AROUND THE CORNER.

One day my heart was very sad,
Oppressed with heavy sorrow,
And not a ray of hope arose
To cheer me on the morrow.
I walked along the crowded street,
A dull, distracted mourner,
And guessed not what awaited me
As I went 'round the corner.

There met me one whose sunny face
The smile of heaven reflected;
The friendly greeting she bestowed
Was wholly unexpected.
For I had thought her hard and cold,
Of lovers' arts a scorner,
But she was taken off her guard
As I turned 'round the corner.

What cared I though the skies were dark
And threatened stormy weather?
What mattered any grief at all
If we two were together?
The blushes that were on her cheek
Did regally adorn her;
And oh! I blest the fate that turned
My steps around the corner.

And thus I find it is through life—
So full of wondrous phases—
That when we walked amid the gloom,
Or press through tangled mazes,
Feeling all friendless and alone,
A hopeless, hapless mourner,
Some blessings surely lie in wait
For us around the corner.

BETWEEN TWO HORNS.

"I tell you, Susan Swing," said Capt. Rose, "there ain't a man that lives between the Two Horns as would let his boy not bigger than your'n go out in a boat today. Don't you do it. 'Tain't no kind of weather for that slip of a lad to go foolin' with them big billows as sweeps around old Dull Head. Why, look yourself, woman. You can see them more'n four miles away dashing and lashing the shore."

As Capt. Rose spoke he pointed with his right hand in the direction of one of the two headlands between which Dell Haven lay.

"And no dory in the harbor," he continued, "could weather Bright Head (pointing towards the headland at the left), not if Cap'n Hezekiah himself was a row'n of it. You'd better take them rowlocks out and hide the oars if he won't mind without you doin' it."

"I can't bear to do it," said Mrs. Swing. "Richard will be so disappointed. He set his lobster pots yesterday, and he hasn't slept any all night in his eagerness to go out early and haul them. Don't you see, Capt. Rose, it's Saturday, and two whole coaches full of summer boarders came last night to the Bright Head house, and he can get a big price for his lobsters today. My poor Dick has worked so hard making the lobster pots himself, and it seems like cutting off the boy's reward to say 'you shan't go' to him."

"S'pose you do feel weakish 'bout it, Susan; but you don't want that ere boat to be picked up adrift and no boy in it, do ye?"

"You know I don't, Capt. Rose," she said. "If I hadn't loved him do you think I'd get up before daylight to come down here to see the lad off?"

"Hush," said the captain. "Here he comes, and he's fastening his straw hat to his buttons. He sees there is wind enough ahead."

It was a morning in June, and the sun was not yet risen, but the glory of his coming was in the east and on the sea.

As he came down the pier, the oars on his shoulder, and securing his straw hat by a string to his jacket, the old captain said: "He's a fine lad, Dick is, and well worth the saving."

"He's all the world to me," thought Mrs. Swing, although her lips uttered no word.

"Good morning, Capt. Rose," called out Richard. "Good for lobsters, do you think?"

"Better for lobsters than 'tis for boys," ejaculated the captain, removing his broad brown hands from his pockets and laying one of them on the lad's shoulder as soon as the latter came within touching distance. "I say, Dick Swing, that you are not going out in that cockle shell of your'n this morning," he announced.

"I certainly am, Capt. Rose," returned the boy. "It's a little rough, but like as not the wind will come right around before I get half way to the ledge, and I should think you would know better than to scare my little mother here half to death. See, mother," he said gayly, "I have an extra oar and one thole pin, yes, two of them, in case a row lock gives way, and I've got a lot of extra courage about me that I can't exactly show you unless you come with me."

This he said looking out to sea, for he did not feel like looking either at his mother or Capt. Rose.

"Dick," said Mrs. Swing, approaching the pier's edge as the owner of the little boat proceeded to bestow his lunch basket and extras under the bow.

"Well, mother?" returned Richard, looking up.

"I wish you would not go," she said, her tones full of beseeching.

"Why, mother? Do you want my seven new lobster pots to be carried off to sea?" he asked. "How could you have the heart to ask me? If this wind keeps on blowing I shall lose them every one."

