Lady Henry Somerset's Husband.

Mr. Somers Somerset, the new assistant secretary to the royal commission on the licensing laws, is the son not only of the well known Lady Henry Somerset, but also of Lord Henry Somerset, who is still very much alive although people are apt to forget the fact. Owing to certain scandals of an unseemly type in which Lord Henry was implicated, his wife separated from him, and he found it convenient to live abroad—chiefly in Italy. He may often be seen at the La Scala opera house at Milan. Those newspapers which refer to Mr. Somerset as the actual heir to the dukedom of Beaufort, forget that after Lord Worcester and any children that he may have, comes Lord Henry Somerset, and therefore the son's claim is very remote.—St. James Gazette.

The Value of Literary History.

Literary history belongs to the domain of fact just as much as geography does, and the ability on the part of a child to reel off the names of authors and their dates is just as useless as his ability to tell the capital of Bolivia or to draw a map of Afghanistan. A certain amount of literary history is useful,—the amount given in Mr. Stopford Brooke's and Prof. Richardson's primers and in Mr. Brander Mathews' volume on American literature,—but not a bit more, for as intellectual training literary history is not so efficient as another study.—September Atlantic.

The Western Man's Ideal.

The United States is unique in the extent to which the individual has been given an open field, unchecked by restraints of an old social order, or of scientific administration of government. The self-made man was the Western man's ideal, was the kind of man that all men might become. Out of his wilderness experience, out of the freedom of his opportunities, he fashioned a formula of social regeneration,—the freedom of the indvidual to seek his own. He did not consider that his conditions were exceptional and temporary.—September Atlantic.

How to Mend a Silk Waist.

A dressmaker lays down three rules for mending a silk waist: Use ravelings when you can. Sew from the under side. Do not turn over edges, but darn flat and trust to careful pressing. If a bone begins to show through, do not mend but cut off the bone an inch. If the silk wears off around the hooks and eyes, move them along ever so little. Make a virtue of worn out seams by applying black feather stitching; and remember that a silk waist is good as long as the upper part of the sleeve remains. Plastron, choker, lace, cuffs and careful mending make a new waist for you.

Admitted Error Too Soon.

It is very hard to go about with a bullet and an ache in your head. Still harder is it when your doctor disbelieves the headache and bullet and shuts you up as a lunatic. This happened to a young Hamburg confectioner, and for some years he lived in a lunatic asylum. Finally he signed a paper that the headache was a fancy and the bullet a mere idea, and that he had got them both out of his head. And now have come the remorseless X rays, which have disclosed the bullet in the man's skull. Ought he to be glad or sorry?—London World.

A Novel Pneumatic Tube.

Pneumatic tubes have many uses, but one of the latest is attracting a great deal of attention from its novelty. This is the tube for stacking hay. It is built in sections, and is controlled by metal straps, pivots and arms. The hay is drawn into the tube, carried through it with great velocety, and by a turntable and swinging arrangement like a crane is evenly distributed on the stack.

A story of the time of Shakespeare, written by John Bennett, will be the leading serial for the new volume of St. Nicholas. It is called "Master Skylark," and will deal with the romantic events of the Elizabethan age. The great dramatist figures as one of the leading characters, although the hero and heroine are a boy and a girl. Another serial, "The Last Three Soldiers," by William H. Shelton, has a novel plot. It tells of three Union soldiers who became veritable castaways in the Confederacy. Both stories will begin in the November St. Nicholas.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"MELY TOPICS FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Apple Pies—Bird Colonies — A Gigantic Feathered Creature — A Wise Old Crow — Love Stronger Than Death — Half a Point.

TAY me with flagons, comfort me with apples." — Canticles ii., 5.

Only a sprinkle of spice, my dear,
just a flavor of spice,
But lots and slathers of butter,
yeller an' sweet an' nice,
An' any kind so it's apple, apple 'at's
cored an' sliced
An' covered with tree molasses three
times a day or twiced;
Flaky like gran'ma made 'em in dozens o' different ways—
Turn-over, cross-bar an' open, way
back in the airly days
When in through the kitchen winder
Love an' the butterflies
Lost their wits at the smell of the
spice in her apple pies.

