MUST FACE DANGERS.

THUS OUR SOULS GROW AND OUR MISSIONS ARE FULFILLED.

Reflections on the Uselessness of Shallow Water Explorers-Where Should the Blame Rest For Many Failures?—The Rensibility of Paternity.

What would be thought of a ship that was launched from its docks with flourish of music and flowing wine, built to sail the roughest and deepest sea, yet manned for an unending cruise along shore? Never leaving harbor for dread of storm. Never swinging out of the land girt bay because, over the bar, the waters were deep and rough. You would say of such a ship that its captain was a coward and the company that built it were fools.

And yet these souls of ours were fashioned for bottomless soundings. There is no created thing that draws as deep as the soul of man; our life lies straight across the ocean and not along shore, but we are afraid to venture; we hang upon the coast and explore shallow lagoons or swing at anchor in idle bays. Some of us strike the keel into riches and cruise about therein, like men-of-war in a narrow river. Some of us are contented all our days to ride at anchor in the becalmed waters of selfish ease. There are guns at every port-hole of the ship we sail, but we use them for pegs to hang clothes upon or p:geonholes to stack full of idle hours. We shall never smell powder, although the magazine is stocked with holy wrath wherewith to fight the devil and his deeds. When I see a man strolling along at his ease, while under his very nose some brute is maltreating a horse, or some coward venting his ignoble wrath upon a creature more helpless than he, whether it be a child or a dog, I involun-tarily think of a double decked whaler content to fish for minnows. Their uselessness in the world is more apparent than the uselessness of a Cunarder in a park pond.

What did God give you muscle and girth and brain for if not to launch you on the high seas? Up and away with you then into the deep soundings where you belong, O belittled soul! Find the work to do for which you were fit-ted and do it, or else run yourself on the first convenient snag and founder.

Some great writer has said that we ought to begin life as at the source of a river, growing deeper every league to the sea, whereas, in fact, thousands enter the river at its mouth and sail inland, finding less and less water every day, until in old age they lie shrunk and gasping upon dry ground.

But there are more who do not sail at all than there are of those who make the mistake of sailing up stream. There are the women who devote their lives to the petty business of pleasing worthless men. What progress do they make even inland? With sails set and brassy stanchions pelished to the similitude of gold, they hover a lifetime chained to a dock and decay of their own uselessness at last, like keels that are mud slugged. It is not the most profitable thing in the world to please. Suppose it shall please the inmates of a bedlam house to see you set fire to your clothing and burn to death, or break your bones one by one upon a rack, or otherwise lunatics might be entertained. Would it pay to be pleasing to such an audience at such a sacrifice? We were put into this world with a clean way bill for another port than this. Across the ocean of life our way lies, straight to the harbor of the city of gold. We are freighted with a consignment from roomage hold to keep which is bound to be delivered sooner or later at the great Master's wharf. Let us be alert, then, to recognize the seriousness of our own destinies and content ourselves no longer with shallow soundings. Spread the sails, weigh the anchor and point the prow for the country that lies the other side of a deep and restless sea. Sooner or later the voyage must be made; let us make it, then, while the timber is stanch and the rudder true.

When you look at a picture and find it good or bad, as the case may be, whom do you praise or blame, the owner of the picture or the artist who painted it? When you hear a strain of music and are either lifted to heaven or cast into the other place by its harmonies or its discord, whom do you thank or curse for the benefaction or the infliction, whichever it may have proved to be, the man who wrote the score or the music dealer who sold it? You go to a restaurant and order spring chicken which turns out to be the primeval fowl. Who is to blame, the waiter who serves it or the business man of the concern who does the marketing? And so when you encounter the bad boy, whom do you hold responsible for his badness, the boy himself or the mother who trained him? I declare, as I look about me from day to day and see the men and women who play so poor a part in life, it is not the poverty of their per-formance that astonishes me so much as the fact that it is as good as it is.

