

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

BOYS OF THE PAST AND SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The "Professional Nines" of Today—Law Tennis—Yachts for Money Makers—The Solid Ways of Yegone Year—How Changed Are Our Ideas.

That there are boys of the olden time somewhere in this country I dare say, and I dare say there are some localities where sports of the olden time are in vogue, but it is evident to the casual observer that as the boys, by which I mean lads, have changed in looks, in strength, in habits, in tastes, so have the sports of the country materially and significantly altered during the past twenty-five years.

No baseball then! Generally, baseball. Every boy played baseball. We used to go out in the field in the country, or in a vacant lot in the city, or to the playground back of the school, set our bases and play our game, and a mighty good time we had of it.

But who plays baseball today? The boys? Oh, no. The professional nines. Men who are paid to exhibit their powers, men whom we see sometimes as many as 10,000 or 15,000 people assembled in a vast area with prepared seats and reserved chairs, and all the paraphernalia of a first class race course.

Little boys still play baseball in the street, school boys play it on their grounds, but baseball has become a national game, and a column after column tells the story of this time, that nine, these giants, those Indians, until the reader who has no interest in this sort of thing throws down his paper in disgust, and wonders if there was ever such a mania as this that seems to have taken possession of the entire country.

LAWN TENNIS—YACHTS.

When did you first hear of lawn tennis? Ten dollars for a three cent piece that you did not see if it when you were a boy. Perhaps you do not know what it is now, but for all that there are thousands of men and women, boys and girls, splendidly dressed, great-greatly equipped, devoting their entire necessities to throwing ball now rather than then, and having such nice times all over the country.

Have you any idea how many yachts there are in this country, ranging from twenty tons to the caliber of a flat class ocean steamer? I am informed that there are no less than 20,000. That represents an immense investment and vast outlay and indicates a healthy love of sea life, which must of necessity have its effect upon the growth and strength of those who indulge in yachting.

Old time boys had catboats, yawls, sailboats; now, sons of millionaires have yachts which cost a few years ago would have been considered imperial, and their fathers beat the globe in steamers on whose decks a regiment might easily manouver. The innocent man's head lones above the ordinary level he purchases a yacht.

What for? Generally show, rarely pleasure. And this is particularly true and particularly significant in rushes of Wall street, State street, and other money centers.

When brokers make money at all they make it fast. "Fast come, fast go," is a well recognized rule, and broker after broker has within the past ten years flung his private signal from the mast of his private yacht. Then he fails, somebody else takes the yacht and a different signal flutters—but it flutters all the same.

THE OLD AND SOLID WAY.

I have a book in my work library called "Great Fortunes," printed nearly twenty years ago, which tells of the struggles of the merchants, capitalists, inventors, literary men, who have attained phenomenal good fortune.

Among others I find the names of Stephen Girard, John J. Astor, A. T. Stewart, Anson Lawton, Jonas Chickering, George Peck, Charles Goodenow, Elias Howe, Jr., Richard How, Samuel Colt, James Harper, James Gordon Bennett and Robert Bonner.

It will interest any reader to study the lives of these men.

Not one of them sprang into stupendous triumph, not one of them ate his fruit without first tilling his ground, not one of them flew his kite until he made it. They were all rich men, substantial men, and their success, their triumphs, added the upbuilding of communities, the advancement of science, the development of great broad ideas, the uplifting of humanity and the development of art. They were all of some service in their day, and not one of them ever failed for \$20,000,000.

Their money was in solid, substantial, portable cash. Their property was built upon the rock of honor and integrity.

Is everything changed? When the blood stirring bat and the high flying ball were transformed into a wand for making money and a golden sphere for which to fight; when sailboats were transformed into swift speeding steamers; when our boys became dandies, and the smoking bean was changed into a cigarette, did everything change?

Did the code of morals in Wall street? Did the habits and customs born and tested by the experience of a century in trade change also?