Story? there ain't none, daughter,
only the sweet old song
That'll make the whole world love you
if you don't sing it wrong.
Your mother sung it sweeter 'n a
warblin' blue-bird might,
When she's your age—say twenty—
blue eyes, complected light,
An' hair like home-made candy tied in
a golden twist,
With lips like a baby's, 'at's always a
bein' kissed,
An' love flew out an' stung her as she
plucked him in disguise
Out of the tree molasses an' spice in
her apple pies.

That old, old story, daughter—an'
mother 'll tell you so—
Is sweeter 'n when it happened ever
so long ago;
We've growed so close together, like
buds on an apple spray,
We're fonder of one another, but not
in the same old way.
Then we was young an' chipper, an'
acted like sweethearts do,
But there was a lovers' heaven we
sweet-hearts never knew,
An' Love flew out of it, daughter, with
the bees an' butterflies
An' let us in at the smell of the spice
in her apple pies.

—Edwin S. Hopkins in Judge.

Bird Colonies.

Within the Arctic circle are the great bird colonies. The largest and most remarkable is that of Svaerholt Klubben.

Every inch of this wonderful cliff, which rises about a thousand feet from the water's edge, and is of considerable greater breadth, may be said to be used by the birds. The discharge of a small cannon in the immediate neighborhood will darken the air with millions of birds, but even then a field glass will reveal the innumerable ledges white with undisturbed millions. These consist almost entirely of the small gull (Rissa tridactyla), and they are a source of considerable income to the owner of the colony, who lives at the little fishing station close by. About the middle of May every year, by means of a long ladder placed against the foot of the cliff, he proceeds to collect the eggs. Of these there are at most three to each nest, and the number taken averages from 5,000 to 10,000 annually, or the produce of, say, 3,000 pair of birds. Ropes are not used for this purpose of Svaerholt, as they are in the Faroe isles, so that the highest of the above figures represents only a very small percentage of the yearly production of the colony, as far the greater portion of the cliff face, where the nests are packed as closely as they can be, remains absolutely untouched.

The food of these multitudes of birds during the summer months consists for the most part of fish spawn (more particularly that of codfish, which is abundant in these northern waters), and of the small crustacea, which are driven to and fro by the currents along the coast in immense masses. To the latter belong the tiny organisms Calanus Finmarchicus and Uphausia Inermis, the favorite food respectively of the whales, Balaenoptera borealis and B. Sinbadii, when these giants approach the mouths of the great fjords in July and August. In winter the famous cliff is completely deserted. By the end of August the young gulls are able to take care of themselves, and all take their departure, to return no more until the following year in the month of March.

A Wise Old Crow.

A naturalist who is much interested in birds says that the crow is the wisest of all feathered animals. He has made a number of experiments recently and declares that an ordinary well educated crow can count to twenty, and that he has found a sentinel crow, very old and very wise, that can count to twenty-six. He made these discoveries in a very interesting way.

Last summer he spent much time in the mountains, where a cadet company of boys was camped. One day he found a flock of crows gathered around a dead animal that lay near a little old shanty in the woods. They flapped away when he approached. So he hid himself in the old shanty and waited, but they did not come back. Then he went out and walked on up the mountain, and they all settled down again to the feast. That afternoon he took four boys from the cadet camp with him, and the five marched into the little building and waited. No crows came back. Two of the boys went out. Still no crows. Then the other two went out and only the naturalist remained. But the old sentinel crow had evidently counted them as they went in, and he knew they had not all come out. So he sat on a dry pine stump and said: "Caw, caw," quite derisively. At last the naturalist left the building, and straightway all the crows returned. This experiment was repeated a number of times with varying numbers of boys, but the crows kept count, and would not come down until the building was entirely empty.

