



**Right-Sightedness.**  
The assertion comes from Germany that the majority of people are not only right-handed, but also right-sighted. By this is meant that most persons see better with the right eye than with the left, and habitually, though unconsciously, employ it more. Some persons, however, make greater use of the left eye than of the right, and accordingly are said to be "left-eyed."

**Photographing the Heavens.**  
At a recent meeting of astronomers in Paris it was reported that nearly all of the 35,000 plates which, when combined, will form a complete photographic representation of the heavens, and by the aid of which all stars down to the eleventh magnitude are to be catalogued, have been made. The position of the stars on each plate has to be carefully measured, and although this work is being pushed as rapidly as it can be done with accuracy, years will elapse before it is finished. On some of the plates, however, the measurements are nearly completed. It is expected that the catalogue will contain about 2,000,000 stars, but the number remaining uncatalogued, because they are fainter than the eleventh magnitude, will be far greater, perhaps as great as 100,000,000, or even more.

**Glass to Keep Rooms Cool.**  
An Austrian inventor, Richard Szgmond, is said to have made a new kind of window-glass whose chief peculiarity is that it prevents the passage of about nine-tenths of the heat of the sun's rays. It is well known that ordinary window-glass allows nearly all of the heat derived from the sun to pass through, but on the other hand insulates nearly all heat coming from non-luminous sources, such as a stove, or the heated ground. This is the reason why heat accumulates under the glass roof of a hothouse. If covered with Szgmond's glass a hot house would become most decidedly a cold house, since the heat could not get into it. One advantage claimed for the new glass is that a house whose windows were furnished with it would remain delightfully cool in summer. But in winter, perhaps, the situation would not be so agreeable. Indeed, the panes would have to be exchanged for others of ordinary glass, since otherwise no sun-heat could enter the house.

**Australian Oddities.**  
Australia has furnished several surprises in the peculiarities of its animal and plant inhabitants. One of these was discussed at recent meeting of the Linnean Society of New South Wales. In Australia eucalyptus trees are indigenous, or native to the soil, while in many parts of the world they have been acclimated on account of their antimalarial properties. But, although elsewhere insects appear to avoid these trees, the avoidance in some cases amounting to positive antipathy, yet in Australia just the opposite condition of things prevails. There, it appears, insects of almost all kinds flock to the eucalyptus trees and eagerly feed upon them, so that in some localities the trees have been threatened with extinction. It has been suggested that the reason for the peculiar relation of insects to the eucalyptus in Australia may be that originally the ancestors of the former were driven by necessity to adopt a food-plant containing substances naturally distasteful to them, and that in a long course of time an hereditary liking for what was at first disliked has been developed.

**A Breathing Well.**  
In San Luis Obispo County, California, there is a gas well whose strange conduct is described by a correspondent of Science. The well is six inches in diameter and three hundred and fifty feet deep. During settled weather it blows out gas for three hours, and then sucks in air for an equal period of time, and this regular breathing continues without interruption until a change of weather. Before a storm, when the barometer is falling, the time during which the well expires gas is greatly increased, and sometimes the outbreathing continues for twenty-four hours. After the passage of the storm, and with the barometer rising, the inhalation of air is similarly prolonged. If the air is shut off when an inhalation is about to take place, the gas afterward ceases to flow, so that the well must be allowed to perform its regular breathing in order to continue its yield of gas. An automatic valve has been placed at the mouth of the well to permit the ingress of air, and when the opening is restricted the inward suction causes a loud sound, as if the well were for nostrils to a subterranean monster afflicted with snoring.

**Anecdote of Bismarck.**  
Americans are familiar with the stronger features of Prince Bismarck's character as shown in his political acts, but among his own people anecdotes are told which exhibit his keen wit in private and level of fun, qualities for which we have not perhaps given him the credit.

One story told by a German diplomatist is said to be authentic: At the close of the Franco-Prussian war '94.

conference was held by the German leaders to decide upon the amount of indemnity which should be exacted from France. Bismarck, differing from Von Moltke, telegraphed to Berlin for a financier in whom he had unbounded confidence. The man was C. Hehrer, and was, for some reason, disliked by the great Prussian general. When, therefore, he gave his opinion that the amount demanded should be so many thousand million francs, Von Moltke exclaimed impatiently: "Absurd! It is too much!"