We think nothing now of reading in the paper that by deft manipulation Mr. Gould made an addition to his tremendous pile of \$5,000,000 at a single stroke; it causes no surprise, makes very little talk, when we read that Cyrus W. Field dropped in a single transaction \$7,000,000. The flippancy with which we speak of monumental sums of money shows how completely changed are our ideas from the time when \$100,000 seemed an adequate competency.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

The Future of Burmah.

There can be no reasonable doubt that there is a prosperous future awaiting that rich and beautiful country. The marvelous change that has come over Mandalay, even in the few months since annexation, indicates what may be looked for over the whole land. Pegu, with a surface of about 37,000 square miles, had in 1858, or five years after its annexation, a population of only about 750,000; in 1881 this had increased to 3,250,000. About 100,000 acres are reclaimed every year from the jungle and brought under cultivation, and this province is now the greatest rice producing country in the east, and the most progressive and prosperous portion of the Indian empire. Upper Burmah and the subordinate states, with an area of nearly 200,000 square miles—that is, a country as large as France—have a population estimated at only 3,000,000. Upper Burmah is not, like Lower Burmah, a great rice field; but there are large tracts under rice cultivation, and there is hardly a product of a tropical or even a temperate climate for which some part of the country or other may not be suitable.—London Times.

The English cavalry have never been armed with revolvers, although it is one of the duties of a soldier to have no choice against a revolver.

QUICK LINGUISTS IN CHINA.

Remarkable Progress of the City of Hong Kong—A Comic Dialogue.

In every Chinese house or place of business, even in the sampan that a enter the ship, is the shu, or altar, before which joss sticks are burned; here are tablets and lanterns and pictures of deities and various amulets. The Chinese have a diversity of religions, as we do, but somehow or other they all seem alike. The general term for it in English is "Joss Pigeon"—i. e., God's business. The word "joss," like many others, is from the Portuguese, the first Europeans that came to China, and is a corruption of Deus (God or Dolly), I believe. Pigeon or joss is as near as the Chinese can get to "business." And this comic dialogue is one of the strange things to the newcomer.

Miss Bird very politely calls it baby talk. It is a very singular corruption of English. She calls it abundant, but I like it. The people all fall into it easily, and the grave merchants, Chinese and English, German or American, all carry on their business as though there were no other in the world. I like it because it amuses me, makes me laugh, and anything that makes me laugh is good. If the mail was just in, and I wished my letters, I should say to my sampan man: "Sam, my wai-choo you go to the post office, and get me a letter to my wai-choo. My wai-choo is in the city, and I wish you to go up to Messrs. Russell & Co.'s and ask them to send me my letters, quick." It is astonishing how readily the Chinese understand everything you wish.—Foreign Letter.

Manufacture of Champagne.

"Champagne is a sure cure for the headache. That may not be your experience, but it is true nevertheless," remarks a prominent Californian grape grower and wine dealer, as he talked of the different processes for manufacturing wines. "When a fellow goes out to a supper, and gets up next morning with a big head, you can rest assured that he didn't drink pure champagne. It is not all gold that glitters; neither is it all champagne that sparkles. I will put pure champagne against all the medicines of the world as a remedy for headache.

"How do they make champagne? Well, you must remember that a good deal of what is labeled champagne is doctored with carbonic acid gas. But the real stuff is made by a mixture of ten or a dozen different wines made from certain varieties of foreign grapes. The wines are first made separate, each from a separate grape, then they are blended together for taste and bouquet in certain proportions, well understood by wine-makers. The blended wines are then bottled and corked, and undergo a process of fermentation for two years. The bottles are then opened, the sediment blown off, the wine is retolled and sweetened with a rock candy syrup in proportion as it is wanted for dry or extra dry. It is then corked up and allowed to stand for six months, when it is ready for use.

"No, they don't make bottles in this country strong enough to hold champagne. The pressure in the first fermentation is from ninety to 100 pounds on the square inch of glass, so you may know it takes a strong quality of glass to hold the liquid. The cork used in a champagne bottle is brought from Spain."—St. Paul Globe.

First Great Railroad Accident.

