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A JAPANESE FESTIVAL.

A Scene Whose Gorgeousness and Charms Baffle Description.

The day that we reached Kioto was the last day of the Gion *matsuri*, a festival which lasts for a month and serves as a pretext for getting all the population out of doors and in one quarter of the city during the evening. The Gion temple, an edifice reared for the worship of Shinto believers, lies at the foot of Maruyama, and from the courtyard of the temple a Babel of music and voices arose as soon as the sun had fallen. With each hour it increased, and finally drew us irresistibly down the steep and shady road and through the great stone *torii* to the courtyard of the temple. The noise, the lights and the people were then further on, and pursuing them, we went down through the great gateway and stood at the head of the main street. The view there was dazzling and the shouts and the chatter of many voices deafening. On either side the narrow street was lined with rows of white paper lanterns hanging over the house doors, and at the curb booths hung round with lanterns and men with wares spread on the ground, surrounded by torches, made walls of light on either side of the street. Crowds surged up and down between these rows of lights, nearly every man carrying a paper lantern on the end of a short bamboo stick, the women carrying smaller lanterns, of white paper, and the children delighting themselves with red and gaily colored paper shells for tiny candles. Boys marching and running in single file and shouting a measured chant as they cut their way through the crowd, whirled giant lanterns or torches at the end of long poles. All the people out on this gala night were arrayed in their holiday clothes, and the gay colors of the women's and children's dresses added to the brilliancy of the lanterned scene. Being bareheaded, with their glossy black hair glued in the big loops of the latest Kioto style, twisted with scarfs of bright red or blue crape and stuck with silver, shell or flower hairpins, the graceful women of the old capital were all in harmony with the surroundings of the great night of the great midsummer fete.

From the Gion temple the Shijo street only runs a few hundred feet until it reaches the Shijo bridge, but crossing by that long viaduct it then cleaves its way with few curves out to the furthest suburbs. For all its length the Shijo street was a wavering, glittering line of light for the Gion festival. It narrows just before the bridge piers, and on that last block either side of the street is lined with theaters, peep-shows and juggler shows, each with its gaudily painted banners and pictures, its rows of torches and lanterns, and shouting ticket sellers vaunting the merits of the show within. On the night of the *matsuri* there were more lights and lanterns and more vocal displays in this narrow reach, and people were crowded solidly from wall to wall. A louder shout and a stronger chorus heralded the advance of twenty or more men carrying between them a giant bamboo pole blazing at one end like a Brobdignagian trick, and the crowd surged back to the house walls and parted quickly as this fiery wedge was driven through their midst and carried out to the center of the Shijo bridge, and whirled and swung aloft in great arcs and circles. All this parade of torches by bands of shouting men was for the purpose of holding and increasing the crowd for the sacred procession that carried back a certain sacred chair from the Gion temple to another Shinto sanctuary, where it will remain until the *matsuri* of the next year. More torches and lanterns, priests in garments of silk and gauze, wearing strange hats, and beating and blowing strange instruments were in the possession of the chair, and the heat and din were overpowering when the temple chair was borne along.

From the Shijo bridge there is a vision of fairy land on any midsummer night, but during the Gion *matsuri* the spectacle is enhanced tenfold. The whole broad river bed is ablaze with torches and colored lanterns for the half mile intervening between the Shijo and Sanjo bridges, and the first sight is so dazzling, so brilliant and so bewildering with its novelty that one has to rub his eyes and look long to make out the secret of the fascinating scene. In summer time the tea houses that line the river bank there with their picturesquely galleried fronts set out acres of low platform tables in the clear shallow river. The water ripples pleasantly against the supports of these tables, and gives a grateful sense of coolness to the near aesthetic Japanese, who sit in groups on these platforms, these summer nights, eating and smoking their tiny pipes under the light of paper lanterns. Every bit of running water is covered with teahouse tables, and on the dry, gravelly stretches of the river bed a multitude of small peddlers, refreshment venders and showmen set up their strings of lanterns and oil torches. Somewhere we had read, heard or dreamed of such a scene in Japan, and the sight of it caused us to nearly shriek with delight and satisfaction. Instead, we seized one another by the arms, we pointed, we waved our hands, we crowded close to the railing of the bridge, and hanging there alternately raved ecstatically over this bit of "the real, the ideal Japan," we had been looking for, or shook our heads with the hopelessness of ever making words do justice to the brilliant, fairy-like scene. There were hundreds of Japanese lingering and strolling on the bridge to admire the gay sight, for as no people but the Japanese could have conjured up so brilliant a spectacle in ordinary every day or every night life out of such simple and natural elements, so none but them can more truly appreciate its beauty and charm.—*Kioto (Japan) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Model Farm.

