

LESS EARLY-TO-RISE TALK.

Coming Generations May Escape Thrill of Old Adage as It Is Less Observed.

The tantalizing old jingle about early rising making a man healthy, wealthy and wise is responsible for more misery in the world than all the other good-behavior maxims and rules for success put together, and it is gratifying to observe that the present generation is not so complaisant in obeying the rule as the good but misguided men and women of yesterday, says the Rochester Post-Express.

The early-rising fad is not much in vogue now in the cities, and it will not be many years before the beneficent reform will take root in the country.

The cause of this change, of course, is the change from early to late hours in thickly settled localities.

The urban population occupies its evenings in pleasurable pursuits and retires at an hour that is not in harmony with the advice that was inculcated daily in the minds of our grandmothers and grandfathers.

Another great change is the increase of occupations that require night work, for in every large city there are thousands of men and women who work at night and sleep during the day.

The theater is also an important factor in keeping people awake until midnight. In olden times there were not so many amusements and distractions in daily life, and after our grandparents finished their day's work there was nothing better to do than to go to bed.

In these days of rushing business and varied pleasures, however, humanity just begins to enjoy itself when "darkness falls from the wing of night," when the pale blue rays of the electric drill holes in the ebon atmosphere, and the noises of the downtown thoroughfares fall on the ear.

LAYMAN'S TALK NEEDED.

Bishop Asked Him Why He Didn't Say Something When the Bottle Went Astray.

The late bishop of Connecticut, Rt. Rev. John Williams, was an ardent fisherman, relates the Boston Herald. On one occasion "Lord John," as he was affectionately called by his brethren of the house of bishops, accompanied by one of his priests, now the bishop of California, a young deacon, and one of the leading members of the Connecticut bar, left the bishop's house en route for a certain island in Long Island sound, where they hoped to enjoy their outing.

An old lady had sent the bishop a bottle of rare claret to be partaken of by the party at luncheon.

On their arrival at their destination the claret was carefully placed in a cool place and the party dispersed, not to meet again until noon. Promptly at that hour they reassembled, and the bishop tenderly took the bottle from its resting place, and, declining all offers of assistance, inserted a corkscrew into the neck of the bottle, while the other members of the party, cups in hand, thirstily watched the procedure.

The cork proving refractory, "Lord John" placed the bottle between his knees and made another effort to dislodge the cork. So great was his effort that when the cork did yield the bottle flew back and struck the trunk of a tree immediately behind where he was standing.

Consternation was depicted on every countenance, and a solemn silence ensued, which was finally broken by the bishop, who, holding the corkscrew in one hand and the neck of the bottle in the other, turned to the lawyer, exclaiming in most emphatic tones: "You're a layman, sir; why don't you say something?"

Record Sunday School Work.

Warwick claims to possess in Miss Owen the oldest Sunday school teacher in the United Kingdom. She has taught in local Sunday schools for 82 years, and, although she is now in her ninety-fourth year, she still takes a class every Sunday.

In English Courts.

Even in court it is considered a mistake for an English judge to express a disagreement with the jury, and it would be felt to be inexcusable if he carried the controversy outside.

POLLY PORTER'S MEMORY.

A Parrot Who Never Forgot What He Once Had Learned or Heard.

Perhaps all parrots have equally remarkable memories, but 25 years' acquaintance with "Polly Porter" enables me to say that he never forgets what he has once learned, asserts Mary Rice Miller, in St. Nicholas. Like other parrots, when he is alone he exercises his memory as if amusing himself. Then it is that Polly Porter chatters in sentences; laughs aloud hysterically; calls, in various tones, commandingly or beseechingly; calls the names of servants who, but for Polly, would have been forgotten; calls the cat; whistles for dogs who were about him years ago.

Polly's cage is in a bow window of the dining-room—a good place for keeping an eye on the family. When the father rises from the breakfast table Polly advises: "Hurry! Hurry up! Hurry!"

Later, with the first movement preparatory to the children's start for school, he repeats sharply: "Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry!"

When a guest comes in he says, briskly: "Why, how d'yedoe?"

When he calls "Good-by" to persons passing on the street it seems almost certain that he reasons about the coming and departing guest. He quickly notices little children; coming to one particular corner of the bottom of his cage, he flutters before a little one, attempting baby talk, which is very funny, ending with "Beautiful child! Beautiful child!" and a loud laugh.

When the house is quiet and his mistress has a visitor in the parlor Polly craves attention.

He repeats the children's names, almost as if he were calling the roll in sweet, low tones. Then he says: "Mamma!" over and over, in a child's voice, till it is common for a visitor to say: "Do answer that child," or "Some one is calling you." He comes very near to telling tales, saying: "Ah, ah! naughty boy!" with great severity.

