

People who aim to keep others humble by opposing their weaknesses are apt to become proud of their ignoble task.

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty.

No one ever acquired skill in any occupation by a struggle of the will, but by continual hard and earnest work, conquering difficulties one after another by daily toil.

It is reported that the battleship Texas is nearly ready to spring another leak on the public. It would be less expensive to put this boat on wheels. Having done everything else it might even develop an ability to fly.

A chemist who recently analyzed a glass of beer in New York found in it picric acid, glucose, glycerin, corn meal, resin and aloes. His analysis isn't to be relied upon if it didn't also show a fair percentage of headache.

At a meeting of mothers in Chicago the other day the chief topic of discussion was a paper on "The Boy—Shall We Whip Him?" It depends on the boy; if he is playing full back on the university football team we should say not.

The Hudson-Kimberly Printing Company, in the persons of its president, treasurer and secretary, has been indicted at Kansas City for distributing advertising cards on which had been stamped the imprint of a \$20 gold piece. The jury held that this constituted a serious offense against the Federal laws regulating counterfeiting.

E. L. Godkin tells the New York schoolmasters that the Chimble Fadden vernacular is making altogether too great a havoc in the language of the day. He deprecates it, but he allows that it is catching and frequently impressive. He mentions the fact that there are lawyers who purposely use bad grammar and bad rhetoric for their greater effect on juries.

A leading French paper sees blood on the moon in the fancied invention of the United States with "the right to interfere in all territorial quarrels of European powers with the New World States." The vision is mistaken. The United States claims no such right. Nor, indeed, is there likely to be any further occasion for the claiming of it. European holdings in America are few, and their boundaries are now so well defined that no further disputes of a serious nature are to be apprehended.

It has been the habit of the holders of upper and lower sleeping car berths in the same section to amicably settle who shall occupy the seat facing the engine in the daytime, and usually it is "first come, first served," but recently a dispute arose over this alleged privilege, and the company was appealed to. It was decided that there was no choice in the matter and that the holder of the upper berth was entitled to the coveted place quite as much as he who bought the lower. It would seem that if there is any advantage in facing the engine during the day the upper berth's occupant is entitled to it in compensation for his discomfort at night.

Chicago Tribune: An occupant of the jail at Brazil, Ind., has spread consternation among the officials by proving his ability to get out of any cell on five minutes' notice. He does not appear to wish to escape and seems to be enjoying the sensation he is causing. He insisted on being left alone when the tests were made, and will not reveal the secret of his unique power. In the estimation of the correspondent the case is enveloped in absolute mystery. The chief value of the incident is that it marks the first appearance of Brazil as a rival of Winamac and other famous Indiana towns. It is a somewhat mild beginning, but it shows signs of a latent ability to furnish something really admirable.

It is gratifying to the sense of justice to note that a certain railroad conductor who was discharged because he removed the foot of the Governor of Kentucky from a seat in the car is to be reinstated. The conductor, it appears, told the Governor to obey the rules and keep his feet off the seats. The Governor retorted that he didn't give some trivial thing—for the rules and pushed his foot further forward on the seat. Then the conductor grabbed the offending member of the Governor and placed it gently on the floor and subsequently lost his position for this Spartan-like devotion to duty. It is not stated who is responsible for the reinstatement of the conductor, but let us hope it was the Governor himself, and that the offense to his dignity was not proved against his appreciation of the merits of a constitutional official.

The average yield of potatoes per acre in the United States is from sixty to ninety bushels. In the island of Jersey—that little island of fine cows and exquisite potatoes—the average yield of the latter is 325 bushels an acre, with instances not a few of yields of 500 to 600 bushels to the acre. Of course, the area of land in Jersey for the potato is small, but the yield is high, with about 12,000 acres planted, and farms are very small.

many of them containing three acres or less and the largest has but forty acres. This makes the most intensive farming necessary, hence the yield of potatoes noted. Such results and such conditions prove "at large farms are not necessary, and that, in fact, they may be of the greatest disadvantage, particularly where not thoroughly cultivated. "Ten acres enough" is not so absurd a proposition as is generally supposed.

