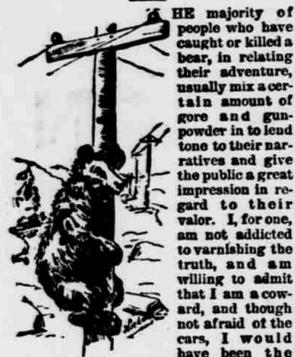


# CATCHING A GRIZZLY.

## The Novel Trap Improvised by Two Linemen.

Lanky Bill loses his month's wages and the seat of his pants as he is re-vengeful - A Triumphant Return to Camp.



THE majority of people who have caught or killed a bear, in relating their adventure, usually mix a certain amount of gore and gaud to their narrative and give the public a great impression in regard to their valor. I, for one, am not so inclined to varnish the truth, and am willing to admit that I am a coward, and though not afraid of the bear, I would have been the last person on earth to have thought of catching a bear had circumstances not forced me to turn trapper. Now, as I have frankly acknowledged my weakness, I will ask the indulgence of the reader, and hope that I will not be censured for any cowardice shown in the adventure I am about to relate, which is as follows:

I was engaged, along with several others, in putting up a telegraph line through a wild part of Arizona. The day of which I am about to speak was our monthly payday, and after receiving our money one of the boys—Bill Johnson by name—and myself were detailed to go back on the line about four miles to a deserted mining town to put up some wires that had been blown down.

Bill was a great gawk of a fellow who had the reputation of being the biggest coward in the gang, but as neither he nor I saw any danger ahead, we took a little lunch in our pockets and started out, thinking only of the money in our pockets and the glorious "blow out" we would have when we reached a town.

We arrived at our destination and soon had our work completed, and were just about to start for camp, when suddenly, not ten yards from us, a monstrous grizzly came out from among the bushes, and as soon as he saw us gave chase.

Our only show was to reach a hut about a hundred yards away, and both of us instinctively turned in that direction and ran like deer.

I reached the hut first and to my infinite delight saw that it had a good solid door, which was open.

I plunged in, grabbed the door and held it ready to close as soon as Bill could land his lanky form inside, but as soon as I turned around I saw that if he managed to



I SLAMMED THE DOOR IN THE BEAR'S FACE.

got in there would surely be some part of his anatomy missing, as the bear was right on his heels.

Just as he reached the threshold brain made a grab for the region of Bill's hip pocket, and in an instant his lean form fell on the dirt floor, while greenbacks and silver dollars flew in all directions outside.

I slammed the door in the bear's face, and, dropping the slender latch into place, braced myself against it and yelled for Bill, who was feeling around to find how much of his anatomy he had left outside, to get a brace for the door.

He got up after satisfying himself that he had only lost his month's pay and the bulk of the posterior portion of his nether garments, and found a plank, with which we soon had the door secured.

The next trouble which stared us in the face was the length of the bear's patience and the shortness of our supply of provisions.

We had both heard of brain's sagacity, staying qualities and ability to endure hunger, and Bill, who was a veritable billy-goat, began to turn blue at the prospect of being deprived of three square meals a day until we should either be rescued or die.

I tried to cheer him up, but it was a hopeless task, and I soon gave it up and commenced to devise a means of escape.

About ten o'clock in the evening I hit upon a scheme which I proceeded at once to carry out.

After lighting an old piece of candle, which Bill insisted it would be wiser to save for eating purposes, I proceeded to cut a hole in the widest plank in the door with my knife.

Bill thought that I was going crazy, but when I unfolded my plan—which was nothing less than the capture of the brute—he agreed to assist, and casually mentioned that he might find his last month's pay, and may be we might get to camp in time for breakfast.

In about two hours I had managed to cut about a five-inch hole in the plank in spite of the repeated interruptions of the grizzly and was ready for business.

We both had several pieces of wire hanging on our belts, and Bill had a large pair of pliers which he used in cutting wire. These, along with a pair of climbing irons, were the weapons with which we were to make brain a prisoner.

The plan was to get him to poke his nose through the hole, and then grab his lower jaw with the pliers, put the straight portion of the climbing iron into his mouth back of the tusks, and then wire his jaws so closely together that the teeth could not slip over. This scheme struck Bill as being exceedingly funny, and the prospects of getting his legs under the festal board at the camp again put him in an excellent humor and ready for the fray.

