

A PLUCKY MAIDEN.

During Feast of a Beauty of the California Foot-Hills.

Near Forest Ranch, in the mountains above Chico, resides a young lady who for grit and pluck will take of our hat to every man. The lady in question, Miss Kate Lucas, resides on a mountain ranch with her mother and brothers, the latter being engaged in furnishing the meat used by the large lumber crews high up in the Sierras. Miss Lucas is a tall, lithe and well-built girl, with red, rosy cheeks, jet black hair, bright, flashing eyes, and is the acknowledged belle of that vicinity. She is an intrepid horsewoman, and rides fearlessly and alone over the mountain slopes and through the ravines. She scorns a saddle and at times rides a fiery mustang without either bridle or blanket, simply using a lariat, the end tied around her horse's head and neck. She is a capital shot with the rifle and has won many of the crack shots there by her unerring aim. She has been out with her brothers hunting, and very rarely fails to bag a deer or other wild animals which so abound in that section. Sometimes the young miss assists in capturing the wild cattle when they are required for the market, and then the lariat is twirled with a precision that often puts the vaqueros to shame. A few weeks ago, after a daring ride after a particularly wild and foot-footed steer, which showed fight from the start, the young lady laughed at the vaquero who seemed to be afraid of the animal, and smilingly challenged him to throw a rope over the animal's head and ride him. The vaquero declined with thanks. Miss Lucas then displayed a piece of courage and daring worthy of the ancient Roman arena. Springing from her horse, she went up to the bound and bellowing beast, quickly and deftly tied a rope around his head and neck, then told the vaquero to let him loose. This he did reluctantly, and the enraged steer was quickly on its feet, but equally as quick the fearless lass was on its back. Then commenced a ride that is rarely witnessed. For half an hour the wild chase and ride was continued—over hill and dale, through brush and canyon—when the steer gave completely out and the triumphant girl led her captive to the house. It was a bold feat, and the daring rider has made herself famous in that section of the country.—Chico Enterprise.

COINING NEW WORDS.

A Dangerous Fad Affected by Poets, Reporters and Preachers.

Dr. Austin Phelps says that as a very saintly man can bear to be seen carrying a flask of brandy in the street, so the reputation of a very scholarly man will bear occasional departures from good English. For instance, James Russell Lowell may coin such words as "cloudbergs," "otherworldliness" and "Dr. Watkinson," and Coleridge may coin "matter-of-factness." An exceptional indulgence is allowed to those scholarly critics, though even they would scarcely expect to see such unlicensed coining acknowledged by a standard dictionary. The most fertile but certainly not the best qualified coiners of new words are found among reporters, who are forced to write rapidly. They coin many words by often adding the termination "ize" to substantives, for example: "jeopardize," "municipalize," "charterize," "deputize" and "burglarize." About one word in a hundred of reporters' coinage remains in circulation; the rest are stamped as "counterfeit," even by newspaper readers, and hardly pass a dozen months.

Preachers are also addicted to coining new words. Their method is to join two good words by means of a hyphen. Every Sunday their hearers, who love monosyllabic words which are both forcible and correct, are irritated at hearing such hybrids as "heaven-descended," "soul-destroying," "God-fearing" and "God-defying." Professor Phelps aptly calls such words "long-winded, long-waisted, long-tongued, long-tailed and long-eared compounds," and says that very few of them are authorized English. All of them are a drawl in expression, and tend to form a mannerism which runs to such extremes as those two specimens of tate-worm English, quoted from novels by female authors: "Not-attempted-to-be-concealed care" and "the sudden-at-the-moment-thought-of-lingering-illness-often-previously-expected death."—Youth's Companion.

COMFORT IN GARDENS.

Health and Strength Regained Amid Plants and Flowers.

I have at least three personal acquaintances who owe much to old Dame Nature for renewed youth and new beauty of face and form gained by work in the garden. One is a woman of ample fortune, who loves her lawn, with its trees and vines and flowers as things of beauty. I doubt if the thought of health occurs to her, but the effect is patent to all her friends. Another is a lovely little woman who has been in ill-health for years. This season, moving to a new home where friends and acquaintances were scarce, sheer loneliness drove her to her garden. There the needs of the growing things appeared to her, and day by day her visits were repeated, until at last all her morning hours were spent among them, planting, training, weeding, thinning and digging. The result is a renewal of health and strength unknown before for years, and now happiness and greater contentment.

