

PITH AND POINT.

Sudden expectations which kindle the mind to a fever, sometimes chill the heart to a frost.
Trying to reform a man by reforming his surroundings is like trying to make a pear or a plum grow on a crab-tree.
To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.
The ignorance of one man may be higher than the intelligence of another. There may be a very large memory and a narrow consciousness.
Fly the pleasure that bites tomorrow; observes a philosopher who probably roiled off this piece of wisdom after a day's ill luck at fishing.
A youthful applicant for graduation at Lexington, Ky., being asked the other day: "What does history teach?" answered: "That the United States has never been whipped and never will be."
Some men are always looking for things that are pointed in a newspaper, and yet if their names are used to sharpen the point they are too dull to see where the fun comes in.
Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I can not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.

SAMOAN ORATORS.

Important Personages Who Stand Very Close to the High Muck-a-Mucks.
The Samoan orator is a personage for whom no exact parallel is to be found, so far as I know, anywhere else in the world. True, we who consider ourselves to be in the front rank of civilization retain in a fragmentary condition the custom of appointing these people to do our talking for us. There is among us a privileged class whose members are alone permitted to speak for others in a court of law. But so long as we can steer clear of litigations we have no use for the barrister, and are not called upon to contribute to the cost of his maintenance. There is another class, too, not much privileged in these free American communities, it is true, although largely so in other lands, who, in a sense, are our orators, since it is our custom to let them, for the most part, do our praying for us. In a certain sense we can, if so disposed, dispense with the services of this class also, though if we entirely escape contributions toward their maintenance we are either very lucky or very clever, and in either case very hard-hearted, and necessarily abstinent in regard to the wretchedness of church fairs. In Samoa, however, life can not in any way be got along with without the interference of the orator. At every turn he not only does the thinking and the talking for his people, but if any other man takes the trouble to have thoughts of his own it is still the orator who gives voice to them.
The great chief wishes to make known his intention or desire to his people, he instructs one or more of his orators to speak for him. The populace have a complaint to make, or a wish to express, or a compliment to pay, it is the hereditary orators of the village or of the district who speak for them and put plaint, prayer, or praise, criticism or courtesy, into its proper phase. When chiefs and heads of families assemble together to discuss the common weal on any project that may be in hand, from a marriage to a war, it is still the orators, and the orators alone, who do the talking. It is beneath the dignity of a chief to use his tongue either to advise or persuade or command. For a common man to speak would be an impertinence, whatever weight his age or experience or his personal character might attach to his opinion. His wisdom, if he have any, is not on that account lost to his neighbors. What the orator has to say is not his mere individual opinion. He is veritably a "mouth-piece." His speech is all arranged beforehand in private and less formal confabulations, where every man who has any thing to say uses his tongue as he lists.
The custom probably leads to the saving of much time and is merciful towards the ears and senses of those assembled to listen. A fono, or council, is got through in much less than half the time that would otherwise be consumed. This is one of the institutions peculiar to himself which makes the Samoan claim that all other Polynesian are but degenerate children of the deified forefathers of the race. In New Zealand, at a tangi, it is the chiefs who do the talking, and of these generally only the older ones. Marked is the difference between the rant and stormy vehemence of a Maori orator when something that touches nearly the interests of his tribe is under discussion, and the staid, orderly deliberate utterance of the professional talking-man of Samoa.
In Hawaii, in old days, before a spurious civilization had replaced the native manners, it was much the same as in Maori. When the great chiefs or local kings condescended so far as to take counsel with those who might not with impunity walk upon their shadows, the method of conducting this counsel was almost identical with that of the tangi. The Samoan stands alone amid his far-scattered race in retaining this custom of hereditary talking men, which is surely very ancient, and which might with advantage be taken as a pattern or at least as a germinal hint in the remodeling of the talking customs of some more modern sections of the Aryan race.
The True Boston Spirit.
Boston Man (who has been rescued as he was going down for the third time)—Is your name Hoxey?
Rescuer—Yes. Keep your mouth shut!
Boston Man—Do business on State street?
Rescuer—Yes. Shut up and save your breath!
Boston Man—Say, Hoxey, would it be convenient for you to pay me that \$2.50 to-day that you borrowed a year or two ago?
Well Supplied With Sisters.
She had promised to be a sister to him.
He thanked her coldly, but said that he already had five sisters.
"Why, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, "I thought you were an only child."
"I am," he responded; "I mean that I have five sisters such as you offer to be," and he tottered to the door.—N. Y. Sun.

