

### JANE JONES.

Jane Jones keeps a-whisperin' to me all the time.

An says: "Why don't you make it a rule to study your lessons on a work hard day? An never be absent from school?"

Remember the story of Elihu Burritt, How he clumb up to the top, Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had Down in the blacksmith shop."

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so. Mebbe he did. I dunno.

Course, what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top Is not never havin' no blacksmith shop.

She said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor. But full 'at ambition an brains, An studied philosophy all 'is hull life, An see what he got for his pains. He brought electricity out of the sky With a kite an the lightning an key. So we're owin' him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see.

Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Mebbe he did. I dunno.

Course, what's allers been hinderin' me Is not havin' any kite, lightning or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the top. When he first thought up his big scheme. An all of the Spaniards an Italians, too. They laughed an just said "twas a dream. But Queen Isabella she listen'd to him. An pawned all her jewels o' worth. An bought 'em the Santa Marier an said, "Go hunt up the rest of the earth."

Jane Jones she honestly said it was so. Mebbe he did. I dunno.

Course, that may all be, but you must allow They ain't any land to discover just now.

—Ben King in Southern Magazine.

### LITTLE CHERUB.

Surely never was there more gallant skipper than Captain William Innes of the rakish freighter British Prince, and never harder boatswain than Charles L. Lastadius. The skipper is from Newcastle-on-Tyne and has followed the sea 33 years, or since he was 16 years old. He has a fine brown beard, and the resonant voice that comes through it might be heard above the strongest gale that ever thrummed on the British Prince's rigging. The boatswain is a young Swede, who has suffered shipwreck more than once. But the captain and all the ship's company never thought of him as a foreigner, but as a fellow sailorman with a big heart.

The British Prince when laden has less freeboard than the common freighter from Mediterranean ports. So when she breasts the wintry seas she sometimes buries her fo'castle head in the ferment. She had a rough voyage from Gibraltar, and her coal got so low in the bunkers that Captain Innes decided to put in to St. Michael, in the Azores, for a fresh supply. There he found stancher steamships than his that had lost lifeboats and headgear and had many inches of water in their holds.

The British Prince made good weather of it from the Azores until she was about 400 miles east of Sandy Hook. A gale came howling out of the southwest, coming up seas that, in the picturesque language of the skipper, looked like "granite cliffs." Darkness was just setting in. The cook wanted some fresh water and, like most cooks, being a landsman and somewhat timid, he asked the boatswain to get it for him. The pump of the fresh water tank is on the main deck under the fore-castle head. It was hazardous to attempt to get at it while the seas were boiling as they were, but water must be had, and a sailorman and Boatswain Lastadius determined to get it. The sailorman got a bucket, and running forward dodged under the fore-castle head. Boatswain Lastadius went out on the flying bridge to take the bucket from the sailorman when the chance offered—that is, when there was little probability of a sea coming immediately aboard forward.

The flying bridge is a board walk with a rope railing run between 2 inch iron stanchions, connecting the fo'castle head with the forward part of the hurricane deck. The main deck is seven feet below. The boatswain intended to reach down, grab the bucket and run aft along the flying bridge to the hurricane deck, leaving the sailorman under the shelter of the fo'castle head to take another chance between seas.

"I had just got ready," said the boatswain, "to take the bucket, when the ship gave a plunge. I looked up, and there over the port bow I saw such a sea as I hope I may never see again. I knew it was coming aboard, and I knew I had no chance to get out of its way. If I ran aft, I thought, it would pick me up before I got off the bridge and carry me away. So I thought the best thing to do was to make fast to a stanchion of the flying bridge. So I wound my arms and legs around it, hugged as hard as I knew how and lowered my head to take the sea.

"Everything seemed to give way when the sea hit me. I might just as well have caught hold of a rope yarn as that stanchion. I thought it was all up with me and the British Prince until I found myself on the crest of a wave striking out for the ship, which was riding as if she had shipped only a bucketful. I struck the water maybe five fathoms off the starboard bow. I saw the form of the second officer—Thomas Jones—on the bridge as I swept along the ship's side. He grabbed a lifebuoy from the rack, and I saw it come sailing toward me. It was a good shot, or I might not be telling about it now. The buoy almost ringed my head. I grabbed it and forced it over my shoulders and under my arms.

"As I was swept aft along the starboard side of the ship I saw Captain Innes running forward. He saw me, too, for he shouted: 'Keep up a stout heart. We'll save you if we can.' But it was getting very dark, and I was three ships' lengths astern before anything could be done aboard the ship. My heart sank, and I gave myself up for lost. I had been striking out for the ship, but when I saw her going ahead I stopped all effort to save myself. But it takes a long time to stop and reverse engines, and pretty soon I saw the ship backing to ward me.

