Medieval Necromancy.

There is another marvel performed by those Bacsi, of whom I have been speaking as knowing so many enchantments. For when the great Kaan is at his capital and in his great palace, seated at his table which stands upon a platform some eight cubits above the ground, his cups are set before him on a great buffet in the middle of the hall pavement, at a distance of some ten paces from his table, and filled with wine, or other good spiced liquor such as they use. When the lord desires to drink the enchanters cause the cups to move themselves from their places to the emperor without being touched by anyone. This everyone present may witness. 'Tis a truth and no lie! and so will tell you the sages of our own country, for they can perform it.—October St. Nicholas.

Revised Version.

From Fibre and Fabric.

Yesterday there was a few old women and a cluster of girls in one of the stores here. Somebody spoke of Sunday school, and the storekeeper, for the fun of it, said he would give a bag of candy to the one who could tell him how long it took to create the world. One of the old ladies said she didn't know. The girls looked at each other. My second oldest daughter slipped out, ran home and was back in a jiffy with this answer: "The Lord made the world in six days and got arrested on the seventh."

What the Nails Indicate.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

It has long been known to doctors that the shape and appearance of the finger nails form important factors in the diagnosis of disease. Thus, long nails indicate physical weakness, and a tendency to consumption. Where the nails are long and blueish they indicate bad circulation. The same type of nail, but shorter, denotes tendency to throat affections, bronchitis and the like. Short, small nails often indicate heart disease; Where they are short, flat and sunken, you may look for nervous disorders.

Mental Workers Must Sleep.

Someone says of sleep: The amount of sleep one needs depends on the amount of mental work he does while awake. Men whose brains are never busy can get along with five or six hours sleep a day, even though their hands are always employed during the waking hours, but the mental worker must have more sleep or he will go insane.

Unequal Distribution.

"It seems," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "that Dr. Nansen failed to discover the north pole because he hadn't enough dogs. And what countless thousands of dogs we could have spared him from this neighborhood!—Chicago Tribune.

AN ARTIST'S LOVE.

CARMICHIEL'S signature in one corner causes a canvas to be scrambled for in these countries nowadays, and there are those who say that it looks equally well at the bottom of a check. Carmichiel himself is brown and bony and a little inclined to be bald. He is a trifle cynical, too, and has accumulated a miscellaneous assortment of strange little ways that must be awfully annoying to his wife. In fact, she says as much in her languid, complaining way.

Carmichiel's work has always been a puzzle to the critics. Lately they have decided that he belongs to the impressionist school, and perhaps those big-jointed, green-eyed women, for which he had occasionally been responsible, do indicate a tendency in that direction. There is nothing of the impressionist about Carmichiel's earlier paintings, however, and yet you would know that they were his; just as you would know that the indifferent, bored-looking Carmichiel whom you meet in every place worth going to is identical with the threadbare but always delightful fellow who used to paint studies of the Creole girls in the winter of '73.

Perhaps, though, you were not among the fortunate number who knew him before he had painted his way into the very heart of Philistia. We were only a small coterie, but our lack of even a bowing acquaintance with fame was a sad trial to most of us. Carmichiel was different, little as you would think it when you see him today. He never seemed then to have the least ambition only to do his work as well as ever he could, and if now and then a sketch was sold, why, there were plenty of friends to pat him on the back and to help him eat and drink the proceeds.

And the sketches sold well after a time, for that wild artist colony in the quaint French quarter was a happy thought for a crowd of out-at-elbows boys, to the most of whom Paris remained a dream for more years than we care to think about. There was plenty of local color there, and any number of saucy girls who were always willing to pose for us, and who considered themselves well paid if they received the first rough sketch of what the sanguine artist invariably assured them was sure to prove "the picture of the year!"

Carmichiel has several of these glowing things in his studio now, and through them all you can trace a likeness to the drab-skinned water nymph that hangs in the drawing-room of Hastings, the porous-plaster man. It's another method and a different subject, but it's the same Carmichiel.

