

## The Half-Crazy Impassioned Genius Who Created Modern Russia.

In 1725 he created himself Emperor, placing the imperial crown upon his own head, and soon after on that of the Livonian peasant girl whom he married, the mistress of his favorite Prince Menschikoff, once an itinerant vendor of meat pies; she afterward succeeded Peter as Empress Catherine I. His merciless cruelty was shown early, on his return from his first journey, after pulling down the revolt of the Strelitz, a body of janissaries who had risen to replace his sister Sophia on the throne. He executed 2,000 of them in cold blood. His only son Alexia, who had opposed his measures and was accused among other crimes of "defending the proscribed" had gone abroad with his wife, but was lured home by an offer of reconciliation, when he was seized and condemned to death by his father and executed in prison.

His interference was as trying in small as in great things. One story of his didactic tyranny sounds like a lesson out of "Sandford and Merton." It is told by a Frenchman who heard it on the spot in Finland, where he was sent by Louis Philippe's government to obtain blocks of red porphyry which the Czar Nicholas had granted for the tomb of Napoleon under the dome of the Invalides at Paris. Peter was traveling incognito in part of Finland just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man, who told him he was going to Petersburg. "What for?" asked the Czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive."

"Do you know any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the prince's house with a note, the answer was not delayed; the next day, tied hand and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after Peter the Great was visiting the mines when suddenly the miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet, crying: "Grace, grace, what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you; I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first-rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!" Probably as over-fat is a disease, the poor man died of his "cure."

"The impatient activity of Peter," as a German writer calls it, attempted impossibilities; a perfectly barbarous people could not be dragged up to the level of civilization of other nations by mere force of a despot's will without passing through any of the intermediate stages. Accordingly the mass of the Russian people continues much the same in habits and education as they were when Peter began his reforms, and a sort of veneer among the people and military classes covers a degree of barbarism and corruption which the rest of Europe has long left behind. The restless ambition which he bequeathed to his successors has gone on to the present day. Cut off at first both from the Baltic and Black seas, they conquered the intervening territory in each case, and now declare that they will never rest until they get possession of the Dardanelles, "without which we have not the key to our own house," said Alexander the First.—Nineteenth Century.

## KNIVES FROM OLD FILES.

### An Experienced Artisan Explains How They Are Made.

As smiths are often asked to make knives from old files by farmers who believe that such knives are better than any they can buy at hardware stores, I will describe my way of making them. I first draw the temper by heating the file to a cherry red, then placing it in the ashes, and five inches under the forge and leaving it there until it is cool. I then grind out the file marks and next comes the drawing. I make the heat no higher than a bright cherry red, and use a good smooth-faced hammer. The file is drawn a little thicker than the back of the blade is to be, and the blade is then bent, edge down on the inside. The blade is then drawn to an edge, the drawing on the inner curve having the effect of straightening it. When it has been drawn to an even and nice color and straightened, three holes are drilled in it so that the handle can be fastened on it, and it is then shaped with a file. It is necessary to avoid getting the edge too thin, or else there will be trouble in tempering.

In tempering I use soft and somewhat warm water. I seize the handle end with a pair of tongs, hold the blade over a clear, well-charred fire with the back down, and heat evenly to the first hole until I see that the blade is red, and then plunge it endwise into the water. This should leave the blade so that when tried with a file, the file will take hold just a little. If this test shows that the blade is too hard, I dip it in linseed oil, hold it over a slow, clear fire until the oil ignites, and then dip into the water again. This will toughen and enable it to hold its edge better. The grinding should be done on a good, even-faced stone.

I have made many butcher knives in this way, and have never heard any complaint about them. There is not much profit in such work, but it helps to fill up leisure time.—Cor. Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

### The Force of Habit.

On the day before the execution the keeper informs a doomed man that a visitor wishes to see him.

"Do you know who he is?" asks the doomed man.

"No."

"Well, just ask him if he wants to collect a bill, and if he does, tell him to call day after to-morrow."—Texas Sifts.

—A Toledo manufacturer exhibited at the Detroit exposition a cake of silver soap weighing two pounds.

