

A LAW GRADUATE.

He has just come out of college, With his head crammed full of knowledge, So he thinks! So he thinks!

He will surely make a hit, With his arguments and wit, So he thinks! So he thinks!

He will argue like a sage, Though but twenty years of age, So he thinks! So he thinks!

He has come the courts to alter, In his work he'll never falter, So he thinks! So he thinks!

But he'll run against a stump, And receive a great big bump, So he thinks! So he thinks!

He will learn he's sometimes wrong, And his points not always strong, So he thinks! So he thinks!

He will learn life's hard and dreary, That courts don't run by theory, So he thinks! So he thinks!

And he'll say: "I have very oft Been very green and very soft," So he thinks! So he thinks!

—N. Y. Sun.

The Man Who Changed His Name.

By JAMES KERRY REEVE.

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.)

ROOM what I had seen of the Club, I thought it remarkable; not less for the perfect congeniality of its members, and for their unfailing regard for, and courtesy toward each other, than for its *esprit de corps*. The personal *entente cordiale* between the members was hardly less in evidence; still I could not help observing that there were one or two notable exceptions to this—one or two men who seemed to have no special friendships, and to be regarded with a general air of coldness, as if their presence was not welcome. I do not think any of the other club members were discourteous toward these; that their sense of fair play would not allow them to be, so long as they remained in the sacred circle. And it appears there was no tangible reason why they should not remain. If they had been guilty of any overt act of conduct "unbecoming a gentleman," as the by-laws put it, they would soon have been read out of the club. There was a certain aloofness from fellowship with these men. I mentioned to the Old Beau one night that I had seen this.

"Yes, you are quite right," he said, with a sigh, after a brief pause; "I had hoped you would not notice it. I did not think the feeling was so plainly shown on the very surface of things. But it exists. It is quite true. I cannot deny that, much as I would like you to think our circle above reproach, I know the men you mean, without asking. I may tell you that they have no connection with each other, although I see you have classed them together in your mind. They are:

"The Man Who Changed His Name,"

"The Man Who Was Alone," and

"The Man Who Lived in a Tomb."

To learn what they were picked out by such sounding appellations rather staggered me at first. But I quickly reflected that the better the name the better the story, at least thus far in my experience with the Old Beau, and so I let no time be wasted in getting into our curtained corner, nor in having Sammy fix us up the necessary accessories of an evening's talk.

"We will begin," said my companion, after he had carefully examined the label on his bottle to make certain the steward had not palmed off some poor French imitation for the pure American vintage, which he had ordered—"we will begin with little Stuyve Rutherford." The Man Who Changed His Name—"Yonder he sits—by himself—in the further corner of the smoking room."

I bent forward so that I could see the portion of the room indicated. There sat a man of perhaps thirty-five years, so well put up that I could see



"I WILL TAKE YOUR NAME."

the adjective "little" was not meant to describe his physical proportions; rather handsome of face, richly but carefully dressed, and apparently oblivious to everything and everybody in the room. It was one of the men I had observed, and about whom I had meant to center the evening's talk.

"Stuyve was a nice lad when I first knew him, and when he joined the club," resumed the Old Beau; "he was trying to do some painting. He worked hard, and I really think he might have succeeded, if he had stayed poor. But he was foolish enough to fall in love, as all artists will, and, of course, with a rich girl—Miss Vanderling."

He paused, and looked at me to see if the name conveyed any meaning. "Of course," I nodded, "heirss to all the Vanderling millions. Enough money to spoil any artist."

I had no doubt how the story would end, and was rather provoked that it should be so tame. My companion af-

IS IT A SOLID POLE?

Recent Important Discoveries of a Norwegian Sailor.

Strong Additional Evidence That Land Surrounds the Southern End of the Earth's Axis—Great Antartic Continent.

The most important geographical discoveries made in the antarctic regions since Ross traced a part of Victoria Land's coast and saw its smoking mountains fifty-two years ago have just been reported by an old and well-known Norwegian whaler, Capt. Larsen. Capt. Larsen forwarded his log to Dr. John Murray, the well-known Scottish scientist and member of the Challenger expedition, who has just published the extract from the *Journal of the Scottish Geographical Magazine*.

