Choate's Method of Study.

"He seems to have been mindful that excellence was attainable not only by those who could pass on swiftly and easily, but by those who, less favored by nature, were superior in intelligence. Thus, regarding genius as the mere capacity to acquire knowledge, he gave himself to habitual study." Describing to Mr. Parker his method of acquiring his profession, Mr. Choate said "that he gave his mind wholly to it; that his habit was to read until two o'clock in the morning. After his early experience his legal studies became less exclusive, as he sought a broader and more generous culture than the law could give. But even in his latest years he found inspiration in Coke and Littleton, fearing that his legal taste should decline. That he might be in full communion with the spirit and philosophy of our language and institutions and of our legal science—'the law of the law'—he studied almost daily other languages and other systems of jurisprudence and of government." Particularizing these studies, in his latter days, he tells how he spent a few minutes with favorite authors—English, Greek, Latin and French—"after a lesson from each, and then the genius of the law beckoned him away."

His memory seems through exercise to have been marvelously extensive. In the trial of the Phœnix Bank, in 1844, Mr. Webster and Mr. Choate were the opposing counsels. Mr. Webster, apropos of something in the trial, wrote on a slip of paper a passage from Pope and passed it to Mr. Choate. It read:

"Lo! where Maeotis sleeps, and softly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows."

Mr. Choate wrote at the bottom, "Wrong."

"'Lo! where Maetis sleeps and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.'"

Mr. Webster rejoined, "Right," and offered to wager. A messenger was dispatched for a volume of Pope, when it appeared that Mr. Choate was correct. With that determination never to be caught napping, Mr. Webster wrote on the copy of Pope, "Spurious edition." Of Choate's power of analysis there is no better proof than that presented by a correspondent. There was a complicated case of some importance in which Mr. Choate had been retained as counsel, and a full statement of the facts were presented to him by the associate lawyers, who had worked up the points. There were thirty in all. When they had all been read, Mr. Choate said: "Please repeat Nos. 26 and 27." They were repeated. He said: "There is something wanting; the human mind does not work in that way. The case drifts on naturally enough down to twenty-six, but there a peculiar complication comes up, and your statement does not meet it. At that juncture the parties, influenced by business habits, by interest or by desire to overreach each other, had several courses open to them," and he proceeded to indicate each in his peculiar way.

Subsequent examinations proved that Mr. Choate was right.

In his studies, Mr. Choate kept pace with the colleges, and with modern thought as there illustrated. He used to buy the text-books of Harvard and Yale, beginning with the freshman year, and in effect, graduating with the students. I once asked him why he did this. He said: "I don't like to have those young fellows come out of college crowing over me; they fresh and bright, I dull and rusty; we must habitually go back to the elements, first principles, and note new applications of them by those whose special business is to teach."

A correspondent, long a leader of the Boston bar, in referring to Mr. Choate's preception and sagacity as exceptional, says: "He could read the mind and infer the character of a juryman or of a witness with wonderful readiness and certainty. I have sat by him in court when jurors were selected, and when witnesses, strangers to him, were called, and been told what he thought of each of them in turn, and I cannot remember an instance in which he was mistaken."—*"Memories of Rufus Choate."*

Society Beauties.

To a plain man the motives which induce the spoiled beauty to permit her photograph to be exhibited in shop windows and stared at by shop-boys and idle apprentices are inscrutable. However charitably he is inclined to judge her, he needs must attribute it to some form of vanity. This, however, is a question for herself, her parents, or, most often, her husband. If they do not object, we can but be thankful for the reflection of her beautiful countenance among the hurrying crowds of the Strand and the elegant idlers of Bond Street. The amorous clerk may fill an album with specimens of female beauty, and dwell in raptures over the pictured "lips which are for others." The philosophic student has the opportunity of dispassionately balancing different styles of beauty. And yet the social beauty comes perilously close to the professional beauty. An old-fashioned man is most apt to regard with most favor that female loveliness which woos retirement. What is perhaps more likely to touch the society beauty, marrying men of late have shown something of a revulsion of feeling. They are not found seeking a bride in the glare of the ball-room, and admiring her whom many tongues commend. What the poets term the woodland violet, "retired as morning dew," is now more to their taste. Doubtless the fair sex is quite prepared to meet this new tactic of the men. In the meantime, the beauty of society, amid such revolutionary ideas, is scarcely in her place in all the photographic shop windows.

