

DISAPPOINTED.

BY MRS. E. D. ELAISDELL.

Mrs. Rolf glanced complacently over her tea table, and well she might, for it was pretty and wholesome enough to please the most fastidious. "Richard will be sure to say something pleasant," she thought. She felt that it had been a long time since he had remembered that he had a wife dependent on him for the small, sweet courtesies of life.

"How cool and easy you women seem to take life," he said. "I wish I could have as easy a time of it." From his tone you might have thought that it was he who had not rested five minutes all day, and had been up with a sick child half the night. His wife took his arm, but he did not notice it.

"I do wish you would not wear those horrible old calicoes, Nell! They look so out-of-date. There is Harry crying so out-loud. Seems to me he keeps it up day and night. I like a little peace when I come home. Lucky for you that I don't go to the saloons like some men!" "Well, it is just as lucky for you that I do not get drunk like some women," said Mrs. Rolf, as she took the crying child.

"He fell and bumped his head on the sofa," said young Nora. She had been playing with the little fellow, who was not firm on his feet yet, although he had been crowded out of his place as "the baby," by wee Jessie. "As one whom his mother comforteth," he was soon ready for supper, and as cheerful as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Rolf looked at the tea table with a dissatisfied air. "Why don't you have dried beef any more?" he said. "I thought you were tired of that and would like a change, so I got a tongue. I am sure you will like it, if you only try it; but I will get you the beef." "Oh, don't take the trouble," he said, as she went to the pantry. "It does not matter what I eat."

The wife, who was also cook and waiter, brought a plate of nicely shaved beef, but he did not taste it, while he ate heartily of the tongue. "I saw Mrs. Baldwin to-day," he said, as he took a third slice and his wife handed him a second cup of tea. "It is wonderful how she keeps her good looks! She does not look a day older than she did ten years ago!"

"They say Mr. Baldwin is very careful of her," said Mrs. Rolf, who looked at just two years older than when she met her husband at the gate a few minutes before. "He never lets her have any care of the children nights, but gets up himself if they need anything, and he does all the marketing and saves her in every way. He is very proud of her, they say, and tries to preserve her good looks."

"Well, she is a woman to be proud of," said the thoughtless husband, in a tone which implied that he knew of no other woman half so deserving. He buttered his excellent homemade bread in silence, evidently thinking of the handsome, well-dressed woman who had left her children of three and five years old with the girl, and who dressed and went out shopping as leisurely as if she had not a care in the world. Her delicate silk was very becoming. The white hat, with its costly lace and plumes set off her pretty face to advantage, and the dainty accessories of her toilet indicated a well-filled purse as well as good taste.

"I do wish, Nell, that you would take more pains to fix up. I am fairly ashamed to have you come into the store." "I will try and not shame you again," she said, as her face flushed hotly, "but you know, Richard, that there is a great difference between the Baldwin's circumstances and ours. She keeps a girl to do her work, and hires most of her sewing done, and has only two children, while I have four, and these little ones who have to be taken up so often are pretty hard on my fixing up much, for they do spoil one's clothes dreadfully. I do my own work and see to the children. I do not know when I should wear nice clothes, if I had ever so many, especially as I never go on fashionable shoppings, to dawdle around whole afternoons pricing things that I never think of buying. When I must have something from the store, I slip into my duster and go after it, and then come home and go to work again. I am always tidy, at least, and for a woman who does all her own work, that is considerable."

out, and very delicate, and needed rest; but she was never making her Grace a dress to-day, and the tucks and puffs and ruffles are a sight to behold. I say she ought to dress less, and live more plainly, and then she would not have to work so hard. They owe the doctor over a hundred dollars now, and I guess you wouldn't like that very well, would you?" "Well, who cares what Mrs. Stonor does, anyway? Doesn't that extra tart belong to me?" "They are excellent, are they not?" said Mrs. Rolf, as she passed the plate.