The farm of David M. Clough, of Canterbury, Mass., the widely-known "corn king," comprises five hundred acres, and follows the fertile bank of the Merrimac River for one mile. Among the productions this season are: Corn in the ear, 3,000 bushels; oats, 1,000; potatoes, 500, and hay, 150 tons. The farm has one hundred head of neat stock and eight horses, while in addition to the owner and his sons, four men are employed regularly, with extra help as needed. For sixty years no intoxicating liquors of any kind, not even cider, have been allowed on the premises as a beverage. Distinguished agriculturists call this the best farm in the Merrimac Valley. In addition to the homestead, Colonel Clough owns five hundred acres of outlying land in Canterbury, Boscawen and Northfield, and large tracts in Wilmot and London, in all about one thousand five hundred acres.—*N. Y. Post*

NEW REFRIGERATOR.

A Car That Promises to Revolutionize Fruit and Meat Shipping.

A number of Sacramentans had an opportunity of examining a new system of preserving fresh fruits and vegetables during the transit across the continent. The principles involved may be briefly explained as follows: The researches of Tyndall and other scientists have demonstrated that the decay of organic matter is due to bacteria, and that warmth and moisture are conditions peculiarly favorable to their development. For instance, the ordinary refrigerator car, with its quantities of ice, produces a great deal of moisture, and in order to counteract its effects the temperature must be kept down to about freezing point. The regular fruit car is but a shell, allowing ventilation and giving access to outside air, and it is the sad experience of shippers that one very hot day in transit will often ruin the greater part of a shipment. The new car referred to proposes to do away with both objections by allowing no access whatever to outside air, preserving a uniform temperature throughout the car and a free circulation of very dry, cold air.

The car itself is an ordinary insulated refrigerator car, which is closed at the beginning of the trip and not opened until the perishable goods reach their destination. The car weighs 28,000 pounds, some 8,000 pounds more than the shell fruit car, but considerably less than the ordinary refrigerator car with its load of ice. In one end of it is the machinery for regulating the temperature, occupying just four feet, so that in available space, too, it has an advantage over the refrigerator car. A long pipe punctured with many holes runs along the car at the top, and back into the machinery end where a small fan supplies suction to draw the air from the car into the pipe and it is then carried down, passed among pipes containing the cooling fluid and thrown in upon the fruits and meats again. All moisture clings to the cooling pipes and the air circulating is kept dry and cool.

The cooling liquid is made of alcohol and muriatic acid, and is known as chloride of ethyl. It is a neutral fluid, possessing neither the corrosive qualities of the acid nor the inflammability of alcohol. It boils at 52 degrees Fahrenheit, and the *Bee* representative had the curious sensation of seeing some of it boil in the palm of his hand. The simple evaporation of drops of the liquid upon the bulb of a thermometer forced the mercury down to 10 degrees below zero. The chief advantage of this liquid over the ammoniacal fluids usually used in refrigerating apparatuses lies in the fact that it only requires a pressure of 15 to 25 pounds to the square inch to transform it into vapor, while ammonia requires 150 to 250 pounds. This chloride of ethyl in passing through a labyrinth of pipes is vaporized and allowed to condense again, thus producing the degree of cold required. The power is taken from the axle of the car, and several ingenious devices are resorted to, to counteract the pulling and jumping of the car, and again to obtain the exact degree of power required, no matter at what speed the car moves.

In practice one man can manage an entire train of fifteen of these cars, and by means of levers and attachments on top of the cars keep the temperature regular by regulating the speed of the machinery inside. This particular car brought through a lot of meats from Chicago in excellent condition, and where ordinary refrigerators were compelled to keep the temperature at 30 deg. lest the meat should spoil, under this system it is kept for four or six days at 45 deg. and comes through in better shape, while the woodwork of the car remains as dry as a chip. It is claimed that this system will revolutionize fruit shipments, as it will land fruits in Chicago and New York without decay and almost in the condition in which they leave here. The cost of the machinery is so small—not to exceed four hundred dollars a car—and the running expenses so light that it is believed by the patentee that any slight excess in charges over that paid for ordinary fruit cars will be returned many fold to the shipper in the fruit preserved from decay. There are many interesting minor details connected with the working of the simple but very ingenious machinery to which we have not space to refer.—*Sacramento Bee.*

NOT VERY PROFITABLE.

