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THE NOBLE MAN.

What constitutes the noble man
And why measure life's brief span?
The health of the body?
A titled name?
Some good believed?
Some deed achieved?
The life pump of kingly power?
The empty trappings of an hour?
Let those who prize the crowd's applause
Stand slaves to folly's train confessed,
Enjoy a day
Of sordid sway,
Of glory won
On Marathon,
Or Durand's gold with ease attained,
Or bureau's realm's ignobly gained,
But grander far than power or pelf
The soul's dominion over self,
A heart aglow
For others' weal,
The high-born thought,
The grandly wrought
Resolve attuned to exalted ends:
These noble manhood's e'er attend.
Who thus fulfill his Maker's trust,
In simple love of virtue, must,
His name enshrined
By all his kind,
Envestured upon
The escutcheon
Of true renown, complete his days
Mid earth and Heaven's conspiring praise.
—W. H. Kater, in *Current*.

IN THE CREVASSE.

An Adventurer All But Ground Between Its Horrid Jaws.

"The glacier will not be safe to-day," said the old guide, shaking his head gravely. "There is a yellow mist over the cap of old Heiligen Alp, and that means a thaw."

"Well, and what of that?" asked the younger man whom I had chosen for my guide. "Neither one day's nor one month's thaw is going to melt the Mer de Glace."
"No," said the old man, "but a thaw sometimes splits the glacier into crevasses. I've seen the Mer de Glace as full of cracks as the bottom of a dried-up pond in summer. Many a good fellow has lost his life at the bottom of those chasms."

"It's not a crack in the ice, nor a crack in an old man's brain that is going to scare Franz Berg," said the young man, laughing. "I've been guide here, boy and man, these fifteen years, and I never heard of even a goat being lost in a crevasse."

"Well, well, have your own way," muttered the old man, "wisdom is learned by experience. Happy for you if you live to profit by it."

I was somewhat disturbed by the old guide's ominous words, but not deterred from my original purpose. I had come all the way from Geneva to see the glacier, and it was not the prophesying of a dotting old man that I was going to interfere with my object. I had but one day to spare. The weather was beautiful. The sky was brilliantly blue, and the snow-crowned peaks of the mountains sparkled like gigantic prisms in the sun. I, for one, could not see the yellow mist to which the old man had referred, and was greatly inclined to attribute his warning, as my guide had done, to a megalomania of his old brain.

Our preparation, consisting of high shoes with apikes, steel-tipped staves, and a wicker flask of spirits apiece, were complete. We set out at ten in the forenoon and by twelve had reached the lower bank of the great ice river which we proposed to cross.

I paused a moment struck at the magnificent spectacle. Imagine a glacier, whirling between vast snow-capped hills, suddenly frozen to a slow, moving torrent of ice. Vast heaps of snow lay upon it and here and there masses of rock, weighing tons, detached from some gorge far up the impassable cliffs.

Very near a narrow fissure or cleft ran diagonally across the body of the ice, the sides smooth as glass and of a deep lustrous green, descending sheer into impenetrable darkness. Such a crevasse as this, the guide said, was always to be found in the glacier and only the most ordinary care was necessary to avoid it.

We scrambled down upon the ice and began to make our way across it. Owing to various obstructions, such as heaped-up snow or soft spots in the ice, our progress was very slow. After an hour of hard work we had not accomplished one-half of the distance. I sat down upon a cube of rock to rest and look about me.

A change had already taken place in the weather. The sun was obscured by a dense, leaden-colored mist, and the valley of the glacier itself seemed to be choked with masses of whirling vapor. My outside garments were wet, and all around us the ice sent up a cold and numbing steam.

As I sat in a far from comfortable frame of body and mind I was startled by a far-off, dull, booming sound, the echoes of which seemed to be repeated interminably among the hills.

"What was that?" I asked the guide. "Most likely an avalanche on the Heiligen Alp," he replied. "They are always falling there."

He was interrupted by a repetition of the sound, much nearer to us, accompanied by a tremendous shock that seemed to shake the ice beneath us. I looked at him inquiringly, and observed that he was slightly pale.

