

HOTELS IN NEW YORK.

Luxurious Standards That Hurt the Business of Summer Resorts.

"The biggest socialistic experiments in the world are going on right here in New York," said a hotel man. "Take that concern there," nodding at a huge hotel up town. "Neither the philanthropy at Guise nor any other socialistic community compares with it, and it is only one of a dozen or a score, big and little, in this city. The members, or guests, as you may choose to call them, put their money into a common fund, and they live in style and comfort that would cost them easily two or three times as much if they didn't have co-operation. They are in a fireproof building, heated with steam and lighted by electricity; the fittings and plumbing are the finest that a millionaire could get; they have private telephones in their rooms and trained servants are at hand day and night. How many of them could afford such things in a private house? That's what socialism will do.

"Does it pay? Well, rather. A hotel in New York is either a gold mine or a bottomless pit to drop money into. It is generally the former if it is a first class hotel with plenty of capital back of it. Otherwise men wouldn't be so eager to invest millions in hotel property. One firm is reputed to have divided \$150,000 the first year. The wife of the manager of another hotel is famous even in New York for her diamonds. The number of hotels not particularly well known that their owners from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year is surprising, if half the stories told are true. These are hotels that do a transient trade. The place across the way expects to have 500 or 600 guests living there the year round and paying something like \$1,000 a year apiece. Some pay a good deal more. All the proprietors have to do is to take in the money and keep his guests from kicking. That's where the brains come in the hotel business—keeping your guests from kicking. Why do some hotel keepers fail? Well, one reason is that some of them make so much money that they want to be Astors or Vanderbilts right away and so listen to schemes their guests have to propose. It takes brains to salt money away as well as to make it.

"There is one thing about these socialistic hotels here in New York that outside hotel keepers don't like. That old joke about New York being the finest summer resort in the land is grim earnest for them. New Yorkers who own places in the country are staying at them longer and longer each year, but the season at summer hotels is growing shorter and shorter. I know one place that could reckon confidently upon a season of three months. Last summer its season was not more than six weeks. People used to be crazy to get into the country and sorry to come back to the city. Now you'll find that husbands and fathers have to coax their families to go away at all, and they can't keep them away after the first cold spell gives them an excuse to come back. I don't suppose that people like the country any less than they ever did; but the country hotels can't keep up to the standard that people have been taught to expect here, and people won't put up with the deprivations and discomforts they have to suffer in the country. So the luxury of living in New York is killing the summer hotel business, and New York is getting to be a greater summer resort every year."—New York Sun.

Three Young Ladies of Odessa.

There are in Odessa at the present time three young Russian ladies of great wealth, who are engaged in the useful calling of selling coal, washing linen and serving in a farm, and the charbonniere, the washerwoman and the farm servant have received and divided among them during the last few weeks 863 offers of marriage. They have been called the Cinderellas of Odessa, because their strange fate found them out in that town. "I think that very few have sighed, when fate at last has found them," writes Praed, and though these ladies have some cause to sigh their trouble is a passing one.

A wealthy Russian had lately died at Odessa and left them a fortune of many million rubles, but on the condition that each and all should take their turn at 15 months' servile labor in the conditions already specified, "to the end that, having known the life of the poor, they may rightly embrace the life of the rich." They may, if they think well, afterward form a league of heiresses who shall follow the same course to matriculate as millionaires. An amusing feature is the noble self renunciation of the 863 suitors, who one and all agree to overlook the 15 months' hard labor in consideration of the sunny years which they, the heiresses, will enjoy and share ever after. "Your experience," writes one, "will be invaluable to me. You will not only be my partner, but my charge d'affaires."—Fall Mall Gazette.

Judic's Opinion of the Kaiser.

We had a drama this week, but we had also a comedy. Mme. Judic's departure for Berlin has given a gay note to the tone of the hour. She made one forget almost M. Jaures' orations. Mme. Judic has been questioned by a German correspondent, and she has declared that she would sing with pleasure to the Berliners in general and to the emperor in particular. There is nothing to say to this, but it is Mlle. Nitouche's judgment on William II that is worthy of record:

"He suits me, that sovereign. He has style. He knows how to take the French."

To take what from them? Villages. —Paris Illustration

No Wonder.