"That made my heart bound, and I yelled with all my might and tried to make some headway against the seas, which sometimes turned me over and over. I was afraid that the ship would back against me, and that I would be sucked under by her propeller and drowned or killed by the blades. I saw the propeller whirling in the air when over the ship went down into the trough

of the sea. I shouted, 'Don't back on top of me,' as I thought they couldn't see me in the darkness.

"The ship drew nearer and nearer, the captain keeping me on the starboard hand. All the men had gathered at the starboard rail, and as the ship passed they have lines and buoys to me and shouted to me to keep up heart. I was once within half a fathom of the starboard rail when a sea swept me forward and clear around the bow on the port side. I was away astern in the darkness before the ship could be stopped, and I almost lost hope again. But I kept singing out and could hear the voice of the captain and the cheers of the men coming down on the wind.

"The captain couldn't see me, but he took my bearings from the sound of my voice by a star, and coming around he steamed down toward me, and going around me came up on my starboard. I was full of salt water and so played out and cold that I hadn't much strength left when I saw all the men gathered along the port rail waiting to save me. The mate threw a life buoy and a line, and I caught it and put it on. I caught another line, too, fearing the first one might be carried away, and that's all I remember clearly until I heard all the men cheering. Up to then I thought I was still in the sea."

The captain was in his cabin taking his tea, as he puts it, when a man rushed to the top of the companion way and shouted, "Man overboard, sir!" The captain had just poised a piece of meat on his fork and was about to put it in his mouth. Some skippers might have serenely finished the meal. But Captain Innes got up the companion way and on deck as if his own son were the man who was overboard. He dimly saw the boatswain sweeping astern. As he passed the engine room on his way to the bridge he shouted to the engineer, "Stand by to stop those engines."

Then he flew to the bridge and laid his right hand on the "telegraph."

"Stop and reverse" were flashed to the engine room, and the captain's voice rang out, "All hands to starboard with lines and buoys!" All hands were there even before the summons came.

"Our only hope in saving him lay in picking him up with the ship," said the captain, "for no boat could live in the sea that was running. I have seldom seen anything like it. The gale was so high that it combed down the crests, and all the water we shipped was solid green. When I backed the ship down to the bo's'n, I saw him struggling bravely in the seas. He had the life buoy that the second officer threw to him under his arms, and his body was well out of water. I determined to save him if he could hold out until I could fetch him alongside. We missed him the first time, and he was carried forward around the bow to the port side. He kept up a lusty shouting, and we answered back.

"We were going ahead a bit, when he was whirled around to starboard, and as the night had well set in, and I could not see half a ship's length away, we soon lost him. But I turned on the bridge and got the bearing of his voice by a star, and I kept that star in sight when I put the helm hard a-starboard and bore down in the direction of the star. We had lost his voice altogether, but as we steamed toward the star we heard it faintly over the rush of the wind and the swash of the seas. We caught sight of him too late to pick him up as we steamed past, so we came up with the wind again, with the bo's'n on our port hand.

"We steamed slowly, so the men ranged along the port rail, each with a line or a buoy, had a chance at him. I knew by the cheer that went up that he was saved, and I felt like cheering myself. He was just half an hour in the water, and if he hadn't been a plucky man he would be there now. The poor fellow didn't know he was safe for a minute or so after he was hauled aboard. He clung to the rail so tightly that the men had to break his grip. He shook with the cold like a leaf. I took him below and gave him three glasses of brandy and some hot coffee. Then the steward rubbed him down with whisky, and he was good for work next morning."—Exchange.

### Showman Monk Pelted With Fruit.

A religious riot in miniature has taken place at Nantes. Some Catholic youths were passing through a fair when they caught sight of a booth labeled "Sanctum Sanctorum." The showman was dressed in the rough robes and cowl of a Capuchin monk and professed to show inside several relics or curiosities, including the apple which tempted Eve and the whale which swallowed Jonah.

The youths, who were about 200 strong, called on the profane Barnum to desist from his mockeries, but he only redoubled his patter and directed more attention to his show. A neighboring orange merchant had to bear the consequences of all this, for his stand was pillaged by the Catholics, who pelted the showman with the fruit of the *Hesperides* until he had to retreat inside what he had really to use as a sanctuary for his own protection. The police then came up and charged the rioters, who wanted to wreak more effective vengeance on the insurer of religion.—Paris Correspondent.