The routes are two. The quicker is down the Red Sea to Suakin; thence by caravan 240 miles to Berber; thence by sugar or steamer to Khartoum; thence 1,010 miles to Lado, also by water. A very quick trip without delays would be forty days. The other route is by river 500 miles to Assouan, six miles by rail around the first cataract, 130 miles by water to Koroko, nine days by caravan to Abou Hammed, and thence by water and caravan to Berber, and the rest of the journey as before. The desert journey from Koroko to Abou Hammed is a hard one, with water at but one place on the route; but it is taken to cut off the great bend of the Nile, which is full of rapids.

## UNDER THE STARS.

The midnight hour is here, and silence broods With folded wings o'er all the sleeping world; The white will within the sedge leaf Hath hushed his querulous song, and the dull owl

Sits calm and voiceless in the darkness wood, Impelled by sleepless care I walk abroad Through the moist meadows, where the breath- ing flowers

Send forth sweet incense to the sleeping hills, Whose shadows hold the vale in loved embrace. Softly the breeze comes from the groves afar, Bearing away in silence to the stars, Whilst earth lies weeping tears of pearly dew For the dear loss, but speaks no evil word.

Out of the moonless skies the luminous stars, Streaming in wondrous harmony and grace, Round the great central throne of majesty, Flash down sweet words of peace and truth and love:

Peace in the perfect motion of the spheres, Truth in the light that streams upon the world, And love in the dread power that holds them still Unswerving in their way through the blue deeps.

I bow my head in silence as I walk, And saddening cares and wearying toil forget; I listen to the voices of the stars: For oh, they speak with no uncertain sound, And in their motion sing Thy praise, O God, Thy praise and love, Thy majesty and might In such a blessed hour of rest, and leaves The soul rejoicing for the glory of God Falls down in golden rays upon the earth, And truth and beauty live in the sweet light.

—D. J. Donahoe, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## HUMBLE HERO.

### An Incident of the Flood in the Alabama River.

Negroes frequently exhibit a wonderful degree of heroism in times of danger. An instance of this I witnessed in the spring of 1896, when a freshet in the Alabama river caused the country on each side to be overflowed by water for many miles.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together upon some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. There they often remained two or three days and nights without food and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately, the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers, and filled with cooked provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn crib, around which the water was rapidly rising, and so rendering their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started out at once to their assistance. In one of these I went, accompanied by another white man and a negro.

An amusing occurrence took place not long after our starting. In the middle of a submerged field, about one hundred yards to our right, we saw a little, woolly black head, with a frightened black face beneath it, projecting from the water. We rowed hastily towards it and drew out of the muddy water a negro boy about eight years old, perfectly naked, and held him up among us.

"Here, Moses," cried one, holding a tin cup with whiskey in it to his mouth, "here, take a drink."

"Take a bite of this bread, Moses," cried another, trying to crowd the bread into his mouth.

"No; let Moses have some of this fried bacon. It'll do him the most good," said the negro oarsman.

But Moses shook his head and turned aside from all the offered food.

"I've erbringed to yer, marsters," he said, while his white teeth shone and his eyes rolled wildly. "I've erbringed to yer, but I hain't set down in two days, by tryin' to keep my head out'n de watah, an' all I wants, ef yer please, is to set down."

He was promptly wrapped in a blanket and set down, where for an hour he sat without moving, enjoying the perfect rest of his new position. At the end of that time he began to eat. I draw a veil over his performance in this line. We feared we had rescued him from a watery grave to kill him with corn bread and bacon, although the negro oarsman insisted that he never heard of a "niggrah bein' hurt by too much to eat."

Meeting a returning boat soon after, we put Moses in it and sent him to town. I never heard of him again, but presume he survived both his unusual bath and banquet.

We resumed our journey, and just before dark sighted the corn crib, upon which a mass of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling, and daylight beginning to fade away, their condition became most distressing, as they sat in perfect silence watching our approach.

"Go on, marster," she answered. "I thanks yer, en I pray de good Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I gwine stay hyah wid my ole man. Ef Jimm'n got to git drowned, Lyddy gwine git drowned, too. We dun bin togedder too long to part now."

