

QUEER BURIAL RITES

ENGLISH CUSTOMS THAT ARE CURIOUS, TO SAY THE LEAST.

Some Observances Suggest Jewish Worship—The Example Set by Her Majesty the Queen Followed by Her Subjects "Mutes" Not So Often Employed.

Of London's many street characters none is more grossly interesting than the funeral mutes, who stand on the doorstep of an afflicted house and bear the coffin to the house, then solemnly march with the funeral procession to the grave.

English funeral customs are very quaint, often very curious, even fantastic, and as often they suggest Jewish worship rather than a decent regard for the deceased.

Superstition plays a small part in English burial rites, notably in the rural districts. In Hampshire the window of the chamber of death is at once raised that the spirit of the dead person may take its untroubled flight.

In this same county shrouds for the poorer people are made of white cotton wadding, folded over the corpse in snowy masses. The coffin is borne to the cemetery by bearers who have been friends of the deceased.

To an earnest believer in the Christian religion, one who regards the body as merely the cockpit of the departed soul, it seems almost wicked, the attention paid here to this lifeless casket.

People indulge in grief with a morbid extravagance that is quite unaccountable to the philosophic mind. They seem to find a luxury in woe. And who can wonder, after all, when the example is constantly set them by the first lady in the land, her majesty the queen, who spends hours at the mausoleum at Frogton on the anniversary death days of those whom she loved in life, placing fresh wreaths on the tombs, holding dirgelike religious services, weeping and making herself and her family generally miserable.

Naturally the queen's example is emulated by the wife of the mechanic, who periodically and solemnly wends her way to the grave of her dead, laden with flowers, both natural and, likewise still, cheap artificial ones, covered over with glass globes, than which there can be nothing more ghastly.

It is not the custom for the women of the better class households to accompany the body to the grave, to be seen in the room where the coffin is placed. The feminine mourners of the immediate family privately indulge their grief in their own rooms.

Of course this observance is altered in the cases of public characters. At the obsequies of Wilkie Collins a few years ago there were scores of ladies, who accompanied the procession clear to Kensal Green cemetery, where the great novelist sleeps, in right royal company, close to Thackeray, Tom Hood and other famous writers.

The employment of mutes is fast falling into disuse. There are, however, many old fashioned people who keep up this custom. I saw four of these paid mourners guarding the door of an aristocratic mansion in Mayfair, the street being for some distance thickly laid with sawdust to muffle the sound of passing soldiers.

These mutes date in usage from the earliest Roman times. They wear long black "weepers," or streamers, about their tall hats. They usually spend their time in secular gossip, regaling themselves from time to time from suspicious looking flasks ally produced from invisible pockets.

When any one passes by the house they relapse into lugubrious silence, and when any one enters the house they shed a few judicious tears behind deep black bordered pocket handkerchiefs. At least we must imagine they do, because the handkerchiefs go up to their eyes with marionette-like unanimity at intervals.

The funeral banquet, another Roman custom, observed with varying elaborateness, still holds its own. Sometimes a glass of sherry or port is a luxury to the only refreshment provided. But, to be more or less, it is regarded that the guests at a funeral must be sustained somehow.

The long time elapsing between death and burial is certainly Egyptian. This may be accounted for from the observance of embalming the dead, an excuse seldom sufficient to explain the delay of burial in England. A week, even 10 days, elapse between death and burial in England. They regard the American haste in this particular as not only unseemly, but almost irreverent. Well, there is much to be urged on both sides of the question.

When an epidemic rages, considerations of the public health must prevail. Indeed so careful of the lives of her people is England that the law often compels most expeditious interment. The season of year also must be considered.

Funeral cards are almost going out of fashion, as well as living funeral offerings. It is frequently a request in death notices that "no flowers" be sent. With well bred people there is little ostentation at funerals.—Boston Herald.

Clothes and Heat. When we speak of warm or cool clothing, we use as absolute a metaphor as when we talk of the sun going down or the "rosy fingered dawn." Clothes can communicate neither heat nor cold to the body. Fur is not warm, nor linen cool, except as they serve as conductors for the heat generated by the body itself.