"A crevasse," he said, answering my look with an air of unconcern that I could see was not wholly real. "When the ice parts it makes a noise like a cannon. It is nothing. However, we had better be moving. I don't like the looks of this fog."

that I was absolutely stunned, and right in front of us a long, jagged line appeared in the ice, widening rapidly, until two sheer walls faced each other more than ten feet apart.

Though the chasm lay directly in our way, to cross it was out of the question. The guide turned quickly to the right, and we followed the brink of the crevasse, hoping to find a point where it ended or was narrow enough to spring over. The fog had now become so dense that we could not see a dozen steps before us, and we were forced to move at a snail's pace in order to avoid falling into some unseen abyss. We had gone on in this way perhaps five minutes, when there came another report, followed by a series of weaker shocks. The guide and I paused and looked around us.

The situation had become, to say the least, embarrassing. During a momentary lift of the fog, we saw all around us a perfect network of cracks, intersecting one another at every angle. Then, as the vapor closed in again, we could hear on every side tremendous crashes and grindings, as the huge masses of ice approached or recoiled from each other.

What to do now was a serious question. To proceed a single yard might be to precipitate ourselves to the bottom of some frightful chasm, and to remain where we were might be merely waiting until the ice should open beneath our feet and engulf us. But we were speedily forced to a conclusion. While we stood a few feet apart anxiously discussing our position, there was another shock, and I was blinded by a shower of small particles of ice.

When I cleared my eyes I saw that another cleft had opened directly at my feet, between myself and the guide. It was rapidly widening, and in a few seconds would completely separate me from my companion. Without hesitation I sprang across it and stood beside him. He looked at me with a grave face.

"We are in great danger," he said, simply.

"Yes," I replied, as quietly as I could, "but we must do our best to get out of it. What do you advise?"

"We must not stop here," he said, peering into the fog; "we are evidently in the very center of these crevasses. If we could get nearer to either bank we should be safer. I think we had better follow one of these cracks until we can cross it. We shall have to feel our way, for this fog hides everything."

"Very good," I replied; "lead on and I will keep close behind you."

Crouching almost to our hands and knees we proceeded slowly onward, keeping the main crevasse, a cleft some twenty feet wide, on our left. For nearly an hour we went on in this way, and still the awful chasm yawned beside us. Indeed, it seemed to me that we had not moved at all, and that I recognized certain peculiarities in our surroundings as similar to those I had noticed at our point of departure.

While I was pondering this disquieting notion, I saw the guide stoop and pick up some object from the ice. He turned and looked at me with a white face.

"We need go no farther," he said, holding up his spirit-flask. "I dropped that an hour ago on the ice beside the crevasse."

"In other words," said I, "we have been traveling in a circle for the last hour."

"Yes, the crevasse is all around us," he replied, with a drooping head. "We are imprisoned upon an island of ice."

I was silent for a moment, struggling with my own mind. I was alone, and I was alone.

"Well," said I, "we must make the best of it, and wait until the crevasse closes again."

He shook his head sorrowfully. "The mass of ice we are standing upon will more likely to split up and we be sent to the bottom."

"The case is hopeless, then," I said. "We can do no more. Let us meet death as bravely as we can."

"Old Franz was right," he muttered. "He warned me, and I have led you to your death."

"Let us not speak of that," I answered. "I do not blame you, Franz. Let us shake hands, sit down and wait for whatever Providence sees fit to do unto us."

"You are a brave man," he said, grasping my hand.

Desiring to prepare myself for what was to come as well as I might, I withdrew a little distance from him, and sitting down, covered my eyes with my hand. Meantime the grinding and crashing went on about me. The fog had settled down so heavily that it was almost like night.

Suddenly and without warning there was a roar like a thousand thunder peals, a blinding rain of ice particles, and I felt as if I had been seized and hurled bodily into the air. Then, with Franz's wild cry in my ears and the sound of a furious wind rushing past me, I seemed to be sinking down, down into unfathomable depths. Then came a violent jar and I knew no more.

When consciousness returned I found myself at the bottom of a tremendous gorge, the wall of which receded upward at an angle. It was by sliding down this incline that I had escaped being dashed to pieces only to await death in a more lingering and horrible form. The gorge was lighted by a pale-green glow from the polished faces of the ice, and far above I could see a narrow streak of outer day.