The chance for action soon came, for as I held my hand close to the hole, the bear attempted to seize it, and Bill closed the pliers on his jaw like a vise. I then put the iron in place, and in five minutes had the infuriated brute so securely fastened as to make escape impossible. He made a great many attempts to free himself, but

finding them of no avail along toward morning he ceased his struggles, and Bill, who was as good a sleeper as eater, concluded that it would be advisable to take a snooze; accordingly he stretched himself out on a plank in front of the door, and was soon sound asleep. The excitement and exertions of the night also had their effect on me, and, after listening to Bill's snoring for some time, I also fell asleep.

A crash and a blood-curdling yell awakened me, and when I opened my eyes I saw a sight at which I could not refrain from laughing. The door opened toward a corner of the cabin, and Bill, who evidently in his sleep had kicked the brace from it, was securely imprisoned in the corner, with the infuriated bear slamming the door up against him in a vain attempt to either escape or finish amputating the big fellow's pants. Bill was yelling as loud as his lungs would permit, when, with a mighty effort, the bear threw the door off its hinges, and made a break for the open air. To escape was out of the question, as the door barred his passage. Then, after a few futile attempts to get out, he commenced to circus around in Bill's direction again, and the poor fellow flew from one corner to another a few times, and then bolted for the doorway.

He hovered around about a quarter of a mile from the hut for some time, when I finally induced him to return and hunt up his last month's pay, and after much coaxing managed to get him to take hold of one end of the door, while I took the other and led our captive into camp. After we got our prize out of the hut we found very little difficulty in leading him along, and when we finally landed in camp that afternoon we were considered heroes, and the boss sent a man to the next town (about twenty miles distant) with strict instructions not to bring less than five gallons of the best—Chicago Journal.

## REMINDED OF HOME.

A Smell That Made a Chicago Girl Think of Her Native City.



REAR SCOTT!" said the Chicago girl, as she strode along Pennsylvania avenue, "what a sleepy old town your Washington is!"

"Yes," murmured the Washington girl, who was strolling a pace behind her vigorous guest. "Yes, Washington is quite but not dull, and what think it very beautiful."

"Do you, now?" said the other, halting to take breath. "Why, the people here just putter along. They don't walk as we do in Chicago. The street cars run as if they were greased; there are no carts or cobblestones; there is no business, and the streets are so wide they make me lonesome."

"But, dear, look up the avenue," pleaded the soft-voiced Washington girl. "Could anything be finer than that view of the capitol? Somehow, that great white dome, whether bathed in the golden light of morning or the red flame of sunset, or bared in the white light of noon, is the steepest picture in the world. And there, too, notice the Washington monument! With its summit touched by the sunset, it is turned to a great jewel of shifting opalescent tints. See the rosy lights and transparent mists that soften the outlines of this wonderful shaft. Notice, too—"

"Yes, yes, dear," shrilled the Chicago girl, impatiently, "that's all fine enough, but you ought to see the Chicago water tower or the belfry of the Folk street depot," and she sniffed disdainfully. Then she keeps on sniffing, at first suspiciously, then eagerly and at last delightedly.

"Oh! oh! what's that? Where does that come from? Why, now, it seems 'm home," and the now eager, wanderer in a strange land darted in zig-zag lines in front of her hostess, trying to locate the dear, but intangible, reminder of home.

"Why, dear, I don't understand what odor you mean. There is nothing here but that dreadful sewer gas, where they are tearing up the concrete."

"Well, that's it," smiled the other, delightedly; "that's what I mean; only, of course, the smell here isn't anything compared to Chicago," and the now reconciled visitor trotted along, her eager, yearning, longing expression giving way to one of dreamy retrospection.—Washington Post.

## A GREAT MISTAKE.



Bingly—It was unfortunate your wife should have opened that business letter. You told me, too, that she never meddled with your mail.

Bangly—So I did; but you made a great mistake.

Bingly—How was that?

Bangly—You marked the letter "Personal."—Time.

## AT NIAGARA.



Mons. Higlit (parachute aviator)—Break away there! They ain't no tips on where I'm goin' to drop!—Puck.

# THE SECRETS OF HEAVEN.

## Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Delivered at Athens.

What are Seemingly Mysteries in the Divine Economy God Will in Due Time Explain and Man Will Acknowledge His Wisdom.

Standing on ground made sacred by the ministrations of Paul, the apostle, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon to the Athenians, from the texts:

Eye hath not seen nor ear heard.—I. Corinthians, ii., 9.

For now we see through a glass darkly.—I. Corinthians, xiii., 12.

