A HAUNTED BRIG.

A Singular Phenomenon on Board a Vessel in Philadelphia Harbor.

The brig Frances, a West India trader of Machias, Me., lay at the foot of Prime street wharf a few days ago, waiting for the arrival of a crew to enable her to put to sea. Captain Hial H. Thomas, the commander, a bluff, hearty old sailor, who has, in his time, navigated nearly every ocean on the globe, sat under the bit of awning stretched across the quarter-deck of the brig and told of the predicament which has kept his vessel here for several days. The Frances finished taking her cargo on board on Thursday last. She is 580 tons register and laden with hoops, staves and heading, consigned to a sugar exporting house at Matanzas, Cuba.

Captain Thomas said: "To begin, none of my old crew staid by the vessel when we arrived here, so I shipped a new lot, five seamen, and sent them on board last Thursday afternoon.

"It never has been my plan to put a crew on board until I was ready to tow out to sea, but there was a new spanker to bend, a lot of forerigging to set up and so I listened to the advice of the mate and told the shipping master to bring the crew down. That's where I made my mistake—to put a crew on board alongside of a dock.

"Well, they turned to and cleared things up pretty fair that afternoon. I got my new spanker bent and some of the rigging tautened up, and as the men worked pretty well I knocked 'em off early, so as to give 'em a chance to clean the forecastle a bit and stow away their chests.

"I liked the appearance of the men. There was a big Russian-Finn, two Danes, and two Liverpool cockneys. I told the steward to feed 'em up pretty well until we dropped down the river.

"About eight o'clock Thursday night I looked in the fo'castle to call one of 'em to take in the slack of a dock line. They were smoking and spinning yarns, and I turned in soon after, thinking that I had got a good, quiet set of men.

"It must have been about two o'clock in the morning when I was roused by a noise and the scuffling of feet on deck. I ran out and found the men throwing water on the big Russian-Finn. He leaned against the forecastle house, pale as a ghost. I went up and looked at him. The man was trembling like a leaf.

"'What's all this?' says I.

"'That ere fo'castle is 'aunted;' says one of the Englishman.

"By this time the Russian-Finn was able to talk. He rested on the hatch combing and says:

"'I sat up talking with my mates here until after nine o'clock. Then, as they all turned in I filled my pipe and took a turn on deck to get my smoke out. I expect I was on deck nearly an hour, for when I went in the forecastle everything was quiet. I had taken off my duds and was just going to turn in my bunk when I felt a cold breeze blowing over me. I turned to look at the hatch, thinking I had left it open, but it was closed. Then I looked up to the further end of the forecastle and saw that the sliding door leading into the chain lockers was wide open. I shut it, supposing one of my mates had been in there and forgot to close it. I turned in and fell asleep very soon.

"'I must have been sleeping about an hour and a half, when I woke up with my hair on end. I felt drops of sweat on my face. A chilly draught still came from the direction of the chain lockers. I looked. The door was wide open. As I put my legs out of the bunk to go and close it I saw an arm, a woman's I will swear, stretched out of the gloom of the chain-locker. It seemed to touch the door, which closed without a squeak. My hair stood up on my head like bristles. I rubbed my eyes and jumped out of the bunk. I took down the swinging lamp and trimmed it, then I examined the locker door. It was fastened, the bolt was shot into the socket.

"'I lit my pipe and sat on a chest thinking about the matter. I decided that I had been having a dream, so I turned in again and soon dozed off.

"'I couldn't sleep sound. It seemed to me that I could hear a woman's screams; then I heard laughter and sobs alternately; then an awful shriek aroused me. Everything was quiet in the forecastle and the ship's bell struck midnight. I dozed off again. Then the first thing I knew I felt myself gasping in my sleep. I woke up and put out my hands. I couldn't speak. Somebody had both their hands on my throat and I knew I was choking. I felt the fingers, but I couldn't touch anybody. I was paralyzed. I felt I was suffocating, when I managed to sing out for help and the fellows jumped out of their bunks and dragged me on deck.'

"I couldn't help laughing at the fright of the man," said the Captain, "and I was just going to open out on 'em for raising such a muss because a man had the nightmare, when the cockney sang out: 'Look at the Finn's throat!'

"The man's shirt-bosom was opened and there were five purplish spots on each side of the neck.