My head was aching, but with this poor tool I began desperately hacking niches for my hands and feet in the ice. It was slow and painful work. When at the end of four or five hours I found that I had not progressed more than ten yards upward, my heart sickened, I relaxed my hold, and slid, numb and despairing, to the bottom again.

By this time the night had come upon the world above and in the chasm it was perfectly black. I wrapped my coat about me and lay down in the crevasse, perfectly careless as to the end of it all. Some time toward morning, worn out with fatigue and excitement, I fell asleep.

It must have been late in the day when I awoke. I started to my feet and looked around me. A significant change had taken place in the condition of the crevasse. When I had fallen into it the chasm had been fully twenty feet in width. It was now less than six. The cleft of the sky was reduced to a mere white line far above. The walls were approaching each other—very patently. Many of them wrote business for themselves and sixty-three women. Many of them wrote several letters, and some asked the advertiser whether he would allow them to live or permit them to die. Several stated that they were not married, but would take to themselves wives as soon as the place was secured. One writer stated the advertiser had it in his power to make two persons happy, as they had long loved each other and had been waiting for such a place as he had to bestow so they could be married. Over four hundred of the applicants stated that they were out of employment and that they would be thankful for any position. Most of them offered to serve on trial one month for nothing. Several offered to take the place for half the wages offered. The military men offered to drill the students without extra pay. Others offered to keep books, to work in the garden, or to make themselves useful in any way they were able. All desired a personal interview, and quite a number insisted on it. As a rule, the persons who made the greatest boast of scholarly attainments represented themselves as the most destitute. Most of them had been out of employment for a long time. It was ascertained at the office of the newspaper in which the advertisement was inserted that over a hundred, in bringing their letters, undertook to find out the residence of the advertiser, that they might have a personal interview with him. The place was given to a carpenter, who had a fair common-school education, who did not seek the place on account of poverty or because he could not find anything to do.

The head of this school, after classifying the answers he received to his advertisement, freely admitted that a polished education did not appear to be of any value in assisting one to obtain a living. Most of the men educated in universities represented that they were living in the most abject poverty, and the absence of stamps from their letters showed that they brought them to the newspaper office. Several of them stated that they had given up all hope of ever obtaining any remunerative employment, and that they would be very grateful for any position that would afford them simple food and plain clothing. They had reached a period in life when they could not learn trades, and they were able to obtain work only by joining the ranks of unskilled laborers. The advertiser concluded that he could obtain a thousand of these men for "nothing a year," providing they were allowed the cast-off clothes of a gentleman, and had the privilege of eating with his servants.—*Chicago Times*.

Another hour went by; it might have been a moment or an age, so far as my dulled comprehension was concerned. The walls had now approached so closely that I could touch the opposite one with my outstretched hands. At this juncture a small object struck me sharply upon the head. I supposed it to be a fragment of ice detached from the ice-walls above, and paid no attention to it. But the blow was repeated more violently, and I looked up carelessly to see whence it came.

It was with a sense of absolute pain, so great was the revulsion from despair to hope, that I saw the end of a knotted rope dangling before me. Some one had discovered my situation, who it was or how I did not stop to think, and had come to my rescue.

I seized the rope and hurriedly knotted it under my arms, and uttering a shout to those above, was slowly and painfully drawn up through the fast narrowing cleft. A dozen strong arms lifted me out into the sunlight. Eager faces, among which I recognized those of Franz and the old guide, bent over me; then I knew no more.

My fainting fit lasted only a few moments, but as I opened my eyes and sat up, the crevasse out of which I had been drawn closed together with a terrific crash.

I learned that I had been engulfed alone, and that Franz had been left safe upon a detached block of ice. At early dawn, finding the crevasse closing around and the glacier becoming passable again, he had hastened back to the village and procured ropes and assistance, with the hope that I might still be alive at the bottom of the crevasse. They had trailed the rope along the crevasse, knowing that if I was still alive it would attract my attention. Fortunately for me, the device succeeded and I was rescued at the very last moment.