"I cannot account for it," said the doctor, "but this is a severe case of mal de mer."

"I know it, doctor," said the sick man, "it is all caused by the soprano in the next flat practicing on the high C's."—Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon and Washington.

Sobered for the moment by contemplating a past danger which had threatened annihilation, and by the crowding responsibilities of the future, the better side of the first consul's nature was for that time dominant. So far as consistent with his aspirations for personal power and glory, he put into practical operation many of the most important revolutionary ideals, failing only in that which sought to substitute a national for a Roman church. But in this process he took full advantage of the state of French society to make himself indispensable to the continuance of French life on its new path. Incapable of the noble self abnegation which characterized the close of Washington's career, by the parade of civil liberty and a restored social order he so minimized the popular, representative, constitutional side of his reconstructed government as to erect it into a virtual tyranny on its political side. The temptation to make the fact and the name fit each other was overpowering, for the self-styled commonwealth, with a chief magistrate claiming to hold his office as a public trust, was quite ready to be launched as a liberal empire under a ruler who in reality held the highest power as a possession. —"Life of Napoleon," by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

Forrest's Tribute.

Nate Salisbury once met Forrest, the great actor. But he had better tell the story himself: "It was at Columbus, O., in the railroad station at midnight. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, and the old fellow hobbled up and down the platform, but there was majesty even in his very hobble. An undertaker's wagon pulled up at the station, and a corpse was removed from it. The baggageman carelessly hustled the body into his dray and wheeled it down the platform. As he halted, old Forrest broke out into the most horrible cursing, and with his tongue lashed the baggageman for his careless handling of the human clay. Then he turned, approached the corpse, and broke into the oration of Mark Antony over the body of Caesar. No one was there but the frightened baggageman and a handful of actors. The great actor's voice rose and fell, and the subtle tears and resolute thunder of the oration avoiced the echoes of the station as a grand organ in a majestic cathedral. He read every line of the oration, and said in an aside speech, as a climax: 'There, take that, you poor clay in the coffin. I'll be dead myself inside a year.' And he was."

The First Dress Suit.

"I have read," writes a correspondent from Jacksonville, "the remarks made by the Rambler apropos of the introduction of the dress suit in Cincinnati and the uncertainty of the date of that important event. Permit me to suggest that it was some years earlier than you indicate. If I am not very much mistaken, I saw a dress suit in Cincinnati in the year 1869. It was worn by a gentleman who had just arrived from the east, and I remember it attracted a great deal of attention. This was really the pioneer movement, and the first people to follow it were the volunteer firemen, who were greatly pleased with the low cut vest which permitted such a liberal display of shirt front. They wore their suits on Sundays and occasionally on other days when some celebration was in progress. The habit became general in 1876, or 1878 as you say, and there were a number of men who owned their own evening clothes in those years."—New York Mail and Express.

A Club to Which Garfield Belonged.

The death of Mrs. Dr. J. H. Robinson at Mentor a few days ago, better known as "Aunt Betsy," leaves only one member surviving of a club of five which was organized at the opening of the war. When the late President James A. Garfield enlisted, the club was organized and was composed of General Garfield, the Rev. Isaac Errett of Cincinnati, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Robinson of Bedford, and the Rev. Harrison Jones of Union. The club covenanted to give sympathy, encouragement and aid to each other in sickness or trouble whenever needed. Of the club there is but one member now alive, the Rev. Harrison Jones, 88 years of age, who is living in Mount Vernon. At Garfield's funeral Dr. Robinson had charge of the ceremonies, the Rev. Mr. Errett made the address, and the Rev. Mr. Jones offered the prayer.—Ohio State Journal.

Thief to Catch a Thief.

A noted ex-burglar is employed as a private detective in one of the largest retail dry goods stores in New York city, and a gentleman connected with the house said recently "that the ex-crook's services are invaluable." He was engaged on account of his wide acquaintance with shoplifters. A number of professional shoplifters, with whom he is acquainted, are aware of the position he holds and consequently keep away from the building. A female ex-thief is also employed in a similar capacity in another large house. The policy of setting a thief to catch a thief apparently works well there.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cruel Examiners.

A reporter for the Cincinnati Tribune lately overheard a dialogue between two suburban gentlemen.

"How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher?" asked the first man.

