The Swinging Door.

I'm looking for somebody down the street,
Some one I never expect to meet,
Somebody tall, and young, and fair,
Who used to loiter about the stair,
And wait to accompany me over the stile,
And carry my books for me once in a while,
As we both passed out through the swinging door,
In those dear old college days of yore.

He's married, and happy, and so am I.
I wouldn't meet him for the world, not I,
For fear that one or the other might trace,
By some chance word or confusion of face,
The little secret we kept so well;
The open secret which others could tell,
Which we, in our innocence, thought to keep best,
By guarding it safe each within our own breast.
'Tis, perhaps, as well that 'twas never confessed,
As we both passed out through the swinging door,
In those dear old college days of yore.

I'm looking for somebody down the street,
Some one I never expect to meet;
But somehow or other I love to look,
And all I can see is a boy with his book,
And just at his side is my little elf,
My girl of sixteen, say Gertrude herself,
They've unearthed an heirloom so pretty it seems
To their foolish young hearts with their fanciful dreams.
'Tis the secret which we—his father and I—
Hid away in our hearts so careful and sly,
As we both passed out through the swinging door,
In those dear old college days of yore.

A HOUSE RUN BY RULES.

Curious Placards Posted Up in a Baltimore Man's House.

There are a good many queer people in this world. Just at present Baltimore contains as odd a personage as Charles Dickens' Mr. Dick. He is a bookkeeper who runs his house by rules. A reporter of the Baltimore *News*, who recently visited his residence says:

Placards of rules were placed in every room for the guidance of its occupants, and for their violation sundry penalties are provided. In the hall the following rules were posted, the placard being wedged in the crevice of the mirror in the hat-rack:

Please hang your hat up.

Please wipe your feet.

Please do not take away our umbrellas.

Please put your umbrella in the rack.

Enter the parlor by the first door to the left.

In the parlor he found a similar poster. It was fastened to the shade of a drop light, and at night its lettering was brought into conspicuous prominence by the light under it. The placard read thus:

Please do not soil the photograph album.

Please do not finger the oil paintings to see if they are genuine, for they are.

Please do not touch the mineral specimens on the side-table.

Please do not move your chair from the position it occupies.

Please close the piano after using it, and put the music where you found it. If you found it out of its place put it where it belongs.

No visitors entertained in this parlor before 2 p. m., and between the hours of 6 and 8 p. m., and after 10:30 p. m. Any visitor calling at any hour when no entertainment is allowed will be compelled to await the arrival of the hour when some member of the family is permitted to enter.

Young men will observe the rule that no visitors are entertained after 10:30 p. m.

Members of this family are prohibited from occupying this parlor except to entertain callers.

The rules are rough on visitors, but the reporter learned from a regular visitor to one of the young ladies of the house that they are rigidly enforced.

Suspended from a chandelier which overhangs the dining-room, was a placard which reads thus:

Please take your time in eating.

Please replace the different articles in the casters.

Please do not place your elbows on the table.

Please sit upright in your chair.

Please eat with your fork.

In the kitchen the servant girl kept such a close watch upon the reporter that he could not copy the rules he saw over the dresser. He got a few furtive glances at them. They were very long, and outlined in detail the cook's duties, such as the amount of salt, pepper and other condiments to be placed in certain articles of food, the amount of flour required for biscuits and rolls for each meal, when butter was to be used, etc. There was a place for every pan and pot, and each was specified. Even the amount of coal required for a day's use in the kitchen stove was set down. There was a special injunction that everything was to be kept neat and clean, and any failure to do so would be detected by the master of the house, who would inspect the kitchen every day. The servant girl was allowed to receive company on one night each week, and she was permitted to take Sunday night to herself, provided she would return by 10:30 p. m. Violation of the rules was punishable by her being kept on duty on Sunday night and refused company either for one, two, or three weeks, as the magnitude of the offense might justify.

The harshness of the paterfamilias was brought into full play when he devised the rules for the bedchamber which his two daughters occupied. The placard was of the same pattern as those in other rooms throughout the house—twelve inches by eight, plain black lettering, surrounded by a broad, black border. The placard was suspended by ribbon from the top of the mirror frame, and the card covered the top of the glass. It was probably placed in that position by the father to insure its being seen long and often. Every time that either of those young ladies ties her bonnet-strings, arranges her hair or gazes into the depths of her blue eyes, she cannot help seeing that placard. Any young lady must know how often, then, those rules meet the eyes of the fair occupants of that room. They read thus:

My daughters will refrain from using cosmetics, paint, powder, and other such stuff on every occasion.