With the parents that many boys and girls have and the training they receive I am perfectly amazed that they ever attain to even half way respectability. Did you ever stop to think, I wonder, what an awful responsibility is laid upon you with every child given to your home? If you appreciate the risk and take the responsibility I shouldn't think you would find much time for other callings. A man who is drawing up the plans for a new house attends to his business closely and doesn't go of on many picnics or sail over seas in pursuit of pleasure while his plans are ending. A man who has entered a young horse for the Derby spends most of his time training the colt. He doesn't losf about town or read novels or lie abed late; he is alert and on hand if he ots to win the race. Carele d indifference never brought a win-ng horse under the wire yet.—Amber

CURIOUS CHINESE CUSTOMS.

A Bride's Salutation to Her Husband Elect

A Chinese paper describes some amus-ing marriage customs. In a small mountain village between Kaga and Etchu the bride comes to the bridegroom's gate and bawls out to him, "Hello, brother! I've come."

To which the other replies, "Glad you've come." The bride then appeals to him, 'You'll never forsake me?'

And the bridegroom answers her, We'll earn our living together.'

With these assurances the bride comes into the house, followed by a long procession of well wishers, old and young. Cheap, muddy sake is distributed to

them, and they commence dancing and are not content until the floor gives way. when they clap their hands, crying, "How auspicious!" and take their

At Kurita, in Echizen, the betrothal takes place when the parties are 8 or 9. The boy's parents and a deputation, numbering from five to fifteen, proceed to the girl's family, who, anticipating their coming, spread mats before the houses and await them. After the usual salutation the deputation present as a betrothal present pieces of hand woven cloth for cushions and at the same time praises the girl's family, who return the compliment with interest. Here the ceremony ends, and the deputation

take their departure.
When the boy is 15 or thereabouts, he goes to stay with his betrothed's family and works like a menial at the house for a year, after which he is sent home in fine apparel. Soon after the girl comes to her lover's house, accompanied with rustic music and songs. The noise and bustle are as great as on the festival day of the tutelary god.

When the girl comes to the house, cushions made of the cloth given by her parents are piled one upon another for her to sit upon. On these cushions the thrice repeated exchange of the triple wine cups, the most important ceremony at a wedding, takes place.

Stringing Pictures.

The one thing that is unforgivable in picture hanging is to string them along the walls in a line. Their loneliness is pitiable. Next to that crime is the one of arranging exactly symmetrical groups, suggestive of nothing so much as a lesson in geometry. Group pic-tures, group them gracefully, but don't, when one has succeeded in making a graceful bunch on one side of the fireplace, reproduce it exactly on the other

According to one who speaks with the emphasis of authority, delicately framed water colors are the only proper things for the drawing room, magnificent oils for the library and hall, and etchings and engravings for the dining room. Meantime those who do as they please will continue to hang their etchings, water colors and oils exactly where they will gain most pleasure from them, taking care only not to place side by

side ridiculously inharmonious things. The smaller the picture, or the more full of detail, the nearer the level of the eye it should hang. Sometimes two parallel wires are brought straight up to separate hooks on the picture molding, but generally the old fashioned angle of wire is made. Gold and silver wires are generally used, but it is said that small steel and iron chains are to be used this winter for hanging dark framed engravings and etchings. Some of the daintier pictures, instead of being hung from the moldings, have wires stretched tightly across the back and are caught invisibly on small screws.-New York Journal.

A Servant's Instructions.

The following rules of conduct for servants are said to be found in a Liverpool household:

Servants who have the good fortune to reside in my house must co-operate with the following rules: They must be up punctually at 6.

Have all meals punctually to time. Must be clean and tidy in their persons, and at their work must not be spoken to.

Must not speak at the doors to any of the tradespeople. Must not sing.

Must not wear heavy boots. Must close doors quietly.

Must stand meekly while being reproved.

Must not answer back. Must be obliging and cheerful. Must be willing to stay in any Sunday or day out when required, and when asked to do anything to do it quickly and well and show no impatience or ill

temper, as Mr. —— hates that. Must put up with fault finding and complaining whenever Mr. to fault find or complain.

Mr. -- likes to be called at 7. Takes tea at 20 past 7, towel at 20 to 8 and breakfast at 8 prompt, and will not wait a minute, and no nonsense. By order, Mr. -

-London Million.