The first great accident on any railroad occurred Dec. 24, 1841, on the Great Western railway in England. That day a train carrying thirty-eight passengers was moving through a thick fog at a high rate of speed. A mass of earth had slipped down from the slope above and covered one of the rails to the depth of two or three feet. The engine plunged into it and was immediately thrown from the track, and instantly the whole rear of the train was piled up on the top of the first carriage, which contained all the passengers, eight of whom were killed and seventeen wounded. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death in all the cases, and a demand of £1,000 on the engine, tender and carriages."

This feature of "leoland" belongs to the old common law, which declared that whenever any personal chattel was the occasion of death it should be forfeited to the king, not only that part which immediately gives the wounds but all things which move with it are forfeited. Down to 1847, when parliament abolished the practice, coroner's juries in England always assessed a demand against the locomotive involved in an accident, which, of course, the company had to pay as a fine.—Chicago Tribune.

The Swelling of the Oyster.

Oysters, it seems, may be swollen very considerably by allowing them to lie in water. By this means, Professor Atwater tells us, "the body of the oyster acquires such a plumpness and rotundity, and its bulk and weight are so increased, as to materially increase its selling value."

Now, the simple oysterman, as well as the unsophisticated customer, has supposed that this swelling, or "fattening" of the oyster represents an actual gain of flesh and fat. But the professor rudely dispels this theory by the crushing explanation that the increase of volume is just what would be expected from the osmotic of dialysis. Subjected to this terrifying process five quarts of oysters grow to six, but the extra quart is water and not fatness, and the dealer "offers his customers no more nutritive material—indeed, a trifle less—in the five quarts than he would have done in the six quarts if he had not floated them."

Lovers of plump and juicy saddle rocks and other "selects" will please heed this discovery of the wise man, and act accordingly.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Facts Concerning Suicide.

Of the total suicides in a hot year, over 50 per cent occur during the hot months of June, July and August. The melancholy days of autumn, the saddest of the year, are strangely not condemned to self destruction, yet one would think so. I figure it out that men drink more in the summer, and consequently they don't sleep well. You will notice that most suicides occur in the early morning. The testimony always shows that the act has been preceded by a sleepless night, with consequent brooding over real or imaginary trouble. Irishmen rarely commit suicide. That is because they are brought up in nine cases out of ten as Catholics, and have the fear of the future before them. Americans commit suicide to avoid disgrace, or while broken up nervously at the end of a delusion. There is no case on record in this office of a negro committing suicide, nor have I ever heard or read of one anywhere.—Columbian and Globe Democrat.

Boring a Square Hole.

A man in Iowa has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old styled boring machine. It will cut a two by four mortise in from four to five minutes, and doing it with perfect accuracy, that a carpenter cannot possibly complete in less than half an hour.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

HOW BREAD IS MADE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Thomas Stevens Tells of Bread He Has Eaten in Various Countries During His Famous Bicycle Tour in Asiatic Countries.

The fact is there are no two countries in the world where the people make and eat the same kind of bread. This seems a rather broad assertion to make, but it nevertheless is true. Even in such closely kindred countries as England and America there exists a decided difference of opinion in regard to the consumption of this staple article of food. The American custom of eating biscuits led as they can be handled from the oven is regarded by John Bull, Esq., with even a greater measure of disfavor than that of swallowing big tumblers of ice water at our meals. Mr. Bull, in the cellar of the fine old crusted port, the daily round of roast beef, carrots, mince pie and Gorgonzola cheese, thinks the thinness and nervousness and the dyspepsia of his Cousin Jonathan comes largely from these twin evils of hot bread and ice cold water.

In France the ordinary loaf assumes the proportions of a roll the size of a man's forearm, and four feet long. In any French village, about meal times, grown people and children may be seen walking sedately along the streets with a four foot stick of bread thrust under each arm. A careless youngster sometimes forgets himself to the extent of letting the hindmost end of the stick trail along the ground.

Not until one gets down to the principalities of the Balkan peninsula does any really noteworthy innovation occur. Here one finds the medium between Asiatic and European methods of making bread. The medium, however, is far from being a happy one; no more execrable bread is to be found the whole world round than is served up to a traveler at the wayside melians of Bulgaria. Besides being villainously heavy and well nigh black, it is coarse and repulsive, almost as wet saw dust to the palate; and, moreover, enters very largely into its composition from carelessness in handling and milling the wheat.

