BOY'S LOVE.

MARY E. WILKINS

Stepping down the grassy lane,
Timorously as a dove,
Came an artless little damsel,
Looking out ahead for love,
(All the wild rose-hedge was budded, apple-boughs hung white above.)

"Whoso'er I first do meet
With the Boy's-Love in my shoe,
He's the one I'm sure to wed,
Sure to wed and love him true."
She'd a fair face, sweetly peeping from a little hood of blue.

She had never had a lover,
But she'd dreamed of one alway,
And would find him by the Boy's-Love
Hidden in her shoe to-day;
For it is a test worth trying, all the wise old grannams say.

Should she meet the tanner's boy?
Should she meet the miller's son?
She was so in love with loving,
She would love them either one,
Nor doubt he was the one she'd dreamed of ever since her first begun.

So she met a roy striplING,
And they passed without a word;
But her heart would beat so loudly,
She was almost sure he heard,
And her snowy kerchief trembled like the plumage of a bird.

Innocently sidewise glancing
From her little gingham hood,
Through her soul she felt the fragrance
Of that sprig of southernwood,
And she thought the lad so pretty, and believed him wise and good.

Then she lay awake, a thinking
Of the lad the whole night through;
But he soundly slept till daybreak,
Just as he was used to do,
And never dreamed he'd met a damsel with some Boy's-Love in her shoe.

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE.

Not many years since the good ship Ponto sailed from Boston, bound to Sumatra. She was commanded by Capt. Isaac Jacobs, a good seaman and a naturally good natured man, but in his long career beneath the trident of Neptune he had imbibed many of the false ideas prevalent among his seamen, and he had come to look upon the sailor's life as one which necessarily did away with those fine and warmer traits of character that mark the humane and generous landsman. In this wise Isaac Jacobs sometimes lost sight of true merit where it actually existed.

Among the crew of the Ponto, on her present voyage, was a young man named Caleb Baker. He had shipped only three days before the ship sailed. He was a slender-framed man, with a fair, prepossessing countenance, light blue eyes and light brown hair. Though light in his build, he was well stocked with muscle, and his motions were quick and energetic. His appearance was calculated to predispose beholders in his favor.

One day, shortly after the ship had left port, as Baker was busy about some matters of his own in one of the gangways, one of the men, a rough, uncouth fellow, by the name of Bunkton, came along and gave the clothes bag of Baker a kick out of the way, thereby scattering a number of things about the deck.

"I wish you would be careful," said Baker, as he moved to gather up his things.

"Then keep your things out of my way," gruffly returned Bunkton.

"They were not in your way," Baker answered.

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"

"I said the things were not in your way."

"And I say they were. Now, don't you dispute me again."

"Very well, have it your own way," calmly returned Baker as he drew his bag closer in toward the bulwarks.

"And don't you be impudent, neither," provokingly added Bunkton.

"Look ye, Bunkton, if you have any business of your own you'd better mind it."

"Eh, lubber? I'll show you my business. Take that!"

As Bunkton spoke he struck the young man upon the face. The crew had most of them gathered about the place, and arrangements were quickly made for a fight.

"Just come forward—come forward, and I'll show you my business," cried Bunkton, bristling about with his fists doubled up.

"A fight! a fight!" cried half a dozen of the men. "Don't stand that, Baker."

The young man's eyes had flashed as he received the blow, and there was a quick quivering of the muscles of his hands, but he made no motion to strike.

"Ain't you going to take it up?" asked Bunkton.

"No. I want nothing to do with you," returned Caleb.

"Then you are a coward!" uttered Bunkton, with a contemptuous tone and look.

Young Baker calmly replied to the taunt, and Bunkton became still more savage. Those who know anything about ocean life will understand the sentiments of the rough crew upon such matters as the present. They could comprehend but one kind of courage, and the moment that Baker refused to fight they set him down for an arrant coward. At first they had been prepossessed in his favor, for Bunkton was a quarrelsome fellow, and they hoped Caleb would flog him; but when they saw him turn away and resume his work they began to taunt him too.

"What's all this?" asked Captain Jacobs, who was attracted to the spot.