The third is a good woman whose sorrows seemed piled mountains high through the loss by death within a few months of her husband and child and of property as well. Trained to no work as a girl, she seemed helpless. But her little garden demanded attention, and her very losses compelled her to work with her hands. Here, too, the soothing balm of pure air, exercise and occupation worked its marvels.—Vick's Magazine.

GERMAN FAMILY LIFE.

The Relations of Misses and Maid and Parents and Children.

The life of German servants is very hard, their wages are small, their food is not rich, and their masters are very exacting. With all this, however, they share in the happiness of their employers far more than do those here, and this alone does more to keep them at home than the prospect of high wages does to entice them away. The real children come in for a treatment almost as severe as that of a soldier, but here, of course, the love of the parent is vastly more powerful than the benevolence of the military superior. The parent most keenly realizes that school-training is the foundation of nearly all future progress, and watches, therefore, carefully over the child's work. He hears the child recite his lesson before going off in the morning, and takes the greatest interest in the reports from school. The schools of Germany being nearly all day schools, the children and their parents are very much together, and there are therefore many opportunities for the child to absorb lessons of a moral and intellectual kind in the most natural way. The school work being to the child of great interest, and the parent knowing from day to day the progress made, nothing is easier than for them to discuss the work of the day in their walks. In this way the parent can smooth away many of his boy's difficulties, and make his studies even more attractive. The family circle of an evening is in Germany a picture of happiness, one where each is able to contribute something to the entertainment of all. Music takes, of course, first rank, and hard, indeed, would it be to find a family of even very narrow means where this accomplishment was not cultivated. Some of the children play on an instrument—piano, zither, violin or guitar; all will sing. The family room is the largest room of the house, where the sewing is done in the daytime, where meals are served, and where the family congregates far an hour or two's diversion before bedtime. On anniversaries a family celebration is always arranged. The youngest recites a few lines; another reads six poems on the piano; a third reads an essay relating to the festive occasion; the next, perhaps, has a violin obligato; this will be followed by a song; a more ambitious piano piece will succeed, and the evening close with some Latin verses, or an oration by the learned one of the family. Each one brings his share to the family entertainment, and no one is allowed to admit that he or she can do absolutely nothing to entertain others.

In this manner Germans of small means, but with good education, make their lives happy, give pleasure to their children and pave the way for a successful career when they come into individual or intellectual competition with men of other countries.—Poulton Bigelow, in Chicago America.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WAX.

An Extensive Deposit of Ozocerite Recently Found in Utah.

A carload of a peculiar mineral arrived in this city a few days ago. It was ozocerite, or mineral wax, and it came from Utah. Until recently this substance has not been known to exist in any quantity except in Moldavia and in Galicia, Austria. Three years ago, however, a deposit of the queer substance was discovered on the line of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, about 114 miles east of Salt Lake City. The mine is known to cover at least 150 acres, and over 1,000 tons per year can now be produced. Ozocerite resembles crude beeswax in appearance, and can be used for nearly all purposes for which wax is employed. It is now largely used in the manufacture of waxed paper. It enters into the composition of several brands of shoe polish. Mixed with paraffine, it produces an excellent grade of candles. One of the largest fields for the new material is the insulation of electric wires. It is claimed that ozocerite is preferable to any substance previously employed for this purpose. As the mineral wax comes out of the ground in condition to be used without refining, unless it is required for some special purpose, it is much cheaper than the product of the honey bee, and is evidently destined to be extensively used in the future.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Crow That Kept Bar.

Out in Monroe County, Miss., the crows have lately made themselves obnoxious by their persistent invasion of the corn fields. A man who had been hired to watch a particularly promising field and inform those birds if it was against the rule to pick up any thing therein, brought himself how he could make a "soft thing" of it for himself and at the same time meet the requirements of his contract. Finally, by a beautiful instinct, he hit upon the plan of soaking some corn in whisky and placing it in the field, so that the crows would eat it and get drunk, and thus enable him to have a sure and easy thing of killing them. He had tried the shotgun, but crows smell powder a long way. After soaking some corn over night he put a good supply in the field next morning, and in two or three hours went out to see how things went on. One of the crows a little larger than the rest had taken possession of nearly all the corn, and built himself a bar out of some clods of earth, and was retreating the whisky-soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted for one soaked grain. The man thought the whole proceeding so human that he killed not a crow, but came back to the house and took a "nip" himself. A farmer, who recently chopped down a hollow beech tree at Abena Station, O., which was apparently 150 years old, had his attention drawn to a peculiar-looking earthen jar, which was well sunken in the center of the hollow butt. A few blows of the axe liberated it from its confined position, and, after securing it, it was opened and found filled to the brim with silver coin. They were all of Spanish mintage, with a few exceptions. Some of the coins were over 300 years old, and all the Spanish silver pieces were 200 or 250 years old. The face value of the coins was about \$250.