This style of bread confronts the disgusted European traveler for the first 200 miles beyond the Bosphorus, and one gets pretty well out of the Greek and Bulgarian settlements in western Anatolia, where another decided change is experienced. Here we come suddenly into the realm of the sinner pure unadorned variety of Asia. Bread is now called ekmek, and takes the form of flat cakes or sheets about two feet in diameter and the thickness of ordinary blotting paper. The necessary for the preparation of this ekmek are coarse wheat flour, water, mixing trough, rolling pin, a large tin griddle and a slow burning substance called tezek for a fire. Taking these simple ingredients outside the house early in the morning, the Turkish or Armenian female kindles the fire, mixes the dough, rolls it out, bakes it and stacks enough of it up to serve her household for the day. When fresh and warm this bread is tough and cloggy; a few days later it loses something of its clogginess, but retains its toughness, and as it advances in age it becomes brittle and hard. It is as indestructible, healthful and useful an article of food as the hard tack issued to the ancient mariner and the old man of the sea.

In Asia Minor, as in all other countries, however, the luxurious requirements of city bred people demand some kind of improvement on the ways and methods of country bumpkins, camel drivers and goat herds. Therefore, in gratification of their epicurean tastes, the ingenious oriental baker has conceived and prepared little loaves or rings of bread about the size of the rope quills aboard an Atlantic steamer. These novel preparations are made of flour and water, flour than the ekmek, and are rendered light and aristocratic by the addition of sour dough or other leavening substance.

This sort of bread prevails throughout the cities of Asia Minor, and the use of ekmek extends eastward among the peasantry of western Persia as far as Tabreez. Here the staff of life undergoes another transformation, and in many respects a change for the better. The nuts of the Persian city bazaar are really very excellent bread, most Europeans giving it preference over every other kind they are acquainted with. None is turned out for proper consumption and approval in the form of flat cakes a foot broad and three to four feet long. The baker takes a lump of dough of the proper size and rolls it dexterously into the proper shape and thickness on his bare forearm. He then flips a light shower of water over its surface, and with a mastery toss spreads it over a bed of heated pebbles.

Contact with the almost red-hot pebbles quickly converts it into a cake of nicely browned indentations and spongy raisings, that render it almost as light as if leavened with yeast. The peasantry of eastern Persia and Khorassan make a coarse imitation of this same form of bread, which is also very palatable and wholesome when eaten fresh. The cakes are smaller and thicker than those of the city baker; and their baking apparatus is altogether different. The oven is a large, upright earthenware jar. This is heated to the proper consistency by inserting live coals and covering up the top. The dough being patted out into a cake by the hands, the woman sprinkles it with water, dashes it against the inside wall of the jar and then quickly replaces the cover; in a few minutes the cake is nicely baked. In Afghanistan the people adopt the Persian methods of bread making, without possessing the same skill or exercising the same care and trouble in its preparation.—Thomas Stevens.

Life Saving Apparatus of Heindeer Hair.

A Norwegian engineer, Herr V. C. Moller, of Drammen, Norway, having had his attention drawn to the extreme buoyancy of reindeer hair, has succeeded in constructing various articles of this material for life saving at sea, with which some interesting experiments were recently made. The first life saving object tried was one which can be used on board ship as a chair, instead of a couch, but which in case of need may be converted into a small boat. This apparatus was found capable of supporting three full grown men in the water, although only intended to bear two. Another object tried was a suit made entirely of reindeer hair, and covering the entire body except the face, and in which a man floated on the water without having to make the slightest movement. It was found perfectly impossible to dive in the dress. The third object tried was a doormat made of reindeer hair, and this supported a man easily, although he was dressed in full outdoor clothing. On comparing life belts made of reindeer hair with similar ones of cork, it was found that the former were much lighter than the latter, a very important advantage to an exhausted drowning person when he has to put it on in the water. Herr Moller's assertion that reindeer hair is capable of supporting a weight ten times its own was fully borne out by these experiments. It should be pointed out that jacks, belts, etc., made of reindeer hair are soft and pliable, and that they impart a good deal of warmth.—London Iron.