At last a whole platoon of the cadets, twenty-six boys in all, and the naturalist, marched into the old building. Then slowly twenty of them went away. The crows did not stir. Two more, four more, five more went, but the old sentinel warned his companions that the men had not all gone. Then the twenty-sixth cadet marched away, leaving only the naturalist. In a few minutes there were a number of hopeful caws and a flopping of wings and the crows returned. The old sentinel could evidently count twenty-six, but numbers beyond this puzzled him. The experiment was tried several times more, and it was found that the crows could keep the count without difficulty up to twenty, but beyond that they were uncertain. This shows that the crow is a very wise old bird.

Love Stronger Than Death.

That was a touching story told by Mr. Disraeli when announcing the death of the Princess Alice in Parliament. She had been cautioned by the physician not to inhale the breath of her little boy, who was ill with diphtheria. The little fellow was tossing in his bed in the delirium of fever. The princess stood by the side of her child and laid her hand on his brow, and began to caress him. The touch cooled the fevered brain and brought the wandering soul back from its wild delirium to nestle for a moment in the lap of a mother's love. Then throwing his arms around her neck he whispered, "Mamma, kiss me." The instinct of a mother's love is stronger than science, and she pressed her lips to those of her child. And yet there is not a woman in all the wide world but would say she would not have had a mother's heart if she had not kissed her bairn. And so it will be to the end of time. The mother will kiss her child, the wife her husband and the lover his sweetheart, though death in a thousand forms lie concealed beneath the vermilion coloring of the pouting lips.

Gigantic Quadrupedal Bird.

The Connecticut River sandstone is the geological wonderland of the New England states. The bad lands of Wyoming and South Dakota have rocks and fine clays that are literally filled with the remains of antediluvian monsters, but they all appear to have belonged to the order of four-footed mammalia. The prehistoric monsters of the Connecticut valley were also of the four-footed kind, but were probably the oddest creatures of that class that ever walked. These old-time freaks were birds of a size larger than any horse that now exists; but birds though they were, they walked on four legs, just as any other quadruped does. No remains of these creatures have ever been found other than their tracks, dozens of which have been found on sandstone and carefully gotten out and sent to the large museums of the world. The bird tracks recently found at Hastings, England, are as canary tracks to those of an ostrich when compared with the gigantic impressions left by the four-footed bird of the Connecticut Valley.

Half a Point.

A gentleman crossing the English channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said, sharply, to the man at the wheel.

The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah, half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rock of crime.

"That Reminds Me."

A deaconess remarked one evening, says the Deaconess Advocate, that a woman she had that day called upon told her with a lugubrious face, that her neighbor's child had died of "spinal legitimate." Everybody laughed, and one said, "That reminds me of a woman in my district who said that her husband had an attack of 'ammonia on the lungs:'"

"It was a man who told me the other day that he had been taking 'epidemic injections,'" said a third.

"Wonder if he found them helpful as the 'cherry pictorial' that a woman told me she was giving her child for a cough," said a fourth.

"I guess I'll have to prescribe that for my patient who insists that he has an 'ulster' in his throat," said another, and then they decided that further reminiscences were not in order.

In Prussia the price of medicine is regulated by the state, and a new price list is issued annually.

Condolence.

A Detroit man recently bought himself one of the suits of tow that have gained a great deal of popularity for summer wear. The colored man who does odd chores around his home looked at it, turned away and heaved a tremendous sigh.

"What's the matter, Augustus? Don't you approve of this outfit?"

"'Taint fer me ter 'spress no 'pinion. But I wants ter say dat ef wus comes ter de wus, I's redy ter stick by de fam'ly eben if I has ter take less wages."

"You seem to think this suit is connected with hard times."

"Yassir. But I didn't 'magine dey wue ez hahd ez all dis. Hit doan mek so much differ'nce ter cullud folks. W'en I wah livin' down souf I'se raised hul fam'lies ob pikerninnies dat ud tak' er coffee sack an' cut hol's foh dere arms an' mak' it pass fer co't vest an' breeches. But much ez I've hyurd 'bout dese hahd times, I nebber didn' spek ter see er sho nuff white gen'leman have ter go 'roun in jute clo's."—Detroit Free Press.