"I know the resources of the French people," said the financier calmly. "They can pay it."  
"It is a monstrous demand!" repeated Von Moltke, angrily. "If a man had begun when the world was created to count, he would not have reached that sum now."  
"And that is the reason," interrupted Bismarck quickly, his eye twinkling. "that I got a man who counts—from Moses."

Von Moltke and the Hebrew tried to look grave, but both laughed, and the storm was averted.  
The sequel to the anecdote has a deeper meaning. The financier, when he received the summons to the conference, was undergoing treatment for some affection of the eyes which required confinement in a dark chamber. His oculist warned him that if he obeyed the summons, the exposure and delay would almost inevitably result in loss of sight.  
He was silent a moment, and then said, "I think that I am needed. I have no right to consider my sight. I will go."

He went, and the results which the oculist had feared ensued. He became blind for life.  
Von Moltke, when the story was told him, said briefly, "I wronged the man. He has served his country as truly as any soldier on the field."

**Another Kind of Cattle.**  
Driving the cows home is sometimes an exciting business down in Maine, to judge from a story found in our exchanges. Such things are very pleasant—afterward.  
"Jack" Clark is a stout boy of 14 years, living at Sherman, Maine. He goes after the cows every night and drives them home to the tie-up, always in the greatest safety, but the other night he had an adventure which has led to the substitution of his older brother in the gathering of the kine.  
Last Saturday night Jack went down after the cattle. The animals were in the pasture, and it was almost dark before he got to them. He started them homeward with some speed, but one lagged in the shadow under the trees.  
Jack threw a stone at the supposed cow, and got a very large surprise in return. He heard the stone strike the animal with a hollow thump on its ribs, and expected to see the cow come from under the trees on a swinging run. Instead a big moose bounded out into the opening and made for the youngster.

Jack knew the animal at once. Boys and girls when they get big enough to walk the streets of Sherman in boots and stockings, know wild animals when they see them. So Jack knew the moose. He made for the nearest tree and got into it with small delay.  
The moose was close at the boy's heels when he climbed into the lower branches, and snorted around the foot of the trunk in a way that made the boy shiver and grab the limbs furiously. After about an hour the big brute went off in rod-long jumps. Jack came down, ran for home, and told the story.

**Naval and Military Capital Offenses.**  
Under the military code of the United States twenty-five offenses are capital. Among these are striking or disobeying a superior officer, mutiny, sleeping on post, causing a false alarm in camp, cowardice before the enemy, disclosing a watchword, relieving a foe with money or food, desertion, or persuading another to desert, and doing violence to any person bringing provisions into camp while in "foreign parts." Under the naval code twenty-two crimes are punishable by death, including absence from post, willful injury of a ship, setting fire to property not in possession of an enemy or pirate, striking the flag to a foe without proper authority, shouting for quarter through cowardice, failing to inform a superior officer of the receipt of a letter from an enemy and failure to encourage inferior officers in a sea fight.

**The Blacksmith's Note.**  
The sound old proverb about the shoemaker sticking to his last receives new confirmation in a story from the Green Bag.  
An honest old blacksmith down in Texas, despairing of ever getting cash out of a delinquent debtor, agreed to take his note for the amount. The debtor wished to go to a lawyer and have the document drawn up, but the knight of the avvil, who had been a sheriff in days gone by, felt fully competent to draw it up himself. This he proceeded to do, with the following result:  
"On the first day of June I promise to pay James Nite the sum of eleven dollars, and if said note be not paid on the date aforesaid, then this instrument is to be null and void, and of no effect. Witness my hand, etc."

**Amicities of the Future.**  
Call—Present my compliments to Miss Ariadne and ask her if it will be convenient for her to be my wife.  
Servant (a moment later)—Miss Ariadne sends her regards and regrets to say that she will be engaged until 3 o'clock.—Detroit Tribune.

**Utmost.**  
"Hubly, what in the deuce did you mean by letting that note I indorsed for you go to protest?"  
"Why, man, there was no other way unless I paid the thing."—Detroit Free Press.

**Deceitful.**  
"Do you suppose that Miss Dashon, the young actress, will ever become a star?" "A star! Why, she'll go higher! After she's a star a while she'll graduate into the continuous performance branch of the profession; see if she don't!"—Boston Gazette.