Both these sentences were written by the most illustrious merely human being the world ever saw, one who walked these streets, and preached from yonder pile of rocks, Mars Hill. Though more classic associations are connected with this city than with any other city under the sun, because her Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle, and Demosthenes, and Pericles, and Herodotus, and Pythagoras, and Xenophon, and Praxiteles wrote or chiseled, or taught, or thundered, or sung, yet in my mind all those men and their teachings were eclipsed by Paul and the Gospel he preached in this city and the near-by city of Corinth. Standing on the old fortress at Corinth, the Acro-Corinthus, out from the ruins at its base arose in my imagination the old city just as Paul saw it. I have been told that for splendor the world beholds no such wonder to-day as that ancient Corinth, standing on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharves, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge-handed machinery, such as modern invention can not equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks across the isthmus and set them down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city went down through the olive groves that lined the beach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games, and the beauty of all lands sat in her theaters, walked her porticoes, and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations.

Column, and statue, and temple be- whitered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which, from apertures at the side, there rushed waters everywhere known for health-giving qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead—vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corinthian, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas-relief touched. From the edge of the city the hill held its magnificent burdens of columns, and towers, and temples (a thousand slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impregnable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world. Oh! it was not to rusties who had never seen any thing grand that Paul uttered one of my texts. They had heard the best music that had come from the best instruments in all the world; they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures, and sculpture, and architecture, and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned.

Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the Temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercury are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acro-Corinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at the brazen gate. You Corinthians think this is a splendid city; you think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights; but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Indeed, both my texts, the one spoken by Paul and the one written by Paul, show us that we have very imperfect eyesight, and that our day of vision is yet to come: For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.

So Paul takes the responsibility of saying that the Bible is an indistinct mirror, and that its mission shall be finally suspended. I think there may be one Bible in Heaven fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest and say: "How poor a light it must have given compared with our modern lamps." So I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest to all eternity by the contrast between its comparatively feeble light and the illumination of Heaven. The Bible, now, is the scaffolding to the rising temple, but when the building is done there will be no use for the scaffolding. The idea I shall develop to-day is, that in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but nevertheless introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God. We hear so much about God that we conclude that we understand Him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the pomp of a King and the love of a moth-

er. We hear about Him, talk about Him, write about Him. We lip His name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the octogenarian. We think that we know very much about Him.

Take the attribute of mercy. Do we understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word—mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God; of the sure mercies; of the great mercies; of the mercy that endureth forever; of the multitude of His mercies. And yet I know that the views we have of this great Being are most indefinite, one-sided and incomplete. When, at death, the gates shall fly open, and we shall look directly upon Him, how new and surprising! We see upon canvas a picture of the morning. We study the cloud in the sky, the dew upon the grass and the husbandman on the way to the field. Beautiful picture of the morning! But we rise at daybreak, and go upon a hill to see for ourselves that which was represented to us. While we look, the mountains are transfigured. The burnished gates of Heaven swing open and shut to pass a host of fiery splendors. The clouds are all abloom and hang pendent from arbors of alabaster and amethyst. The waters make pathway of inland pearl for the light to walk upon; and there is morning on the sea. The crags uncover their scarred visage; and there is morning among the mountains. Now you go home and how tame your picture of the morning seems in contrast! Greater than that shall be the contrast between this Scriptural view of God and that which we shall have when standing face to face. This is a picture of the morning; that will be the morning itself.

Again: My texts are true of the Saviour's excellence. By image, and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antitheses, Christ is set forth—His love, His compassion, His work, His life, His death, His resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to weigh it. In the hour of our broken enthralment we mount up into high experience of His love, and shout until the countenance glows, and the blood bounds, and the whole nature is exhilarated: "I have found Him!"

And yet it is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death to let us rush into His outspread arms. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfilling of all prefigurement. That will be a magnificent unfolding. The rushing out in view of all hidden excellency; the coming again of a long-absent Jesus to meet us—not in rags, and in penury, and death, but amidst a light, and pomp, and outbursting joy such as none but a glorified intelligence could experience. Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed; to stand close up in the presence of Him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in horrible crucifixion; to feel of Him, to embrace Him, to take His hand, to kiss His feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering, to say:

"This is my Jesus! He gave Himself for me. I shall never leave His presence. I shall forever behold His glory. I shall eternally hear His voice. Lord Jesus, now see Thee! I behold where the blood started, where the tears coursed, where the face was distorted. I have waited for this hour. I shall never turn my back on Thee. No more looking through imperfect glasses. No more studying Thee in the darkness. But as long as this throne stands, and this everlasting river flows, and these arches of victory remain to greet home Heaven's conquerors, so long I shall see Thee. Jesus of my choice, Jesus of my song, Jesus of my triumph, forever and forever—face to face!"