His Mouth Made Trouble.

A few years ago two men were convicted of horse stealing in a district court in Montana. They deserved a sentence of ten years imprisonment, but the judge let them off with three. The worse man of the two, supposing that the sentence once pronounced was past revision, addressed the court. "I just want to say," he told the judge, "that when I get out you will be the first one I will come here to kill." "Oh, well," said the judge, "in that case I'll make it ten years. Then you won't trouble me so soon." Having said this he turned to the other man and said: "Is there anything you would like to say?" "Not a blessed word," answered the prisoner. The man who said nothing is now out. While his partner is still behind the bars.

Remembering Names.

There is a Boston society woman who cannot remember names, neither can her daughter. One day they met a Mrs. Howe, and afterward the daughter remarked: "Howe invented the sewing machine didn't he? Well, just think of machines and we will be sure to get her name." The two ladies went to tea a few days afterward, and Mrs. Howe was there. Up sailed the mother with her sweetest smile and exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Singer, how delighted I am to see you again!" Soon afterward the daughter appeared, and, with equal charm of manner, said: "My dear Mrs. Wilcox, how are you?"

Emerson's Prayer.

In the August issue of the Arena the editor contributes the following significant anecdote concerning Whittier and Emerson: The two were taking a drive together when they passed a small, unpainted house by the roadside. "There," said Emerson, pointing out the house, "lives an old Calvanist, and she prays for me every day. I am glad she does. I pray for myself."

"Does she?" said Whittier. "What does thee pray for, friend Emerson."

"Well, when I first open my eyes on the beautiful world, I thank God that I am alive and live so near Boston."

In the number of Harper's Bazar issued on October 3d there will be given the first chapter of "Frances Waldeaux," a brilliant serial story from the pen of Rebecca Harding Davis. The story is original in treatment, and has for its motif the absorbing love of a mother for her only son. It will occupy eight consecutive numbers of the Bazar and be finely illustrated. "Autumn Fashions for Men" will be fully treated in the next issue of the Bazar.

Diplomacy.

Mrs. Hendricks (proudly walking out of the sewing room)—"Well, Percy, how do you like my bloomers?"

Mr. Hendricks—"Oh, they do very well, but dear me, how much older than usual they make you look."

On the following day a neat package intended for the far away heathen, was forwarded from the Hendricks home.—Cleveland leader.

Big Boom in Cabbage Leaves.

"The hot spell has been good for me in one way," said an uptown produce dealer. "You know there is a popular belief in the country that cabbage leaves will protect one from sunstroke. That belief has been communicated to the city, and the idea has cropped out wonderfully in the past few days. You know it's only the green leaves that are supposed to be protectors, and the only thing for a person to do who wants one of them in a hurry to put under his hat is is to buy a whole head of cabbage. Truckmen and street cleaners are my best customers this week. Yesterday afternoon a half dozen of the latter came in here, bought four heads of cabbage, divided the green leaves, and, with helmets stuffed with them, went confidently back to their broiling work."—New York Times.

Harper's Weekly for September 19th will contain an important article by Brigadier-General A. W. Greeley, U. S. A., on Nansen's "Farthest North;" Hon. Worthington C. Ford will contribute a valuable article on Washington's farewell address. There will be a double-page picture by the late C. S. Reinhart, entitled "High-tide at Gettysburg," and the battle of Lake Erie will be Commemorated in the "Naval Battles" series by James Barnes, with an illustration by Carleton T. Chapman.

Force of Imagination.

A venerable couple from a far western town arrived late at night at a seaside tavern. Just as the husband was falling asleep, he murmured: "Listen to the surf, Matilda; it's glorious; worth the journey. I haven't heard it for forty years." In the morning they saw no sea from windows or piazza. On inquiry the husband discovered that it was a bowling alley that had lulled him to sleep.—Boston Journal.