FESTIVAL OF THE BATH.

How the Queen of Madagascar Observed a Peculiar Ceremony.

The Progress of the Inna, a French Journal published at Tananarive, gives an interesting description of the annual ceremony known as the Festival of the Bath, which is held at Madagascar on the 22d of November. The bazaar Ministers and foreign residents are always invited to this ceremony, which takes place in the royal palace. The Progress de l'Inna describes the Queen of Madagascar as being draped in a flowing robe of red, seated upon the throne, with a young Prince of the royal family at her feet. The Prime Minister was seated at her right, and to the left, upon a red velvet cushion, was the royal crown, with several of the princesses and principal dignitaries of the court seated, as usual, on the ground. The European spectators all stood facing the throne, the only one allowed a seat being M. Le Myre de Vilers, the French Minister. Behind the Europeans stood the ladies of the court, a number of officers and the choir of singers. The Queen's bath was placed in a corner of the room, raised off by curtains. After the Queen had taken her seat on the throne, a number of persons came in with the water and other objects to be used for the bath while underneath the bath itself a fire was lighted. As soon as the water was sufficiently heated the Queen came down from her throne and took a seat to the left, while a prayer was being recited and a hymn sung. She then went into the curtained enclosure and proceeded to take her bath, a salvo of artillery announcing to the people that the sovereign was going through the most important part of the ceremony. At the end of about a quarter of an hour the Queen came from the bath dressed in a scarlet robe trimmed with lace, wearing her crown and a magnificent diamond necklace, and holding in her left hand the horn of an ox tipped with silver, inside which was water from the bath. Accompanied by her Prime Minister, she walked to the principal door of the throne room, sprinkling the spectators as she passed along. Salvoes of artillery were fired all the time and until she had taken her seat on the throne again. The Princesses of the different castes, of the nobility and the Ministers then came to pay their respects to the Queen and call down upon her head all the blessings of heaven. Hearing in the name of the people and the army, as well as his own, the Prime Minister said in substance that they were all very pleased that the Fandrona had come round, that they all hoped her Majesty would live long enough to see a thousand such ceremonies, and that the Queen could count upon the devotion of all her subjects. He concluded his speech by saying that the relations of Madagascar with foreign nations were most satisfactory, to which the Queen replied very briefly: "These being your words, I am very pleased and hopeful for the future. May you live long, gentlemen, and may God bless you!" Rice, milk, with pieces of beef preserved since the previous year's festival, were then served, and after another hymn the ceremony ended. For three days before the festival it is unlawful to kill oxen or sheep for food; but the day after the festival there is a wholesale slaughter of oxen, it being estimated that from four thousand to five thousand beasts are killed in the twenty-four hours at Tananarive alone. It is the custom for each family to send a quarter of beef to its relatives and most intimate friends, the meat at which this feast is eaten being followed by sports and national dances.

Who Has Not Suffered Like This?

"In this where Mr. Pallister lives?" inquired the caller, referring to a memorandum he carried in his hand. "No, sir," replied the man of the house, who had answered the door bell himself. "Why, I was told this was his street and number." "He doesn't reside here, sir." "But this is No. 614, isn't it?" "Yes." "The caller looked at his memorandum again. "That's strange," he said, eyeing the man of the house with something like suspicion. "No. 614 Webster place. That's the direction I have here. Didn't Mr. Pallister live in this house until recently?" "I don't know." "Do you know where he lives now?" "I do not." "Is there any such man on this street?" "I don't know, sir." "Well, that beats me. Your name isn't Pallister, is it?" "No." "Do you know—?" "I tell you I don't know of any such man." "Do you suppose—?" "I don't suppose anything. Is that all you want of me, sir?" "Where do you think I would be likely to find?" "By shutting the door in the face of the man who wanted to find Mr. Pallister the exasperated victim saved himself from the commission of a deed that a jury of ignorant and untried men would have mistakenly pronounced murder.—Chicago Tribune.

