

WESTERN SKETCHES.

Jackson's First Wheel. The Jackson (Ky.) Hunter says: "The first bicycle ever in Jackson arrived by express last week. It is the property of one of the professors at the college. A big, strapping mountaineer from Leslie saw the wheel in the express office and said 'What's that air?' 'A bicycle,' answered a bystander, who went on to explain its uses. 'I lowd' mebbe it was a new-fangled contraption to measure saw logs with,' replied the citizen of Leslie. And just then Ben Wells fainted and fell over a pile of express matter."

He Didn't Yearn for Wealth. "But a man kin make money very fast in this town if he likes," remarked the Oklahoma man, in a casual sort of manner. "I suppose so," put in the stranger at once, with an earnestness that showed he was eager to be let into the secret of it.

"Yes," rejoined the other; "I saw a man here the other day make a thousand dollars almost at once, ye might say."

"Indeed?" "Fac, sir; he was a stranger, just like you—I don't know who he comes from or anythin' about him mo'n I know about you; but anyhow he comes here, sir, an' he gits in with some o' them that insurance agents over to the station yonder, an' gits his life insured to one't, d'ye see?"

"I see." "Yes, gits his life insured an' then, sir, out he comes and begins shoutin' his politics around right straight. Oh, he was business, he was, I tell ye! Well, sir, 'twarn't mo'n half an hour from the time that fellow landed at the station a poor man till the insurance company was writin' out a check for a thousand dollars for his widow. It was the sharpest thing I ever see. Denge if I ever see such a plan' did you?"

The stranger agreed most cordially that it was a sharp trick, indeed, but added as he rose to see when the next train would leave there that, unfortunately for him, he didn't have any politics at all, and that was more, he had no wife. "Besides," said he anxiously, "I'll—I'll tell you straight, I don't crave wealth at all just now."

He Ran Up Against a Dede. "Jest stow them traps fur me, Jake," requested One-Eyed Hank as he passed his personal arsenal over the bar, "I'll call fur 'em."

"Whater yer strippin' yerself fur, Hank? Sleek?" "Naw, tough as a mustang, but I ran up ag'in a new kind o' game. That's a tenderfoot dede down ter th' hotel spoutin' fur gold. Free silver's my long suit, so I sets 'em up all 'round so's ter git inter th' play. I puts in my bluff, but th' dede kin chin 'bout sixteen ter my one, an' I hain't 's good as a two spot on the showdown. I knows I'm trimmed, so I comes th' ole dudge, an' when he says I'm mistaken I claims he calls me a liar. Jest as I'm goin' ter open th' ball he yanks off his goggles, ketches me sidler th' hend an' knocks me th' whole length of th' joint. Afore I kin pull Red Mike gits th' drop on me an' says I can't shoot no man what hain't armed, but ef I war lookin' fur a rough-an'-tumble he'd referce th' debate. Gimme 'bout four inches o' sarpint juice an' I'm goin' back to continue th' argument, fur they hain't no man kin beat me in a free-fur-all."

Half an hour later Hank returned, looking as though he had been fattened with an ice-pick and so limp that a man at each arm was necessary.

"Did you do him, Hank?" asked Jake, with a look of wonder at the toughest man in the diggings. "Never touched him. Couldn't git aigh him. Thought he war a mark, but he knocked me down faster'n I could count. Every time th' dede hit me I wished it war a mule kickin' me, or jest a ordinary man thumpin' me with a club. I'm suthin' of a all-'round 'drapper, but that ther cuss kin whip all the fellers like me you can load on a freight-train goun' down grade. He licked me squar', Jake, an' I want yer ter give it out straight ter th' boys that I'm a goldbug."

Music in Boomtown. From the Boomtown Boomerang: The musical and literary evening given by the Sageville orchestra, with lady soloists, in the hall over Bud Hickey's saloon last eve, may well be called a howling success, each number being greeted with loud howls for more from the audience. It is many a day since we have heard so much music ripped out of a fiddle as Prof. Orlando P. C. Pugsley ripped out of his fiddle last night, and his accomplished and good-looking lady wife pounded some of the sweetest melody out of the piano that we ever heard pounded out of any piano. She just made it get up and a up, and in the duet for two persons that they played together it was a tip and tuck when it came to jerking a sweetest music out of the two instruments. Such dash, smash, crash, bang 'wete ain't heard every day in these parts. Then there wasn't anything slow about the accordion and flute duet, by the professor's two daughters. Every foot in the house was keeping time before the young ladies had played three minutes and some of the limber-legged young folks even got up and waltzed up and down the aisles. But when the whole orchestra of nine pieces got in to work the audience went wild, and if anyone thinks Boomtown ain't cultivated up to appreciating good music they'd just ought to have been in Hickey's hall last night when that orchestra jerked out "Sally and the Ham-Pat