"It made me feel queer, I confess.

"Not one of 'em would go into the forecastle that night. They sat up in the galley until daylight, and when I turned out at seven o'clock every mother's son of 'em had their chests on the dock.

"I tried to ship another crew on Friday, but these fellows gave it out in the boarding-houses that the brig was haunted, and I couldn't get a man. I sent to New York for a crew yesterday, and as soon as they put their feet on deck out to sea I go, ghost or no ghost."

"But what is your opinion, Captain?"

"I give it up," said the old mariner, as he lit a fresh cigar. "Strange things happen aboard ship sometimes."—*Philadelphia Times.*

HE WOULDN'T SPEAK.

A Youth on Whom the Young Ladies at a Dime Supper Wasted Their Labor.

They had a dime supper in the neighborhood of Pawtucket, conceived and carried out by the ladies. The conditions of this novel supper were these: For every word spoken by the gentlemen at the supper-table a forfeit of ten cents was imposed; but, on the other hand (as duties are always compensated with rights and restrictions with privileges,) it was agreed that whoever could weather the whole supper, submitting to all queries, surprises and ingenious questions without replying, should be entitled to it gratuitously. Many and frequent were the artifices and subterfuges resorted to by the ladies in attendance to entrap the unguarded, and one after another stout and discreet men went down before the constant volley of artful interrogations. At last all fell out and paid the dime penalty save one individual, a queer chap whom nobody seemed to know. He attended strictly to business, and passed unheeded the jokes, gibes and challenges. They quizzed him, but all in vain. He wrestled with turkey and grappled with the goose. He bailed out the cranberry sauce with an unswerving hand, and he ate celery as the scriptural vegetarian ate grasses; and, finally, when he had finished his fifth piece of pie, he whipped out a pocket-slate and wrote on it in a large and legible hand: "I am deaf and dumb."—*Providence Journal.*

—The time-lock is not, as is generally supposed, an American invention. The first time-lock was made in England in 1831, but American mechanics have brought the device to its present state of perfection.—*Chicago Herald.*

WILLFULLY DUMB.

Over Twenty Years in an Almshouse and Speaking But Twice.

In that very unromatic spot, the Portland poor-house, there is a man who may be of the blood of the pair described by Scott:

There is a man in Dryburg bower
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

Of this strange man the Portland directory for the years 1858-9 gave the following name and description: "John L. Attchison, No. 184 Middle Street, boards at the Elm House." At that time he was in the dry goods line, in company with his brother. He was a young man of great promise, "quick and successful in business," as one described him; and was also a fine scholar, passionately fond of reading, and a great book-collector. He never married or set up an establishment of his own, but had some rooms at the Elm House, where he was a favorite boarder. Life seemed to be bright and full of promise, when, suddenly, there came a great change. The keen man of business abandoned his store, the student neglected his books, and the favorite of the social circle declined all invitations and refused himself to all friends.

He retained his rooms at the Elm house, but made a complete change in all his habits, remaining in his room all the time, shunning the sun and fresh air, and after a little time refusing to speak. For a time he made his appearance at the table twice a day, taking his accustomed seat. Then he seemed to find even that limited contact with the world unpleasant. He would then go down to the table, make a selection of the article of food that struck his fancy, and return with it to his room. His friends tried to reason with him, but in vain. He refused to talk, and at last he was abandoned to his fate. He remained at the Elm house until his property was all gone, and then his friends sent for the overseers of the poor, and gave him into their charge. It was hoped even at that late hour his pride might be aroused and he be led to return to active life, but he did not make the slightest objection to being removed to the poor-house. He was told that his valuable collection of books would be sold, but he declined even to talk about the matter. He was taken to the poor-farm, and was told to go up to work. He had made no objection to being taken to the poor-house. He had exchanged his elegant suite of rooms for the one room of a pauper, but he felt compelled to draw the line somewhere, and so made the longest speech he had been known to make for years:

"I swear I wont work."

He has kept his word. Since that time more than twenty years have passed and he has remained an inmate of the poor-house, but he has never labored in the least, nor, so far as is known, has the sun ever touched him.