Tight lacing is prohibited.

No conspicuous jewelry must be worn.

Rose water is the only perfumery permitted.

The teeth and nails must be carefully brushed at least twice a day.

The bureau drawers must be kept in prim order.

No high-heeled or tight-fitting shoes allowed.

No garments should be thrown haphazard on the chairs.

The lights in this room must be extinguished at 11 p. m. promptly.

It is unnecessary to add that my daughters will say their prayers before retiring at night and after rising in the morning.

Similar rules are placarded in the chamber of the father and mother. Even the son is not exempt, and he is told how often to shave, what kind of cravats to wear, etc.

Buried on a House-Top.

Riding on the top of an omnibus down Oxford street one can hardly fail to notice a curious object on the top of a very handsome residence some few hundred yards to the right after passing the Marble Arch. As seen from the road it appears to be a framework of glass, some twelve feet long by six feet broad and four feet high. Through the glass can plainly be seen a large, oblong box, painted black, which looks for all the world like a coffin.

This house, although under ordinary circumstances it would bring an enormous rental, being situated in one of the most fashionable parts of London, has been untenanted for fully fifty years past. The story goes, and I have heard it from at least half a dozen omnibus drivers who daily pass the house, that the last tenant, who was also the owner of the property, was an eccentric and very wealthy old gentleman, who had served for many years under the government in India.

When he died he left a provision in his will that his body should not be buried, but should be placed in a coffin inside the structure I have referred to, which he had built some years previously, and almost everybody believes to this day that the old gentleman's bones and whatever flesh there may be left upon them are actually at the present moment lying in this strange receptacle.

I have made inquiries of the agents of the property, and they laugh the idea to scorn that the old fellow is really upon the top of the house, but at the same time they acknowledge that the curious structure, whatever it may contain, will never be removed, and they add that although the house has been offered for years past at a greatly reduced rental, nobody can be induced to take it whilst the glass box and its contents remain in their present condition. This is one out of the many explanations of the curious structure which may be seen any day by those riding past Hyde Park gardens.—*Tid-Bits.*

Economy in Dress.

Every wife should know just how much she can afford for her clothing, or for the children, then make it a duty to expend the amount (but it is a much better feeling to lay aside a small part of the sum for use at some future time) to the very best possible advantage. It is usually best economy to buy good material, not necessarily the highest priced, but of a quality that will wear well, plenty of it (a friend says when a dress is made out of her house, she always gets a yard extra, keeping for sleeves or repairs, learning by experience that but little returns from a dressmaker), a becoming color, and becoming style of goods.

A nice dress generally proves the most satisfactory if made or part made, cut at least, by one who knows "just how," reserving cheaper goods for inexperienced fingers. Fashion is almost as much of a goddess as in mythological days, and worshiped as much. A certain regard must be paid to the style of dress, or a woman subjects herself to remark. Women naturally like pretty things—bright colors, etc.,—but all shades of the rainbow are not becoming to all of us. *Taste* must be used in large supplies in our wardrobes. Often a part worn dress will "make over" for a younger member of the family, but don't *compel* a child to wear one that her friends and mates will know as one of her mother's made over. Though the child loves her parent dearly, she has a certain pride which is nothing to be *ashamed* of, and should be *respected.* —*Mrs. Frances C. Moxter, in Good Housekeeping.*

They Were His.

It occurred in one of the suburban villages, where a worthy citizen staid out rather late one night, and came home in a state which he knew was dangerous for him if his wife discovered it. The night was one of the freezy-thawy sort, and the moment of his return happened to be one of the thawing intervals. It occurred to the man that, if he took his boots off outside the house, and went in very softly and carefully, his wife might not wake and discover his condition. So he followed this plan, and managed to get into bed without raising any alarm.

Next morning he opened his eyes rather late and saw his wife in the room standing by the window. He could have told by her aspect that it was a frosty morning without looking out of the window.

"Come here," she said.

He came there.

"Are those your boots frozen into the gutter out there?" she asked.

He looked long and wonderingly, until his aching head began to reel.