Fur and wool are excellent nonconductors of heat—that is, they do not allow the heat of the body to escape so easily as some other materials—and the reason why fur is one of the poorest conductors of heat is not, as might be supposed, so much because of its thickness and weight as because of the air which is mingled with or confined between its fibers, confined air being one of the most efficient nonconductors of heat known.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Address. Old Aunt Fannie, who "does washin," lives up in the west end and has a very fair clientele. The other day she obtained an addition to the number, w, after making all necessary arrangements, asked the old lady for her address. "Yus, air, colonel, mah 'dress, certainly, colonel. Well, I lives on M street, in the rear of de alley, not far from de hydrant whar de boys play ball and across from de bureau" (brewery).—Washington Post.

A KANSAS CYCLONE.

How the Awful Messenger of Destruction Devastated Kansas Via The West.

Being an enthusiastic student, I frequently take long trips into the country. The evening of June 21 found me on the road from Topeka to Lawrence. The heat of the sun had given way to a slightly cooler temperature, and the blue dome was dotted here and there with floating white clouds. There was scarcely breeze enough to move the willing foliage of the lofty trees on the bluff north of the road.

As I moved slowly along, delighting in the glorious beauty of the landscape and in its peaceful activity, I noticed that the air felt so close and sultry that I found exertion difficult, and this, with a rustling in the trees and the veiling of the sun's face, prompted me to turn to the west, where it seemed that a thunder-storm was gathering. It moved along rapidly—only a summer shower. To the left, along the bluff, the gentle drops of rain were falling with lullabylike pattering on the thickly clustered trees of the hill-side forest. I had dismounted from my wheel and was watching the progress of the storm that, passing so near me, had not touched me.

But all at once, with a mighty roar like the rattling of the heavens, a dark greenish cloud, with tints of yellow and black, its massive folds writhing in and out like serpents at battle, emitting vivid flashes of lightning, came over the bluff a quarter of a mile east of me. It was shaped like a huge top, its irregularly formed upper half revolving rapidly while the lower end swept the earth along a path a quarter of a mile wide.

Startled as I was, I could not take my eyes from this awful messenger of destruction. The crash of the buildings first struck filled the air with flying debris, in which fragments of houses, furniture, trees, farming implements, haystacks and telegraph poles—all were propelled by a wonderful, irresistible current of rain and disaster.

Eighty rods wide the death dealing cyclone swept along, skirting the bluff, where it stripped foliage and bark from the trees, and now and then swooped down on some farm. So suddenly did the storm burst that many had fled with all speed to their cyclone cellars, the only safe refuge from these fearful storms.

After a course of half a mile along the bluff the funnel shaped monster swerved to the right. It swept through huge wheat-fields, where it snapped off the drooping heads of the almost ripened grain, and then tore on through the little village of Williamstown, transforming what was the moment before "a lovely village of the plain" into a scene of devastation. Houses, barns and other buildings were destroyed and human beings carried through space as if they were but feathers.

Many lives were lost and many homes literally swept from the face of the earth. There were many miraculous escapes. A baby 16 months old was discovered by the roadside several hundred yards away from the house, asleep and uninjured. An old lady 60 years old was carried a mile from her home and lodged safely in the widespread branches of an oak tree, unharmed. A family of six sought refuge in a small space under the stairs; the house was carried away with the sole exception of that portion, and the family escaped injury. A house was completely swept away, but the family cat and her kittens under the porch were not disturbed.—John M. Steele in St. Nicholas.

He Liked Sugar Cane. After stories of fighting an old soldier likes to tell stories of foraging and of eating. A Confederate chaplain, Rev. J. H. McNeilly, thus relates his own exploits as the owner of a sweet tooth:

When General Hood started on his campaign into Tennessee, in the fall of 1864, the sorghum was just ripening in Georgia, and we reaped daily great fields of the sweet cane. We found it delicious to the taste and chewed great quantities of it, swallowing the juice and leaving thousands of dry quids spit out by the way.

Steve E—was our commissary sergeant and had peculiar advantages for gathering the sorghum. Every day he furnished me with a good supply of stalks, and I marched and chewed and threw aside the quids all along the way. Steve declared that "the person had chewed a streak 100 yards wide through the state of Georgia."

After the war was over Steve was riding with an old comrade in Dickson county, Tenn., when they passed a 10 acre field of sorghum in fine condition.

"Wouldn't we have enjoyed that during the war?" said the second man.

"Yes," said Steve, "but if you'd turn the person in on it he'd chew it up in a night."—Youth's Companion.