"ON THE ROAD."

Experiences of Men Who Are Forced to Travel Every Day.

Then there is another large group who are "on the road" nearly every day. These are the men whose business, trades or calling are in town and whose dwelling houses or family places of abode for the time being are out of town, at the shore or in the country. On this class observations may be made. Some of them make a dreary and tiresome job of their daily journey to and fro, especially if the ride takes an hour or two. They bury themselves in slippers, or they make futile efforts to read profitless and trashy "light literature," or they resort to the smoking car, or they play cards all the way; or they at once set to work to try to go to sleep, and all "to kill time," and so make a wearisome labor or feverish fret of the trip. And, in fact, it is a monotonous, dull and very tedious business with them as they work it—a profligate expenditure of time, most of them getting very tired of it before the summer is over.

There is a "rennant," however, who go "on the road" to better purpose, who don't get tired and who don't try to "kill time" in any of the ways already mentioned. One of this group we have in mind at this moment. During several months of the year it happens that he is obliged to be on the road twice every day, his workshop and his dwelling place being in those months two hours' travel apart. He makes the trip to the city early in the morning and back in the evening, and while he is by no means a youth he never suffers ennui on the train, never seems to be tired and, in fact, never is tired on the road.

When asked how that comes about his answer is: "First, No. The most absolute rest I get, except when I am in bed asleep, is during the two hours of the railroad ride home in the afternoon and evening. When I settle down in the car chair I throw off everything that has an strain of thought in it. I look at the fields and trees, the corn and the clover, the peach orchards and the potato patches, the berry fields and the vineyards, the gardens, the barnyards and the cattle patches, the snug farm homes and the cozy cottage ways along the village roads, the wide highway and the wild birds, the pretty rowing stations, the parterres, and the vast and numerous groups of people of all descriptions congregated at the stations. I have a 'passing acquaintance' with everything on the road, animate and inanimate, and every day I see them under some fresh aspect. Some new interest is always coming to notice. The restfulness of it all is so perfect, and a clue that you must try it before you can understand it."

When asked about the "time" taken up in the two daily trips he said: "Yes, of course, there's a great expense of time. I could not afford to spend four hours out of the working day that way, so I divide them, devoting the two hours to the shore after the day's work is over to perfect rest, and putting the two hours coming up in the morning to work, and I can do three hours' work easily in those two when fresh in the morning. It is wonderful to find how letters and papers and memoranda about business affairs that were puzzles and difficulties to know what to do before during the busy hours of the day before clear themselves up and almost dispose of themselves when the mind is fresh and free and active in the early morning on the road."—Chicago Times.

How They Farm in Chili.

Farming in Chili is conducted on the old feudal system. The country is divided into great estates, owned by people who live in the cities and seldom visit their haciendas, as they are called. The tenants are permanent, and have retainers in the form of little cottages and gardens, for which they pay no rent. If the landlord requires their services they are always subject to his call, and are paid by the day or month for whatever labor they perform, generally in orders upon the supply store or commissary of the estate, where they can obtain food, clothing and other articles, and rum—especially rum. They are given small credits at these stores, and as the law prohibits a tenant from leaving a landlord to whom he is in debt, the former is never permitted to settle his account. The peons never get ahead. They live and die on the same estates and in the same cabins where their fathers and grandfathers lived and died, and know nothing of the world or the conditions of men around them. Although they are badly treated in most cases, they are always loyal to their masters and take their peonage as a matter of course.

The war with Peru had a demoralizing effect upon the agricultural population, from which the army of Chili was recruited, and it will require many years to recover from it. When they returned from the war it was found almost impossible to get the men back to the estates. They were enamored of military life, and had got a taste of city dissipation, and a large proportion of the army, when it was mustered out, became thieves, beggars and highwaymen. There is not enough labor in the country to work the farms, and the lack has not only caused higher wages to be paid, but has done much to break up the old system. Immigration is encouraged, labor saving machinery is being introduced from the United States, and new conditions are promised. But the estates who adopt labor saving machinery have to get some immigrant to operate it, as the native can seldom be induced to do so, and when he does, usually smashes the implement at the first trial.—Harper's Magazine.