In all ages, however, people have indulged a certain amount of curiosity respecting the chief beauties who have for the time fascinated the lords of creation. One of the most pathetic passages in the Iliad dwells upon the feelings of the old men of Troy as they saw Helen, resplendent in her beauty, seek the walls. She was the cause of innumbered woes to the city, but still her grace won their hearts. Doubtless Cleopatra was the admiration of all the galley slaves in her fleet. To come nearer our own times, Lely with his pencil and a crowd of authors with their pens have celebrated the frail beauties of the Restoration. There is, therefore, some justification for the longing of our society beauties that their charms should be duly appraised. Outside the circles brightened by their presence, they would graciously permit some faint rays of their light to warm the fancy of a thousand unknown admirers. So beauty has ever led the multitude captive at its chariot wheels. In this respect, therefore, we are duly grateful for the boon. These images of female loveliness, opposite which a crowd of idle gazers obstruct the pathway, are another evidence of the philanthropic feelings of the upper classes. It is thus that a wandering Peri may peep through the gates of Paradise. A story is told of a fashionable curate who, when told that the ladies looked at him, exclaimed: "Let them look and die!" With more kindly hearts the fashionable beauties of the day expose their photographs in the shop-windows to the gaze of all beholders, that the latter may pass by enraptured.—*London Globe.*

—A corpse, the lurching of which, with one hand grasping the tiller, steered a large fishing boat with sails all set, against a wharf at Thamesville, Conn., a few days ago. The body was identified as that of a seventy-year old fisherman, living near New London. His death had been caused by heart disease.—*Hartford Post.*

A MULTIPLYING EYE.

The True Story of a Traveling Man who Saw Double.

Mr. Clarkson, a commercial traveler, was returning to New York from a six weeks' absence. He was in the best of spirits, having booked orders enough to make him the envy of all the other agents of his house. He flattered himself that he looked exceedingly well, too, and every shining surface that he passed lured his alert eye that he might see reflected therein his Grecian figure and handsome face. The heart of the commercial agent is prone to vanity as the rain falls downward.

As he tripped up the stairs of the Sixth avenue elevated road going up town, he came very near breaking into song, he was so happy. He wished he could meet some good-looking female friend, that she might see what a sunny and smiling spirit he was, even when saturated with business.

After settling himself in the car his eye wandered over the passengers in search of specimens of female beauty worthy his admiration.

His gaze was arrested by a young lady in front of him. She was pretty and stylish. Like most of the commercial fraternity, Mr. Clarkson adored style. "She is worth looking at," was his verdict.

Accidentally glancing along his own side of the car he saw her sitting there, three seats from him, and directly opposite where she had been but a moment before. Yet he hadn't seen her move. In fact, his eyes had been on her every instant. He looked across the car and there she was in her old place. He looked again on his side of the car and she was there, too. Mr. Clarkson began to doubt the accuracy of his own eyes. Was there any mistake? No. The young lady who sat on his side of the car was the same person who sat opposite. There was the same bright Spanish face, the same lovely dark eyes, the same jaunty little bonnet, with its yellow and brown tips, the same modish brown dress, the same gloves, the same attitude; but how did she manage to be in two places at once?

Mr. Clarkson began to feel queer. He had now approached a point where amazement merges into fright. His eyes rolled from one side of the car to the other incessantly and almost uncontrollably.

He looked at the rest of his fellow passengers to see if they noticed anything unusual. Evidently they did not. He watched the young lady—the real one—intently, to see if she were aware of the phenomenon. Unmistakably she was not.

When Mr. Clarkson realized this he turned very pale. Something was wrong in his brain. He was seeing two women where but one could possibly exist. This was madness. He took off his hat and rubbed his head, having a blurred idea that the faculty of seeing double had probably enlarged that casket of thought. He put on his hat again and was actually astonished to find that it fitted as well as ever.

Meantime, he kept furtively watching the other passengers, feeling sure that presently they would all be looking at him, and some of them laying violent hands on him, perhaps.

The damp dews of agony gathered on his forehead. "Here I am," he silently soliloquized, "riding along with fifty other people, looking all right, and yet as crazy as a hornet." Then he wondered if he were likely to get much worse immediately, and if this strange faculty continued with him how he would keep his friends from finding out his condition.

At that moment the young lady rose to leave the car; and, oh, horrors, so did her double. What was still more surprising, she spoke to the double and called her "Sister Nettie."

Mr. Clarkson gasped and sank back in his seat, half fainting with relief. For him the clouds had instantly rolled by. The extra young lady wasn't a ghostly double or an optical delusion. She was a twin. Mr. Clarkson went home a subdued man, with no signs of the self-conceit about him which had enveloped him like an aurora but a half hour before.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

Will Science Succeed in Banishing It from Our Midst?