Courage. Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—no absence of fear. Except a creature in part coward it is not a compliment to say it is brave; it is merely a loose application of the word. Consider the flea, incomparably the bravest of all the creatures of God, if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake he will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a sucking child. He lives both day and night and all days and nights in the very lap of peril and the immediate presence of death, and yet is no more afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was threatened by an earthquake 100 centuries before. When we speak of Clive, Nelson and Putnam as men who "didn't know what fear was," we ought always to add the flea and put him at the head of the procession.—"Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar" (Mark Twain in Century).

The Honest Coffee House Keeper. A worthy citizen went to town and called at three cafes in the way of business. On returning home he discovered he had left his umbrella behind. He forthwith tracked back, determined to inquire for his gamp at the three establishments he had visited during the day.

Quite unsuccessful at the first, nobody had seen anything of his umbrella. At the second he fared no better. He arrived at last at the third, where his umbrella was returned to him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, grasping it with feverish haste, "you people are far more honest at this cafe than at the two others!"—Tablettes des Deux Charantes.

Mutual. Mrs. Nuwed—I want to confess something to you, dearest. I deceived you about my age. It is more than I told you.

Mr. Nuwed—Then I may as well reciprocate, darling. I deceived you about my income. It is less than I told you.—London Judy.

BEGGARS IN NEW YORK.

Their Groupings by Nationality and Modes of "Working" at Their Craft.

The consistency of beggars, to which all writers on the subject of the nation's evil of life in the big metropolis of New York delight to refer, does not manifest itself at courts of police stations, for no individual arrested for mendacity in New York for a very long time has described himself as a beggar who was arrested or arrested. There are about 1,500 professional beggars in New York. Begging as a trade or fixed science is not an American institution. Americans do not make good beggars, if such an expression may be used to describe ability in almsgiving.

Begging is a foreign industry, temporarily transplanted, so far as this city is concerned. There is one peculiar thing about it which does not find its way usually into the columns of newspapers. The professional beggars of New York belong in groups, divided by questions of nationality. There is the Italian group, the Spanish group, the Danish group, the French group, the Russian group, the Polish group, the Greek group, and so on. Each of these groups has a certain place of rendezvous, and the way they operate is about as follows: If a prominent Italian comes to the United States on a visit and the newspapers chronicle his movements, it is not long before he is beset by Italian mendicants who claim to be temporarily embarrassed and to have heard from abroad of his liberality and benevolence. A French tourist has the same experience from his compatriots, and so it is all through the list.

The professional beggars are close readers of obituary notices, and when a man of prominence in the foreign colony dies his family is pestered with importunities by beggars from that country. Not very long ago a well known New York merchant died, and his obituary notice contained the information that he had been born in a certain town of Holland. As soon as the Dutch group of beggars got hold of this fact they overran the members of his family with claims for charity and assistance. All professional beggars in New York read the published newspaper accounts of accidents of an unusual character, and when some member of a family has met his death in a peculiar manner they profess to members of the family to have suffered from a similar affliction and hope to stimulate their generosity.

These mendicants go about their work of almsgiving systematically. One group does not interfere with another. Facts learned by one member of a group are at the earliest opportunity communicated to the others, and thus, almost automatically, these beggars descend from all parts of the city on a common object of attack. They evade the provisions of the law regarding mendicancy by prosecuting their demands within doors and not on the streets. They are careful about this, for the distinction which many persons would not observe is a vital one in law.

The great majority of New York professional beggars are temperate, and the larger amount of what may be described as their earnings is expended in drink. This fact does not comport very well with their own known system and precision in securing victims for attack, but it can be easily explained when it is stated that the best organized group of foreign born mendicants come from countries where drinking is general, but intoxication is rare.—New York Sun.

Papa is Just Horrid. Daisy was indignant. That was evident by the manner in which she straightened up her shoulders and then proceeded to spitfully pin back all the stray curls that fell around her ears. The gentle girl had fact enough to let her severely alone until the wave of indignation had rolled by to a certain extent. Then she said: "Come, now, let's have it out. Tell little sister all about it."

"I suppose I'm a perfect goose to care," Daisy said, "but, you see, papa sticks to his old-fashioned ideas about tea to bed, early to rise, and when I have callers he uses various methods to tell them to go home at reasonable hours. Along about 9:30 o'clock he usually marches into the parlor and says, 'Good night.' At 9:45 he returns and fumbles with the lock on the front door. Ten o'clock is the hour for him to lower the gas in the hall, and after he does that he coughs loudly and tells me in a very distinct tone of voice that I mustn't forget to turn out the gas in the parlor. If my callers don't take this hint by that time, papa comes in about 15 minutes later and says: 'Daisy, your mother wants you to take all the plants out of the window. She is afraid they'll freeze,' and then he deliberately goes over to the radiator and turns off the steam."

