

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A miser who died of starvation in Carroll County, Georgia, recently, had eighteen thousand dollars secreted in the cracks of his log cabin.

Melocope is the new name of a musical bicycle so fashioned that the rider can kick out melodies, waltzes, and reels as he travels along the road.

Burglars struggled for an hour to gain admission into a Nashville (Tenn.) house one night recently, and finally succeeded. They carried off a bar of soap for their labors.

According to the Wilmington (N. C.) Star there is no word more correct than "tote." It quotes Chaucer as an authority, and says he used the word as Southerners do now.

A dead covering thirty-three pages of legal cap paper, averaging eleven words to the line and thirty-two lines to the page, thus containing eleven thousand, six hundred and sixteen words, was recently recorded in McIntosh County, Ga.

Reporters use and misuse the word "ovation," says the New Orleans Picayune, because they think it is a big thing. Throwing eggs at an unpopular speaker would be an ovation. Cheering a hoodlum orator by a crowd of bammers would not be.

A gentleman in Plymouth last year sent out to a friend in England a present of a barrel of the best Cape cranberries. The Englishman returned his thanks, but was sorry that the berries when they arrived were all sour.

A Toronto cat is credited with remarkable intelligence. She saw a rat about to go through a small knothole in a tight board fence, and, knowing that she could not reach the rat before he reached the hole, she went over the fence like a shot and captured him on the other side.

A will was probated at Philadelphia recently that was made by a person who died over twenty-five years ago. Its provisions were long since carried out, but it became necessary to have it probated in order to make good a title to real estate about to be sold.

A California stage coach, running through the Moraga valley, and the seven outside passengers were shot down a precipice. One young lady, after falling fifty feet, fetched up in the top of a tree quite unhurt, and also quite destitute of clothing. None of the passengers were seriously damaged.

Science has shattered one of our most familiar and pet illustrations. It seems that the alleged power of the kernels of wheat buried with the mummies to sprout is unalloyed moonshine. It is claimed, on the contrary, that the wheat kernels lose their power of sprouting after three years.

"The late A. T. Stewart," says Harper's Weekly, "found it to his advantage to give to each head of a department of his business a percentage of the profits made in that department, in addition to a guaranteed salary. One year the head of the lace department earned \$27,000 and the head of another department \$29,000, the percentage being about one per cent. of the profits of the department."

Lawn-planting is a new craze, and is known as "carpet bedding." The ornamentation is accomplished by the use of a low-growing class of plants, which, when planted, grow no higher than the lawn. Designs are made in every conceivable pattern. There is great variety in shading, many possessing a rich metallic luster, so that there is no difficulty in forming beds resembling carpets spread on the green lawn and having tints more beautiful than art can give.

A Swede coolly rode off with a horse belonging to a man named Martinez, near the town of Lajoya, N. M. Martinez and a friend named McGill followed and overtook the Swede, who refused to give up the horse. McGill drew a revolver, but the Swede snatched it and shot him through the neck. Martinez knocked the Swede from the horse with a club and he fell beside McGill, who raised himself up, regained possession of the pistol, shot the Swede through the heart and fell back dead.

Somebody will have to get out a dictionary of initials before long if this thing is allowed to go on. We have long been familiar with Y. M. C. A., B. C. F. M., M. S. P. C. A., I. O. O. F., G. A. R., etc., and we have tried hard to remember what A. O. H., C. Y. R., C. U., C. L. S. C. and W. C. T. U. mean, but here comes the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor and wants to be known as the Y. P. S. C. E., and goodness knows how many more are to follow. Brethren, let us kick.

A tarantula's nest is owned by a citizen of Rome, Ga., who found it while traveling through Nevada. Its exterior is earth, and at the first glance it has the appearance on the outside of a potato, being about four inches long and an inch in diameter. The tarantula, which is a species of spider, makes this nest by scooping a pit in some dry, uncultivated soil, and spinning a sort of web around the inside. This web is very closely spun and forms a coating perhaps an eighth of an inch in thickness. The entrance to the pit is protected by a round corner or door, which is fastened to one side by a hinge of spider-web. The tarantula sits near the entrance to his nest watching for prey, which he carries, when captured, into the pit to be devoured.

The Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard objects to the prevailing indiscriminate use of the word "alleged," which, it says, is wrongly used in nine cases out of ten. Alleged means to assert with positiveness, but most people have formed the bad habit of employing the word as if it meant that a charge had been made which had not been proved. Reporters speak of an alleged theft, and an alleged biggest squash, meaning that the reader shall have some doubt on the subject. It would be better to write supposed for alleged in most cases where the latter word is preferred nowadays. It is difficult to say what an "alleged charge" does mean.

WORLD LITERATURE.

Its Foundations Laid by Ancient Egyptians Who Wrote for the Future.

Let us look first of all at the Egyptians, who seem to me to possess the consciousness of the most distant, and almost immeasurable past. They did not adorn their temples with inscriptions for their own pleasure only. They had a clear idea of the part and of the future of the world in which they lived; and so as they cherished the recollections of the past, they wished themselves to be remembered by unknown generations in times to come. The biographical inscriptions of Ashm, a Captain of marines of the eighteenth dynasty, is addressed, Champollion says, "to the whole human race." (C'est a un ten reit neb, loquor vobis hominum omnibus.) A monument in the Louvre (A. 84) says: "I speak to you who shall come a million of years after my death." These are the inscriptions of private persons. Kings, naturally, are still more anxious that posterity and the world at large should be informed of their deeds. Thus Sisiak I., the conqueror of Judah, prays in one of his inscriptions at Silsilis: "My glorious Lord, Amon, grant that my works may live for hundreds of thousands of years."

The great Harris Papyrus, which records the donation of Rameses III. to the temples of Egypt, together with some important political events, was written to exhibit to "the gods, to men now living and to unborn generations [harmet,] the many good works and valorous deeds which he did upon earth, as great King of Egypt." Whatever other motives, high or low, may have influenced the authors of these hieroglyphic inscriptions, one of them was certainly their love or fear of humanity, their dim conviction that they belonged to a race which would go on forever filling the earth, and to which they were bound by some kind of moral responsibility. They wrote for the world, and it is in that sense that I call their writings the first germs of a world literature. And as in Egypt, so it was in Babylonia and Persia. When the dwellers on the Euphrates and Tigris had learned that nothing seemed to endure, that fire and water would destroy wood and stone, even silver and gold, they took clay and baked it, and hid the cylinders, covered with cuneiform writing, in the foundations of their temples, so that even after the destruction of these temples and palaces future generations might read the story of the past. And there in their safe hiding places these cylinders have been found again after three thousand years, unharmed by water, unscathed by fire, and fulfilling the very purpose for which they were intended, carrying to us the living message which the ancient rulers of Chaldea wished that we, their distant descendants, should receive. Often these inscriptions end with imprecations against those who should dare to injure or efface them. At Khorsabad, at the very interior of the construction, was found a large stone chest, which inclosed several inscribed plates in various materials—one tablet of gold, one of silver, others of copper, lead and tin; a sixth text was engraved on alabaster, and the seventh document was written on the chest itself. They all commemorate the foundation of a city by a famous King, commonly called Sargon, and they end with an imprecation:

"Whoever alters the work of my hand, destroys my constructions, pulls down the walls which I have raised—may Asshur, Kinib Raman and the great gods who dwell there, pluck his name and seed from the land, and let him sit bound at the feet of his foe."

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SECOND-HAND SHOES.

A Curious Industry Which Flourishes in Chicago and Other Cities.

"You wanta buya?" The old Italian's face expressed some surprise and incredulity as he rose from his cobbler's bench and looked the newspaper man over from head to foot through a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles.

The scene was in a dirty basement on South Clark street, the entrance to which was hung with an unlimited number of boots and shoes, all more or less patched, but in a high state of polish, and over which was a sign inscribed: "New & 2nd hand boots & Shoes."

"Yes," answered the scribe, "if you have anything to fit me."

"O, plenty, plenty. You wanta low shoe? One dolla." A pair of shoes neatly covered with "invisible" patches were brought out for inspection, but proved to be too small, and during the search for a pair that would fit the old Italian spoke freely of his business. "The rag-piecka bring in de shoes. May be I giva him tenna cent, may be a quarta, and I fixa him. Then a second handa clotha man hava some, but he wanta too much mon. You see a shoe lika this [picking up a dilapidated-looking specimen from beside the bench.] You think he not wortha mucha. I fix him up and brusha him and he is a vera good shoe, handa-sewed, see? He wear a vera long time."