A Traveler's Experience with a Lot of Disappointed Africans.

"In Charleston I met a man from Binghampton, N. Y., who was agent for some sort of cotton machinery, and almost the first taing he asked me was:

"How do you manage with the hotel waiters?"

"Why, I have to fee them, of course."

"That shows how green you are. I am going to stop here four days, and I won't pay 'em a cent."

"Then you won't get much service."

"I won't, eh! Well, you just watch me and learn a thing or two. See that?"

It was a lead half-dollar, neatly covered with gold foil, and at first glance it seemed to be a twenty-dollar piece. When the New Yorker's trunk came up-stairs and the two darkeys lingered around for a quarter apiece, that "twenty" appeared to view and he said:

"Smallest I've got to-day. I'll see you before I go."

The same thing was worked on the table waiter, on the waiter who brought up ice water and on several other colored individuals, and when we were all ready to take the train for Savannah the trunks went down on the wagon and we walked to the depot. Two minutes before the train pulled out the New Yorker turned to the African with his gripsack and said:

"James, will you take this coin and square up all?"

"Yes, sah."

"Place it carefully in your pocket and don't lose it."

"She's dar, sah; an' Ize millyuns o' times 'bleeged to you."

"Never mind that. Well, we are off."

All the way down to Savannah that evening my companion chuckled over his keenness in beating the colored population, but when we reached the latter city his chin took a drop. We were not clear of the depot when he was arrested for passing counterfeit money, and all his explanations did not prevent his return to Charleston by the next train. I met him afterwards in Alabama and he told me the affair cost him sixty-five dollars.—*Wall Street News.*

AN ELECTRIC TABLE.

A Contrivance Which Threatens the Existence of Waiterdom.

The vocation of the waiter is imperiled, that which threatens his livelihood in the lower ranks of waiterdom being an invention styled the electric dining-table. The inventor of this machine, for it is as much a machine as a table, is a German, and, having put up one of his contrivances, he has invited all those who are interested in such matters to come and see it. On entering the room in which the electric dining-table has been erected there is seen a double row of small, flat desk-like tables, set back to back, and divided one from another by a brass railing. The tables, or compartments, do not touch each other at the back, being separated by a raised shelf about three feet wide. On sitting down each diner finds himself given a space of about three feet square, with a portion of the raised shelf on which to place his empty dishes, bottles, etc. On sitting down, too, the customer will notice a bill of fare and a punch like those used by railroad conductors. The bill of fare is divided into three columns—the first containing the dish, the second the price, and the third a series of blank spaces, across which are printed the directions to "please punch in this space whatever you want to order." Giving punches for a plate of soup, a steak and a glass of wine, the customer next "turns over" the bill of fare, according to a foot-note, and finds further directions to put it, when punched, in front of him and push the button to his right. He does so, an electric bell is heard tinkling in the kitchen, and then, as if by magic, the table in front of him slips noiselessly away, glides under the raised shelf, and runs kitchenward. The time for filling the order elapses, and then slipping out from under the shelf, comes the table once more, laden now with the soup, steak and wine, and settles itself in front of the customer. The bill of fare is there also, and as the customer knows exactly what he punched and what he has eaten, he takes the bill of fare to the counter as a check and pays the amount due.