### A Famous Wine.

The Emperor William's present to Prince Bismarck consisted of a dozen bottles of the famous Steinberg cabinet of the great comet year, which is the finest and rarest wine in the imperial cellars and remarkable both for its fragrance and for its strength. The gift is worthy of the occasion, for all such wine is absolutely priceless, and it is probably only to be found in the cellars of the emperor and of the Duke of Luxembourg, except for any stray bottles which may yet be hidden away in a few country houses. The old Emperor William sent half a dozen bottles of the same wine as a present to the queen in 1887, and it was brought over by the Emperor Frederick, then crown prince, himself. Fine Rhenish wines get more and more scarce every year, for there has not been a really first rate vintage since 1868.—London World.

### HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

It is a Profitless Proceeding to Carry Coals to Newcastle.

There are more ways than one, my son, of carrying coals to Newcastle, and in almost every case it is a profitless proceeding on the part of the person engaged in it.

Therefore, my son, have nothing to do with that kind of traffic—that is to say, do not encroach upon another's preserves except to admire. Do not attempt to stock them with your own game.

When a man is a salesman in a dry goods store, do not attempt to instruct him by the ventilation of ideas of your own. If he be an actor, do not intrude upon him any of your amateur notions. If a clergyman, refrain from Scriptural citation and exegesis when in his company. If a professional humorist, resist, as it were the evil one, all temptation to facetiousness and paronomasia. If a mechanic, do not presume to give him points in his calling.

But, on the other hand, my son, do not attempt to interfere with his speaking or his calling, profession or specialty. So long as you listen you make no mistake, and the wing of friendship molts no feather.

Give ear to the story of his experiences at the counter, but interject none of your own; listen to and applaud his spoutings, but spout not yourself; receive with becoming reverence his interpretations of holy writ, but meddle not yourself with that which the lay mind is not supposed to be able to cope with; listen and laugh at his wit and whimsies, but hazard no joke of your own; attend while he relates his mechanical achievements, but vaunt not yourself in the same line.

It is a common mistake, my son, to suppose that because a man delights in talking about a certain something in which he is proficient, he loves to hear every babble that falls in his way decant upon the same subject; that because it pleases him to exalt himself in a given direction he likes to hear others in the same direction exalt themselves.

When a man knows a thing thoroughly—or thinks he does, which amounts to the same so far as he is concerned—he is quite ready and willing to instruct others, but he brooks no incursions by others into his peculiar domain. When he has finished the exposition of his wares, it is time for you to show yours, provided of course they are of an entirely different line.

There must be reciprocity in the commerce of conversation, an exchange of complimentary commodities. Each must give what the other lacks and receive in return that in which he is wanting, else there can be no trade, no harmony.

You would not ship oranges to Florida, ice to Nova Zembla or hot air furnaces to Sahara. Then why carry coals to Newcastle?

Therefore, my son, let each man paddle his own canoe as it best pleases him. Admire, applaud, if you will—and it is your best hold—but don't put in your oar, though he be swamping.—Boston Transcript.

### An Affecting Tale.

Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to an insane asylum.

Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been brooding over the hard times, and I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Hum! Not unlikely."

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good deal too. No money in this business any more."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo or something, it doesn't pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim! I caught him tryin' to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, and so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very melancholy. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Y-e-s, sir."—New York Weekly.

### African Ants.

Dr. Sharp gives the following extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi":

"We tried to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not because of attacks by the fighting battalions of a very small species of formica not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length. It soon became obvious that they were under regular discipline and even attempting to carry out the skillful plans and stratagem of some eminent leader. Our hands and necks were the first objects of attack. Large bodies of these little pests were massed in silence round the point to be assaulted. We could hear the sharp, shrill word of command two or three times repeated, though until then we had not believed in the vocal power of an ant. The instant after we felt the storming hosts over head and neck."—New York Ledger.

### Count Primoli's Camera.

Count Primoli is a familiar figure in Parisian society, spending a portion of the season each year at the hospitable house of his aunt, Princess Mathilde, in whose salons he formed the acquaintance and acquired the warm friendship of the popular novelist, Paul Bourget. He is noted as being, with the possible exception of the Duc de Morny, the most successful amateur photographer in Europe, and has spent enormous sums on various perfected apparatus connected with this particular fad.—New York Herald.

### She Ought to Know.

Miss Imogen Guiney, who entered political life to the extent of seeking the postmistress-ship of her town, says that no woman can earn a livelihood at poetry—the statements of Ella Wheeler Wilcox notwithstanding.