Geographers show a large land mass, known as Graham's Land, lying across the antarctic circle south of Cape Horn. Except Victoria Land, which lies on the other side of the antarctic area, Graham's Land is the largest bit of terra firma that has yet been found in south polar waters. It was discovered by John Biscoe in 1831. Capt. Larsen's recent achievement was to steam for days along a wholly unknown part of the east coast of the great land mass, and when he was finally compelled to turn north again he could still see the lofty summit of the mainland stretching south and east as far as his eye could reach. Dr. John Murray and others believe that in those days he was skirting a part of the coast of the great antarctic continent, and while he was adding to our knowledge of the coastline around the south pole, he also discovered some volcanoes in a highly active state, showing that Plutonic energy in that part of the world has not yet died out, and that its activity there is more widely distributed than we had any reason to suppose.

It was about eighty miles north of the antarctic circle that Larsen discovered a chain of five little islands, extending in a straight line from northwest to southeast. The most northern is about ten miles from the mainland. Two of these islands are active volcanoes. Our maps show that all around the antarctic area, in the neighborhood of the south polar circle, bits of land have been discovered. It is noteworthy that



"MISS VANDERLING THREW HIM OVER."

my wife! I think he would have got the girl. But as it was—ah! it leaves a bad taste in my mouth."

To wash it away the Old Beau poured out a copious draught of wine. And when he had drunk it he went on to the finish:

"But he kept the money, and gave his word to marry—some one—before the year was out. But Aunt Rutherford died before that, and there was no one to care whether he did or not. So he never has. But he has the town place, and the country place, and the yacht. He had the impudence to ask me to cruise with him one year—but a friend in the world he hasn't."

While my companion drank another glass of wine, I thought of the final question:

"And Miss Vanderling?"

"She has never married. God bless the girl!"

From which I concluded that the Old Beau had a tender spot in his heart for the girl who had been true to her ideal, and I loved him none the less for it. I have come to know that one not infrequently finds a touch of sentiment way down at the bottom of these fellows who have seen the world, and when you find it there, you have the true article. The stories of the other men who were under the ban of their fellows, I hope to get later on, and when I do, I shall tell you them. The Beau does not like to uncover the human foibles of his associates—yet, he is but human himself. And he understands perfectly, by this time, that I shall print whatever he tells me.

An Absent-Minded Man.

The following anecdote of an absent-minded man has lately come to hand, and while some of you may have heard it before, it seems to be too good to be passed over entirely.

Among the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrows, the celebrated barber and one of Ireland's "worthies," is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind: A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was: "To look in the glass."

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there!"

"Bless me!" Burrows observed, "I did not notice that before."

Ringling the bell, he called his servant, and questioned him respecting his looking-glass.

"Oh, sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed six weeks ago."—Harper's Young People.

Familiar.

A friend of mine has just had a most unpleasant experience. He had married a widow, and by some coincidence took her to the same hotel where she stopped with her first spouse. At table she said to Charles, the bridegroom: "Will you kindly pass the butter, John?" A vision of "John," his predecessor, flitted before the bridegroom, who indignantly replied: "My name is not John; it's Charles." "Excuse my mistake, Charles," she said; and then, tasting the butter, added, reflectively: "But it is the same butter."—Boston Home Journal.

"What reason have you for supposing that the young ladies consider Simper one of the great social lights?" Dumper—"Well, they are always turning him down, I notice."—Inter Ocean.

IS IT A SOLID POLE?

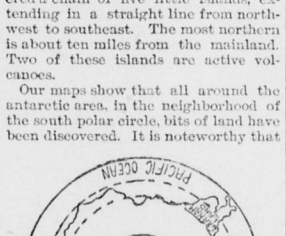
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CONJECTURED OUTLINE OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.

scarcely one of these bits of land has been explored in its whole extent. The explorers did not ascertain whether the land they saw was islands or projections from some great land mass. Discoveries have very rarely been made to effect a landing on account of the belt of pack ice or ice floes, often ten to twenty miles wide, that separated them from the shore. There are several excellent reasons why many of the leading geographers and geologists believe that these various lands—Victoria, Graham, Wilkes, Adelia, Clarie, Sabrina and Termination Lands and some others—are merely parts of the outer edge of a large continent. Wild, Murray and others say that we are justified in concluding that Victoria Land, whose east coast line was traced by Sir James Ross for more than five hundred miles, must extend much farther to the west and south, and that probably on its ice cap will be found the present position of the south magnetic pole.

The Unappreciated Goat.