"Pass!?" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born."

A Conceited Man.

Edith—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met.

Ethel—What makes you think so?

"Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual, and in every respect a paragon, and then asks me if I do not love him."—Brooklyn Life.

The Sin of Fretting.

Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes a more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or in the railway carriage, or in the street, it may be, knew before, and which probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, or ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort—there are plenty of things to fret about, if we are weak enough to heed trifles. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp lookout on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are prone to trouble as sparks to fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road. —Helen Hunt.

Quaint Shops.

Every shop in Mexico bears a title. This custom has its humorous side. "The Store of the Two Hemispheres" may be no more than three yards square, while "The Magazine of the Globe" carries a stock worth about \$5.

But in the larger cities there are numerous of finely stocked emporiums of various classes of goods. In all the mercantile establishments there is the singular custom of pelon, which apparently counterbalances any attempt at overcharging on the part of the proprietors.

When you become a regular customer, a tiny tin cylinder is provided and hung up in the shop in full view of everybody, marked with your name and your number.

Every time that you make a purchase a bean is dropped down into the cylinder, and at stated times these are all counted, and for every 16 or 17, depending upon the generosity of the firm, you are allowed threepence in money or goods. This custom must be one of great antiquity.—London Correspondent.

A Novel Cosmetic.

To a Berlin factory girl belongs the credit of having found a new cosmetic. It had been noticed for a long time that every Saturday she would complain about toothache, which always entirely disappeared by Sunday morning. As sure as Saturday came around she would be seen with her face swathed in bandages, but otherwise attending to her duties as usual. Finally the people became curious as to what caused this regular recurrence of the evil, and one day the foreman in the factory loosened her bandage, and lo! there were two strips of mustard plaster on her cheeks. After close questioning she confessed that she had done the same thing every Saturday in order to have nice red cheeks when going to church on Sunday morning. The plasters hurt her somewhat, but she preferred a little pain in order to appear more winsome at church in the morning and at the dance in the afternoon.

Mottos For Embroidering on Linen.

For embroidering on traveling cases, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth," or the phrase, "Travelers must be content," will form a welcome variation upon the perennial "Bon Voyage." A button bag may announce "I had a soul above buttons." Embroidered pillow slips may allude to "The shadow of a dream," or ejaculate "Sweet sleep be with us." A veil case may be marked, "Mysterious veil of brightness made, That's both her luster and her shade," or "The veil spun from the cobweb." The pretty cloths which are used to keep the ears of corn hot when serving may be marked, "Come, which is the staff of life," "When corn is ripe 'tis time to reap," or Whittier's "Heap high the golden corn." Bread cloths are marked, "Bread which strengthens men's hearts."—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Man He Wanted.

A gentleman recently recommended to the notice of a city merchant a young fellow who was looking for a clerkship. Some few days after they again met, and the gentleman asked if the selection had proved a wise one.

"Not at all!" replied the merchant.

"Dear me!" said the other. "I thought he would have suited you down to the ground; so full of go!"

"Yes," responded the merchant, "he was too full of go. Why, he's clean gone, and £1,000 of my money too."

"You don't say so! Why, I thought he was exactly the fellow you were looking for."

"So he is!" emphatically. "So he is!"—London Tit-Bits.

What a "Hurricane" Is.

"Hurricane" is the old Spanish name for a West Indies cyclone, but it is used by modern meteorologists to designate a long continued wind of extreme violence. In Beaumont's scale the different winds are classed as "light," "gentle," "fresh" and "strong" breezes. The next is a "stiff" breeze, then a "strong" wind and then we strike the "gales." The "gales" run through three or four classes, the last merging into the "hurricane."

Hypnotism.

An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies—mental and physical—that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained, it passes off very quickly.

When Edward I made a prisoner of the Countess of Buchan, he decided not to put her to death, but instead ordered a large iron cage to be made in which she was exposed, as a prisoner of war, to the execrations and abuse of the English rabble.

Prussian blue paint is made from the ashes of the burned hoofs of horses.

Old Parish Registers.