"I guess they must be my boots, that's a fact," said he.

"And how did they come there?"

Of course he couldn't account for it, but the reader can. He had sat down on the curbstone instead of on the doorstep, and had forgotten to bring the boots in with him when he came.—*Boston Record.*

"What do you mean by using such violence toward your wife?" asked the Austin Recorder, of Sam Jousing. "I didn't use no violence, boss." "But you did; her face is all swolen up from the blow. Didn't you strike her?" "Yes, boss, but hit was an accerdent. I'se neah-sighted." "What's that got to do with it?" "Heaps, boss, heaps. Yer see I was at de gate and was gwinter go down town, and I jist kissed my han' ter Matildy." "Kissed your hand to her?" "Yes, boss, kissed my han' ter her, but owing to de defect' in my eyes, I sposed she was mor'n twenty feet off, but she wasn't. She was so close ter me dat de back ob my han' hit her smack in de mout. I rebber was so s'prised in my life." "Well, there is another surprise in store for you. You pay $20 and costs or you go to the county jail."

Pat Brought the Bottles Home.

He returned from his yachting trip, and when the luggage of the gander party was conveyed ashore the array of empty bottles that had not been thrown overboard was something of a staggerer to look upon. The gentleman, not caring to dump them at the anchorage in the face and eyes of his neighbors, said hurriedly to his man, "Pat, get those underground about as quick as you can. Bury them; do you understand?" "Yis, sor, I do," was the reply; and the yachtsman went home and tumbled into the arms of Morpheus without delay. The next he knew he heard his wife's voice calling: "For goodness sake, my dear, what has Pat brought all these bottles up here for?" It was but one step from the bed to the window, where the enraged gentleman called out: "You blasted Irishman! didn't I tell you to bury those bottles?" "Yer did, sor, and it's divilish quick I'll get 'em buried, now I have 'em so handy, sor." The yachtsman wearily explained it to his wife. Next time he will consider it more valorous and discreet to take Pat a little into his confidence.—*Boston Home Journal.*

The customs collector in New Laredo, Mexico, Pedro Aguilles, recently issued orders to his customs inspectors and guards as follows: "All train inspectors are to treat American travelers with due respect and consideration. No impertinence or overbearing action on their part toward travelers will be tolerated. The baggage of lady travelers is to be respected and not overhauled, the guards requesting ladies to open their trunks and merely looking into them, not removing their contents nor instituting any search whatever. Guards are to keep hands off the persons and property of lady travelers."

"Isn't he beautiful?" said the wife of the politician, as she dandled her baby boy, who smiled and kicked every time she threw him up. "He is," answered the proud father as he watched the play of the little feet; "but I'm afraid he will never be a good party man." "Why not?" "Because he's a kicker." It is these terrible things that cast a gloom over the happiest families."—*Boston Courier.*

"Hot soup and bread for a penny," is a New York restaurant sign.

The Navies of Europe.

A return made recently to the British parliament of the strength of European navies gives material for forming some estimate of the comparative efficiency of the navy our government is now building. The largest and fastest European war vessels belong to Italy. Her largest ship, the "Italia," has a displacement of nearly 14,000 tons, or about 3,000 more than any other war vessel afloat. Notwithstanding this enormous bulk, the "Italia" steams 18 knots an hour, while the fastest armor-clad in the British navy is the "Colossus," 9,150 tons, which attains 15¼ knots. The "Italia" carries the heaviest guns of any vessel afloat, consisting of four breech-loading guns of 16 3-4 inches calibre and eight of 6 inches calibre. Two other vessels, the "Duilo" and the "Dandalo," nearly approach the "Italia" in size and armament. Altogether Italy has eleven war vessels of the first class, and is building seven more, with three of the second class. She has one torpedo vessel completed and eleven in progress, with fifty-five torpedo boats and twenty-eight in progress.

Although England has a larger navy than any other power, most of her vessels are unprotected by armor or only partially so. She has twenty turret armor-clads completed and six more in progress. Her largest guns—eighty tons in weight and of 16-inch calibre—are carried by the "Inflexible," but they are muzzle-loading. One of the vessels now in progress, the "Sanssareil," with others smaller calibre, will carry two 110-ton guns, and with their completion England will then have the heaviest battery afloat. Seven armed cruisers of 5,000 tons are building, three barbette ships are completed and six more are in progress, and there are twenty-nine broadsides ships also in commission. When the ships in progress are completed England will have three vessels of between 11,000 and 12,000 tons, built to compete in size and armament with Italy's three great monsters.