And we had to leave her, after throwing them some blankets and a lot of provisions. As we rode off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness. They dared not have a light, for fear of setting fire to their frail support. We stopped our oars to listen to the song. It came clear and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling voice, and then a chorus of a dozen or more of the deep bass voices of the men:

"We're a clingin' to de ark, Take us in, take us in, Furdie watah's deep en dark, Take us in, take us in, Do de flesh is po' en weak, Take us in, take us in, 'Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek Take us in, take us in, Den Lawd, hole out dy ha', Take us in, take us in, Draw de sinners to de ark, Take us in, take us in."

We could wait and listen to the weird sounds no longer, but struck our oars into the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat, bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the crib and saved all of its living freight. The crib had, apparently, been held down by their weight, for, as the last one left it, it turned over and floated away to the Gulf.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that, as they neared the crib, the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

"De Lawd is hyah! our cry, Answered by the men: 'Take us in, take us in, En He'll save us by en by, Take us in, take us in.'"

To this simple-hearted old creature divorce courts and separations were unknown. With her it was "until death do us part."—Detroit Free Press.

## THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

### They Form a Completely United Body, Enterprising and Harmonious.

No State of the Union is a nation, though several States exceed European nations both in size and population, the State of New York, for example, being both larger and more populous than the whole of Switzerland; and no State represents a historical nationality. Hence the experience of America, it may be observed, throws no light on the possibility of using "federalism and local autonomy as convenient methods either for recognizing and giving free scope to the sentiment of nationality which may exist in any part of an empire, or for meeting the need for local institutions and distinct legislation which may arise from differences between such a part and the rest of the empire." The States, looked at as a whole, make up the United States, but the United States are nothing but the political form into which circumstances have molded the constitution of a single nation. The Americans are as much one people as the French or the Italians; they form a more completely united body than do the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. The men you meet at New York differ less from the men you meet at Chicago than Londoners from the citizens of Edinburgh or than both from the citizens of Cork. The difference, indeed, between whites and blacks is of course fundamental, but the aim of the negro is to imitate to the best of his power the ordinary American citizen, and there does not exist at present, and as far as one dare prophesy any thing, there is not much likelihood there will exist in the Union any thing like negro nationality. Meanwhile—and this is of primary importance—the division into States does not correspond with differences of religious creed. An Englishman who goes from London to Edinburgh enters into a new moral atmosphere. Who can pass a month in Scotland without hearing of the differences which divide the Free Church from the Establishment? What same man living in England cares to recall these subjects of division? The Roman Catholic citizen of Ticino is a different man from the German Roman Catholic of Lucerne; each differs from the German Protestant of Bern or the French Protestant of Geneva. A citizen of the United States is an American; he is not a Californian or a New Yorker.—Edinburgh Review.

### Doing His Prettiest.

Mr. Budworthy—"Rather clever fellow, that young Dudslog, don't you think?"

Miss Tewstules—I really couldn't tell. He scarcely uttered a word the whole time he was here.

Mr. Budworthy—Sly dog! He knows when he is at his best.—Puck.

—Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., has an endowment of \$700,000.

### Upper Burma's Magnetic Rock.

In a recent report on magnetic rock among the hills of Upper Burma, Dr. Neelting describes a mountain or hill at Singuawing which consists of a huge mass of iron ore. Having noticed on the way numerous pieces of iron ore, which became still more frequent on the southern side of the hill, an examination was made of the latter in various directions, and it was found that the surface was everywhere covered with huge blocks of iron ore, originating evidently from the superficial decomposition of lower beds, leading to the conclusion that the whole hill must consist of a large mass of the ore. Dr. N. was unable, however, to ascertain the geological conditions under which this ore occurs, or its exact limits or extensions, on account of the dense jungle, as well as the tremendous attraction, the latter rendering his compass useless. He estimates, however, that the hill covers at least an area of about a square mile, and that it rises about two hundred feet above the level of the Twingwa valley. The ore is hermetic peroxide of iron.—N. Y. Sun.