Man." Talk about your Boston Symphony orchestra and Boston being the musical center of the country, 't's all hogwash! There's no such musical "center" in the mere inch here in Boomtown as in any town in America, and with scarce to lick the man who says it ain't so. And when it comes to vocal singing, Miss Sadie May Waxp, who sang "The Gypsy's Warning" last night, knocked the socks clean off a woman named Nordica we heard sing back east last winter. It ain't often a bandstop concert company strikes Boomtown, but it gets appreciated when it does come.

Fishing Under Difficulties. Desolation lake, in the Greenhorn range, according to the Puyallup (Wash.) Comarver, is a wild and romantic region in the heart of the Blue mountains of eastern Oregon. John Roberts went in there this season with a hunting and fishing party. He went out on a log early one morning to fish, while his comrades went up the mountain on a hunt. On their return, when they arrived at the snag where they left Roberts they were astonished to find him in the water, up to his chin, holding on to a root, while thousands of big black hornets were circling about his head. The party rowed to the shore and, securing a long pole, on the butt end of which a hook was made, a lot of dry moss was gathered and fastened to the end of another pole, and the rescuers then returned to the snag, taking the precaution to button up their coats, tie handkerchiefs over their faces and pull their hats down over their ears. When they neared the snag the moss was set on fire and pushed ahead on the drift. This drew the attack of the hornets, which rushed into the smoke. One man fastened the hook into the clothing of Roberts, and the men at the oars soon pulled them away to a safe distance, when Roberts was dragged on board more dead than alive.

Roberts explained that he began fishing and caught a number of trout, but when the sun was up an hour and it began to get warm, hornets by the thousands began to issue from a cavity in the roots of the snag, and at once attacked him. He slid into the water, but, of course, could not keep his head under, and his head and face had been stung till he was nearly dead, his head swelling to twice its natural size. The stings on the back of the neck, at the base of the skull, seemed to have affected his spinal cord and to have completely paralyzed him. It took five days to pack him on a litter to Heppner, where the physician was inclined to think he would remain a paralytic during the remainder of his life, which will probably be of short duration.

Steel Diamonds. Within a year or two the French chemist, Monsieur Moissan, has succeeded in making minute diamonds by saturating melted iron with carbon and then cooling the iron under strong pressure. The carbon crystallizes into the form of diamonds as the metal cools. This experiment has been repeated many times. Recently it occurred to Monsieur Rassel that there must be diamonds in very hard steel, which is produced in a manner similar to the process of Monsieur Moissan. Accordingly he examined many specimens of such steel and discovered that in fact it does contain microscopic diamonds, mere specks in size, but presenting the characteristic forms and properties of natural diamonds. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris Monsieur Rassel exhibited magnified photographs of several of these minute gems taken from bits of steel.

DRAMATIC DRIFT. Charles Hoyt is to write an Irish play. Nellie Reed will be in E. J. Henley's supporting company this season. "My Friend from India" is one of the successes in New York city this season.

"Adrienne's Folks" is the title which has been given a play lately completed by H. P. Bigelow. "The Power of the Car" is the title of a new play by Lorimer Johnstone and B. L. O'Connor.

Mrs. Langtry is going on a tour of England and will give recitations and dialogues in concert halls. Minnie Maddern Fiske's tour began Nov. 23. She will spend the first weeks of her season in the South.

"Odd Mrs. Fend" is the title of a new play which Nell Burgess will appear in this season. Alice E. Ives is the author.

Bernard Shaw, the English critic and play-writer, has lately completed a play that bears the title, "You Never Can Tell."

Fanny Davenport is to appear this season in "La Tosca," "Cleopatra," "Gismonda," and, in Boston only, "Fedora."

Nathaniel Hartwig, who for the past two seasons has been with Marie Wainwright, is to be Olga Nethersole's leading man this season.

It is reported that Modjeska contemplates organizing an "all-star" company for the purpose of producing a Shakespeare comedy.