Fact and Fiction. Burglars recently broke into a jewelry store in New York and stole among other things a gold snuffbox that once belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain. The newspapers seriously announced that the snuffbox was given to Queen sabella by King Ferdinand in 1462. The longer we live the more we unlearn. We imagined that tobacco had something to do with snuff, and, as schoolboys were taught, that tobacco was not mown in Europe till many years after Ferdinand presented this snuffbox to sis queen.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Pleasant Position. Gazzam-What made you lend Bilker dollar? You'll never get it back. Harduppe—No, but it puts me in a position I've been trying for years to

"I'm somebody's creditor now!"— Boston Traveller.

A MOUTH CURVED UP AT CORNERS.

The world is not so bad a place
As the growling cynic paints it,
And life in the main is fair and sweet
Till selfishness mars and taints it,
So don't belong to the pessimist crew
And don't be one of the scorners,
Don't go about with a clouded brow
And a mouth drawn down at the corners

Though fortune seemeth to frown on you.

Be never you disconcerted.

If you put your mouth into rainbow shape,
Pray let the bow be inverted.

Though you be slighted by fortune's pets,
Though you be scorned by the scorners,
Still keep a heart that is brave and strong And a mouth curved up at the corners.

Don't look on life through a smoky glass. Don't look on life through a smoky glass.
The world is much as you take it.
Twill yield you back a gleam of light
Or a glow of warmth if you make it.
However fortune may seem to frown,
However may scorn the scorners,
Still face your fate with a fearless eye
And a mouth curved up at the corners.
—Martha S. White in Good Housekeeping.

The Way They Do It. A little man with a sad face, a thin suit of clothes, a skullcap and a weak voice stood near the east end of the Madison street bridge holding out a bundle of shoestrings toward the passersby. A policeman came along-one of the large, two breasted kind.

"Got a license?" he asked. The man with the shoestrings unbuttoned his coat with the left hand and showed the badge, which was attached to his vest. In the meantime he looked up at the policeman. His expression was one of mingled awe, fear and apprehen-

"Give me a pair," said the policeman, pulling out two strings from the bundle.

"Yes, sir," said the peddler. "Better make it two," said the man who represented the dignity and majesty of the law.

"All right, sir," said the shoestring man, his voice weaker than ever. The policeman relled up the four strings, buried them in his pocket and

went on. "Did he pay you?" asked a man who was standing in a doorway.

"Him Pay?" said the man with the shoestrings. "Dat copper pay for his shoestrings? I guess not. What makes me sore is that he don't belong on this beat at all. I never saw him before." "Why didn't you make him pay

"What's the use? He would have tipped me off to some other cop, and I'd got the run. If they want anything, you've got to give it to them, that's all there is about it."-Chicago Record.

Sounds Like Boston.

"Hortensia," said her father, "will you have some taters?'

"If you refer to the farinaceous tubers which pertain of the Solanum tuberosum and which are commonly known as potatoes," replied the sweet girl, "I should be pleased to be helped to a modicum of the same. But taters. taters! I'm quite sure, papa, that they are something of which I never before had the pleasure of hearing."

The old man pounded on the table un

til the pepper caster lay down for a rest and then remarked in a voice of icy coldness, "Hortensia, will you have some taters?"

"Yes, dad, I will."

Is our boasted high school system a failure, or is it not?-London Tit-Bits.

was born in the garden of Eden and had its nest in a great red rose-the first rose that ever bloomed. When the angel drove Adam and Eve out of paradise, a spark of fire fell from the angel's fiery sword and burned up the phenix and his nest. Out of the ashes sprang a glorious bird, which also lived 500 years before mysteriously burning itself, at every recurrence of which a new phenix is said to arise. - New York Journal.

Stopped the Weddings.

Saxon girls 1,000 years ago always wore a gold crown during the marriage ceremony, this article being kept in the church and a fee being paid the priest for its use by the brides of the parish. In the year 927 the Danes raided the south of England and stole 100 church crowns, and there was no marrying in the afflicted villages for nearly six months until new crown could be made. -Yankee Blade.

A Reminder.