"Of course it is very embarrassing all around, but my older callers are becoming accustomed to it, and one friend says that he regulates his watch by father's visits. It wouldn't do a bit of good to ask papa to cease the little custom, because he has made it a habit, just like winding up the alarm clock and fastening the windows every night—it is part of his routine work."

And the gentle girl said it was a positive abomination.—Chicago Record.

After the Dinner. One often hears something funny by simply keeping one's ears open. I overheard a well known Union club chappe ordering a dinner at Delmonico's for quite a large party. He was most careful about getting everything just right, but the most circumspet thing of all that he ordered was the whispered admonition to the head waiter. "And be sure to see that the bill is not brought to the table after dinner." This was surely a great piece of consideration, not only for himself, but for his guests. There is always an awkward pause at every dinner given in a public restaurant when the bill is presented. The guests all try to look as if they hadn't eaten anything at all, while the host, as he runs his eye down the long list of items, wonders how the deuce they could have eaten so much.—New York Recorder.

Law and Justice. A learned judge who is famous for his pointed sarcasm, especially on his own profession, finding himself belated on the way to the Strand, called a cab and bade the driver make for the royal courts of justice quickly. "Where are they?" said the man. "Do you mean to say," said the judge, "you don't know where the law courts are? In the Strand, of course."

"Oh, that's quite another matter," was the reply. "You said the courts of justice!" "Well," replied his lordship grudgingly, "perhaps we do dispense more of the one than of the other there."—London Sun.

A Reminder. Porter—Dear Herr Baron, would you be so kind as to put it down in writing that you haven't given me a tip this time, else my wife will think I've gone and spent it in drink.—Remscheider General-Anzeiger.

NEW LEISURE CLASS.

HOW IT ORIGINATES AND HOW IT OPERATES AND EXISTS.

One of Its Ventures into a Reporter on Recreating Activities—It Extends Only to New York City, Where the Conditions Are Favorably Suitable.

An investigation of the city's shop holding houses reveals some interesting facts about those who visit them, especially in hard times. They are particularly a New York institution. Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore have, to be sure, a few places where the almost destitute wayfarer may be accommodated on the payment of 15 to 25 cents, but they offer few inducements beyond a night's rest. The New York lodging house, on the contrary, has some of the features of a regular club. Large, well lighted rooms, supplied with the daily papers, cards, chess and checkers boards, dominos, etc., are found in nearly all of them. There is also an office, in which an affable clerk is found on duty 24 hours a day. There are also baths, lavatories, etc., with a plentiful supply of hot and cold water, soap towels and blacking brushes.

The flowery is the home of the lodging house, though there are many scattered about the city up as far as Harlem, and the business being an exceedingly profitable one their number is constantly increasing. It is a mistake to suppose the lodging house is the abode of the tramp. That there are places where such persons can find a lodging upon the payment of a small sum is true, but they do not frequent the lodging houses. They are not wanted either by the proprietors or guests. The chief patron of the lodging house is the itinerant of industry, gone anywhere from 20 to 40, the majority being under 40. Hard times do not affect his calling, nor do financial stringencies diminish his income. He is invariably decently dressed, and if ever he misses a meal it is not for the reason that the meal is not waiting for him.

A conversation with one of them gives a fair idea of how they live. He was a middle aged man, with the appearance of a clerk. After a preliminary talk he told the story of his life.

"I was born here in New York," he said, "44 years ago. At 15 I was put at work and learned a trade. For 25 years, or up to my fortieth year, I stuck to it and never expected to do anything else. I had, of course, such amusements as the average workman has and was, I suppose, contented with my lot. I lived with an old widow lady, who was just like a mother to me, and beyond being inordinately fond of reading I was, I have no doubt, just like any of the horny handed sons of toil in the city here. I never had the faculty of saving money, and when four years ago I was seized with inflammatory rheumatism I was obliged to go to a hospital. I staid there two months. During my stay my landlady died, and I drifted in here. I had never even so much as heard of a lodging house before, but the life suited me, and I soon got to like it. Man is a gregarious animal, and when one is lonesome, as I was, there is an indescribable charm about such a place as this. I fell in with an old fellow who had some very queer ideas about life—that is, they were queer to me then. He thought this country lacked one great charm, and that was a leisure class such as is to be found in every country of Europe. It didn't take him long to convince me that he was right in everything he said, and I enrolled myself as one of his disciples. To me it seemed a fine thing to have nothing to do and all day in which to do it. I had little money when I came, but I never had much."