A vicar, John Printer of Worle, is accused in 1584 of having got so drunk "at a Tavern in London, being the house and signe of the Swann in old Fysh Street," that he had to be "carried to his Lodging, or some other convenient place, (he) being so dronck, not hable hym-self to goo," that is walk. He is also charged with being "a common player at Bowles in the churchyard of Worle (his own parish), and a common haunter of Tavernes, alehouses, Bearbatinge (baiting) and Bull-baitinge, yea, upon the Sabbath daies, and an usual plier at Tables (backgammon) & Cardes in the ale houses and Tavernes."

On Sept. 25, 1621, John Brock of Dundry is presented.

"For usullie playing of the fines and cudgills in the churchyard there on Sabbath daies and holl daies, as namelie hee, with others, did see uppen St. Marke's daie past, and being reproved by the churchwarden for the same, hee gaue him a froward answer, sayinge, 'wee are at exercise to doe the kings service, & you will not suffer us, but the whites, you cutt your neighbors throats.'"

"That on Sondaie, 1 Julij, & on Sondaie 24 Junij ult., hee, Arthur Payton, and Edward Ward, tayler, did dance in the churchyard thereof," and Richard Hulvard "played upon his instrument to those that usullie dance in the churchyard there."—Academy.

The Real Malay.

The real Malay is a short, thickset, well built man, with straight black hair, a dark brown complexion, thick nose and lips, and bright, intelligent eyes. His disposition is generally kindly, his manners polite and easy. Never cringing, he is reserved with strangers and suspicious, though he does not show it. He is courageous and trustworthy in the discharge of an undertaking, but he is extravagant, fond of borrowing money, and very slow in repaying it. He is a good talker, speaks in parables, quotes proverbs and wise saws, has a strong sense of humor, and is very fond of a good joke. He takes an interest in the affairs of his neighbors, and is consequently a gossip.

He never drinks intoxicants; he is rarely an opium smoker. But he is fond of gambling, cock fighting and kindred sports. He is by nature a sportsman, catches and tames elephants, is a skillful fisherman, and thoroughly at home in a boat. Above all things, he is conservative to a degree, is proud and fond of his country and his people, venerates his ancient customs and traditions, fears his rajahs, and has a proper respect for constituted authority—while he looks askance on all innovations, and will resist their sudden introduction.—Swettenham's "Malay Sketches."

Chinese Horrors.

The poor wretches supposed to have been implicated in the Hwasong outrages were handcuffed, looking filthy, wild, ghastly, half starved, but a few days of Yamen prison life makes them more like beasts than men. Their handcuffs are taken off while in the court—an exquisite irony of hinted mercy—for they have to kneel all the time while before the court, and as they all begin by lying, swearing they were nowhere near the scene, and so on, the instruments of torture are quickly brought in. A thin linked chain is coiled on the floor. On this the prisoner, bare kneed, must kneel. Then his head is dragged back and up, and his pigtail is tied high up to a rack; a pole is then thrust across his legs or the back of his knees and two soldiers stand on either end, crushing the poor wretch's knees into the chain coils, causing intense agony. This the English consul, Mr. Mansfield, could not stand and insisted the thing should be stopped.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Useless Forebodings.

"What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our children teach us—we, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust and he, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into his each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?"—Phillips Brooks.

Both Names Changed.

A good story is told of an English family living in Norfolk county who possessed the euphonious name of "Bug." As that term in England is never mentioned in polite society and signifies a minute insect noted for its power of jumping, the family of that name did not appreciate its uniqueness. Upon coming into possession of some money, they at once petitioned to have it changed to "Howard." Their request was granted; but, alas for them, the bugs of that portion of the country were henceforth known by the more refined title of the "Norfolk Howards."

Two Views of Life.

"We must accept the theory of eternal life," says the pessimist, "because we can explain the present existence upon no other theory than that it is a punishment for sins committed in a previous state."

"And I," says the optimist, "accept the theory of eternal life because it seems to me reasonable to expect a chance in a future state to correct the blunders I commit in this one."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Another Star Out.

Old Friend—Hello! So you are in trade, now, eh? Why did you retire from literature?

De Writer—Got hungry.—New York Weekly.

The Wonders of Smelling.