New Father-in-law-Well, sir, the ceremony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find burglars in the house? Bridegroom-I should tell them that

my father-in-law forgot to give my wife wedding dowry, and they'd go away. -London Punch.

The kings of Sardinia formerly described themselves as "By the grace of God, king of Sardinia, of France, Spain and England, of Italy and Jerusalem, of Greece and Alexandria, of Hamburg and Sicily, ruler of the Midway sea, master of the deep, king of the earth, protector of the Holy Land."

Court life in Stockholm is reduced to the simplest proportions. Each of the young princes is devoted to some special study, and both the king and queen have always striven to be their children's chief friends and confidants.

Old authorities taught that a peer, if he wasted his property so as to be unable to support the dignity, could be degraded by the king. It is now held that degradation can be effected only by vote of his peers.

The oldest ruins in the world are probably the rock cut temples of Ipsambul, or Abon Samboul, in Nubia. on the left bank of the Nile. They are over 4,000 years old.

All Catholic princes give the pope the title of holy father or venerable fathe. In replying he calls them "my dearest."

JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

A FAMOUS CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE GRAPHICALLY RELATED.

When the Besieged Had Lost All Hope the Scotchwoman Heard the Slogan Which Announced That the Highlanders Were Coming to the Rescue.

In conversation between a distinguished judge of this state and an editor the article of Mark Twain's on telepathy casually came into talk. Many cases were cited, and the judge alluded to the remarkable story of Jessie Brown. It will be new to many, and it is given herewith as it appeared in a letter to the London Times, the letter being written by a lady who was the wife of an officer

"On every side death stared us in the face. No human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpur. We were resolved rather to die than to yield and were fully persuaded that in 24 hours all would be over. The engineer had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other and to perform the light duties which were assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. "I had gone out to try to make myself

useful in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege and had fallen away visibly during the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awake her when, as she said, her 'father should return

from the plowing.'
"She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap.

"I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear. My companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of

"A look of intense delight broke over her countenance. She grasped my hand, drew me toward her and exclaimed: 'Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Aye, I'm no dreaming! It's the slogan o' the highlanders! We're saved! We're saved!' Then flinging herself on her knees she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered.

"My English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men: 'Courage! Courage! Hark to the slogan—the Macgregor, the grandest of them all! Here's help at

"To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. The First Phenix. Gradually, however, there arose a mur-Legend tells us that the first phenix mur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard only the roar of the musketry.

"A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: 'Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed, but the Campbells are coming. D'ye hear? D'ye hear?'

"At that moment all seemed, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

"Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All by one simultaneous impulse fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which re-sounded far and wide and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch.

"To our cheer of 'God Save the Queen' they replied by the well known strain that moves every Scot to tears, 'Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?' After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance to the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of 'Auld Lang Syne."

Whittier's poem, "The Pipes at Lucknow," and Robert T. S. Lowell's "The Relief of Lucknow" are descriptive of this same incident.-Baltimore Ameri-

Matrimonial Item. Chumly-How the mischief did you come to marry that old widow? Why

didn't you marry the daughter?

Benedict—I thought over the matter carefull. If I had married the daughter, I'd have had the mother on my hands anyhow. Then I'd have had both on my hands, but as it is, now that her mother is provided for, very likely somebody else will marry the daughter, and then I'll only have one of them to provide for.—Texas Siftings.

SANG FOR HIS LIFE.

Augustus Presented to Musician Abell.

John Abell, a celebrated singer and
musician who lived in the reign of
Charles II, had a very great notion of
himself and would not perform unless
he pleased. There is a funny story told of how he was once made to sing against

While traveling abroad for pleasure he came into the town of Warsaw. News was brought to the palace of the famous English singer's arrival, and Frederick Augustus, the king of Poland, immediately sent word that he desired Abell to appear before him.
"Tell his majesty," replied John curt-

ly, "that it suits me not."

Back went the court messenger with a wry face. He knew his master's temper

"Tell Master Abel," thundered the king, "that I will have him come! And take you, boy, three stout fellows with The messenger and the three stout fel-

lows between them managed to carry

out the royal wish and presently march-ed triumphantly up to the palace with their unwilling captive. The king was awaiting them in the great hall, where he had seated himself in a balcony that ran all round the sides.

