

### THE PASEO.

The wavering heat is broken by long rows of slim acacias, palms and alamos. In brave attire there walk between, Jose, Andres and Agustin.

Andres, Jose and Agustin stroll down the alamos slow. Neath spreading boughs with plata between. Where rose and bellid grama grow. Tall gray sombreros, silver trimmed. Bedecked with sponges, ampie trimmed. Shade from bright rays by clouds undimmed. The eyes of all.

They loiter on with airy grace. A turn of head this way and that. While sparkling smiles light up the face. Accounting gay, theatrical diat. Their jaunty jackets reach the waist. With rows of buttons closely placed. And braided trousers, tightly laced. Costumes complete.

A greater charm is found by far Than shade, bright flowers and tropic weather. In Juana, Inez and Leonor. All pretty maids who drive together. Clear olive faces, lips of red—But back of them the waiter's head. The duena, accredited. For watchful eyes.

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—L. W. Green in "Land of Sunshine."

### THE CIRCUS RING.

It is Always Exactly Forty-two Feet Nine Inches in Diameter.

In various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged. It is always 42 feet 9 inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diverging trips to the frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring 42 feet 9 inches in diameter.

There is a reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are nomadic. Wherever their wanderings bring them they must find the ring always the same, else they will be disturbed in their performance, if not really rendered incapable. Trained to the 42 feet 9 inch ring, the horse and his rider have grown used—worn, one might say—to the exact angle of declivity toward the center of the ring which the radius of 21 feet and a given speed produce.

The mound on the circumference of the ring always has on the inside a level, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the driver. As for speed, that, after the horse has gone round two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same through the act. In fact, a strap generally holds his head so that he cannot get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the clown shouts, the band plays louder and louder, but the horse knows just how much this empty show means and jogs on at the same old pace until, with the last jump through a tissue balloon, the act is ended.—Exchange.

### The Roman Legionary.

The Roman legionary is a personage of remarkable interest. He is indeed the first soldier whom we seem to recognize as such—a disciplined man of the highest training, with pride in himself, confidence in his leaders and considerable esprit de corps; in fact, a warrior whom the modern soldier can take to his heart. There were legions and legions, of course, as in modern armies there are regiments and regiments. Some indeed, like the famous Tenth, enjoyed even a nickname, "The Larks" (Alanda). The men, if we are to believe Vegetius, suffering from the same weaknesses, could be raised by the same means to the same excellence as the veterans of the peninsula war. As to the lighter moods of the Roman legionary, are they not immortalized in the name of a Roman emperor?

Tacitus tell us how Germanicus, always a popular general, having had a son born to him in the camp, dressed the lad like a little soldier, complete even to his boots (caliga), in the hope of pleasing his men. The men of course made a pet of him and called him Caligula, or Little Boots, and it is by his camp nickname of Little Boots that Claudius, son of Germanicus, lives in this day. It is a curious example of the persistence in the nature of fighting men. Cochrane's rough Chilean sailors dropped up his 5-year-old son as a tiny midshipman and made a pet of him in the same way.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Roses in a Tomb Five Thousand Years Old.

Flinders Petrie, the archaeologist, while excavating among some ancient Egyptian tombs, found a wreath of roses which had been bound into a garland and buried with the dead thousands of years ago. M. Crepin, the botanist and microscopist, made a careful examination of this queer find and prepared a paper on it, which he read before the Royal society of Belgium. From this paper it appears that in places where the flowers were matted together they still retained their color as well as a very faint odor. The species to which they belong is now extinct, but a rose resembling them in several particulars is still grown in Egypt and Abyssinia.—St. Louis Republic.

### Have You a Shoe Tree?

The fashionable woman who does not own a shoe tree in these days is far behind the times. These "trees" are rather expensive. They must be carefully made from the last of the shoes they are to hold. They cost \$5 a pair, and one must have one less pair than she has slippers and shoes. With ordinary usage they are indestructible. They keep the footgear in excellent shape and condition for the longest possible term of usefulness.

I have also seen the world, and after long experience have discovered that ennui is our greatest enemy and remunerative labor our most lasting friend.—Justus Moser.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise for temperance.—Addison.

### RED TAPE IN SENEGAL.

How a Traveller May Get a Bath in That Country.

A young French explorer, M. Gaston Donnet, contributes to Le Reveu Bleue some vivid descriptions of the French colony of Senegal. The following happened at St. Louis, the capital, a dull, unprogressive French colonial town, eaten up with red tape and officialism. M. Donnet tells us that he and a fellow traveler wanted to take a bath. There is no establishment in the capital of Senegal. Rumor had it that it was possible to hire baths at the hospital. We asked, he says, one of the servants there for a bath.