The idea of my texts is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to some pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say: "What does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that all things work together for good. This does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and after awhile guess about what God means.

"He means to teach me this. I think He means to teach me that. Perhaps it is to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps to teach me the uncertainty of life." But, after all, it is only a guess—a looking through the glass, darkly.

The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

You will know why God took to Himself that only child. Next door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group, instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive to yours? Why did God give you a child at all, if He meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming, if He meant to dash it down? Why allow all the tendrils of your heart to wind around that object, and then, when every fiber of your own life seemed to be interlocked with the child's life, with strong hand to tear you apart, until you fall bleeding and crushed, your dwelling desolate, your hopes blasted, your heart broken? Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yes. He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two make four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right—all right.

"Just and true are all Thy ways Thou King of saints!" Here is a man who can not get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time and sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise, and fails; that business, and is disappointed. The next door to him has a lucrative trade; but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are sick, and the profits are expended in trying to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters. Others wait for some-

thing to turn up; he waits for it to turn down. Others, with only half as much education and character, get on twice as well. He sometimes guesses as to what it all means. He says:

"Perhaps riches would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipation." But there is no complete solution to the mystery. He sees through a glass darkly, and must wait for a higher unfolding. Will there be an explanation? Yes; God will take that man in the light of the throne and say: "Child, immortal, here the explanation! You remember the failing of that great enterprise. This is the explanation."

And you will answer: "It is all right!"

I see every day profound mysteries of Providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute and a world of pain and misfortune that demand more than human solution. Ah! God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as the jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind; and Lazarus that he was covered with sores; and Joseph that he was cast into the pit; and Daniel that he was denuded with lions; and Paul that he was humpbacked; and David that he was driven from Jerusalem; and the sewing woman that she could get only a few pence for making a garment; and that invalid that for twenty years he could not lift his head from the pillow; and that widow that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. You know that in a song different voices carry different parts. The sweet and overwhelming part of the hallelujah of Heaven will not be carried by those who rode in high places and give sumptuous entertainments, but pauper children will sing it, beggars will sing it, redeemed hod carriers will sing it, those who were once the offscouring of earth will sing it. The hallelujah will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes, and aching heads, and exhausted hands, and scourged backs, and martyred agonies.

Again: The thought of my text is true when applied to the enjoyment of the righteous in Heaven. I think we have but little idea of the number of the righteous in Heaven. Infidels say: "Your Heaven will be a very small place compared with the world of the lost; for, according to your teaching, the majority of men will be destroyed." I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. I suppose that the few sick people in the hospitals of our great cities, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of Heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in only the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this whole world is to be populated redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so, the multitudes of the saved will be in vast majority.

Take all the congregations that have assembled for worship throughout Christendom. Put them together, and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to Heaven in martyr fires; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffolds, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brick-yards and Gideon's threshing floor. Those thousands of years ago slept the last sleep, and these are this moment having their eyes closed, and their limbs stretched out for the sepulcher.

A General, expecting an attack from the enemy, stands on the hill and looks through a field-glass and sees in the great distance multitudes approaching, but has no idea of their numbers. He says: "I can not tell any thing about them. I merely know that there are a great number." And so John, without attempting to count, says: "A great multitude that no man can number." We are told that Heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water was dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help understand the joy of Heaven, the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the waters flow on with ceaseless wave. But the filth of the cities is emptied into it, and the banks are torn, and unhealthy exhalations spring up from it, and we fail to get an idea of the River of Life in Heaven.

We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of Heaven. We think of some festal day on earth, when father and mother were yet living, and the children come home. A good time, that! But it had this drawback—all were not there. That brother went off to sea, and never was heard from. That sister—did we not lay her away in the freshness of her young life, never more in this world to look upon her? Ah! there was a skeleton at our feast; and tears mingled with our laughter on that Christmas Day. It will not be so with Heaven's reunions. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christian parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he says, "can it be possible that we are all here—life's perils over, the Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal here. I almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! But grace hath triumphed. All here! All here! Tell

the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it in their song. Wave it from the top of the walls. All here!"

No more breaking of heart strings, but face to face. The orphans that were left poor, and in a merciless world, kicked and cuffed and in many hardships, shall join their parents over whose graves they so long wept, and gaze into their glorified countenance forever, face to face. We may come up from different parts of the world, one from the land and another from the depths of the sea; from lives affluent and prosperous, or from scenes of ragged distress; but we shall all meet in rapture and jubilee, face to face.