If the customer were allowed into the kitchen he would find a boy seated on a bench having in front of him a spoked wheel like that of a rudder. Over the wheel is placed a series of sixteen numbers covered with black shades, while beside it are two handles like levers. Another customer is heard entering the restaurant; he seats himself at a table, punches out what he wants, and presses the electric button at his side. Down falls the shade from over No. 2 of the wheel. The boy pulls out a connecting switch marked No. 2, gives a haul at one of the levers, and turns the wheel. The haul at the lever pulls the No. 2 table under the shelf and places it on a well-oiled tramway, and the turns of the wheel bring the table along the tramway until it reaches the kitchen. On the table the cook places the order, the boy reverses the wheel, this time keeping his eye on a pliable flat wire which runs around the hub of the wheel and which is marked with numbers up to sixteen. As soon as No. 2, marked on this band, reaches an index, the wheel is stopped, the lever reversed, and the customer is served. All the tables can be moved at once by the transfer of the switches, or as many as orders come from. What is claimed by the inventor is economy of time to the customer, expense to the proprietor, the avoidance of complaints, the absence of noise, and a strict check on the kitchen. Several restaurant-keepers have been to see the machine, but all hesitate to use it for fear it might prove a failure and of the boycotting by the discharged waiters. A physician of the French hospital, however, who has no such fear before his eyes, has given his approval to the contrivance and will recommend its adoption at that institution.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Practical Archæology.

A rather curious fact may be mentioned in connection with the building of Archbishop Tait's cenotaph in Canterbury Cathedral. In the construction of the altar tomb a quantity of bricks of the sixteenth century were used, which were dug out of that portion of the crypt appropriated to the use of the French Protestants. It was suggested to the Dean by a local archaeologist that if ever, in after years, the tomb was to be opened, and sixteenth-century bricks were discovered in a nineteenth-century tomb, antiquaries might be puzzled to understand this. Dean Payne Smith at once recognized the force of the suggestion, and agreed to write a few words explaining how the old bricks came to be used, and to see that the paper containing the explanation was placed within the tomb. Accordingly, before the tomb was finally closed, a bottle was deposited therein containing a notification to that effect.—*N. Y. Post.*

Legal Phraseology.

If a man would, according to law, give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange"—which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein"—the phrase would run thus: "I give you the said and singular my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of, and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pipes, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away with or without its rind, juice, pulp and pipes, anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what nature or kind soever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."—*N. Y. Observer.*

Sweet Remembrance.

They were enjoying their parting yum-yum at the door. She stood folded in his arms stroking his parted-in-the-middle-English, you-know beard, while he looked into her orbs of blue with a smile on his countenance that would have caused a blush on the cheeks of the Statue of Liberty. For a time no sound was heard save the gentle smack of the colliding lips. At length she said:

"George, dearest, do you know why I love you so well?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Because when you kiss me you remind me so much of my dear little pollie that died last summer."

She now wonders why he broke off their engagement and went West.—*Judge.*

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A PROFITABLE ANECDOTE.

How an English Farmer Managed to Provide Dowries for His Daughters.

They tell in England a profitable anecdote about Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, who was an eminent agriculturist and breeder of stock. He was also regarded as a very wise and shrewd man, and his neighbors were in the habit of resorting to him for counsel and advice. On one occasion an old friend went to pay him a visit for the purpose of explaining to him his position, and at the same time begging him that he would recommend him what to do. He had lived all his life upon his own farm of one thousand acres; he lived very well, but he had never saved a shilling. He had three daughters, and the eldest was about to be married. He highly approved of the match, but the intended husband expected some portion, and he had nothing to give him. Should he mortgage his estate, or what should he do? Mr. Bakewell begged him to spend the night with him, and promised, the next morning, to give the result of his cogitations. Accordingly, the next morning, when they met at breakfast, Bakewell said: "I have made up my mind what you ought to do; give your son-in-law one-fourth of the farm, keep the remaining three-fourths, and do not part with any portion of your capital and stock, and work the remaining three-fourths with it. Do it better than you have hitherto done, and your income will be rather increased than diminished." His friend followed his advice, but at the end of two or three years another daughter would be married, and the perplexed father again resorted to his friend Bakewell for advice under this new difficulty. Bakewell coolly said he had watched his proceedings and seen their results; he must do in this case as he had done before; he must give up another fourth of his farm, and keep the original capital and stock. The father seemed somewhat puzzled, but as the first experiment had succeeded, he determined to try it in this case also. Last of all the youngest daughter was to be married, and, in utter despair, the poor father paid another visit to Dishley to explain his perplexity. "Well," said Bakewell, "tell me honestly whether your income has diminished by having your farm reduced one-half?" The father acknowledged he thought it had not. "Then," said Bakewell, "you must give up another fourth of your farm, and keep the remaining two hundred and fifty acres for yourself, and, to tell you the truth, you will then have just such a farm as your stock, your capital and your head are fit for, and will be a better and happier man than ever." Old Bakewell used to tell this story with great glee, and declared his friend left as much stock and capital upon the two hundred and fifty acres as he ever had upon the one thousand, and, as he believed, made a better income out of it.—*American Cultivator.*

MEN'S JEWELS.