"Certainly. Take seats. Your names, surnames and birthplace?"

"But we only want a bath."

"Exactly. What is your name, and where and when were you born, and are you government servants, soldiers or officers? No. Well, the rules do not provide for this. Wait a minute. I will read them over again. Yes, here is your case. You first make out on stamped paper an application to the governor of the colony. After favorable notice from the governor you send another application to the chief colonial doctor, who will send for you and will examine you."

"But we are not ill."

"It is the rule. Having examined you, the doctor will give you two non-commissioned officers' bath tickets, to be delivered to the assistant doctor."

"Why non-commissioned officers' bath?"

"Mon Dieu! In our accounts we recognize only two categories of persons, officers and civil servants, the latter taking rank with officers. You are not official at all. If officers were to find you in their baths, they would probably make a row."

"How long will all these formalities take?"

"Oh, nothing at all—two or three days, provided that your application is approved at government house."

### A MILLIONAIRE'S AMUSEMENT.

The Now Wealthy Ex-Junkman Spends His Time in Whittling.

A millionaire must be allowed to have some amusements, and if he is disposed to amuse himself in ways that would not be at all amusing to the big public made of men who are not millionaires he must certainly be accorded the privilege.

One of Chicago's greatest stockmen and packers was once a dealer in junk, and it is said that he once went about gathering old iron himself. Now he is reputed to be worth \$25,000,000, and rumor says that he has his property in such shape that he could, if he chose, raise a larger sum in cash than any other man in Chicago.

Each morning the millionaire's man comes into his office with a bundle of clean pine sticks, which he places in a corner not far from the millionaire's desk. When the millionaire has read his morning mail, and business men come in to see him, he takes one of the sticks, and with a big, old fashioned jackknife whittles it into bits, the shavings falling on the floor. Sometimes he walks up and down—he walks much—and whittles. By the time business is done for the day his office looks like a carpenter shop and the bundle of pine sticks has vanished. The harder the business problems he has to meet the harder he whittles. And that is the way he amuses himself.—Chicago Record.

### The Making of Tubing.

One of the most important parts of the bicycle, because it is the most in evidence, is the tubing. The manufacture of tubing is now carried on to a large extent in this country, although it is but recently that the home production has reached a stage of perfection where it could successfully compete with that of the English concerns.

There are a number of methods of making tubing, but the one mostly in vogue at present is what is termed the cold drawn process, and it is of this style of tubing that all the high grade machines are at present being made. The machinery required is ponderous, and the power required to draw out a piece of steel without heating it is another exhibition of the perfection of modern machinery.

There are a number of variations to the method employed, one of which consists in taking a piece of steel in the shape of a bar or ingot. This is bored through the center. It is then passed through a die, after which it is heated and treated to a bath in a secret preparation which removes the temper that the drawing process imparts. This is repeated a number of times, and each die used is smaller than its predecessor, with the result that the tube grows smaller and longer. This is continued till the tube is the right diameter and gauge.—Chicago Tribune.

### To Prevent Chapping.

As cold weather approaches women try to devise means for preventing hands and lips from chapping. An excellent remedy to prevent chapping is cold cream. The manicurist told me that it also whitens the skin more than any preparation. It has taken the place of the old time remedy—mutton suet. It should be well rubbed into the skin, and gloves—preferably white—slipped on. The palms of the gloves should be slit in several places to allow the air and prevent cramp of the muscle, and the finger tips clipped off.

Vaseline should never touch the hands. It turns the skin yellow and leaves a stain on the nails that is hard to clear away.—New York World.

### Removes the Odors.

A paste of ground mustard and water is a first rate agent for removing traces of disagreeable smelling substances from the hands, such as salts of valerianic acid, cod liver oil, etc. Haver claims that any oily seeds when powdered will answer this purpose. The smell of carbolic acid may be removed by rubbing with dampened flaxseed meal.

### CAUGHT WITH GOLD.

BUT THE MAN EATING SHARK TOOK \$45,000 OF THE BAIT.

The Ex-Diver's Story of an Adventure in the "Great Days"—Silence Smeared Itself All Over the Veranda at the Completion of the Yarn.

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaulin of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single handed too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was 30 years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep sea diver. Our diving schooner and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in 30 feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been bagged and placed in the hold, being billed as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be 12 bags, but I could lay my hands on but 11 of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open in some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the 11 bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good.

