

Fifty-four members of the new House of Commons, about one in twelve, have written books.

London has decided to convert into parks and playgrounds for children the 173 desused graveyards in that city.

They have found out in California that peach stones burn as well as coal and give out more heat. They sell at the rate of \$3 a ton.

Secretary Morton shows that Great Britain is our best customer. Our export trade to England alone is greater than with all the rest of the world put together.

Perhaps the new woman is responsible for the falling off in marriages in England. For the first quarter of this year only 19,6 persons in 1000 married, which is the lowest rate on record.

There are one thousand secret orders in New York City, remarks the Observer, and they have not a single woman member, and three hundred churches, the membership of which is three-fourths women.

More than 100 canning factories have been started in North Carolina this year, and hereafter there will probably be a great increase in the number of factories with each recurring fruit season throughout the whole South.

In casting about for a suitable title with which to characterize the passing century, it is not improbable, suggests the New York Telegram, that the "Age of Speed" will be found to be the most comprehensive.

A glance at the news of the day shows, in addition to fast yachts, the trial trip of the fastest express train that has ever been run in America, a meeting of the three fastest four-year-olds that have ever run on the American track, the training of the fastest amateur sprinters for the international athletic contest, the fastest cable message ever handled by any of the cable companies, and the attempt of the St. Louis, one of the fastest of the ocean greyhounds, to break her own record.

Toronto, Canada, seems, to Harper's Weekly, to be one of the most regulated cities in the civilized world. Sunday is kept there like a suit of best clothes. There are no Sunday newspapers; the street cars don't run; nothing goes on except interest. Even the tides in Lake Ontario omit to ebb and flow on the Lord's Day. On week days you can ride on the Toronto street cars for four cents a ride, and if you are going to school you can ride at half rate, no matter how old you are or how big. The street railways pay the city a just rent for their franchises, and the resulting revenue is very large and saves taxes. Nevertheless, it is asserted from time to time that Toronto is losing in population. The good people don't care, for they say they would rather live in a good city than in a big one, but covetous persons who do business or own real estate in Toronto grumble, and say the town is too good to succeed.

The Chicago Times-Herald observes: "Albert Bach, who suggested before the medico-legal congress that physicians should have the right to destroy the life of a person afflicted with an incurable disease and suffering intensely from it, is not the first to advance the proposition. The subject, repulsive as it is to the imagination, has been discussed by more radical European scientists, who would also dispose of the congenitally insane and persons deformed from birth and liable to protracted pain. Their suggestions have never amounted to anything more than a temporary sensation. It may be conceded that in a few cases, such as acute mania or hydrophobia, where the patient is suffering from a pitiless malady without hope of relief short of death, the physician has taken the responsibility of ending the agony by administering an overdose of opiates. It is well known that during the war surgeons sometimes gave the coup de grace to tortured victims of battle. But what a responsibility these well-intending practitioners take! What an unholty function to gain the name of philanthropy or science! If the practice is common or if physicians generally approve of it they keep knowledge and approval to themselves. Their offense is murder under all laws, human and Divine. The sanctity of life is paramount to every other consideration, and it would be indeed deplorable if the right to slay and fear not should be delegated to any class of men, either by law or by common consent."

THE PERPETUAL WOODROW.

The dull world clamors at my feet And asks my hand and helping sweet; And wonders when the time shall be I'll leave off dreaming dreams of thee. It blames me coining soul and time And sending mingled bits of rhyme— A-wooing of thee still.

Shall I make answer? This it is: I camp beneath thy galaxies Of stary thoughts and shining deeds; And, seeing new ones, I must needs Arouse my speech to tell thee, dear, Though thou art nearer, I am near— A-wooing of thee still.

I feel thy heart-beat next mine own; Its music hath a richer tone, I roldiscover in thine eyes. A balmer, dewier paradise. I'm sure thou art a rarer girl— And so I seek thee, finest pearl— A-wooing of thee still.