He is now an old man of sixty-four, very neat in his appearance, clean shaved, erect, with a fine, intelligent face, an eye that is still bright, and a step quick and vigorous. In twenty years his only exercise has been his visit three times a day to the dining-room, where he takes his food and then returns to his room, and a visit once a week to the wash-room to obtain clean garments. He looks after his room, allows no one to enter it, has never been sick, and, so far as known, has held no communication with the rest of the world, except on two occasions. Once he confessed a trifling fault, and once, in reply to the request of an officer of the institution to be allowed to enter his room, he said, "I am engaged, sir." He never reads and seems to have forgotten a world that has forgotten him.

The cause that led to this great and sudden change in his habits will probably never be known, and he will carry the secret with him to his grave. The world has moved on, while he seems to have staid behind. His mind is apparently clear, and he is to all appearances simply a retired business man. He has been so long a resident of the poor-house that he is almost forgotten, and it would probably be impossible at this late day to discover the reason, disappointment in love, or whatever it might have been, that led him to his present course of life.

What strange bits of life histories we sometimes find in the strangest places. Long years ago there was found at the gate of the same Portland poor-house a stricken and helpless man. "He was a little bit of an Irishman, a good little soul," said one of his friends: "for, poor fellow! he made many friends. He was contented and apparently happy, but could never be brought to tell where he came from. He didn't belong here and had seen better days, but Portland gave him a home, and, recently, a grave. He belonged somewhere, and probably left his home when he found himself becoming helpless, and wandered here to die after some years of a restful life.—*Portland (Me.) Cor. Boston Globe.*

True Politeness.

An old gentleman was walking somewhat gingerly along the icy sidewalk that extends west from the postoffice. There is an excellent slide at this point, and the old gentleman was proceeding with caution when a wild boy came along the slide with a whoop and knocked the underpinning from below the pedestrian. They both fell, "Fitz James above, the Gael below." The old man, who was somewhat heavy, might have hurt himself were it not for the boy beneath. As the upper person slowly rose he looked at the flattened boy and calmly said: "One of us should apologize, and as you are rather out of breath I guess I'll do it. I'm very sorry, my son, that this unseemingly incident occurred."

The boy gasped out:

"Betcher life—old—chap—ye ain't—half's sorry's—I am."

And thus by mutual regrets, magnanimously expressed, all chance of future trouble over the affair was happily averted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How She Was Met.

A gentlemanly merchant traveler on a train met a lady and politely rendered her such assistance that she reciprocated by permitting him to talk to her. He became quite friendly, and desired to know where she lived, and who she was.

"O," she replied, "I'm only an ordinary little woman, but my friends persist in trying to make me somebody."

"Ah," was the gallant answer, "I am sure they act quite wisely and in good taste."

"You flatter me, sir, and yet I have no doubt a band will meet me at the station when I arrive in Cincinnati."

"Indeed?" he replied, in open-eyed astonishment.

"Yes, and the same band is always ready to meet me. Isn't that flattering?"

"Very, my dear miss; but may I ask what band it is that is always so honored?"

"O, yes, certainly; it is a hus-band."

He caught on the arm of the seat for a minute, and then went into the next car and bumped his head on the woodboy.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—There are on the check-lists of Rochester, N. H., as the registry is called in that State, the names of sixty-two aged voters, which have been recorded there ever since the Presidential election of 1840.

JOSH BILLINGS.

The Alleged Humorist on Lecturing and Proverb-Making.

Josh Billings, the famous humorist, is making a lecturing tour throughout the country, and recently departed for California, Pa., where he will deliver his humorous lecture. A reporter caught a glimpse of him this morning seated on one of the benches at the Union Station, musingly watching the people going to and fro; evidently on the alert for a suggestion for a new humorous story. When approached by the writer he entered into a pleasant conversation, prefacing his remarks by stating that he was out of sorts, and had not been well for some time. "I believe I am breaking down," he said. "I have been suffering for a long time with gastric trouble and catarrh. I thought I would give my annual series of lectures as usual this year, that my health would improve if I moved around, but it's no use. I am afraid I will have to give it up."

"What is the nature of the lecture?"

"O, it's the same I've been on the road with for thirty-two years, the 'Probabilities of Life.' Each year I change the name of it, that's all. It is so full of points that the people who hear it laugh, and before I come around again they have forgotten most of what I told them, and don't know any better when they hear the same funny things again. I make it a point to give the lecture so fast that it would be rather difficult for my auditors to remember all I say. I expect to keep on delivering it as long as I live, and expect this to be the last thing I will do."