If, as they say, we measure time only by our emotions, I should be at a loss to calculate the number of centuries I passed through during that terrible night in the crevasse.—*C. L. Aldrich, in N. Y. World*.

THE APHIDES.

The Wonderful Rapidity with Which These Little Creatures Are Increased.

The prevalence of these little lice on the foliage of plants is a source of great annoyance to every lover of flowers. In the greenhouse fumigating quickly destroys them, but as this is not to be resorted to in the living room, a weak solution of tobacco-water may be used, either by syringing or sponging the leaves and young shoots. Commercial florists understand the necessity of destroying them early, consequently fumigation is resorted to at regular intervals of say every two weeks or less, whether the "green fly" be observed or not.

The wonderful rapidity with which these little creatures are increased seems almost incredible. According to Alphonse Karr, the observing French naturalist, one of them will produce nearly twenty young in the course of a day; that is to say, a volume ten or twelve times equal to its own body. A single aphid which, at the beginning of the warm weather would bring into the world ninety aphides, which ninety, twelve days more, would each produce ninety more, would be, in the fifth generation, author of 5,904,000,000 aphides—which, he adds, "is a tolerable amount."—*N. O. Tribune*.

A Healthy Man's Corpulence.

Dr. Fleischl has devised a new hemometer, or instrument for determining the globular richness of the blood, founded on the colorimetric method, the novelty of which consists in using as test slips of colored glass instead of a mixture of blood and water. The numerous experiments of Otto show that the average number of corpuscles in healthy men is 4,998 millions of corpuscles in one cubic millimeter, containing 14.57 grammes of hemoglobin in 100 centimeters of blood, while in women the corresponding numbers are 4,585 millions and 13.27 grammes.—*N. Y. Post*.

Canada is rapidly becoming a network of telephone lines. A book has been issued giving the names of seventeen cities and one hundred and fifty towns and villages connected by telephone. These places range from Windsor on the west to the eastern counties beyond Montreal. The charges for speaking range from twenty-five to fifty cents. An answer, if sent the same day, is free of charge.—*Detroit Free Press*.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Hard Facts Taught by the Answers to a London Paper.

An English gentleman gives a London paper an account of the answers he received in three days to an advertisement for a janitor for a school. The advertisement stated that the position would only be given to a person who was sober, reliable and of good character; that a married person was preferred; that the wages amounted to ten dollars per week, with free living rooms, gas and coal. We received in answer to this advertisement five hundred and forty-eight applicants. Among them were fifty-seven graduates from English, Scotch and Irish universities, two sons of noble houses, fifty persons who had been engaged in literary pursuits, twenty men who had been officers in the army, about the same number of clerical men, medical men, clerks and men who had been engaged in business for themselves and sixty-three women. Many of them wrote very pathetic letters, and some asked the advertiser whether he would allow them to live or permit them to die. Several stated that they were not married, but would take to themselves wives as soon as the place was secured. One writer stated the advertiser had it in his power to make two persons happy, as they had long loved each other and had been waiting for such a place as he had to bestow so they could be married. Over four hundred of the applicants stated that they were out of employment and that they would be thankful for any position. Most of them offered to serve on trial one month for nothing. Several offered to take the place for half the wages offered. The military men offered to drill the students without extra pay. Others offered to keep books, to work in the garden, or to make themselves useful in any way they were able. All desired a personal interview, and quite a number insisted on it. As a rule, the persons who made the greatest boast of scholarly attainments represented themselves as the most destitute. Most of them had been out of employment for a long time. It was ascertained at the office of the newspaper in which the advertisement was inserted that over a hundred, in bringing their letters, undertook to find out the residence of the advertiser, that they might have a personal interview with him. The place was given to a carpenter, who had a fair common-school education, who did not seek the place on account of poverty or because he could not find anything to do.

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A MOROCCO PRISON.

The Horrid Tyranny of the Sultan of a Little African State.