France has sixteen first-class armor-clads, one of 11,000 tons, and thirteen others are in progress. All the guns are breech-loaders, while England's armament is mostly of muzzle-loaders. The largest French guns are fourteen-inch calibre. France has twelve armor-clads of the second class, the largest having a displacement of 6,000 tons. Russia has six armored vessels in the Black Sea fleet and fifteen battery ships and monitors, with five belted cruisers in the Baltic fleet. Germany has thirteen armored vessels, ranging from 4,000 to under 10,000, and carrying guns of not more than a little over ten-inches calibre. She has also fourteen of a smaller class under 2,000 tons. Austria has ten armored vessels of from 5,000 to over 7,000 tons.

Compared with these great fleets our navy will appear very small. The largest of the new vessels whose construction has been authorized by congress are two 6,000-ton iron-clads. They are, however, to have a speed of sixteen knots an hour, faster than any English war vessel now afloat. The bill passed by the last congress provides for one cruiser which is to possess the highest practicable speed and which, hence, ought to equal or exceed the eighteen knots an hour of the "Italia." There is no necessity for our government to enter into the costly competition of European powers in turning out enormous war vessels. We should, however, have as fast and well-armed vessels as there are in the world, and it begins to look as if we shall get them.

The chestnut gong proves to be a chestnut itself, according to the Buffalo *Commercial*, which says that over twenty years ago, in a well-known beer saloon, hung, well balanced, a big knife. To the point was attached a bell, and to the handle a cord. When the boys became too argumentative the proprietor would solemnly pull the cord, the bell would ring, and the knife chopping up and down cut short the remarks of the disputants.

Mr. Moody's Woodchucks.

D. L. Moody has a good story to tell of the benevolent capitalists who sometimes visit him at his pleasant Northfield home. "You business men don't get all the benefit of this labor agitation," he sometimes says; "I know how it is. I've been boycotted myself." "You, Mr. Moody?" they ask in surprise; "we thought you were way out of range of that sort of thing." "No, I ain't," replies the genial evangelist, and with a twinkle in his eye he tells the story of his experience with the labor agitators. It was several years ago, when his boys' school at Mount Hermon had its beginning. There wasn't much to the school then except two or three buildings, two small classes of boys and a vast expanse of pasture land, which now, Mr. Moody says, he is making to blossom like a garden. But it was alive with woodchucks then, and in their ages of undisturbed possession they had burrowed through and through that pasture land till they must have had an underground network of holes that crossed each other like a veritable labyrinth. Mr. Moody was inclined to dispute their possession, and offered his boys 25 cents a head for their capture. The boys were fully alive to their opportunities, and many was the hunting party that came home laden with dead woodchucks, which were promptly exchanged for silver quarters by their worthy employer. A little band of Indian boys especially distinguished themselves on the hunt, having the advantage over the other boys by reason of their early training; but no one had reason to complain, for time smiled on them all in those days, and dreadful was the woodchuck mortality.

By and by Mr. Moody found that his outlay for woodchucks was beginning to be an appreciable drain on his purse; when woodchucks were so plenty 25 cents was altogether too high a price to pay for them, he reasoned, and one morning he announced to the school that he would be compelled to cut down the bonus on woodchucks from 25 cents to 10. There was no help for it; the die was cast, and however plentiful it was out of the question killing woodchucks for 10 cents a head when they had been getting 25 cents. So the boys had an indignation meeting and the Indians were foremost in urging the most approved methods of labor agitation known to the craft; the other boys gave hearty assent, and a boycott was voted on Mr. Moody which has not been broken to this day. No student at Mount Hermon school was to kill any of Mr. Moody's woodcucks for 10 cents; they would see the woodchucks eat up the foundations of their boarding-house first; they would wait for developments. The committee waited on Mr. Moody and informed him of the action of the assembly. Mr. Moody remained firm and the woodchucks once more disported themselves on that blue orthodox mount feeling that there is no man to make them afraid.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Socialist—I tell you this Socialistic movement is making great headway. There are in Europe to-day 100,000 people who question the right of kings and queens to the best. Friend—That's all right. I did it myself once. Socialist—You! Friend—Yes. I held aces, and you bet I questioned the right of kings and queens to anything at all.—*Rambler.*

The remains of a house that experts venture to say is fifteen centuries old have been unearthed in Rome. They are in a comparatively good state of preservation.