THE LONESOME TRAMP.

Wisconsin Farmer Got Him Under His Thumb and Made Him Weary.
A farmer living in Waukesha County had a tramp call upon him for a meal, and after giving him what he wanted he asked the tramp if he would not go out in the pasture and drive up the cows. The tramp declined. He said he was "no joy," to go around following cows, and saying "cooboss." The farmer was astonished at the man's refusing to do a little favor, after being provided with a meal, and asked him if he wasn't looking for work.
The tramp said: "No, we are not looking for work this year. We tramps have organized a society and one of the cardinal principles is opposition to work. We are bound by an oath. In past years we have claimed to be looking for work, but frequently some one would give us work, and several of the boys have had their health injured by attempting to labor. Besides, it got so that every body laughed and sneered when we said we were looking for work, and our National convention decided that it was the square thing to give up lying and travel on our merits. So we just ask for food, and if we get it, all right, and if we don't get it, we move on to the next place."
"Last year, over here in Dodge County, I applied for work to a farmer, and he engaged me for a month. My idea was to work that afternoon, driving a team hauling hay, and along toward night let the team run away, and skip out in the excitement, or if the team would not run away, to get up in the night and leave."
"Talk about the oppression of capital, do you know that farmer actually compelled me to work a whole month."
"The first night I tried to get out of a window, when the old granger was outside with a shot-gun, and he said if I didn't get back in that window and go to sleep, and get up at daylight and milk the cows he would fill my hide with bird-shot. Then he called a watch-dog and let him smell of me, and told the dog to watch me. Well, sir, I remained in that night, resolved to kill the dog the next day, and skip the next night, but the dog wouldn't save any thing to do with me, only to watch my pants. When the dog was not in sight, the old man was around with a pitchfork, and I pledge you my word I had to work."
"Do you know I had to milk fourteen cows in an ill-ventilated barnyard, with no proper sewerage, before breakfast. All day long I worked, a prisoner, sir, always looking for liberty, but always under the eye of that violent old man and his hungry dog. Finally I got so tired at night that I would drop to sleep as quick as I struck the bed, so I couldn't attempt to escape, and I worked for thirty days actually. I got so I liked it, but the instinct of liberty, which fills every human breast, was so strong that when my time was up I went away with three dollars, and I was to have the balance of my month's wages after harvest, but I never went back after it. I felt as though no tramp was safe around that farmer."
"I blew in my money on the Fourth of July and got in jail for thirty days and rested up from my overwork. No, sir, you farmers are hard on us. I will hire a man to drive up your cows, if you say so, in payment for the royal spread you have set before me, but as long as my mind retains the memory of that sentence of a month at hard labor on that farm, and the watch-dog, and the old farmer with the gun, I will never work again. I will not even converse on the subject of labor, for fear you will construe my remarks into a promise to work. Au revoir."
The tramp lifted his hat and disappeared.—Peck's Sun.

FACTS ABOUT LUMBER.

