

THEN AND NOW.

We laughed to see the whirling snow
And hear the raging tempest blow;
We reeled not of the icy blast,
Nor how the storm came wild and fast—
Our hearts had sunny weather;
Nor snow, nor hail, nor wild winds' moan,
Could chill the glow around them thrown,
For then we were together,
O, sweetest word—together!

I tread, in golden summer hours,
A pathway through a land of flowers,
Beneath the blue of peaceful skies,
With weary feet and tear dimmed eyes;
I care no longer whether
The days be bright or dark, nor how
The lonely time goes by, for now
We walk no more together,
Ah, nevarmore together.
—Anna E. Bowser, in Current.

CLIMBING A VOLCANO.

One of the Five Active Craters in
Costa Rica.

A Graphic Description of a Perilous Ad-
venture—A Crater Never Examined
by Scientists—Incidents and
Accidents.

There are five active volcanoes in
Costa Rica, according to the geography:
Irazu, which is 11,500 feet high; Turri-
alba, which is 10,350; Poas, DeBarba,
and Mirrauales, which have not been
measured, and several smaller ones
whose craters have shown evidence of
former activity, but have emitted
nothing since the memory of man. To
be considered active a volcano does not
have to keep belching out fire and smoke
all the time, for they must have vaca-
tions like the rest of us; but an extinct
one is that whose crater has been per-
mitted to fill up with debris and never
shows signs of life.

Not having had the advantage of vol-
canic acquaintance, and being ambi-
tious to look into the crater's mouth, I
determined to explore Irazu, and in
company with Mr. H. Remsen White-
house, Secretary of the United States
Legation in Central America, I made
the ascent.

It was an experience which will never
be forgotten, but which one would not
care to repeat. You can not go to the
summit of Irazu in a railway car like
Vesuvius, and no one has ever taken
the trouble to build a carriage road,
therefore the journey is not recom-
mended to ladies, invalids, or timid
men; and one such trip will do the most
nervous for a lifetime.

We followed up a cart road, thick
with dust for a few miles, then entered
the cornfields and rode through them
for several hours, stopping at the cabin
of a native to get corn for our horses
and a cup of coffee for ourselves.
This was the last house on the moun-
tain, and leaving it we went through a
pasture and struck into a forest as dense
as a forest can be. There was a good
moon and it lit up the tree tops with a
weird and fantastic light, while the
great festoons of moss which hung from
the branches and almost obscured our
way were almost livid where the rays of
moonlight struck them. The trunks
and limbs of the trees were covered
with thick, yellow lichens, which were
as fine as hair, and hung like the beard
of a patriarch. The trees, too, were
loaded with orchids, that rare plant so
much prized by botanists, and sought
here by collectors from all over the
world. Dead trunks covered with moss
that seemed almost phosphorescent
arose like phantoms in our way. Huge,
thorny cacti, like the candelabra of
giants, were on every side, while the
dense growth of underbrush made it
almost impossible for the horses to push
through.

Through this we kept climbing until
the horses were exhausted and the moon
went down. For some inscrutable
reason, but really for no reason
whatever, it is considered best to
make the climb in the night, but we
couldn't go any further, so a fire was
built, the animals were unsaddled and
given their supper; we swung our ham-
mocks in the trees and wrapping our-
selves in blankets lay down to pleasant
dreams.

The blazing fire frightened the ani-
mals of the forest, and all around us
we could hear the protests of the tiger,
whose cry is like that of a child. Now
and then the deeper tones of the moun-
tain lion could be distinguished, but
they were more frightened than we, for
the fire was a terror to them, as it was
a comfort to us, the altitude being some-
thing more than 9,000 feet and the tem-
perature forty Fahrenheit. The birds
chattered and gossiped, being awak-
ened by the unusual light and distur-
bance in their solitude. There was little
sleep for any of us, as the situation was
so weird, and the noises our advent
awakened so strange to our ears. At
3:30 we were to be called and continue
the ascent so as to reach the top of the
mountain by sunrise. We were all
awake long before the time, and
leaving the hammocks hanging, and
stripping ourselves of every possible
encumbrance except overcoat and
food, we were in the saddle
promptly and followed the guide as he
plunged into a darkness that could be
cut with a knife. There is darkness
and darkness, but that we encountered
in that tropical forest was double-dyed.
We might as well have been blindfolded
in a coffin at the bottom of a grave.
There was a path, a trail among the
trees, but the guide couldn't follow it
on horseback, so he dismounted and
felt for it with his feet. They failed
and he crept along on his hands and
knees, and that method of locomotion
being rather unsatisfactory, he lit a
candle he had in his pocket and plodded
along.