Many of our friends have entered upon that joy. A few days ago they sat with us studying these Gospel themes; but they only saw dimly—now revelation hath come. Your time will also come. God will not leave you floundering in the darkness. You stand wonderstruck and amazed. You feel as if all the loveliness of life were dashed out. You stand gazing into the open chasm of the grave. Wait a little. In the presence of your departed and of Him who carries them in His bosom, you shall soon stand face to face. Oh! that our last hour may kindle up with this promised joy! May we be able to say, like the Christian not long ago, departing: "Though a pilgrim walking through the valley, the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak," or, like my dear friend and brother, Alfred Cookman, who took his flight to the throne of God, saying in his last moment that which has already gone into Christian classics: "I am sweeping through the pearly gate, washed in the blood of the Lamb!"

## UNTIDINESS AND RUIN.

In Nine Cases Out of Ten They Go Hand in Hand.

Whether it is that untidiness leads to ruin or that a manufacturer who is losing money has not the moral stamina to keep things in trim, thrifty shape, is a hard matter to determine, but true it is that untidiness in the shop and office and ruin are such close friends that they are ordinarily seen together, and the sight of one suggests the other. We have often seen men of rare industry, judged by their hustling manner, who would spend much time each day looking for tools they had forgotten where they left, stumbling over piles of stray castings left under the lathe or piled on or under the bench, or pawing those castings over for a piece somewhere in this pile or that when it ought to be in a place by itself, going from tool to tool or bench to bench to find or borrow a drill or wrench or hammer or block, when there should be just one place to find the desired article. And when the articles are found he never thinks of returning them to their proper place. In fact there will be no "proper place" for tools in such a shop, and the next man who wants them will go on the same hunting expedition about the shop. Such a shop will always have black and dirty walls and ceiling, with windows splattered with dirt and decorated with cobwebs, notwithstanding that the light is so bad that careful work is rendered impossible or tedious of accomplishment, when a few cents' worth of lime and a brush would whiten the walls and ceiling and greatly improve the light, and so expedite and improve the work. Money and time are lost and ruin invited by a neglect of these things.

But the greatest loss experienced by this deplorable and needless state of things is the morale of the shop. Workmen compelled to work in a dingy, ill-kept and ill-lighted shop will suffer loss of ingenuity, loss of ambition, loss of self-respect and respect for their employer and his interests. If they are forced to work at disadvantage the stimulus to activity and ingenuity suffers a gradual decay, and no one will pretend to deny that this decadence on the part of the workman is not a direct money loss to the proprietor.

Tidy workshops stimulate manliness and ingenuity on the part of workmen, and right there may be found the profit on the year's business, or if neglected, the year's losses. There are plenty of establishments, East as well as West, which, by a careful attention to these matters, which they regard in fact as non-essential, could easily increase the efficiency of their workmen ten per cent., and that per cent. would determine the difference between a profit and a loss.—Age of Steel.

## Some Curious Hindoo Notions.

A curious light is thrown on the rural life of Bengal by the contents of a paper reprinted lately in the annual report of the Bombay Anthropological Society. From this paper we are told the following among other things: Shouting the name of the king of birds (Garuda) drives away snakes. Cholera that attacks on Monday or Saturday ends fatally, but not cholera that attacks on Thursday. The flowering of bamboos augurs famine. In fanning, if the fan strikes the body it should be thrice knocked against the ground. When giving alms the giver and receiver should not be standing on different sides of the threshold. If a snake is killed it should be burned, for it is a Brahman. At night the words "snake" and "tiger" should not be used; call them creepers and insects. Do not wake up a sleeping physician. A morning dream always comes to pass. Iron is a charm against ghosts. A black cat with a white face is very auspicious.

## Ornaments of Roman Women.

The favorite ornament of the Roman beauty was undoubtedly the bodkin, the pin long and pointed, widening at the top and carved with the figure of Fortuna or some other favorite goddess. It was occasionally arranged to contain poison and put to tragic uses, or answered the more ignoble purpose of a weapon to torture the slaves who assisted at the difficult function of the toilet. To prepare the hair and skillfully blend the false with the true, a variety of ivory and bone combs were employed, as well as the discerniculum, a pointed instrument to make a parting straight enough to satisfy the exacting object of all these attentions.—Domestic Monthly.

WHERE law ends, tyranny begins.—Earl of Chatham.