"Questioning me one day as to the amount of my earnings, I found, upon computation, that my average wages for my 25 years of labor were about \$8 a week. 'Well,' said the old gentleman, 'it will be no trouble for you to get at least that much without working, and, mind you, an income of \$8 a week without being obliged to work for it is a great deal more than the same amount gained by labor,' a fact which I have often found to be true. I then entered a regular course of tuition under his guidance and after a short time was able to go without assistance. My lodgings cost \$1.50 a week and my board \$2, for which I had three good meals a day. I take only two now, and my dinner costs me nothing. I have a few hundred dollars put by and have ample time to indulge my taste for reading, and in the four years that I have lived in this way I have enjoyed myself."

"Then you make your living, as you call it, by begging?" was asked.

"That is about the truth of it. I have a certain number of places to go to regularly. I am well known in them all, and my 'pension,' which varies in amount from 50 cents to \$5, is paid to me without question."

"You never beg on the streets, then?" "Never. I would die first."

"Are there many engaged in the same vocation?" "Yes, the 'leisure class,' as my old friend called it, is constantly being recruited, but it is a case where many are called, but few chosen."

"How is that?" "Well, as in other walks, especially of professional life, while there is plenty of room at the top, there is none at all at the bottom."

"What particular qualifications do you consider requisite for success in the calling?" "Knowledge of the world, savvy of manners, nerve and patience. In short, just what goes to make up the successful man in any business."

"About how many of you are there in New York at present?" "I haven't any idea, but should think the number not far from 10,000."

"Will hard times tend to increase the number?" "Undoubtedly."

"Then it will ultimately be a more difficult matter to collect your pension?" "I don't think so. It will be simply a question of the survival of the fittest."

"What class of men drift into this sort of life?" "All classes, speaking generally, I should say professional 'idlers,' or men who have mistaken their vocation, predominate. Young men who have left home on account of parental restraint and men who have gone wrong matrimonially also furnish a great number. Petty thieves, gamblers and that sort of people, contrary to the general opinion, form a very small minority."—New York Post.

Broken Hearted. A lady had just lost her husband. A gentleman living next door, on calling to see her, found her, to his great surprise, playing on the harp and said: "Dear me! I expected to find you in deep distress."

"Ah!" the lady pathetically replied, "you should have seen me yesterday."—Arlington.

COLLEGE FRATERNITY PINS.

Some Curious Specimens That Find Their Way to the Pawnbrokers.

The proprietor of a second-hand shop on the Bowery whose pad is to buy all the college fraternity pins the pawnbrokers offer for sale, after showing a reporter a number of curious ones, took up a badge with peculiar inscriptions and held it up. On the back were the initials "P. H. V." and the date A. D. 1800. This is curious, then, says the reporter, college fraternity was organized. He knitted his brows, looked at it carefully and said:

"There's a rare that pinches me. I've heard of a very secret society in some of the southern colleges. No one even knew the name of it, and the members wear their pins in sight only one day of the year. They say it's a very old, and every thing about it is on the dead end. I thought it was a joke. I've heard of it since, and then again I heard there was a chapter at Princeton and another at a Virginia college. Some time when I get richer I'll go down to the University of Virginia and see if I can't get a line on it. Most likely I'll get my face broken for poking my nose into other people's business. By the way, that pin ain't there to sell as much as it is for a bait. I want somebody to come after it, and then maybe I can find out things. Only one fellow ever came for it yet in the two years I've had it. He was a mug. He came in and poked his face round for awhile. Then he says:

"'What d'you want for th' pin with th' dinky dinks on it?'"

"Twenty-five dollars," I said to please him, and it did the trick.

"'Hully gee!'" he said. "His nibbs would stand that, I don't cink."

"Who're you gettin it for?" I asked him, but he said it was none of my d—d business and did a sneak. I followed him around the corner and saw him talkin to a military lookin old man. When they spotted me, they slid. That's the last offer I had for it. One of these days I'll get there, though."