"That's true," ejaculated Capt. Rose. "I never thought of that. It's just right, this wind is, to drag them off, but you never can haul them in alone. You'll be sure to be dragged overboard."

"No, I shan't. Come along with me if you want to help," laughed Richard.

"Humph! I should sink that craft before we got out of harbor," said the captain, "though if I wasn't so heavy I would go." Capt. Rose weighed a trifle less than 300 pounds, and had left the sea after fifty years of faithful service.

Not another person was in sight.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the captain. "If you insist on going I'll stop on my way up and ask Capt. Danforth to look out for you, and if he thinks you're getting into trouble to sail after you."

"Thank you, captain."

"Dick," said his mother, "can't you let the lobster pots go?"

"Couldn't possibly," smiled the boy. "Could you have the heart to ask me? Will you cast me off, mother?" he called a second later.

"Wait a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Swing. "Fetch your boat close up. I want to speak to you, Dick."

The boat received the necessary impetus and touched the side of the pier. Mrs. Swing had seated herself on the topmost layer of logs forming the wharf, and leaned over as though to speak confidentially to her son.

"Dick," said his mother, "hold fast! I'm coming," and into the boat she dropped before either Capt. Rose on the dock or Capt. Richard in the boat had knowledge of her intention.

"What under the sun, mother," cried the boy, "do you mean?"

"I'm going with you, Dick, to keep you from tumbling overboard when you haul in," and she seated herself in the stern, calling back as the tide floated the boat out, "We depend on you, Capt. Rose, to send after us if we—if it gets too rough," she gasped, with a dash of spray in her face.

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain, and he took off his hat and swung it, he scarcely knew why.

Of all the women in Dell Haven, from the oldest to the youngest, Mrs. Swing most feared the sea. To live beside it, to watch its every mood delighted her, but to venture on it for pleasure she was never known to do.

A moment's peace she never knew when Richard, her only son, was exposed to the treachery of the waters, but rather than mar his wild delight in wind and waves this unselfish mother concealed as much as possible her anxiety for him.

Richard was not selfish, and had he imagined what his mother was at that moment suffering would have put the boat about and tied it forever at the stake rather than cause her this agony.

Just as the boat got well into the toil of the waves the sun arose, shedding such brilliance on the waters that Mrs. Swing, who sat facing it, was dazzled and well nigh failed to see in time a gill net into which the boat was running.

"See any boat ahead, mother?" questioned Richard. "You must keep a good lookout for me. I've got my ranges right and can fetch the lobster grounds every time."

"Is it far?" questioned his mother shudderingly.

"Not very, just outside Dull Head. I reckon we'll fetch it," said the lad, dipping his oars for a full stroke and then letting the boat slide up to the summit of a rolling wave, a trick he had caught from Capt. Hezekiah Danforth, the master boatman of Dell Haven.

The wind grew stronger and stronger, and the waves every moment increased in size. Even Richard glanced sideways more than once with ill concealed anxiety as the long billows came tumbling on, and just then getting a glimpse of his mother's face beheld it so blanched with terror of the sea that it seemed to him his mother was no longer in the boat with him.

"Dick," she gasped, as his oar missed stroke and sent the spray over the boat, "Dick, I'm afraid to go on."

Dick glanced backward. He had pulled about a mile from shore and was midway between the two headlands familiarly spoken of as the Horns. Dull Head was surrounded by an even accumulating mass of breakers, and Bright Head caught the sea on its precipitous sides, sending it backward in fountains of foam, and all the four miles that lay between the two points were rolling miles of billows.

Sitting with his face landward Richard had not fully felt the danger.

Now, the lad could not repress a shudder as he said: "I don't believe I could find the buoys in such a sea, and nobody could haul in the pots. I believe I'll put about."

"Oh, do! Oh, Richard, there comes an awful one!" and Mrs. Swing slipped down from her seat into the bottom of the boat and hid her face from the oncoming wave.

Richard gave a mighty pull at the oars to keep the boat head on, and it rode that wave in safety only to meet new ones, into whose depths the tiny shell rolled to be completely hidden from the sight of two men who were standing out on the Dell Haven pier.