"The Fishing Cup" is the title of a play lately finished by Elwyn Barron and Wilson Barrett. Charles Hawtry is to produce it in London.

Augustus Thomas is at work rearranging Boucicault's "The Long Strike." Charles Frohman will bring it out some time this winter.

Fanny Davenport expressed the opinion recently that "Sarah Bernhard" is too good an actress to write a play. The latter has recently completed a play.

SETTING THE RIVER ON FIRE.

Origin of This Popular and Expressive Phrase.

Sometimes when a person wants to make an unpleasant remark in a pleasant sort of way about a dull boy he will say: "That boy will never set the river on fire." That boy, St. Nicholas. Now, that is all very true, for even the smartest man in the world could never set a stream of water on fire, and so perhaps many of you who have heard this expression have wondered what is meant by setting the river on fire. In England, many, many years ago, before the millers had machinery for sifting flour, each family was obliged to sift its own flour. For doing this it was necessary to use a sieve, called a temse, which was so fixed that it could be turned round and round in the top of a barrel. If it was turned too fast the friction would sometimes cause it to catch fire, and as it was only the smart, hard-working boys who could make it go so fast that people got into the way of pointing out a lazy boy by saying that he would never set the temse on fire. After awhile these sieves went out of use, but as there were still plenty of stupid boys in the world people kept on saying that they would never set the temse on fire. Now, the name of the river Thames is pronounced exactly like the word "temse," and so, after many years, those persons who had never seen or heard of the old-fashioned sieve thought that "setting the temse on fire" meant setting the river Thames on fire. This expression became very popular and traveled far and wide, until the people living near other streams did not see why it was any harder for a slothful boy to set the Thames on fire than any other river, and so the name of the river was dropped and everybody after that simply said "the river," meaning the river of his particular city or town. And that is how it is people today tell of setting the river on fire.

EARLY MINING LAWS. In Former Years the Gold Diggers Were Public Property.

The earliest mining laws were enacted not by congress, but by the miners themselves in the mining districts," writes ex-President Harrison in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It is a curious fact that from 1849 to 1866, the period of the greatest development in the mining of gold, there was no law of the United States regulating the subject. The prospectors roamed over the public lands, located placer or quartz mines and took out a fabulous store of wealth. A policy to reserve mineral lands from sale under the general land laws prevailed for many years and had been expressed in suitable laws, but no provision had been made for the sale of such lands. In the land grants to the Pacific railroad companies it was provided that mineral lands should not pass under the grants. The river beds, gulches and mountain sides were prospected by men who carried picks and basins in their hands and a brace of pistols in their belts. They were as free as the wind and gold and among them were many desperate men, but they had the Anglo-Saxon's instincts for organizing civil institutions and his love for fair play. There were no mining laws and in many places none of any sort. They met the emergency by a public meeting, which resolved itself into a legislative body with full powers to make a code that did not cover a wide field, but covered their case. The limits of a claim and the distribution of the water supply were prescribed and established and every man became a warrantor of every other man's title. These camp legislators had this advantage of congress and of other legislative bodies that I know of—they had a good practical knowledge of the subjects they dealt with.

They Do Not Throw Their Quits. The spines of the porcupine are very loosely attached to the body and they are very sharp—as sharp as a needle at the outer end. At almost the slightest touch they penetrate the nose of a dog or the clothing or flesh of a person touching the porcupine, and they stick there, coming away from the animal without any pull required. The facility in catching hold with one end and letting go with the other has sometimes caused people to think that the spines had been thrown at them. The outer end of the spines, for some distance down, is covered with small barbs. These barbs cause a spine once imbedded in a living animal to keep working further in with every movement of the muscles, so that it is not a pleasant thing to get stuck full of them.—Portland Oregonian.

Aluminum for War Materials. After an exhaustive series of tests, the minister of war in France has decided that aluminum is the best material for army utensils. All the camp equipments in the French army will be replaced by those made of aluminum. The cost will be enormous, and the change would use up all the aluminum in sight were it made at once. For this reason the new material will be used in the equipment of only two army corps at first. Gradually one corps after another will be supplied, until the whole army will be equipped. Aluminum equipments were used in the Madagascar campaign, and stood the test splendidly. Besides being very light, they showed no signs of wear, and are easily cleaned.