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck and the fact that the hold was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole when I remembered that it might hazard the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disappointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally hung to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldbugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at the last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little, and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurl gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his flurry. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was \$45,000 in him. Gold had killed him."

Silence smeared itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheater organ slowly wove a weird chunk of melody. The chimes began to ring. "Those were great days," said Mr. Gaulin sadly.—Buffalo Express.

The Lowell Family.

The Lowells hold an honored place in the local history of New England. One member of the family introduced cotton spinning into the United States, and for him the town of Lowell is named. Another left money to found in Boston the course of lectures known as the Lowell institute. The most famous of them all was James Russell Lowell, born in 1819 at Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 22, also the birthday of the most distinguished of all Americans.—"James Russell Lowell," by Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

### A POLAR NIGHT.

Graphic Description of This Time of Gloom and Desolation.

Mr. Constantin Nossloff, reporting in Le Tour du Monde his scientific researches in Nova Zembla, furnishes an interesting description of his sensations and experiences during the long arctic night, which began Nov. 3 and ended Jan. 20.

September was pretty comfortable, he says. Then suddenly snow covered the mountains. The Samoyedes, his only companions, put on their winter clothing, the fishing boats set sail for Archangel, the ground froze, the sun lost its warmth and heavy snows fell. Winter had come in earnest.

On the day when the sun showed itself for the last time all hands went out of doors to bid it farewell. It remained in sight for half an hour only.

For a few days longer there was a morning twilight. Then this faded and gave place to black night. The stars shone the whole 24 hours. The huts of the colony were buried under the snow, of which thick whirlwinds filled the air. The wind shook the huts to their foundations. Sometimes for days together the inmates of the different huts could hold no communication with each other, though the huts were side by side.

If any one went out, he was seized by the wind and had to be dragged back by means of ropes.

In this darkness and desolation the aurora borealis did much to entertain and cheer them. It lasted sometimes for five days in succession, with splendors of color that Mr. Nossloff tries in vain to describe. To enjoy the spectacle he used to remain for hours in a hole in the snow, sheltered from the wind.

"I have never seen anything more terrible than a tempest during the polar night," says Mr. Nossloff. "Man feels himself overwhelmed in immensity."

When there came a lull in the storm, the men ventured out to breathe the air and purge their lungs of the exhalations of the smoking lamps fed with seal oil.

Twilight appeared again in the middle of January, and on the 20th the sun rose above the horizon, while the members of the little colony stood in line facing it and fired a salute. No one had died or been seriously ill, but all had the look of corpses and were feeble as convalescents after a long sickness. Health returned with the appearance of the sun.—Youth's Companion.

### A Bird's Revenge.

A lady who was one day watching a pair of redstarts as they worked in a tree was startled by a violent commotion that arose in the shrubbery hard by. Catbirds screamed, wrens scolded and the robins shouted "Quick!" with all their might. A chipmunk was dragging a baby catbird by the leg from its nest and all the birds round about had come to help make a row about it, including a Baltimore oriole. The screaming and the swish of wings as the birds darted about made the squirrel abandon its prey and then the commotion subsided as quickly as it had risen. All the birds but the oriole went about their business elsewhere. The oriole had not said a word so far, and beyond the commencing the hubbub by his presence had had no part in it.

The squirrel, having dropped the baby catbird, cocked itself upon a limb and began to chatter in a defiant way, while the oriole sat not far away looking at it, but doing nothing else. But in a few moments the squirrel left its seat and ran on the limb it had been sitting on until it had to use care to keep its hold, and then the oriole's opportunity for a terrible assault had come. Flashing across the space he struck the chipmunk in one eye with his sharp pointed beak, and then turning instantly struck the other eye in a like manner. Quivering with pain, the squirrel let go the limb and dropped to the ground, where it rolled and struggled about apparently in the throes of death. The oriole flew away to his favorite elm, where he sang in his most brilliant fashion. The lady put the squirrel out of its misery and then saw that the oriole had destroyed both eyes.—Chicago Record.

### Chameleon Spiders.

An interesting instance of color mimicry in spiders has been observed in the south of France. The spiders of that region when in search of prey hide in the convolvulus flowers. It has been noticed that a white variety of spiders frequented the white flowers, a greenish colored variety made the green flowers his home, and a pink one lived principally in the pink flowers. The colors of the three varieties were at first supposed to be permanent, but it has recently been discovered that the color of any one of these spiders changes within a few days if the insect be placed in the convolvulus of a different colored flower from that which he has been using as his home. Four spiders—pink, white, green and yellow in color—were all put in a box together, and within three days all were white.