A door leading into a back room opened and out rushed a smell of garlic and other unknown things that well nigh knocked the reporter down; but his curiosity was aroused by the entrance through the door of a tiny Italian girl. Her size and undeveloped figure would proclaim her to be about nine or ten years old, but the little sharp, pinched face and black eyes would seem to be those of a woman. She was wiping her face with one corner of her ragged red-flannel petticoat as she entered and immediately seated herself on another bench and began to polish a newly mended pair of shoes. That was evidently her part of the business and she was an adept at it and brought a shine that would be the envy of any bootblack around town.

"Who are your customers?" asked the reporter. "O, a greata mana people. Everabody that live around here. Too mucha? Hesa pair nece shoes, cheap. Seventy-five cent." The old man made frantic efforts to effect a sale, but the reporter was a hard customer to suit and finally managed to escape without buying, but not without arousing the suspicions of the old man, for as he looked back from a distance of half a block he saw a dozen Italians of all ages standing at the entrance of the shoe-shop, holding an animated discussion of which he was evidently the object.

The second-hand shoe business is quite an industry in this city. Along all the prime pal thoroughfares in the poorer quarters may be seen the signs of the dealers. The prices range from fifty cents to two dollars a pair, and the second-hand shoes seem to be in great demand, as, with the exception of the old Italian, every dealer visited was engaged in waiting on some customer.

ANTIQUITY OF MASSAGE.

A Treatment Which Was Known in China Five Thousand Years Ago.

At the recent festive gathering of the club called "Old Volumes," one of the members gave a curious account of massage as a mode of treatment. It is certainly very popular at the present moment, and people want to hear something clear and definite about it. The gentleman assured his listeners that there was reason to think that massage had been known to the Chinese from time immemorial and it was stated that the process was fully described in a MS. called "Kong Fou," the date of which was 3000 B. C. The word itself was derived, according to some authorities, from the Greek "massen," to rub; while others referred it to the Arabic word "mass," to press softly. In a primitive form it was known both to the Greeks and the Romans, who resorted to it after the bath—a custom which prevails among the Orientals to the present day. After the struggle of the circus it was employed to dissipate the resulting contusions and extravasations and to restore pliability to the bruised and stiffened joints. Among the Sandwich Islanders it was frequently practiced under the name of "lomi-lomi," and the process was fully described in the works of Emerson and Nordhoff. This, however, was a crude and primitive form, having very little in common with the elaborate scientific system now resorted to in this country. There was reason to think that the true massage was used in France in the early part of this century—an opinion which was to some extent confirmed by the fact that all the terms employed to designate the various branches of the art were French in origin. An impetus was given to the study of the subject by the publication in 1888 of an essay in Dutch by Metzger of Amsterdam. It was, however, owing to the researches of Prof. Von Mosengeit, of Bonn, that it had been placed on a firm, scientific basis. The literature of massage was now very extensive, and during the last ten years over a hundred works had appeared on the subject.

The story is related by the Christian Advocate of a minister who recently purchased a piece of property and was subsequently sued by the agent whom he had employed to purchase it. When the case came to trial the minister testified that he asked the agent what he would charge for his service, and he replied: "Nothing. All I ask is that you pray for me." The minister swore that from that time till the trial he had daily prayed for the agent. The court decided that this was an equivalent. In point of fact, if the agent said he would make no charge he had no right to do so subsequently.

The plenisphone, an instrument that unites the tones of the violin, viola, cello and double bass, is a recent invention of a Buffalo musician.—Buffalo Express.

MICROSCOPE FRAUDS.

A Cute Trick by Which Even Intelligent People Are Taken In.

Dr. James, president of the St. Louis Society of Microscopists, thus explains a trick adopted by the vendors of cheap microscopes. They use a small particle of sour paste, pretending it is a drop of water and the objects shown are anguillulae, or paramecia. The following is the method of working the trick: The vender has standing before him on the stand with his instruments a glass of clear water, usually containing a bit of ice. On a little bench under the table, and concealed from public view, there is a small box of sour paste, plentifully supplied with anguillulae.

When a customer steps up, the chances are a hundred to one, as every microscopist knows, that his first question will be: "Does this here show the animalcules in water?" The ready answer is: Show 'em? Certainly! Fact is, I don't dare to look at the water. I keep melted ice-water for my use. That generally a n't got many. "Has that water got any in it?" continues the queerist. "We can see," says the vender, and he picks up a clean too-h-pick, dips it into the glass, and prepares to put a drop on the front lens. His hand, however, is shaky, and the toothpick drops, falling generally on the little shelf which projects slightly from under the table. He picks it up again, and under pretence of wiping it sticks it into the paste; gets a very minute particle to adhere, again touches it to the water, and smears the front of the field or objective lens.