The path went zigzag up the moun-
tain side, like the trail of a goat. It ran
a few hundred feet on the bias at a
grade of about forty-five degrees, and
then reversing ran up about the same
grade and distance in the other direc-
tion, presenting a series of acute angles
like an enormous rail-fence. Just as
Mr. Whitehouse was turning one of
these corners, where the slope of the
mountain side was almost perpendicular,
his horse reeled upon a rotten log,
which concluded to roll down the precip-
ice, and he and his horse went too.
Nobody saw this decidedly novel acro-
batic adventure. It was too dark to see
your hand before your face; we were
creeping along, feeling our way step by

step, with arms outstretched to prevent
contact between the trees and our
heads.

After making what may be called a
cursory examination of the surround-
ings, Mr. Whitehouse clambered up the
bank, where a council of war was held,
and it was determined to postpone fur-
ther operations on that line until day-
light. So we sat down around a fire
and discussed things until the light
began to filter through the forest. Then
the climb was resumed and we got out
of the woods just in time to see the sun
rise out of what looked like a world full
of soapbuds. The mountain rose like
an island in a shoreless sea of clouds,
great banks of foamy vapor rolling and
plunging in the wind that always rises
with the dawn, as the surf does on the
shoals. It was a picture one does not
often see, and there are no words in my
vocabulary that will convey an adequate
idea of its appearance. If one could
fill the world with foam like that which
hovers over the foot of Niagara Falls it
would look something like it.

The wind was bitter cold, and it
swept over the volcano with a fierceness
that penetrated our very bones, but the
sun's rays were hot and piercing, and
soon burned out the clouds, in which
the wind assailed, and the picture
turned into a scenic panorama which
has few equals in the world. Below us
was spread out all Costa Rica, and the
surf-fringed shore of two oceans. Sky,
sea and lands were one vast rainbow,
mingling tints of blue and green, and
the most unpoetic eyes could not
behold it without awe and wonder.
Mountains seemed to hang in the air
as the clouds surrounded them, long
lines of unbroken forests stretched
away into a mirage which seemed to
shape the earth inverted, the fields of
sugar-cane, a brilliant, livid green,
looked like strings of gigantic emeralds
on the earth's bosom, while the yellow
fields of corn, half harvested, resembled
sand hills, rolling and weltering under
the tropic sun. Here and there were
clusters of houses, with white churches
rising in their midst, and streams link-
ing them together like silver bands.

Far off on the horizon, which sur-
rounded the picture like a circular
frame, it was difficult to tell where the
sky and the ocean met, their colors
blending imperceptibly. We would not
have known the two seas were there
had not the expectation of a view of both
the Atlantic and the Pacific from the
same point been one of the objects of
the climb, this being the only spot in
the world from which both oceans are
visible. The guide said he could dis-
tinguish the sky from the water, but I
could not, and only knew that the seas
were there because the lines where the
dark green forests ended and the blue
beams were broken and irregular.

Following the crest of a ridge of
pumice stone and ashes, which had
been thrown out in ages past, and were
as regularly piled as if the hands of men
had dumped them there, we looked
down on one side into a gorge three
thousand feet deep, to the foot of which
a stone would roll without meeting an
impediment; and on the other into a
basin formed by the mountain side, and
the heaps of ashes that lay in a regular
winnow around it—a basin about five
hundred feet deep and quarter of a mile
across from the top of one bank to the
top of the other. The bottom was
honey-combed with craters, where it
looked as if the earth had broken through
in irregular circles. There were seven
or eight of these craters, some of them
centuries old, the last and largest having
opened within the memory of living
men. The older ones were black and
half filled with ashes cast from those of
later origin, while "the new one" as it
is called—perhaps a quarter of a cen-
tury old—was bottomless as far as we
could see, and its walls were yellow with
sulphur and white with half-burned
limestone. It was dangerous to go near
the edge for the banks are concave,
and thin crusts of earth reach over
them; but we cast huge stones over and
heard them strike the sides of the crater
as they went down into an abyss which
man has never measured. How long
they were in reaching the bottom and
what they found when they got there
would be interesting to know, but this
volcano has never been scientifically ex-
amined, and very few people have ever
been to the crater's edge.