At last the name of one of New York's greatest citizens is to have a fitting memorial. Workmen are busy in the small oval park in the rear of Cooper Union, laying the foundations of Augustus St. Gaudens' statue of Peter Cooper. It is more than thirteen years since the great philanthropist died. A few days after his death, April 4, 1883, the Board of Aldermen passed a resolution to erect a monument. Boxes were placed in public places, at the ferries, in the public buildings, and the poor who had benefited by the dead man's charities showered their pennies into them, till thousands of dollars had been raised. The committee selected to take charge of the work decided upon a sculptor. He was several years in finishing the statue, and then ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, the son of the philanthropist, who was one of the committee, did not like the sculptor's conception of his father, and the committee refused to accept it. The work then was placed in the hands of St. Gaudens. He finished the statue several months ago. It is now in his workshop in West Thirty-sixth street. The sculptor refuses to let any one but the committee see it until the time comes for its unveiling.

Presence of mind is a quality much talked of, much honored, and little cultivated. Yet, like most other good things in this world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of perfection, for in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are, doubtless, to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right thing at the right time and place; but they are few in number. Then, again, some people are by nature cooler-headed than their neighbors, and do not shout or otherwise become useless just when their services are required. But this quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same thing as presence of mind. The latter consists not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them, and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught self-control and the instinct of trying to remedy any mistake or accident they may encounter.

John Hardcastle Hall, of Mankato and Oshkosh, has forgotten who he is and wants somebody to tell him. One man knows, because he trusted him with several thousand dollars, with which John Hardcastle Hall was to run a mill. He falsified the books, ran in debt and then went away and forgot. It seems easy, almost idyllic, and any man with an over-developed and chronic memory may well envy him. Hardcastle Hall went to Minneapolis and called on a clergyman, telling him he had forgotten who he was and asking the reverend gentleman to help him in the identification. It seemed hardly worth while, all things considered, but as the business of the clergyman is largely to concern himself with human refuse he endeavored to help the man to a label. Physicians and psychics and newspaper men called on him and flattered his already diseased vanity with investigating him. They tunneled in his mentality, so to speak, burrowed in his brain, made excavations in his memory and, no doubt, got up a lot of unsightly material. One day Hall remembered the name of the man he had wronged and sent him this note: "I am in Mankato and have lost my memory. Your name came to my mind to-day. It seems as if we had been associated together in some way and I have ventured to write to you and see if you cannot establish my identity." The man could establish it all right enough and Hall seemed grateful to find out his name again, but when it came to the deprecations committed against the man who trusted him he forgot again—forgot all. Ah, the perfect pluckitude of such a memory! What envy does it not awaken in those who have merely the common, everyday memories which so afflict suffering mankind! The duality of the mind is a recognized phenomenon, but it is rare as a white blackbird. There is a good deal more nonsense than marvel about such forgettings and to one sufferer will be found a dozen malingers.

Unstaid Ideas. The art of telling a lie by telling the truth, but less than the whole of it, is cultivated by some people; and when their trick of concealment is by some chance found out, they are never quite believed afterward.

A person of this type was once relating certain circumstances to an acquaintance, who appeared, perhaps, a wife incredulous. "What?" exclaimed the narrator; "do you suspect what I tell you?" "Oh, no," answered the other; "but I suspect what you don't tell me!" The remark was an apt one, and ought to have been a warning to the speaker. But inasmuch as the woman was grown to years of discretion, and still kept back a part of the truth, it is doubtful if any experience could teach her to be really truthful. There is a great deal of untruthfulness latent somewhere in human nature, and unless one is "brought out" to tell the truth, and taught to abstain to abhor a lie in any shape there is very little hope that such a person will become outspoken and candid.



CHAPTER XII. The company have a fortnight's engagement to fulfill in West Hartlepool, and it seems a long time to Susie before the morning comes to start for Scarborough. She is already prepared to make a mysterious hero of this man, and it would seem like sacrilege to hear his name or intentions openly canvassed in the stage dressing-room.

No she is mute—thinking all the more of him and his impending interview than if she gabbled the news to every one she met. For Gresham has secured apartments for his daughter and himself in a respectable house overlooking the Spa, where space and cleanliness afford them all they can possibly want during a temporary sojourn at the seaside.

Only of one thing she is sure, that she wants Captain Philip to come that very afternoon; and that, as if in answer to her wish, he comes! But he does not make love to the girl—not on that occasion. He appears bearing a bunch of luscious roses, that fill the house with their perfume, and he greets Susie with a little congratulatory Mr. Gresham will allow them to enjoy the pleasure of each other's company while at Scarborough; but without any insinuation whatever that he is there in any other character than that of a friend.