An Expert's Opinion of Northern White and Southern Yellow Pine.
There are many peculiar points in the pine lumber trade which people outside the business are entirely unacquainted. There is considerable conflict on the markets between the white pine of the North and the yellow pine of the South. There are several important facts always considered by the dealers in yellow pine. This pine, owing to the large amount of pitch and resin contained in it, when sawed into lumber, weighs 3 1/2 pounds to the foot. The white pine lumber in the rough weighs only 2 1/2 pounds. At a shipping rate of 10c per 100 pounds, this makes a difference of \$1 per 1,000 feet in freight. But while it takes one day for a good carpenter to "work up" 1,000 feet of white pine, it will take the same man one day and a half to work the same amount of yellow pine, owing to the resinous substance in the latter making the boards tough. As a good carpenter will command \$3 per day as wages, therefore, it costs \$1.50 more to "work up" 1,000 feet of yellow pine than it does 1,000 feet of white pine. So, there is, on this reckoning, a difference of \$1 in freight and \$1.50 in labor, a total of \$2.50 in favor of the white pine. When buying lumber in markets where the two specimens of pine are brought into competition, the lumber dealer who knows his business always adds the above amount to the cost of yellow pine. But the pitch in the yellow pine causes the lumber, after it is well seasoned, to be tough and more durable than the white pine lumber. The pitch is also a valuable feature of the lumber in other ways, notable as an exterminator of bed bugs, cockroaches, worms and other obnoxious visitors of sleeping-rooms. It is a fact now becoming well known that a room furnished in yellow pine lumber is remarkably free from bugs and other insects. But notwithstanding the fact that yellow pine lumber is far superior to white pine, yet the latter commands the higher price in the market. This fact may appear to be singular, but it is only the natural result of the organization in the trade. The yellow pine comes from the South, and the Southern dealers and manufacturers of lumber have no proper organization to control their trade, and, therefore, they have no uniform system of grading, they don't work in harmony with one another, and by lack of business intercourse they fail to become as well informed in the trade as they would otherwise. Each dealer has his own method of grading lumber in the South; hence, there are no uniform prices, and they work against one another. The Northern lumber dealers, who handle white pine, have an organization known as the Lumbermen's Association, which formulates a scale of prices and establishes a uniform system of grading, and, therefore, they are enabled to obtain higher prices for their lumber than those received by the unorganized Southern dealers for a far superior grade.—W. A. Steele, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NURSES IN HISTORY.

Interesting Facts for Women Collected by Princess Christian.
Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, in her exhaustive work on medical women, takes us to the earliest classical times. In the Iliad there is mention of Agamemnon, a woman skilled in the science of medicine; and, again, similar reference also occurs in the Odyssey. In France, in the fourteenth century, we have the negative evidence of there being women practicing medicine and surgery, for in a document of 1311 "surgeons and female surgeons are forbidden to practice if they had failed to pass a satisfactory examination before the proper authorities." In England we are told that women practiced in the time of King John (1352) with full legal authority. There is no question that there have, in all times, been a greater number of women calling themselves midwives, and earning a scanty livelihood as such in this country; but the dignity and importance which belonged to them in the middle ages "as a profession scientifically studied and carried out under proper control," has become a thing of the past. In the fifteenth century midwives were duly licensed. The first of whom we find any account is Margaret Cobbe, who had a yearly salary from the crown. She attended Elizabeth, wife of Edward IV., at the birth of Edward V., and special provision was made for her rights and privileges by an act of Parliament. In the sixteenth century the Bench of Bishops gave particular attention to the question of midwives, and curates were enjoined to teach and instruct them "of the very words and forms of baptism." It was in consequence of the ceremony of baptism being sometimes performed, in cases of urgency, by midwives, that they were examined in their duties not only by a doctor, but by a Bishop. There was much complaint made of the Bishops giving their license without taking care to find out if they possessed needful knowledge of instruction.
In 1567 the Archbishop of Canterbury granted a license to Eleanor Peard, midwife, and required her to take a long oath to fulfill her duties faithfully; and among other things, she bound herself to use the proper words at baptism, and, moreover, to use pure and clean water." It is clear that in early times women took a much higher stand and position in nursing and medicine than has been given to them till within the last few years again. It may be that they lost their position because the feeling of the times changed, and, in consequence, they were denied the opportunities of needful study and instruction. Now the tide has turned in their favor, and the chance is offered them of recovering that which was formerly their undisputed right.—Princess Christian, in Woman's Work.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