Above him an immense chair hung from the roof by a rope. "Now, then, into the chair and up with him," cried Frederick Augustus, with a chuckle, "We'll soon see if our song bird won't sing in his cage. Up with

him, my merry men all!"

And up in the air swung Abell, who still refused to open his mouth. When he gave a glance downward, however, he changed his mind. Into the hall beneath him a number of wild bears had been

turned loose "Sing, sirrah!" the king shouted, "or down you go to play with my brown ba-

One look at those "brown babies," growling and snarling below in a very unbabylike manner, was sufficient to convince the stubborn John. Sing he did, and he often used to declare in after days that he never sang so well in his life as when he was hanging there, a hundred feet high above the fierce beasts.-New York Journal.

Don't Try to Cheat a Lawyer. A young lawyer, just starting in his profession, hung out his sign in a town where there was only one other lawyer. an aged judge.

A close fisted old fellow, thinking to get legal advice for nothing, called upon the young man and contrived in a sort of neighborly way to get some legal ques-tions answered. Then, thanking the young man, he was about to leave, when the young man asked for a \$5 fee. The old fellow went into a violent passion and swore he never would pay. The young lawyer told him he would sue him. So the old fellow went down to see the judge and said:

"That young scamp that's just come into town! I dropped in to make a neighborly call on him, and he charges me \$ for legal advice."

"Served you right," said the judge. "But have I got to pay it, judge? "Of course you have."

"Well, then," said the man, "I suppose I must," and he started off.

"Hold on," said the judge, "aren't you going to pay me?" "For legal advice." "What do you charge?"

"Ten dollars." The result was that the old fellow had to pay \$5 to the young lawyer and \$10 to the old one.-Toronto Globe.

The Gallery Gods' Applause

Lawrence Barrett once told me of a conversation he had with Edwin Booth. The latter had been congratulated upon an ovation given him by a crowded house on the opening night of an engagement. "The sweetest music to my ears," said the great tragedian, "is the shouting of the boys in the gallery. I know they are not applauding because I have a reputation or because they wish to make a display. They simply give vent to their natural enthusiasm. When they shout, I know that I am giving a good performance. As for the parquet, it may clap its hands out of politeness. A dramatic critic who had certain notions as to how a line should be read will applaud if I read it his way; otherwise he will remain quiet. I can never analyze the applause of the front rows, but the gallery is sincere in its likes or dislikes." -Chicago Record.

Disappointing. She was a very cultured and fashionable young lady, albeit she was only 6 years old, and she was a resident of New York. A gentleman calling on her parents had an opportunity to have a brief tete-a-tete with her.

"I presume," he said, "that when you grow up you will marry, as all little girls

"No," she replied languidly. "No, I hardly think I shall." "Indeed! That will be so disappoint-

"Possibly it may be to mamma and to the young gentleman, but not to me, I acy, left for the purpose 21/2 centuries fancy," and she lolled back in her chair quite tired to death, don't you know .-Detroit Free Press.

Unappreciated. A single word sometimes reveals a man's inmost thought.

"Who are those girls playing a duet on the piano?" asked one man of another at an evening party. "One of them is the daughter of the

hostess," was the answer. "And who is her accomplice?"-London Tit-Bits.

Excusable. Customer-Waiter, this bullock's heart v in that sentence?"

s very badly cooked. Waiter-Well, sir, the fact is, the cook's been crossed in love, and whenever he has anything to do with a 'eart what he's a-doin of .- London Million.

FLEET FOOTED ZEBRAS.

Their Dash of Apoed When Alarmed by the Whiz of a Rifle Ball.