"Oh, they'll do, but they don't amount to much. I should think you could use your time better than in making such fooleries. Jelly costs something, too, when fruit is so high, and my mother never made any such nonsense." He had eaten the last crumb of the delicate morsel, and looked at the plate as if he wished there were another. "Well, don't let the extravagance worry you," said his wife. "The paste was a bit left from the pie I made for dinner, and the parings of the apples that I cooked for sauce made the jelly. Your mother would have thrown the parings to the pigs, and spoiled the children's appetites for supper with the paste. I made them into a pretty dish for the table, and I guess they found a ready market."

"Please make some more; they are so good, mamma," said Nora. But do you wonder that Mrs. Rolf did not feel, just then, as if she would? "Well, I hope you will have something more interesting than your neighbors to talk about, when I come again," was the parting salute of the husband, as he put on his hat and left for business.

Mrs. Rolf went about her work, realizing fully how tired she was. She had been working hard all day, and, tired and weak, had so longed for some token of her husband's affection that when he departed without a single tender word, she was disappointed and cast down. Perhaps he did love her, but he had been thoughtless, rude, even cruel to her. She washed up her supper dishes, set her bread for to-morrow's baking, covered her jar of sauce carefully, and carried it down cellar, and brought up her potatoes and pared them for breakfast. It seemed as if a band of iron compressed her head, it ached so; and her heart throbbled so painfully that many times her hand pressed her side as if to still its beating. "A good cry" might have relieved her somewhat, but she was too considerate for her children to indulge herself in that way. There is nothing more depressing to the spirits of the little ones than to see mother cry. They were all bathed and prepared for bed, when, observing, thoughtful little Nora said, "We do not need any song to-night, mamma." But Robbie, two years younger, declared that he could not sleep at all unless his mamma sang a song. So she sang the accustomed song, Robbie's favorite, and Harry's "Bye-bye," while sympathetic Nora stood by her side with arm around her neck. That warm little arm was far more comforting to the lonely mother than the finest laces could have been. Then the children, all sweet and clean and good natured, were put into their airy-beds, and Mrs. Rolf sat in a room near them to sew until her husband came home. Now she could think; but her thoughts were not pleasant. She did not fear that her husband would come home drunk to abuse her with blows and curses; but it seemed as if his cold unloving ways were almost as hard to bear. She understood now why Mrs. Long loved and lived with her husband, notwithstanding his drunken illness. A few days before, he had beaten her dreadfully, but she said to her sympathizing friends, "It was not John that did it; it was whiskey. He never says a cross word when not in drink, but says I am the one woman in all the world for him. So I'll never leave him, for perhaps he will reform. If there were no saloons he would bring me fewer blows and more money."

"I could always bear the blows for the sake of love," thought Mrs. Rolf; and now the stitches were lost in a flood of tears. God pity the woman and let no temptation come to her now. It is in such times of desolation and bitterness of spirit that many start on the downward road, from which it is hard to turn back. A tender praise would be grateful to her, a little word would be so encouraging that she might accept as genuine the basest counterfeit of friendship, and follow some Will-o'-the-wisp to destruction.

The Hardship of Russian Rule. If the deadly effect of the Russian system were not, indeed, a trite subject to moralize upon, one might well wonder for what purpose ambition prompts the Muscovite to extend his empire over these desolate regions. The result of that extension hitherto has been to place these few straggling tribes of human beings in a condition more miserable than the one in which they formerly were. Whatever freak of nature, or of man's will, destined these poor Samejdes and Lapps to wander the dreary tundras of those ice and snow covered lands, they led, at any rate, in their earlier state, the free life of nomads, owners of flocks of their beloved reindeer, of the fish of the sea, and of the wood of the forest; but now, step by step the Russian, more enterprising and crafty, reduces them to bondage, and while the Russian people thus weakens it will upon a weaker race, the government does nothing to protect the unhappy victims. The Russian uniform is indeed seen even in the wretched villages on the dreary Lapland coast; but only to add to the misery of the people, whom these officials must squeeze in order to increase the miserable pittance paid them by their government. It appears grotesque, upon God-forsaken coasts in the Arctic regions, to find officials enforcing red-tapeism, in all rigor. Yet it is so; nay, even in the dense gloomy forests which cover the northwest coasts of the White sea, the home of the bear and wolf, the poor peasant is not free to fell the timber for the miserable log hut that is to keep out the snow and icy blasts from the Pole.—Pineering in the Far West, by L. V. Helms.