One was Hezekiah Danforth, the other was Capt. Rose.

"If there was only a tug in sight to help them," groaned Capt. Rose.

"Why didn't you dun a little common sense into the woman if she didn't take any naturally," scolded Capt. Danforth, "or shut her and the boy up somewheres."

"I told her, but I declare when I was young I could have brought down them oars in half the time it takes Jim to fetch 'em. I say, 'Kiah Danforth, ain't that boat trying to put about?"

"It acts like it, John, but it will get swamped just as sure as guns if—no, it's going on. There's nothing else to do. I never in all my life saw a time when there wasn't a sail in sight. * * * The boat's gone! No! There it comes up again!"

Suddenly a cry for a helping hand was raised among the bystanders, and willing hearts went forth from the land.

"Every second tells. It's a race for life!" called out Capt. Danforth. "Jim, you'd better get in. You're strong; if one of us tuckers out you can take hold."

All ready lay the boat, a dark green surf boat, a boat that could stand heavy seas, and the two men and boy who had nobly volunteered were not long in starting off.

"Success to you. Fetch 'em back alive!" called out Capt. Rose.

All at once the pier at Dell Haven seemed thronged with people. The news had spread that Mrs. Swing and Richard were out alone on the sea.

As they watched the dim, dark speck, now rising upon the swelling waters and as quickly vanishing from sight, not one of the little throng but knew the danger of the tiny boat. With breathless eagerness they watched the surf boat as its two rowers stood at the oar urging it onward.

"It's down the harbor now. They're catching it. It's an awful wind for June. Do you think they're gaining on 'em? That mite of a boat will never live till they get there," were some of the remarks heard as they passed on.

As for Capt. Rose, he went panting up the hill into the town, climbed into the belfry of Dell Haven church, as far up as he could go, and watched through a spy glass the progress of the mere speck in the distance and the toiling helpers so far behind.

After a few minutes he realized that Capt. Danforth, although doing his utmost, could not reach the periled ones in time to save them, and he said to himself:

"The boy is doing well, but he can't hold out. I must do it." Capt. Rose's little daughter had followed her father into the church and climbed the belfry stairs.

"See here, Dolly," he said. "Can you look through here and keep sharp watch? No, you run—you can go quicker'n I can," and the captain scribbled a message on the back of an envelope, and, giving it her, bade her make haste to the telegraph office. "You tell Johnny Blake it's to save a life and it must go ahead of everything."

Dolly Rose did not need to be told twice. She ran every step of the way, and, rushing into the telegraph office flushed and eager, cried out:

"Mr. Blake, here, send this quick. Richard Swing and his mother are going to drown, and it's to save them!"

The operator took the old envelope and read:

Capt. True, steam tug Good Heart, Cromwell harbor—Steam out at once in search of small boat—woman and boy in it—off Dell Haven three miles; going against the wind; can't last long.
JOHN ROSE.

"All right," said the operator, clicking away at his machine for a minute or two, and then exclaiming, "It's done. Wait a minute, sis, and I'll tell you whether or not he gets it; wire runs right down to the wharf."

The minutes went by. Ten had passed when the answer came back:

Steam's up; start at once; go myself.
TIMOTHY TRUE.

The operator did not stay to write it. "Run quick and tell your father Capt. True is gone already," he said.

Dolly ran, saying to every one she met, "They'll be saved! they'll be saved!" The child got up to the belfry stair, and couldn't utter a word. She could only smile and bow her head and try to get out the message, which she did at last.

Capt. Rose's eye was on the speck. He dared not take it off lest never to find it again. Meanwhile, the news got abroad that Capt. Rose had telegraphed to Cornwall for a tug, and the burden of fear grew lighter.

In the little boat again and again had Richard tried to turn its head towards the land, but with each trial it took so much water that he was forced to give up the attempt. Nothing could be done but keep off and face the boiling sea. Very few words were spoken. Mrs. Swing kept bailing as fast as possible, with only the shell of the horseshoe crab to work with.