Moonstone Buttons, Smooth Watch-Cases, Short Chains and Intaglio Rings.

The extreme fashion in gentlemen's attire demands that the broad expanse of white exposed by the low cut evening dress be furnished either by a plaited shirt bosom or one of pique embroidered in dots. Naturally these elaborate fronts call for more than one stud, hence three studs are again the correct style for evening dress. With this increased demand have come some changes in the fashion of the studs themselves, the very newest style being represented by moonstone buttons set in slender gold rims. Very æsthetical young men are permitted to have a choice between white pearl and pink pearl studs.

The very newest thing in watches for gentlemen is a medium-sized watch in a perfectly smooth gold case of bright finish. These new watches are not only diminished in size as regards their circumference, but are as flat as is compatible with the works inside, hence they are of exceedingly convenient form to carry. As has been intimated the cases are devoid of decoration, indeed, do not even indicate the locality of the hinges, but present an unbroken smooth surface.

The short vest chain, either of gold or gold and platinum, very light and unobtrusive in effect, is patronized more largely by gentlemen than is any other sort; in a word, is considered by ultra-fashionables as quite the correct thing. The Charles Dickens or double chain, however, remains a favorite with many who find it too convenient and useful to put aside for other patterns.

Gentlemen are wearing fine intaglio rings, and occasionally one sees a ring with a suitable antique coin in antique setting. A ring popular among those who wear gems is a head of carved or nugget finished gold with a gem imbedded in it.—*Jeweler's Circular.*

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

Lessons to Be Learned from the Flight of Migratory Birds.

Not long ago large numbers of British migratory birds (dead) were found floating in the sea off the Eddystone Lighthouse. It is probable that during their night journey from the Devonshire shores a fog overtook them, and that the bright light from the lantern of the lighthouse attracted them and so stupefied them that they dashed themselves against the thick glass and were killed in large numbers. The fishermen who trawl for turbot, soles, skate, etc., on the Varne Ridge Banks, between Dover and Calais, not unfrequently hear the sound of flocks of migratory birds flying overhead. The speed at which birds can go when on their migratory flight has been noticed. Quails are said to accomplish one hundred and fifty miles in a night, and indigested African seeds and plants have been found in the crops of these birds when they reach the French coast. * * * It is said that the migration of birds will foretell severe weather, and it is well-known by the bird-catcher that when the larks and other northern birds appear snow and hard weather will follow the flight. These warnings of migratory birds, though apparently insignificant, may be of vast political and even national importance. If the Emperor Napoleon, when on the road to Moscow with his army in 1811, had condescended to observe the flight of storks and cranes passing over the fated battalions subsequent events in the politics of Europe might have been different. The storks and cranes knew of the coming on of a great and terrible winter; the birds hastened toward the south, Napoleon and his army toward the north.—*Chicago Interior.*

A VARIED EXISTENCE.

First a Boat, Then a Fish, Then a Larger Boat, Then a Sail and Then a Bird.

A riddle has been devised by Mr. J. G. Wood, the naturalist, who confesses that he believes the sphinx might have lived some two thousand years longer had she propounded this, instead of her own rather simple question. His query runs thus: "What animal is that which is first a boat, then a fish, then a larger boat, then a sail and then a bird?" How many of us could guess, on the spur of the moment, or even after deliberation, that it means a gnat?

The tiny insect is a native of the water during the early stages of its existence, and only seeks the air and land when it attains its wings. The eggs of the gnat are destined to float on the water, in order to be hatched, but as they are very small, they would be liable to destruction if they were simply placed there at random, and then left alone. Therefore the female, when about to deposit them, stations herself on a floating leaf, or other convenient support, clinging to it by her fore legs, and stretching the hind legs as far as possible over the water, and crossing them at their extremities.

By means of these slender hind legs, she guides the eggs in the direction they should take, arranging them finally in the form of a boat, and fastening them together with a peculiar waterproof secretion.