French science may indeed claim a new title to the gratitude of humanity. While granting this, we do not wish to rush to the hasty conclusion that hydrophobia is to be banished from our midst; only, if we can believe our eyes and ears, it seems that we are in measurable distance of this glad state. What has Pasteur done? He has—if our information be accurate, and we have no reason to doubt it—done something to twenty-three dogs, thereby rendering them, at any rate for a time, incapable of suffering from rabies. Side by side with the free animals he has placed others which may be regarded as servile to the yoke of hydrophobia. Of the latter series six were bitten by mad dogs, three of them becoming mad; eight were subjected to intravenous inoculation, all becoming mad; and five to inoculation by trepanning, all likewise becoming mad. On this showing, sixteen out of nineteen dogs died when a dose of the virus of rabies was sown in them; whereas, of twenty-three protected dogs, none succumbed, although the virus was brought in the most effectual manner into the tissues of each animal. It is a well known fact that many more persons are bitten by rabid animals than suffer from hydrophobia. What the exact proportion may be is not satisfactorily known, but in dogs it would appear that about half the number bitten become rabid. There are two explanations of the escape. The first is expressed by saying that no virus gets into the tissues of the body. The second suggestion, though possible, is less plain. It is to the effect that some organisms are unsuitable for the development of the rabid poison. There is analogy for this contention. Some individuals are believed to be insusceptible to the poison of scarlet fever, and this statement also applies to other acute specific diseases. The questioner of nature may ask how these facts are to be explained? And although we are on very unsafe ground, still science does afford some clew to a possible explanation. If we remember rightly, Sir James Paget has asserted his belief that a severe attack of typhoid fever may do away with the protection afforded by a previous attack of small-pox. Typhoid fever so modifies the constitution that the protoplasmic organism once again becomes favorable to the growth and development of the germs of small-pox. Inoculation with the attenuated virus of hydrophobia gives a dog immunity from the disease, just as similar treatment preserves a sheep from charbon; in other words, the physical basis of the canine organism is so altered that it no longer affords nourishment for the evolution of the poison of rabies.—*Lancet.*

—When we pour milk into a cup of coffee the albumen of the milk and the tannin of the tea or coffee instantly unite and form leather, or minute flakes of the very same compound which is produced in the texture of the tanned hide, and which makes it leather, as distinguished from the original skin. In the course of the year an average tea-drinker will drink enough leather to make a pair of shoes.—*Cleveland Leader.*

What We Outlive.

There is a little French phrase which sums up in six words one's whole experience of life: *"Tout passe; tout casse; tout lasse"*—everything passes, breaks, fatigues—in time. It is a question of time only. We outlive everything in turn—from the fresh delights of childhood, through the deeper joys of adolescence and the grave satisfaction of successful maturity, down to the very peace of old age.

First of the links which fall from the golden chain is that phantasamagoric and unreal state we call childhood—that state which makes its own world apart from the real life going on about it, and lives in shadows and dreams, created by imagination, acting on and through ignorance. The griefs which were so violent then as almost to break our heart would now be no heavier than thistledown, no more substantial than a cloud. The joys which made the glad earth a childish paradise tenanted by cherubs for playmates and angels for guardians would now be intolerable if they had to be endured. It is all outlived, and we stand on the burial place of that young past different in all save name and continued individuality.

In youth the doubts and fears which so terribly affected us are now as vague and unsubstantial as are the former sorrows of childhood. Before we knew our power, or had measured exactly the space we should occupy in the history of our time and the esteem of society—what an infinitude of these doubts and fears distracted us! We were so uncertain of ourselves, if we were sensitive and without much assertion; or if of the more sanguine kind, we made so many bold flights which ended in ignominious tumbles into the gutter, before we learned the exact strength of our pinions and what we could do and what we could not! The invitations to high places which gave us so much anxious consideration about the correct shibboleth—the triumphs which were pain rather than pleasure because of shyness and modesty—the bright burning hopes which seemed as if they would go on forever like the sun and the stars—and which ended in smoke and smudge!

And then our love affairs! The sleepless nights we have had because she was cross or he was cold; because she flirted in the corner with Tom and he gave his arm to the supper-room to Jane! And in return the wild, unreasoning delight when the idol of the moment graciously winked its precious eyes and gave a sign of understanding our prayer! It has all passed. And we have outlived our love for Tom, or married Jane—which certain cynics say comes to much the same thing. At all events, if we have married, we have outlived fear and know the best and the worst of our portion.

In like manner, if we go on long enough, we outlive the proud joy of fulfilled ambition. The honor which we gave our life to gain becomes to us a mere pinch of dust, a mere name, when our vitality has waned and we care no more for things of the world; when pleasure itself has fallen from us, and we want only rest and peace. We need only to go on long enough to come to this: *"Tout passe; tout casse; tout lasse!"* While, however, any energy lives in us at all, and before we come to the last sad stage when we are merely living mummies, held together by a slender thread of life—there are certain things we do not and ought not to outlive—these are: Love of truth, love of beauty, love of humanity. We love our kind best when we love all that is beautiful and good most; and, without love of our kind, life is a grim and ghastly satire. We need never outlive these things while the poor frail machine of the body does its work. And with these we shall always find wells of happiness and floods of sunshine whatever our outward circumstances may be.—*Home Journal.*

Englishmen and Hindus.