White mull dresses made up over rose and pale blue silsias, and trimmed with a profusion of mouseline lace will be the toilets for evening wear at watering places and summer resorts during the heated term at the height of the season.

The Substitute Editor.

"Who is that sad-looking man whom I saw sitting in the next room?" said Mr. Jones to the managing editor. "That—that is Lawson, our substitute editor." "What is a—what are the functions of that kind of an editor?" "Why, you know, we employ Lawson to shoulder disagreeable consequences of all kinds. When we go for anybody until outraged nature can no longer stand it, the injured man calls and we show him in and let him kick Lawson." "But I don't exactly understand how—"

"Why, you see, the man comes here, and asks to see the managing editor. The boy at the door knows from the fire in his eye, what he wants, and he turns him into Lawson's room. There is a brief scrimmage, and about a quarter of an hour later Lawson saunters in here, with his handkerchief to his nose, to say that his salary must be raised. He is a very useful man. By concentrating all the storms on him, the regular staff is allowed to have perfect peace and security. He is cowed into once or twice a week and knocked down even often. We have the floor in there padded, on purpose to make it as comfortable as possible. He don't mind an ordinary flogging so much, but the man has a strange disinclination to being shot at, possibly because he has three bullets in his legs and a two-ounce slug encysted somewhere in his interior department."

"But Lawson don't mind his ordinary duties as much as you would think. We turn in all the bores upon him. He commands a large salary because he is deaf as a post, and a bore who would set me crazy, leaves him in a condition of unrelieved calmness. All the poets who come here are sent to his room. One of them'll sit there and read to Lawson a poem of forty-two stanzas, and Lawson will sit there smiling blandly, just as if he heard it all, and then he'll compliment the writer, and bow him and his manuscript out with charming grace and ease. He makes mistakes sometimes, to be sure. The other day a man read him a speech, which the man wanted to pay for inserting in the paper. Lawson thought it was a poem, and he told the man he was sorry our advertising was pressing us so just now that he couldn't oblige him, and the man went up street and published it in the Herald. A dead loss to us about forty-dollars."

"Whenever there's an excursion on a dangerous part of a new railroad, or a trial trip of a steamboat that we are doubtful about, we always send Lawson to represent the staff. He has been blown up twice on the river, and has been dropped eight times through a defective trestle bridge, besides participating in a couple of boiler explosions. He receives all the champion cabbages, gigantic turnips and remarkable eggs that are sent here by subscribers for notice, and he tests all the giant cucumbers and early watermelons that come in. We could hardly run this office safely if we didn't have Lawson."

"He struck me as looking rather low-spirited." "So he is. He has naturally a strong constitution, but he is gradually breaking down under the strain, I am afraid, and is going to die early. It weighs on his mind. He had a terrific fight with an indignant politician last summer, just after he had tested a basket of rather unripe cantaloupes, and I have noticed that he is somewhat gloomy since."

Just then the subdued noise of an altercation was heard in an adjoining room; there was a pistol shot, and the bullet came whizzing through the partition, passing close to Mr. Jones's head. "What's that?" asked Jones. "Lawson's having a tussle with McIlvaine, the Democratic candidate for common council. We cut McIlvaine up in to-day's issue. I thought he'd call 'Boy!' exclaimed the editor, "run for a policeman!"