At length came a wave like a small hill, upon which the boat rose gallantly, and then suddenly Richard shouted:

"They're coming for us, mother. I see a boat just outside the harbor."

Then the tears sprang to Mrs. Swing's eyes. She stopped bailing for a moment to look towards the shore. All she could see was a wall of water shutting out the land.

"Courage, mother," Dick said.

Every rise and fall of the oar was a prayer; every dip of the poor old crab shell was a petition for life.

Out from Cromwell harbor, seven miles to the eastward, and hidden from sight by Bright Head, steamed the tug Good Heart. Never had its captain stood watching the sea with more earnest gaze. Never was steam applied with more generous hand. 'Twas the woman and the boy in the boat out at sea that lived in the gaze, in the steam and in the fuel, and Good Heart bore away with cordial speed until Bright Head was won and weathered.

"I see it!" shouted the captain, "though how in thunder it's lived to get there's more'n I know," and he gave directions to steam outside.

Richard's attention was so divided between the billows and the land and the friendly boat, and Mrs. Swing was so intent on bailing, that neither of them saw the tug until it was upon them, and a hailing voice shouted:

"Hold on till we pick you up."

It seemed as if a voice from heaven had spoken. Even bluff old Capt. Rose up in the belfry of the church ejaculated, "Thank God!" as he saw the tug come to.

The shock of the call, the sight of the black, throbbing tug, friendly as they seemed, yet came near swamping the boat, for Richard let it turn, and the last strength he had was put forth in holding it up to the wind until a line was cast off, and even then he had no power to make it fast. It was Mrs. Swing who tried to obey the commands that came but could not.

Finally the tug's boat was lowered. It was no easy task to get to leeward and board the Good Heart, which held its breath, bracing itself against the waves almost as a thing of life to do its kindly office. Richard and his mother had been saved.

"Give 'em a signal! Give 'em three!" and the steam whistle blew three shrieks that went over the bay and up the harbor and over against the meeting house steeple, until old Capt. Ross fell down on his knees to utter the first prayer of thankfulness his little Dolly had ever heard her father offer.—Sarah P. Pritchard in New York Graphic.

Composite Photography.

Photographic art, in its recent progress, includes no more interesting phase than that known as composite photography. It is six years since that Professor Gault, an American, began experiments in this direction, attaining results that have attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic. In brief, the process, which applies only to reproducing the human features, consists of super-imposing a number of photographs upon a negative common to all. The outcome, when this process is intelligently and skillfully done, is a photograph embodying the dominant facial traits of all the portraits placed before the camera. The last picture of all bears the same relation—as to resemblance—to its predecessor, as does the human being often bear a likeness to his ancestors through many generations. Fresh in the minds of many will be the magazine articles recently published, giving the results of composite photography as applied to a chosen number of pupils in a seminary.

The final photograph showed a type distinct from the score of photographs used to produce it, yet revealed a face in which the dominant characteristics of all were blended in a face of extreme beauty and power. In a similar manner a composite photograph made up from a succession of family portraits will yield a remarkable result, giving features in which the characteristics of ancestors are plainly discernible. By blending two portraits upon one negative a curious effect is produced. The possibilities of composite photography are full of deep interest, not only for the lover of the camera, but for the student of human nature.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Personalities in Books.

It is the inborn curiosity we all have to know men in their inmost personality, that makes autobiographies the most interesting books in the world. Of the countless memoirs that have been published there are none that may be called dull, for even when there is dullness, and the self revealer is relating details common to humanity, the very fact that we recognize it as dull, and so class the hero of the tale with common clay, makes it interesting to the student. No matter what his achievements, we perceive that after all here was a man. He may have attained eminence in this line or that, have performed some great feat in war, in politics or in art, but, after all, he had, as the French lady said, "his hours and his moments."

There were times when dullness overcame him like a fog, and the evidences lie here in the book before us. Therefore, paradoxical as it may seem, there are no dull autobiographies, for the reason that their very dullness has its interesting features.