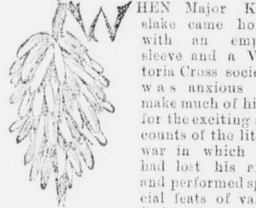
With blood of roses on thy lips— Canst doubt my trembling—something slips Between thy loveliness and me— So commonplace, so fond of thee, Ah, sweet, a kiss is waiting where That last one stopped thy lover's prayer— A-wooing of thee still.

When new light falls upon thy face My gladdened soul discerns some traces Of God, or angel, never seen. In other days of shade and sheen, Ne'er may such rapture die, or less Than joy like this my heart confess— A-wooing of thee still.

Go then, O soul of beauty, go Fleet-footed toward the heaven aglow, Mayhap, in following, thou shalt see Me weather of thy love and thee. Thou wouldst not let me weep, and I Until thou lovest me—none beside— A-wooing of thee still.

This was a song of years ago— Of spring! Now drifting flowers of snow Bloom on the window-sills as white As gray-beard looking through love's light And holding blue-veined hands the while, He finds her last—the sweetest smile— A-wooing of her still. Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.



WHEN Major Karslake came home with an empty sleeve and a Victoria Cross society was anxious to make much of him, for the exciting accounts of the little war in which he had lost his arm and performed special feats of valor had not yet been forgotten. The halo of romance around his name would probably have evaporated on the discovery being made that the gallant Major wore spectacles and was inclined to obesity, but the returned hero did not give London lion-hunters a chance to criticise his appearance, for he made no stay in the metropolis, and in a very short time the memory of his exploits passed from the public mind.

In the little Devonshire village where he took up his abode the wonder of his fame had longer life, for a newly made celebrity is likely to create considerable stir in a sleepy spot, where the military element is represented by a solitary half-pay Colonel who never saw a battlefield. To have been the subject of commendation in a printed newspaper is an awe-inspiring circumstance in such a neighborhood, and callers flocked to Woodbower. They were bitterly disappointed to find that Mrs. Karslake was an invalid and received no visitors, while the claims of courtesy were met by a return of pasteboards, and the Major made no personal response. All the more eagerly did the balled curiosity welcome the next Sunday, when orthodox required the new comer's presence in church, and Mr. Merrick had an unusually large congregation at morning service.

His daughter Violet, who played the organ, was guiltily conscious during the psalms that her attention wandered from both duty and devotion in an effort to desecrate the occupant of the Woodbower pew. She asked forgiveness in her simple-hearted prayer, and imposed upon herself the penance of eyes fixed on her music book as the congregation dispersed.

"What did you think of my new parishioner?" inquired the rector after dinner.

"I did not see him, papa," Violet blushed at the evasion, knowing her thoughts had been occupied with the new arrival during the paternal sermon, which was not sufficiently striking to compel attention.

"Dear me, dear me! That shows how much girls care for bravery, or heroism, or anything serious. Now, if his wife had been there in a smart bonnet you would have noticed her. I'll be bound," and the rector chuckled at his time-worn joke.

He was mistaken in his estimate of his daughter. Violet was a hero-worshipper, and had thrilled to every line of the curt war telegrams when she read the newspaper to her father. Neither spectacles nor a double chin quenched her enthusiasm when she saw at last the man of whose doings she had heard, while the tenderness of his nature seemed doubly sweet set against a background of fame and courage. Mrs. Karslake was in broken health; her husband tended her with extraordinary devotion, aided by a faithful maid. Mr. Merrick was the only visitor admitted to Woodbower, and the only house where the Major was seen was the rectory.

Beyond the respect paid by the army to the church was the link of music; the sole regret that John Karslake ever felt for the loss of his sword-belt was when he looked at the case containing his favorite violin, never more to sound and sing by him again.

The rector played the cello with greater feeling than execution, and Violet took fresh interest in practicing accompaniments, since their neighbor had begun to come in sometimes for an hour in the evening while his wife was sleeping.

"You bring a great pleasure into a life that is ended, Miss Violet," he would say, as the worn and troubled look which had passed into his face with the day's exercise of patience and sympathy would melt into placid peace under the influence of harmonious sound.

"Don't spoil the child with flattery," the rector generally added.