A Conclusive Proof.

During one of Senator Van Wyck's canvasses in New York state for congress, long before he ever thought of being a senator from Nebraska, and when he was not so handsome as he is now, he was walking along a country road to a farmhouse, when he met a small man and a big woman, evidently husband and wife, or wife and husband, as you please.

"Good morning," he said, with candidate cordiality.

"Good morning," responded the woman, crowding her husband to the rear.

"Seen any candidates around lately?" continued Van Wyck, jokingly.

"More'n the dogs kin bark at," responded the woman.

"Have you seen one they call Van Wyck?"

"No, but I hearn tell on him, an' my husban' here kinder wants ter vote fer him," she said, jerking her thumbs over her shoulder.

"Ah?" and the candidate smiled.

"Yes; but I don't think he will. I've got my mind on the other man."

"But, madam," remonstrated the candidate, "why don't you want him to vote fos the man he wants to vote for?"

"Well, I ain't never saw Van Wyck, an' I saw the other man, an' he suits me, an' I kalkilate ez I don't think my husband here will vote for Van Wyck."

"You say, madam, you never saw Van Wyck?"

"Not ez I remember."

"Well, madam, I'm Van Wyck," and the speaker straightened himself up as straight as the natural circumstances would permit.

"Land Sakes!" she exclaimed; "so you are Van Wyck?" and she looked him over from head to foot very carefully. "Well, now I know he'll vote for the other man."

The candidate tried to argue, but she wouldn't listen, and hurried away, taking her husband along.—*Washington Critic.*

Novelties in Seismometers.

The southern earthquakes have developed much interest in seismometers, or instruments designed to record the nature and force of the shock. Several ingenious instruments have been invented for the purpose, some very elaborate and others extremely simple. One of the latter class consists of a glass of water on which is a scum of oil. Any agitation of the fluid causes a wave which shows in a mark left by the oil on the side of the glass. Another simple device paralyzed a certain learned company in Japan into whose presence it was introduced by a scholarly but waggish American. It consisted merely of the familiar Japanese toy of a turtle poised on a point. "This, gentlemen," said the servant, "is the seismometer I employ. By this simple but delicate instrument I can at once estimate the energy of the disturbance. If the shock is slight, the turtle shakes only a little; if severe, the turtle shakes a great deal." But the most novel seismometer which the recent earthquakes have developed is a colored clergyman residing in Aiken county, South Carolina. For some reason the nervous system of this reverend man is so organized that he not only feels the slightest shocks, and large ones in proportion, but he can even perceive their approach. On several occasions he has notified his neighbors of a shock ahead of its coming. Such a man should be in demand just now as a janitor.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

THE SHEEP DOG.

An Animal Which is Evidently Friendly, Faithful, and True.

Every admirer of the faithful and intelligent sheep dog will appreciate the following admirable sketch of his rare qualities:

Dogs are best studied at work, and a day spent among the hills with shepherd and his dog is fraught both with interest and instruction to an intelligent observer. Sitting on a hiliside, looking across a wide glen, the sheep of an adjoining proprietor are observed crossing the boundary line in search of richer pasture. The shepherd addresses a few words to his dog, which darts off like a greyhound. We watch him spanking across the glen, now clearing a wide ditch at a bound, then fording the stream, half wading, half swimming. He waits but a moment to shake the water from his coat. His master calls to him. He raises his head and ears to listen to the order, which is repeated, and nimbly he threads his way up the distant acclivity. He now comes in sight of the sheep, and, in getting ahead of them, takes a wide circular course. The sheep have taken the alarm and commence to run, but "Tyne" is too swift for them and presently he appears clear in front. The shepherd, by a sharp whistle on the fingers, stops his dog, which, at that moment, happens to be on a patch of thick heather, and were it not for the splashes of white about his neck and breast his whereabouts would not be easily made out. The sheep are slow to retreat; but, upon receiving another command, "Tyne" moves smartly up behind them and in a few minutes the poaching flock is sent scampering back to their own proper walk. The dog is seen leisurely retracing his steps. He quenches his thirst as he refords the stream and, returning to his master's side, sits down composedly, turning his keen eyes toward the opposite hill as if to make sure he has fully completed his task. Such is a simple performance of the collie; yet it serves to show how quickly and well he accomplishes a piece of work which, without him, would have occupied the shepherd many hours. The sheep may be scattered many miles apart over a wide range of hills, and he will collect them in a shorter time than a score of men. Alone he will drive the flock to any part of the hill, or bring to the shepherd any sheep he may want. Distance is no object to a well-trained collie; and although he may be a mile away, a motion of the hand is sufficient to command him when oral directions cannot be heard.—*Charles Scott.*