It may not be generally known, says the Tangier correspondent, that into these prisons criminals and suspects and debtors are alike thrown, without trial, and with no idea as to how long they may have to lie there. In fact, these dungeons are used as a means of extortion, and largely so by natives who have obtained the "protection" of one of the foreign embassies, and who then abuse the power of the "protector" to make ransoms upon the property and persons of the victims of their revenge or cupidity. As the Government does not feed the prisoners—or only to a nominal extent—and as it pays none of its officials, except those of the custom house, and has an unpaid army, some idea may be formed of the extortion and suffering daily enacted in this unhappy country. The condition of the Tangier prison, though far better than those of the interior, is simply a disgrace to civilization and to our common humanity; for here, almost within a cannon shot of Europe, there exists a state of things as bad as during the worst period of the middle ages. Here is one instance of what goes on within five minutes' walk of the legations of all the civilized powers, and within sight of the British fortresses of Gibraltar.

A poor woman has been for two years in solitary confinement in Tangier prison, and until lately she was in rags, being what is called a "state prisoner." She was once a wealthy Moorish lady, but as her husband was rich he was "squeezed," and died under the process, without discharging his wealth. About two years ago a large robbery took place at the house of a foreigner, who afterward made claim against the Sultan for five thousand pounds. The money was paid. Somebody must be found to repay the Sultan with the usual heavy interest. The son of the poor woman above described was accused of being concerned in the robbery, though it is not clear that he knew anything about it. He was seized, thrown into prison and flogged almost daily with a view of extracting a large sum of money. But he died without paying, as did his father before him. The mother, against whom there was not a breath of suspicion, was seized and thrown into the den, where she still lies, supporting life on the small loaves doled out to her daily. Her case has been personally investigated by the two gentlemen who fed the prisoners, and they are eye-witnesses to her condition. Can nothing be done to procure the freedom of this miserable woman? If not, it is quite time that the press took the matter up. Then possibly even the doors of Morocco prison may be unbarred.—*London News*.

Smart American Birds.

A New York artist called at the studio of Gus Snodbery, who is one of the worst amateur painters in the city. "What the mischief is it that you are painting there, Gus?" asked the artist. "Why, that's a bunch of grapes." "Why, yes, so it is, now that I am at it closely. They are very fine; they are not quite as well painted as those of Apelles, which were so natural that the birds came and pecked them."

"I ain't so sure of that. Perhaps I wonder why the birds don't interfere with me painting these grapes, because the American birds are smarter than those of ancient Greece."—*Texas Siftings*.

Cardinals got a great view of the world.

Cardinals got a great view of the world.

against him. I'd have looked the same way if I had lost two thousand in cash. My friend introduced himself, exhibited his ticket, and the lonesome man fetched a groan of despair and handed him a roll of money as big as my arm. Then my Detroit friend whispered to me that the lottery man had a game or two there. They weren't wicked games, but just something to stimulate the system and throw off the bile. He wanted me to go in with him and help clean the lonesome chap out of a cool thousand.

I took to the proposition very kindly. I don't wish anybody any harm, but if I can't get ahead of a lottery man I'm going to do it. We had to argue him a little before he would consent to open his games. Then he set out what he called a "baby drawing." You bought your ticket and there was no delay in ascertaining whether you had drawn a prize or not. My friend and I went in to bust that had man up and wreck and ruin him. We chipped in twenty dollars apiece and the result was a cash prize of twenty-five cents. Then we put up forty dollars in partnership, and the tickets all drew blanks. By this time we had both got mad and we yelled for blood. Our cash return was fifty cents. Then I began to reflect. Was it right for us to hop on that poor man that way and financially ruin him? No! The man from Detroit who lost eighty thousand dollars in the panic was anxious for me to go another hundred, but I wouldn't. My natural sympathies had been aroused, and I wouldn't conspire to ruin no man's prospects. I went down-stairs alone, leaving my friend up there to carry out his fiendish intentions. As I reached the street a policeman came along and queried:

"Leave any money up there?"
"About ninety dollars," I answered.
"Want to make a complaint?"
"For what?"
"Against the place. It's a bunko-shop!"
"What's a bunko-shop?"
He looked at me a long time, as if trying to remember something. Then he suddenly remembered it and said:
"You are the biggest fool I've met in forty years!"