The matter was explained to him.

"Didn't resent it?" uttered the captain, looking with mingled surprise and contempt upon Baker. "Why didn't you knock him down, Baker?"

"Because I don't want to fight with any man, sir."

"And you will allow yourself to be struck and not resent it?"

"I will defend myself in case of danger, but I will not so abase myself as to engage in a brutal fight when it can be possibly avoided. I have as yet done wrong to no man; but were I to fight one of my shipmates, I should wrong him and myself both."

"Then you will have yourself looked upon as one who may be struck with impunity?"

A quick flush passed over the young man's face as the captain thus spoke, but he was soon calm.

"I mean, sir," he returned, "to give no one occasion to strike me; yet Bunkton struck me, but you can see that he already suffers more than I do."

Bunkton gave Caleb the lie, and again tried to urge him into a fight, but the captain interfered and quiet was restored.

From that time Caleb Baker was looked upon by the crew as a coward. At first they taunted him, but his uniform kindness soon put a stop to these outward manifestations, and the feelings of the crew were expressed by their looks. Bunkton took every occasion he could to annoy the young man, for he had taken his oath he would "have a fight out of the coward yet." The rest of the crew might have let the matter pass, had not Bunkton's continued behavior kept alive the idea of Baker's cowardice.

None save himself knew the great struggles that went on within that man's bosom; but he had resolved that he would not fight, except in actual and necessary self-defense, and he adhered to his principle. He performed his duties faithfully, and Captain Jacobs was forced to admit that though Baker was a coward, he was yet a good sailor.

Thus matters passed until the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope and entered the Indian Ocean. It was toward the close of a day that had been sultry and oppressive, that a fitful breeze sprung up from the southward. It come in quick, cool gusts, and the broad canvas only flapped before it.

"We are likely to have a blow soon," remarked the mate.

"Not much, I think," returned the captain, as he took a survey of the horizon. "This spitting will soon die away, and I think the wind will come out from the west'rd. However, it may be well enough to shorten the sail. You may take in t'gallants'ls and close reef the tops'ls."

This order was quickly obeyed, and as the captain had predicted, the spitting gusts died away, but there was no wind came out from the west'ard. It grew dark, but no wind had come. About ten o'clock those who were on deck were startled by a sudden darkening of the stars, and they saw a great black cloud rolling up from the southward. It soon hung over the ship like a black pall, and the men began to be frightened. The captain was called, but before he came on deck there came a crash as though the very heavens had been rent asunder. The old ship trembled in every joint, and a huge ball of fire rolled down the main-mast. Another, and another crashing of the lightning came, and at length the electric fluid began to play about the ship in wild, fantastic streams.

"The foremast is struck!" shouted one of the men. "See where its head is shivered!"

All eyes were turned to the spot, but by the next wild flash the men could see that a dangerous havoc had been made with the main-mast. The cap was shivered, the starboard check was nearly stripped off, and the trestle-trees were quivering. Of course the heavy topmast was only held in its place by the dubious trestle-trees, and the main-top threatened every instant to come crashing upon the deck, with the long topmast and top-gallant-mast in its company. Such a catastrophe would surely prove fatal to the ship, and all knew it.

But while all hands were gazing at this, another danger arose. The low, rumbling sound that had been growing in the southward had escaped the notice of the crew, and ere they knew it, the rushing, howling wind was upon them. The ship leaped like a frightened stag before the gale. The mate cut the main-top sheets, and the sail was snapped into ribbons. The foretop-sail was clewed up, and the ship was got before the wind.

The lightning cloud was swept away, and it was dark as Erebus. The wind howled fearfully, but there was one sound more fearful than that. It was the creaking of the shattered trestle-trees, as the lid of the topmost bore down upon them.

"O, God!" ejaculated Captain Jacobs, "if the trestle-trees give way we are lost! Hark! Hear them labor!"

Away up aloft, in the impenetrable darkness, stood the giant top-mast, and all felt it could not stand there long. The men crawled aft, and with painfully beating hearts they heard the mast labor.