We never knew exactly how it was that he came across Carita. She was one of the dancers at the little French theater—or at least they called it a

WITH A BLAZE OF WRATH.

theater—it was a sort of cross between a low cafe and a second-rate concert hall. We used to go there occasionally and throw roses to the dancers, though Carita was the only one that it paid to look at twice. She was really a beauty and quite Spanish in her ways, although some of us fancied that there might be just a trace of darker blood. Of her husband there could be no question. He was a greasy, low-browed fellow, and wholly a villain. He used to beat her when his shop was raided—or so she told Carmichiel. Carmichiel had never been in love before, and he lost his head rapidly. So when one morning Carita came into our common studio—the Commune we called it—with her forehead bound up, and the contour of one pretty cheek almost obscured by a livid, straggling bruise, Carmichiel upset his colors over the "peasant's bridal" he was at work upon—they painted such things in those days—and declared that Carita was done with her brute of a husband forever.

It really made very little difference to any of us. Carmichiel was the same jolly comrade as before, and worked away furiously in the queer little house which Carita had furnished to suit herself. She figured in most of his pictures that year, and after a time came the little Julien, and Carmichiel turned his attention to a hitherto neglected branch of art, and his canvases began to gleam with the pinky flesh of dark-eyed babies. The little Julien was a fascinating model, and his father proved himself a genius by the facility with which he interpreted the baby graces. All of which would have been very well had not Carita suddenly grown jealous. Her temper was never of the best, and in her silly little heart she considered herself highly aggrieved and neglected. Then they quarreled, and matters grew worse and worse, until Carita actually threatened to go back to her villainous husband, who had never ceased chuckling over the good bargain he had made with the great artist. Carmichiel was never meek at any time, but yet the matter might have ended differently had not the old uncle who gave him his start in life chosen at this time to introduce himself. But the fateful letter came and Carmichiel went to the big hotel across the river, and there was an interview. It was late when he returned, and Carita met him with a blaze of wrath. He had not told her where he was going, and she was difficult to please those days. She thoroughly understood the art of making herself exasperating, and for a moment Carmichiel caught himself envying his predecessor his enormous biceps and big stick. What he had to say was spoken in a few words, and with a last good-by to the little Julien and a mocking message to the woman, Carmichiel turned his back upon his threadbare past, and upon Carita.

He slept at the Commune that night, and when we opened the door in response to a gentle tap next morning, we found no one in view except the little Julien, who beat his tiny fingers against the door panel and laughed gleefully up in his young father's face. Little Julien had come to stay.

About Carita? The city is large. Perhaps she went back to the ruffianly husband, or, if not—well, it would not be the first time that the turbid yellow river had been intrusted with a secret.

Julien is a fine young fellow, an upper classman at Tulane, and occasionally he pays a short visit to his guardian's home, although strangely enough, Mrs. Carmichiel is not fond of him. Whether she suspects what a few of us know is uncertain, but some of us have wives, and Mrs. Carmichiel possesses more than the usual quota of feminine friends. L. M. W.

THE FUNNEL TRICK.

An Interesting Problem Devised by Sportive Californians.

Jerry Lynch has finally learned the funnel trick. He took it in two doses—one on one evening and the other the next. The senator sauntered up to the Bohemian club the other day and saw two or three of the younger members attempting a new feat, and he watched them with interest. One of them stuck a funnel in the top of his trousers, threw his head back, placed a fifty-cent piece on his forehead and tried to drop it into the funnel by slowly lowering his head. After all had failed Jerry insisted on trying it, though all had tried to dissuade him from attempting a feat too difficult for them. The funnel was placed in the waistband of his trousers and he threw back his head to receive the coin on his expansive brow. At that juncture a pitcher of ice water was emptied into the funnel, and by the time Jerry got through dancing the jokers had vanished. The senator's temper improved with dry raiment, and the next night at the club he started in to show a couple of friends the funnel trick.