Benefits of Laughter.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to the torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they do that for more objectionable prescriptions—a pill or an electric or galvanic shock.—*Scientific American.*

The *Lancet* makes a distinction beteen what it calls the use and abuse of tobacco. The man who can say, "I always know when I have smoked enough—if I go beyond the just limit I lose my power of prompt decision," is one, it suggests, who had better not smoke at all; but "a moderate use of tobacco soothes the senses, and leaves the mental faculties free from irritation, and ready for calmly-clear intellectual processes. When this is not the effect produced by smoking the 'weed' had better be eschewed."

MISSING LINKS.

Natural gas is said to be a good remedy for ridding a house of rats.

The general election in Great Britain last year cost £4,635,737—an average of 4s 5d per vote.

Libby prison is now a fertilizing factory and Castle Thunder has been burned to the ground.

The residents of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., have petitioned to have its name changed.

In the cities of New York, Jersey City, Newark, and Paterson there are sixteen thousand saloons.

A mathematician estimates that a machine of one-horse power would keep 27,000,000 watches running.

They do not vaccinate women in Burmah, as they are not considered worth the trouble and expense.

A hog on exhibition in Wirt county, West Virginia, is over 8 feet long, 3 feet high, and weighs 718 pounds.

A rich New York woman with a humorously tender heart is to establish "an asylum for injured polo players."

Lace is said to be driving out frillings in England, and the Honiton factories at Exeter are overrun with orders.

A European economist reckons that there are on the face of the globe 47,500,000 head of cattle and 105,000,000 sheep.

Men employed in sinking a well at Coleman, D. T., found a live frog imbedded in the earth 285 feet below the surface.

W. S. Perryman, of Thomaston, Ga., has a pet owl that consumed two pounds of fresh beef, five rats and four jay birds at one meal.

A California farmer who owns a separate water right recently refused $1,500 per inch for all he will sell from his canyon.

A well digger in Osco, Ill., found a hollow log twenty-eight feet below the surface of the ground, and in the log a vigorous frog.

There are numerous masonic lodges in France composed exclusively of women. They have all the fancy features and ceremonials.

A Georgia hermit has his house in the branches of a spreading oak tree. It is small, but quite a snug abode, securely fastened to the limb of the tree.

English milliners are said to have discovered a way of making bonnets of tissue paper; they cost about as much as if they were covered with bank notes.

In the little but rich city of Fargo, out in the wheatlands, each policeman carries a heavy gold-headed cane instead of a billy, which is a base thing at best.

The old homestead built by Gov. Chrittenden, the first governor of the state, is still standing at Williston, Conn., and has been occupied by six generations.

The Pioche (Nev.) *Record* says the smallest Indian agency in the country is located in that county. There are no men, no women, no children, and one agent.

A hundred-acre peat bog has been discovered near Ellendale, D. T. The peat reaches to a depth of from seven to ten feet, and is said to overlay a surface of ice.

Measurements have shown the thickness of the human hair to vary from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch. Blonde hair is the finest and red hair the coarsest.

"I once saw a person go into the water with his nose embraced by a clothes-pin," says a scientific writer, "and the greater number of bathers now protect the ears with wool."

The sheep interests in Southern Idaho have increased so rapidly during the past few years as to seriously interfere with some of the ranges heretofore occupied exclusively by horses and cattle.

The widest shaving ever made by a wood-working machine was recently placed on exhibition in a store in Winchendon, Mass. It was forty-two inches wide, several feet long, and of uniform thickness.

"Mix Chicago with Pittsburg and salt, the whole with smoky sandstone," writes Carp, "and you have the great Scotch city of Glasgow. It is larger than Chicago, and better built than either Chicago or Pittsburg.