"If we could bring the ship broadside to," said the mate, "the weather rigging might be cut, and the mast might go overboard."

"True—true," returned the captain, "but who shall go aloft and do the job? There would be no foothold in the top, for that will go with a crash. The trestle-trees are already shattered."

"If you will port the helm, I will make the trial," cried a clear, strong voice, which was at once recognized as Caleb Baker's.

"It will be sure death," said Jacobs.

"Then let it be so," returned Caleb. "If I succeed the rest of you may be saved; but now we are all in danger. Port the helm, and I will go."

Caleb took the ax from the mizzen-mast, and soon his form was lost in the darkness, as he moved toward the starboard rigging. The helm was put a-port, and the ship gradually gave her starboard side to the gale. Soon the blow of an ax was heard—then another—and another. The ship heaved heavily over—then cracking—and then came the crash. The heavy top mast had gone clean over the side. Fragments of the trestle and cross trees came rattling upon the deck, but all eyes were strained painfully toward the mast head. The dim outline of the heroic man could be seen safely hanging by the mizzen top mast stay.

The ship was once more got before the wind, and ere long Baker came safely to the deck. He staggered aft to the binnacle, and there he sank fainting and bruised upon the deck; but he was quickly conveyed to the cabin, and his wants were all met.

Caleb's bruises were none of them bad, and in a few days he was again at his duty. The men eyed him anxiously and they seemed uneasy as they met his smiles. The captain, too, changed color when he met the kind, noble look of the young man, but soon overcame the false pride that actuated him, and, stepping to the noble fellow's side, took him by the hand.

"Caleb," said he, "if I have done wrong I freely ask you to forgive me. I have called you a coward, but I did not know you."

"Think no more of it," said Caleb, with a beaming eye. "I once promised to one whom I loved better than life—my mother—that I would never do a deed of which I might afterwards be ashamed."

Bunkton pressed forward. "Caleb," he said, seizing the hand of the young man in his hard fist, "you must forgive me for what has passed. We'll be friends after this."

"Bless you, Bunkton, and friends we will be," returned Caleb.

"Yes," added Bunkton, "an' if you won't fight for yourself, I'll fight for you, if you ever stand in need of it."

"I tell you, my men," said the captain, "there's certainly two kinds of courage; and, after all, I don't know but that Caleb Baker's kind is the best. It takes a bigger and stronger heart to hold it, at all events."

Standard Time.

There is no more vexatious incident of travel in this country than the confusion which prevails regarding standards of time. A man leaves home with his watch correctly set, only to find that a railroad ride of a few hours has made it ten or fifteen minutes out of the way. If he adjusts it to this new standard, it may serve for a number of hours, or a change of railroads may require another move of the minute hand within a short time. In studying a railroad guide to plan a long journey, careful attention must be paid to the times used by the various lines, and even the experienced traveler will sometimes be puzzled at finding what he is sure must be a through train apparently leaving a city before it has arrived. It would be hard to exaggerate the confusion and inconvenience caused by these different standards, numbering as they do over fifty for the railroad system of the country.

The ideal method of avoiding such difficulties is that adopted by England a generation ago, which makes Greenwich time the standard for the whole country. But such a scheme would be obviously impracticable in a nation of such vast territory as the United States, with the sun reaching the meridian on its eastern coast when it is not yet nine o'clock in the forenoon on the Pacific slope. A great improvement, however, would be effected if the country could be divided into several parts, with one time standard governing each of them. Students of the problem have generally agreed that this is the only satisfactory solution, and there is good reason to hope that it will be reached at no very distant day. The railroads are, of course, most interested in the question, and the change will come, if it does come, through their united action. The subject has been discussed for years at railway time conventions, and a comprehensive scheme is to come before such a convention at Chicago this week. It is proposed that all roads in the eastern part of the country, which are now run by the local times of New York, Boston, Washington, and a dozen other cities, shall be governed by the seventy fifth meridian, or Eastern time, which is four minutes slower than New York time. There will be no change until the traveler westward reaches a road which now uses the time of Columbus, O., when he will enter the district of Central, or ninetieth meridian time, which will be just one hour slower than Eastern time. This is to cover the wide region extending to Omaha, Neb., and will supplant the local time of all the chief Western cities. The next change will be one hour earlier, and will take in the great plains east of the Rockies; and the fourth district, with time one hour earlier still, will comprise the Pacific coast.