Then the sound died away, and ten minutes later, when Mr. Jones went out, he saw the policeman and two other men carrying Lawson to the hospital on a stretcher, whereupon the managing editor said: "We'll have to let up on McIlvaine for a day or two, or till Lawson has time to recuperate."

Hand in Hand to the Shore. Years ago a man and a woman joined hands, as their hearts were joined, for the life race. The man had thus far come out of the days of an honest, useful boyhood. He had come out thus far unscathed and full of good plans and strong resolves for the future. He found a fair, sweet, sensible, soul-growing young woman, whose path ran in the good direction, and they were united in marriage. Then began the great work of home building and of life building. Their destination was the strong, the useful, the beautiful future, and bravely they set their lives in that direction. They learned each other's good traits and built up to them. They learned each other's weaknesses, and each shielded the other in all that was weak. It is said of them by their neighbors that in all their years of busy, earnest, useful life, neither have ever been heard to utter a word against the other. There have been no continual efforts at correction, no frayed-out fault-finding, no throwing of blame one upon the other. To-night we have for hours listened to their talk; to the relating of pleasant experiences along the way; to their telling of the fun they have had; of the dear, good friends they so like to speak of; of the comforts and pleasures they have found and enjoyed. Twelve years ago the good old man lost a leg in a railroad accident, but he did not lose his manhood or good nature. He has had to be waited on more and more as he grows older, but he never complains, nor does the good woman—his wife—whose tender, loving solicitude is so marked that all see and admire the heart that puts out such tendril, and the sweet life that bears such fruit. They are careful not to act or to speak, and it seems to us they are careful not to think anything, to hurt each other's feelings. Thus they are journeying on toward the beautiful shore, hand in hand. Their eyes are not so full, round and bright as in the years ago. They walk with slower, feebler steps than when we were a visitor at their house twenty years ago. Their physical bodies show many signs of wearing out, but their spirit lives are fuller, fresher, riper, stronger and more

of that which is ripening gladness than it was then. They tell us that spring time is beautiful. So it is that childhood is beautiful. So it is that youth is beautiful. So it is that ripe manhood and womanhood lined with love and building up into better, more intelligent conditions, are beautiful. So they are. But to-night we have seen a more beautiful sight—old age that is kind, considerate, lovable. Have seen the gates of death ajar, so that the beautiful beyond can be seen through them, and in the gateway, almost reaching to step out from the wrinkled, pained, labilitated earthly, two good souls whose aim has been all through life to live for each other, and to set good examples. How we do wish that every united couple were thus united in love and tenderness. That every home was thus blessed by the sweet angel of peace, good will and considerate regard. That every full, ripe life were so beautiful. That every home in which are old people or those who are growing old were thus able to look this way back along flowers, and their way ahead along glories.

"You are not weary of each other?" "Weary of each other? When he has been so good to me. When she has been so kind to me. Each have had our way. Each have recognized individuality in the other. Each have realized how much better our wife or our husband have been than are many others, and each have considered how often we have been imperfect, no matter though we try to be perfect. So it is that though we may at times censure ourselves as we pass our lives in review, yet we never censure each other, never chide and say that you might have done better, or that it is your fault."

Thus in brief said the good old couple to-night, as each was anxious to tell us how much of this work and of that work the other had done, and how impossible it seemed to them that it would be for each to get along without the other.—[Great West.

The Salt Lakes of Utah.

There are numbers of people in this city who are not apprised of the existence of inexhaustible lakes of Salt in El Paso county. Mr. Barlow, the agent or owner of these lakes, was interviewed about them with the following result: "How far are these springs from here?" "One hundred and twenty-five miles northeast."