With all the intimacy, and even equality, that exists between English and native gentlemen when they are associated for purposes of business, there can, generally speaking, be no exchange of hospitalities of ordinary kinds, as among people of the same nation. Besides the difficulty presented by the customs of private life, there is the other impediment above referred to—the rules and practice of caste. "We are invited to an entertainment, let us say, with some other English people by a Hindu gentleman of rank. If any one thinks he will here have an opportunity of realizing his visions of Eastern banquets and Eastern manners he will be disappointed. It is a big English dinner; but there is no host. The man who is in the position of host feeds his English guests after their manner, and he keeps to his own. He will see them by and by when the eating is over. Or if the Hindu gentleman comes invited to some English entertainment he does not eat with the Europeans or take of their food elsewhere. He may sit beside them at dinner, but more commonly he stays away, or sits in another room till this is over. We see at once that this is something quite different from social distinctions among ourselves. It means neither difference of rank nor undesirable company. It is a requirement of his inherited state as a Hindu, but it is no piece of family pride. And there is no blame to him that his way is not ours. There it is, however, enforcing, without any natural reasons of the kind just referred to, a separation in respect of this most social of all social customs, especially sacred from ancient times among Eastern nations, where the man "that eats of another's salt," "he that eateth bread with him," is the familiar description of the close associate or the friendly guest. This is nothing, of course, in itself. People can get on very well without eating together. The hindrance to social equality is not in this rule and practice, which is a mere outward thing, but in the idea which underlies it, which implies a necessary distinction and separation, though necessary on one side only. We see the relation which this assumes between the one and the other, as between race and race or class and class, though there is no pretension of superiority in the individual. This obstacle, too, is beginning to give way.—*National Review.*

"Claimed the Honor."

"W'y, we're old friends!" said a gray-haired old man to a little fellow whom he had just met for the first time. "I don't remember you." "Don't ye! W'y, I sold a horse to your grandther sixty year ago." Something like this is reported to have happened to Madame Modjeska in San Francisco during her first visit to this country.

"I am made so pleased," said the madame, who had not then mastered our idiom, "by the many old friends I haf here."

"Old friends here?" I asked.

"Yes. Only this day a card is sent to my apartment. The name is a Polish one. I say the gentleman may present himself. Well, he did; and he say to me, 'Madame, I am delighted to salute you, for I claim the honor of an old acquaintance.'

"'With me?' I say. 'But one is so stupid, for I cannot recall where I haf meet you.'

"'No, madame,' he say, 'not so great an honor as that; but my father, forty years ago, he make the brick of which your father build his house in Warsaw.'"

After a pause, Modjeska added to me, with her charming *naivette*; "It is pleasant, is it not? But forty years is so long for one to remember who is not yet forty."—*San Francisco Call.*

A TEN THOUSAND TON BOWLDER.

Rocks as Large as a Small Cottage Scattered Over Long Island and Connecticut.

Erratic bowlders is a geological term to indicate large rocks found on the surface of the ground at a distance from the place of their origin. Some of these displaced rocks are known to exist at a distance of hundreds of miles from their former location—like many that are found in this State and on Long Island and in Massachusetts. The theory of the geologists is that these great rocks, which are in many instances as large as a small cottage, were carried on moving masses of ice during that indefinite and mysterious time called the glacial period. Some of them were so deposited by the melting or breaking ice as to leave them to this day curiously balanced on the point of contact on which they rest. These, known as "rocking stones" and "balanced rocks," are in some instances so nicely poised that, ponderous as they are, some of them can be sensibly rocked with some exertion of strength by the hand, while it would require a much greater force to overthrow them. Of these balanced rocks there are several examples, not only abroad, but in New England. A notable one exists in Lanesborough, in Berkshire County, Mass. Connecticut is well sprinkled with the ice-borne bowlders, though we believe our State has few or no rocking stones. One of the largest of the bowlders—and it is thought to be the biggest one in the country—is in this State, in the New London county town of Montville, on the west side of the Thames River, between Norwich and New London. This big rock has just been photographed. It is locally known as the Shehegan rock, and is forty-five feet high and seventy feet long. By the best engineering estimates its weight is 10,000 tons. That is a pretty solid load, even for a traveling iceberg to carry. Ages of rain and frost have told on it by splitting off big fragments—one of which is sixty feet long and has an average thickness of twelve feet—its estimated weight, 1,200 tons, considerably exceeding that of the entire rock called "Pierre a Martin," the largest of the granite bowlders among the limestone ledges of the Jura Mountains in Switzerland. The next largest rock of the glacial deposits in New England is said to lie at the foot of a mountain in Nottingham, in southeastern New Hampshire; it is called the Churchill rock, and is sixty-two feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high; but its weight is believed to be 4,000 tons less than that of the Montville rock. The erratic granite bowlder out of which was hewn the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, was forty-two feet long, twenty-seven feet broad, and twenty-one feet high. It is said the famous Plymouth Rock on which the Pilgrims landed is an erratic bowlder of syenite, that was moved by the ice from Roxbury in Boston. Indeed the New England coast is plentifully strewn with these large rocky visitors from the north, and a good many, no doubt, lie submerged in the waters of Long Island Sound and of other sounds and bays to the eastward as far as Cape Cod, forming no considerable portion of the hidden dangers to navigation along the New England coast.—*Hartford Times.*

A Useful "Faculty."