When they have talked together for an hour or two, he proposes a walk upon the Spa, during which he is all gayer and badinage, a perfect contrast to the man who talked so sadly and earnestly of the disappointments of the world. Yet when Susie finds herself again alone it is to the memory of this sudden man she turns, and his saddest words she dwells upon, while she wonders if he will ever tell her the story of his grief, and if he loved the wife he had to much to permit any other woman to fill the place she has left vacant.

One day he brings her a present—a wonderful bracelet (in Susie's estimation) of enameled lilacs on a golden ground. "But may I take it?" she inquires doubtfully. "Will my father let me?" "It rests in your own hands, now, Susie," says Captain Philip, not eagerly, but with some degree of earnestness; "I spoke to Mr. Gresham of it only this morning, and he leaves the choice entirely to you."

"Whether I shall take this bracelet or not?" she asks, wistfully. "Whether you will take the bracelet—and whether you will take me—Me!" replies Captain Philip, more slowly. She starts and looks at him. His meaning is written still more clearly in his face than it was expressed by his words. The girl lays her hand upon her heart to stay its rapid beating.

"But are you sure—she commences. "Sure that I love you? Sure as I am that you are alive and lovable beside me now. How can you doubt it? I think I loved you from the first moment we met, and I encountered the glance of your child-like, frightened eyes. Susie! my home is an empty one! Come, and be my wife and fill it. Can't you love me, darling?"

"Yes! yes; but can you love me afterward—after what has passed," says Susie, faltering. "Your trouble—your sorrow—(you know what I mean)? Can I ever make up to you for that?" "You allude to my late wife," he says, with knitted brows.

"Yes. You are not angry with me for mentioning her? But you have spoken to me of the great sorrow her loss has caused you. Can you love me after that? I should not like to have only the second place."

Captain Philip releases his hold of the girl's wrist and sinks back upon the sofa. There is silence between them for a minute; and when he speaks again his voice seems altered—less firm and clear. "Susie," he says, very quietly—too quietly to be calmly—"I love you, and I want you for my wife; is not that sufficient? Of the misfortune you allude to I would rather that you never spoke again. It cannot be remedied, and I want to forget it, and everything that was connected with it. You are a dear, innocent child, who has the power to win me to a fresher, purer life, without in any way reminding me of a past I am earnestly striving to ignore. Won't you help me, darling?"

Susie's answer is conveyed by falling on her knees beside him, and burying her face in his arms, which are opened to receive her. Before the evening's performance is concluded Captain Philip has an interview with Mr. Gresham, which proves eminently satisfactory to that gentleman. After having told him of his engagement to his daughter, Captain Philip proceeds negligently: "By the way, Mr. Gresham, I do not suppose it will make much difference to you, but I ought to let you know that Philip is not my real name. Gresham does not like this speech at the entertainment."

I am not in any profession, because I have no need of one. I am, in fact, Lord Luton, of Lutonstone, and my income is eight thousand a year."

CHAPTER XIII. Gresham stares at the quondam Captain Philip, as if he thought he had taken leave of his senses. "Are you mad?" he says, at last. "I have only told you the truth. I should not have dreamt of courting Miss Gresham under a higher title than my own."

"But if this is true, sir—if you are really Lord Luton—what do you think of taking my little girl for a wife?" At this question the other becomes earnest.

"Ah, Mr. Gresham, when you touch me on a tender point, there made me think of her? How can I answer you? All I can say is, that she seems to me so fresh and pure that I have done nothing but think of her from the first moment we met. My first marriage was an unfortunate one, Mr. Gresham—very unfortunate; I don't wish to deny it; but that is over now, and I would forget it if I could that it ever existed. Give me your innocent daughter, and I shall forget it, and promise you that no woman that bore the name of Lady Luton was ever more honored, loved and respected than she shall be!"

For a few minutes Gresham cannot find tongue to answer him, but when he does, his satisfaction is unbounded. "My daughter is all that you say—good, innocent and loving (as her mother was before her), and worthy in my eyes to sit upon a throne," he declares. "But I'll let everyone that would see her with my eyes, and so I accept your lordship's offer with all the more gratitude. She will never disgrace you, Lord Luton, in word or deed, and as for me, why, I'll not worry you more than is absolutely necessary."