Mrs. Merrick had died at Violet's birth; her father was kind and affectionate, but apart. The girl was solitary at heart, and lived more in her thoughts and dreams than in her deeds. Practical and alert in daily duties, not even the gossips of Coombe had ever called the rector's daughter romantic, yet the very care she exercised to avoid any appearance of sentiment was dictated by the sacredness in which she held her ideals. Naturally these tendencies seized upon congenial food, and the reverend regard she bestowed upon a prosaic, middle-aged gentleman was more akin to love than the innocent maiden knew.

"What is Mrs. Karslake like?" she asked one day, as her father returned from visiting the invalid.

"I suppose she was pretty once," answered the rector, not disinclined to talk over his neighbors, and after a pause went on, "Karslake said she had a lovely complexion when he fell in love with her at some suburban dance, but I expect that was a sign of sickness. She is a wreck now. The foolish fellow married while still in the tutelage of an army coach, and I fancy they had a rough time of it at first. The children all died, except the one daughter, who is married."

Violet sighed in response.

Mr. Merrick might have added that the struggles of a subaltern's wife had not been calculated to develop Mrs. Karslake's intellectual powers, which were never large. She was hard and peevish, accepted her husband's devotion as a right, and was inclined to despise him for his limitless patience and attention. She vented on him the disappointment of an unsatiated craving for gaiety, forever thwarted by illness, and in his great compassion for her suffering he accepted the claim to martyrdom without a thought of his own voluntary sacrifice.

When her worn out frame at length succumbed to the complication of diseases which had tormented it so long, the husband's grief was desperate. His daughter's flying visit gave him little consolation. She had inherited from her mother the blush rose skin and his attendant drawback of delicacy, combining with it a feathery brain and an egotistic heart entirely occupied with her own pretty self.

"Dear papa looked after mamma so well! He was miserable if anybody else did anything for her—"

naturally Ethel did nothing but amuse herself, even before she married at eighteen the rich young banker who spoiled her to her utmost content.

Mourning was becoming to Ethel, and she was considered to look "so interesting, poor dear!" at the funeral, but she found Coombe damp, therefore Roger took her home next day, and they wintered aboard on account of her lungs.

"I wonder Karslake did not go with them," commented Mr. Merrick. "It would have done him a world of good." It did not occur to the worthy clergyman, in receipt of a comfortable stipend, that foreign travel is expensive, and that the Major was too proud to accept obligations from his son-in-law, even if the latter had made the suggestion. Roger had displayed some inclination that way, but the idea had been promptly quenched by Ethel, who opposed instinctively any expenditure other than on herself.

"It's all the better for me that he is staying on here," continued the rector; "I should have missed him terribly. I cannot think how I existed before he came. None of the people about here have any interest beyond local matters."

"The Major is so clever," returned Violet, with conviction. "There is nothing he has not read or thought about; but he is dreadfully depressed now. I am afraid he will never recover the blow of Mrs. Karslake's death."

"He is a very good fellow," said Mr. Merrick. "but I have observed that inconsolable widowers generally marry again."

There was certainly a little damp at Woodbower that wet autumn, and Janet, though an excellent house-keeper, was not much of a companion for an intelligent man, consequently the Major spent more of his time at the rectory than ever. He had made some other acquaintances in the neighborhood, but the Merricks suited him best, besides he was by nature indolent, and the rectory was only five minutes' walk from his own low white house buried in trees.

Violet's heart ached when, from her window overlooking the churchyard, she saw him often stand by the fresh green mound. Owing to the rainy weather no monument could be erected till spring, and the girl laid flowers all winter long on the grave which his sorrow made sacred to her. He never said any word of thanks, but she felt he knew who tended so carefully the spot where his heart lay buried. The violets she had planted there were blossoming when the mason's men dug up to place in the marble slab, which was framed in costly commotion—of—"etc." Major Karslake wore a few violets in his buttonhole that night, when he spent his usual musical hour at the Merricks, but there were violets in the Woodbower garden, and

indeed of every garden of mossy Coombe.

When the monument was finished the widower went away for a change; he had developed rheumatism in damp Devonshire.

"You'll write sometimes, Karslake?" said the rector, heartily, in farewell.

"Why, of course!" replied his friend, but he never did.