"You have been writing nearly all your life, have you not?"

"No, I didn't do much until I was forty years of age. I am now sixty-eight years old, so have been writing constantly for over twenty-five years. I have been writing for the New York *Weekly* for eighteen years, and have never missed a week since I sent them my first half column. Humorous writing is now almost played out. People have had so much of it that they are tired of it. I don't think I will do much more special work. The funny book business has been overdone. There's more money in an almanac. And, by the way, when I wrote my "Josh Billings Farmers' Almonic," in 1870, the first publisher I offered it to thought it was no good, and would not give me even $250 for it. He made a mistake though, for during the ten years it was published, up until 1880, I cleared $30,000 on it. Conclusive evidence of its worth, is it not? Yes, the almanacs take better than a humorous book would nowadays."

"You were located in Pittsburgh for a short time a number of years ago, were you not?"

"Yes, I was well acquainted in Pittsburgh thirty years ago. About that time a company was organized in the East to build a boat at Pittsburgh that was to transport coal. I was sent from the East to superintend the building of it. Afterward I acted as Captain, and ran it one trip down the Conemaugh River. The New York company, which originated on Wall Street, got up the scheme merely to sell the stock and get out of the company after pocketing a nice sum. The idea was to run things on a high pressure. They were disappointed, though, for the scheme was unsuccessful and they were badly left. I knew nothing of their scheme when they employed me, and soon after left the boat."

"To come back to our original matter—to your style of humor?"

"Well, it was based on opportunity; it required no little gumption to see where to fit in. About every line had been filled by some body or another. The misspelling was a success with Artemus Ward—the probabilities were it would not be with anybody aspiring to succeed him. Quaint maxim has been the lead of several proverbial philosophers. The people had been paragraphed most thoroughly, and Phœnix, Twain and no end of other people had dipped into other branches. In the absence of something entirely original, you observe I hit on a combination—a new application of old devices, as it were. The quaint wit and wisdom of the "sayings" would take with the small proportion of mankind who have the true appreciation of those qualities, while the peculiar orthography would take with the remainder. It was a sort of grand combination aggregation, as the circus advance agent would call it. It was resorted to because it paid, and has been adhered to for the same reason."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Lapps in Summer.

The Lapps seemed to consider the interior of their houses somewhat stuffy on a summer night, for they were all lying in the open air, wrapped in their rugs of reindeer skin—men, women and children, and the old grandmother of all the Lapps. The men wear tight trousers and jackets of untanned leather, as do also the children, and the women have a sort of loose blouse of the same material, stopping above the knees, their legs being swathed in cloth, bound with long strips of leather.

They are a very unprepossessing race of quaint, elfish-looking little creatures, with straight, sandy-colored hair, small gray eys. The men have stubby moustaches, suggestive of a retired toothbrush. They are all undersized, the average height of the men being five feet and the women four and a half. When the others had departed to seek the reindeer, we made friends with a woman who was by herself in a small grass hut, and who very proudly exhibited her new-born baby—a queer little creature, with a yellow, leathery-looking face. The babies are strapped on to boards, and so carried on the maternal back, after the manner of the Indian papoose.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Felons.

Not the convicted violators of our laws, but the atrocious and excruciating malady which may attack even the fairest hand. A correspondent of the *Michigan Farmer* writes that they can be cured, and a trial of the alleged remedy will at least do no harm:

I wish to tell those who may suffer from that terrible scourge, felons, of a painless remedy that will effect a perfect cure in twenty-four hours, as I have had occasion to prove within the last three days.

A lady came here who had been suffering over two weeks with a felon on the end of her middle finger. I saturated a bit of grated wild turnip, the size of a bean, with spirits of turpentine and applied it to the affected part. It relieved the pain at once.

In twelve hours there was a hole to the bone, and the felon was destroyed. I removed the turnip and applied healing-salve, and the finger is well.