An Anecdote of General Scott and Captain Bill Harrington.
"I will remember the grand reception given to General Winfield Scott in the spring of 1848, after his return from Mexico, bringing Texas as a prize," said one of Gotham's oldest inhabitants to a reporter. "The old hero was brought to Castle Garden in a steamboat from Elizabethport. Thousands of people were waiting to give him a rousing, patriotic welcome, and as he landed the Governor's Island Band played 'Hail to the Chief.'"
"The General must have been a splendid-looking man at that time," said the reporter.
"Well, I should say he was," said the O. I. "He was majestic in appearance, but he could laugh as heartily as any one I ever knew, and he did so on that occasion. Jim Woodruff, who was a popular local vocalist, sang a song, one verse of which I remember was:
Your battle's fought, your vict'ries won,
You need not ask for more;
You are a second Washington,
You're welcome to our shore.
"Just as he finished the song, and while the place was ringing with applause, a powerfully-built man came plunging through the crowd on the platform as if he were possessed of the strength of a John L. Sullivan. He nearly upset Colonel James Watson Webb, caremored on ex-Major Harper, and came near pocketing Phillip Hone, Rev. Dr. Wainwright and ex-Mayor Brady by landing them in the orchestra. Alderman Morris Franklin, who had been assigned to present General Scott with an address of welcome, seized the interloper by the coat-collar and tried to hold him back.
"See here," said the man, "let go of my collar. I've come here to shake hands with that old sojer over there and I'm going to do it," saying which he gave a jerk and pulled his collar out of the alderman's grip.
"Then he stepped up to General Scott and said: 'General, as an American citizen, I come here on my own hook to thank you for knocking them Mexicans out. You're entitled to the belt.'"
"Thank you," said the old hero, who not only smiled, but laughed heartily as he warmly shook the old man's hand.
"Then Alderman Franklin had delivered his speech of welcome, to which the General briefly responded, he asked the General if he knew who it was that had forced his way upon the stage and through the crowd to shake hands with him.
"'No, I do not,' answered the General.
"'It was Bill Harrington, the pugilist,' said the alderman.
"'A fighter, eh?' said the General. I suppose he came to see me in keeping with the maxim that birds of a feather will flock together. I liked his ordiality very much, although he did seize my hand tremendously.'"
"Then the General laughed again, and soon after rode up Broadway mounted on a splendid charger, under escort of all the regiments of the National Guard.
"Bill Harrington, who was one of the best known characters of his time, disappeared over twenty years ago, and has never been heard of since.—N. Y. Telegram.

LOVE OF NATURE.

A Noble Trait Which Has Been Developed Within the Present Century.
No one who reads our English literature of a hundred years ago or more can fail to see that the writers of that age cared nothing for the grandeur of mountain scenery. They speak of mountains as horrid, gloomy, forbidding. If any scenery appealed to them it was the most artificial terrace and tamed lawn.
There was little sympathetic study of nature then under any form. Angling for trout and the fox-hunt were the only pursuits that could suggest the eager search for rocks and plants and bugs, that is now carried on in the fields and woods. This newly-awakened taste for out-of-door study, and this curious observation of nature is reflected in the literature of the time, and is often commented upon by writers.
In his recent life of Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Roosevelt takes occasion to say: "It must be remembered that the admiration of mountain scenery is, to the shame of our forefathers be it said, almost a growth of the present century."
As a companion piece to this statement of an American writer, may be taken what Mr. Davies, an Englishman, says of his experience in Holland.
"We were disappointed at the scarcity of birds of any kind either upon the Zuyder Zee or in the country generally; and here it may be mentioned that we did not meet with a single person of natural history tastes. Of the many we questioned on the subject, none indulged, nor had they any friends who indulged, in such childish pursuits.—Youth's Companion.