## PUMPED BY ELECTRICITY.

### An Effective Organ Motor Introduced in Several New York Churches.

Not least among the many uses which electricity now subserves is its adaptability through the medium of motors to the operating of church organs. During the last two or three years experiments have been made to this end by the various electric light and electric motor companies, which have finally resulted in the perfecting of a machine which is fast revolutionizing the antiquated methods of providing large organs with a satisfactory motive power.

The first church in the country, and probably in the world, to make use of this latest triumph of electrical science was St. Paul's, of this city, which for nearly a year has operated its organ by means of a one-horse power C and C motor, where formerly four men were required to do the same amount of work. The experiment has been watched with great interest by electricians, for its success meant the opening of a large and remunerative field to manufacturers of electric motors. It has proved such a complete success that seven of the largest church organs in New York have recently been similarly equipped. They are St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Collegiate Reformed Church, the Madison Square Church, Trinity, St. Thomas', Calvary and St. Ignatius'.

The advantages of the motor over other means of pumping organ bellows are so many and evident, that it is but the question of a short time before all churches within reach of an electric current will be provided with the labor-saving appliance. Henceforth the organist is independent of his bete noire, the human organ blower, or the vagaries of the gas engine. He now seats himself at his instrument, presses a button within reach of his hand, and the motor revolves, the bellows rise and fall, and the organ, obedient to his touch, gives forth its music in praise of the works of man as well as of God. No longer is he in momentary dread that the small boy, owing to the soporific influences of his playing, or to the defective working of an antiquated engine, will force him, figuratively speaking, to whistle for a breeze.

The use of the water motor, the cheapest of all known methods for generating wind, was made impossible in this city some years since because of the enormous waste of water which it necessarily involved. The great and insurmountable objections to the gas engine is that it has been found impossible, either to minimize or overcome the noise and the great expense involved both initial and constant. The cost of the equipping an organ with an electric motor is less than half that for the simplest kind of gas engine. The cost of operating is also decidedly less. It is not more than ten dollars a month per horse power, and as the size of the motor is increased the relative cost per horse power is diminished. Where the church is already fitted with electric light wires the expense is, of course, much reduced. The St. Thomas' church organ, the largest in the city, is easily and satisfactorily run by a motor of four-horse power.

The small space that the motor occupies, the evenness of its blowing, the facility of its control in starting and stopping, as well as in regulating, and the little attention required, are the special advantages claimed for it over any other power used for this purpose. It runs with practically no noise, is free from heat or odor, gives no trouble from frost in the coldest weather, and is always to be depended upon to do what is asked of it. If an organ is built for power, its attachment is the work of a moment. If built to be run by hand, it can easily be transformed into one ready for power. Regulation may be effected by varying the speed of the motor by the movement of the bellows, or by using a constant speed motor employing a mechanical movement to connect or disconnect the power by shifting a belt which is acted upon by the rise or fall of the bellows.

The one in use at St. Paul's is an automatic motor connected to the main driving pulley by a shifting belt. When the bellows rise to a certain point this belt is made to work on a loose pulley, thus disconnecting the motor from the driving shaft. When, however, the bellows fall below this point (by the use of compressed air) the belt is made to automatically shift on to the tight pulley, and the motor again does its work. Another method of regulation is by connecting the motor itself with bellows to regulate the power given out by the motor. As the bellows rise the speed of the motor is reduced until they are full; at that point the motor is at rest, and starts as the bellows again fall.—N. Y. Times.

### A Mississippi Girl's Revenge.

A young lady of Mississippi was visiting the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and was entertained at a dinner party at the Governor's mansion. During the course of the dinner a degeneration of the Governor talked loosely about things in general, and among them of a visit to Mississippi, remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour through the State. The girl from Mississippi awaited her opportunity, and during a lull in the conversation turned and asked the Governor if what she had heard of the gentlemen of Kentucky was true. The Governor wanted to know what it was, and the attention of the whole company was directed to the lady's response: "Well," said she, "I heard that Kentucky gentlemen educate their horses and turn their sons out to grass."

—The largest collection of coins, 125,000 in number, is in the cabinet of antiquities, Vienna.

—Queen Victoria, among her many other cares of office, has to edit carefully the Court Circular daily.

—At the majority of Bertheourt, France, babies are now baptized in the name of the republic, and so duly registered.