We were glad we went while we were
down there, but were sorry when we
tried to go back, for the walls at the
basin are loose ashes, light and flinty,
and our feet sank into them almost to
the knees. It was fun coming down,
sliding and leaping into the soft sub-
stance, but going up it was a task that
at times seemed to be beyond endur-
ance. The ashes were fresh and crisp,
and there was no sign of vegetation for
a distance of a thousand feet or more
down the outside bank, against which
the wind was constantly blowing,
and where one would think it would
loose dust and seeds from the
forests so near and so numerous. The
wall of ashes arose at least 500, and in
some places 600 feet, around the crater.
We noticed a very marked odor of sul-
phur in the crater while we were there,
and our guide, who crawled close to
the edge, reported vapor coming from
the bottom, but the rest of us could not
perceive it. There were many evidences
of recent discharges, however, one of
the most pronounced being the pres-
ence of flakes of sulphur on the ground,
which must have been deposited there
since the last rainfall.

It is the prevailing theory among
local amateur scientists that the five ac-
tive volcanoes of Costa Rica are con-
nected by underground passages, and
are all chimneys of the same terrestrial
furnace; that more than one is seldom
active, but that at least one is always
in a state of eruption, as an escape for gas
and vapors from the subterranean fires,
that it is universally the rule for earth-
quakes of great force to follow a sup-
pression of activity in all of them, and a
sense of relief always prevails when the
discharges are heavy and frequent. But
while the interruption of activity is im-
mediately succeeded by upheavals else-
where, earthquakes are frequently felt,
though not in such force, while the vol-
canoes are active. This is accounted for
by the fact that gas is not emitted as
fast as it accumulates, and that when it
gathers in quantities sufficient to reach
the sparks from the subterranean fires;
it explodes in the caverns and causes an
oscillation of the earth above. These
explanations are very plausible and gen-
erally accepted as true, although, as I

have said, the phenomenon has never
been studied by men of scientific rep-
utation, who might find here an interest-
ing and prolific field for research.
—Curtis, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Missed Letters Can be Remailed Without
Additional Expense.

Two men stood near a letter-box in
Broadway disputing about a sealed let-
ter which one of them held in his hand.
The letter had been posted at an office
in Virginia and a carrier had delivered
it at an up-town address. In the mean-
time the person to whom the letter was
addressed had left the city. The original
address had been erased and one in a
distant town had been written below it.
"You will have to put another stamp
on it," said the stouter of the two men
to the one who held the letter.
"That's possible, but my wife told
me I only needed to drop it into a box.
She ought to know about such things,
because she re-mails lots of letters that
come to the house."
"Why didn't she look after this one
then?"

"Because she wanted it sent from
down town so that it would get out
quicker."

"Well, if you post it without another
stamp it will not go at all. Women do
not know about such things."

A letter-carrier approached the box
at that moment and an appeal was made
to him. He glanced at the envelope and
said: "That needs another stamp be-
cause it is not a city letter. If it were
going to another part of the city the old
stamp would carry it."
"Do you mean to say that this letter
would be detained at the office for post-
age?"

"Well, perhaps they would send it
and charge the extra postage at the
other end of the line. You had better
see the station agent about it."

"There," said the stout man after
the carrier had walked away, "you see
how much your wife knew about it."
"Come on to the station and if she is
wrong I will pay for two cigars."

They went to Station A and the letter
was shown to the agent there. "That's
all right," was his curt comment.

"But a carrier has told me it would
need another stamp because it was
going out of the city again."

"The law used to be that way," the
agent said, "but it has been changed,
and every carrier ought to know it. Now
a letter can be re-mailed as often as
necessary within the United States to get
it to the owner without extra postage.
The only limit is the number of changes
that can be made in addresses on the
face of the envelope."—N. Y. Tribune.

CUPPING.

An Old Art in a Modern Barber Shop—
Seldom Resorted to in This Country.

