill, and he was fishing around of the bill, and he was fishing around of the bill, and he was fishing around the hill, and he was an and train the rate of hill fish the was trained to the hill, and he was an analy and the hill, and he was a see was and trumers. A vasure of so, and the hill, and hill have a pick of the hill, and hill

den. He plows the ground, carries the freight, and does the thousand and one things which are here relegated to horses or to steam. There are but few horses or cattle in the empire, and even in Tokic, a city of a million people, the drays are, in almost all cases, pushed and hauled by men. All this work is done on a diet of rice and tea, and the results seem to surpass those of beefsteak and wheat. The Japanese bring into use a greater number of muscles than we do in their work and their exercise. The athlete and the laborer use their toes and their feet as we do our hands; and the cooper holds his tub with his toes while he hoops it. The carpenter uses his toes in the manipulation of some of his tools, and the gymnast can walk up a slanting wire or slide down it holding on by his toes. In the ordinary method of sitting the Japanese call a set of muscles into play which we seldom use. The favorite loading position is squarting on your heels so that the whole weight of your body rests upon your feet and so that no portion of your anatomy except your feet touches the ground. The Japanese will sit in this way on his heels for hours at a time and and enjoy himself as he chats or smokes. If you will try the experiment you will find yourself tired out in two minutes, and an experience of half an hour in this position will give you aching joints for days.

One of the secrets of the fine physiques of the people of Japan lies in the uni-

sand an experience of half an hour in this position will give you aching joints for days.

One of the secrets of the fine physiques of the people of Japan lies in the universal use of the masseurs of Japan. They are known as the shampoores, and the trade of shampooing is given entirely over to them. They are organized into a great trade guild, have their offices, their fixed prices and their rules of labor, and they ply their trade in every city and tillage of the country. Every night you will hear the shrill whistle which forms their street cry outside your door, and if you are of the taste of the ordinary Japanese you will call one of them in and give your tired body into his hands. From long training, they understand the led coation of every muscle and every nerve, and with deft fingers they will go over a pour body as it lies semi-naked on the floor and press each atom until you feel as though you were being mashed to a pulp, but endure the sensation knowing that you will awake a new man, with every force revivified and every muscle renewed. Every Japanese goes through this process every day, and in the cases of the poorer people, the shampooing is often done by a daughter or a wife. Some of the most touching pricures to the Japanese in their literature are those which paint the filial piete of a wife. Some of the most touching of the woung girl who, instead of running out to flirt with the young men, stays at home to shampoo her half-blind grandfafather, and the ideal poor man's wife is she who goes over her husband's frame every evening, after his hard day's work, and shampoos his weariness into rest. this period spent in the mud they live by suction. They sell for \$18 a dozen to New York when fully grown. The little fellows are from the eggs deposited by the old females. The terrapin lay four or five times in a senson, beginning with about nine eggs at the first laying and winding up the season with a lay of about three.

Instruction in Road Making.

The Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has accepted an offer of General Albert A. Hope of this city to contribute such sums of money as the institution may need during the next five years, up to

possessed by the cold bathers in the United States.

Alaskan Volcanoes.

The fishing steamer Albatross brings further intelligence of the Alaskan volcanoes. It appears that the famous volcanoes. It appears that the famous volcanoes Bogoslav continues in an active state and, if anything, its cruptions are becoming larger and more frequent of occurrence. Bogoslav occupies a position on an island. To the mariner on sea the loff-congued flame and lurid flashes of phosphorescent light are plainly visible for miles. Latterly the volcano has been more active than ever. So brilliant are the flames which burst forth at intervals from the dual craters that the whole island is lighted up and at night is thrown out in impressive rollef.

In the vicinity there are several islands having unpronounceable names and pro-

an.

On Ship island thousands of birds brood and roost, and at night when the Bogoslav crater is belching forth flame and fire they may be seen flying screaming from their nests and circling hundreds of feet over the topmost reach

of fire.

The craters of Makushian and Shisil-

EXECUTED BY POISON.

Several Drugs That Do Their Work

Expeditiously and Without Pain.

"In case I had to be executed," said the senior resident physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital to a Philadelphia Press reporter, "Il would prefer to be sent to my last long sleep by poison than by either electrothany or hanging. I think it a less barbarous and less painful way. There are a number of poisons that might be used for such a purpose, though I doubt very much if such a way of executing criminals would ever be adopted in this or any other civilized country. Nearly all of them act more rapidly when given hypodermically and that, I think, would be the best way of administering them.

"The poison above all others that I think would give the best results as a means of execution is morphia. If one grain of morphia is injected into the aim of any ordinary man, the dose repeated an hour afterwards, the man would pass away in a quiet sleep. He would drop off into a delicious slumber, and from this painless sleep there would be no waking. Of course, if the man was addicted to the use of morphine, such a course could not be pursued, or the dose would have to be enlarged.

"Hydrocyanic acid, better known to the general public in the form of prussic acid, is another poison that might be utilized this way. It is probably the most rapid of poisons. It is so deadly that when inhaled it causes death. Smelling and tasting it is very dangerous. It should not be handled in summer. It is supposed that Scheele, who discovered prussic acid, died from inhaling the fumes, as he was was found dead in his laboratory. A person taking it in one corner of the room would, I have been informed, die before he could take two jumps to another corner. The man would have convulsions, but he would fall unconscious as he was seized with them.

"Aconite is also very rapid. Administered hypodermically it would cause death in less than a minute. A well-known doctor was taken sick in the night and told his wife to get him a bottle of medicine. She handed him in mistake a bottle of aconite. He took a big dose, and recognized instantly from th

Jones and Smith happened to meet at the same table in a restaurant.

"Do you dine at this place often?" asked Jones.

"Quite often," said Smith. "It is moderate in price, at least for the common dishes, the cooking is excellent, the service good and everything is clean."

"It is pretty well patronized, too," observed Jones. "A good many merchants and board of trade men come here for their meals."

"Yes. What are you going to order?"

their meals."

"Yes. What are you going to order?"
"I think I'll take a porterhouse steak, a glass of claret and a pudding or something of that kind. A man on salary can't afford a swell dinner."
"That's a fact. We've got to curb our appetites. I'm going to try veal cutlets breaded, a few vegetables, an omelet souffle and a pint of porter. I can't go over seventy-five cents or \$1 for a mere lunch."

over seventy-five cents or \$1 for a mere lunch."

"That's about the figure for me. Now, if I could afford such a meal as Tubbles over there at that table in the corner is about to order, I'd have something worth talking about."

"You bet! What do you suppose Tubbles is worth?"

"He's worth a million and a half."

Ohio, and Laws, of Nebraska, are each minus a leg on the Republican side. They, together with Lynn, of Minnesota, who has only one arm left, are entitled to an artificial limb every five years from the government. On the Democratic side General Hooker, of Mississippi, and Oates, of Alabama, have each lost an arm and Stone, of Kentucky, a leg; but Uncle Sam does not provide them with any substitutes.—[Washington Star.

The Biggest Check.

The controversy as to the largest check