The victim then looks, and is amazed and delighted, and straightway invests in a scope, paying from one to two dollars for what costs the vender less than fifteen cents (\$1.75 per dozen).

This ingenious piece of rascality was the invention of a man who formerly made his headquarters in Pittsburgh, Pa., and who for years has derived a large revenue from this and similar "fakes" got up for the use of street vendors, who either pay him a royalty on their use or buy outright the privilege of using them. I was told by three different individuals that they paid this man fifty dollars each for the secret of this "fake," but that, not being able always to find paste which contained 'em, they were also compelled to purchase from him at a large price some "starting" or cultivating fluid. All sour paste does not contain the anguillulae; vinegar oils are some times used, but only when the cultivated paste cells can not be got, as they are too large—one of them frequently stretching entirely across the field of vision. The cells raised in paste without the use of this fertilizing fluid are much larger than those obtained by its aid.

The number of educated people who are caught by this trick is really astonishing to one who habitually uses the microscope. A street vender here tells me that he has repeatedly sold scopes to physicians whom he had fooled into believing that the instruments possessed amplifying power sufficient to enable them to distinguish blood and pus corpuscles, and even bacteria.

STYLISH SHOES.

New Shapes and Designs for Mid-Summer and Early Fall Wear.

There is more play of fancy in the new shoes than we have had for some time, though fashion has been tending in that direction. There is considerable variety of coloring and material, more than fashion has been accustomed to for perhaps seventy-five years. Ladies have returned to the pretty and poet modes of the great-grandmothers and have flowered satin and other slippers to match their ball dresses, a pair with every gown.

The Oxford tie, of coffee-colored goat skin, with common-ense heel. Black Oxford ties are popular for the street this season, with black silk or lisle thread stockings. A foot looks very neat encased in an Oxford tie with a neat loop of ribbon tie, one must say.

The high boot is, however, more often seen upon the street. It is of the shape called half common-ense. It has the broad, flat heel, but rather a rounded toe, with a pretty tip stitched over it. This boot is not so comfortable or healthful as the full common-ense shape, but half sense is as much as one can expect of fashion, and, indeed, it does well if it even comes up to that.

A novel and pretty tie is seen in the straw shoe. It is of black and white straw braid, or of other mixed colors. Mary Anderson is said to have recently ordered a dozen pairs of these unique straw ties. They are a house shoe, and come in colors to match costumes.

For children, even up to the age of twelve years, the pretty and comfortable flat, no-heeled, or spring-heeled high shoe is still the only thing worn. It is particularly appropriate. Ladies will wear the long boots, looking like a cavalry boot, for horseback riding. For walking always select the common sense shape, and you will thereby show your own common sense.

Another popular tie is called the "plug Oxford." A "plug" Oxford is one in which a plug-shaped piece is set in over the instep, thus doing away with the seam over the foot between the vamp and quarters, which is often so troublesome to tender joints.

The little buckled foot-covering shows a popular style of dress slipper. The toe has several slits across it, the narrow strips of kid between being bound and embroidered in jet. Over the instep a little strap buttons from side to side, on which is a large bow of ribbon with a square jet buckle. This same shape is also made up in black English seal skin of soft fine grain, embroidered in silver, and in bronze kid embroidered in bronze.

For the seaside and country, front-laced canvas shoes in all colors appear. The salt water rots leather rapidly. A popular country walking boot is also made of russet-colored seal skin, front-laced. Bronze Oxford ties and slippers go with bronze seal skins.

Cincinnati will be one hundred years old in 1884, and she wants both national and local conventions to celebrate her centennial.

GERMAN RAILROADS.

Five Separate Operations Necessary to Start an Ordinary Passenger Train.