THE HUMAN TEETH.

Different Kinds with Which Nature Has Provided Mankind.
In regard to the teeth, it must be admitted that in relation to the subject in hand they are literally and truly cut both ways. In the complete set of thirty-two there are twenty for grinding, eight for biting and four for tearing. Grinding teeth are required for animals which live on grains and other hard vegetable substances; biting teeth are necessary for animals which nibble soft substances like grasses and some fruits; tearing teeth are essential for animals which actually tear tough and resistant structures, like flesh, to pieces. In man the grinding teeth largely preponderate; and how well fitted these teeth are for grinding seeds, grains, acorns and the like, the teeth of our very old forefathers tell a significant and true tale. In man the biting teeth have a conspicuous place and a very decisive function; with them, even to the present, the skilled biter can cut through the finest thread, a feat equivalent to dividing the most delicate filament of food fiber that grows from the earth. The teeth are vegetable weapons; they are the best of weapons which the out-and-out vegetarian can use; they assist him both in practice and argument. But then there remain those four tearing fangs, those canine or dog's teeth, so firm, strong and savage. The canine, or tearing teeth, stand out strikingly in favor of the view that man is formed for eating flesh; but it can not be said by the staunchest flesh-eater that the flesh-eating tendency is the strongest altogether. No it is certain that the balance turns fairly the other way. It may, however, be argued that the very fact of the existence of only four tearing teeth gives countenance to the belief that nature has supplied the human animal with fangs for devouring animal flesh if he is obliged or desirous so to do. This is true, but only to a limited extent, because we now know that even the teeth, firm as they are, become, by constant habit of life, changed in form and character. The canine tooth itself, even in the dog, has been exceptionally so modified from this cause as to lead to a characteristic type of structure indicative of the influence of manner of life on growth when extended through many generations.—Longman's Magazine.

THE SPECIAL PURPOSE COW.

In the selection of a cow for butter it is being learned that a cow that will give thirty pounds of milk a day, that yields one and a half to two pounds of butter, is better than one yielding only half as much butter from twice as much milk; and the claim that the big cow will be worth more for beef in the end disappears in the light of a second thought, when any dairy man can see that he loses more every year that he feeds a poor butter cow, if butter-making is his business, than the cow will be worth for beef above the cost of fattening. With beef at present prices the butter-maker would do better to keep good butter cows, even if he puts them in compost when their usefulness is past. But there is no need of this extreme measure. There is no cow that will fatten quicker when dried off than one that gives rich milk.—Mirror and Farmer.

KILLING ALLIGATORS.

How Cubans Go About Slaughtering the Man-Eating Sauroians.
"Come," said Don Manuel; "we will show you how harmless alligators are when you know them, and what a simple thing it is for Cubans to kill them!"
Moving stealthily along the edge of the lagoon, we suddenly heard here, there, beyond, and again as if all about us, heavy splashes in the water, and the quick parting and subsequent trembling of countless swaths of reeds showed where unwieldy objects had made startled passages. We were among a school of alligators. How many? "Well, may be several thousand within a square mile!" answered the don, complacently. Jose had a tremendous guabrahaca clumped stick, as large, almost as heavy, and quite as strong as a crowbar, in his hand. At a word from Don Manuel he glided forward and flung himself in a reclining posture on a firm bit of ground perhaps fifty feet from the edge of the lagoon, while the don and myself hid in the edge of the jungle. An almost unendurable silence of perhaps half an hour ensued. Then gentle splashing among the reeds were heard. These were shortly followed by many soft, half-whistled gruntings. Directly the heads of two alligators parted the reeds where Jose lay motionless. For a time these were also motionless as an oriental study in bronze. Then the bodies followed, slowly and cautiously at first, but soon with incredible rapidity they moved upon Jose. I believe I was never so apprehensive and excited in my life. "Silence!" hissed Don Manuel. Instantly one flopped about, scampered to the land-edge, and whisked himself into the bayou. But the other, with snapping eyes and quivering jaws, was bent on having Cuban meat for breakfast. In another instant he was at Jose's side. The latter bounded into the air like a rubber ball. Flung his canvas hat into the alligator's jaw, which snapped and crunched it hideously, the guabrahaca stick whistled through a wide air circle and descended with a crash into the reptile's skull. Before its first quiver and sprawl Jose's machete was through its shoulders a foot into the solid soil beneath, and this bull alligator, seven-foot in length, was dead. Three alligators were dispatched in this remarkable way.—Edgar Wakeman's Cuban Letter.