**Deceitful.**  
"De wot may owe me a libbin'?" said Ephraim Jefferson, "but I fude dat I gottor wek like de debil too collect it!"—Baltimore News.

**A RACE FOR A GIRDLE.**

**The Contest Between the Overland Telegraph and the Atlantic Cable.**  
The race-course was between the Old World and the New. The racers were telegraph companies. One was called the "Russian Overland," the other was the "Atlantic Cable."

The track of the "Russian" lay between New Westminster in British Columbia, and Moscow in Russia. Up through the unexplored Fraser River Valley it was to run, then on through the untracked wilderness of Alaska, across Bering Strait, over the timberless steppes of Arctic Siberia, and along the dreary coast of the Okhotsk Sea to the mouth of the Amoor. There the American racers, called "Western Union," were to give over the race to the Russian telegraph department, which was to make its best time in reaching Moscow.

Western Union said it would cover the ground in about two years. The cost would be about five millions of dollars; but what was five millions of dollars if the prize could be won—an electric girdle of the earth?  
The path of the "Atlantic" cable was to be on a tableland some two miles deep in the ocean, reaching from Ireland to Newfoundland.

The summer of 1865 found the world watching this race with great interest. It opened when the fleet of the Russian expedition set sail from San Francisco, northward bound. The "Atlantic" people at the same time were stowing away gigantic coils of cable into the capacious hold of the "Great Eastern"—a new cable some 2,000 miles long.

The Western Union directors were shrewd business men. Five millions of dollars was little in comparison with the benefit they could receive could they get telegraphic communication with Europe, and they then believed that the only way was by land. The public agreed with them nearly unanimously. And so the two projects—the overland and the submarine—were pitted against each other.

A very unequal race it seemed at the outset. The Overland was strong and vigorous. The Atlantic was broken by former failures. The Overland was popular, and had plenty of money back of it; the Atlantic was derided, and "only fools," it was said, "would invest in it."

The fleet of the Russian expedition which sailed from San Francisco in the summer of 1865 was quite a navy. There were ocean steamers, sailing-vessels, coast and river boats, and Russian and American ships of the line, with a promise of a vessel from her Majesty's navy. The expedition was well officered, and about 120 men were enlisted—men of superior ability in every department. The supplies embraced everything that could be needed. Thousands of tons of wire, some 300 miles of cable, insulators, wagons, etc.

August 26, 1866, the Great Eastern landed its cable at Trinity Bay and the whole world was electrified by the news that it worked perfectly—that the victory had been won. More than that, the Great Eastern not long afterward picked up the cable lost the year before, and that, too, was soon in working order. Two electric girdles had been clasped around the earth.

The success of the "Atlantic" was defeat for the "Russian." An overland telegraph line could never compete with the submarine cables. The first triumphant "click, click" at Trinity Bay was therefore the death-blow of the Russian scheme, and all work connected with that project was at once abandoned.  
But the workers—the brave men facing famine among the wild Chukchees—buried in their lonely huts waiting for some news from their comrades, or straining every nerve to complete their share of the great work—how pathetic that so many of them did not hear what had happened. In some cases for more than a year after the success of the cable—Jane Marsh Parker in St. Nicholas.

**A Scientific Opinion.**  
"Science," says a distinguished scholar, "must be candid, even at the expense of the essential probability of its own deductions." What this somewhat learned sentence means may be gathered from an instance of scientific candor.

A gentleman had bought a decorated vase which had been represented as an antique. After it had come into his possession he submitted it to an archaeologist to obtain his judgment as to its authenticity. The archaeologist examined it with great care, and made the following report:  
"The painting of this vase bears every evidence of being very ancient, whereas the vase itself is undoubtedly modern."

**Hardened by Electricity.**  
A process of hardening steel by means of an electric current traversing the red-hot metal has been invented in France. Experiments made with tools thus hardened are said to have given surprising results. A sharpened table-knife cut a one-eighth inch iron wire as if it had been a string. Iron bars were easily cut with a circular saw. Drills pierced cast-steel plates with twice the speed and ease of ordinary drills; and in all the experiments the tools showed no injury.