An old problem of the psychologists has been revived by a letter to *La Nature*, written by a French business man, who mentions that for years he had been in the habit of waking himself at any hour in the morning that he wished, simply by impressing upon his mind, before going to sleep, the fact that he must wake at that time; and saying further that he seldom varies five minutes from the moment which he has assigned himself. The New York *Evening Post*, in speaking of this etter, says that Napoleon I. is related to have had the same faculty, but adds that its existence has never been verified. We imagine that this experience is not so rare as the *Evening Post* supposes, and that a person need not be a Napoleon to be favored with this useful "faculty." We have a very distinct recollection of many instances in which we have ourselves tried the experiment with success, and at one time, when it was necessary for a considerable period for us to wake on certain days of the week at a very early hour, to take the first train to the place where our services were then needed, we had an opportunity of studying the circumstances under which this peculiar species of self-control is most easily exercised. During this period we found no difficulty in waking regularly within about five minutes of the time necessary to enable us to reach the train comfortably, although for a portion of the time this involved getting up long before daylight; but we discovered, also, that in order to wake with precision at the right moment and to rest quietly until it arrived, it was necessary to look at our watch just before going to sleep. If we neglected this precaution we were apt to sleep uneasily, waking first an hour or more before the proper time, and allowing ourselves, in consequence, only short naps afterward until the minute arrived for getting up. Whatever part of our mind it might have been that took charge of waking us it seemed to begin its count of the hours from the time at which we composed ourselves to sleep, and if we did not inform ourselves of this, our unconscious reckoning was correspondingly uncertain, and the effort to wake vague; but if we took a clear note of the time in the evening, we could sleep peacefully through the whole of the allotted interval, sure of being aroused at or very near its expiration. Another condition of waking we found to be the occurrence of some small external event, through which, as it were, the internal effort could take effect upon our senses. A very trifling circumstance—the flutter of a leaf outside the window, the chirp of a bird, or any other of the unnumbered sounds of early morning—was sufficient, if it happened at the right time, to wake us, by a sort of magnifying process which at that moment gave the power of startling us by a noise which would at other times be unnoticed; but without such sensible impression we think we should not have waked. In fact, on one or two occasions, we remember to have been impressed with a dim consciousness of waiting for something to happen before waking, and a moment later a trifling sound would open our senses with a little shock. To the necessity of waiting for this impression, small as it might be, we were disposed to attribute the variation of a minute or two either way from the exact moment assigned for waking, which might otherwise be kept with exact punctuality.—*American Architect.*

—A fish auction in Holland is one of the oddest things in the world. As soon as a boatman reaches port with a load of fish the fact is announced by the sounding of a gong. Those desiring to make purchases repair to the beach, where the fish are piled up in little heaps. The owner then proceeds to auction them off. Instead of leaving the purchasers do the bidding, as is done in this country, he does it himself. He sings out a price at which he will sell the lot. If no one takes it, he comes down by easy stages till within what the purchasers are willing to pay.

—The quantity of leaf-tobacco sold at Danville, Va., for the year ended Oct. 1 was 27,500,000 pounds, at an average price per 100 of $13.07.

SIR WILLIAM OUSELEY.

Incidents in the Career of a Former English Minister to Central America.