The relations of the goat to mankind are in certain ways peculiar. The creature has long been subjugated, probably having come into the human family before the dawn of history. It has been almost as widely disseminated, among barbarian and civilized peoples alike, as the sheep. It readily cleaves to the household and exhibits much more intelligence than the other members of our flocks and herds. I yield good milk, the flesh is edible, and the hair can be made to vary in a larger measure than any of our animals which are shown. Yet this creature has never obtained the place in relation to man to which it seems entitled.

Fish as Summer Boarders.

City families that have aquariums in their houses have been puzzled how to keep fish alive and the fresh water properly replenished in their absence for three or four months at the seaside or in Europe. A New York dealer in aquarium supplies has solved the problem by starting a fish boarding house. He has a large house in Harlem, and his patrons at this time of the year send their fish to the boarding house, where they are kept on the four sides of the room, on each floor, and the caretaker makes his rounds each morning. A part of his contract is that when a fish dies he is compelled to replace it. He says it is a profitable business.

It Improves the Taste.

The merest dash of cinnamon in a cup of chocolate after it is poured is said to add a pleasant and undistinguishable flavor.

Bad for American Farmers.

From 1880 to 1890 the value of agricultural products per acre of improved land decreased from \$7.77 to \$6.88 in the United States.

Buffing.

In the mathematics class one day at Williams college Prof. S—, who was rarely made the subject of college jests, was excessively annoyed by some man "squeaking" a small rubber bladder. The noise seemed to come from near certain Jack Hollis, and after querying each of his neighbors, and receiving a negative answer, Prof. S— said sternly:

"Hollis, do you know who is making that unbearable noise?"

Hollis, who had been the guilty person all along, assumed an air of stolid bravery, and said, calmly: "I know, sir, but I prefer not to tell."

Prof. S—'s angry face grew calmer, and with evident pleasure he replied: "I respect your scruples, Hollis. They do you credit, and should shame the guilty man, sir!"—Harper's Bazar.

Severe Measures, Indeed.

"Mrs. Chairwoman," said the lady in the club-woman's convention, "in view of an obvious tendency toward frivolous amusements on the part of some of the members, I move to enforce a severe disciplinary measure."

"State your motion," said the chairwoman.

"I move you, Mrs. President," said the lady in a voice that clearly foreshadowed trouble for somebody. "I move that all the looking-glasses and mirrors be removed from the cloak-room for six consecutive sessions."—Chicago Record.

True Love's Rough Road.

Blushing Madden—Papa, the next time John comes he wants to see you!

Stern Parent—(not over fond of John)—What about?

B. M. (evasively)—About fifteen minutes!

S. P.—Well, you can tell the blamed idiot that I shall not require so much of his valuable time, as it will only take me about three-quarters of a second to throw him into the street.—Arkansas Traveler.

Only Two Ages.

She—I have just been reading about the seven ages of man. I wonder how Shakespeare would have described the ages of woman?

He—There would be but two ages of woman.

She—How's that?

He—Sweet sixteen and not yet thirty.—Detroit Tribune.

Constant as the Polar Star.

Mrs. Muldoon—Th' trouble wid my husband is that he never sticks to any wan thing more'n a week.

Mr. McGroggin—Yez do him injustice, Mrs. Muldoon. Oi niver saw a firmer mon than your husband phwin it comes to a strike!—N. Y. Weekly.

Conjugal Amenities.

She—I was a fool when I married you.

He—Aren't you a fool still?

She—No, I am not.

He—Then you should be thankful to me for reforming you.—Tit-Bits.

Too Smart.

"How does it happen that the sun sets in the west?" asked the teacher.

"It does it occasionally," replied Benny Blivens, who was kept in half an hour after school for his smartness.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

If you'll give me some of that chocolate I'll give you a bite of the apple I'm likely to have next fall."—Harper's Young People.

Available Advantages.

Father (to Son, just home from college)—Well, what did you learn at college?

Son (proudly)—Why, father, I was one of the best all-around athletes in my class. For instance, I can clear that four-rail fence. Watch me!

Father—No; save your strength. I'll let you clear that ten-acre lot tomorrow. It's chock full of weeds.—Puck.

With the Dear Girls.

Miss Antique—These horrid seventeen-year locusts come once every seventeen years.

Miss Waspish—How interesting! Did you really have much occasion to notice them the last two times they were here?—Chicago Record.

Sure to Agree.

New Girl (timidly)—I s'pose you are a fine cook, mum?

Young Mistress—Bless me, no; I don't know a thing about it.