He was evidently jealous of my success in busting the bank.—*Detroit Free Press*.

FOR FARMERS.

—Out of the readily eaten by sheep and is a vital food, especially if harvested before the oats are dead ripe.

—Turf sleep out into the air and to the water in the morning, so as to let the quarters get thoroughly aired out, and if the weather is bad, put them back again, but let them have fresh air and water.—*Western Rural*.

—An English farmer has found that the most economical method for eradicating Canada thistles is by pouring a small quantity of benzine around the roots of the plants. It is stated that a single application will entirely kill them.—*Western Farmer*.

—The United States now has the cream of the valuable breeds of the livestock of the world. Hence the less and less money for continued importation, especially the cattle of England, which a late report shows to be suffering deaths in proportion to births, in the proportion last year, of one head for every five born.—*Troy Times*.

—Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; they make plenty of good schools and churches; there is more money made in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted; more is done to the acre, besides, it is tilled better; there is no watching of hired help, the mind is not kept in worry, stop and fret all the time.—*Albany Journal*.

—The farmer's wife is emphatically a partner in his business. On her devolves the care of the dairy in addition to the routine of household duties. Her sphere of action, though strictly domestic, is wider one than that of the ordinary housewife. As her husband, in virtue of the ownership of land which he cultivates and tills, is entitled to the name of landlord with all the cares and responsibilities of the name implies, so she is entitled to the name of landlady, and must assume the responsibility as well as the reward.—*Toronto Mail*.

A SENSIBLE FARMER.

He thought that kindness only is necessary to teach calves to drink.

"Every calf must have its neck broken before it can get its nose down into a pail," said an old farmer as he stood astride a young calf, having just been doing his best to accomplish the feat above alluded to. I felt as if I would not have been so much excited as he was for the calf.

I am a comparatively young farmer, but have never had any trouble teaching calves to drink. First, I take them away from the cow before they get their first meal. After a few hours, milk the cow and take the milk to the calf, waiting the hand in it and putting it to the calf's mouth. The calf will get a taste of the milk, and while sucking your fingers bring your hand down to the milk. Then gently withdraw your fingers when you will come the calf's head. Repeat the operation. Keep cool and good-natured. As soon as the calf's nose gets into the milk withdraw your fingers from its mouth, but keep your hand against its nose. Keep good-natured. Don't hurry to long the first time. A few hours after try it again. As soon as the calf's nose gets into the milk slip your fingers out of the mouth but let them rest against the nose. Keep good-natured. An extravagant expenditure are completely lost on our young friend at this early stage in its history. Never force its head down into the pail. By following the above plan, the fourth feed, at the farthest, will always find my calves able to get the milk out of the pail without anything more than a "start" on my part. But I have always kept good-natured when teaching young calves to drink.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

ABOUT BEES.

Bees that are committed by slovenly or careless bee-keepers.

The statement is made that careless, slovenly or persons should not attempt to keep bees. The care of a colony is work for the brain as well as for the hands and feet.

FULL OF BURE.

—Two or three to have been desired in ancient Rome. That is probably the reason Rome bowled.—*N. Y. Graphic*.

—A certain professor claims that a person can not taste anything in the dark. It is evident that the worthy man never played "post-off."—*Lowell Citizen*.

—Hotel clerk (to guest)—Just seven dollars six; two days at three dollars and fifty cents a day. Guest (from the country)—What's that? Three dollars and a half a day an' no pie or breakfast! Gosh!—*Exchange*.

—"How many times have I got to climb up three flights of stairs to collect this bill?" said a bill collector to Gilbooly. "You can suit your self about that. I'm not going to move down in the cellar for the accumulation of bill collectors."—*Texas Siftings*.

—"I wonder what Mr. Feary meant to-day, when I told him about our new grand piano?" said Miss Poda-sounder. "I asked him if he would come over to-night and hear me play and he said: 'No, thank you, I'd like to see your grand father.' Wonder why he is so much interested in grandpapa?"—*Eastern Transcript*.

—Barry Sullivan was playing Richard III., and when he called the line: "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse," a man in the theater called out: "Wouldn't an ass do you, Mr. Sullivan?" He instantly brought down the house by replying: "Yes, please come round to the side stage door."—*Boston Bulletin*.