In a short time after the eggs have been laid the young gnats within them are so developed by the warmth of the sun that they force out the lower end of their shells, drop into the water, and swim away.

The future gnat now corresponds to the caterpillar of the moth or butterfly, and is called a larva. During this state, it changes its skin several times. Before the last moult, it seems to be in a dying condition; it does not swim about, but remains at the surface of the water, where, presently, its skin bursts, and the pupa issues.

The little creature now never dives, except when alarmed, but merely floats near the surface of the water, obtaining its air supply by means of two little horns communicating with the atmosphere. The most noticeable alteration which has taken place in it, since the larva state, is the enlargement of the upper part of the body; and if this portion be examined under the microscope there will be found within it, closely packed together, the wings, legs, head, beautiful feathered antennæ, and the complicated mouth organs belonging to the mature gnat.

After a short time passed in this stage, the pupa, remaining perfectly still, takes several deep inspirations, thus swelling the body of the enclosed gnat, which is by this time quite separated from the pupal envelope.

The skin cracks, the gnat emerges, and supports himself upon his discarded covering, until his wings are dried sufficiently to take to the air. As the pupal skin on which he rests is so dried as to be a mere shell, he may be said, for the second time in his life, to act as a tiny boatman. Presently, however, he is up and away, to begin a new phase of existence as a perfect winged insect.—*Youth's Companion.*

"DEM WHITE WIMMINS."

Why a Colored Domestic Declares Them to be Unreliable and Deceitful.

Mrs. Yerger advertised for a colored servant, and Matilda Jackson, fresh from the cotton fields, applied for the position.

"So you want to hire out, do you?"

"Yes, mum."

"I'll give you ten dollars a month to do the cooking, washing and ironing."

"Dat's mighty little money for a heap of hard work," replied Matilda.

"Well, I'll give you ten dollars a month and clothe you."

"G'way! You-se jokin."

"No, I am not. I'll agree to clothe you. You will not have to clothe yourself at all."

"Dat's de bes' offer I'se had in a long time. You is a lady, you is. You treats de cullud folks like dey was somebody, you does."

Matilda went to work that afternoon. Her work was done very well, and Mrs. Yerger thought she had a treasure.

Before Matilda retired for the night Mrs. Yerger said to her:

"Matilda, we will want breakfast on the table by seven o'clock."

"All right, mam."

Next morning Colonel Yerger said to his wife:

"I don't hear that new darkey making any fuss in the kitchen. I don't believe she's up yet, and it is past seven o'clock already."

"I'll go and see what is the matter with her. Perhaps she is sick," said Mrs. Yerger, dressing herself hastily, and going to the door of the servant's room, she knocked loudly at the door.

"Who's dar?" said Matilda.

"I am here," replied Mrs. Yerger.

"Come right in, mum. I'se been waitin' for ye foah de las' hour."

Mrs. Yerger did so, and discovered that Matilda had not yet spurned the drowsy couch.

"Why didn't you get up long ago and cook breakfast? It's past seven o'clock," said Mrs. Yerger, indignantly.

"I done tole yer why I didn't get up."

"No you didn't."

"Yes I did. I tole yer I was waitin' fer you ter come in heah and keep yer promise."

"What promise?"

"Yer promised me ten dollars a mumf, and ter clofe me. What's de use of me gittin' out of bed ef you ain't heah ter put de clofes on me pusson. I'se been ready ter be dressed for de last hour. Dar's my clofes on de char by de windy."

Matilda put on her own clothes that morning, and as she shook the dust of the Yerger mansion off her large and generous feet, she was heard to say:

"Dat's de way all dem white wimmins is. Dey promise yer and promise yer, but when hit comes ter keeping dar promises dey ain't dar."—*Texas Siftings.*

None of It Got Away.

De Baggs—I hear that the famous case of Biggs versus Riggs has finally been decided.

Lawyer Grab—Yes, judgment was rendered this morning for the defendant after ten years' litigation.

"I heard the defendant say that of the amount involved—nearly ninety thousand dollars—every cent has been lost during the trial. Is that so?"

"Lost? No, sir. The plaintiff's attorney got about thirty thousand of it and I have the rest. Not a dollar was lost."—*Philadelphia Call.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—A woman at North Danville, Va., gave to the building of a local church until her last dollar was expended, and then, work having come to a stop, presented the church fund with her horse and buggy.