Sir William Gore Ouseley, who came to Washington as a special envoy to Central America, stopping on his way in 1858, had visited Washington twenty-eight years previous, as attache to the British Government, under Sir Charles Vaughan, and while here he entered personally into a treaty of permanent peace and amity with the United States, by marrying the daughter of Governor Van Ness, of Vermont. Miss Van Ness was a young lady of great beauty, who was here visiting her uncle, General Van Ness. He had come here as a member of Congress from New York State, married Miss Marcia Burns, daughter of the original owner of the Metropolis, and taken up his residence here. Sir William was a son of Sir William Ouseley, distinguished as a Persian antiquarian; and several members of his family had filled public positions in the church and state. Having been for some time Minister to Brazil and afterwards to Buenos Ayres, his acquaintance with the Spanish race, language and literature was probably superior to that of any other Englishman. Personally friendly with Mr. Buchanan, and knowing many of our public men, it was thought that he was the man to aid in putting an end to the imbroglio which then involved the relations of Great Britain, the United States and Central America. It was his great desire that filibustering should be checked. This was not agreeable intelligence to those who had invested in Nicaraguan or Cuban bonds, but they had to bear in mind the motto on the armorial shield of the Ouseleys, *mors lupi aquis vita*—"the death of the wolf is life to the lamb." Sir William brought his cook and butler, and not only gave dinners to Senators and diplomats, but evening parties. At the first one of these held, Lady Ouseley wore a rich blue brocade, trimmed with a honiton lace bertha, with a wreath of blue flowers upon her hair, fastened at each side by a diamond brooch; Miss Lane, the President's niece, wore a black tulle gown, ornamented with bunches of gold leaves, a head-dress of gold grapes, with a pearl neck-lace; Mme. Stoecki, the wife of the Russian Minister, wore a white silk gown, with black lace flounce, cherry-colored flowers, and gold beads; Mrs. Pendleton, whose husband was then a Representative in Congress from the Cincinnati district, wore a white silk skirt, with a blue tunic, trimmed with bright colors; Mrs. Dan Sickles, of New York, wore a blue silk gown, with rich point lace flounces, and Etruscan jewelry. Among the gentlemen present were Lord Napier, Edward Everett, Jacob Thompson, John Appleton, Count Sartiges, General Robles, and a large number of Senators and Representatives, with a few journalists. Miss Ouseley, who was very intimate with Miss Lane, was the first lady who wore a balmoral scarlet petticoat at Washington. Sir William remained here for nearly a year, and when the President and Miss Lane took their summer flight to Bedford Springs, Lord and Lady Ouseley, with their daughter and a daughter of Senator Bright, accompanied them.—*Ben Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

Bill Nye's Experience with a Wild Wisconsin Cyclone.

Those who know me best will remember that I have never, openly or secretly, written or or uttered a sentiment that could in any way be warped into an adverse criticism of the cyclone. Whatever I may have learned or observed derogatory to the cyclone and its cruel and treacherous nature, I have religiously kept to myself.

And what is my reward for this? Like a peaceful cute, stealing up through the sheltering ambush to saw open the windpipe of a dear friend, comes the ring-tail peeler of the sky, scarcely moving the green leaves as he steals along the valley on his hind legs. The air is like the atmosphere of death. No sound is heard except the dull thud of the woodman's ax as it buries itself in the heart of a pine tree that belongs to some one else. The sun has dropped behind a dull gray cloud that is faced with pale green. Still lower down the steel gray and purple clouds come boiling over the tree-tops. The tree-toad makes a few desultory remarks, Katy-did says "good evening," and the premature twilight has come. Up from the southwest comes a sullen mutter, a crash, a roar, like twenty oceans in joint caucus, the rush of falling trees, the crash of giant hailstones, the thunder of falling waters and like the deadly charge of heaven's artillery, it is over. That is a cyclone—one of the adult variety when it is feeling well. When you see one of that kind sliding up into the sky, do not try to twist its tail as it goes by. It takes a strong, quick man to reach out over the dashboard and twist the tail of a cyclone. He must be strong in the wrists, cool-headed and soon in movements.

The cyclone which visited Northern Wisconsin on the 9th instant was about a mile and a half wide, and lasted through a period of time, I should say, such as would be measured in pronouncing the word "scat!" in an ordinary tone of voice. It blew down three churches, sparing all the saloons, jerked the school buildings crooked, knocked the post-office silly and demolished a dozen stores and places of business. It killed two of the most promising young men and the purest Christian woman in the village. Then it went out into the forest where I was riding along, attending to my own business, tipped me over and broke my leg. Everywhere it sought out the young and fair. It spared the old, the sinful and the tough, but spent its fury on the tender, the good, the true and the beautiful. Is it surprising that it jerked me galley west? No, indeed! I am only surprised that I am alive.—*Denver Opinion.*

The Brain's Minor Gateways.

How much of the pleasure of living comes from the exercise of the little considered sense of taste or that of smell it is hard to estimate. Harriet Martineau, the English authoress, seems to have been one of the few persons having no sense of taste, as a recent writer asserts that she was entirely destitute of it. She reported that the faculty came to her once, when the deliciousness of a leg of mutton aroused an eager anticipation of the enjoyment of her next dinner; but nothing came of it, for her tasteing power was withdrawn as suddenly as it had been given. The sense of smell was also denied her, as it was Wordsworth. In his case the lacking sense also appeared on a single occasion, when he "smelled a bean-field and thought it Heaven."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—On walking upon or disturbing the sand of certain beaches a peculiar sound is heard, which has been described as somewhat resembling the bark of a dog. The sound seems to arise from the friction of particles of dry sand. Until recently these so-called singing beaches have been known to exist at only two places, one in Europe and one in this country, but sampies of the singing sands have been collected in no less than twenty-six localities in the United States.—*Boston Globe.*

Playing With a Greenhorn.

At the Michigan Central depot the other day three or four citizens who happened to be waiting for the same train to come in got to talking about confidence men and their victims, and one of them pointed out a particularly verdant specimen of young-man-from-the-country, and said:

"That fellow would be a ripe subject for the fraternity. The chances are that he could be bamboozled as easy as rolling off a log."