**Too Ambitious.**  
"Oh, that young man is all right," said Gobang. "He is just sowing his wild oats."  
"The trouble with him," said Grymes, "is that he is trying to raise two crops on the same land."—Truth.

**WITH HOOK AND LINE.**

**The Excitable Frenchman Can Exhibit a Lot of Patience.**

It is one of the curiosities of human nature that the most nervous and excitable people are often the most patient fishermen with hook and line. This is true as to nations as well as individuals. The French, who are of all people, perhaps, the most mercurial or "fidgety," are also of all races the most extravagantly devoted to angling; and Paris, their excitable and revolutionary capital, is a city of fishermen. A recent Parisian writer declares that the amateur fishermen are more numerous now than ever.

"They form a double wreath of humanity on both sides of the Seine," he declares, "reaching from Charenton-leur to Malson-Lafite. For them were created the fortunate isles of Saint-Cloud and Croissy and the verdurous shores of Port-Marly and Chatou."

"Isolated there in the midst of tumult, calm in the very bosom of agitations, the passers-by smile at their aspect and gibe at their attitude and their immobility. They never catch a thing," the passing skeptics say. What a mistake! The vulgar lally know naught of what these fishermen catch besides fish; for fish are not alone the things they go for.

This means that the contemplation which is in a manner enforced on those who fish with hook and line, especially where no fish are to be found, often results in the apprehension of important things which would never have come if the fishermen had remained among the distracting scenes of Parisian life.

A distinguished French academician is accustomed to declare that he fished his academicical chair out of the Seine with a hook and line; for the poems which really won for him his literary crown came to him while he was courting the wary gudgeon on the banks of the river.

He is far from being the only author who has worked in this way. There are three hundred and more living dramatists whose works have, in some shape, been brought out on the boards of the Paris theaters; and out of these, thirty have declared that they should never have had a single success if they had not elaborated their dramatic schemes while angling.

One of these dramatists once came back, radiant with glee, from a session of seven steady hours on the banks of the Seine. On his way home he met a friend.  
"Well, did you catch anything?" asked the friend.  
"Catch anything! Well, I should think I did! I caught a fifth act in three tableaux and a denouement that will draw all Paris!"

But he had not one fish. A somewhat amusing story is told of a minister of the interior, Monsieur De Corbiere, who was accustomed to get up every morning very early and go out with a hook and line to quiet his nerves on the banks of the Seine. There came to Paris a man from the provinces who had made application for a certain office—a sous-prefecture in the country. The office-seeker had no influence with the minister, but in some way he learned where the spot was to which the minister always went to fish.

Providing himself with "tackle," he rose still earlier than the minister, and when Monsieur De Corbiere went to his favorite place he found a stranger installed there, paying no attention to the minister, and apparently quite ignorant of his identity.

The minister went somewhere else, and got up earlier the next morning; but on arriving at the place he found the same man installed there. Again and again this happened. It was useless to try to forestall the man. He was at the spot before the slightest break of dawn.

At last the minister approached the man and said politely, "You seem to be very fond of fishing, sir?"  
"I am, sir," answered the other; "and for the present I employ it as a means of passing the time while I am awaiting a response to an application which I have made to the minister of the interior."

"You are looking for an office?"  
"A small prefecture, sir, in the country. I have waited a long time, and may have to wait still longer; but we fishermen, sir, know how to be patient."

"Will you kindly give me your name and address, sir? I have a little influence, perhaps, at the department, and I shall be glad to mention your case. Between fishermen, sir—"  
"Ah, I thank you! Here is my card."

That evening the office-seeker received his appointment and went no more to the banks of the Seine, and the minister thereafter fished in peace in his accustomed spot.

**Adaptable Stomachs.**  
It is well known that North American Indians can go an extraordinary time without food, and on the other hand can eat enormously when the opportunity serves them. The natives of Africa display the same adaptability. Mr. Gregory, speaking of his porters, says:

"Their recklessness about their food is a trying characteristic. At the commencement of a new stage in the journey we had to serve out ten days' rations, and some of the men would eat so much in the first few days that by the end of the week they had none left. But they can go on for great distances on what appears to be the most insubstantial food. Some of my men carried loads of one hundred and ten pounds from dawn to dusk, with only an hour's rest in the middle of the day, on a pound and a half of beans or Indian corn, and sometimes less than that. Whence their 'foot-pounds' of energy were derived puzzled me, till I noticed

**that they became thinner and thinner.**

They illustrate the law of compensation for the amount of food they can eat, when they have it, is phenomenal. When we reached the Kikuyu country on the return journey, I owed all the men arrears of food, amounting with one group of men to seven days' rations. I offered them beads or wire instead of the excess of food, that they might buy for themselves any little delicacies, such as chickens or ripe bananas; but they refused my offer.