"Here's a couple of pins I'm keepin," he continued, opening a drawer and taking out a Delta Upsilon badge and a Chi Psi badge. "That means the lowest step in the life of two pretty smart men. One of 'em was a Hamilton college man and the other, I think, went to Williams. They got up against the horses and pawned everything to get the stuff to bet. These badges were the last things they pawned, and with that they hit a winner. That gave 'em enough for a start, and they got a faro bank for the Bowery, and they got when they got a tip and flew the coop just in time to escape a police raid. I got hold of the badges, and I'm freest to them as an investment. One day those fellows will make their pile, and then they'll come back and pay anything I ask 'em for them pins."

"Have you got any more curiosities in this line besides the southern badge?" inquired the reporter.

"I did have one that I wouldn't have taken \$100 for, but I lost it. I never could understand what became of it, but I suspected two nice lookin young chaps, who came in here one day to look at badges, of liftin it, for I missed it a little after they went. Anyway it was a corker. It was a combined Psi U and Alpha Delt pin, made very small, and set with emeralds and rubies. The Alpha Delt star and crescent cut right into the Psi U diamond, the star setting in the diamond. It was very small, and a beautiful piece of work. My theory of it was that probably two college boys, a Psi U and an Alpha Delt, got stuck on the same girl, and she wouldn't wear the pin of either 'em, not wantin to favor favor, so they had a combination pin made. That's the only theory I can think of. Anyway I wouldn't have lost it for a good deal, for I'll bet it is the only combination fraternity pin ever made."—New York Sun.

How Earthquakes Record Time. Man long ago found out that in order to get at many of nature's secrets he must contrive some plan of watching her at work while he himself slept or was busy with other occupations. The numerous automatic instruments that we now possess, such as barometers, that register with pen the variations of temperature, without interruption by day or night, have been invented to supply this want of a sleepless eye in the service of science. Among the latest of these inventions is one devised in Italy to make earthquakes and earth tremors record, in clock time, the instant of their own occurrence.

A seismograph is an instrument in which a delicately suspended pointer marks the oscillations due to any shaking of the earth's surface. Dr. Canciani has recently added to the seismograph a contrivance by means of which every earthquake shock makes, together with the telltale drawing of its own oscillations, a photograph of the face of a chronometer, thereby recording its exact time of occurrence.

This is effected with the aid of an incandescent electric lamp, connected with a circuit which is only closed when a shock affects the seismograph causes a lever to form the electric connection. The face of the chronometer is thus brilliantly illuminated for the fraction of a second, and the position of its hands is photographed upon a sensitive plate exposed for the purpose. The instant the shock is over the instrument automatically adjusts itself in readiness for the next disturbance.

With such ingenious care is the earth being studied by man near the close of the nineteenth century! But there is no doubt that our ancient mother will have an abundance of problems left for solution when the twentieth century, too, hears the footfalls of its successor.—Youth's Companion.

Let There Be Kittens. Jenny and Ned were discussing the bonities of Tabby's new kittens. "Now, Ned, why are they all born together? Why aren't some older than the others, like you and me, you know?" asked Jenny.

"Well, it's easier for the Lord to make a lot at once."

"Well, how does he do it?" "Oh, he takes dust and covers it with fur and—"

"But he don't make babies like that?" "Well, babies aren't kittens, are they? The Lord takes more pains with a baby. He only makes one at a time, but when he wants kittens he just says, 'Let there be kittens!' and there are kittens." Jenny was satisfied.—New York Advertiser.

A Guess. "Did you find out what that woman was hollerin' about?" said Farmer Corn-tassel's wife when the old gentleman returned to their room in the hotel.

"I asked the clerk," he replied. "What did he say?" "He said it was 'Il Trovatory.' I didn't like to show my ignorance by askin more questions, but I reckon maybe it's the quality name for toothache."—Washington Star.

WINTER EXILE IN THE SOUTH.

William Brewster, unaccountably missing, that in this new transitional temperature will hold the seat South, like gardeners from from South.

Winter within in winter water where. And nothing but their health and good cheer. You and me, you know, you know, you know, that, strange to you that since where I was bred.

Speak wit of home and friends and long ago. —George Douglas in Academe.

Harriet Robinson Goes Wrong. "I had an experience to be remembered in my winter exile," said Joseph Williams, a lecturer on the Lyceum circuit. "Three of us were out on the lake one winter's day in January when a storm came up. We had a couple of horses and rode on sledges made of split birch poles. To get down and settled in the sleds before eight o'clock was our wish, but for two hours the ice which had been blowing upon the horizon and now came down in a wild and howling and by wind. In half an hour we were out on the ice. Two hours later we crossed our own tracks again and knew that we had been going about in a circle."