New Girl (relieved)—Then we'll get on famously, mum. I don't either.—N. Y. Weekly.

Caught the Idea.

Teacher—He who would rule must first learn to obey. Do you understand that?

Bright Boy (reflectively)—I s'pose that means that a man ought to get married before he begins teachin' school.—Good News.

Kept Her at Eating.

He treated her to soda.

And she would let cream bring.

And he loved her when he didn't have to listen to her sing.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

They Always Are.

"There is a man who will be missed after he is gone."

"Who is he?"

"A bank cashier."—N. Y. World.

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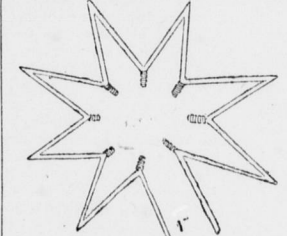
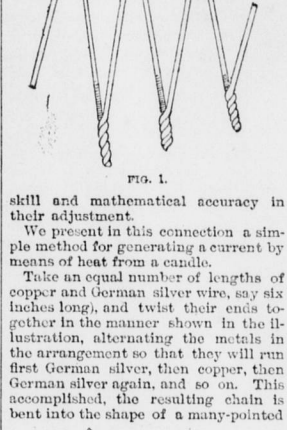
Generating a Current with the Aid of a Few Wires and a Candle—Directions for Constructing the Simple Apparatus.

In these days of electrical development nearly every one is interested in experiments, especially those which they can do for themselves, says the Builder and Woodworker.

It is a simpler matter to generate an electric current than most people think, all electrical machinery having but few parts, but requiring great skill and mathematical accuracy in their adjustment.

We present in this connection a simple method for generating a current by means of heat from a candle.

Take an equal number of lengths of copper and German silver wire, say six inches long, and twist their ends together in the manner shown in the illustration, alternating the metals in the arrangement so that they will run first German silver, then copper, then German silver again, and so on. This accomplished, the resulting chain is bent into the shape of a many-pointed



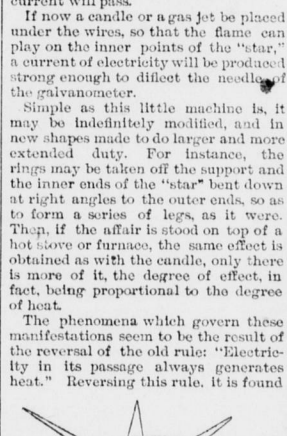
star (as in Fig. 2), and clamped between two flat wooden rings. Two old towel rings will do.

The inner rings horizontally to support the ends of the wire, as it were, when this is done that there are two free ends of the wire—one of copper and one of German silver. These are what are known as the terminals of the instrument. To these, by means of conducting cords, must be connected a simple galvanometer to show how much current will pass.

If now a candle or gas jet be placed under the wires, so that the flame can play on the inner points of the "star," a current of electricity will be produced strong enough to deflect the needle of the galvanometer.

Simple as this little machine is, it may be indefinitely modified, and in new shapes made to do larger and more extended duty. For instance, the rings may be taken off the support and the inner ends of the "star" bent down at right angles to the outer ends, so as to form a series of legs, as it were. Then, if the affair is stood on top of a hot stove or furnace, the same effect is obtained as with the candle, only there is more of it, the degree of effect, in fact, being proportional to the degree of heat.

The phenomena which govern these manifestations seem to be the result of the reversal of the old rule: "Electricity in its passage always generates heat." Reversing this rule, it is found



that heat, when it crosses the two wires whose molecules are in opposite conditions, generates an electric current.

It is necessary to have the wires in the instrument described above, twisted tightly at their ends. This is the secret of its perfect working. The dissimilarity in the two metals used is marked, and following the rule laid down, a current of electricity is generated as soon as heat is passed across the junctions.

Thermo-electricity has not been developed as yet sufficiently to render it commercially valuable. There is no telling, however, how soon it may come to take its place in equal competition with other branches of the science. It has lately been found that zinc-antimony and soft iron form very good opposites, in place of copper and German silver, and will, if molded, into convenient forms and placed in position, generate quite a current.

New Theory of Auroral Light.

The latest theory concerning the cause of the aurora borealis has been deduced from a careful analysis of that light thrown through a spectroscope. This unique experiment clearly establishes the fact that it is caused by an electrical discharge among the particles of meteoric iron dust contained in the atmosphere.

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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