I fear there would be a strike on every road in America if the employees saw the working of railroads in Germany. It seems as if the end in view were to see how many officials could be used, instead of how few; indeed I always feel as if the aim of German rule is to find securities for all the men. It has been a never-failing amusement to see our train arrive and depart from a station. The first impression one has is what gorgeous uniforms! Chief in plumage and importance is the station-master. With his bright red military cap, dark blue coat with brass buttons everywhere that a button can stick, velvet cuffs half up his arm, and pantaloons to match coat, he carries the dignity of the Government and does nothing but oversee. A train carrying one hundred and fifty passengers is a heavy one; there will be at least four conductors, all in green and gold military uniform. Then there is the porter, almost as brilliant as the station-master; he does no manual work except taking passengers' light traps and caring for them (for a fee.) Then on every train is a resplendent official, the starter, distinguished by a brilliant red sash carrying his time book; he has his time of arrival written in by every station-master and starts the train. Then the post-office official at every station has his scarlet plumage and rarely less than three uniformed men to run the little go-cart carrying the mail from his office to the train. With us, one good-sized boy would do the work of all four. The chief does nothing but strike attitudes and look as consequential as possible, after the station-master. Then there is a man specially employed to stick a little stamp on your ticket, if you stop over at a station (and woe to you if you omit this formality). But perhaps the funniest sight of all to one used to the baggage on a Long Branch or Saratoga train is to see the handling of baggage; it looked as if six men licked stamps for every package, and with ten pieces, there were red, blue and white papers checked and handed around as if it were a State affair. The truck was in itself a load; so there were four men to lift these ten pieces on, one at the handle and an extra one to shove—six full grown men struggling with this load to the baggage cart—and even then a gray-headed fellow I had not seen before trotted alongside to see if the count was right. At every station is also a telegraph operator, not one of whom I have seen take a message during the time I have been in Germany.

Imagine this troupe of officials running or standing about every train! You would think, when it was time to start, one man could do it; but no, there are five separate operations. First, the starter blows or whistles as a signal to the station-master; the latter makes a dignified wave of the hand to an official I have not noted before, the bell-tapper; the tapper gives three taps, never more or less or off goes his official seal; then the starter blows a whistle for the engineer, who blows his whistle, and we go in solemn deprecation.—Dresden Cor. Country Gentleman.

Several days ago Hendrick, the hunter, was camped on Bear river, in Colorado. With him was a young tenderfoot just from the East. Trapping was pretty good and the two men let the meat supply of the camp run down until there was nothing left but (in trappers' phrase coined for city society) "sow abdomen." So one evening the hunter and the tenderfoot started out after fresh meat.

They soon found it, for scarcely a mile from camp they ran on to a whole family of grizzlies, half a dozen in all. As the bear family showed a decided inclination for a closer acquaintance, the introduced hunter at once took place, the rifles of the hunters serving as masters of ceremonies. Though the men fired as fast as they could and bear after bear was knocked down, the brutes rose to their feet again, and the brain family still came on. The rifles kept up their incessant crack, however, and at a distance of twenty yards the old she-bear, the leader of the family, fell to rise no more. Forty shots had now been fired, and with only three cartridges left between them the hunters were glad indeed to see the remainder of the savage family party turn tail and disappear among the surrounding rocks and bushes.

On examination eight bullet holes were found in the old she-bear, five of the eight having lodged in vital parts. The next morning the hunters took the bloody trails leading in various directions, and in an hour's time all the remaining bears were found dead, making six bears bagged in a bunch.

During the fight the wounded brutes indulged frequently in their singular custom, called in hunter and trapper parlance "shaking up." Whenever a bear was struck by a bullet it would at once seize one of its companions and a rough and tumble fight would ensue. The old she-bear on several different occasions grabbed her cubs and tossed them high in the air, catching them as they fell, and unmercifully "chawing" them. It was to this singular custom that the hunters probably owed their lives, as it delayed the progress of the ferocious family until the deadly rifles were able to check it entirely.—Cheyenne Leader.

ON A BEAR HUNT.

How Grizzlies Seize Each Other When Struck by a Bullet.

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Peter Roux, of Mono Lake, his family to Bolie, Cal., for a His six-year-old daughter wanted home and started on foot. She had to have gone south, but went among the mountains and When the moon went down under a sage bush and slept, at daylight and went on. I time Bolie had offered dollars for her rescue, and party with Indians started found her next day tr hungry, but undismayed, walk of twenty-six miles, wasn't afraid.—San Francisco.

A wart on the nose, called sarion, drove a man to suicide.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., has received a bequest from Mrs. Kinsler, of Memphis, of \$40,000 for its Biblical department.

Rev. Dr. Jessup, of Berea, reports that a numerous body of Methodists in a Syrian city are reading the Bible. He has rejected the Koran, and professes belief in Christ.