Before the Hits.

"I like to speak about some law," said a caller at police headquarters, yesterday. "Yes," replied the sergeant. "If a man hit a dog, and dot dog bites me, can I make dose man pay me some things?" "Well, that depends. You could tell better after trying." "But I don't try him." "Have you been bitten by a dog?" "No, sir. I know dot dog likes to bite me and so I poison him off before he gets a chance." "Then there's no question of law to be decided." "Maybe not. I come here to see about her." "If you have poisoned anybody's dog you'd better keep your mouth shut about it. That's my advice." "I don't tell nobody but ten people about him so far, and I shan't speak to nobody else. Dot was good advice. I hope you good day."—Detroit Free Press.

Prof. Huxley remarks of those who gulp down raw oysters with a smack of the lips, evidencing gustatory satisfaction, that "few people imagine that they are swallowing a piece of machinery (and going machinery, too) greatly more complicated than a watch." The oyster though a lowly organism is highly organized or differentiated in its vital parts, and is about the only form of animal life which we swallow raw, while yet alive—but who would eat a raw dead oyster.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A Philadelphia Doctor Plays the Samaritan with Questionable Success.

A good friend of mine, a kind-hearted man, loving and gentle at heart, although a Philadelphian, held me the other day until I missed a train while he did a plain, unvarnished tale, perfectly rigid with cold fact in perfectly so. The first thing to be done is to see that each plate is made a perfect circle. A hob is then cut in the center, and the teeth are marked around the rim. The plate is then taken to a machine on which the teeth are to be cut. It is placed upon a pin at such a distance from the machine that the edge comes beneath the die, and the operation of teeth-cutting begins. The steel is cut cold, each tooth being made by one blow. All sizes and descriptions of dies are necessary, as the style of saw and saw-teeth are many. After the teeth have been cut the next operation is that of tempering, which is the most difficult and important process in the making of a saw. Several saws are placed in the furnace at a time and allowed to remain until they have reached the proper temperature, a light cherry red, when the plates must be taken from the oven and plunged into a vat of white oil, heated by pieces of red-hot iron or steel, which are placed in the vat one after another until its contents are properly heated. As each piece is dropped in, a brilliant flame leaps from the surface of the oil, and continues to burn until extinguished by stirring the liquid with a long iron rod. The large glowing plates are then cautiously slid into the vat. Leaving the tempering department, the saw goes back to the main shop to be hammered and straightened ready for grinding. This work is done by hand. After the plate, which has been more or less warped during the tempering process, has been made perfectly straight again, it is placed in the grinding machine, which is a carriage between two wheels which turn it, and at the same time press its sides against a rapidly revolving grindstone. The carriage is fixed in automatic bearings, and is moved back and forth at the will of the operator. It usually takes about two hours to grind a large five-foot circular saw, though the time varies according to the kind of saw that is being polished. The next operation is that of polishing, which is done with emery wheels. To polish a large circular saw the plate is secured to a large wheel or flange, which turns, carrying the saw with it, the workman man while pressing an emery ball (attached to a handle) against the side. The saw must then be "rounded," that is, care must be taken to prevent one tooth projecting farther than the others. For this purpose the saw is placed in a bearing, and made to turn slowly. It is then gradually brought in contact with an emery wheel, the latter turning very swiftly, until the edge of every tooth touches the wheel. The saw is next sharpened and submitted to further hammering for the purpose of "truing" and straightening, and is then eased ready for shipment.

One important part of the sawmaker's business is the renovation of old saws injured in fires. It is straightened up, tempered over again, and provided with a new set of teeth.

This article has dealt only with common circular saws, the teeth of which are not separate from the plate. Other saws, however, supplied with inserted teeth of various kinds, are made in large numbers. These are all patent saws, and can be supplied with new sets of false teeth as often as necessary.—Mechanical News.

ABOUT CIRCULAR SAWS.

How the Plates from Which They Are Made Are Treated and Tempered.