It was a dull summer; Violet could not remember one with so little sunshine, and she found the gray skies very depressing. She instituted notable reforms in the clothing club, the Sunday-school and the choir, of which institutions she was the moving spirit, and she worked so hard that the rector said they must take a trip to sea to bring back the color to her cheeks. Violet did not seem to care for the idea, and her father was not energetic; the plan fell through; but when the Major came back and their musical evenings began again, Violet's looks improved considerably. The change in her was so obvious that no one was surprised when the engagement was announced, and exactly two years after Mrs. Karslake's death Violet Merrick succeeded to that name and title.

"Rather too great a difference in age!" cavilled aunts and cousins, who were not invited to the quiet marriage.

"Violet is old for her years," replied the rector to all objections.

What a blissful year was the first. Some unions begin with discords that time and custom soften into harmony, but this one opened in perfect tune. The Major fell into an inversion of his former habits, for his young wife loved to wait upon him and anticipate all his wishes. Janet was rather inclined to receive the new-comer grumpy, but Violet's sweetness soon won the old servant's heart. The atmosphere of Woodbower changed from stagnant seclusion into cheerful life. Spring had succeeded winter. Its new mistress took an intelligent interest in the topics of the day; she drew forth the thoughts and reflections which Karslake had been wont to cherish silently, knowing they would find no response in his home; for the first time in his life he enjoyed true feminine companionship. Sometimes in his humble soul he would wonder how he had gained the blind adoration of a young, pretty and intellectual woman, and then he would treat Violet with a tender respect which was touching from his age to her youth.

After a couple of years Violet's ecstasy had calmed into placid affection, and the Major had grown more aged and silent, but they were still happy. Mrs. Karslake had been unavoidably drawn into some of the small festivities of the neighborhood, and her husband was occasionally obliged to appear with her at a dinner party, but he generally ran away from visitors, and hid himself and his pipe under the big cedar.

Old Janet found him there one day when she came to bid him in to afternoon tea.

"Bring me a cup here," he said, "and ask your mistress to excuse me. I like the quiet best."

"Oh, it's not so quiet now as in the old days, sir?"

"Of course not; my poor wife was too ill for any noise," answered the Major, and he cast a glance in the direction of the churchyard.

"Well, well," said the old woman, querulously, "I'm too old for changes and I like old ways best," and she turned back to the house without waiting for a reply or rebuke.

The Major pulled away meditatively at his deep-toned meerschaum and still looked over at the churchyard, but his eyes saw other pictures. Little pleasures and big troubles shared and borne together in youth, when experience bites deeply into the record. The memories of his dead children flitted by, each the intangible link of the chain that held him still; tropical skies and Eastern scenes came back, all bound up indissolubly with the dead woman. It was his youth, it was his life that lay buried in her grave. What was he but a ghost that walked beside the living in his new marriage? Not all Violet's love and devotion could make her part of the past, and the past is dear with the joy of morning and vivid with virgin sensation when we look back upon it from the dim twilight of age.

The Major let his tea grow cold and his pipe go out.

"John, John! where are you?" cried a voice. "You should not be sitting out here with the dew falling, you'll have such a twinge of rheumatism to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm all right, my dear," said the Major, as implicitly as his amiable habit permitted.

He felt very old just then.

Violet clasped both hands over his arm and began chattering about her visitors as they went into the house.

In the drawing-room under the brilliant light of the lamps, Major Karslake's face looked white and worn.

"Why, John, dear! what is the matter? You look so ill," cried his wife, in alarm.

"It's nothing. Violet, don't be troubled," he said, gently, his momentary irritation gone. "Only a little pain in the arm I have lost."

Woman.

Scotch Saracasm.

The Scotch keeper has but little consideration for the feelings of the amateur sportsman. A novice from the South was out on a moor in the West Highlands the other day, and having unsuccessfully fired twice at a covey of birds that rose less than twenty yards ahead, he exclaimed excitedly, "It's strange that none of them fell. I'm positive some of them must have been struck." "I dinna doot," returned the keeper, with a sarcastic grin, "that they were struck wi' astonishment at gettin' off sae easy."—Realm.