—One of the largest diamonds that this country has produced was found in Manchester, Chesterfield County, Va., by a laborer engaged in grading one of the streets. The man took the stone to Mr. Tyler, Sr., of Richmond, Va., to ascertain its character and value. He pronounced the stone a very valuable diamond. The specimen was put on exhibition and was sold by the finder to a dealer for $1,800. It was next sent to Boston to be cut, and is now known as the "Morrissey diamond." After it was cut it weighed over ten carats, and its market value is $8,000.—*Boston Herald.*

—The loss of registered letters last year amounted to one out of every 91,795.—*Washington Post.*

TWO STORIES AND A MORAL.

Something for Fathers and Mothers to Think Over—Sad Happenings Which are of Too Common Occurrence.

A girl lies bedridden in Brooklyn and a boy has recently broken down in New York whose cases are sadly suggestive. The girl was the pride of her parents, and their glory in her class success in the great school for girls which she attended prompted her to overwork. Her application to study did not seem excessive. She worked only a little harder than is common, so far as such work can be measured by the time devoted to it, and she took time enough for sleep. Yet she was eager and anxious and somewhat fearful of being excelled in her class; and so, without knowing that she did so, she made heavier demands upon her strength than she was able to meet with safety.

Examination day came, and she conquered. Then she threw herself down upon a sofa to sleep, and fell into a state of coma from which it was impossible to rouse her for nearly a week. From that day—now about three years gone—to this, she has been unable to rise from her couch. The girl is a wreck; her intellect is shattered, and every hour of her life is a torture to her.

The boy was a bright fellow, not overambitious on his own account, but lovingly ambitious to gratify his father's pride in him. In all his studies but one he had plain sailing enough, but in that one—Latin—he encountered unusual difficulty because of some peculiar want of adaptation to the study of languages. He failed in an examination, and his father foolishly manifested a good deal of mortification over the occurrence. The poor boy was resolute in his determination to spare his father a second humiliation of the kind, and so he drove himself unmercifully in his study. Night after night he arose from his bed as soon as the house was still, and secretly worked at his Latin until near the gray of the morning. Nobody knew of this excess, and the father would have forbidden it had he known. But presently the collapse came. The boy's nervous system gave way under the strain, and it is now a serious question whether his restoration even to tolerable health will ever be effected by the rest and outdoor life ordered for him as the last small hope of saving him.

These are but sample cases. There are hundreds of others like them, and there are thousands of instances in which no such collapse comes, but in which grave injury is nevertheless done to mind or body or both. Bright boys and girls are educated into dull men and women; healthy boys and girls are converted by educational processes into nervous, queurlous hypochondriacs, or are trained into incipient consumption or heart disease, or other insidious malady that spoils as well as shortens their lives.

Is it not worth while to ask ourselves seriously whether, in our "high pressure" system of education, the pressure is not dangerously high? Do not the emulations of the school-room, the influence of teachers, and the senseless rivalries created by the marking and examination systems, afford quite all the stimulus that can be safely put upon childhood? And, above all, do we not mislead children to their hurt by placing, or seeming to place, a higher value upon school success than such success actually has? Suppose a boy stands rather low in his class, what then? Does it follow that he is lacking in capacity, or even that he has any constitutional and permanent lack of industry? Surely nobody who has been at pains to observe the facts of life can hold such an opinion. At the end of our late war, a young man was graduated at the top of his class, at West Point, and a friend said to him: "Well, X., your career is secure, of course." "I am not so sure of that," was the reply; "I have graduated at the top of my class, it is true, but there is Grant, you know, who graduated at the bottom of his, and he isn't quite a failure in life."

Moreover, and apart from all this, the fact remains that some minds mature more slowly than others, and some acquire much more slowly, while acquiring with admirable certainty, and assimilating knowledge most profitably. These miss examinations frequently, and are not the worse, but the better for missing them, because there is profit for such minds in going twice over given ground. In any case a failure in examination is not disgraceful, and it is false and hurtful for parents and teachers to treat it as if it were in some way shameful. That way disaster lies.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

FOREIGN MAID-SERVANTS.

Why Well-To-Do Families are Glad to Import Help From Europe.