A novel sight was presented in a
bathroom at Phil. Balzer's yesterday
afternoon, and was exhibited to a num-
ber of interested customers of the shop.
An old German barber who keeps a
chair in the south end was "cupping"
a patient. The process had, of course,
been often heard of, but never seen by
any present. The man upon whom the
art was being practiced was sitting in a
bathtub, and attached to his skin were
no less than twenty-eight small glass
cups, which had been applied to all
parts of his body by the doctor barber.
The skin had been cut or scarified un-
der each, and the blood was slowly
oozing out into the cups. The applica-
tions were made by expelling the air
from the cups by means of heat, and
quickly pressing them upon the man's
person. The flesh was drawn up into
the cup by the pressure of the air, and
the blood extracted by a sort of suction.
"Cupping" was formerly part of the
profession of every barber in Germany,
and from it came the sign of the red, blue
and white pole, the colors being sup-
posed to represent arterial and venous
blood, and pure health, respectively. It
was approved by reputable physicians,
though not when done to such an extent
as in the case of yesterday. It was
used mostly for local troubles, and not
for wholesale blood-letting. It is now
seldom done in this country, though
English doctors sometimes prescribe it.
—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

The Invention of Paper.

How, when, or by whom paper was
first invented will never be known.
According to Hallam, documents on
paper are found as early as the tenth
century, and it came into use not long
after this era, and completely supplanted
all other materials which were
formerly employed for the purposes for
which it is now used. It will be observed
that the invention of paper of some
kind was an absolute necessity before
there could be printing, as parchment
was far too expensive to use for the
purpose, even were it otherwise perfectly
adapted to this use. The use of paper
in Western Europe dates from the
time mentioned, but it was known to the
Chinese long before the Christian era,
and it is believed that they used the
bark of various trees, the soft part of
the bamboo stems, cotton and several
other kinds of vegetable fibers. From
the Chinese it is supposed to have spread
to India, thence to Arabia, and the man-
ufacture was introduced into Europe by
the Moors of Spain, but about this there
is no certainty. The rice paper of the
Chinese is made in the same general
way as the papyrus of the ancient
Egyptians, by placing in proper order
layers of fibers and cementing them
with sizing or glue. The first patent
for paper making was taken out in
England in 1665, but it was "for making
blue paper, such as is used by bakers."
The next, for making writing papers,
was in 1675, and covered writing and
printing papers.—St. Louis Globe-Dem-
ocrat.

The building in which the postoffice
is located at Bristol, Pa., was an even
hundred years old recently. The
timbers were all hewn out of oak in
Penn's Manor, Bucks County, and
rafted down the Delaware.—Pittsburgh
Post.

Three-fourths of the children born
in Calaveras County, Cal., in the past
two years are girls.

PARASITICAL.

The Poison Which Is Soent in Matters
of Human Health.

It is a singular thing to those of our
number who think knowledge begins
with us to find that the germ theory, as
it is styled, was propounded and dis-
cussed more than two hundred years
ago as one of the hypotheses accounting
for the plague, that otherwise unac-
countable visitation, and that in the en-
suing century Reaumur, Linnæus, and
other scientific people quite fully ac-
cepted it, so far as its progress was then
apparent.

The existence of microscopic life is
something that was revealed to us in the
first days of the microscope's fit and
proper use, and it is not impossible that
discovery will yet go very much farther
in that direction. When we find that
minute organisms, hardly more than
infinitesimal bright points under the
strongest lens, exist in the centre of a
lump of chalk rent from the very mid-
dle of some great mass, full of vitality,
and capable of producing important
fermentative changes in substances with
which they come in contact, we can
form some approach to a conception of
the universality of life, and of the diffi-
culty, if not the impossibility, of escap-
ing its most disastrous forms. That
much of this life is serviceable and ben-
eficial is apparent, and that much is also
noxious and poisonous is equally ap-
parent. It seems almost like an assertion
of positive malevolent force in the
world, this poisonous microscopic life,
when viewed with reference to its possi-
bilities, in the multitude of deadly
diseases thus created, and in the fact
that just before death, and not just after,
the putrefactive poison is often found to
have begun its malignant work; but as
nobody seriously doubts that good is to
overcome evil in the whole cosmos, so
the extermination of these poisonous
powers is something to be looked for,
and to be worked for, by the doctrine
of exclusion, by the elision of favorable
circumstances of development, by the
elimination of the malevolent germ
from among created things by the de-
struction of the conditions which nurture
it and favor its continuance and propa-
gation, till the disease-producing germ
shall one day become as extinct as the
dodo.