A DIVER'S EXPERIENCES.

SENSATIONS FELT WHILE WORKING IN THE SEA'S DEPTHS.

The Dress That is Worn—Breathing Without Effort—Method of Signaling—A Diver's Remuneration.

THE best way for any one to acquire the diver's art is to put on a diving dress, go down into the depths and learn the diving business for himself. That's the way I learned it, says Captain Anthony Williams in the New York World.

I was originally a wrecker—that is, I would purchase sunken ships, raise them and sell them. In the summer of 1863, off the Massachusetts coast, I was raising a sunken ship. The diver who was working for me seemed a very lazy, careless sort of fellow. I was paying him by the day, and at length, when he came up on one occasion and reported very little progress in his work, after having been under water for a long time, I was angry and expressed myself strongly. He retorted with, "Try it yourself if you can do any better."

"All right," said I. "Let me have your diving dress and I will try it myself." He thought I was only joking, but I was not. Thinking to see me back out, and that I would not dare to venture down below into Davy Jones's locker, he took off his diving dress and I put it on.

Now, a diving dress is really two dresses, one within the other, and both of india-rubber. The stockings, pants and shirt are all made together as one garment, which the diver enters at the neck, feet first. The hands are left bare, the wristsbands of the rubber shirt-sleeves tightly compressing the wrists. There is a copper breast-plate bearing upon its outer convex surface small screws, which are adjusted through holes in the neck of the shirt, which, by means of nuts fastened upon the screws, is held so firmly in place as to render the entire dress from the neck downward absolutely air and water tight.

Fitting with equal closeness to this breast-plate is the helmet. It completely incloses the head and is supplied with three glasses, one in front and one at each side, to enable the diver to look in any direction. The diver's feet are incased in a pair of very thick leather shoes, made to lace up the front and supplied with heavy leaden soles to prevent him from turning feet upmost in the water.

When I had donned this dress I placed across my shoulders ropes sustaining two leaden weights, one hanging at my breast and the other at my back. Sometimes in very strong currents it is necessary to make the weights which the diver carries extraordinarily heavy, and such was the case with those hanging over my shoulders on the occasion of my first dive, but greatly to my surprise, though the diving dress I wore weighed of itself nearly two hundred pounds, I did not feel the great burden I sustained in wearing it any more than I did that of my ordinary clothes when out of the water.

It also seemed marvellous to me that though I was ten or twelve fathoms under water my breathing was wholly devoid of effort as if I had been walking about on dry land. Perhaps some of my readers may know that by means of an air-pump, worked by two men, the diver is supplied with air, which passes into his helmet through a hose at its back. Near the place of its entrance is a spring valve for its escape. This valve can be controlled by the diver, but he usually sets it before going into the water and seldom disturbs it afterward. The pressure of the air being greater than that of the water a surplus of the former readily escapes.

When the valve proves insufficient to permit the escape of a superfluity of air the diver can open in his breast-plate a similar spring valve intended only for such an emergency. He can also regulate the amount of air pumped to him by signals upon the air-hose to the men engaged in pumping. One pull upon the air-hose means "more air," two pulls, "less air."

The signals by means of the air-hose are generally used by all divers, but each one of the fraternity has also his own private code of signals upon the life-line, which is always fastened to the diver's waist and by which he is drawn up out of the water. These signals each diver writes down very carefully and gives to the man in charge of the life-line. By means of these he can send for tools, material, etc.

When a lengthy communication is to be made the diver sends up for a slate and writes all he wishes to say. It is just as easy to read and write underwater as it is out of it, all objects being greatly magnified.

The only unpleasant sensation I ever experienced during my whole career as a diver—even on the occasion of my first dive—was a drumming in the ears. This will sometimes destroy the hearing if the diver remains too long under water.

Four hours—two in the morning and two in the afternoon—comprise a day's work in the diving business, and if a diver always restricts himself to this limit there is little or no danger of his becoming deaf, but if he goes much beyond it he is almost sure to injure his hearing. I once remained under water for nine hours and as a consequence completely lost the use of my left ear for a period of three months, during which time I suffered agony with earache. Eventually, however, my hearing became normal again.