Almost every American well-to-do family that travels abroad returns with one or more foreign servants. Maid-servants are most in favor, for American ladies find it difficult in this country to secure young women who are willing to wait on them, dress their hair, and perform other personal services. American girls who "live out" have not the submissiveness of the foreign-trained body servants. They resent any appearance of authority, nor are they as well trained as foreign servants in those personal attentions that add to the comfort of a woman's life. Then it is often an advantage to have a girl in the family who can speak French or German, as they help in educating the children into the mysteries of foreign languages. Many men servants are also brought over, but they do not stay with their employer for so long a time as do the maids and governesses hired abroad. The latter find it more difficult to change their employments, and girls at service do not marry so readily as young women who receive their company at home or who work in shops. Domestic service in these modern times is disorganized, because ministering to the wants of another human being is regarded as menial and degrading. It should not be so considered. Adding to the comfort and ministering to the necessities of others should be looked upon as the most laudable of occupations. It has been so deemed in all the best ages of the world. The squire and the page of the Middle Ages did every thing for the personal comfort of the knight they served. To wait on a kingly or noble person was a mark of honor. Fidelity to any other person than oneself is among the chiefest and most useful virtues; but reverence and respect for others is dying out in America, and so our servants are drawn in great part from classes trained in European ways of thinking.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Utilizing Solar Heat.

Certain ingenious Parisians are experimenting with an apparatus for utilizing solar heat and using it in lieu of coal. To effect this the sun's rays are concentrated by a reflector, which so moves as to keep the rays focused on a vertical boiler, which is thus heated, producing steam enough to drive a press. In a recent experiment the sun-made steam drove a large press, which struck off several thousand copies of a specimen newspaper. Parties interested in thus obtaining the cheapest attainable heat profess themselves as well satisfied with the first test, and are in high hopes of soon being able to generate steam without coal or any other mundane fuel.—*Albany Journal.*

QUICKSILVER.

Peculiar Properties of an Important Element of the Arts and Sciences.

This strange and curious mineral is becoming quite an important element in the arts and sciences, but its real value is realized fully in the process of extracting the noble metals from the baser sorts, and lower grade ores can be profitably worked with the quicksilver process that would hardly pay to work the old-fashioned way. A sheet of gold foil dropped into quicksilver disappears nearly as quick as a snow-flake dropping on a warm stove or boiler. It has the power of separating, or, of readily dissolving, those refractory metals which are not acted upon by the most powerful acids. Away out among the forest fastnesses of the Western mountains immense quantities are used by the miners. They pour it into their machines in which is placed the finely-pulverized low-grade ores, and though the particles of noble metal are so small as to be imperceptible to the naked eye, yet this liquid will search it out and carry it away with itself in the form of amalgam. Another very peculiar property possessed by the substance is its power of reproducing itself, or, in other words, no matter how many times used if by any means it can be reclaimed and subsequently purified, it can be used over and over again. To do this the miners distill the mass, volatilizing the quicksilver, leaving the gold or silver as a residue, both distillate and residue being in a state of virgin purity.

In the mining, preparation, and handling of quicksilver many lives have to be lost. First, the men who work at the mines soon become salivated and paralyzed, followed by the loss of teeth and movements of the head and jaw. A man in the last stages of salivation, as it is called there, is the most pitiable sight we ever beheld, and he often lingers in this condition weeks and even months before death relieves him, cure being out of question. Horses can not stand to work in it scarcely at all, mules being generally used; these after a few months begin to lose their teeth, and after a time the hoofs, followed by diseased bones throughout. We saw at one time a mule working about the mine, lose its entire lower jaw; dropped out while at work.

With those who work with quicksilver in a small way, many amusing things occur. A few days ago an inquisitive old lady was in the laboratory, and seeing a small bit of chamois leather lying on the floor she picked it up and afterward wrapped her gold specs in it. The next morning meeting us on the ferry she very woefully informed us that her specs had melted, and so they had; all the gold had been absorbed by the mercury contained in the leather, which was a discarded filter. In using quicksilver, great care should be exercised to keep it from coming in contact with any jewelry, watches, etc., foy as sure as it does the gold will all disappear. Care should be taken not to inhale it and none should use it save those who know something of its nature.—*Midland Industrial Gazette.*

CHANCE LITERATURE.

How Some of the Greatest Discoveries Have Been Made.