The scheme is entirely feasible, and there ought to be no question about its adoption. It happily avoids exciting local jealousies by taking the noon of the seventy fifth meridian as the standard for eastern time, instead of the Yew York noon, which comes four minutes later, while there is the added advantage of a difference of exactly five hours between this and Greenwich time, upon which ocean vessels must depend. It is expected that the time balls in all cities will drop at noon according to the standard for their districts. This will make noon by the clock come in some places a full half hour earlier and in others as much later than now, but when once each community becomes accustomed to the new standard, there will be no inconvenience worth considering from the change. On the other hand, there will be the immense advantage that when it is noon in the eastern district, it is 11 o'clock throughout the central district, 10 o'clock all over the plains, and 9 o'clock on the Pacific slope.

Several New England railroads have already adopted the system, and have just begun running on time tables which make noon at the seventy-fifth meridian their standard. Other roads in the same section are ready to follow suit, provided the time ball at Cambridge, which now governs Boston time, drops at noon of the seventy-fifth meridian, which would be sixteen minutes later than it is now. The example ought to prove contagious, and unless unforseen obstacles are encountered the system should speedily spread all over the country.—Brooklyn Union.

Slain for Fashion's Sake.

During the last two or three years, or since fickle-minded fashion has decreed that birds as well as feathers should be used to ornament the heads of the elite of feminine society, a new source of revenue has been opened to the natives of Southern California. Santa Barbara, being "the land of flowers," is necessarily the home of the delicate little humming bird, which lives upon the distilled pollen or bee food of our gaudiest flora. In a glass case upon the counter within the drug store of A. M. Ruiz, was discovered two rows of dead humming birds, each with their little "feet turned up to the daisies." "The trade is a recently developed one," said Mr. Ruiz. "It is less than three years old, but it is growing steadily. We do not propose to engage very heavily in it, as it is not exactly in our line, which is drugs and perfumery, but we find a profitable market for all we can obtain."

"How do you obtain these humming birds?" queried the reporter.

"The little boys bring them in. There are four or five little Californians who live in or near town who are experts with sling-shots, a skillfully manipulated improvement upon the contrivance used by David to kill Goliah. Small pebbles or a teaspoonful of small bird shot is used, and, when propelled by our little humming bird hunters, usually bring down the bird. These little hunters bring in on an average about five birds a day."

"Why do they not use nets? It would not destroy or injure the delicate plumage of these little birds."

"Nets would be better, I believe, but the little Spanish children are used to the little sling-shots and as are as skillful with them as are their father with the tiara, and woe to the humming bird at which one of these little boys discharges a charge of pebbles or bird shot."

"Is there money in the business?"

"No, not worth speaking of. I pay 10 to 15 cents each for the birds and then I dress them and ship them to San Francisco. Then I am paid at the rate of 50 cents each for the female common bird and 75 cents each for those male birds of the brilliant plumage."

"Is there more than one variety of humming bird in the market?"

"Yes, we have four. There is the 'fiery,' or that bird you see there with the red flaming throat. Then there is the sulphuretted or yellow bronzed bird. Next to the ordinary male, which has a red and green plumage, and last the brown, unbronzed female bird."

"What is the extent of the trade?"

"Last year we sent off less than a thousand birds; we could have found a market for at least three times the number exported."

In continued conversation it was discovered that while San Francisco obtains a large proportion of these delicate little birds, the best and prettiest are selected and shipped direct to the fashion centers in Paris and London, where they command a high price.—Santa Barbara Press.

A New Air Ship.