Every physician knows that bacteria
are to be found swimming along their
fatal way in the veins of patients in ty-
phoid, scarlet, puerperal and other fe-
vers, to say nothing of small-pox, dip-
theria, measles, septicæmia, and the
rest, that they are of material substance,
and that they propagate each after its
kind and not after another, showing ac-
tive force and individual existence. This
individual existence and continuing
active force, in fact, is seen to exist
in the earliest and most minute form
of life, in the initial atom of bioplasm,
as one may say. The old dictum in rela-
tion to the great fleas that have little
fleas "to worry and to bite" em, while
little fleas have lesser fleas, and so ad
infinitum," if possibly vulgar, is cer-
tainly true, and shows that the idea of
the animal parasite is not at all a novel
one. Even the little fly has its parasite,
that may be observed when he dies on
the window-pane, and hangs gilded there
in a tiny, fuzzy mould.

The capability for evil, not alone in
matters of human health, but even in
the financial affairs of the world, which
these infinitesimal atoms of life exert, is
to be understood from the circumstances
that the muscadine, the parasite of the
silk-worm, has cut down production of
silk in France from an annual amount
of a hundred and thirty million francs
to thirty millions only. The oidium
meanwhile some time since as good as
exterminated the vine in Maderia, many
of the vineyards there having been re-
planted with the supposedly yet unin-
fected vines of California; and the smut
in wheat and the rust in cotton are par-
asitical concerns that every year do their
own damage.

Parasitical growth must needs always
be an unhealthy growth, since it is diffi-
cult to believe that any created thing
has more life than it needs for its own
uses, and consequently has none to give
away and supply the wants and uses of
the parasite. To avoid this parasitical
growth, or to destroy it, then, demands
our best efforts, let us find it where we
may; and regarding it as a malevolent
and malignant enemy, it is something
curious to see that the cleanliness which
is next to godliness is its only extermin-
ator. Plenty of water, then plenty of
sunshine, plenty of air—the great cleans-
ing processes of nature—will be our
safeguards against our general enemies,
the especial enemy needing still more
especial measures. People who see par-
ticular visitations of an angry Providence
in the mortal diseases that rob their
homes of their chief treasures should
look to it first, and make sure that
they themselves are not the angry
providence, with choked drains, foul
closets, decaying vegetable heaps in un-
used and unaired cellars, or with un-
cleansed refrigerators, the gathered
moisture on whose interior walls par-
takes of the nature of slime and poisons
the milk children drink. If we can
not escape the cruel enemy altogether,
we can yet by vigorous concerted effort
make his approaches so difficult as to
thin his numbers for want of food, and
secure perhaps some portion of indemn-
ity for the future, if not for our more
immediate selves, for those that are yet
to come.—Harper's Bazar.

The golden number is so called be-
cause it was formerly written on the
calendar in letters of gold. It is the
number reckoned from one to nineteen,
showing what year in the lunar or me-
tonic cycle any given year is. The
epoch is the excess of the solar above the
lunar year, the former consisting of
365 days and the latter 354. The epoch
of any year is the number of days from
the last new moon of the old year to
the first day of the following Janu-
ary. The dominical letters are those
which denote the Sundays, or dies
dominico.—Chicago Herald.

A sight to be seen in Uncle Sam's
museum at Washington is the blue
uniform worn by General Jackson when
he thrashed Pakenham and his red-
coats at New Orleans. The uniform is
in a case of glass, but the dust on the
shoulders makes golden streaks in the
sunshine.—Washington Post.

MODERN WALL DECORATIONS.

They Sometimes Cost More than the
Houses—High Art at a Discount.

Within the last five years wall decora-
tion has advanced with rapid strides,
and enormous prices are now paid for
the interior decoration of houses. In
fact, the interior decoration of a mod-
ern house sometimes exceeds in cost
the building and material of the house
itself.

A gentleman who has one of the
finest houses in Jersey City went to a
first-class interior decoration house in
this city a short time ago. His house
was a new one, and he desired to have
the walls and ceilings treated in the
latest styles. He was shown into a
handsomely furnished room, and re-
quested to seat himself on an em-
broidered plush upholstered chair made
of antique or bog oak, and valued at
six hundred dollars. After a few ques-
tions concerning the house, the size of
the rooms, the light, and so on, the
gentlemanly clerk said he would show
him a few styles of parlor decorations,
carefully adjusting a rack meantime,
in order that the right amount of light
should fall on it. A delicate paper, in
which the pattern, wrought in har-
monious colors, stood on a background
faintly threaded with gilt, was placed
on the rack. Another roll of the same
pattern was placed beside it, in order
to give a larger surface. A frieze to
match and a deep gilt molding be-
tween the frieze and paper, to break the
monotony, completed the wall decora-
tion. Then came a colored wood mold-
ing above the frieze, to show in what
color the base of the cornice was to be
painted.

