

Lowering of the Great Lakes.

W. S. Harwood writes of "The Great Lakes" in St. Nicholas. Mr. Harwood says: Geologists point out the fact that this chain of lakes has not always been as it now is; that there was a time when all the lakes were blended into one, having probably the Mississippi river for its outlet to the gulf on the south. One geologist says: Every day sees something taken from the rocky barrier of Niagara, and geologically speaking at no very remote time our great lakes will have shared the fate of those which once existed in the great far west. Already they have been reduced to less than one-half their former area, and the water level has been depressed 300 feet or more. The process is pretty sure to go on until they are completely emptied. The cities that stand upon their banks will ere that time have grown colossal in size, then gray with age, then fall into decadence and their sites be long forgotten, but in the sediments that are now accumulating in these lake basins will lie many a wreck and skeleton, tree trunk and floated leaf. Near the city sites and old river mouths these sediments will be full of relics that will illustrate and explain the mingled comedy and tragedy of life.

In a certain sense these lakes form one mighty river, draining a region of over 525,000 square miles and finding an outlet for their overflowing water through the swift St. Mary's river at the east end of Superior; through Huron and the St. Clair river and Lake St. Clair and the Detroit river; through Erie and Niagara and Ontario and the St. Lawrence, on to the vast ocean beyond. It is interesting to note that the bottom of Lake Superior, the highest of the lakes, is about 400 feet below the surface of the sea at New York harbor.

Very Politely Put.

Several clergymen boarded a street car in Boston one day, and one of them bearing that Wendell Phillips was in the car got up and asked the conductor to point him out. The conductor did so, and the minister, going up to the orator, said: "You are Mr. Phillips, I am told." "Yes, sir." "I should like to speak to you about something, and I trust, sir, you will not be offended?" "There is no fear of it," said the sturdy answer, and then the minister began to ask Mr. Phillips earnestly why he persisted in stirring up such an unfriendly agitation in one part of the country about an evil that existed in another part. "Why," said the clergyman, "do you not go south and kick up this fuss and leave the north in peace?" Mr. Phillips was not in the least ruffled, and answered smilingly: "You, sir, I presume, are a minister of the gospel?" "I am, sir," said the clergyman. "And your calling is to save souls from hell?" "Exactly, sir." "Well, then, why don't you go there?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Chain Gang.

Those gentlemen who are attired in the peculiar uniform that fancy ascribes to the pirate and freebooter, says an old time Washingtonian, "now known as the 'chain gang,' do not belong to a modern institution, as it is generally supposed. While it may be a new custom in some parts of the country to work the offenders of municipal law on the streets the custom has prevailed in this city for about three-fourths of a century. The corporation of Washington established the asylum in 1821, and the male inmates of the penitentiary department were ordered to report for work on the streets Nov. 25, 1823. The asylum, or poor and work house, was located then on the square bounded by M, N, Sixth and Seventh streets northwest, and in the early days those placed in the gang were so small in number as to attract no attention. I do not think that any attempt to place the offenders in the black and white stripes was made till long after the asylum was moved to the banks of the Anacostia, about 1846."—Washington Star.

An Argument.

"No, sir," said the clergyman who was being criticised for not treating current questions with more emphasis. "I decline to become an advocate on any side of the question you suggest." "But a number of people expect it of you." "My dear sir, my mission is to help prepare people for life in the next world, is it not?" "Certainly." "Well, you cannot possibly convince me that there is any politics in heaven."—Detroit Free Press.

The Earth Not Enough.

Old Scrooge—Does a man's lawful title to his real estate extend up to the sky as well as down to the center of the earth? Lawyer—Certainly. Old Scrooge—Then as soon as they get these new airships in running order I'm going to put up a tollgate on the patch of sky over my house and collect from every lalooantic that trespasses. —London Tit-Bits.

Straight On.

"Woman," the orator shouted, "once her feet are on the path of progress, will go straight on." And the unvoiced words of the thought wave that ran through the vast assembly were: "Will her hat?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Warning.

While I was resting today in the park my hair was cut off by an unknown person. All persons are warned against buying it. Hans Adolar, Poet and Composer.—Fliegende Blatter.

GAME BETTER THAN GOLF.

The Man From Jersey Leaves His Record For Train Chasing.

His continuous success with satisfaction and his walk expressing triumph, the man from Jersey made his natalinal descent upon the metropolis. Without waiting for questions he began the pusan of his joy. "Knocked seven-eighths of a second off my record this morning," he said. "I simply can't be beat. Nineteen and a quarter minutes from the arms of Morphens, through ablations, vestiture, nutrition, conjugal admonition and a half mile of geography to the confines of a car, and there you are. Giving all proper handicaps, by this performance I win the cup, and I'm going down to the engine house tonight to get it. "Mebbe you thought we didn't have any sporting blood out in my country? You never heard of a links from me, and you never saw me going around like a gosh binged umbrella mender with my arms full of shiny sticks. No, siree! But we have a diversion that beats golf all hollow in making time for the train—one that lasts all the year round too. Records? What are the records of putting little pills into little holes to the records pinned up in our little depot, records of honest toil that appeal to the instincts of all industrious men? I tell you that the desecrated individual who thinks he abides in joy when he has quartered over a county in one stroke less than he ever did before is an object of pity to the man who is trying to cut out a fraction of a second from the passing from sound sleep to the busy railroad. "He is engaged in a useful occupation. He is trying to demonstrate the capacities of the wonderful human engine and at the same time adding to the well being of the race by lengthening the hours of sleep. Any scientist will tell you that the great fault with man is that he doesn't sleep enough. You take my advice and quit golf and come live in the country and keep tab on your transits like me, and if that ain't enough you can go down to the engine house on Sunday afternoon, when there ain't any trains, and pitch quits."—New York Sun.