"I dunno," replied another. "Suppose you work on him a little as an experiment. Here is a check which I will fill out, and I'll come in at the right time as your pal."

The idea was entered into, and in a few minutes No. 1 put himself in the way of the greenhorn and made some inquiries about the trains and ascertained that the stranger was going to Michigan City.

"So? Why, I'm going right there myself. I own a big saw-mill there."

"Yew dew, eh?"

"Yes, and I'm here looking for a foreman. I have a boss place for a man at sixty dollars a month."

"That's me to a huckleberry. I've worked in saw-mills all my life."

"You can have the place, and I'm glad to get hold of such a man. Consider yourself engaged for a year at sixty dollars per month."

"Snakes and tom cats, but ain't that luck!" chuckled greeny. "Stranger, you must be an awful good man."

"Well, I run a Sunday-school and try to live an upright life. Maybe you want a month's salary in advance?"

"Woogh! yew don't say so! No, I guess I can git along, being as I have forty-five dollars in my wallet."

At this moment the pal came up with the usual bill, which must be paid at once or the new saws for the mill would not be shipped. No. 1 had only three or four dollars in bills, but offered a check for $200. Following out the usual programme greenhorn was asked to hand over his forty-five dollars and take the check as security. The words were hardly off the man's lips when greeny spit on both hands at once, shot out with his right and left in chorus, and there was a thump! thump! which knocked two men flatter than pancakes.

"Softly, gentlemen—softly!" commanded greeny as half a dozen men rushed up. "I look like a last year's pumpkin saved over in the basement of a canning factory, but after traveling with a circus for the last eleven years I ought to know buckwheat from spring goslings. Pick 'em up and sponge out the blood and turn 'em loose. They'll feel tired all the rest of the day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Crime Exposed.

Only a few months ago the papers gave an instance of the acuteness of a French detective. A man had murdered his female companion and buried her body in a cellar. The corpse was discovered and the man then said that the woman had killed herself by falling down stairs, and that he had buried her secretly fearing to be accused of her death. He asserted that this "accident" took place in the autumn, in October. The detective observed the traces of smoke on the ceiling. "You had a candle when you buried the body," he remarked, and was answered in the affirmative. "And you say you only entered this cellar on that one day in October?" The suspected man again averred it. "You are speaking falsely," retorted the detective, and showed the murderer, between the crevices of the ceiling, the half consumed larvæ of certain insects which only lay in the spring, and which had been burnt by his candle at the time when he had actually buried his victim. How often has a clever forgery been detected by some keen observer who noted some very trifling oversight in the skillful fraud. Forged wills have been found out from the water-mark of the paper not tallying with their date. There is a story of a false will being once propounded in a French court, and the forgery was so skillful that it appeared impossible to deny the document's authenticity, though certain circumstances caused its genuineness to be suspected. It was drawn, not on ordinary paper, but on the back of a map of France professedly over a century old. The name of the publisher of the map was in the corner, together with the date, and the words, "Geographer to the King." Though the relatives who were injured by the will felt convinced that a fraud was being practiced upon them, redress seemed hopeless. But a clever lawyer discovered that, at the time of the supposed publication of the map, the dignity of "Geographer to the King" had not been conferred upon the map maker. The name was correct, that of a well-known publisher of charts in his day, and he had been permitted to assume the title the forger had added, but not till some years after the date of the forged map. Investigations clearly proved that the geographer never assumed the title till it was legally conferred upon him, and never afterward published a map without adding it; the map, as well as the will written upon its back, was a forgery, detected by an observer of unusual acuteness.—*London Standard.*

A Good Name is Money.

A farmer's name has a commercial value as well as that of the merchant. If every man who grows a bushel of fruit, makes a pound of butter or cheese, or who, in fact, is to have any product for home or distant market, will resolve that he will this year pack his stuff in the neatest possible form, pack only the best, and properly brand the packages, he may be sure that he is laying the foundation of a good name which will be worth many dollars to him in the future. Let it be remembered that the honest commission man has the same interest in procuring top market prices as has the producer, whose goods he handles. He, therefore, prefers to deal with honest consigners, intelligent enough to put up only the best, and in the most approved manner. When he secures a patron of this kind he takes extra pains to sell to the best advantage. He trades on the name. The name is money to him as well as to its owner. Honest commission men are not phenomenal. Parker Earle, President of the Mississippi Valley Horticultural Society, in his address before that body last winter, said: "I have had something to do with commission fruit merchants for nearly a quarter of a century, having done business with over one hundred and fifty of them in some eighty cities of twenty States and Provinces, without ever having consciously been cheated out of a dollar in all that acquaintance." It may be set down as a fact, therefore, that the producer who has determined to establish a good name, if merely for the money there is in it, can secure a powerful ally in the man whom he chooses to handle his products, if that man has an equal care for the money value of his own good name. Sell the best; put it in the best marketable form, label it so that every purchaser will know exactly from whom it came, and the rest—the profit—will be forthcoming.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A woman attempted to throw her child in front of a locomotive at Frankfort, Ky., but was thwarted by a colored man, who saved the life of the babe at the risk of his own.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Bjorkstein, the tjenor, will pjarform this cjountry next sjeason. Bjorge!—*N. Y. Graphic.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Forty million acres in Texas are devoted to educational purposes.