A prominent sign upon a Pennsylvania roadside states a well-known notice in this original manner: "For Bitten For dresspassing over This cround. Five dollars Fine for any Body Sewed on this cround."

The late Archbishop of Canterbury once remonstrated with a celebrated Parsee for worshipping the sun. "Ah! your grace," was the reply, "you should see it once" a pretty good hit at English fog and prejudice.

A Moline, Ill., man has arranged a grindstone in a wagon in such a manner that when the wheels turn they cause the grindstone to revolve. He makes his living by driving about the town grinding hatchets and knives.

Lord Randolph Churchill has very large hands, and the hair on the top of his head has a moth-eaten appearance. When seated on the ministerial bench in parliament he spend his time fiercely twirling his tawny mustache.

At the present moment, so says an English paper, fortune telling is one of the most flourising systems of imposture in that country, and there is scarcely a town or village without its resident or visiting cheat of this description.

A traveling show struck hard luck recently in a Texas town. Among its curiosities was an Egyptian mummy, upon which a local coroner insisted on holding an inquest at a cost of $25—just $1 more than was taken in at the door.

A man has gone a mile on a bicycle in two minutes and thirty-three seconds. That would have been good for a trotting horse twenty-five years ago. Perhaps twenty-five years hence the bicycle record will get down to 2:08¾.

The Natural History society of Worcester, Mass., has employed divers to hunt around on the bottom of Lake Quinsigamond for Indian relics. A chart of the bottom is to be made showing the cold springs, so much dreaded by swimmers.

The water used in Sacramento, Cal., is of a peculiar color. One day recently a resident of that city was in San Francisco, and strayed into a restaurant. When a waiter placed a glass of water before him he looked at it a moment and angrily exclaimed: "You can't fool me. That ain't water; water's yaller."

Senor Don Jose Manuel Balcemeda, the new President of Chili, was born in 1840, and belongs to one of the highest and wealthiest families of the republic. He has been for fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and enjoys a high reputation as an orator and debater. He is the author of the laws of civil matrimony and lay cemeteries in Chili, and he now proclaims his policy for a complete separation of Church and State, which, owing to the tact of the Government and the judicious temper of the people, can be carried without disturbing the public peace.

A thousand students gave honor to Professor Gneist at Berlin, the other day, when that worthy rounded out his fiftieth year as a graduate. Beer mugs three rows deep were in front of the students, and this is how they gave the "salamander:" They weren't as yet beery. After every verse there was a rattling of swords by all students in uniform, and at the last verse they all rose to receive the "salamander" given by the speaker, who announced it by "*Ad exercitium salamandre,*" "1, 2, 3," and they all grasped their mugs and raised them in the air; then came "bibite," and they drank to the dregs. Then came "1, 2, 3" again, and they held their mugs close to the table, and at the words "*Corporale ictus!*" beat a tattoo on the table with them for an instant, stopped all of a sudden and brought them all down together as a clincher, with a loud bang.

AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

A Scheme to Train the Wild Lords of the Jungle as Beasts of Burden.

It is expected that efforts will soon be made to tame elephants in some regions of Africa, and make them useful to the whites there as beasts of burden, says the New York *Sun.* In several eastern countries the employment of Indian elephants for draught and carrying purposes is almost universal, and the question has recently been raised whether their African cousins cannot be tamed and made useful in great districts where the deadly tsetse fly prevents the use of horses and cattle. We have seen many tame African elephants in menageries and circuses, among which Jumbo was the most famous; but for many centuries the elephant has not been domesticated in Africa, for the reason that his habitat for hundreds of years has been only among savage tribes, who have no use for him except to kill him for food and ivory. Only two recent instances are known of the taming of elephants by negro tribes. Some fifteen years ago King Mtesa sent, as a present to the Sultan of Zanzibar, a perfectly tame young elephant, and seven years ago an explorer in Angola reported that he found a tame elephant among the natives of the River Cunene.

In 1879 the International Association imported a number of Indian elephants into Africa. They were heavily laden with goods for the white station at Kareme, on Lake Tanganyika, and started west with a caravan from the Zanzibar coast. The experiment was a failure. Not one of them lived to reach the great lake, and all died within five months. Although the experiment was not fairly conducted, the elephants being far too heavily laden and also improperly fed, it is not likely to be soon repeated.