—The Empress of Germany is said to wear on her shoulder at court fetes a magnificent agraife in diamonds which belonged to Napoleon I. and which was attached to his hat at Waterloo.

## GOWER'S SHAKESPEARE.

### Statue in the Memorial Gardens, Stratford-on-Avon.

One of the features of Stratford, interesting to the Shakespeare pilgrim, is Lord Ronald Gower's statue of the poet, erected last summer in the Memorial gardens. This work is fine in some of its details, but not fortunate in all, and certainly infelicitous in its composition and its style. It consists of a vast pedestal, on the top of which stands the full length bronze figure of Shakespeare, while at the four corners of the base are bronze figures of Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Henry V. and Falstaff. These character figures are here named in the order of their merit. Hamlet, the face and figure of a noble ideal. The face and figure are full of misery, yet full of thought. The type of man thus embodied would be at once recognized anywhere—an imperial, powerful, tender, gracious nature, completely broken and subjugated by hopeless grief. Lady Macbeth, though conventional in treatment, does convey the idea of remorse and of physical attenuation from suffering, and likewise the sense of being haunted. Henry V. is represented as putting on the crown. The figure is lithe, graceful and spirited, and the action of it is natural. It lacks royal individuality, however, and it might be taken for anybody as soon as for Prince Henry. Falstaff appears as a type of gross, chuckling humor, and almost might be taken for Gargamish or King Lear. The intellect and the predominant character of Falstaff are not indicated. These figures are dwarfed by the size of the stone they surround—a huge pillar, upon which appropriate lines upon Shakespeare, selected by Mr. Flower, have been inscribed. The statue of Shakespeare himself shows a man of solid self-consecration and iron will; an observer, of universal view and incessant vigilance. The remarkable feature of this figure is the piercing look of the eyes. This is a man who sees, ponders and records. Imagination and sensibility are not strongly suggested. The face lacks modeling; it is as smooth as a child's face—without characteristic curve or wrinkle; perhaps it was designed to express an idea of eternal youth. The man who had Shakespeare's obvious experience must have risen far above all that this world can do, to bless or to ban a human life. This structure, finally, has been badly placed. It stands on the south side of the Memorial building, and within a few feet of it, so that it is almost swallowed up by what was injudiciously intended for its background. It would show to far better advantage if placed farther to the southward, looking down the long reach of the Avon to Shakespeare's church. The face of the poet could then be seen from the spot where he died, while his face would still look, as it does now, toward his tomb.—Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

### THE USEFUL CACTUS.

#### Without It the Average Mexican Would Lead a Sorry Existence.

The remark has been made that "the cactus has many good points and will not be set down upon." The remark is a true one, for, as is the reindeer to the Laplander, so is the cactus to the poor Mexican. It furnishes him with a home, such as it is. His foot in many ways is prepared from the cactus. Sit down to a meal in a wretched Mexican jail, and if you do not wish to spread your length upon the floor, you will be offered a small wicker stool made from the tough fibre of the cactus. The matting spread upon the dirt floor, which serves as a table, is woven from the same material.

Corn-cake (tortillas), boiled beans, great fat fellows, and a pleasant and wholesome dish of stewed cactus cut into small squares, about the size of a pea, will constitute your repast of solids. The fruit, without which no Mexican meal is complete, will be the luscious tuna, which grows around the edges of the prickly leaves of the cactus, and which, when growing, resembles a huge green shield surrounded by a crescent of thorny knobs about the size of a small apple, as if serving as a protection for the tender edges of the leaves. In a Mexican dinner, sweets always occupy a conspicuous part, and on this occasion the dulce will be the preserved roots or leaves of this same cactus.

Though the Mexican people are not a race of hard drinkers, yet at meal times the wine or other fermented liquors are inevitable, and as the lower class of Mexicans can not well afford wine, they are invited to partake once more of this much abused cactus, this time in the form of tequila, a most atrocious drink, which looks like gin, harmless enough to all appearances, but which goes down your throat like a wave of fire, and gives you glasses of which will make you drunk clear to your finger tips. Should this prove too much for you, you are at liberty to partake of another beverage derived from the same source, but not quite as ardent, i. e., mescal. This liquid leaves a delicate suggestion of tar and red pepper in your mouth, and, if drunk after eating a certain kind of domestic fruit, it is very dangerous, and in many cases results very disastrously for the imbiber.—Mexico Letter.