### She Controls a Newspaper.

Under the able management of Mrs. Marie Louise Myrick the Americas Times-Recorder continues doing magnificent work. It is a fact not generally known to the public that last January Captain Myrick turned over to his wife the editorial management of the Times-Recorder, devoting his time to the business of the paper. Since that time she has managed the editorial department, superintended the local, and, in fact, had absolute editorial control. The Times-Recorder is unquestionably one of the brightest and best of Georgia's dailies and is always found on the side of the people.—Atlanta Constitution.

Art thou in misery, brother? Then I pray be comforted. Thy grief shall pass away. Art thou elated? Ah, be not too gay. Temper thy joy. This, too, shall pass away.—Paul H. Hayne.

It is stated that of every 12 coins dropped in automatic machines two are bad.

### SACRED RUNNING OXEN.

They Are the Greatest Curiosities Among Ceylon's Domesticated Animals.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding 30 inches, or 2½ feet in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, and which is still living and believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only 22 inches high and weighs but 109½ pounds. In Ceylon they are used for making quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them can pull a driver of a two wheeled cart and a 200 pound load of miscellaneous matter 60 to 70 miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either feed or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in other Buddhist countries for more than a thousand years. One story told to account for their origin is to the effect that they were originally cattle of the ordinary height and bulk; that a Buddhist priest was once imprisoned in a stone building, one-half of which was used for a cattle stable. During the night he managed to dislodge one of the stones in his prison wall. The stone in question was exactly 2½ feet square.

It was almost daylight when this apostle of Buddha felt the air rush through the opening he had made and realized that he was all but free. He knew that he would be unable to get out of the enemy's country on foot, so he prayed that he might be provided with a beast of burden that would safely carry him to the homes of the followers of Buddha. No sooner had he done this than one of the large oxen which had been quietly feeding in a stall at his side walked leisurely to the 30 inch square opening and miraculously passed through it.

The priest followed and mounted the now sacredly dwarfed beast and was soon safe in his own country. Since that time, so the story goes, there has been a breed of "sacred running oxen" in Ceylon, which never grow too tall to pass through an opening the size of that made in the prison wall by Buddha's representative on the night when he miraculously escaped on the back of the first of the famous dwarfed oxen.—St. Louis Republic.

### Recollections of Bismarck's Wartime.

In the columns of The Kreuzzeitung Herr Andrae, a well known Conservative politician and friend of Prince Bismarck, gives some interesting recollections of the period of the war of 1870. He says: "Bismarck read on the 9th of July the speech delivered by the Duke of Gramont on the 6th. He was at dinner and handed the newspaper to his wife, with the words: 'The Duke of Gramont must have soon got tired of his office. I shall, of course, have to ask for his resignation.' Later in the evening, while walking in the park at Varsin and thinking of the matter, the idea suddenly came to him, 'Napoleon wants war, and Gramont's speech was dictated by him.'

"He went to his room, his first thought being to telegraph to the king, at Ems, as follows, 'It would be best to mobilize at once, declare war and attack before France is prepared.' His nerves were strung to the highest tension, and he passed a sleepless night. Lying awake, thinking, there crossed his mind the text, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.' 'So that won't do,' he said to himself. Then all the political consequences of his contemplated action became clear to him, and he ended by casting the first message aside and telegraphing to King William simply not to pledge himself to anything with Benedetti, who, if he became pressing, was to be told, 'My minister of foreign affairs is at Varsin.'"

—London News.

A Triumph of Elementary Education.

The following little incident happened in a London suburb: A bootmaker's apprentice, a lad of about 14, delivered a pair of boots at a tradesman's house. The tradesman's wife, accustomed to orderly business ways, asked the lad, after handing him the money for the boots, to receipt the bill. At this request the lad showed the greatest confusion, so that the woman, to reassure him, said, "Just receipt it, as a matter of business." Whereupon he wrote laboriously something on the paper. In the evening, when the tradesman examined the papers on the spike, he came upon a bootmaker's bill, at the foot of which was written in large letters in a schoolboy hand, "As a matter of business." It was the youthful apprentice's literal interpretation of the demand for a receipt as a matter of business.—Westminster Review.

### How Tennyson Asked For an Apple.

Mr. Sherrard gids that his father used to tell him that when he was a boy he once met Tennyson at a dinner party, and that he was very frightened at his appearance. "Tennyson was at that time very yellow—almost yellow—and had long black hair. At dessert the poet bent across the table and addressed my father, in front of whom was placed a dish of fruit, and said, 'Evolve me an apple.' 'I did not know what he wanted me to do,' said my father."—Westminster Gazette.