The fact that all the novelists and story tellers have put many of their stories in the form of autobiography shows the hold this method of recital has upon the mind. Robinson Crusoe is ten times more real than if Defoe had related the famous adventures in the third person; the same may be said of Marryat's sea novels, of Poe's best tales, and even of Frank Stockton's grotesqueries. The apparently real narrator excites a personal interest that throws a charm around the whole story nothing else can give.—Chicago Herald.

Paper from Wood.

The discovery of the value of wood in paper making is credited to Dr. H. H. Hill, of this city. About forty years ago the doctor visited the paper mill at Vassalboro, and after looking over the machinery suggested the feasibility of using wood, and asked why the manufacturers did not get a few bales of excelsior from Augusta, where it was made, and try the experiment of making paper from wood. "It can't be done," said the manufacturers. "Have not you as much gumption as the hornets, whose nests are made of wood paper?" asked the doctor. The result of the conversation was a letter, some time later, from the firm's wholesale agents in Boston, asking what they were putting in their paper to make it so much better than it had been. It was the wood, then first used in this way.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

A white tongue is said to denote a febrile disturbance; a brown, moist tongue, indigestion; a brown, dry tongue, depression, blood poisoning, typhoid fever; a red, moist tongue, inflammatory fever; a red, glazed tongue, general fever, loss of digestion; a tremulous, moist and flabby tongue, feebleness, nervousness.

THE WEATHER PROPHET.

Who is it tells us, when the sun is bright,
"Twill positively rain before 'tis night?"
And when the night has come, yet misses rain,
Who is it up and boldly cries again,
"My friends, ere morning dawns, I know
We shall be buried deep in snow?"
Who is it?—would you like to hear?
Speak softly—hark! he's often near;
That the world over, always just the same,
Is weather prophet—Ananias is his name.

Oh, for Ananias soon will come a time
When I predict he'll suffer for his crime
In that unfathomable pit I dare not name,
Where temperature is always just the same.
He'll sit and wait—alas! in vain
For signs of sunshine, snow or rain,
And while he's studying barometers below,
How happy we shall be above to know
That for a time, at least, we're free
From one false prophet and his—potpourri.
—Hecuba.

WHATEVER THY HAND FINDETH.

Red, red the sunset flames behind
The black, black elms and hedges,
All through the noon no least leaf stirred,
But crickets hummed and beetles whirred—
Now comes a breath of fresh, sweet wind
From silent pools and sedges.

All through hot noon the reapers stand
And toil, with jests and laughter,
Beneath the blazing skies that burn,
Then, laughing still, they homeward turn
By threes and fours; and hand in hand
Go two that linger after.

And here we linger, hand in hand,
And watch the blackening shadows.
Had we been born to reap and sow,
To wake when swallows stir, and go
Forth in chill dawn to plow the land,
Or mow the misty meadows,

Had that been nobler? Love of mine,
We still had only striven,
As now we strive, to do our best,
To do good work and earn good rest.
All work that's human is divine,
All life, lived well, makes heaven!
—E. Nesbit.

The Musquito's Poison Glands.

The bloodthirsty musquito is not malevolent, as he is commonly described, if we may accept the investigations of Professor George MacLoskie. He has been able, by staining and dissection, to show that the poison gland is one of three minute glands (the others being ordinary salivary glands) on each side of the head, and connected with a minute duct which traverses the length of the long pointed piercer which forms an important portion of the mouth parts of the musquito. The writer maintains that this fluid is intended mainly to prevent the coagulation of the proteids of plants which the animal sucks from the tissues, and that its poisonous effect upon other animals is only secondary. If so, it would perhaps follow that it is not introduced into the human flesh as a poison. It is difficult to see what purpose the irritating effect of the bite upon other animals can serve the musquito, since it must make the chance of its getting nourishment from the blood of other animals many times less than it otherwise would be. It may be worthy of inquiry whether the irritating effect is not incidental and perhaps only occasional, and due to other causes than the fluid which seems, by analogy, to have another distinct purpose.—St. Louis Republic.

Imitative Eaters.