"My good friend!" exclaims Lord Luton, as he wrings the manager's hand; "I should be a cad, and not worthy to be Susie's husband, if I were ashamed at the same time to acknowledge her father. But don't misunderstand me, Gresham, I have money and position, but I have led a reckless life for some years past, and quarreled, in consequence, with most of my high-born relatives, with most of my Bohemian, and shudder with becoming propriety when they bear my name—in fact, they have cut me. You must not imagine, therefore, that I shall at once introduce her into the highest circles of society. I tell you candidly I hate such circles, and I believe them to cover more vice, hypocrisy and malice, than is to be found among the lower orders. Susie shall have every comfort and luxury befitting her condition; she shall never receive a single insult while under my protection—but my family will not receive her with open arms, and that is the long and short of it."

"Susie, my dear," exclaims Gresham abruptly, as he follows Lord Luton into the lighted parlor, "you'll never be a Mrs. Siddons, nor a Madame Rachel. You've seen your last of the boards to-night, and by this time next month, Lord Luton says I am to see the last of you."

"Father! what do you mean?" cries the girl, half laughing and half frightened. "It means, my darling," says her lover, taking her in his arms, "that I have been courting you under an assumed name, and that I beg your pardon for it. My baptismal name is Philip, Susie, but my real name is Philip Luton—Lord Luton—and your father has given his consent to your bearing it with me."

Poor Susie does not know what to say. Between astonishment, bewilderment and modesty, she has only one resource—to burst out crying, which she does most effectually in Lord Luton's arms.

Finally the two men stroll off together, and Susie peeps furtively from behind her blind, and watches her lover's graceful figure sauntering idly beside that of her thick-set father. How she wishes she were the man who has just promised to raise her to an eminence of which she never dreamed. Not that the discovery that he is a peer can have any power to increase her love for him; but it has fired her ambition, and increased her idea of his love for her. She has been sitting on the side of her bed as she thinks thus, with only a linen blind flapping between her and a window thrown open to the breeze from the sea. But now she rises with a shiver, for what was her astonishment and alarm to see, standing facing her, on the opposite side of the room—a figure.

The stranger is a young woman like herself—older than herself, though, by several years, with an appearance that is more picturesque than beautiful, more original than charming. She is standing quite passive, fronting Susie, and with her eyes fixed upon her. Her figure is small and slight; the white, soft dress she wears seems to cling like a furled flag about her mignonette form. Her dark hair is curly rough, and tangled, falling over her face and making a post-house for the large dark eyes fixed so steadily upon Susie, who stares back in amazement, wondering why she has entered her bedroom, and what she can possibly want with her. She is about to put her wonderment into words; she has even commenced to say: "You have made a mistake; this room is mine;" when the stranger stops her by opening her own mouth. No words issue from her lips, but Susie can read the syllables—"His is mine!"—dumb syllables, that are accompanied by a look of defiance and hatred, which makes her blood curdle.

"What do you mean?" she cries, angrily. "How dare you come into my room?" She crosses to the door as she speaks and flings it open, as much with a view to protecting her as to intimate to her uninvited visitor that she desires her to leave. Then she calls loudly to the landlady, who comes bustling up the stairs.

"Mrs. Davidson! who is this lady that has entered my room? Tell her she has no business here."

"A lady, Miss Gresham? I don't know of no lady! There ain't no lady here," replies Mrs. Davidson, waddling into the room. And then she looks all around it, continuing, "And where be she, Miss Gresham?"

Susie returns to her former position. The stranger is gone! All around the little room they search, even to the hanging wardrobe, and behind the bed-curtains, but there is no trace of her. The apartment is simply empty. Susie looks bewildered, and the landlady amused. "You must have dreamed it, Miss Gresham," she says. "You can see there ain't no one here."

"But she was there," says the girl; "she stood between the bed and the wall. I saw her as plainly as I do you. Besides, she spoke to me—or she was going to speak. Indeed, it isn't fancy! I can tell you what she was like, and what she wore. She had on a white dress."

"Well, she ain't here now, is she?" demands the landlady. "No, she certainly is not here now."

"Well, then, if you're satisfied of that, I'll just go back to my supper, and you can lock the door after me, and then you'll be sure not to be disturbed again. But, Miss Gresham, my dear, it's all your fancy; and so you'll be the first to say to-morrow."