Newsman Knew Some. James Newsum, of Evansville, Ind., is the defendant for the seventh time in a divorce case, and has survived twelve other wives, making a total of seventeen. The latest Mrs. Newsum knew the record of her husband, but declares he was so fascinating she couldn't refuse him.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Coconut Crab.

The coconut crab is one of the oddest specimens of the wood-eating family. He lives in the South Islands, and makes a diet of coconuts. This species has a pair of front legs furnished with a strong pair of pincers, and it is with these that he hooks the nuts and breaks through the weakest portion of the shell. The crab begins by tearing the husk, then by fiber, and always at the end where the eye-holes of the nut are situated, that being the weakest place in the shell. When the husk has been removed the crab commences hammering the shell with his heavy claws, and soon makes an opening, through which he extracts the meat of the nut. Mr. Darwin, writing of this crab says: "I think this is as curious a case of instinct as I ever heard of, especially in structures so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a coconut and a crab."

A Scientific Dragon-Fly. Most of the inventions of man have their counterpart in nature. The swan is the model of the stately ship, deep sea fish are found to carry with them incandescent lamps to light them on their way, and instances may be multiplied indefinitely. And now comes a species of dragon fly which used the twin screw as a propeller long before Fulton thought of the steamship. This is not an imaginary creature, as some might suppose. It is, however, one of the most extraordinary creatures in the world, and the only one of its kind. Its owner, a former governor of Portland prison, was a keen collector of all sorts of beetles and winged insects. Once during his wanderings in Brazil he chanced upon what seemed to him a dragon fly of unusual shape. Catching it in his net he found to his astonishment that in addition to its wings it had twin archimedean screws, one on each side of its long body, which revolved in the same manner as a ship's screw. On his return to England he was offered \$1,500 for it by the authorities of the British museum. Being a man of wealth he declined the offer and made it the center ornament of a beautiful collection of tropical insects. Unfortunately, in capturing it two of the blades were broken off one of the screws; otherwise it was in perfect preservation.

The Flying Frog. Invertebrate creatures able to fly without wings are extremely rare. Vertebrates which can fly are, on the other hand, numerous. They may be divided into five classes: Fish, batrachians, reptiles, birds and mammals. Among the batrachians the flyers are represented by the Reinwardts' rha-cophorus. It is a strange looking frog, or rather green frog, for the feet are immense. Spread out they cover a larger area than the whole of the rest of the body. Thanks to this parachute-like attachment the rha-cophorus can flit from branch to branch and pounce without difficulty on the small insects which form his food. It is a pretty little beast, bright green on the back and orange colored underneath, dotted with black or blue spots. There is something curious in watching the different ways nature takes with various creatures to achieve a similar end. To enable crustaceans, fish and frogs to support themselves in the air she has simply extended each one's means of locomotion. With reptiles she proceeds differently in taking the skin from the flanks and extending it by means of false ribs umbrellalike. An example of this kind is found in the flying dragon of the Malayan archipelago. In repose the dragon sits quietly on a branch, but as soon as he sees an insect he flings himself at it and rarely misses his mark. Thanks to the spreading flanks of his skin the air upholds him, he alights gently on a low branch and is ready to renew the chase indefinitely. In prehistoric days flying reptiles were very numerous. It is only necessary to mention the dragon and the Pterozoeic Iomaccephalum, and in geological times the gigantic flying Onorhossaurus, which has completely disappeared off the face of the earth.

Remarkable Pigs. When the pig is not only a domestic animal, but a family friend, as he appears to be in the Marquesas Islands, he develops unsuspected cleverness. "In the South Seas," one of Robert Louis Stevenson's last books, gives many instances by way of proof. "Many islanders live with their pigs as we do with our dogs," Mr. Stevenson observed; "both crowd around the hearth with equal freedom, and the island pig is a fellow of activity, enterprise and sense. He hushes his own coconuts and—I am told—rolls them into the sun to burst; he is the terror of the shepherd, Mrs. Stevenson, senior, has seen a pig fleeing to the woods with a lamb in his mouth; and I saw another come rapidly—and erroneously—to the conclusion that the case was going down, and swim through the flush water to the rail in search of an escape. It was told us in childhood that pigs cannot swim; I have known one to leap overboard, swim five hundred yards to shore, and return to the house of his original owner. I was once, at Tautira, a pigmaster on a considerable scale. At first, in my pen, the utmost good feeling prevailed. A little sow with a bellyache came and appealed to us for help in the manner of a child; and there was one shabby black boar, whom we called 'athobicus,' for he was a particular present from the Catholics of the village, and who early displayed the marks of courage and friendliness. No other animal, whether dog or pig, was suffered to approach him at his food.