A Bridgeport Conn., telegram to the New York World says: Charles F. Ritchel, of this city, has invented a ship designed to sail through the air. Mr. Richel claims that it can be made to rise or fall as desired, without throwing over the ballast or losing gas, as in balloons, and will also float right side up. It is cylindrical in form, and the ends are cut off square. To this great cylinder, which is intended to float in the air in a horizontal position, is attached by ropes the framework of the machine. There is no rudder, Mr. Ritchel having found that with the present progress of invention it is impossible to steer an air ship with any degree of accuracy and certainty. Under the floor, or network, as it might more properly be called, is a series of canvas shutters on iron frames, lapping one over the other when closed, thus making a permanent, air-resisting floor.

This latter feature is one of the principal features of Mr. Richel's invention. He says that the tendency of a balloon, when in mid-air, is to move either up or down from one stratum to another with ever-increasing velocity. These movements have been checked hitherto by ballast throwing and by the loosing of gas. He proposes to remedy this by the floor shutters and by the means of a canvas screw propeller rigged below this floor and geared to several cranks which may be driven by men from the network of the basket above. The propeller worked one way tends to push the balloon or ship upward, and by being reversed draws it toward the earth again. When an ascent is about to be made the balloon is cut loose from the earth, the shutters are opened so as to afford no resistance to the air as the machine rises upward, and, if necessary, the screw propellor is worked to aid in fanning the machine toward the clouds. After the desired altitude is reached the screw is stopped, the shutters are closed, and the voyage proper commences. The descent can be made in the same way.

Another new feature which Mr. Ritchel has introduced in ballooning is a new style of cloth for balloon covering—a light and very strong substance, which rain will not affect in either cold or hot weather. It is so strong that it cannot be torn with the hand, and, though very thin, is almost totally impervious to light. He will soon publish an illustrated description and plans of the new ship.

Taking Care of Clothes.

If the little Dakota wife's young husband gets a good wetting in his best clothes, she must put them into shape or show him how. Hang the coat on a chair-back and the pantaloons over a towel-horse. Do not hang them on pegs, or they will dry all a-twist and he will look as if he had been distorted with a spasm of St. Vitus' dance. It will not take one long to fold the coat, turn the collar up, double the sleeves, bring the skirt up to the collar—the cloth folded on cloth—double down the back and leave the length suitable for packing well. Coat sleeves should be gently, but firmly, stretched full length, and when the garment is to be laid away in a wardrobe they must be doubled with the crease of the elbow. Pantaloons must be folded just the same as when they are bought, but at first get out the creases from the knees. To be kept looking well they must be occasionally dampened with a sponge well wrung out, placed in the same folds, wrapped in brown paper, and laid under a weight, say a trunk.

Clothes cost so much they should be well cared for. We add these suggestions for the benefit of these women. We have learned a great deal about the care of men's wear from the wife of the poor little preacher whom we see every Monday morning from our window hanging out and dusting and sponging and renovating "his" one humble suit of clerical, best black. In spite of her cunning and handy touches, they begin to wear a sooty tint, but her love-anointed eyes do not detect the ravages of time. She, poor martyr, thinks they are jet black, lustrous, satiny, beautiful, and consecrated, every thread and every stitch.

Taking Care of the Hair.

The care of the hair was the subject of a paper read to the Pennsylvanian State Medical society by Dr. Shoemaker. His opinion is that the stiff hats so extensively worn by men, produce more or less injury. The forms of hats that are least injurious are for winter, soft hats of light weight, having an open structure or pierced with numerous holes; for summer, light straws, also of open structure. As regards the head covering of women, the fashions have been for several years favorable to proper form. The bonnet and hat have become quite small, and cover but little of the head. This beneficial condition, however, is in part counterbalanced by the weight of false curls, switches, puffs, etc., by the aid of which the women dress the head. In applying water to the scalp and beard care should be taken not to use soap water too frequently, as it often causes irritation of the glands and leads to the formation of scurf. It is equally important to avoid using on the head the daily shower bath, which by its sudden, rapid, and heavy fall, excites local irritation, and, as a result, loss of hair quickly follows. In case the health demands the shower bath, the hair should be protected by a bathing cap. After washing, the hair should be briskly rubbed with rough towels, the Turkish towel heated being particularly serviceable. Oil has not only a cleansing action upon the scalp, but it also overcomes any rough or uneven state of the hair.