GARFIELD'S STRUGGLES.

How He Burned the Midnight Oil When at Williams College.

Garfield was said to be only one of a very few who kept up their literary studies while in Washington. He never did so well but it seemed he could easily do better. He always gave the impression that he had much more power than he used. As Trevelyan said of his parliamentary hero, Garfield succeeded because all the world could not have kept him in the background, and because, once in front, he played his part with an intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserve of energy on which it was in his power to draw. "When I was a freshman in Williams college," said Garfield, "I looked out one night and saw in the window of my only competitor for first place in mathematics a light twinkling a few minutes longer than I was wont to keep mine burning. I then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation. I did so and passed above my rival. I smile today at the old rivalry, but I am thankful for the way my attention was called to the value of a little margin of time well employed. I have since learned that it is just such a margin, whether of time or attention or earnestness or power, that wins in every battle, great or small."—Success.

Prototype of the Du Maurier Girl.

On the mantelpiece in my studio at home there stands a certain lady. She is but lightly clad, and what simple garment she wears is not in the fashion of our day. How well I know her! Almost thoroughly by this time, for she has been the silent companion of my work for 30 years. She has lost both her arms and one of her feet, which I deplore, and also the tip of her nose, but that has been made good.

She is only three feet high or thereabouts and quite 2,000 years old or more, but she is ever young—

Age cannot wither nor custom stale Her infinite variety—and a very gigantes in beauty, for she is a reduction in plaster of the famous statue of the Louvre.

They call her the Venus of Milo or Melos. It is a calumny, a libel. She is no Venus except in good looks, and if she errs at all it is on the side of austerity. She is not only "poottiness," but "wirtue" incarnate (if one can be incarnate in marble) from the crown of her lovely head to the sole of her remaining foot—a very beautiful foot, though by no means a small one—it has never worn a high heel shoe.—George du Maurier in Harper's Magazine.

Easy.

"Oh, see here! Come and look at Dickinson's manuscripts!" were the first words that fell upon my receptive ears. Dickinson! Such is fame! The speech fell from the lips of a middle aged lady comfortable in appearance, admirably dressed. "Dickens—Dickens," proclaimed her spouse rather sharply. "Didn't I say Dickens? Well, I meant Dickens." Then she went on: "Fancy him making all those corrections—such a famous writer. Why, I always thought it was so easy, John."—London News.

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The Monkey.

The monkey is a charming animal, amusing and playful. He is found in every part of the country, but flourishes chiefly on Broadway, New York, where he promenade blithely and flirts assiduously.

The monkey's greatest pleasure is to imitate. He imitates everything which is "English, don't you know." He talks and walks with an accent, leaves the last button of his vest unbuttoned and rolls up his trousers on the slightest provocation.

But few monkeys support themselves. The majority are kept in cash by mamma or papa and the rest live on cheek.

The monkey is an unconsciously humorous animal, affording much amusement wherever he goes. He possesses many peculiar physical characteristics, some of the most striking being that he is narrow chested, pigeon-toed, noodle headed and addicted to cigarettes. He has a peculiarly constructed mind (so called), in which there is room only for thoughts pertaining to dress and the delusion that he is peerless as captivator of feminine hearts.

Monkeys, as a rule, don't live long. Either they die of cigarette smoking or their papas make them buckle down to work, when, in most cases, they cease to be monkeya.—New York World.

His Journalistic Creed.

Alfred Harmsworth of the London Daily Mail is quoted as confessing to this journalistic creed in The Bookman:

"I believe in hard work, but hard work is not enough.

"I believe in travel.

"I believe that half the journalistic notions of what the public wants to read are wrong.

"I believe the public is a far better critic than is usually imagined.

"I believe that the public does not care one iota about size; if anything, a small journal is preferred to a big one.

"I believe that price has very little to do with the success of a publication.

"I believe the attractions of illustrated journalism are enormously overrated.

"I believe the value of colored illustrations is grossly exaggerated.

"I believe party journalism to be practically dead.

"I believe in independence."

The Forum of Trajan.

A few years ago the forum of Trajan was used as a depositing place for cats which were not wanted, but as it does not present the same facilities of retreat and hiding as the forum of Augustus street boys and others took every opportunity of stoning the unfortunate animals. Finally the authorities, after many complaints, refused to allow any more cats to be thrown there, and in order to get rid of those already living in the forum presented one to each century box on the walls of the city. They all, however, speedily disappeared from their new homes, some returning to the feet of Trajan's column, where they were either killed by the street boys or transferred to the forum of Augustus, while others, it was whispered, were sold by the sentries for a few centimes so enterprising young medical students in search of subjects for dissection.—Rome Letter.

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