—The students of science in Indiana propose to form a State Academy of Science, similar in its scope to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.—*Indianapolis Manual.*

—A writer in the *Church Eclectic* objects to "the name of 'Protestant Episcopal'—which means (as our missionaries who have labored to translate it into Chinese tell us) 'The contradictory bishops' church.'"

—Many strange religions are being introduced into California, among them Hindoo Theosophy and Chinese Confucianism. The growth of Spiritualism there is so rapid as to challenge attention. A local paper, noting these facts, says it is about time for the Christian churches to wake up.—*San Francisco Call.*

—The total contributions of the forty churches of the New York Presbytery, with their 19,619 communicants, the past year were $848,442.71, of which $88,149 was for home and $85,742 for foreign missions, $442,025 for congregational, and $67,238 for miscellaneous purposes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—If teachers wish to leave a notable impress upon the schools in which they are now working, we know of no way more suitable than doing something to improve the generally bleak and unattractive appearance of school buildings and school yards.—*Educational Weekly.*

—Religious ceremonies at Mecca this year have been on a scale of unusual magnificence. The silk covering for the Kaaba which the Sultan sent this year has been valued at $75,000, and that sent by the Khedive for the same purpose at $60,000. Both are black moire, richly embroidered in gold, and so large that each of them covers entirely the whole Kaaba.

—Miss Mary I. Danforth, who has resigned her position in the Winthrop School, in Boston, had served there forty-one continuous years. The *Transcript* says: "Many will remember pecuniary assistance liberally bestowed from her limited means, whereby their families have been aided that their children might be continued in school."

—"In two particulars," says the *Harvard Crimson*, "Harvard may unquestionably claim superiority over all other colleges in America, in her library and in her gymnasium. Yet, strange to say, of no two things do Harvard men seem less appreciative. The gymnasium and library are both used by a large number of men, but not by as many men as ought to use them."

—There was something pathetic in the talk of Rev. O. T. Walker at a meeting of Baptist clergymen in New Haven, Conn., a few days ago. His appeal was for an educated ministry. His own shortcomings, he said, had made the necessity of thorough intellectual discipline apparent. The time had changed since his youth. He was raised in North Stonington where you can walk mile after mile on stones without touching the ground, and yet where they raise good corn. In his day the farmers used to tell time by the stars, for the days were not long enough to finish work by the sun. Not having means, he had to walk from Albany to Hamilton College—a distance of 225 miles and then walk back. His fight for an education was long, hard, and only partially successful.—*Hartford Post.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in most men's power to be agreeable.

—"Greenland has only one newspaper." This is probably the reason they call it Greenland.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A teacher asked a little boy, "What is hope?" "It is never feeling disappointed," answered the child.—*S. S. Times.*

—"Circumstances alter cases," said an unsuccessful lawyer, "and I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—There is nothing either absolutely good or absolutely bad in this world. To look at everything in a gloomy light is silly, in a roseate hue is a delusion.—*Albany Journal.*

—A man who blew a fog horn in Montreal was sentenced to four months' imprisonment. If a Norristown boy were to go to Montreal and whistle through his fingers he would probably be sentenced for life.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A Nursery Fable.—

A baby once cried for the moon,
So they got a toy moon for the pet,
But the babe wasn't satisfied yet;
It set up another wild tune,

And cried for the star spangled dipper,
Did they promise to haul down the skies
No; they tired of its "heavenly" cries,
And made it "see stars" with a slipper.
—*Will H. Well in Bibliophood.*

—A Delightful Commission.—Young Mr. Smythe was passionately enamored of Miss Brown, and was squirming in his chair preparatory to a proposal when the young lady said: "Mr. Smythe, you pass Mr. Thinplate, the jeweller's, on your way home, do you not?" "Yes," he said, huskily. "Well, would you mind doing me a favor?" "Mind! dear Miss Brown," he replied, with a look of unutterable reproach; "you have but to name it!" "Thanks! Will you kindly ask Mr. Thinplate if he has tightened the setting of my engagement ring which Mr. George Simpson left with him yesterday?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"Is this the last train north?" asked a stout little gentleman, rushing into a railway station. "No, there is another in forty-five minutes. All aboard!" cried the conductor. "Almost an hour to wait!" sighed the little man, dropping into a se