Woes of an Inventor's Wife.

"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one, as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?" "What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic old lady. "William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but William will invent. He goes inventing around from morning till night, and I have no peace or comfort. I didn't object when he invented a fire escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how it worked. Then he originated a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing." "Why didn't he take his coat off?" "I wanted him to, but he stood round till the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it. That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut and open without handling. It went by clockwork. William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon till Sunday night, when it flew open and disclosed William with the plans and specifications of a patent wash bowl that would tip over just when it got so full. The result was that I lost all my rings and a breastpin down the waste pipe. Then he got up a crutch for a man that could be used as an opera glass. Whenever the man leaned on it up it went, and when he put it to his eye to find William, it flew out into a crutch and almost broke the top of his head off. The other day I saw him going up the street with the model of a grain elevator sticking out of his hip-pocket, and he is fixing up an improvised shot tower in our bedroom."

Detrimental Qualities in Our Literary Life.

And this brings us to the necessity of counteracting those detrimental qualites in our literary life to which I have alluded. What we are now suffering from may perhaps be described as an intellectual intemperance, which inflames our mind and leaves us at the mercy of a deceased, unholy and demoralizing excitement. French fiction, always more or less unhealthy, is rapidly inoculating our leading writers, and the consequence is that vices of the most repulsive character are allowed to become familiarly known and familiarly discussed. Fortunately for us there are few writers who offer to their readers a repast that is healthy, in which refinement and grace of expression go hand in hand. But the general tone is nevertheless permeated by morbid feeling and vulgar intrusion into the inner recesses of our private and delicate relations. In our disregard of what ought to be a really sound basis of literature, we have allowed ourselves to accept as the source of our fiction, the craving for excitement which exists in other directions. From it flow our vitiated taste, our moral laxity, and our alternations of wild frenzy and prostrate depression. In point of fact we are not so sound and healthy a people as we seem to be. Because our standards of life are false, a general debilitation is seen in vices that prevail throughout the country. The disease shows itself plainly in our literature, and it shows itself also in the general character of our amusements. As has been said by another: "Amusements are an accurate index of the national stamina, and the frivilous, licentious amusements now so common indicate that the American is undergoing an enervating, debauching process, as the cruel gladiatorial amusements of the Roman indicated that he underwent a hardening, brutalizing process. And it is difficult to say which is the worst, in the sweep of years, and with reference to the perpetuity of society—this modern softening of the brain, or that ancient ossification of the heart.—The Manhattan.

Fruit Monopoly in London.

A great opportunity is offered in London. The duke of Bedford, in a letter to the corporation of the city, offers to sell Covent Garden market and the houses around it, the leases of which are about to fall in. He admits the necessity of improvements, but says he is unable to make them on the scale required, which, under our absurd system of life-tenancies, may be true. We do not suppose that the corporation will accept the offer, as the duke's trustees have no power to accept a bid much lower than the value; and we do not quite know why "E. C." should expend its property for the benefit of "W. C." If, however, London were governed, as it ought to be, by a single corporation, that body would jump eagerly at the offer, and not only effect a grand improvement in the very center of London, but revolutionize the fruit and vegetable supply. At present they are strict monopolies, and a good apple is dearer than a good orange, which has come perhaps a thousand miles. If the dealers in Covent Garden had the orange trade, they would stub up three-fourths of the orange groves, and sell the fruit at sixpence a piece, pleading want of room.—London Spectator.

A letter from our private prospector in North Park relative to the condition of our Golconda property states that he finds upon a thorough examination of the mine that it has a foot wall on the side and an injunction on the other. This settles the fact that it is a clearly defined lead.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Ex "post" facto—a blockhead.

A mummy is pressed for time.

Eau de Cologne—a bill for perfumery.

Just the man to fill a vacancy—the dentist.

Shorthand—The hand that is minus a finger.

Most cities have more saloon keepers than school teachers.

A dangerous summer resort—Manchased-her-by-the-sea.

The world's estimate of a man is drawn from the shine on his coat and nose.

A green backer—The simpleton who lends his name "just to accommodate."