"What is the area of land covered by them?" "About 2000 acres. There are a countless number of springs from three to eighteen inches deep, and the valley is crystallized by the air, and immense sheets of salt are formed of a thickness ranging from twelve to twenty inches deep. As soon as the crust is removed the water underneath quickly crystallizes again, and this process continues indefinitely, producing such quantities of salt that one train of cars loaded daily for forty years would be inadequate to remove it. These lakes of salt have existed from time immemorial, and the product has supplied towns in northern Mexico and on the Rio Grande for an indefinite period. I have two men there, and intend to send enough more to get out a car load daily, which will be hauled to Sierra Blanco jurisdiction and shipped wherever purchasers desire. The salt is in granulated crystals, but we intend soon to erect a crusher and make the finest quality of table salt. It will be furnished at about \$1.50 per sack of two hundred pounds, and is much superior to Liverpool salt. Texas can get all her salt here henceforth, as Mexico has been doing for four years. A beautiful pastoral country surrounds it, but there are no inhabitants in that section nearer than the railroad, as it has always been the scene of Indian visits. The property belongs to Major George B. Zimpelman, of Austin, father-in-law of the late Judge Howard, who, in asserting the ownership of these salt springs, fell a victim to his enemies."—[El Paso Herald.

Diamonds in Hairpins.

"Diamond hairpins? Yes," said a fashionable jeweler. "We have them. They are the fashion now, and, not diamonds, then some other ornament. You have observed the classic style of hair-dressing in vogue. This gives an opportunity for the display of ornaments in the hair, and hairpins are requisite. Bands of ancient coins, gilded or made of gold to resemble ancient coins, with a hairpin at each end of the bangle, are popular; but we are busiest resetting jewels in hairpins, and as diamonds show best in silver, and silver now is made in many tones of color, we are using it most. It is wonderful what progress has been made in the coloring of silver. You can get silver daisies, pansies, violets, fuchsias, ivy leaves and primroses, with their natural colors. I have just finished a hairpin resembling a deep green holly leaf, with scarlet berries clinging to it, and a tiny dewdrop on the leaf made of a diamond. The deep yellow of the sunflower can be shown in silver, as well as the brightest red. There are some good diamond effects obtained now in the cutting of jet, a popular ornament with blondes, and the hairpins of jet flash brightly. In insects we have hairpins in garrets to represent butterflies, and our malachite beetles are very realistic. "But imitation kills off fashion. New York shop girls and many other young women readily buy clever imitations of fashionable articles. An Italian or French girl saves her money carefully so as to get some good ornament such as a gold ornament for the hair or a string of coral beads for the neck, but a New York girl will wear imitation jewelry, freshly supplied every season. The fashion of gold hairpins was popular until killed off by gilt."—[N. Y. Sun.

Thomas Moran was born in Bolton, England, and on a recent visit to his native place he gave a fine exhibition of his paintings. Moran has been paid the largest sum paid by the government for a work of art in the capitol at Washington, most of whose art adornments are by persons born abroad.

Victor Newcomb, the Southern railway magnate, or ex-magnate, now living in New York, is a ten-millionaire. On the various fluctuations of Louisville & Nashville stock he made two millions, and sold out his entire stock at fancy prices before he retired from the Presidency.

What Men Say About Women.