Exercise During Hot Weather.

A wheelman remarked recently that he did not believe the people who abstained altogether from active exertion got along as well during the intense heat as those who kept up their regular habits of exercise. "My leisure," said he, "comes in almost the hottest part of the day, but I take a spin of eight miles or so almost every day and get up a glorious perspiration. When one is dressed for it, a few degrees of additional heat don't make much difference, and on a wheel one nearly always gets a breeze. After a bath in water just from the hydrant, a rub down and the assumption of dry clothing, I come down stairs feeling like one of the neighbors, 50 per cent better than if I had been sitting in the shade fanning myself all that time. It seems to me my plan is better than that of the fellows who choose the cool of the evening for their exercises, and then, without a change of clothing, sit upon a piazza until they get chilled. Moreover, the plunge into cold water is as much fun as the spin. It is never too hot to take one's daily exercise in this climate, at any rate."—Buffalo Courier.

The Night Clerk's Responsibility.

Manager Shepherd, of Minneapolis, is quoted as saying: "One of the most responsible positions in a hotel is that of night clerk, and yet that is where beginners serve their apprenticeship. For at least eight hours the night clerk has exclusive control of the hotel. He has no one to turn to in case of an emergency. If anything happens he must rely solely upon his own judgment, for he has no time to call upon any one. The most serious thing that can happen, of course, is fire. The safety of all the patrons in the house is dependent upon the coolness and judgment of the night clerk. A level headed man who doesn't lose his wits is invaluable as a night clerk."

A TYPEWRITER'S WOES.

COMPELLED TO STAND A BATTERY OF PITILESS QUESTIONS.

Experiences of a Working Girl While Hunting for a Boarding Place—Merrell's Quizzing—"No Room" for a Well Dressed Young Lady.

"I should like to give you an idea of how we girls are treated wherever we go to look for boarding places in this city," said a young typewriter to a reporter the other day. "You men can obtain board wherever you please, and so long as you pay your board bills and behave yourselves there are no questions asked; but with a girl it is different. When I came to New York I was fresh from New England, unknown and without friends here to give me help or hints. Consequently I had to hunt up a boarding place for myself. After considerable looking around I found a quiet appearing house where the sign stated that a hall room was vacant and that boarders were wanted.

"In answer to my rying a kindly looking matron inquired my business. When I told her that I was looking for a boarding place a visible change came over her face. "Who are you?" was her somewhat abrupt question. Then she scanned me as if I were a suspected thief, for whose capture a reward had been offered, and without giving me time to answer this pertinent question, she continued:

"Are you married?" "No, I am not," I said as pleasantly as my mortification would allow.

"What do you expect to do for a living?" was her next query.

"I am a typewriter." "A typewriter?" This was said with a sneer that might mean volumes.

"Have you a brother in the city or any male friend who will call on you?" "No, my family all live in Connecticut."

"Do you keep company with any young man?" Really, I was beginning to lose all patience, but I managed to say, calmly: "I do not, but what has that to do with the question of my hiring a room and paying for it in advance?"

REFERENCES—CHARACTER—SELF RESPECT. "Have you got any references?" "I don't see why I submitted to so much quizzing. That woman could beat a reporter asking questions." "No," I replied, "but if you want them, I suppose I could get them from home in two or three days."