The fires at Mount Desert will not go out until the last Phair Philadelphian leaves the place.

"Fresh air, plain food, early hours and plenty of exercise," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, "are worth all the doctors' rostrums in the world."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will kindly give to the public a book which attempts to answer the problem, "What shall we do with our daughters?"

"I nearly quarreled with him," said Mrs. Ramsbotham. "I felt inclined to say with Shakespeare, 'Cry haddock, and let slip the hogs of war.'"

The coming question: If a man puts a three-cent stamp in the contribution box after October 1st will he get credit in heaven for three or two cents?

The average man is supposed to lose six cuff buttons per year, and he is just mean enough not to throw away the odd ones so that the finder can make out a pair.

Another vexatious delay is threatened in the Keely motor affair. The fuel to be used is water, and Mr. Keely has just discovered that water won't burn worth a cent.

On the Rue St. Lazare, the other day, a chair was seen on which lay a hat with the following notice: "Please don't forget the poor beggar, who is just taking his breakfast."

The season's profits of the Athletic Baseball Club of Philadelphia amount to between $80,000 and $90,000. The capital stock is about $10,000. Who says baseball is dead?

Country maidens are now holding guessing matches. They sit out in the garden and guess whether it's a potato bug or an army worm that's crawling down their back.

Railroads in Massachusetts, according to a correspondent, carry no water for the benefit of travelers. But some of the roads use a great deal of the fluid in diluting their stock.

A health journal advises, "Do not lie on the left side." This is a very proper admonition. If you are obliged to lie, be careful to lie on the right side. You will find it pays in the end.

Chief Charles, a red man, does not want to go on the reservation. What he does want is to go to Washington and have a talk. Charles has about him all the elements of a congressman.

In 1837 Liszt wrote enthusiastically of the piano and its future, and of obtaining through improvements in construction "that multiplicity of sounds which are now wanting." We've got 'em.

A Rhode Island clergyman advertised in large letters "A Man Wanted," and the mob that gathered in the evening at the place designated was disappointed to find it only the title of a dry lecture.

"Mrs. Miffin," said a visitor, "Emma has your features, but I think she's got her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said the dear little Emma, "it's because I've got papa's hair that he has to wear a wig!"

House-Plants in Sick-Rooms.

In a paper read before she Pennsylvania State Medical society, Dr. J. M. Anders spoke of the beneficial influence of plants and flowers in sick-chambers. He took the following position:

"First, that plants exhale aqueous vapors with great rapidity, the rate being carefully estimated at one-fourth ounce by weight per square foot of leaf surface for twelve diurnal hours. Second, through this process of transpiration they have the power to increase the humidity of the atmosphere of an apartment to any degree that may be desired, by simply regulating the amount of leaf surface. Third, that the vapor emitted from plants is most probably changed and medicated to some extent by passing through the plant, and is presumed to possess greater sanitary value than ordinary humidity. Fourth, recent experiments by the writer, the results of which have not yet been published, render it highly probable that flowering plants have the power of generating and emitting ozone."

The doctor recommends to invalids who are confined to the house the cultivation of plants, not only as a pleasing mental recreation, but as healthful in its effects.

A New Educational Idea.

Professor Wait, of Cornell university, has now in successful operation a novel method of instruction, which he has invented and developed himself. About two years ago he began giving instruction by letter to a personal friend, who was unable to enjoy the advantages of a university course. The plan worked well. The text book chosen was divided into a number of sections. On each of these Professor Wait prepared an elaborate syllabus, enlarging on the subject from every point of view, and furnishing a list of questions. The pupil took each syllabus separately, mastered as much as possibe of it, and sent by mail to the professor the points which had proved too difficult to be mastered. Provision was made for a thorough examination at intervals, which could also be conducted by mail. In this way the idea grew, until now Professor Wait has a class of thirty-one professors in colleges in the United States and England, and complete courses of instruction have been prepared in various studies.

Nebraska has probably reached the climax of absurdity in the way of naming towns. One of the towns in that state has just been named Baseball.

One hundred thousand persons find employment at fan making in Japan.