CHAPTER XIV. Susie does not say anything to her father or Lord Luton about the apparition she fancied she had seen in her bedroom. For she is quite ready by the next morning, as the landlady prognosticated, to laugh at herself for being so silly, and to feel ashamed for having been led into such an act of childish terror. Besides which she has other matters with which to occupy her mind.

Lord Luton is to leave them as soon as the company moves on from Scarborough, and return to London until their wedding day, the tenth of September. And since his daughter is not to appear again upon the stage, Gresham has determined to send her to Cheltenham, to the care of his old friend, Henrietta Jarrod, who has been some time settled in that town.

Susie is very sentimentally despairing at the brief parting from her lover, and thinks that it is quite impossible she can survive a whole fortnight without him, but Lord Luton and Gresham ridicule her fears, until she is thankful to take refuge from them in the Cheltenham train. Mrs. Jarrod has moreover written her a most cordial note of invitation, and her father has placed a larger sum to her credit for the wedding trousseau than she believed it possible he could afford, so that she is starting on her new career under the pleasant auspices. Henrietta Jarrod receives her as cordially as she has been led to believe she would. She recognizes her from her likeness to her mother directly she sees her, and transfers all the interest she once felt for poor Bessie Bouvier to her child.

"I should have known you anywhere," she says, as she meets the girl at the railway station; "it seems almost as if poor Bessie had come to life again. And so you are come down to Cheltenham to make a grand marriage, and become the wife of a lord. Bless me! Who'd have thought it! Except me, indeed! I read it for you in the cards years and years ago, and I won't come to you without trouble, either, more's the pity."

"We must all have trouble in this world," replies Susie, philosophically. "I think my worst will be parting with my father."

"I laid the cards for you when you were a month old, and they've come pretty true up to the present. I saw what was before you then, and I see what's before you now, and you'll have hard work to steer through life safely and well. But we won't talk of that. What a funny-looking little thing you were the day your poor mother brought you to rehearsal with her. It was your first appearance on the boards, and her last, pretty creature. But it wasn't your last, my dear, and you haven't seen your last yet, you may take my word for that."

"Oh, yes I have!" cries Susie eagerly. "Lord Luton made it a condition with father that I was not to appear in public again, and of course, I shouldn't think of such a thing after I am married to him."

Henrietta Jarrod looks at the girl oracularly with closed lips, and says nothing. A few minutes' walk brings them to her house. It is a pretty little cottage on the outskirts of Cheltenham, in which she has taken refuge for about five years past, ever since the death of the worthless young husband who had drained her purse of every penny so long as she was married to him.

In the important business of choosing the wedding outfit the next few days fly all too rapidly, and the tenth of September is divided from them by four-and-twenty hours only; before they can be altered it is possible it is so near. Susie, lingering over her ribbons and dresses, and dreaming of the life before her, is almost tempted to run away and hide herself before Lord Luton appears to claim her as his wife. Marriage is seldom a happy state at the beginning, especially for the woman. Even if she loves the man to whom she has pledged herself she takes the leap with closed eyes and clenched teeth, desperately resolved to take it since he is to leap with her, but quite uncertain as to what will happen before she is landed at the bottom. The man, too, is generally nervous and depressed beforehand, feeling that he has reached a point from which he cannot turn back, but which may culminate in the wrecking of his life. Marriage is only a time of promise, and the promises of this world are oftener broken than fulfilled.

Lord Luton feels something of this as he prepares to go down to Cheltenham on the ninth of September. He loves Susie very fervently at that moment, but he has made one unlucky venture, and it is quite possible that he may make a second. He cannot help recalling the morning of his first marriage, and how happy and hopeful he was on that occasion, and how soon he found he had been leaning on a broken reed. His sad remembrances press on him to such an extent that he turns into his club on his way to the station. Here he encounters one of his most intimate friends, George Lambert.

"Hallo, Luton!" says Lambert, as he espies the portmanteau on the hansom at the club door; "where are you off to now? Paris—or the moors?"

"Neither, my dear fellow. My grouse-shooting is over for the season. What would you say, George, if I told you I was thinking of being 'turned off' again? It's true, though, I've let myself in for it. Do you think me a great fool?"

"My dear boy, I think every man a great fool who goes in for marriage, though I've done it myself," says Lam-

bert. "But I can hardly believe you even now. What honor bright?"