Polly is most impatient at breakfast time, when he shrieks till he receives attention: "Polly wants coffee! Polly wants breakfast!"

He takes a piece of bread cautiously; examines it; if it is not well buttered he throws it down. He enjoys a bunch of grapes, holding it down with one claw while with the other and his beak he opens grape after grape, eats the seed and casts the pulp away. He easily crushes a pear or an apple to get at the seeds.

Last Christmas Polly was sent by his owner, a New York boy, to friends as a present. They were told of his liveliness and astonishing powers of speech.

For some months Polly moped and said nothing, but at last began calling members of the family by name. If let out of his cage he fought the pug and whipped the cat; when shut up in his cage for punishment he would persistently work at the wires till he would force them apart and walk out defiantly. Recently he began upon his old lessons, and now repeats the cries of the newboys in the streets: "Extrah! Extrah! Journal—Sun—Herald!" And he sings quite well "Yankee Doodle," which was taught him last summer.

Good-by, Polly!

Rich Man of Greenland.

Mr. Kor-Ko-Ya, a Greenland, who has monopolized the commerce of East Baffinland, is a miniature Pierpont Morgan. He has a fleet of 14 vessels and is worth \$12,500, which is equal to a million in a less simple community. He lives in a wooden hut and possesses the luxuries of a table and a paraffin lamp. He recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of his business his employes drinking his health in cod liver oil.

Bee That Works at Night.

A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect, the combs being often six feet long, four feet wide and from four inches to six inches thick.

Absolutely Necessary.

Nan—I don't see why Miss Muggles should want to marry him, with all her money.

Dick—I guess she had to. I don't believe he'd have taken her without it.—Philadelphia Press.

WOMAN A PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

Pessimist When Talking of Alabama Must Speak in Soft Tones—Female Secretary There.

The pessimist who protests against woman's progression, not to mention digression, in new lines of work must admit there is recognition of her ability abroad in the land when a woman is chosen as recording secretary of one of the southern states, says the Pilgrim. When the man who held that position with Gov. Cunningham, of Alabama, resigned recently, Miss Mamie Offutt, who was confidential stenographer to the governor, was appointed in his place. It was a great compliment, for the office demands the exercise of much tact and diplomacy. By virtue of her position Miss Offutt is also secretary of the state board of pardons, and keeps a record of everything in connection with the thousand and one applications for pardon from inmates of Alabama mines and prisons. She must have a familiarity with the statutes of the state which relate to the office of governor, since questions bearing upon state laws and statutes are consequently coming in, and many novel points raised. She must also indorse the action of the governor upon such applications, as well as conduct much of the correspondence of the executive department. Graciousness and gentleness are qualities are no less characteristic of Miss Offutt than the knowledge of her duties or the efficiency with which those duties are performed, and her appointment to such responsibilities is not only a tribute to her exceptional ability, but incidentally recognizes the fact that there are women who can keep a secret.

MOBS ATTACK MONUMENTS

When Riot in Russia Breaks Loose Big Shafts Are Made the First Object of Attack.

That the disturbances in Russia are not marked by the overthrow of memorials is due to the care exercised by the police in guarding the column of Alexander I. and other historic monuments.

The police have learned through experience that these public memorials are the first objects of a mob's attack, and they profited by the happenings in other lands.

When the Commune gained control in Paris its first action was the overthrow of the Vendome column, while even the historic Nelson column, in London, has been mined, though in that instance the detonator failed to explode.

The statue of William III. in Dublin has withstood many an attack, the recurrent anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne stirring hatred afresh. The old statue is battered and time worn, but no serious harm has yet been done.

America has few memorials to attract or invite mob violence. Possibly the Haymarket memorial, in Chicago, may some day be blown up by those who regard the anarchists executed for the crime as martyrs, but the only recent attempt to blow up a statue was the unsuccessful effort to destroy the monument to Frederick the Great at Washington.

European memorials incur the dislike of the lawless because of their associations rather than because of their lack of artistic value. Were the latter defect an incentive to crime the park police would be kept busy here.

OLD TOURAINE IS HISTORIC

Marvels of Nature and Beauty Drew Many of Noble Family to the District.