—A Baptist lady in Texas devotes to the Lord's cause all the eggs laid by her hens on Sunday.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their studies.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The London *Telegraph*, rejoicing in the decision of the University of Oxford to admit women to degrees, says the life of "married homes will be happier when equal intellect and culture are to be found in husband and wife."

—The alumni of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy have condemned the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in drug stores as a growing evil, tending to degrade the profession of pharmacy and damage the morals of the community.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Parson Newman says that "religion does not interfere with business life, nor business life with religion." No; they always keep a respectful distance from each other, and that is why there is so much rascality in the world.—*Rochester Democrat.*

—An English vicar has complained to the Department of Education that children of five years are compelled in the schools to learn all about the properties of rhomboids, trapezoids, pentagons, octagons and parallelograms of every kind. He says they cannot even pronounce the names.

—The Society of Quakers, in England, although it may not have kept pace with the increase of other religious bodies, has shown a steady growth. The statistical statement issued at a recent meeting of the sect shows a total of 15,200 members in England; so that, although the rate of progress has been comparatively slow, it has been continuous for over twenty years.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The *Christian Intelligencer* says: "It is a good plan that some churches are adopting of having 'vigilance committees' to look after the absentees from Sunday worship. Any member out of his place for two Sundays is reported to the pastor, who immediately takes measures to learn the reason why. Strangers attending for two Sundays are visited with the view of attaching them to the congregation.

—The English divines and scholars have been very slow in examining and adopting the "Teaching of the Apostles"—much slower than we have been; but now they are getting quite excited over it. Recently representatives of all denominations met in the Jerusalem Chapel, Westminster Abbey, to listen to Dr. Hatch's exposition of it. He spoke of too newly discovered manuscript as the "greatest discovery of modern times," and hoped that it would prove the basis for greater unity of spirit, if not of organization, of Christendom.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is the fashion now for dudes to eat dried apples. They are so "awfully swell," you know. That is, dried apples are.

—A little instruction: "What, give a prize to your son? He persists in doing nothing!" "Well, give him the prize of perseverence, then!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"An' that's the pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious! what are the rest of his bed clothes like, I wonder."—*Yale News.*

—Perhaps no man was ever more disturbed by a trifle than the reporter who, concerning the appearance of the belle of a town at a picnic, intended to say "she looked au fait," and found the types had it "she looked all feet."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A man whose knowledge is based on actual experience says that, when calling on their sweethearts, young men should carry affection in their hearts, perfection in their manners, and confection in their pockets.—*Boston Journal.*

—"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening; but"—and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded; "but next time don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward."—*Amherst Student.*

—Paradoxical—One rainy day last week Gilhooly got into an Austin Avenue street car, which was crowded to the very utmost. When he put his fare in the box, he remarked to the driver: "The railroad company think they are very smart; but you can just tell them for me, that if they let so many people crowd into one car, nobody will ride in the cars at all."—*Texas Siftings.*

—A disenchantment—Grandpapa—"What? Bob in love with Miss Fontalba, the comic actress at the Parthenon?" Bob—(firing up). "Yes, grandpa! And if you've got a word to say against that lady, it had better not be said in my presence, that's all!" Grandpapa—"I say a word against her! Why, bless your heart, my dear boy! I was head over ears in love with her myself—when I was your age!"—*London Punch.*

—In the concert room: She—"Isn't it lovely? I never did hear such delicious music. So tender, so plaintive, so refined, so soul-possessing!" He—"I am delighted to know that you are such a music-lover; but this is nothing to what you will hear when they have got through tuning their instruments." She wishes she had not begun her ecstasies quite so soon; but, poor thing! how was she to know that this wasn't a fugue or a sonata or gavotte or something or other?—*Boston Post.*

A Remarkable Young Lady.

Young Frenchwomen evidently do not intend to be left behind their English and American sisters in the matter of academic caps and gowns. We have to record the brilliant success of a young Vendean lady (Mlle. Benoit) in the recent examination at the Sorbonne for the Baccalaureat-es-lettres, one of three sisters who have all distinguished themselves. Mlle. Gabrielle was lately made "bacheliere es lettres et es sciences," while Mlle. Victorine, the eldest of the three last year received her degree of M. D., her thesis on that occasion being generally regarded as remarkable. The last-mentioned lady is a notable example of the indomitable energy and courage of French women. While pursuing her medical studies at the Sorbonne she not only maintained herself by giving lessons, but also contributed to the education of her you