"Well, I guess we haven't any room now, and, besides, I'd rather have gentlemen," was the worthy matron's decision, as she opened the front door only to shut it quickly behind me. I think I went to fully a dozen places, only to be treated in the same way. At last I went to the Young Woman's Christian association, where I should have gone first. I never was more thankful in my life than when, after I had been at work for a year and desired to change my place, one of the girls in our office invited me to share her room until I was able to find another place. This may all sound very funny to you, but it was not a funny experience for me; and my experience is by no means unusual. A man can get rooms and board where he chooses, without references and without questions, but when a girl tries to get board for herself, if she is well dressed her character is doubted, and there is "no room" for her; people wonder where she gets her money. If she is poorly dressed she is naturally not wanted, because she will lower the reputation of the house. She must, in self defense, marry or at least become engaged if she has no male relative under whose protection she is. It does seem as if something might be done for the poor girls who come to the city in this way. There ought to be somebody willing to take them and care for them respecting and economically, and do this without sacrificing the self respect of the girl.—New York Tribune.

The Elevator Man's Memory.

It is not hard to memorize the situation of the different offices," said a man who runs an elevator in the Field building. "The difficult thing is to recollect when the different people get down to work in the morning. When a person fails to find a man in his office the first thing he does is to ask me at what time he usually arrives. If I make a mistake or can't answer at all I am complained of to the boss, so to hold my job I must not only be a walking directory but an oracle as well. This building is made up entirely of small offices, and many of the tenants employ no help. On this account I am obliged to know exactly when each man is in the habit of getting down in the morning. If a man always comes at the same time each day it would be a simple matter, but in calculating I have to make allowance for a queer feature in human nature which you have probably never heard of before.

The average man finds it harder to keep good resolutions than to make them. When he sits at home on Sunday and thinks over the past week he feels that he could have done much better than he did do if he had got down to the office much earlier than he did. He remembered that it was almost time for luncheon when he had finished discussing his morning paper, so he resolves to turn over a new leaf for the coming week. The result is that he gets down here on Monday morning before we have the steam up. The next day he is half an hour late, and on Wednesday he is an hour behind. When it is time to turn out on Thursday morning he feels discouraged at being unable to live up to his resolution, so he turns over and takes another nap. By Saturday he has returned to his lazy habits. Thus it goes on year in and year out. When I'm asked when a man will be down in the morning I don't look at the clock but at the calendar."—New York Evening Sun.

Gladstone's Vitality and Versatility.

Perhaps it is in private life that Mr. Gladstone's vitality and versatility are most remarkable. It is a great sight to watch him at dinner with a few friends. He never talks for the sake of talking, but listens attentively to every one else, and is eager to draw out from his company all they can tell him. But they feel the influence of a master mind in the smallest details. Mr. Gladstone asks a dozen searching questions in a few moments, and presents the subject in an entirely new light by some exposition that the listeners never dreamt of. He is full of reminiscences, and seems to imagine that everybody's memory ought to be as tenacious as his own.

One night when he was prime minister he sat on the treasury bench with only one colleague beside him. He was apparently asleep, and the other man thought he might indulge in a doze. But presently a Tory speaker ventured upon some historical statement. Mr. Gladstone was on the alert at once. Turning to his companion, he said: "That is entirely wrong. This fellow is mixing up his facts and his dates. Don't you remember?" Then he proceeded to explain some obscure passage of political history of which his unfortunate colleague was obliged to confess entire ignorance. Mr. Gladstone looked at him for a moment in pitying wonder and as soon as he gave the lapses man slunk away.

Meeting a friend, he said: "I'm going home; I can't stand that Fenian old man any more. Why, he actually cross examined me about something that happened before I was born."—Chicago Times.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

Some of the Manners and Customs of the Latin Quarter.