Touraine is as rich in historic interest as it is in its natural beauties, declares Frederic Lees, in Architectural Record. The house of Valois had a special liking for the banks of the Loire, and the great nobles of their court built near the royal residences their own chateaux—marvels of architectural grace, strength and beauty, but of which there is not a stone that is not cemented with blood. For the Valois lived in an atmosphere of intrigue, fraud and violence. They were always being conspired against, and they met plot with counter plot; if treason could not be met with force, a sudden surprise or stab in the dark, or the malignant skill of some Italian chemist, laid to rest forever suspicions which might have been unfounded. It is but fair to state, however, that this was not often the case, for the nobles were turbulent and ambitious, and when not engaged in waging war openly or covertly with their sovereign, quarreled among themselves, and led forth their retainers to surprise or besiege a neighboring castle. On the battlement of every donjon there was a watchman, day and night, ever on the lookout for the glint of arms in the valley below; and ready to his hand was a huge horn, one blast of which would alarm the garrison and bring them to the walls. A few feet below the watchman there dangled from a jutting beam the corpse of some poor wretch, and in the loathsome dungeons beneath the moat others were chained to the reeking walls, for every castellan had the right of administering "greater and lesser justice," and could dispose of the lives and liberties of his vassals as he deemed fit. He had other privileges also, some of which make us wonder why the revolution did not come earlier.

One great trouble in life is that the paths for going wrong are planted so prettily with flowers at the beginning.—N. Y. Times.

And Slant Right.

One great trouble in life is that the paths for going wrong are planted so prettily with flowers at the beginning.—N. Y. Times.

Under the Ocean.

First Mermaid—What are you going to do with that shell?

Second Mermaid—See if there is a man under my bed.—N. Y. Sun.

EMPLOYER, LOOK PLEASANT

Show Yourself Master of Situation Instead of Slave by Wearing "Smile That Won't Come Off."

If you are an employer do not go about your place of business as though you thought life were a wretched, miserable grind, says O. S. Marden, in Success. Show yourself master of the situation, not its slave. Rise above the petty annoyances which destroy peace and harmony. Make up your mind that you are too large to be overcome by trifles. Resolve that you will be larger than your business, that you will outstep it with your manliness and cheerfulness.

To say nothing of its being your duty to make the lives of those who are helping you to carry on your business as pleasant as possible and as full of sunshine as possible, it is the best policy for you to pursue. You know very well that a horse that is prodded and fretted and urged all the time by means of whip and spur and rein, will not travel nearly so far without becoming exhausted as one that is urged forward by gentleness and kind treatment. In their susceptibility to kindness men and women are in no wise different from the lower animals. You cannot expect your employes to remain buoyant, cheerful, alert and unwearied under the goad of scowls and the lash of a bitter tongue. Energy is only another name for enthusiasm, and how can you expect those who work for you to be enthusiastic or energetic in your service when surrounded by an atmosphere of despondency and gloom, when they expect a volley of curses and criticism every time you pass.

Many a man who could have been a success sleeps in a failure's grave to-day because of his gloomy, mean, contemptible disposition and manner. He poisoned the atmosphere about him by venting his spleen, dyspepsia and bile on everyone in his vicinity. He not only minimized the value of his own efforts, but he also paralyzed the powers, the initiative, the helpful faculties and suggestive ideas of all those who worked for him.

REYNOLDS AND HIS RIVAL.

Contrast Between the Two Artists—Difference Between Art and Nature.

The contrast between these two artists is almost the difference between art and nature, says St. Nicholas. Reynolds was learned in what other painters had done, and had reduced his own art to a system. Gainsborough found out almost everything for himself, never lost the simple, natural way of looking at things and people; and painted not according to rule, but at the dictates of what he felt. Reynolds planned out his effects, Gainsborough painted on the spur of the impression which the subject aroused. Reynolds' art was based on safe general principles; Gainsborough's was the fresh and spontaneous expression of his temperament—depending, that is to say, on feelings rather than on calculation. His temperament, or habit of mind, was dreamy and poetic, gentle and retiring, including a small range of experience. Reynolds, on the other hand, was a man of the world and of business capacity; intimate with Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and other celebrities of the day; a man of knowledge and clever conversational power, whose pictures by their variety prove his versatility. Consequently when the Royal academy was established, in 1768, he was elected president by acclamation and was knighted by George III., an honor that has ever since been bestowed on the holder of this office.

These two men were at the head of the group of portrait painters who, in the latter part of the eighteenth century and in the early years of the succeeding one, added lustre to the new growth of art in England.

BUNYAN IN 105 LANGUAGES.

One book alone, the "Pilgrim's Progress," holds the record for English literature, having been reproduced in 105 different tongues

OCTOPUS UNCANNY THING.

Cuttlefish Have Been Found with a Reach of Thirty-Eight Feet—Kill Victims.