The African elephant has the reputation of being less docile and intelligent than his Indian relative, but there seem to be no good grounds for this belief. For hundreds of years before and after the dawn of the Christian era, when herds of elephants roamed in the Atlas Mountains and were found in many parts of North Africa, they were hunted by the Egyptians and the Carthagenians, and captive elephants were thoroughly tamed and trained for carrying purposes and also for war. They were taught to trample down the enemy in battle. The war elephants that nearly succumbed amid the snows of the Alps when Hannibal led them into Italy were from Africa, and many an elephant that marched in the triumphs of Roman generals through the streets of Rome were a part of the war establishment of Carthage. To-day the wild African elephant can be found only south of the Sahara Desert, in the jungles of savage Africa.

After African elephants ceased to be used in war they still figured largely in Rome in the cruel sports of the circus. They were sent into the arena to fight for their lives with lions, tigers, and other ferocious beasts. They were also trained to perform remarkable tricks, and if what the Latin writers say about the African elephant be true he is certainly not surpassed in intelligence by the Indian quadruped.

Mr. Forepaugh announced the other day that before long he would have a horse, whom he has taught to walk a tight rope, attempt the feat of crossing the Niagara gorge, after the manner of Mr. Blondin. Suetonius, in his description of the reign of the Roman Emperor Galba, tells of a wonderful elephant, whose performances, he says, were attested by thousands of witnesses. This elephant was in the habit of mounting a cable and slowly walking up to the top of the circus with his Roman trainer on his back. He would then descend to the arena again by the same route. The historian has not informed us whether the accomplished animal carried a balance pole in his trunk.

A. J. Wauters, of Brussels, one of the leading authorities on questions relating to Africa, and other gentlemen who have made a study of the African elephant, believe that it is entirely feasible to tame this noble lord of the jungles, and put his back to the same uses for which hundreds of black porters are now hired. No attempts have yet been made by white men to catch him alive except for menagerie purposes, but there are pioneers now in Africa who hope some day to see him trained and trudging obediently along in a caravan.

It is not difficult to distinguish the African from the Indian elephant. The African animal is noted for much greater convexity of face, for longer tusks, and for much larger ears than his Indian relative.

Snake-Charming.

As for the so-called charming of serpents, it may be practiced by anyone who from observation comprehends the movements of the reptiles and knows how far to venture on familiarities. Confidence and dexterity on the part of the "charmer" can overcome fear and subtlety on the part of the snake, which, after all, is only watching its opportunity to strike or to escape. The jugglers understand this very well, and know how far the snake can reach to strike. Keeping at a safe distance, they irritate it just enough to make it follow the movements of their hands, or the bite of bright cloth waved before them, and which in point of fact is a shield to receive the bite should the cobra attempt to strike. The snake has risen and expanded its "hood," not for any admiration to the flaunted colors or for any enjoyment of the discordant din which is supposed to charm it, but, in self-protection, the better to aim at its tormentor. "He is the best charmer," says Dr. Vincent Richards, in his valuable work, "Landmarks of Snake-Poisoned Literature," "who is the most intimately conversant with the movements of the reptiles under varying conditions."—*Cor. London Globe.*

Very Rare Indeed.

"Ah, my dear," said Mr. Lushly, who was in a poetic frame of mind that morning, "one of the loveliest seasons of the year has slipped by and taken a back seat in the calendar, June, gentle June, the month of roses. What is more rare than a day in June?"

"I can tell you what is more rare than a day in June," remarked Mrs. L. as she flopped a griddle-cake over viciously.

"What is it, my dear?"

"A night in July or any other month when you don't come home with the smell of bad whisky on your breath."

Lushly took a clove and said nothing. —*Texas Siftings.*

M. X. is a popular young bachelor much sought after by mammas who have marriageable daughters. "Why is it," asked Mme. Z one day, "that you don't get married?" "Impossible my dear madame," responded X. "I have such a horror of divorce."—*French Fun.*

"What kind of water is this?" asked Binks as he drained off a glass of Irish whisky in the presence of his wife. "Celt, sir," answered his accomodating friend. And Mrs. Binks was satisfied that her husband never drank intoxicants.—*Chicago Rambler.*

A California phrase is "a heap more'n 60 cents' worth."

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