### —A Native of India residing in London expressed a wish lately to send by parcel post to India the ashes of his cremated brother, to be dropped into the sacred Ganges. He was informed that unless he could limit the weight of the parcel to eleven pounds the post-office could offer him no facilities, and he sadly withdrew.

—Although a telegraph system has been in operation in England for so many years, it is only recently that facilities for telegraphing money have been afforded the country. Now in eighteen of the largest cities a money-order can be telegraphed from or paid at the post-office, but already there are complaints that no saving is effected by the new system. Telegraphing is such slow work in the old country, and the mail service is so exceptionally rapid, that a letter often beats a telegram in a fair race.

—The folk lore of Southern Russia can be partially imagined from a case which came before a judge at Odessa. A man applied for a writ to compel his daughter to leave the house, because when she saluted her parents she did not bow to them. He said he would withdraw his application if she would ask pardon and make the regular obeisance. The girl agreed. She asked pardon; but when she bowed the father cried: "Lower. Down with your head; down below the girdle!" She replied: "I won't bend as low as that; not if I have to leave the house." The judge therefore ordered her to leave, but she gave in finally and bowed her head to the girdle.

## A GOETHE ANECDOTE.

### An Interesting Story Characteristic of the Great German Thinker.

The following little story, which is amusing and characteristic of great Goethe in his last years, will, I think, interest that large portion of our cultured public which cares for the great German thinker and writer. Goethe was for many years intimate with Hofrath and Prof. Dr. Fr. Sigismund Voigt, and with the professor's wife, born V. Lbenich. The doctor and his wife lived at Jena, which is some nine or ten English miles distant from Weimar; and when Goethe visited the university city, he commonly spent his evenings with the Voigts. Goethe was, of course, the central point of attraction, and an object of the greatest reverence in the little circle which gathered together in the rooms of the professor. In the seventh volume of the "Goethe Jahrbuch" Edmund Stengel narrates the little story of the great man—an anecdote communicated to Stengel by Theodore Voigt, a son of the Jena professor. The probable date would be 1830.

In his last years Goethe had become monosyllabic and serious, and was also, at times, very forgetful. One afternoon a Hussar from Weimar came riding rapidly into Jena, and drew bridle at the door of the professor. This Hussar was the bearer of a note from Goethe to Voigt, in which the doctor was pressing him to come to Goethe that same evening, and it was added that a carriage would come for Voigt in about an hour. Voigt, naturally, gladly obeyed the summons, and was driven to Weimar to wait upon the poet. Arrived in Goethe's well-known room, Voigt found there, in addition to Goethe himself, Riemer, the poet's secretary, Eckermann, afterwards the poet's Boswell, and one or two other men, whose names are unrecorded. They were all sitting round a table, and Goethe wore a green shade over his eyes. No one spoke a word, but each man had before him a bottle of red wine. Voigt wished to announce himself, and to inquire what were his Excellency's commands; but Riemer whispered to him softly: "Hush! Excellency is thinking." Silence again. Silence again. Silence again. The men settled down upon the party; the men settled their wine noiselessly. At last, at ten p. m., the party broke up, Goethe dismissing his friends with his usual formula: "I wish my friends a good night."

The next morning Eckermann could remember nothing about the invitation of Voigt. Some idea must have crossed the poet's mind which made him desirous of seeing and speaking with the professor, but the idea had vanished, and had left no trace; so that Voigt returned to Jena without having learned why he had been so suddenly and needlessly summoned to Weimar.—H. Schütz Wilson, in London Athenaeum.

### STYLES IN SMALL FURS.

#### The Reign of the Boa to Be as Popular as It Was Last Season.

The reign of the boa is not over; that incomprehensible yet becoming ornament, garment, or accessory, in whichever category it may be classed, has entwined itself sinuously into the affections and around the shoulders of the devotees of fashion, and there it will probably remain a considerable part of the winter.