### A Compromise.

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey."

"Then give it a seat, my dear Shears."

"Very glad to, sir; shall we make it a receipt?"—London Judy.

### The New Jersey Senate.

The state of New Jersey is different in its government system from most others in this Union. It has no lieutenant governor, therefore no officer who naturally falls into place as president of the senate. The senate elects its own president. The people elect the governor, the governor appoints the state treasurer, secretary of state and other state officials.

The misunderstanding and consequent formation of two senates, both daily, arose in part from these peculiar features of the New Jersey constitution. The state senate last year was Democratic. At the fall election a majority of the newly elected members were Republicans. They expected to take their seats at the beginning of this year. Here an issue arose which is comparatively new in the organization of a state legislature. Acting under the advice of the attorney general of New Jersey, the Democratic members of the senate, now in a minority in consequence of the fall election, refused to surrender the organization of the new house to the Republican majority. They claimed that a state senate was, like the United States senate, a "continuous body," and that therefore the right to organize the house and pass on the credentials of members belonged to them, the Democratic minority.

Both senates organized, Republican and Democratic. Each avowed it would never give in. Undoubtedly members of each body thought they were right. Matters went on thus for over two months. There was nothing in the Jersey constitution to throw light on the matter. It was finally referred to the supreme court of the state to settle whether a state senate was like the national one—a "continuous body"—and whether members that had been elected out of office could hold over and organize the new body and pass on the credentials of new members. The court decided that they could not—at least not in New Jersey. Then the majority party entered into possession with the organization they had already perfected, and all's well that ends well.

The question is, however, an interesting one in parliamentary law. The same question may arise in other states, and the New Jersey example may now be cited as a precedent.

### Policemen and the Drama.

If anybody appreciates the drama, it is your policeman. At theaters where he is on duty at night he cannot always see all of a play himself. He must parade up and down about the entrance for a time, but it goes hard if after the throng have taken their seats he does not slip in and enjoy the aesthetic surroundings and the superb delineations of human emotion. He not only enjoys this himself, but he brings his family and all his relatives to become thoroughly educated in dramatic art. This is well. Nothing is better than that people should learn in their youth to be judges of high art, not to say high kicking. Your guardian in blue steps up jauntily to the box office and says to the ticket man, "Say, I'm on duty here tonight." Then he gives a little ahem and proceeds to remark:

"Say, I've got me sister here wid her chicks. It's all right, hey?"

Usually it is all right, for a policeman on duty is a greater man than the president. But some theatrical managers are very unreasonable. They actually object to deadheading whole families night after night simply because these job lots of humanity are kin to a policeman. In all the cities of this country the practice of giving free entertainment to police parties at theaters is the vogue. Some of the managers are so obstreperous as to say they will not stand it any longer. They vow to break up the custom if they break up their theaters.

Another wealthy farmer has been robbed of a large sum of money—\$5,000. This wealthy farmer was lunny enough to keep the cash in his house. Burglars got in, seized the rich ruralist and began burning him by touching him up with the flame of a lamp. They tortured him till he was forced to tell them where his money was hidden, and they got it all. It does seem as though some people are either crazy or else they never read the newspapers. Time out of mind these friends of the public have been publishing warning stories of how people who keep large sums of money in their homes have been tortured and robbed, often murdered, yet the warning is not heeded. Especially when persons live in small villages and in lonely farmhouses it is nothing less than inviting robbery and murder to keep so much as \$100 in the house. Even when the money is locked up in a safe the owner of it can be tortured till he is forced to reveal the combination and give up the key.

Hapless old Kearsarge! After a record as glorious as any brave ship ever had it was her fate to be plundered and set on fire by wreckers as she lay helpless on Roncador reef. There her bones will remain till the kindly shifting sands bury the pitiful object out of sight.

A man who is known to reach power and wealth by unprincipled methods frequently gets the name of being big hearted and generous. When the truth comes out, however, it is always found that he has been generous with other people's money.

Late alleged pictures of the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, make him look like Faraway Moses.

### 4 MOUTH CURVED UP AT CORNERS

The world is not so bad a place As the growing 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 scorers, 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 discouraged, If you put your mouth into rainbow shape, Pray let the bow be inverted, Though you be alighted by fortune's pets, Though you be scorned by the scorers, 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. 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, 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 apprehension.

"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 rolled 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 you?"

"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 until 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.