Read to the congregation at the first line of every hymn that is to be sung. There is no other so severe as this in making sure that has the right place.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Church revenues have fallen very greatly in England, according to London reports. A decrease of \$150,000 is reported in one case, and \$100,000 in another, within the year specified.

Four Chinamen were lately baptized by the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, by T. Schley Schaaf. They sought a good understanding of the right and good doctrines of Christianity.

In his address to the graduates of the Eastern female high school in Baltimore Mayor Holmes said: "I hope that you may make the nearest approach to a happy life by living according to these rules—have something to love, something to do, and something to believe."

With a taxable valuation of \$1,000,000 Arkansas expended last year \$729,168 for the salaries of teachers and other current expenses of the public schools, built more than 100 new school houses at a cost of \$3,000 to \$20,000 each, and that \$469,837 left in the school fund.

The London Ragged School is doing a great work among the children of London. Last year reports show that in the 21st ward afternoon and evening schools connected with the union, there was average attendance of 42,304; in 173 day and week night schools average of 3,538.

Archdeacon Farrar made an address before a Presbyterian body in London not long ago, in which he said: "I am a sincere and convinced Episcopalian. You are sincere and convinced Presbyterians. For my part, I believe that either the Episcopal or the Presbyterian organization is essential to a church."

The President of the province of West Prussia has issued an order imposing a fine on parents and guardians of school children for each day of the latter's unjustifiable absence from school. If the fine of ten florins or one mark is not paid, imprisonment from six hours to three days is the punishment. Employers of children of school age during the hours of school are subject to heavier penalties.

From mountain to seaboard, the Savannah to the Chattahoochee, Georgia is overrun with a multitude of raw young men and immature women who are blindly laboring in part knowledge to which they are strangers. The average teacher possesses a smattering of "spelling," "rithmetic" and "geography"; the rest he is the humbug of himself. To him thoroughness is an unknown word. In the language of a member of the Board of Education of a South west Georgia county: "Mos' tuck is pow'ful on show, but they busts thrashin' Farnin' into their school. Let him who doubts the accuracy estimate here placed upon average teacher investigate for himself.—Atlanta Constitution.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Lady—"My dear doctor, what is your candid opinion of the state of my health?" Doctor—"I will advise my husband to buy you a new dress, and you will calm your nerves."—N. Y. Tribune.

"My dear Adolf, I was recently introduced to a gentleman who is very image!" "I can hardly believe that!" "He is so much like you that he even asked me to lend him my florins."

Disappoints the audience: "I discharge that man," said the manager one day; "he is constantly disappointing the audience." "What to appear?" "Not at all. Would he did. He appears."—Texas Siftings.

A writer has just published a book entitled "The Habits of the Holy." We have not read it, but trust he mentions that very common habit of occupying two seats in a railroad car.—New Haven News.

"Papa, why do women use yeast making bread?" "To make it rise, my son." "But why do they want to make it rise, papa?" "So that they be high bread, my son."—Boston Herald.

The Illinois editors considered the subject of "Truth in Journalism" their recent meeting. We forwarded the secretary of the association some copies of the Herald, so that the editors could see what the genuine article was like.—Norristown Herald.

At the club: Breakfast "Waitaw." "Yessir, 'give me some oatmeal, a tomato salad, and a pint of St. Julien." "Yessir, 'give me a little steak or chop." "Steak! Chop! Cuss it! Do you I am a truck driver?"—Tues.

Wife—"Victor, my dear, last time you were so kind as to make me present of Menzel's History of Germany—that you wanted to read badly. I have ever since been reading my brain to find out what I should do for you for your birthday. What do you say to a new carpet for my boudoir?"

Very Wrong: Bertie—"It's very wrong, ma, to tell a falsehood, isn't it, Mater."—"Of course it is, dear." Bertie—"It's wicked to ask a little boy to tell the truth."—"Why, yes." Bertie—"Well, what my teacher made me do to-day?" Bertie—"Gracious me! made you tell the truth?" Bertie—"Yes, mamma; she made me promise to be always a good boy."—Tribune.

A little girl, who is just at the age when her table manners are beginning to be looked after, called out at supper one night recently: "Give me some cake." "How do you ask?" "Mamma, correctively." "Please give me some cake," returned the little one, and added, unabashed: "I didn't get; I was saving it up."—Boston Herald.