"To stay out there all night would be death, and to keep on traveling about aimlessly meant to fall at last exhausted. Finally, as the wind blew keener along the level surface, and the snow beat on our bronzed faces with maddening effect, we called a halt and dismounted again the sledges. An old guide who was with us suggested that we let the horses take their own way off the lake. It seemed foolish, but we agreed. Striking the horses smart clips with the whips, we were surprised to see them turn each to the left and start off to the east. We thought that this would take us farther into the lake, but submitted, and in half an hour the tross along the bank hopped up through the storm, and we were safe. A horse knows by instinct what a man doubts and questions in such times."—Lewiston Journal.

What Gambling Is. Wagering, as such, involves necessarily no element inconsistent with the best citizenship or the most exalted sanctity. It makes no difference to the essential features of the act whether it is done by Moses or Joshua in the distribution of the promised land, by a modern board of church trustees in providing against the chances of loss by fire, or to go a little further, by a professional gambler who sells pools on a race. The essential features are always the same. Hence it would seem that in a generic sense gambling or wagering or betting, or by whatever name the transaction be called, is any transaction in which a valuable "thing" is staked to become the property of a party to the contract on the determination of a future and uncertain event. But usage in this our day and generation and with the people among whom we live and move and have our being has attached to the word "gambling" a different sense from that which it had in the beginning. "Gambling" specifically represents not only the idea of disposing of property by wager contract, but also the additional idea of excess. It calls up the idea of thriftlessness, of vice, of ruin of the moral character.—Rev. T. A. Hendrick in Donahoe's Magazine.

Misplaced Charity. "One of the most amusing cases of misplaced charity," said C. L. Brock, "was one on Samuel C. Cupples of this city, or at least it is told upon him, and I believe it to be true. One day a woman appeared in great distress and told him that her husband had died, she had procured a cheap pine coffin, but could not bury him, and her children were starving. He went with her to the house, and the sight that he saw was worse than imagination could have pictured. The pine coffin was there, containing her husband; the children were there, crying for food; the cupboard was empty. The wealthy philanthropist could not bear the sight, and placing in her hands what money he had in his pocket, he took her to his home, by the way, he had a hasty retreat. After he had gone a short distance he missed his gold headed cane, and recollecting that he had left it in the widow's room he went back after it. The man had emerged from the coffin and was engaged in counting the money when Mr. Cupples entered. Not a word was said upon either side, the cane was procured, and the philanthropist went his way."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Warned by a Photo. Here is a curious little story told by a solicitor. He had among his clients a few years ago a notorious company promoter whose financial affairs came to grief. One day, happening to pass by a stationer's shop, his attention was attracted by a portrait of Mr. —, the well known barrister. Mr. — was attired in wig and gown, and in his hand he held a paper on which the solicitor's sharp eyes caught the name of his client. His curiosity aroused, he purchased the photo and proceeded to decipher the words of Mr. —'s brief, specifically discovering that they indicated that a warrant was "out" for the arrest of his client. In a few hours the man of finance was out of England, to which country he has not since returned.—London Globe.

A Small Dinner With Many Toasts. Those who look upon the "annual dinner" as an annual nuisance will be interested to learn that we are by no means so loquacious in these days as were our forefathers. The dean of Manchester informed the "old boys" of the Manchester Grammar school last night that at the gathering of 1815 there were 24 toasts solemnly proposed in the presence of 71 gentlemen. The presiding gossamer, appropriately enough, was one Drinkwater.—Manchester News.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford may be said to have been Rudyard Kipling's literary godmother. It is she who introduced him to the best London society. Her black cat Scintillas remains a living proof of the famous story teller's regard for the author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime."

Maillard, a famous French preacher of the early days of the fifteenth century, preached with bitterness against the extravagance of the women of his day. "The poor are starving," said he, "while some of you women have two or three gowns apiece."

An apron is the royal standard of Persia. Gao, a Persian blacksmith, raised a revolt which was successful, and his leather apron, covered with jewels, is still in the van of Persian armies.

For many years the Chinese have had an irrigating machine, consisting of a trough and an endless chain of buckets, which carry the water up an inclined plane.