—An Inconceivable Widower—sent (to his servant)—"John, I have a need that ever since your wife's death you have come home drunk every evening. Why is this?" John—"I am only trying to console myself for my loss." Count—"And how long is this going to last?" John—"Oh, sir, I am inconceivable."—*N. Y. Ledger*.

—"Do you believe in early marriages, Mr. Wiseman?" "Indeed, oh I do," replied the old man, "but I am so downed or airy candle light plenty late enough; saves a power of expense in lighting up the house if I keep the fire again till after midnight hour. 'I had a dozen daughters to marry of they'd all got married in the afternoon.'"—*Chicago Tribune*.

—Mrs. Grindham—What will you have, Mr. Growler, roast beef or chicken? Growler—Gimme some chicken—ah, chicken (begins to eat it but gives up in despair). Mrs. Grindham—Well, what's the matter, now? Growler—Fasn't seem to get around this leg—let me have a pine one. Mrs. Grindham—A pine one? Growler—Yes, it's softer than mahogany.—*Rambler*.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Drowning by the tide was once a method of punishing criminals.

—A Kansas editor has carried phonetic spelling to a fine point. His paper alludes to "Bworth."

—Hartford, Conn., now prohibits the sale of Sunday newspapers on the streets after ten o'clock Sunday morning.

—The steady shrinkage of the glaciers in the Swiss Alps has caused serious losses to many of the peasants by the drying up of pastures formerly watered by glacial rills.

—As many as two hundred needle-pointed tips have been fixed upon the roofs at the top of the Washington Monument to catch any thunderbolts that may come flashing down.

—The grinding of the crown-glass disk of the immense lens for Lick Observatory, California, is well under way at Cambridge, Mass., yet a whole year's work remains to be done before it can be finished.

—The only surviving colts of Goldsmith Maid are the stallion Stranger and the filly Rosebud, the latter being named after the daughter of Bold Doble, who trained and drove the mare during her turf career.

—Fifteen million horses are now owned in America, and more than a million a year must be bred to keep up the supply. The largest portion of these are used for agricultural and heavy draft purposes, and such horses bring from \$25 to \$30 each.—*Concurrent Times*.

—The great Burmese River, the Irrawaddy, is much like our upper Missouri in respect to its sand bars. These often accumulate, or shift across the channel in a single night, and steamers caught on them have sometimes to stay there a month. A new pilot is needed about every ten miles, which is all the space he can keep himself informed upon from day to day.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—There are engaged in the fishing industry of Europe and America 150,000 vessels and 600,000 men. The annual product of fish is not much less than 1,500,000 tons, but few people will stop to realize the importance of these figures. As a ton of fish is equal in weight to about twenty-eight sheep, a just supply of fish food for Europe and America might be represented by 24,000,000 sheep.

—A writer in the *Eastern Medical Journal* says that the medical idea of temperature is one solid drum. This is in fact, about the measurement of the article as used by our grandmothers. But this and the desert upon are not made so much larger than former that they hold nearly two drams, and people who measure medicine by the spoon remain as in the old days.

—The United States consumes the vast quantities, one great use for the potato being the manufacture of potato serving cans. It is said that upwards of 12,000,000 per annum are exported for wages alone in our various potato factories, while the sum paid for the work in Great Britain does not amount to much more than \$5,000,000. American tin work is very much more than made in England than that of Great Britain, and is regarded the art of the tin has not yet been surpassed.

—An Inconceivable Widower—sent (to his servant)—"John, I have a need that ever since your wife's death you have come home drunk every evening. Why is this?" John—"I am only trying to console myself for my loss." Count—"And how long is this going to last?" John—"Oh, sir, I am inconceivable."—*N. Y. Ledger*.

—"Do you believe in early marriages, Mr. Wiseman?" "Indeed, oh I do," replied the old man, "but I am so downed or airy candle light plenty late enough; saves a power of expense in lighting up the house if I keep the fire again till after midnight hour. 'I had a dozen daughters to marry of they'd all got married in the afternoon.'"—*Chicago Tribune*.