"It's this way," he explained, "you put the funnel in the top of your pantaloons, so, then throw your head back, so, and—wow!"

Again Jerry was forced to change his raiment, and he is not showing people what he knows about the funnel trick. —San Francisco News Letter.

THE FAMILY'S MAIN SUPPORT.

The Old Undertaker Deplores the Economies He Had to Practice.

From the San Francisco Post: "Now, now, now; there, there; don't criticise those white gloves because they've been darned. Don't jump on these poor old black rosettes because they're a little rusty," pleaded the country undertaker. "For fifteen years they have been the mainstay of a large and interesting family. Yes, I know those gloves have been washed and darned and stitched till they look more like salt sacks than gloves, but they still sell at the same old price—$1 per pair. Crape rosettes for the pall-bearers still go on every bill at $5.

"When I first went into business fifteen years ago—now this, of course, is on the dead quiet—I bought half a dozen pairs of white cotton gloves for 25 cents, and I think the crape for those rosettes cost 50 cents. Every funeral brings me in $6 for gloves and $5 for rosettes for the pall-bearers, and in the last fifteen years I think I have realized about $6,500 on them, and I've still got them almost as good as new. Some day, when I can afford it, I'll buy some new ones."

Kipling's World Tour.

Just before the steamer Lahn sailed, Rudyard Kipling talked with a reporter. He said that, leaving the Lahn at Bremerhaven, he and Mrs. Kipling would spend some time on the continent, going from there to England. How long a time he would spend there he did not know. Eventually he would go to India, he said, the country of his birth, and possibly he would visit Samoa and other of the islands of the Southern Pacific.

"Will you return to America, and if so, when?" Mr. Kipling was asked.

"Oh, yes, I expect to come back again, when I get ready. I have not the slightest notion as to when that will be."

"Do you call America your home?"

"That is my home where I choose to live."—New York Advertiser.

Diplomacy. The Name Is Bridget.

Bridget (applying for a situation)—"Oh, yis, mum, Oi lived in my last place three weeks, mum." Mrs. Van Nobbs—"And why did you leave?" Bridget—"Oi couldn't get along with her, she was owld and cranky." Mrs. Van Nobbs—"But I may be old and cranky, too." Bridget—"Cranky ye may be, mum, for faces are sometimes deceiving; but owld, niver!" And Bridget got the place.—Philadelphia Times.

TO STAIN FLOORS.

A Bit of Housewife Lore of Service at This Season.

The knowledge of the use of stains and varnishes and how to polish and clean furniture is invaluable to an economical housekeeper, who can easily, with the help of an intelligent maid, keep her house clean and bright and freshen it up when need be, without calling in the aid of an expensive workman. Formerly stains were confined to the colors nearly resembling natural woods, but of late all colors are used—greens, blues, reds and yellow—which partake in no sense of the nature of the paint, but stains pure and simple, showing the grain of the wood.

The most fashionable stain at present for cottage furniture is green, not sage green, but a good, old-fashioned regular green, which when rubbed well into the pores of the wood and then polished is really beautiful. The two transparaent colors, Prussian blue and raw sienna, make, when mixed together, an excellent green, or if a brighter tint is desired, gamboge and Prussian blue. A very little of the latter goes a great way, as it is altogether the most powerful color known and completely overcomes any other pigment if mixed in equal proportions. In staining, it should be borne in mind that it is not paint, but stain, and that a very little should be used, a pound being sufficient to stain a whole set of furniture.

To get a good color the wood must be light. Oak, yellow or white pine, maple, any of these are suitable, and the more grained the better, the moire effect of birds'-eye maple, the heavy markings of oak and the picturesque knot so often seen in yellow pine all coming out particularly well through the translucent color.