The other parts of the cornice will
have to be treated differently, so as to
tone with the ceiling decorations," said
the clerk. Now I will show you some
styles of frescoed ceilings to go with
this side-wall decoration."

Several cards, with elaborate and
beautiful paintings of ceilings, were
now shown.

"That is a very pretty one," said the
customer, selecting one.

"Yes, it will harmonize well with the
paper, also."

"It seems to me the whole thing is
perfect," said the Jerseyman, delighted
at his success in finding what he wanted,
and certain that his parlors would be the
envy of his friends.

"Well, I am glad you like it," re-
sponded the clerk. "As I have now an
idea of your taste, I can easily fix the
other rooms. Perhaps, however, before
we go any further, we had better say
how much you are willing to spend on
the house. When I know that, I will go
over and see your house and make
measurements, and will then show you
the styles for each room that we can
give you at your price."

"I have two paper-hangers over in
Jersey City whom I had thought of let-
ting do the work," began the gentle-
man, doubtfully.

"Oh, no; that won't do," replied the
clerk. "It requires an artist to hang
that paper so that it won't show the
seams, and we would have to fresco the
ceiling anyhow. All the work will be
figured in with the cost of the job. It
will only cost you the price of the
board of the workmen extra. That
will be about three dollars per day for
each one."

The Jerseyman's face fell a little.
But he felt that he was in for it, and
might as well see it through. He had
been willing to pay \$1,000 for the sake
of eclipsing his neighbors. He would
double that amount now.

"Well," he said to the clerk, who
was carelessly twirling a diamond ring
on his finger, "I am willing to be lib-
eral in this matter. See what you can
do for \$2,000."

The clerk looked dumfounded. For a
moment he seemed paralyzed; then
going to the rack he threw the mold-
ings on the floor, and, taking out a roll
of paper, he said, coldly:
"I guess you have not got a very
good idea of the cost of decoration.
That ceiling you looked at would cost
you \$1,500 alone. This paper is a
hand-made French print, and is worth
\$12 a roll. It would take thirty rolls to
the ordinary-sized parlors. It would
take about 200 feet of this molding at
75 cents a foot. Without charging for
anything else, your parlors would cost
you \$2,000 alone. You had better
think it over and call again."

In former days the cost of decorating a
parlor was greater than any other
room, and often amounted to as much
as all the other rooms together. But a
modern dining-room is finished in the
most expensive of hard woods, and such
decoration as is used is of the most
costly kind. The halls of a fine house
are decorated with marvelous hand-
painted Lincrusta-Walton or some kind
of bronzed plaster work, which is even
more expensive. Either dining-room
or hall would cost as much as the par-
lor.

The foremost interior decoration firms
in this city vie with each other in ob-
taining new and elegant effects. They
employ artists of all kinds, at enormous
salaries, to assist them in this. With
several of these firms, where the em-
ployees have shown themselves indis-
pensable to the success of the business,
they have been given a partnership in
consequence. Such firms receive as high
as \$50,000 for decorating a single house.
A fair price is \$10,000, and they seldom
go below \$5,000.

But while these firms receive small
fortunes for single jobs, the intelligent
buyer of wall paper often gets a very
pretty effect for a small price. The
sale of wall papers and of interior decora-
tions has come to be two distinct
branches of business, and it is in the
stores of wall-paper dealers and manu-
facturers that the bargains are general-
ly to be obtained. An odd lot of paper
and a small quantity of frieze are often
sold for trifling sums. Occasionally the
same bargains may be had in a fine dec-
oration store. As an instance of this, a
salesman of one of the best-known
houses in the city showed to a reporter
twenty rolls of a paper he had sold that
day.

"This paper," he said, "cost us \$2.50
per roll. We sold some of it to ex-Sec-
retary of State Frelinghuysen for his
private office in Washington a little
over a year ago. It cost him \$4 a roll.
A gentleman came in to-day who want-
ed twenty rolls, and as we had just that
amount of this on hand we sold him the

remnant for \$8. It is a French em-
bossed bronze and a very fine office
paper."