Here is the receipt for a Paris student high hat which costs about \$3 and is made in proportion. A beard, but not a mustache, we have at home. It is made of very short at the sides, generally with a dome in one of three ways, but with a straight forward a la dynamite; it is made up on end a la porcupine; 3, allowed to hang very long and thrown back a la Bonaparte. These long haired fellows are simply disgusting. They assume the halo of an angel which they have not got. You can see that a student, too, by the black leather which he invariably carries for paper, pens, etc. For writing they use a fountain pen, which is usually a Montblanc or a similar one, which has some most remarkable features of upsetting, and an ordinary pen would be considered an indication of poverty. The most striking characteristic of Parisian students is their mannerly and easy manners. He frequently wears a brown 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and goes out in the street and howls at the immense edification of the sleeping sleepers. Then you will often come upon singing down the Boulevard Saint Michel in the evening, with a female companion on either arm, and indicating what might be called, by a disregard of the truth, a "sing" of singing. Again you may see the gentleman of studious propensities at a billiard table in one of the numerous cafes in one hand and a plate of what is called choucroute in the other, haranguing a group of miscellaneous friends upon some question of the moment. Yes, on the whole you are apt to recognize the student as a delightful sane gene which he displays wherever he appears in public. You can see yourself: "Well, these fellows are so jovial, so full of fun, so full of life, so serious, they waste too much time in cafes and brasseries, they keep too many students are not to be judged too highly into the lecture rooms and the libraries. Watch these same barum barum fellows the dissecting table, or in the great hall. Talk to them. Find out who they are and the first thing you know you are covered that these "young folks" as they thought them the other night when we watched them gambling in the Club Source at 1 o'clock in the morning, enough about medicine, or chemistry something else, to make your head ache. You see they play very hard when they are and perhaps it's the same when they are. They laugh at the English student as being "always serious," for the excellent son that they have not enough sports anything else.—Paris Cor. New York.

Foot Loose at Coney Island.

Again, Coney Island offers superior advantages for the study of the people and their which for some inscrutable reason pleases "Coney's" visitors to assume. People have no sooner settled at the beach or the Manhattan, to confine our attention those hostilities, than they exhibit stunts which amaze and amuse. You say to yourself: "These people are all right in their courteous, amiable, self reliant, and reserve about their own affairs and a consideration for the feelings of others home they are the prosperous, best kind people in the world. But Coney Island is the threshold of New York, and what they appear different here? What are they in the habit of doing? Nothing very wonderful, but many things which are ridiculous stare and remark upon powers of criticism manners and dress in the tones; they eat and drink in public places that would make a Frenchman wince; dances in the hotel offices, flirt on the green grass removed by another party the public promenade; they sing and and, in a word, the people who are propriety at Narragansett Pier and Harbor, as well as in New York, Coney Island as if it were the deck of a Commodore with the flag of ship below floating aloft.

The result is to divide the aristocratic of Coney Island into two parties, quiet, solicitude loving sojourners, who seriously order their affairs so that, day, they are in the habit of seeing less of their fellow boarders; they lounge on wild sand dunes, the unimproved shore of the island, or cross the marshes and take the inland roads. It must be remembered that Coney Island that has come up from a reputable resort to be reputable and "well." Indeed, it is "well" in public, although the old, bad atmosphere is faintly perceptible about it, dominating thoughtless people a little, yet is far far forward on the way to respectability. Last summer two of our artists, the artist Class, painted on the beach, and since they have recognized it much time has elapsed before poets sing it.—New York Chicago Times.

The Smart Young Man.

A tramp was sleeping sweetly on the piece of the French lisp swarmed on him. A cloud of flies swarmed on him. Three nicely dressed young men served the scene, and one determined to see if he secured a bucket with a rope attached from a neighboring tug. He filled the bucket with water from the river and dashed it into the tramp's face. The startled tramp awoke, threw up his arms, and started for the river. The crowd rushed to the spot, while the young man was a picture of consternation. When the tramp came to the water called lustily for help. The women on shore looked at the well dressed young man and cried, "Shame!" Down went the tramp again with a mournful howl as he lay on shore. The young man who caused the mischief waited no longer. He jumped into the river. Both he and the tramp were at the same time about six yards from the young man swam for the tramp, but with effort he reached the tug from which a bucket was secured and easily gained the shore. Thence he climbed to the dock. The man followed him, and the dripping tramp the center of a laughing throng. Turning to the young man, said with a dauntful air: "Say, young fellow, you're smart, don't yer; but who got the water game?"

The Young Man and his Two Companions.

The young man and his two companions treated amid the fiers of the crowd, the tramp selected a sunny spot and laid out dry his clothes.—New York Sun.

Yankee Ingenuity.

Miss De Fashion—(Horrors)—I have a new and my writing paper is all gone.