and for human beings he showed a full measure of that toothy fondness, so common in the lower animals, and possibly their chief title to the name. One day, on visiting my pigsty, I was amazed to see Catholics draw back from my approach with cries of terror; and if I was amazed at the change, I was truly embarrassed when I learned the reason. One of the pigs had that morning been killed. Catholics had seen the murder, he had discovered he was dwelling in the stables, and from that time his confidence and his delight in life were ended. We still reserved him a long while, but he could not endure the sight of any two-legged creature, nor could we, under the circumstances, encounter his eye without confusion."

BREAD STORIES. The Breton Peasant Believes in the Power of Crumbs.

It is supposable that bread, homemade or baker's, being free from adulterations, would be a singularly simple and honest substance and therefore have no power in regard to the evil eye, but it seems that it has, says the New York Times. Nothing can be more beautiful than the act of the Breton peasant who, before cutting his loaf, makes the sign of the cross on it. If he stopped there, expressing his thankfulness for food, that would be well, but superstition carries him much farther. If a child is born to him, a crumb of that bread, especially if it be rye bread, is put into the infant's sleeve and then the chances of the baby's having the colic are diminished. If a cow shows signs of sickness or a horse is lame a crumb of the bread is supposed to benefit the animal. In Bavaria, when you go into the woods, especially that portion infested by spirits, only put a crust of bread in your mouth and no ghost, spirit or witch can trouble you. Somehow many retain an idea of the peculiar sanctity of bread. For instance, it is all right to leave a bit of meat on your plate, but it is wicked to leave a piece of bread. Very good fathers and mothers inculcate that idea and little children believe then that there is something particularly sacred about bread which a potato does not possess, and this is sheer nonsense. All waste is to be avoided, but there is no more special goodness in bread than there is in a sausage.

POLAR MISERIES. One Explorer Suffers from Thirst and Another from Cold.

The arctic explorers complain of different causes of misery which they encounter in the far north, says the New York Journal. Dr. Nansen says the thirst, induced by the terribly irksome labor of sledge-hauling, gave him most trouble. Though the polar world is covered with frozen water there is none for drinking purposes save that which is thawed and on the march it is almost impossible to get this without halting to thaw it. Other explorers complain of the effects of the wind and the sun. It is well known that a very low degree of cold can be borne without discomfort so long as the air is still, but the moment it gets in motion it strikes the skin like the blast of a furnace. Its effects have often been described as precisely similar to those of a burn. The sun, when it is visible, is hot and peels and blisters the skin. But perhaps after all the greatest evil and misery which confronts the polar explorer spring from the fearful depression, mental and physical, of the long nights of two and three thousand hours of gloom and semi-darkness. Under its influence men seem to suffer like plants deprived of sunlight. A week or so will often completely change their characters and the enforced idleness, universal gloom and bitter cold combined reduce life to its lowest terms and make it so miserable that many have found refuge from it in insanity or suicide.

PERSONALS. President Faure, in his shooting license for last year, was described as "getting gray."

Consuela, duchess of Marlborough, is loved by all the tenants on her husband's estates.

Postmaster General Wilson will try the rural free delivery at his home, Charlestown, W. Va.

Prof. Morris, of the university of Melbourne, is preparing a dictionary of Australian English.

The emperor of Germany stands twenty-first in the direct line of succession to the British throne.

A granite block has been erected to the memory of Prof. Huxley on the southern shore of the Lake of St. Illa.

Sylvanus Dodge Locke, who has just died at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., was the inventor of the first grain binding machine.

Johan Strauss is working on a new operetta on the text by William Buchbinder. The work will be finished at the end of next year.

Prof. Villard, of the Paris Ecole Normale, has at last succeeded in combining argon and water. It required a pressure of 200 atmospheres to do it.

Ellen Gulbranson and Fritz Friedrichs, two of the new singers who made a sensation at Bayreuth this season, have been engaged by the Royal Opera.

The Gackwar of Baroda possesses the most costly sword in the world. The hilt is so set with precious stones that the weapon is worth at least \$220,500.