### The First Phenix.

Legend tells us that the first phenix 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 937 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 a 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 Abou Sambul, 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 father, in replying he calls them "my dearest."

### A NOVEL RACING MATCH.

Fobgogganing Down a Run on Rocking Horses to Decide a Wager.

There is no knowing what an Englishman will not do to decide a bet. Men have jumped across dining tables, mounted upon untractable steeds—yea, and even kissed their own mothers-in-law—in order to settle a wager. In fine, it ought to be an established maxim among us by this time that, given a certain number of impossibilities and an equal number of young Englishmen, those impossibilities will not long remain such, provided they be made the subjects of bets.

One of those incidents which go a long way toward justifying the reputation which as a nation of madmen we have earned among foreigners occurred at St. Moritz when, "in order to settle a bet," Lord William Manners and the Hon. H. Gibson agreed to go down the village "run" mounted on rocking horses in place of ordinary toboggans. A feature of the race was that both competitors were "attired in full hunting kit," and as elaborate preparations had been made for the contest and rumor of the affair had been industriously noised abroad the crowd which had assembled to witness it was both large and distinguished.

The start was fixed for 12 o'clock, and shortly before that hour the shouts of the spectators announced that the horses were off. Unlike the custom in toboggan races, both started at the same time. In the first course Lord William Manners led as far as a certain angle of the "run" called Casper's Corners, from the fact that a hotel of that name is situated close by, but "taking it rather high Mr. Gibson passed cleverly on the inside, which he maintained to the finish," Lord William being summarily dismissed from his fractions steed's back some distance to the bad from the winning post.

In the second course Lord William Manners again had the advantage as far as Casper's Corners, where Mr. Gibson again tried to pass him on the inside, but being jockeyed by his opponent his horse swung round and proceeded down the run tail foremost, but leading. The merit of the proceedings may be more easily imagined than described, nor did it abate in the least when Mr. Gibson, dismounting, seized it unceremoniously by the nose and turned it into the way it should go.

Meanwhile Lord William Manners had suffered disappointment a second time, for in attempting to "take"—to use a true hunting term—a particularly awkward part of the "run" called Belvedere Corner his horse refused to respond to its rider's exertions to get it successfully over the obstacle, and horse and jockey came down to the ground in one tumultuous somersault together.

Lord William's discomfiture proved to be Mr. Gibson's opportunity. The time and ground that the former had lost by his involuntary flight through the air were never recovered. Mr. Gibson, with the position of his horse reversed and his legs thrust scientifically in front of him, rode easily and triumphantly forward and eventually reached the winning post some seconds in advance of his opponent.—Alpine Post.

### His "Love" Text.

The story is related of a bishop who came to one of our state prisons and was told: "No need of you here, sir. We have eight preachers safely locked up who are brought out each Sabbath to minister to their fellow prisoners." If this appear a doubtful tale, it can be varied with the following about a young lady Sunday school teacher who has a class of rather bright boys averaging between 7 and 9 years.

Recently she requested each pupil to come on the following Sunday with some passage of Scripture bearing upon love. The lads heeded the request and in turn recited their verses bearing upon that popular subject, such as "Love your enemies," "Little children, love one another," etc. The teacher said to the boy whose turn came last, "Well, Robbie, what is your verse?" Raising himself up he responded: "Song of Solomon, second chapter, fifth verse, 'Stay me with fagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.'"—Exchange.

### Color and Warmth.

The color of materials has some influence on the warmth of the clothing. Black and blue absorb heat freely from without, but white and light shades of yellow, etc., are far less absorbent. This difference can be demonstrated by experiment. The same material, when dyed with different colors, will absorb different amounts of heat. In hot countries white coverings are universally worn, and sailors and others wear white clothing in hot weather.

With regard, however, to heat given off from the body the color of the materials used as clothing makes little if any difference. Red flannel is popularly supposed to be warm, though it is no better in this respect than similar materials of equal substance, but white or gray in color. Dark clothing is best for cold weather, because it more freely absorbs any heat that is obtainable.—Fortnightly Review.

### Must Pass In Hard Tack.

In examining men desirous of joining the royal marines recruiting officers are directed to pay special attention to the condition of the teeth of a candidate. Seven defective teeth, or even less if they impair the biting or grinding capacity, will render a candidate ineligible, and the examining medical officer is directed to take into special consideration the probability of the teeth lasting.—London Court Journal.

### Overdone.

A correspondent writes to a medical review to claim that most of man's diseases are due to the clothing he wears. There may be something in that. The ballet girls never die.—Chicago Dispatch.