Ordinary circular saws are of all sizes from six inches to six feet in diameter. The plates from which they are shaped come from steel mills in circular form, almost round, if not perfectly so. The first thing to be done is to see that each plate is made a perfect circle. A hob is then cut in the center, and the teeth are marked around the rim. The plate is then taken to a machine on which the teeth are to be cut. It is placed upon a pin at such a distance from the machine that the edge comes beneath the die, and the operation of teeth-cutting begins. The steel is cut cold, each tooth being made by one blow. All sizes and descriptions of dies are necessary, as the style of saw and saw-teeth are many. After the teeth have been cut the next operation is that of tempering, which is the most difficult and important process in the making of a saw. Several saws are placed in the furnace at a time and allowed to remain until they have reached the proper temperature, a light cherry red, when the plates must be taken from the oven and plunged into a vat of white oil, heated by pieces of red-hot iron or steel, which are placed in the vat one after another until its contents are properly heated. As each piece is dropped in, a brilliant flame leaps from the surface of the oil, and continues to burn until extinguished by stirring the liquid with a long iron rod. The large glowing plates are then cautiously slid into the vat. Leaving the tempering department, the saw goes back to the main shop to be hammered and straightened ready for grinding. This work is done by hand. After the plate, which has been more or less warped during the tempering process, has been made perfectly straight again, it is placed in the grinding machine, which is a carriage between two wheels which turn it, and at the same time press its sides against a rapidly revolving grindstone. The carriage is fixed in automatic bearings, and is moved back and forth at the will of the operator. It usually takes about two hours to grind a large five-foot circular saw, though the time varies according to the kind of saw that is being polished. The next operation is that of polishing, which is done with emery wheels. To polish a large circular saw the plate is secured to a large wheel or flange, which turns, carrying the saw with it, the workman man while pressing an emery ball (attached to a handle) against the side. The saw must then be "rounded," that is, care must be taken to prevent one tooth projecting farther than the others. For this purpose the saw is placed in a bearing, and made to turn slowly. It is then gradually brought in contact with an emery wheel, the latter turning very swiftly, until the edge of every tooth touches the wheel. The saw is next sharpened and submitted to further hammering for the purpose of "truing" and straightening, and is then eased ready for shipment.

QUAINT WORSHIPERS.

How Clergymen Used to Read from the Single Book on Hand.

This was in the good old days of Methodism when the solemn congregation was not supplied with hymn books, and in all probability could not read them if they had been.

At Wallersburg, a quaint old mountain town in the heart of the Blue Mountains, along the Maryland State line, the minister, as had been his wont for full forty years, arose to read a few lines of the hymn from his solitary book, when it was the duty of the worshippers to sing the lines and await their cue from the next.

The good and holy man appeared somewhat nervous on this special Sabbath morn, but even his nervousness could not cause him to deviate one single inflection in his see-saw-cracked intonation as he leaned forward, as he had done many a time and oft in giving the opening hymn, and said with the old-time drawl that seems forever lost:

My eyes are dim, I can not see. I lift my eyes at thee.

The quaint, simple, faithful congregation dutifully sang:

Now aw we deem aw caw naw saw, etc. This slightly rattled the dear old man, and his voice trembled somewhat on the rising inflection, but not enough to create a suspicion in the minds of the slow-thinking congregation, as he said:

I did not mean that you should sing. I only meant my eyes were dim.

Away went the congregation again to the sweet tune of "Old Hundred":

Aw caw we deem thaw yaw saw saw, etc. It has been many years since the little three-cornered plot of ground back of the old church has held the revered form of the faithful pastor, but even to this day there is a legend in those mountain wilds that the quiet, holy man had once laughed outright in the pulpit, and for no apparent cause.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—This reminiscence of the holidays is related by the Athens (Ga.) Banner: "During the holidays a beautiful young lady visited Marietta, and a couple of young men fell victims to her charms. While there they were all attention, and every thing was done to make her stay pleasant. The time came when she must depart. She told her friends she must spend one day in Atlanta, and the next day following she would journey homeward. On that day the Marietta young men were in Atlanta to bid her good-bye. She was on the cars, and as the last adieu were about to be said she begged permission to whom she had married in Atlanta the day before."—

EATING-HOUSE REVENGE.

Bad Fate of a Frenchman Whose Trickery Caused Him Considerable Trouble.

"Parlez vous Francais, monsieur?" "Not by a is go majority," I replied, somewhat harshly, for I did not relish having my meditations disturbed by a beggar. "Pardonnez moi, monsieur?" The manner of the man was charming. Despite his seedy clothing and the battered tile which he held in his hand he looked like a gentleman, or one who had once been a gentleman. "If you can spin your yarn in English I'll listen to it," I said, still somewhat brusquely, for I was skeptical on the subject of beggars, and believed that indiscriminate almsgiving was a mighty bad thing for society in general.