Boas of fluffy black bear, Russian sable, Hudson Bay sable, gray, silver, and black fox, are among the more expensive furs, and black lynx, natural lynx, and black marten are the more moderately-priced furs, the preference usually being either for black or very light furs.

Persian lamb and astrakhan are favorite furs this season, and the combination of seal-skin with astrakhan is too striking to escape notice, even among the smaller furs. The deep Russian collar, crossing diagonally on the bust and fastened at the side, is a favorite addition to the street garment of cloth or plush, and in seal-skin with astrakhan appliques apparently embedded in the fur, it is very effective. Collars of Persian lamb, astrakhan, beaver and various smooth-surfaced furs, are worn both separately and in connection with other outer garments, and partly supply the place of the short capes or peleries of fur which are still occasionally seen. Small cuffs of fur to match the collar are used, but when a muff is carried they are not very graceful.

Muffs are still the small round balls of fur they were last winter, and are simply finished with a soft satin lining. Seal-skin muffs are sometimes trimmed with cords of silk finished with small balls of fur, or with bows of ribbon, and some even are trimmed with other fur.

Trimming furs include a great variety—black furs, such as black bear, black marten, Russian and Hudson Bay sables; and light-colored furs, such as natural lynx, cinnamon bear, white Persian lamb and light-colored beavers. Directoire wraps of fur are put on cloth or plush raves and redingotes, and bands of fur edging the skirt, the blouse, or in lengthwise strips on the skirt, as if they were linings to the folds or plaits of the drapery, are very much used on either silk or woolen costumes.

Turbans and toques of seal-skin are trimmed with bands of otter, lynx or beaver, or with wings and different ornaments of fancy feathers, and often with both. For trimmings on cloth toques are of dark or light furs, as preferred, usually being selected with a view to contrast.—Demorest's Monthly.

—Ten cents was the reward given a Pottstown (Pa.) man the other day who found a stray \$3,000 team and spent an hour in finding the owner.

—You will find yourself much happier in studying the good qualities of others and exercising feelings of charity and good will toward them than you will by criticizing them. The one course will make you happy, the other miserable. Give free indulgence to every noble and generous sentiment. Rejoice in the excellence and prosperity of others. Keep self out of view and show interest in others. Sympathize with them and enter into their feelings.

## HONEST CARL DUNDER.

### The Old Fellow Is Catching On to American Ways at Last.

"Hello! Mr. Dunder!" saluted Sergeant Bendall as that individual entered the Central station, with a broad, satisfied smile on his countenance.

"Hello! Sergeant. Was eaterythings all right mit you?"

"I guess so. You look happy."

"Sergeant, I was shute like sweet al! No more troubles for me. I was catching on to do shute like Americans."

"I am glad of that. You used to be terribly green."

"So I was. Three months ago I don't know some beans in a bag. Hal hal! Der cows come along and take me for some grass. If it rains I shant right out doors and get wet. Hal hal! It makes me laugh when I see how green I was!"

"Anything happened lately?" queried the sergeant, in a careless way.

"Vhehl, not much. Some fellows try to beat me, but dey don't make out. I was too sharp for 'em. One feller comes along mit six pairs of sheep-shears in a bundle. He don't want to sell dose shears, but he likes to borrow three dollars for one day and leat 'em for security. If he don't come pack in one day dose shears was mine."

"I see."

"He don't come pack. Maybe he break his leg or something, but dot was nothing to me. I keep dose shears. If somebody beats me, sergeant, he shall hat to get oop werry early in der morning."

"I presume so. Have you the shears there?"

"I haf. I belief you like to see 'em." "They are worth two shillings a pair," said the sergeant, after an inspection. "You are out of pocket fourteen shillings, and what do you expect to do with sheep-shears?"

"Heafens! I don't think of dat!" gasped Mr. Dunder as he grew white in the face.

"Any thing else?"

"Vhehl, I got my life insured. I don't belief I was sheated by dot. A feller comes along und says vhas I Carl Dunder? I vhas. Vhehl, der President of der United States he likes me to call on you and insure your life. Do vhas a new company und a new idea. I let you in by der ground floor. I like your name to influence older people."