So far as remuneration is concerned diving is a good profession. Divers generally work by the job, and when they do they sometimes make it pay very well. A diver will go down, look at a sunken vessel and then state what

he will charge to raise her. I raised the schooner Dauntless in two days and received \$750 for my time and trouble. The steamer Mederith, ashore at Jeremie, in Hayti, I repaired with iron plates and raised in fourteen days, receiving \$7500 for the work, but I had to employ two assistants.

WISE WORDS.

Genius is the soul in blossom. A tramp cat purrs the loudest. It is never too late to mend a boy's clothes.

The proof of the pudding is in the heating. So few of us know when we have said enough.

If you explain you might as well acknowledge. There is many a shrewd woman posing for a simpleton.

A man likes to feel that he is loved; a woman likes to be told. Dress is a revelation not only of our tastes, but our bank account.

There is nothing better for a child than a little wholesome neglect. The woman of the world is an April day; the sunshine successfully hides the tears within.

On the most commonplace level and within the narrowest limits men and women love and suffer. Some people are so fond of butter that they would rather have poor butter than none. Same with music—Judge.

When a man seeks a woman's society it is because he has need of her—not because he thinks she has need of him.

If it be a fine art to wear your best clothes unconsciously it is a still finer art to wear your old clothes as though they were your best ones.

According to the quality of the waters on which we cast our bread, it returns waterlogged and uneatable, or spread with butter and jam.

His Stomach Collapsed.

Colonel Benjamin F. Norton, well known in Chicago politics, who is at the home of his daughter in New York, has rallied from one of the most remarkable operations known in surgery. Colonel Norton, when he came here, began to have intense pains in his stomach. A stricture formed in the gullet and communication between his mouth and stomach became impossible. Despite the best medical skill he was slowly starving to death. Physicians were called in. An operation was decided upon. It was performed July 27. A hole was cut in his stomach about two inches above the navel, large enough for a hand to be inserted. It was found that the walls of the stomach had collapsed, and lay flat against the spine. Dr. Weir pinned the forward wall to the intestines with two gold pins, each four inches in length. The stomach was stitched to the intestines on August 1, and the pins were withdrawn. Then a silver tube was inserted in the wound, a piece of rubber tubing attached to it, and through this canal food was forced into the stomach. A daily wash of nitrate of silver cured the ulcers. A sounder, consisting of a jet bulb on the end of a whalebone rod, was inserted once a week. This operation will have to be kept up for a year or more to keep the passage from growing together again.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Olive Orchard.

Near Guerneville, says the Oroville (Cal.) Mercury, is the largest olive orchard in Sonoma County, and probably in the State. It is owned by Dr. Prosek. There are one hundred acres of orchard with 8500 trees, all in bearing. The crop last year was ten tons; this year it will be about thirty. The orchard contains about thirty-five varieties, the earliest and best being the Nevadello Blanco, Ruben and Manzanillo, while the Polymorpha produces the largest olive and best for packing. Dr. Prosek built the first olive mill in the county in 1894. It is forty feet wide and sixty feet long, with an engine house fourteen by twenty feet. After picking, the olives are put in a crusher with two granite wheels weighing fifteen hundred pounds each and revolving on a flat granite slab. The wheels are reversible and can be raised or lowered, according to the size of the olive. The crusher has a capacity of two or three tons daily, both first and second grinding. A hydraulic press receives the paste, the juice goes into a separator where the vegetable water is divided from the oil. When settled and clear the oil is filtered and bottled and is then ready for market.

How the Nose Works.

In ordinary respiration the nose recognizes only pronounced odors, since the filaments of the olfactory nerve are distributed only in the upper third of the lining membrane of its fosse, and in ordinary breathing the air passes directly through the lower half of these cavities. Hence a modified respiratory effort—a quick, forced inspiration or "sniff"—is usually necessary in order to bring air carrying odoriferous particles to the olfactory nerve endings.