Mr. Ballou has collected the good sayings on the endless, suggestive subject, woman, from hundreds of authors into a volume. It is not the sort of a book read too steadily. As the Scotchman says of the dictionary, "The stories are vera guid, but they're unco short." Probably we cannot all of us agree with everything in it, but we all like to puzzle over the "unsolved problem," to worship at the shrine of the "priestesses of the unknown." We feel that we have outgrown such musty old saying as Shakespeare's "Maiden want nothing but husbands, and when they have them they want everything." We cannot tolerate the Italian sayings like "He that loathes his wife and a farthing hath a great loss of the farthing," and the late Pope's exclamation of delight at the "inscrutable ways of Providence" when he heard that Father Hyacinthe had married. Something too much of Ovidian metamorphosis fingers round the sentiments of the land of his birth. We like a little better the good German flavor of Schiller's "With soft, persuasive prayers woman yields the sceptre of the life she charmeth," or Stendhal's, "Woman is a delightful musical instrument, of which love is the bow and man the artist; but we feel that we get beyond it, perhaps beyond even Necker's "Women do not often have it in their power to give like men, but they forgive like angels." The French ones are more amusing, but very often more irritating, too. What woman would endure Balzac's "The first thing necessary to win the heart of a woman is opportunity," or Dumas' "The wisdom of women comes to them by inspiration, their folly by premeditation." But Hugo's "One only needs to see a smile in a white crape bonnet to enter a palace of dreams," and Segur's "Men say of women what pleases them, but women do with men what pleases them," might have been written on this side of the water. Some of the English ones came nearer home, though they are not wholly free from exasperation to feminine ears. Jerrold's "Such beautiful lips—man's usual fate—he was lost upon the coral reefs," may pass as a flattering slur upon a longed-for fate; but Halliburton's "Every woman is in the wrong until she cries, and then she is in the right instantly," is unendurable, and we need the solemn tone of Beaconsfield's "Nothing is of so much importance to a young man as to be well criticised by a woman," to reconcile us to our consoling. Our American authors understand life better. Gail Hamilton's "Man has subdued the world, but woman has subdued man;" "No monarch has been so great, no peasant, so lowly," that he has not been glad to lay his best at the feet of a woman;" "The wife rules every New England home where there is not an elder daughter," we quote the last from memory; and Holmes' "They govern the world, these sweet-lipped women, because beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom," comes close home to our souls.—[Boston Advertiser.

The Ancient World. In a recent lecture on the world at the time of man's appearance, Boyd Watkins, the English geologist, gave a brief sketch of some of the changes which have preceded the present condition of the earth's surface. In the eocene and miocene periods, he said, Europe was united with Iceland and Greenland, and also with the United States of America by a barrier of land, extending past the Faroe Isles, which was covered by dense forest, composed to a large extent of the same trees, in Europe and America, and which allowed of a comparatively free migration of animals to and fro between England and the United States. In the rivers of Europe were alligators and fish not to be distinguished from those of America. In the pliocene age the barrier of land became depressed, and for the first time in the history of the world what is now the Atlantic became connected with the Arctic sea. During all these changes the British Isles formed a part of the continent, and the Atlantic sea-board was marked by the 500-fathom line. As regards the changes in climate in Europe in the three periods, the lecturer said that during the first period the climate was tropical in Britain, palms and breadfruits and other southern trees living in the southeast of England. In the second period the climate was cooler and palms were scarce, but magnolias and tulip trees sequoias abounded. In the third period the climate became temperate. These surroundings of man were gradually shaped in the three earlier stages of the tertiary period until they arrived very early at that equilibrium which is found to-day.

The Life of Bank Notes. Paper money is short lived. For the first two or three years following the establishment of the national bank system the number of notes out was not very large, and as they were all new they required but few repairs. The amount of dilapidated money taken in and destroyed previous to November, 1865, was only \$175,490. In the following year over \$1,000,000 had to be renewed, and the next over \$3,000,000. In two more the amount was \$8,000,000, and in the year immediately following that the total was \$14,305,000. In the next four years the amount in round millions was respectively twenty-four, thirty, thirty-six and forty-nine. This last figure was for the year ending October 31, 1874. The amount for the following year rose to \$137,697,700. There must have been some unusually hard usage of notes that year. The year following these heavy cancellations only \$98,672,000 was taken, and the amount has never been so large since. The total steadily declined to \$35,539,000 for the year ending October 31, 1881. Last year it rose to \$54,941,000. What it will be for the current year cannot now be predicted with anything like accuracy, but the chances are that the redemptions this year will exceed those of any previous year. Up to November 1, 1881, there had been issued \$1,092,250,165 in notes to national banks, of which two-thirds had been redeemed during the same period. In other words, the whole number of notes has had to be renewed twice during the past twenty years. There have been no ones or twos issued to national banks since January 1, 1879.

Hugging a Laced Waist.