Many of the greatest discoveries in the era of the revival of learning were characterized by the merest chance. Cicero's important treatise, "Le Republica," was discovered concealed beneath some monastic writing. Part of Livy was found between the leaves of a Bible, and a missing page in a battledore. Quintillian was picked out of an old coffer full of rubbish. The one copy of Tacitus which survived the general destruction of Roman libraries was found in a Westphalian monastery. An original Magna Charta, with all its seals and signatures, was found by Cotton about to be cut up by a tailor into measures. Thurloe's state papers fell out of a ceiling in Lincoln's Inn. Many of Lady Montague's letters were discovered by Disraeli in the office of an attorney, where they might have remained till this day but for the chance visit of the great bibliophile. And undoubtedly many hundreds of rare books and manuscripts and papers lie hidden away in the presses and cupboards of odd manor houses, whence gradually they may be dragged into the light of the day, to be destroyed or to awaken universal interest. No one could have read without emotion how the poor fellows who made up the last struggling remnant of the Greely expedition read with avidity the newspaper wrappings of the lemons they ate. Yet, when we recall occasions in our own lives when we have been absolutely dependent upon our own resources for means wherewith to kill time, we can appreciate it. Toward the close of a long voyage, even under modern luxurious conditions, the humblest of chance literature is greedily seized upon; the odd volume of a novel, the mangled remains of a book of poems, a file of very old newspapers—anything, in fact, which is printed—means the disposal of otherwise dreary, monotonous hours. Subjects in which hitherto we have not taken the smallest interest become fascinating; we learn to love a detested author, we skip not a word, and it may be said that many a man has developed a new taste or acquired a new hobby-horse from the perusal of chance literature under such circumstances. Hence we find that sea-skippers are so often well informed on many subjects outside their profession; that lighthouse keepers are sometimes scientific men and linguists; that turnpike keepers are often men of no mean attainments.—*London Globe.*

Colonial Fishing Grounds.

The number, variety and extent of the fishing grounds with which the entire seaboard of the colony has been endowed, all lying within a very moderate distance of Port Jackson, New South Wales, afford the strongest encouragement to the inhabitants of the whole colony, who may hope to see the markets supplied with fish in a manner and upon a system consonant with the requirements of the community. In New South Wales the fish most adapted for food purposes do not yet require to be searched for in large smacks or fishing vessels, victualled and equipped for a cruise of several months; neither is it necessary for the fishermen to make voyages to fishing grounds distant hundreds of miles from home. The best fish are very rarely met with more than ten miles off the coast, or in deeper water than thirty-five fathoms. The schnapper, which for economic purposes may be ranked with the cod of the northern hemisphere, appears to be distributed with remarkable regularity along the whole extent of the seaboard—that is to say, over about 600 miles; and whatever the formation or character of the coast may be, this fish, the most valuable of all kinds, and perhaps the most abundant, is never absent, and being essentially a rock fish in its habits, is not migratory; and the same may be said of its congener—the bream, and, in a lesser degree, of the flathead, whiting, blackfish, tailors, tarwine, garfish and other varieties which frequent the bays and estuaries of harbors and lakes, rather than the ocean depths. Some of these fish are, no doubt, not to be found throughout the year in their usual haunts, but they may be treated for all practical purposes as regular inhabitants of the colonial fishing ground.—*London Morning Post.*

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Thirty Chinese attend a mission-school in Walla Walla, W. T.

—Hereafter the University of London will confer a new degree to be known as the "Teacher's Diploma."

—Laura Sanborn has taught a school for forty-three years in Alexandria, N. H., and adjoining towns.—*Boston Journal.*

—Sewing is to be taught in Philadelphia's public schools, with eleven teachers for 7,000 girls.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Mr. Spurgeon employs six secretaries—two at the parsonage study, two at the Tabernacle and two at the College. One is a shorthand reporter.

—There are in the New Testament more than six hundred instances in which expressions have been incorporated into it from the Old-Testament.

—Indiana is the only State reported in the minutes of the General Assembly, in which Presbyterianism has lost ground during the past year.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The Danish Lutherans of America, who have hitherto belonged to the Norwegian Conference, have recently decided at a meeting held in Omaha, Neb., to constitute a synodical body for themselves.