Nevertheless, whenever air mixed with odorous gases and noxious particles is inhaled through the nose during a few successive ordinary respirations, the olfactory sense is awakened to a knowledge of their presence through the law of diffusion of gases, in virtue of which the odorous particles are conveyed to the superior fosse of the nose and hence to the terminal filaments of the olfactory nerve. Thus to a certain extent the sense of smell is preservative of health.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

HOW I LOVE HER.

How I love her none may say— In what sweet and varied way; Loving her this way and that— For a ribbon on her hat; For her soft cheek's crimson dye— For a trick of her blue eyes; How I love her none may say, Yet I love her all the day!

How I love her none may know; Who can say how roses grow? How, where'er it breathes and blows, Still the rough wind loves the rose? For her lips, so honey-sweet, For the falling of her feet— Who shall all my love declare? Yet I love her all the year!

How I love her none may say— In the winter, in the May— In all seasons, dark or bright, Love by day and love by night! For her glance—her smile—the mero Presence of her here and there; In my sighing, in my song, Still I love her all life long!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Give good, sound advice and get yourself disliked.—Judge.

You may be persevering yourself, but no need for you to try to persevere others.—Judge.

"Some men," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "never have any spirit till after death."—Philadelphia Record.

Candidate—"I can't imagine what caused my defeat." Friend—"The election of your opponent, I should say."—Albany Journal.

Possibly what makes it more annoying and painful is, whatever he does for man, the mosquito presents his bill before beginning work—Philadelphia Times.

Fond Mother—"My darling, it is bed-time. All the little chickens have gone to bed." Little Philosopher—"Yes, mamma; and so has the old hen."—Judge.

! Horse Dealer—"You had better buy the horse, Colonel. You will never find a healthier animal." Colonel Jones—"I believe it. If he hadn't been healthy all his life he never could have lived so long."—Tammany Times.

Mrs. Higbee—"I think you had better go for the doctor, George. Johnny complains of pains in his head." Higbee—"I guess it is nothing serious. He has had them before." Mrs. Higbee—"Yes, but never on Saturday."—Brooklyn Life.

He was a very brilliant man; He had a master mind. In homely walks of drudgery His lively spirit shined. Prospectuses and plans and schemes He could unfold to you; But somehow he had never done, But always meant to do.

They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the high forehead asked what the other thought of the "Origin of Species." The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Noopop—"My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it." Mr. Knowit—"I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep."—Pearson's Weekly.

"Yes," said the inventor, "I think I see millions in it, if I can only get the thing to work." "No doubt," said the doubting friend, "What have you in mind now?" "A scheme for confining cyclones in bicycle tires. See? There is your ideal motor, et merely the cost of capture."—Indianapolis Journal.

What Water Can Do.

The effect of the hydraulic motor, which is now used for the purpose of removing masses of earth, well nigh passes belief.

A stream of water issuing from a pipe six inches in diameter, with a fall behind it of 375 feet, will carry away a solid rock weighing a ton or more to a distance of fifty or 100 feet. The velocity of the stream is terrific, and the column of water projected is so solid that if a crowbar or other heavy object be thrust against it the impinging object will be hurled a considerable distance.

By this stream of water a man would be instantly killed if he came into contact with it, even at a distance of 200 feet.

At 200 feet from the nozzle a six-inch stream, with 375 feet fall, projected momentarily against the trunk of a tree, will in a second denude it of the heaviest of bark as cleanly as if it had been cut with an axe.

Whenever such a stream is turned against a bank it cuts and burrows it in every direction, hollowing out great caves and causing tons of earth to melt and fall and be washed away in the sluices.—Montreal Star.

Signaling in a Fog.

A novel arrangement for signaling at sea during fogs has been placed in position on Winter Quarter lightship No. 45, now repairing and refitting at Wilmington, Del. It consists of two safety oil engines, supplying compressed air to two upright boilers, which in turn are automatically acted upon by timeclocks, placed above. These open and close the whistle valves alternately every fifty-five seconds. No steam power is used, the power being derived from explosions of oil vapor. The pressure of air is regulated at forty pounds, and gives a shrill blast at each explosion. The new appliance is expected to prove effective in maintaining and operating the fog whistle when coal might not be obtainable for fuel, and in transmitting a clear tone for many miles.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.