"You owe us seven days' food," they replied; "seven days' food we will have, or nothing."  
Of course it was given them; but in the evening one of them came as a delegate from the rest to ask for medicine. He complained of severe internal pains, and seemed very uncomfortable. I asked him what he had been doing, and what he had eaten.

He calmly replied that he had done nothing, and had only eaten the food that had been given him.  
Each of the men, having received his seven days' rations, had borrowed a big cooking-pot, made a great fire, and had cooked and eaten the whole of the ten and a half pounds of beans.

I was somewhat annoyed and declined to give medicine, telling the emissary that the only expedient I could think of to prevent fatal consequences was a band of hoop iron. This we had not got, so he must tie himself together with my climbing-rope.



Herbert Spencer's new work, the third volume of "The Principles of Sociology," is nearly through the press.

F. C. Selous, the mighty hunter of big African game, has written a history of recent events in Matabeleland, both before and after the insurrection.

Ernest E. Russell, editor of Public Opinion, is about to publish a radical purpose novel with the enigmatical title, "The Reason Why; A Story of Fact and Fiction."

The Kindergarten Magazine gives thirty pages to an illustrated article on the Chicago Normal School, erstwhile the Normal School belonging to Cook County and Col. F. W. Parker.

Mrs. William Morris writes from Keimcott House in the suburbs of London asking for the loan of all letters written by her husband, to be used in the compilation of a life of the artist-author.

The Critic states that Ferdinand Brunetiere, the French critic and editor of the Revue des Deux-Mondes, is to deliver a course of lectures on French poetry at the Johns Hopkins University next March.

The MacMillan company announces "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, the talented Canadian essayist and publicist. The questions treated in the volume are ethical and religious.

The Ladies' Home Journal gives its readers some more heart-to-heart talks—not on pillow shams, but on marriage. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and Dr. Parkhurst treat the subject from their respective standpoints.

Over thirty colored men and one colored woman have been regularly admitted to the Illinois bar and are now practicing law in Chicago. Judge Jas. B. Bradwell prints an interesting biographical article on the subject in the Chicago Legal News.

Exit Aubrey Beardsley from his second magazine venture. The Savoy is to be discontinued after the issue of the eighth number, in December. The Aubrey Beardsley art is not the fad it once was, in the brief days when the Yellow Book flared into conspiracy.

William T. Adams, known as Oliver Optic to boyish romance lovers, and to others as the father-in-law of Sol Smith Russell, has written more books for boys than any other man living, but at the age of 80 he has just returned to his Boston home from a trip around the world, laden with fresh literary materials.

The prominence of Gen. Lew Wallace in the St. Louis convention adds interest to the rumor that he has begun a new piece of literary work on the lines of his "Ben Hur" and his "Prince of India." But as Gen. Wallace is a slow and painstaking worker, and very close-mouthed regarding his unfinished writings, it will probably be some time before the public knows even the field in which he has laid his new plot.

In the Harvard Graduates' Magazine Edward Everett Hale writes entertainingly of a group of five Harvard presidents who were photographed together at the same table in 1861. They were Josiah Quincy, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, James Walker and C. C. Felton. "The old Harvard statutes were such that no man in his senses could remain president of Harvard College for many successive years. These statutes were changed when President Eliot was elected."

**Too Ambitious.**  
"Oh, that young man is all right," said Gobang. "He is just sowing his wild oats."  
"The trouble with him," said Grymes, "is that he is trying to raise two crops on the same land."—Truth.

**In a Gale.**  
She—I thought you said you were going to stop swearing?  
He—So I am as soon as I get this umbrella down.—Truth.

How soon after marriage a woman gets reconciled to having her husband see her in her old clothes!