A London lady has been writing about small waists and says: "The long and short of it is, a small waist is only pretty when it is natural. A wide, over hanging pent-house bust and a pinched waist are excessively ugly and unwholesome, too—because unnatural." This is quite correct, says the San Francisco Daily Exchange, but how few of the fair sex can be brought to look at the waist matter in that light. A really sensible woman will not employ any steel corsets to squeeze this part of her anatomy, but will leave that task to the muscular arm of the gentleman whom she favors with her smiles. And we are assured by very competent persons that there is little satisfaction in compressing those steel-lined waists, because of their lack of elasticity. A hug to bring unspeakable joy to the hugger must be performed upon a yielding surface. Then the amount of pressure must be carefully gauged, and the lady herself becomes aware of the extent of her lover's ardor. But with a tightened up waist, all the squeezing is second-hand, and the swain is chilled by the conviction that the corset has the best of the business, while he is only a mechanical and unrewarded agent.

Editorial Penmanship.

Greeley and Bliss gave the journalistic profession the reputation of being awkward chirographists, and yet there is no profession which averages better in the hand-writing line. Young journalists should study to write legibly; it is as much a part of the business to write legible English as it is to write correct English. Some newspaper men, in the desire to make neat and elegant copy, go to the extreme of writing exceedingly small and cramped hands. Col. R. T. Van Horn, the editor of the Kansas City Journal, is a notable example. A page of his manuscript makes a column in type. The most notable example in the country is Parsons of the Sacramento Record-Union. It is his daily custom to prepare his editorial matter upon scraps of paper no larger than postal cards. Each of these scraps afford him ample space for a column of editorial, and his chirography is so small that printers unaccustomed to it are compelled to use a microscope to decipher it. The compositors around the Record-Union office are all young men with eagle eyes, as long as Parsons hold the fort, old men with failing optics will give the place a wide berth.—[Denver Tribune.

Measurement of the Great Lakes.

The following measurements of the great lakes will be found interesting and are absolutely correct, having been taken by government surveyors: The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108; mean depth, 995 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth is 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 275 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; its mean depth is 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 5,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The total of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area of upward of 135,000 square miles.

Misplaced Confidence.

A poor man stood before the Oil City temperance rooms one night, and listened to the sound of the pleasure within for a short time. Then he slowly ascended the steps and apostated a young man. "Say, mister, do you think they'd give a man suthin' to drink in here?" "Certainly; walk right in." He reached the door and inquired in which part of the room the lunch counter was erected. "This is a temperance meeting, sir," said an attendant. "Oh! This is where they keep ice water and sell strawberries and chilled milk for poor inebriates who don't drink?" "Yes, this is for reformed drunkards. Are you one?" "No," he said, as he went sadly out, "I'm a misformed drunkard."—[Oil City Derrick.

Naming the Kangaroo.

When Captain Cook first discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore, one of whom held a dead animal in his hand. The Captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding, on receiving it, that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent the boatswain back to ask the natives its name. "What do you call this 'ere animal?" said the sailor to the naked savage. The latter shook his head and said "Kangaroo," which means in the Australian lingo, "I don't understand." When the sailor returned to the ship the Captain said, "Well, what's the name of the animal?" The sailor replied, "please sir, the black party says it's a kangaroo." The beast has kept that name ever since.

The Disadvantage of Labor Strikes.

The Philadelphia Press says: "For more than a month each Saturday night has seen an increasing number of men on the strike, and in each case efforts are making to replace skilled with unskilled labor. Men are learning to make iron, to roll steel rails, to mine coal, to make pottery, and to load and unload freight, who never tried a like job before; and thus every day that the strikers are out they are adding to the number of those who can take their places, and not only that, but are willing to do the work for what their employers are willing to pay. Here capital has its advantage. If it can hold out, every day reduces the chance of its defeat, and at the same time adds to the competition which labor has to meet. The wise wage earner would pause before inviting a contest so unequal."

Tommy asked his mother if the school teacher's ferrule was a piece of the board of education.