The Hoffman House is one of the
most finely decorated hotels in the
country. In the reading-room there is
an English paper on the walls which
probably cost \$2 per roll. A short time
ago, while in a country town in Con-
necticut, a reporter noticed the same
kind of paper pasted on the walls of a
small store.

"Hello!" he said to the proprietor,
"where did you get this?"
"Oh, I got stuck badly on it some
time ago. I bought about forty rolls of
it from some fellow or other for eight
cents a roll. I couldn't sell it, so I used
part of it for this wall and some I put
under my carpets. I've got ten rolls
left, which you can have for fifty cents
if you want it."

High art wall paper, as the English is
often termed, was not appreciated in
that section of the country. The val-
uable imported papers are often found
in country towns and sold at less than
their cost in Europe. How they get
there is a mystery.—N. Y. Sun.

SLEEP.

Rules Upon the Proper Observance of
Which One's Health Depends.

Sleep, like any other appetite, can be
cultivated and pampered; and just as
any mouthful of food more than we
really want is waste, and something
worse, so every wink of sleep more
than we need is dead loss, and that
without the redeeming quality of over-
eating and drinking, viz., pleasure. For
to be asleep is not pleasure; simply
dead loss. To sleep from 11 to 9 in
the morning is too much; from 11 till
6 should be, and is, for one averagely
healthy and normally constituted, quite
enough. The point I want to fix on
especially is those two precious hours
before breakfast. How many people
only begin their day after breakfast,
say about ten o'clock! I myself lived
for nearly forty years without realizing
that I had thrown away about 21,900
hours of good working life. Of course,
the candle can not be burned at both
ends. You must get your sleep. I
have known more than one profes-
sional man succumb to the habit of re-
tiring too late and rising too early.
That was the beginning of my poor
friend the late Baron Amphielt's col-
lapse. As Q. C. he never should have
gone into Parliament, and when he
retired from the House on a Judgeship
the mischief was done. He used to be
up late with briefs, or down at the
House till 2 or 3, rise at 6, light his
own fire and work till 9. All such
over-pressure is, of course, bad. Young
men may stand it for a few years—
young men can stand almost anything
for a few years—but it is a vicious
principle. Give the body its dues, or
the body will revenge itself. Still to
acquire the habit of early rising is
worth an effort. I recommend it for
health and pleasure as well as for
profit. No one knows how radiant and
vigorous nature looks who has not
cared to assist her at early toilet, and
seen her bathing herself in crystal dew
and decking herself with opening bloss-
oms between four and six o'clock on a
midsummer morning. So much and
how much more for the pleasure-
seeker? But the early-rising worker
all the year round is rewarded by an
increase of produce, an economy of
time and an invigoration of mind and
body. Morning literary work is usua-
ly characterized by freshness, conti-
nuity, grasp and vigor; night work by
fever, excitement and less condensa-
tion. This I believe to be the rule, and
with exceptions, in speaking thus gen-
erally, it is, of course, impossible to
deal. Of one thing I am certain, that
for all headworkers, especially literary
men, the following rules will be found
golden:

To bed before twelve.
To work before seven.
As little liquid as possible, and no
smoking before breakfast.—Rev. H. L.
Luce.

The Safest Place on a Car.

It is a popular superstition that the
center of the car is not only the safest
part, but is also the easiest riding.
One of the greatest trials of a Pullman
conductor's life is the fact that about
every passenger asks for a lower cen-
ter berth the first thing, and is frequ-
ently indignant because it can not be had.
If the center of a car rides any easier
than the end, then our cars, built as
solid and strong as they are, spring up
and down in the middle precisely as
does a buckboard. If they do not, why
should it ride easier? As for safety, if
you are in the rear of the last car on the
train, and another train runs into the
rear, you are liable to get hurt. In all
other accidents you can conjure up as
liable to occur, it is the safest. If a
head collision there is nothing back of
you to add force to the blow. If the
car leaves the track and collides with a
bridge or any obstruction on a side
track it will not be in your end. If the
train is thrown down an embankment,
there is nothing to land on top of you.
Then this location is the most pleasant.
From it you can watch all the move-
ments of your fellow-passengers, often
a good way of passing the hours of a
long, tedious journey. If your eye hap-
pens to catch a particularly fine view,
you can, by turning in