**A RELUCTANT READER.**

**Read Scott's Fascinating Tales as if in a Dream.**

It is a very old proverb that you may lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. It might be added that if you could make him drink, you certainly could not make him enjoy the draught. A recent writer in Blackwood's Magazine gives an amusing account, which yet bears the impress of truth, of his experience with an honest, hearty, jolly British schoolboy, apparently of good general intelligence and a good student, whose family began to worry about his aversion to books. He regarded them as something to be dutifully studied when necessary, but to be avoided like the plague out of school hours. At last a promise was extracted from him to read one of Scott's novels. He gave the promise reluctantly in a hoarse and melancholy whisper, as he stood dejectedly staring around a pleasant library, but he kept it with entire fidelity. The volume given him was "Ivanhoe," which he volunteered graciously to call a "funny name," and this slight observation was regarded hopefully as a forerunner of interest.

For a whole month the lad had devoted himself to "Ivanhoe." Such was his conscientiousness that he never skipped a word, and so great his sense of the injury which the intellectual effort was inflicting on his leisure that he never took a single word in.

"Well, old fellow, how is 'Ivanhoe' getting on?"  
"Pretty well, thank you."  
"How far have you got?"  
"Oh, I've nearly read"—and he consults the top of the page—"one hundred and twenty pages."

"And whom do you like best?"  
A hasty glance at the page to see what name came handiest. "Oh, Wamba." (Wamba is the jester, or fool.)

He looked so extremely woebegone over the cross-questioning that the questioner made a feeble attempt at a joke.

"A little fellow-feeling, eh, my boy?"  
Blank gaze.  
"You don't know what I mean, I suppose?"  
"No."

"Well, you know what Wamba was?"  
"Yes," rather dubiously.  
"Well, what?"

"One of the chaps in the book."  
Now the unwilling reader stood well at school in history, so a week later they tried him again on a different tack.  
"Have you found any old friends in 'Ivanhoe'?"  
"No."

"Well, you know King Richard?"  
"King Richard?"  
"Yes, Richard the First."  
"Oh, yes; he was king 1189 to 1199."  
"Well, you came across him in the tournament?"

"I didn't know it was the same chap."  
He was a sincere boy, but he will make a great deal of pleasure with a mind so impervious to the charms of literature. With most young readers the Richard Coeur-de-Lion of the tournament soon usurps the throne of the matter-of-fact Richard of history; and it is certainly a rare youth who prefers the Richard of plain history to the splendid being with a battle-axe who rides through "Ivanhoe."

**Quicker than Lightning.**  
"As quick as lightning" is a phrase colloquially used to express the maximum of rapidity. But according to a well-known scientist, electricity itself is unobscured by that old-fashioned machine, the human body, by which it appears powers can, so to speak, be generated in the brain, transmitted through the nerves, and developed in the muscles in an infinitesimal fraction of a second.

It is stated that a pianist, in playing a presto of Mendelssohn, played 5,565 notes in four minutes and three seconds. The striking of each of these, it has been estimated, involved two movements of the finger and possibly more.

Again, the movements of the wrist, elbows and arms can scarcely be less than one movement for each note. As twenty-four notes were played each second, and each involves three movements, we would have seventy-two voluntary movements per second.

Again, the place, the force, the time and the duration of each of these movements were controlled. All these motor reactions were conditioned upon a knowledge of the position of each finger of each hand before it was moved, while moving it, as well as of the auditory effect to force and pitch, all of which involves equally rapid sensory transmissions.

If we add to this the work of the memory in placing the notes in their proper position, as well as the fact that the performer at the same time participates in the emotion the selection describes and feels the strength and weakness of the performance, we arrive at a truly bewildering network of impulses, coming along at inconceivably rapid rates.

Such estimates show, too, that we are capable of doing many things at once. The mind is not a unit, but is composed of higher and lower centers, the available fund of attention being distributed among them.

**I I V V V Continued.**

He—Marry me, dear, and you shall want for nothing.

She—There! I always heard it said that marriage put an end to a woman's happiness.—Yonkers Statesman.

A man's appearance as a bridegroom is his last appearance for the balance of his life in underwear that is not patched.

Ted—She still loves me. Ned—How do you know? Ted—When she returned my presents she prepaid the express charges.—Harlem Life.