The best way to apply stain and bring out the grain of the wood is to put it on quite thick and rub it off with a linen or cotton rag, and it is absolutely necessary that the wood should be in its natural condition without paint or varnish. By sending a special order to the manufacturers it is easy to get sets of furniture without either; but if it is an old piece that is to be renovated it must be thoroughly scraped. After staining, a coat of hard oil finish may be applied as a filler, and then, after it is dry, it should be rubbed all over with the prepared beeswax that comes in cans for floors, and then rubbed with a flannel cloth until it is quite shiny and bright. After the wax is rubbed on it should be allowed to harden before polishing it. Prussian blue alone makes a very pretty peacock blue stain, raw sienna a yellow or orange, according to the amount of color used, crimson lake a lovely red, burnt sienna an almost exact imitation of new mahogany. All these are what are called transparent colors, and are, therefore, especially adapted for stains; but even opaque colors, if put on thin enough to show the grain of the wood, produce sometimes very pretty effects. White on certain woods has a milky, opalesque coloring that is very harmonious with delicate chintzes. Light blue, canary yellow, apple green and pink all may be used on woodwork as stains if applied in the way that house painters call "priming"—that is, one coat of paint put on so thin that it shows the markings of the wood beneath. Georgia pine looks particularly well when treated in this way.

Blown from a Train.

"I do not suppose that once in a hundred times we ever learn the real cause of a railroad accident," said a man who is always well posted on such matters, "when any one of the principals concerned is killed. In individual cases, where a man is lost from a train, and his body is found later beside the track, suicide is the first thing suggested, but you can never tell. A peculiar accident happened to a friend of mine. He was traveling eastward with some friends. He left them for a few moments to go to the smoking car. As he crossed from one car to the other—that was before the time of the vestibule trains—a strong wind that was blowing struck him and blew him to the ground. He was wearing a large circular coat, which acted as a balloon inflated with wind, and it ws responsible for his being blown off the train, as well as for the fact that he landed on his feet unhurt. He walked some distance to the nearest station and telegraphed ahead to his friends that he was all right, and would come on by the next train. If he had been killed every one would have said 'suicide,' for the possibility of a man being blown from a train would seem to be an absurd idea."—New York Times.

The Teacher's Idea.

"I suppose," said the school teacher's acquaintance, "that you are sorry to see vacation coming to a close."

"No," was the reply; "I think it has lasted long enough to serve its most important purpose."

"You mean that the pupils and their instructors have had a chance to recuperate."

"No; that is an unimportant incident. What I mean is that vacation gives parents a chance to realize that their children are not the angels they always assume them to be when they get into trouble at school."—Washington Star.

Remedy for Red Hands.

Red hands are often benefited by being washed in oatmeal water—that is, take some fine oatmeal, boil it in water for about an hour, strain, then night and morning use the liquid to wash in; it, however, requires to be made fresh every day, as it soon turns sour, and smells very disagreeably. For exceptionally red and harsh hands a few grains of chloride of lime may be safely added to the soft warm water you wash in, but remember to remove your rings, or they will be tarnished.

Not to be Caught Napping.

On a recent Sunday evening in Belfast, Me., a young man in church looked frequently at his watch during the sermon. Just as he was doing so for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor, with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon conscience of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" Whereupon the young man with the gold repeater brawled out in the hearing of the whole congregation, "A quarter past eight."—New York Tribune.

The Reason Why.

A man whose circumstances of traveling caused him to sit in the same seat with a young lady who was unusually friendly for a stranger said, as he left the car:

"I thank you for a very pleasant chat, but I am afraid you would not have been so kind to me had you known that I am a married man."

"You haven't any advantage of me," promptly responded the young lady. "I am an escaped lunatic."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Men leave trouble to others when they can, as readily as a girl leaves dirty dishes for her mother.

The good advice people give away so cheerfully, is usually something they can't use themselves.

A man may wear religion as a cloak and yet freeze his soul to death.