In broken English he unfolded a piteous tale of woe. He was a dentist. He had come over from Rouen a month before. He had spent all his little store of money trying to get work, and now he was reduced to the painful necessity of appealing for charity. "Ah! monsieur, you have ze courage and ze confidence of ze young; but, monsieur, ze snows of ze winters are beginning to come on me, and when one suffers ze hungare ze heart gets cold, and it is very bitare, monsieur."

Skeptical couldn't withstand such talk and such a manner. I took him to a restaurant, gave him a good dinner and a dollar bill and shook hands with him at parting and wished him good luck; and when I went home and smoked my cigar I felt on mighty good terms with myself. And I congratulated myself that I was not like some people who stick to cast-iron principles and never discriminate in their application.

A week later I saw my French gentleman again. He didn't see me. He was doing the blind-peddler act on the Bowery. The spectacle was disastrous to my self-esteem. All this happened several months ago.

The other day a familiar voice sounded in my ear: "Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?"

In a moment I conceived a fiendish plot to secure revenge. He had obviously forgotten me. I listened to his pathetic story. I took him to a cheap restaurant, where price and quality are supposed to atone for all defects in respect to the quality of the fare served.

"Monsieur is too good," said the Frenchman when we reached the entrance, and could sniff the odors that came from within. "I fear zat I trouble him too much."

"Not at all, not at all. I intend to give you a treat that will make you remember me."

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, but stepped in. I informed the proprietor privately of my little scheme, and gave him the order for the Frenchman's dinner. I wasn't hungry myself; I would smoke a cigar. First there was set before him a five-cent bowl of steaming soup, into whose ingredients it would not be judicious to inquire too closely.

The Frenchman made slow work with it, and hadn't half finished it when he protested that "ze hungare" was satisfied.

"You will oblige me by eating it all," I said.

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur," he said, "but I have eaten it before you, I'll have you arrested."

"Saere!" hissed the Frenchman, rising with the intention of bolting through the door.

"Sit down, you clump!" exclaimed the proprietor, putting a heavy hand on his shoulder and forcing him into his seat.

Before he got out that Frenchman ate a mess named "Irish stew," an alleged beefsteak pie, a plate loaded with something that bore an outward resemblance to sausages, assorted vegetables and a couple of so-called mince pies.

The sufferings of the Frenchman were piteous to behold; but "revenge is sweet." Besides, it was cheap, for it cost only twenty-five cents. Should we ever meet again, that Frenchman will remember me.—Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

Felling Trees by Electricity.

Hitherto machines for felling trees have been driven by steam power, but this is sometimes inconvenient, especially in thick woods, and electric power has recently been adopted in the Gallician forests. Usually in such machines the trunk is sawn, but in this one it is drilled. When the wood is of a soft nature the drill has a sweeping motion and cuts into the trunk by means of cutting edges on its sides. The drill is actuated by an electric motor mounted on a carriage, which is brought up close to the tree and shackled to it. The motor is capable of turning round its vertical axis, and the drill is geared to it in such a manner that it can turn through an arc of a circle and make a sweeping cut into the trunk. The first cut made, the drill is advanced a few inches and another section of the wood removed in the same way until the trunk is half severed. It is then clamped to keep the cut from closing, and the operation continued until it would be unsafe to go on. The remainder is finished by a hand saw or an axe. The current is conveyed to the motor by insulated leads brought through the forest from a generator placed in some convenient site.—London Times.

—After scratching his head and thinking for some moments, a Grand Rapids boy said to his mother: "If God makes a stock of little boy and girl babies and gives them to married folks, it seems funny to me that they look so much like their papas and mammas every time."—Detroit Tribune.

—The salary of the King of Samoa is twenty dollars a month; and an American wouldn't wear the clothes the King wears in oak staccos for twenty dollars a week. Twenty dollars a month is a small salary for a King, but it may be that he is frequently presented with a few shares of Pan-Electric stock in exchange for his influence.—Norristown He aid.

AN UNFORTUNATE HABIT.

A Few Words to Men Who Speak Disparagingly of the Other Sex.

"It is as much as you can expect of a woman, any way."

An irresponsible young man friend of twenty was the speaker, and I was the audience. The audience had a strong inclination to box the speaker's ears. I made no answer to this remark about a lady who was at least twenty years older than the speaker, for I could not think just what course it would be wisest for me to pursue. Not desiring a scolding; that was very evident; but if I gave him one I was sure that I would be doing the very thing he was trying to get me to do, and it is discouraging to scold a young man only to hear him break out into a fit of hearty laughter just when you begin to think that you are really making an impression.