James Mitchell, who died in or about 1833, in the county of Narrin, in Scotland, and was born blind on Nov. 11, 1795, recognized, says The World of Wonders, different persons by smelling. The famous Mr. Boyle mentions a blind man at Utrecht who could distinguish different metals by the different odors, and Martialis records the case of a person named Mamurra who could tell by smelling whether copper was true Corinthian or not. Indian travelers have recorded that certain natives who habitually abstained from animal food have a sense of smelling which is so exquisitely delicate that they can tell from which well a vessel of water has been obtained. It has been related that by smell alone the negroes of the Antilles will detect the footsteps of a Frenchman from those of a negro. Marco Marci has left an account of a monk at Prague who could tell by smelling anything given to him who had last handled it. The guides who accompany travelers in the route from Aleppo to Babylon will tell by smelling the desert sand how near they are to the latter place.

Nature's Signs.

Diseases that are readily communicated or transmitted show themselves in the face. Leprosy, epilepsy and various constitutional or blood diseases make their presence known most clearly and unmistakably. This is one of nature's methods for protecting the pure against the impure.

The habitual drunkard, the debauchee and the unclean carry signs that all may read and understand. These victims of disorders of mind and body would object to wearing a placard on their backs telling what ails them, yet are compelled to go about with the hideous truth written in their faces where all may see it.

Wrinkled brows, sunken eyes, drooping life lines, pale or sallow complexion, dullness of the eyes, breathing through the mouth, decay of teeth, offensiveness of the breath, sunken cheeks, dark rings or puffy patches under the eyes, crooked or sunken nose, mouth drawn to one side, watery eyes, red nose and many other face marks are each and every one a sign of disease or defect.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Disasters to Swallows.

Although swallows are such wonderfully quick sighted birds, and can change the direction of their flight with amazing rapidity and ease, it occasionally happens that they either do not perceive the danger lying in their path or are not quick enough to avert it, for I have once or twice, while fly fishing for trout, accidentally knocked down and struck a swallow. Several instances have also been recorded of the poor bird being struck and killed by golf balls, and in one case at least even by a cricket ball.

Petrels and other sea birds have been known to collide while in midair and drop into passing boats. Wild ducks are occasionally picked up on board ships that have been lying at anchor all night in some of our large rivers and estuaries. They strike the rigging or funnels during their nocturnal flights, and as many as five were found one morning on the deck of a vessel lying at the mouth of the Thames.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ancient Hearts.

The transfer of Kosciusko's heart to the castle at Rapperswil, Switzerland, recalls many stories of the crusaders, who, dying in the Holy Land, sent their hearts to friends at home. So afterward Sir Robert Peckham died out of England in 1586, but his heart was not buried until 1569. The heart of John Bull was embalmed by his widow's desire and inclosed in an ivory casket enameled with silver. And she, the loving Devorgilla, placed this casket on her table every day at mealtime and ordered it put on her own heart when she was borne to the tomb. Then there is the heart of the Bruce, dear to eloquentists and stump speakers. For strange tales about hearts see the "Lives of the Troubadours," and that dreadful story by Barbey D'Aureville, "At a Dinner of Atheists."—Boston Journal.

Young, Inexperienced and Rattled.

A young typewriter had just been hired by a prominent lawyer. She had never done regular work before, and was somewhat nervous.

The lawyer settled himself back in his chair and began dictating from mind a brief. He had pegged away about five minutes when the girl stopped, with a horrified look on her face.

"What's the matter?" asked the lawyer.

"Would you mind saying that all over again?" the girl asked, with eyes full of tears.

"Why?"

"I forgot to put any paper in the machine!"—Syracuse Post.

Personal Beauty.

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Upham.

The Physical.

The morality of clean blood ought to be one of the first lessons taught us by our pastors and teachers. The physical is the substratum of the spiritual, and this fact ought to give to the food we eat and the air we breathe a transcendent significance.—Tyndale.

Real Merit.

Real merit of any kind cannot be long concealed. It will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought, but it will always be known.—Chesterfield.

If a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things his turn will come at last.—W. McCune.

Restaurant Nomenclature.

The waiter's vocabulary is constantly being enriched. Pigs' feet will be "Tribbles" forevermore, just as surely as frogs' legs are "song and dance men."

German waiters, as a rule, are not accustomed to use slang, but they have a few abbreviations that are very expressive.