Did you ever notice how strong the mimetic faculty of human nature is, how prone to follow an imitable example in some things? I have noticed and watched it for several years while in this business. A regular patron will come into the restaurant, and not until he is asked what he wants does he give the matter a single thought. He picks up the bill of fare. It is old to him. He has seen it before, and it does not contain or suggest a single thing he thinks he would like. He turns to the waiter, and tells him to bring out something good to eat. The waiter does so, and what is set before the patron is something he did not think of, and he eats it with relish. Other customers come in, and, like the first, they do not know what they want. They cast their eyes about and see what the other is eating, and orders the same. This is a rule, and if you watch you will notice it. No matter what the first one is eating. It might be a piece of pastry or a large meal, but the sight of it arouses the appetite of the others who come in later and they want the same.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Many Declined.

In an amusing sketch of Prince Henry of Battenberg, the husband of Princess Beatrice, recently appointed governor of of the Isle of Wight (greatly to the disgust of the islanders), an English paper gives a long list of the ladies who had declined the honor of the impecunious princeling's hand before he finally succeeded in his matrimonial designs. Among the number was one whom it will not be difficult to recognize and who is described as "the daughter of an American inventor who has since become the wife of an Italian premier." Several others are mentioned, including an actress or two and other women, an alliance with whom would not have been particularly creditable.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Street Tramways in New York.

During the year ending Sept. 30, 1888, the number of passengers on the street railways and elevated railways of New York city was 376,913,596, an increase of 18,000,000 over the number for 1887. This, at the uniform fare of 5 cents, represents a total revenue of $18,845,679.30. There are nineteen "city railway" companies, eighteen of which are horse car surface lines, and the other is the elevated railway system, with its four parallel lines. The equipment consists of 3,054 cars and 13,586 horses. The elevated lines have 921 cars and 291 locomotives. The number of employes is 11,725.—Scientific American.

Lotta's Age.

Few of the people who see Lotta kicking her heels and playing all the tricks of a little girl on the stage, would place her age at the correct figure. This little mite of a body doesn't look it, but she was born in Nassau street, Nov. 27, 1846. Her father, John Ashworth Crabtree, was an Englishman, and kept a book store, which he abandoned to go to California during the gold craze of '49. Lotta has been on the stage since 1858, and she is credited with the largest pile of dollars of any woman in the profession, the greater part of which she owes to her mother's business shrewdness. — New York Press.

Not Desirable for Suicides.

The Eiffel tower is such a blot on the artistic beauty of Paris that it offers no temptation to the would be suicide as a jumping off place. The true Parisian is nothing if not consistent in his art instincts. To throw one's self from the top of the Arc de Triomphe is one thing; to plunge headlong from a structure so devoid of beauty as the Eiffel tower is quite another matter. The authorities need have no fear that this eighth wonder of the world will be utilized for any such purpose.—Boston Herald.

Stranger Than Fiction.

Some information has just been obtained of a remarkable case in Birmingham, a series of circumstances having been brought to light from which it is expected that a laboring man in the town is likely to come into possession of a fortune of something between £20,000 and £25,000. Some years ago the borough was noted for its hat making. Among the hatters was one William Thursfield, and a young man in his employ became attached to one of his daughters. They married and went to a Yorkshire town, where they established themselves successfully in business. No children resulted from the marriage, and the couple amassed a large fortune. Mr. Thursfield died at a ripe old age, and soon after Loftus, his son-in-law, died. He divided the life interest in his extensive property to his widow, at whose death it was to go to the next of kin on the Thursfield side. About three years ago Mrs. Loftus died. Afterward efforts were made to obtain information as to the next of kin, but the usual advertisements did not yield the desired information. A Yorkshire gentleman has been at Newcastle and has obtained valuable information. The man for whom search was made proves to be Alfred Thursfield, who is a bricklayer's laborer over 60 years old and who has a grown up family. Thursfield is believed to be the heir, and if that is proved he will pass from poverty, in his little house in Salter's lane, to riches and ease.—Boston Herald.

The Wastes of Poetry.