I do not enjoy hearing young men speak disparagingly of any woman; but it is especially disagreeable when the woman happens to be their senior by several years. It shows a pitiful lack of the feeling that true gentlemen always have for the opposite sex. It is a very common style of wit, I know, and not at all hard to acquire, especially among a certain class. But I have seen men who could not indulge in it with any sort of success, let them try as hard as they would. "Sometimes I try to get off some such a joke," a young man said to me not long ago, "but I know that it falls flat; and I feel almost as mean as I would were I joking about sacred things. I fear that they who hear my joke may get a wrong impression of my mother and sister, for it is so natural to infer that such remarks are but the result of personal experiences."

That man had the instincts of a true gentleman. Even in fun he could not speak slightly of a woman because of the love and respect he bore for his mother and sisters. That there are not more such men is chiefly the fault of the home training that they receive. Little boys who are allowed to speak in that way of their sisters or their little girl friends never realize that they are forming a habit which, in after years, will stamp them as ill-bred and ungentlemanly. I have even heard little fellows of nine and ten speak of their mother in a way that was actually insulting, and in the presence of the father. Instead of being reproved, they received a flattering appreciation of their wit, in the form of an illy-concealed laughter.

"It is so cunning," the parents would say, "to hear so young a boy adopting the manner and speech of a man!" A man, perhaps, but not a gentleman. The time will come when the mother will dislike in her young man son what she now thinks so cute in her little boy; but when it does come, she will then be powerless to break him of the habit she carelessly allowed him to acquire.—Minneapolis Spectator.

CHINESE ASTROLOGERS.

Remarkable Sagacity of the Flowery Kingdom's Imperial Family.

The household of the Emperor of China includes thirty umbrellabearers and seventy-five astrologers. The astrologers, who correspond to the signal-service bureau of this country, predict every day the weather for the morrow. If they predict rain the umbrellabearers take a day off. If they announce fair weather, on the other hand, the umbrellabearers, mandarins of the overleash and mackintosh men report at the palace at 6:30 a. m. The Emperor of China may be a heathen Chinese, but he knows enough to copper his astrologers and meteorologists. As an instance of the sagacity of the Chinese Imperial family in this regard we may mention the signal refutation of judicial astrology made by Hung-Boef-Tung, a granduncle of the present Emperor. Chow-Chow, president of the Imperial College of Astrologers, came to Prince Hung's palace one morning and said: "Scion of seventy thousand generations of Hungs, your poor servant has dreamed a dream. Meseemed that thou and I were transformed into great black dragons. Our wings were of equal length, and with equal flight we soared through the upper air."

"Well," asked the Prince, gracefully polishing his middle finger-nail with the flat of a dagger of the first dynasty, "what of it, young feller?"

"This, my puissant and graceful lord, that thy life and mine shall be long and of equal length. Astrology, Colonel Hung, is infallible."

"You are a liar!" cried the Prince, and slit the astrologer's wand. And it seems that Chow was a liar. For Old Hung survived him twenty-eight years and would be alive now if he had not opium alone. Since Chow's death the Chinese astrologers have, by Imperial order, confined their predictions to the weather. If they make a correct prediction they are executed, but thus far none have incurred the penalty. The American signal-service bureau has still something to learn from Chinese methods.—N. Y. Sun.

How He Lost Time.

Pedestrian—B-b-boy, can you t-tell me how t-t far it is to the po-po-post office?

Newboy—What d'ye say, mister?

Pedestrian—I-I reckon you-you heard me. How t-t far is it to the po-po-post office?

Newboy—Only half a block, mister. If you hadn't a-stopped to ask me you'd a been there a ready.—Life.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

"A Kansas apple has the flavor of a banana, the tart of a lemon and the fragrance of an orange," says a Kansas paper.

"Che Mah," the Chinese dwarf, the smallest lilliputian on earth, aged fifty years, is so small that you can cover him with an ordinary plug hat.

A church at Almont, Mich., raises money in a novel way. A box is placed in the church, and the members on their birthday dropped as many cents into the box as they are years old.

An Ohio farmer mortgaged his farm to get his wife some diamond ear-rings and she lost one of them in the suds the first wash day and attempted to hang herself in the barn.