Dr. Max Wilf, of Heidelberg, has discovered five new asteroids on photographs of the heavens. This brings the number of minor planets up to 423.

William Thompson, C. E., of London, received the idea of pneumatic tires from the pneumatic sprague which were proposed for carriages in 1815.

NELSON'S FAMOUS SIGNAL.

"England Expects Every Man to Do His Duty."

At the United Services Institute, Whitehall, at which Nelson's coat, worn with Trafalgar and Nelson are to be exhibited, there is a time-stained document, framed, and hung on the western wall, from which it appears that the famous signal "England expects every man to do his duty," was not whiffly Nelson's, says St. James' Gazette. Lieut. Pasco, who was responsible for the signaling on the admiral's ship, makes the following statement: "His lordship came to me on the poop and, after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon, said: 'Mr. Pasco, I want to say to the fleet: "England confides that every man will do his duty."' He added: 'You must be quick, for I have one more to add, which is for close action.' I replied: 'If your lordship will permit me to substitute "expects" for "confides" the signal will soon be completed, because the word "expects" is in the vocabulary and "confides" must be spelt.' His lordship replied in haste and in seeming satisfaction: 'That will do, Pasco; make it directly.' As the last hoist was handed down Nelson turned to Capt. Blackwood, who was standing by him, with: 'Now I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.' When Lord Nelson's message had been answered by a few ships in the van he ordered me to make signal for close action and keep it up. Accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the topgallant musthead and there it remained until shot away." Such, then, is the duly sworn and attested statement of Nelson's flag lieutenant which he gave to Col. Baylis, Q. C., who presented it to the museum.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE. Part Played by Carbonic Acid, Water and Ammonia.

What do we know of life? Carbonic acid, water and ammonia, when taken into a plant, produce in some way protoplasm, which is a substance composed of minute corpuscles, and inside each corpuscle there is a smaller body called a nucleus, says London Truth. By taking in carbonic acid, water and ammonia and converting them into this compound, called protein, the plant maintains its vigor, grows and multiplies. The animal does the same by taking in the same compound, with this difference—that, whereas the plant can manufacture protoplasm out of inorganic matter, the animal is obliged to procure it ready made from the plants. The same nucleated mass of protoplasm that is the unit of plant life is the unit of animal life. The body and the plant are multiples of such units, variously modified, but in their composition identical. When the animal dies the carbonic acid, the water and the ammonia of his body are restored to the collective stock. Again they are taken into new plants and through new plants into new animals. Thus protoplasm is the basis of all life. It is built up of ordinary matter and it is resolved again into ordinary matter. Plants can make protoplasm out of its component parts; animals can convert lifeless into living protoplasm. This is the only difference between a man and a plant as regards their making. How all this is done we have not the remotest notion. All that we know is that it is done. Remove the carbon, the oxygen, the hydrogen and the nitrogen, which form carbonic acid, water and ammonia, from the globe, and all vitality, whether animal or vegetable, would disappear from it. When brought together under certain conditions they give rise to protoplasm, and this protoplasm produces all the phenomena of life.

A Student's Joke. J. E. Dodson, the actor, is an Englishman. "When I was at school at Harrow," he said to a reporter, "Campanini, then in the height of his fame as a tenor, sang for the first time in the city in Italian opera. If I mistake not, it was Trovatore. At the end of Campanini's great aria in the third act there was a storm of applause. All the front seats in the balcony were occupied by students, and it was noticed that an almost invisible wire was strung from the middle point in the gallery horse-shoe to the top of the prompter's box at the middle of the stage. What caused most people to notice the wire was the sudden appearance on it of a floral car of huge dimensions, over which hovered on spirals several stuffed doves. The car rode gradually down along the wire until it was in full view of everybody. Campanini's face was wreathed in smiles. He bowed now with his right, and again with his left hand on his chest. As the car approached the prompter's box the singer moved forward to remove it from its trolley. Then there was the keen zest of the occasion. Not only was there one wire, there were two. The second was attached to the car, and also to the hand of a particularly stalwart undergraduate. With marvelous rapidity the car shot back to the balcony. The smiles, I may add, did not tarry on Campanini's face."—Boston Transcript.

Two-Thirds Rule. James—"What is the two-thirds rule?" Samuel—"At my house it means the rule of my wife and boy. And it goes."—Indianapolis Journal.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fall as they do now.—Charles Kingsley.