"Honor bright!" echoes Lord Luton. "The fact is, when I was staying up in York last July, with Asker, I met the prettiest creature you ever saw in your life—fresh and fair as a lily, George, and as innocent as a kitten. Well, if I hadn't been an idiot, you know, I should have let it alone there; but the deuce was in it that I must follow her up to West Hartlepool and Scarborough, and at the latter place I succumbed! And so I'm off to Cheltenham to meet her father and herself, and we're to be married to-morrow."

"The young lady appears to be fond of traveling. What did she give you such a chase for?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you she was an actress, traveling with a company, but she had only been on the boards a few months. She isn't much more than seventeen. She will be the fairest Lady Luton that has ever borne the name."

"I have no doubt of it," says Lambert seriously. "And you will make Mrs. George come to see her as soon as I bring her home, won't you, Lambert?"

"I wish you joy of your honeymoon, old fellow," says Lambert, "and a speedy return. Don't forget how we shall miss you at the club when the long evenings come."

So the friends part; and the same afternoon Lord Luton is standing in the tiny parlor of Mrs. Jarrod's cottage, with Susie's cool, soft cheek pressed against his own. And when the morning comes, and he receives her before the altar of the quietest little church in Cheltenham, from the hands of her father, Lord Luton is still in the most sublime state of contentment. A couple of hours after, he is enroute for Dover, with his newly made wife; and Henrietta Jarrod and Mr. Gresham are left behind to console each other as best they may.

(To be continued.)

AN INTERESTING WEDDING. A Guest Who Displaced the Would-Be Groom. It attended a mountain wedding in McDowell County, in West Virginia, said a postoffice inspector. "Everything went along smoothly at first. The cabin was brilliantly lighted with candles and one of the best fiddlers in the county was present to furnish the music for the dance to follow the wedding ceremony. No'ing occurred to mar the proceedings until the minister came to the point where he invited anyone who had anything to say why the couple should not enter the bonds of matrimony to speak or thereafter hold his peace, when a rough mountaineer arose and said:

"Anything ter say, parson? Waal, I reckon I hev. I hev allus intended ter marry the gal myself, an' the feller knowed it, so he Jess kept outen my way. I sent 'im word ter prepare for a likin', an' he left the country, but kep' writin' to the gal. Now, I'm here to make my word good, an' 'fore this hear event goes any farther the tall-faced coward Jess has me ter fight."

"In vain the preacher tried to restore order. A ring was soon squared in the center of the room and the men went at it. In about ten minutes the groom announced that he had enough, and the victor, taking the arm of the blushing bride, deliberately changed the groom's name in the marriage license to his own, while the vanquished lover made his escape. Everybody appeared to be satisfied and the marriage took place as though nothing had occurred to mar the solemnity of the occasion."

His Father Played the Organ. A very simple and natural misunderstanding lately created a bit of amusement in New York, and was thought worth reporting in the Herald: At one of the newsboys' homes on the east side application was received for the admission of a newsboy. The applicant presented himself in person, and he was the kind of a boy that filled the womanly heart of the matron with delight—bright, manly and as pretty as a picture. He was subjected to the usual cross-examination. One of the questions was, "Who is your father?"

"Me fadder plays de organ at de Broadway Tabernacle," was his quick reply. Here was news. The son of the organist in a large and wealthy church applying for entrance to a charitable institution! The matron side-tracked the boy and ordered an investigation. The bright boy was right. His father played and still plays the organ at the Broadway Tabernacle. But it is the barrel organ in front of the church on the Sixth avenue curb. Everybody who passes the corner has seen him and his legend: "I am blind."

Great Tenacity of Life. The vital statistics of London are the authority for the statement that on an average the life of a Jew in that city is twice that of a Gentile. Dr. B. W. Richardson says that the Jews of that city are exceptionally free from disease, and Virchow says that the race "has at all times been distinguished by great tenacity of life. Consumption is scarcely known among the Jews and suicide is three-fourths less frequent among them than it is among Gentiles."

Origin of Chess. The origin of the game of chess dates back to antiquity. A game essentially the modern chess was played 5,000 years ago. Franklin and Napoleon were famous players of chess. The great American chess player, Paul Morphy, visited Europe in 1858 and defeated one after another all the noted players of the day. His phenomenal feat was playing, blindfolded, six games at once with as many different players and winning them all.

Meaning of "Me." The little affix "me" made use of by printers in the case of books, such as 12mo, 18mo, etc., means duodecimo, octodecimo, etc.—that is, a book having its sheets folded in twelve leaves, eighteen leaves, etc.