Why is it that every one wants to write poetry? This instinct leads to some droll incidents in newspaper offices. The waste basket heaped with effusions from young persons is a matter of course, but the malady does not in all cases end with youth. Middle aged business men—successful men, too—have not infrequently the weakness. It is an odd spectacle when a dignified old gentleman comes in, and, with some hesitation, but with unlimited confidence of what he has written, offers "a few lines" for consideration. It is almost pitiful to see his interest in the thing and to note his ill disguised sorrow when informed that what he has presented cannot be used. He does not realize, nor can the majority of people, that rhyme is not necessarily poetry and that a jingle is not all that is necessary to make verses worthy of publication. It must be the mere sense of rhythm, unaccompanied by the sense of what is new or strong, the mere tickle of the jingle on the ear, which makes so many people think themselves poets. Even in Chicago, materialistic, money making, "get there" Chicago, the value of the white paper spoiled annually by so called poems which are never printed would equal the proverbial prince's ransom—provided, of course, the ransom were not unreasonably high.—Chicago Tribune.

The Malice of Criminals.

If all the threats made of contemplated vengeance of convicted criminals were carried out, the mortality among officers of the law would be astounding. No thief ever felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law, so runs the ancient chestnut, and it is equally true that never yet was there a criminal who had philosophy enough to give the officer who sends him up credit for doing his duty. They imagine themselves the victim of a private grievance, and when they are on their way to the penitentiary they honestly believe that they intend to get even with the officer at the expiration of their terms. A year or two in the prison has a wonderfully calming effect, and when the prisoner is released he is not inclined to seek readmission to its walls. No little scheme of revenge will tempt him to taking the chances of another term. I do not recall a single case in my police experience where a returned convict has attempted the life of a prosecuting officer.—Police Official in Globe-Democrat.

Doles of Fish.

Doles of fish are very numerous, and with particulars of a few examples we close our paper. John Thake, in his will, drawn up in 1537, left his house and land on condition that his heirs, annually on Friday, in the first week in Lent, gave to the poor of Clavering, in Essex, one barrel of white herrings and a cade of red herrings. At Dronfield, Derbyshire, in 1577, Richard Stevenson left half a hundred of herrings, and as much bread as could be made from a "strike" of good wheat. The doles were to be distributed every Friday during Lent forever. At Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire, in 1664, David Slater gave money to purchase bread and herrings and a pair of kid gloves annually for the parson of the parish for the time being. The gloves were to be purchased ready for the first Sunday in Lent. At Newmarket in Suffolk there was a bequest of fish and fagots.—Chambers' Journal.

Hypnotized by the Phonograph.

Dr. Pinel, of Paris, is said to have succeeded in hypnotizing several subjects by means of the phonograph. All the commands given through this channel were, he declares, as readily obeyed as those which he uttered directly, and "suggestions" of every possible sort were as effectually communicated through the medium of the machine as if made viva voce. The conclusion which he deduces from his experiments is that the received theory of a magnetic current passing from the operator to the subject is entirely baseless, and that the real cause of the phenomena of hypnotism is nervous derangement on the part of those subject to them.—New York Telegram.

What Is Nightmare?

What we call a nightmare was by our forefathers supposed to be the Saxon demon Mara or Mare, a kind of vampire, sitting on the sleeper's chest. These vampires were said to be the guardians of hidden treasures, over which they brooded as hens over their eggs, and the place where they sat was termed their nidus, or nest. Hence when any one supposes he has made a great discovery we ask if he has discovered a mare's nest, or the place where the vampire keeps guard over the hypothetical treasures.—Detroit Free Press.

HEAT AND HEADS.

It Is Supposed That the Sun Will Harden the Human Skull.

One of the most interesting things mentioned by Professor Virchow in his little book, entitled "Medical Remembrances of an Egyptian Journey," in which he describes an excursion up the Nile as far as the first cataract, is that the broken skulls on the first great sepulchral fields, dating from Roman times, are as thick and hard as Herodotus says those of the slain Egyptians were in comparison with the brittle ones of the Persians. The Greek historian explains this by attributing it to the early exposure of children to the heat of the sun; and in many parts of Upper Egypt the German travelers actually found young children thus exposed during their parents' absence in the fields in immense clay bowls, resembling in shape a champagne glass with a stem, into which they were put without shelter.