Of all the big game of the deep sea that have been taken by man the cuttlefishes are the most diabolical in shape and general appearance. I have handled and measured one that was 38 feet in length, a weird, spiderlike creature with two antennalike arms 30 feet in length, says a writer in Metropolitan Magazine. Specimens of these animals have been caught 70 feet in length, the captors fighting them with an ax, cutting the arms which seized and held the boat.

Off the coasts of California and Alaska there is a big deep sea ally of this animal—a big spiderlike octopus—that haunts the deep banks, preying upon the fishes most esteemed by fishermen. It is found off the Farallones on rock bottom and at times the fishermen haul in their lines thinking that they have fouled a stone or rock, so heavy is the weight, but when the surface is reached long, livid arms shoot above the water, seize the boat and the men are forced to fight with knives and lathets the weird, uncanny game that has a radial spread of 30 feet, its eight sucker-lined arms being 15 feet in length and possessed of extraordinary power. A specimen taken off the island of San Clemente had a spread of about 29 feet and gave the boatman a hard battle to sever its flying arms.

Nothing more diabolical can be conceived than this spiderlike giant of the deep sea, living among the rocks 600 to 1,000 feet below the surface. An individual of moderate size which I kept alive displayed the greatest pugnacity. The moment I approached it would literally hurl itself at my arm, winding its long tentacles about it in a manner suggestive of what a large individual might do. Indeed, Dr. A. S. Packard, professor of zoology at Brown university, says:

"An Indian woman at Victoria, Vancouver island, in 1877, was seized and drowned by an octopus, probably of this species, while bathing on the shore. Smaller specimens on coral reefs sometimes seize collectors or natives, and, fastening to them with their relentless suckered arms, tire and frighten to death the hapless victim."

OVER TWO CENTURIES AGO, THE ORIENTALS WERE ENGAGED IN INDUSTRY OF RECENT ORIGIN HERE.

The backwardness and unprogressiveness of the element of our population that opposes oyster culture are indicated by a fact stated in the National Geographic Magazine, namely, that the Japanese were cultivating oysters over two centuries ago on the only practical basis of individual control of the oyster bottoms. This intelligent people long ago saw what our politicians do not yet see—that reaping without sowing is as improvident and ruinous in aquaculture as in agriculture. "It comes as a shock to our national pride," says the National Geographic Magazine for May, "that the Japanese should have taken up oyster culture a century before our nation was born and have recognized the most essential factor in successful cultivation, namely, individual ownership or control of the oyster bottoms, when we remember that in the most important oyster region in the world, within a short distance of the capital of the United States, the vital principles of oyster culture are ignored and efforts to apply them are resisted sometimes by force of arms." Happily for the Japs, among them the least intelligent are not permitted to dictate the policy of the state to their own hurt and to the injury of large public interests.

Not only do the Japs cultivate with great profit the common oyster, but they cultivate also the pearl oyster. They stimulate the pearl secretion artificially, with the result that every year they have 1,250,000 oysters under treatment and obtain annually some 250,000 pearls. Among us the raising of terrapin is an unsolved problem, so that we are facing the extinction of the diamond-back and of other less valued varieties. But the Japs for years have been placng artificially grown terrapin on the market. Near Tokio a single farm markets yearly a crop of about 50,000 to 60,000 terrapin. In view of facts like this it seems to be "up to" our people to take a comprehensive view of their valuable but neglected water areas—areas which under intelligent management are capable of producing, per acre, crops largely exceeding in value those grown on land. We boast of our position in the van of modern progress, but in respect to the utilization of our natural resources we are far in the rear of the Japanese. In fact we regard our oyster bottoms from the point of view of primitive savages who hold their land in common and senselessly consume its products without provision for their renewal.

MAKES MOUTH ORGANS.

One Factory in Germany Makes Six Million Instruments a Year for Exportation.

Although the United States is by far the largest purchaser of mouth organs, comparatively few are made in this country. Most of the mouth organs sold here are of German make and are imported from the Black Forest, where one factory alone turns out 6,000,000 harmonicas yearly through its 15 branches, in which 2,000 hands are employed.

Only the higher grade harmonicas are of domestic make, since it is impossible to compete with the German made affairs in the cheaper grades mostly sold, but at the same time the most expensive are also obtained from Germany because of the care used in their manufacture.

These last are so-called "concert" harmonicas, which come in sets of from four to a dozen and which sell for several dollars. They are tuned in various keys, and in one form have six harmonicas of different keys fitted about a central stem. Some of the more elaborate ones are handsomely decorated in silver and gold, and the wood, instead of the cheap pine generally used, is mahogany. Trossingen is the headquarters for the industry, and the trade supports almost the entire population.

ALL IN THE MIND.

It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone that can make anyone happy or miserable.—L'Estrange.