As every one knows, there can be no greater breach of etiquette or more sorrowful admission of weakness than to order a glass of water in a German place. The restaurant has water to be used in case of fire, but it is never offered to a customer. If he wishes it, he must ask for it. Then the waiter frowns at him and shouts, "Ein Eskimo!"

In one of the oyster houses a man ordered two deviled crabs.

"Do you want them hot or cold?" asked the waiter.

"Hot, of course."

The waiter went to a rear counter and roared, "One plate of hot devils!" and a clerical looking gentleman not ten feet away from him nearly fell out of his chair.—Chicago Record.

Salaries of Heads of Nations.

The Presse has drawn out a table of what—for the want of a better word—may be described as the salaries of the heads of the reigning houses of Europe. The president of the French republic receives 1,200,000 francs, the American president 250,000 francs, while the president of the Swiss republic has only 13,500 francs. Dealing with the sovereigns of Europe, it gives the allowance of the queen of England and her family at 50,000,000 francs, the king of the Belgians at 4,000,000 francs, the little queen of Holland and her mother 2,500,000 francs, the emperor of Germany at 11,700,000 francs, the king of Italy at 14,250,000 francs, the king of Spain and his mother at 7,450,000 francs, the king of Portugal and his mother at 3,800,000 francs, the emperor of Austria-Hungary at 23,325,000 francs, the king of Sweden and Norway at 6,500,000 francs, the king of Denmark at 2,400,000 francs and the king of Greece at only 1,300,000 francs.—Galignani's Messenger.

Where Corncob Pipes Are Made.

Many towns have little dingy establishments where cob pipes are made as a side issue. But in this town cob pipe manufacture is the leading industry. In round numbers 12,000,000 cob pipes every year are manufactured by two firms in this city. That means one pipe each year for every voter in the United States. All other cob pipe factories in the United States are one horse affairs when compared to the two concerns here.

These pipes are famous and dear as well to every pipe smoker on the continent. The briar root is to the Missouri meerschaum what a stoga is to a perfect. Throughout the year 140 persons are daily employed at Washington in manufacturing corncob pipes. One big addition, the handsomest in the town, is known as the "corncob addition." It contains the palatial homes of the men who have grown rich in manufacturing corncob pipes.—Washington (Mo.) Letter in St. Louis Republic.

A Curious Coincidence.

James Payn relates a curious coincidence: "A young engineer was describing to the occupants of a railway carriage a late experience on an engine: 'We were making up time between two stations, and going at a great rate, when we suddenly sighted an old gentleman walking quietly in front of us along the line. We screeched and whistled, but he was very deaf, and we could not attract his attention.' An old lady, horrified by the situation, and hoping there was some way out of it, here exclaimed, 'But you didn't hurt him?' 'We were down upon him, ma'am, like I o'clock! Hurt him indeed! Did you ever hear such a question, sir?' addressing a young man in deep mourning, who had maintained a melancholy silence. 'I have heard the story before,' he replied in explanation of his want of interest. 'It was my father.'"

French Boys Taught Fencing.

In all the large schools of France nine-tenths of the boys are taught fencing, many beginning as young as 7 years of age. The soldiers are drilled to use the foils as conscientiously as their exercises, and on an average there are two or three duels every month in each regiment. The men have to get the colonel's leave to fight, and no one can go out until he has served six months. A prominent French fencing master strongly advocates dueling, as the fear of consequences keeps down quarrels, and the fighting teaches men calmly to face the cold, sharp steel.—Paris Letter.

Lincoln's Accounting.

A writer in the Chicago News says that in his earlier life Lincoln had a very primitive method of keeping books. At the time his law partner, the Hon. John T. Stuart, represented the Springfield district in congress, Lincoln was forced, much against his will, to keep an account of some kind. The plan he adopted was somewhat remarkable. When he received a fee, he divided it in halves. His half he put in his pocket. Stuart's portion he put in an envelope, and, labeling it "Stuart's half," threw it into a drawer on Stuart's return from Washington.

Talents.

As to the great and commanding talents, they are the gift of Providence in some way unknown to us. They rise where they are least expected. They fall when everything seems disposed to produce them, or at least to call forth.—Burke.

The opinions of the misanthropic rest upon this very positive basis—they adopt the bad faith of a few as evidence of the worthlessness of all.—Bovee.

It is said that in many parts of Ireland there is one public house for 25 inhabitants.