—The free text-book experiment in Massachusetts is said to be a success. It has resulted in a larger attendance in the schools, and it is more economical than the old system.—*Boston Post.*

—The Christadelphians have existed as a sect in Buffalo for about eighteen years, during which time weekly services have been held among members until recently at their various houses. The members at present number less than a dozen.—*Buffalo Express.*

—The Emperor William, rough old soldier as he is, believes in education not less than in the power of the sword. He has just opened a vast school, the new Polytechnicum, close to the city of Berlin. The school is capable of accommodating 2,000 students and is complete in all its appliances, as well as gorgeous in its decorations and architecture. The aged sovereign wishes to see all his subjects well educated, that they may be the more useful to Germany.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—In the fourteenth century it was the fashion to carry toothpicks of silver suspended round the neck.

—With polar bears at $1,000 each and ostrich eggs at $120 a dozen, it is no wonder the tramp can't save money.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Cream cures sunburn on some complexions, lemon juice is best on others, and cold water suits still others best. It is also well to use soap occasionally.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Several people will be mad to learn that 25,000 human beings can stand on an acre of ground. Some folks tickle themselves with the idea that they take up at least ten square feet.

—A Chinaman has run away with a Chicago man's wife. "That's the degraded meanness of a Chinaman," observes Robert J. Burdette; "he'll steal anything rather than walk up and ask for it."

—Before offering to ring the street-car bell for a lady about to get off look closely at her right hand. If she wears a diamond ring and you pull the strap she will be your enemy for life.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Is a woman capable of filling an office?" asks an exchange. She is. A woman has just been inquiring after some rejected manuscript in this office, and she filled it completely for the time being.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"You Americans," said an Englishman to a young lady, "have no ancestry to which you can point with pride." "That is very true," she assented. "Most of our ancestors came from England, you know."—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A banana skin lay on the grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the scales, peeking over the edge of the counter. "O, I'm lying in wait for the grocer." "Pshaw!" said the scales, "I've been doing that for years."—*Washington Hatchet.*

—It was in a restaurant. A big man and a little man stood side by side. "Gimme the salt, please," said the little man. "I'm not the waiter," said the big man in a surly tone. "Excuse me," was the retort. "It was a mistake any one would have made."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—The following advertisement recently appeared: "Being aware that it is indelicate to advertise for a husband, I refrain from doing so; but if any gentleman should be inclined to advertise for a wife I will answer the advertisement without delay. I am young, have a good figure, am domesticated and considered ladylike. Apply, etc."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Definitions by children: Ice, water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep; dust, mud with the juice squeezed out; fan, a thing to brush warm off with; sob, when a fellow wants to cry and it bursts out itself; wakefulness, eyes all the time coming unbuttoned; chaos, a great pile of nothing, and no place to put it in. These are all actual sayings of children.

—"Jeptha," asked Mrs. Jones, who was writing a letter home, "how do you spell sign?" "S-i-n-e," answered Jones, who always spells by sound. "I thought there was a 'g' in it somewhere," remarked Mrs. Jones doubtfully. "That would make sing of it. S-i-n-e spells sign." "That's so," said Mrs. Jones proudly, and wrote home that her husband "had a new sine painted for his store."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ATLANTIS.

The Mythical Lost Continent of Which Ancient Legends Tell.

The ancients had a legend that beyond the Pillars of Hercules, what we now call the Straits of Gibraltar, there existed a vast continent inhabited by civilized people. Mr. H. Meyer tells of certain archæological discoveries he made recently on the island of Zapatera, Yucatan, which show that the prehistoric nations which occupied Central America believed or professed to know that such a continent really existed in the Atlantic Ocean. He found, he says, "two stone tables, one of which contains a representation of the world, part of Africa and Asia united, Europe and this continent; a large continent is situated in the Atlantic Ocean, which I consider to be the mythical lost Atlantis, mentioned in some of the ancient authors. The other tablet contains inscriptions, of which part is undoubtedly Phœnician." This is really interesting; and it is not impossible that even since the race was advanced enough to have a history, that a continent may have been submerged under the sea. The eastern coast of our country is steadily wearing away, while Sweden, Norway and portions of the western continent of Europe are gaining ground from the waters near them. Land, in what is now the Atlantic Ocean, would account for many of the remains of ancient people now found in Mexico, Central and South America. The discovery of Phœnician characters in the inscriptions tells the story of that wonderful maritime people who flourished and controlled the seagoing commerce of mankind before and down to the period of authentic history.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

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