This discovery by Professor Virchow is interesting, because it at once suggests the question whether the proverbial thickness of the skull of the negro has not been caused by exposure to the sun, and whether it is a peculiarity of savages of tropical countries that their skulls are thicker and harder than those of the inhabitants of temperate and colder countries. Students of craniology have never made any investigation to ascertain whether the skulls of different races vary in degrees of hardness. It would be almost impossible to make such an inquiry. As is well known, the human skull increases in hardness from childhood to maturity and age. A miscellaneous collection of skulls of any given people would therefore be of no value in such an investigation.

To obtain a collection of skulls of a number of nationalities, that should be taken from subjects all of the same age, to have them all similarly prepared and in sufficient numbers to make it possible to draw any general conclusions from their comparison with each other, would be manifestly impossible. More attention has been given to the relative thickness of different skulls, or rather to their weight, from which their thickness may be inferred.

Of the large collection of crania in the Army Medical museum at Washington the thickest are those of negroes and Alaskan Indians. The skulls of other Indians, both of North and South America, in tropical or temperate climes, and of the Eskimo, do not appear to be particularly thick. Among the ancient Peruvian skulls recently received by the museum, and the ancient crania collected in Arizona last summer, there are frequent individual variations in thickness, but no tendency to unusual thickness. The conclusion from these facts is that exposure to the sun probably does not cause thickness of the human skull. In connection with this subject, it is interesting to note that among the Australians the sinus frontalis is generally found to be solid in the males, instead of being hollow, as in the skulls of other races. This bone in the male Australians generally extends straight across the head, the lower side overhanging the eyes so that they seem to look out from under it, while in the North American Indians a modification of shape deprives them of that heavy look about the forehead. The heavy sinus frontalis of the Australians, of course, increases the weight of the skull.—American Analyst.

Favorite Barbers.

I suppose on an average, for a week or a month, I shave as many men as any barber in St. Louis, and yet by any of the tests of speed usually employed I would prove a slow man, or at best only ordinary. But you will notice I am always busy; customers wait for me while other barbers in the shop are idle. There are two reasons for this—tricks of the trade. You will notice I have the front chair in the shop; that is, I am nearest the street door. In these busy times men begrudge even the time they have to spend in idleness while being shaved, and they will want to see what is going on and who is passing. I frequently have customers jump from the chair half shaved and rush out on the street and drag in a friend, or a man they want to see on important business. Another trick of the trade I employ is simply to wipe every man's face perfectly dry. Nine barbers out of ten, after shaving a man, go over his face in a mechanical sort of way with a towel, leaving the corners of his mouth, under the mustache, the eyes and the ears wet. I never do this, and the consequence is that my customers come back, and many of them wait for me, even at the expense of loss of time, confident that they will feel comfortable when they leave my chair.—Barber in Globe-Democrat.

Charity Begins at Home.

Said a prominent physician yesterday: "Talk about gall; here's a letter I received clear from London, England, soliciting subscriptions for a Home for Destitute Children, and inclosed was a little book detailing how children could be bought for 6s. 7d. for purposes of begging, and setting forth that the company had 3,000 children—lame, halt and blind—that they were taking care of. While the cause may be a good one, it appears to me that Americans have about all they can do to take care of their own poor, abandoned, orphaned and crippled waifs without going across the water to dispense charity."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Knew Dickens Well.

Dickens used to tell a story of meeting with a clergyman in a railway train who held forth to his fellow passengers ever so long upon the novelist's private failings. "Dickens is an atheist, sir, as I happen to know; he is also a gambler, and I regret to say drinks;" and so on. "Dear me, how sad. Have you ever seen him drunk?" asked Dickens. "Well, not exactly drunk, no; but certainly overtaken by liquor." "Have you ever seen him sober?" "Well, that is too much to say. Oh, yes, I have see him sober." "Often?" "Yes, often." "No, sir, only once. You see him now for the first time." (Curtain.)—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Mrs. Amelia Rives-Chanler's husband has returned from Europe and joined her in Washington.

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