### A Good Auctioneer.

"I'm going now. Yes, I'm going, going," murmured Steigher. "What an excellent auctioneer you'd make," said the heartless but tired Miss Nye-girl.—Boston Courier.

Sweet In Comparison.

"Doesn't the rag peddler annoy you with his horn?"

"Not half as much as the piano peddler next door."—Detroit Free Press.

### LINCOLN'S LOVEMAKING.

Abe Encountered His Political Rival While Addressing Miss Todd.

In 1839 Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky arrived in Springfield to visit a married sister, Mrs. Edwards. At the instance of his friend Speed, who was also a Kentuckian, Lincoln became a visitor at the Edwards', and before long it was apparent to the observant among those in Springfield that the lively young lady held him captive. Engagements at that time and in that neighborhood were not announced as soon as they were made, and it is not at all impossible that Miss Todd and Mr. Lincoln were betrothed many months before any other than Mrs. Edwards and Mr. Speed knew of it, writes John Gilmer Speed in 'The Ladies' Home Journal.'

At this time, as was the case till Lincoln was elected to the presidency, his one special rival in Illinois was Stephen A. Douglas. Mr. Douglas had more of the social graces than Mr. Lincoln, and it appeared to him that nothing would be more interesting than to cut out his political rival in the affections of the entertaining and lively Miss Todd, and so he laid her court.

A spirited young lady from Kentucky at that time in Illinois who had been almost less than human if she had refused to accept the attentions of the two leading men of the locality. Therefore Miss Todd, being quite human, encouraged Douglas, and again there was what nowadays would have been called a flirtation. This course of action did not spur Lincoln on in his devotion, but made him less ardent, and he concluded, after much self-worment, to break off the engagement, which he did, but at the same interview there were a reconciliation and a renewal of the engagement.

### THE REGENT DIAMOND.

The One Precious Stone That Comes Nearest to Being Flawless.

The Regent diamond, while surpassed in size by the Great Mogul and several other well known stones, is really the finest of all, being nearly flawless in form and purity and the most brilliant diamond in the world today.

Its French history dates back to 1717. In that year it was purchased from its English owner, for the French regalia, by the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France, whence its present name. It had previously been known by a name almost as famous.

In 1717 French finances were in a desperate strait. The people were starving, the treasury was nearly exhausted, credit even was lost, yet under the persuasions of the Scotch financier Law and the French Duke of St. Simon the regent of France, hesitating where every monarch of Europe had refused, finally agreed to the price of \$675,000.

Greatly to the relief of the duke, his act appealed to the pride of the French people, and instead of condemnation for his extravagance he received their applause. In the light of subsequent events their approval has a touch of the prophetic.

The first prominent appearance of the diamond in the French regalia was in the circlet of the crown made for the coronation of the boy Louis XV, in 1722. After half a century it was again the center of a new crown, that which in 1775 weighed heavy on the head of the young Louis XVI till he cried out in discomfort, "It hurts me!"

Then came 1789 and the fire and blood and fury of the French revolution. —Charles Stuart Pratt in Lippincott's.

### The Army of Tramps.

There can be no doubt that the tramp is in a certain sense the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four-fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wide and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young.

Year after year, even month after month, trampdom is increased by squads of youths who will soon take and hold the places of their elders, who will naturally drop away with the years. These boyish roadsters are more often illegitimate than lawful children and consequently proper subjects for state care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or, worst of all, in jails, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation and makes it necessary and only fair that the sociologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to manhood. Superficial and unsympathetic studies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.—"How Men Become Tramps," by Josiah Flynt, in Century.

### Hospitable.

A peculiar epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in the old churchyard of an Ohio town. General Wayne was at one time in command of the fort mentioned in the epitaph.

Margaret,  
Wife of Daniel Gregory,  
Died Aug. 12, 1823,  
Aged 66 years.

Here lies the woman, the first save one,  
That settled on the Miami about Fort Hamilton.  
Her table was spread, and that of the best,  
And Anthony Wayne was often her guest.  
—Youth's Companion.

### Living on One Food.

We hold that a well devised dietary system does not need frequent change. All do not require to eat the same in amount or kind. Uncooked fruits and nuts suit some. Others live almost entirely on bread and oatmeal, but when the correct diet has been found it is not necessary to change. Animals in a state of nature live on one food throughout their lives.—Vegetarian.