The rapidity with which the different ebras have been exterminated, owing to the advance of civilization in South Africa, is shown by reference to such works as that of Sir Cornwallis Harris, written in 1840, in which the author tells us that the quagga was at the time found in "interminable herds," bands of many hundreds being frequently seen, while he describes Burchell's zebra as congregating in herds of 80 or 100, and abounding to a great extent, but now, after the expiration of but 50 years, the one species is extinct or practically so, while the other has been driven much farther afield and its numbers are yearly being reduced. This author's description of the com-

mon zebra is well worth repeating. He says: "Seeking the wildest and most sequestered spots, haughty troops are exceedingly difficult to approach, as well on account of their extreme agility and fleetness of foot as from the abrupt and inaccessible nature of their highland abode. Under the special charge of a sentinel, so posted on some adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach, the checkered herd whom 'painted skins adorn' is to be viewed perambulating some rocky ledge, on which the rifle ball alone can reach them. No sooner has the note of alarm been sounded by the vedette, than, pricking their long ears, the whole flock hurry forward to ascertain the nature of the approaching danger, and having gazed a moment at the advancing bunter, whisking their brindled tails aloft, helter skelter away they thunder, down craggy precipices and over yawning ravines, where no less agile foot could dare to follow them."

Of Burchell's zebra he says, "Fierce, strong, fleet and surpassingly beautiful, there is perhaps no quadruped in the creation, not even excepting the mountain zebra, more splendidly attired or presenting a picture of more singularly attractive beauty." Zebras are by no means amiable animals, and though many of the stories told of their ferocity are doubtless much exaggerated they have so far not proved themselves amenable to domestication .- Saturday

Dumb Luck.

I saw a case of luck awhile ago that nearly made me crazy. I was in a poolroom down in Baltimore, and I was playing close to the cushion. Nothing came my way, and I had but a few dollars between me and the touching of some friend for a stake. I saw a little fellow come in there with a \$2 bill and get out with \$1,402 in cash. I wasn't next, and I didn't get a cent of it. After it was all over he told us his system. and it almost made me daffy to think that any such fool scheme would go through.

"There were five races that afternoon, and he played them all. He parleyed his money, and \$1,402 is what he pulled out. If he'd had a good sized roll when he started, he'd have broken the room sure, and every other room in the city. And what do you think his system was? You couldn't guess in a thousand years. He placed the seventh horse in every race. He started at the top and counted down to the seventh, and she won. Then in the next race there were but four horses, and he counted one, two, three, four and then started at the top again and counted five, six, seven. He played that horse and won. That was his scheme. His pick won every race. And what do you think made him do it? His girl told him to. Luck? Why, some people have it to burn, and he was one of that kind. Not again in 67,000,000 years would that scheme work. I tried it for a week, and I know."—Buffalo Express.

Court Martial Witnesses.

All court martial witnesses who are Protestants are sworn by laying their right hand, ungloved, on the Bible, closed or open, while the oath is recited. Kissing the book is frequently required in addition to the laying on of the hand. Raising the right hand and keeping it raised during the recital of the oath is also a form adopted by a number. There are many who prefer to affirm rather than to swear, and those are accommodated by saying: "You do solemnly affirm," instead of "solemnly swear," the right hand being raised or placed on the Bible as before. Formerly it was required to place the right hand on the open Evangelists.

In swearing Roman Catholics, the Bible is closed and has marked on the outer cover a cross, generally cut out of white paper and pasted on. Sometimes a crucifix is placed upon it, which the witness, after the oath is recited, kisses when there is any suspicion in the mind of the president of the court martial, or in that of any of its members. The witness, if a Roman Catholic, after kissing the cross, is frequently directed to cross himself. - New York Times

The Last "Lion Sermon."

The last annual "lion sermon" has been preached in the city, and the legago, will in future be devoted to other uses. Sir Richard Guyer, who subseg quently became lord mayor, so the story runs, while traveling in Arabia was attacked by a lion. He fell upon his knees and vowed to devote his life to charity if spared from the lion's jaws. The lion thereupon walked quietly away.—London Tit-Bits.

A Missing "V" Discovered. The Buffalo Express says, "Pack my box with four dozen liquor jugs" is the shortest sentence which contains every letter of the alphabet. Says the Rochester Post-Express, "Where's the letter

To which the Rochester Herald replied, "Probably they went to the man" who sold the jugs."

None seems to have seen that it was it so upsets him that he doesn't know probably originally "five dozen," etc. -Journal of Education.