LINEN DRESS GOODS.

Fabrics Whose Coolness Is Grateful to the Senses in Hot Weather.
Since the times when "purple and fine linen" were the acme of elegance in apparel, linen has retained a place as the pleasantest of all material for summer wear, notwithstanding the countless array of diaphanous and airy fabrics in cotton, woolen and silks.
There is nothing "clingy" about them. It is a fabric whose "cool reserve" is grateful to the senses in hot weather, and if it becomes limp and discouraged with wear, it can readily be restored in the laundry and made to assume its first freshness.
Linen gingham are charming for morning wear, and their simplicity may be relieved with embroidery and ribbon so that they become really dressy. The newest goods in this line, however, are the linen damasses, woven like gingham, but in designs resembling print, and which—also like gingham—are not all linen, but with the colored threads of cotton. Stripes, checks and fancy plaids in gray, wood-color, brown, blue, red, and several pretty color combinations, predominate, yet the effect when made up is quite as pleasing and satisfactory as the figured goods of seasons past.
The woven linens are also in stripes and plaids of colors contrasted with white, but these are all linen, and are the most durable of all similar fabrics. These are used not only for morning dresses, but for boys' shirt-waists and blouses, and for this purpose are preferred to the figured linen cambrics and percales, although the latter are used, especially in dark shades of blue.—Demorest's Monthly.

TOMMY WAS EXCUSSED.

A Lesson in Arithmetic, or a Clear Case of Love's Labor Lost.
Parents, as a general thing, do not appreciate the trouble teachers have in making children learn and comprehend their lessons. Some boys are phenomenally dull, and it requires much perseverance and skill to make them comprehend even the simplest lessons.
Colonel Yergor, of Austin, Tex., has a son named Tommy who is a little obtuse in arithmetic, as will be seen by the following conversation:
Teacher—Suppose, Tommy, you have a stocking on one foot and you put another stocking on the other foot, how many stockings will you have?
Tommy—Pa don't let me wear stockings in summer.
"Suppose, then, it was winter, and you did wear stockings, how many would you have? How many did you wear last winter?"
"I done forgot, it's so long ago."
"Well, how many feet have you got?"
"Same as always."
"I'll try something else. Suppose your father has one pig in a pen, and he buys another pig and puts it in the pen, too, how many pigs will he have?"
"Dad don't keep no pigs."
"Suppose he did, how many would he have then?"
"I dunno, but I'll ask him if you say so."
The teacher blew a heavy sigh from his tired lips, wiped the perspiration from his weary brow, and then went at it again.
"Suppose, Tommy, you have on a jacket and at Christmas your pa gives you another one, how many jackets will you have then?"
"I'll have to wait until next Christmas before I answer that. I didn't get no jacket last Christmas."
"Suppose your mother gives you one peach, and you have one already, how many will you have then?"
"I won't have none; 'cos I'll eat 'em up."
The teacher was not a man to be discouraged by trifles. He began to suspect that Tommy was beginning to lose ground in mathematics, but he resolved to give Tommy one more chance.
"Tommy, if a poor little beggar boy has a cake, and you give him one more, how many will he have?"
"I don't need no beggar boy to eat my cake; I can do that myself."
"Tommy, you can run out and play."—Texas Siftings.