

CORSICA'S CAPITAL.

THE STRANGE AND INTERESTING OLD CITY OF AJACCIO.

Its Huge Oblong Houses—An Island of Great Forests, Shrouded Hills and Olive Orchards—The Chestnut a Staple Food for Man and Beast.

The island of Corsica is most striking and imposing in its nature and scenery. A compact cluster of mountains, rising from the blue depths of the Mediterranean and uniting in a small space all the characteristics of mountainous regions, it may be considered as their epitome—a pocket edition of Switzerland or Norway. Only 130 miles from one slender tip to the other, and about half as wide, it contains a magnificent chain of snow-capped heights, crowning a lofty plateau that embraces nearly the whole island. Monte Rotondo is 9,033 feet high, Monte d'Ors 8,690, while Monte Cinto and others almost equal these. Indeed, some calculations have made Monte Cinto the highest. Beside those I have named I have just counted on the map seven peaks of about 7,000 feet each. Following the general plan of the earth's arrangement as exemplified in Italy, Norway and our own country, the mountain chain runs nearly north and south, nearer to the western than to the eastern coast. To the west the declivity is more steep and abrupt, to the east more gentle, sloping out into alluvial plains; to the west the deep harbors and lofty promontories, to the east the more fertile and thickly inhabited regions.

WHAT THE TREES ARE. Not more than one-tenth of the soil is cultivated, but there are no deserts and but a small proportion of barren heights; the mild climate and humid air have wrapped the island in a robe of luxuriant forests. These forests are the pride and glory of Corsica and are quite unequalled in Europe. Chestnut trees grow in such abundance that their fruit forms the staple food of the inhabitants, eaten steamed or boiled during the season and porridge, though the natives boast of two or three different ways of cooking chestnuts. The nuts also serve as food for the horses and mules, and their cheapness and ease of production have done much to keep the native population in an indolent and degraded state, an effect similar to that of the bananas and yams of the West Indies upon the people of those countries. The finest timber trees also abound—oaks, pines, firs, the French and Italian nut yards and have been renowned from the most ancient times, beech, pine, cork, larch and oak. One species of oak (Quercus ilex) which bears a small leaf like a holly, which at the edges, is especially valuable. The wood is very dark, and so heavy that a cubic foot of it will weigh seventy pounds; the famous oak of Great Britain only weighing fifty-five pounds to the foot. There is one species of pine that formerly grew here so luxuriantly that it was known as the tree of Corsica, and attained an enormous size, but unfortunately it is now almost extinct, in consequence of fires and careless treatment. This wonderful forest region we have not yet seen, as it exists chiefly in the interior of the island, where there are counted forty-four forests belonging to private domains and 167 belonging to the community. Near the shore the hills are almost entirely covered with olive groves, the valleys between them being laid out in fields and gardens, but everywhere, by the shore and inland, where there is nothing else, there is "macchie." This macchie, otherwise spelt "makis" and called scrub by the English, is really more like a jungle; a thick interwoven growth of bush and tree, myrtle, arbutus, holly, oleander, scrub oak, prickly pear and a thousand other shrubs, forming an almost impenetrable wilderness, which has played an important part in Corsican history and manners.

OF RESPECTABLE ANTIQUITY. Ajaccio lies curving along the edge of the bay of the same name, in the form of a horseshoe, the hills rising close behind it. It has but three or four good streets; sufficiently wide, but bordered with huge parallelograms of houses, all of the same pattern, like immense bricks or magnified dominoes, standing in rows, from six to nine stories high, flat topped and dotted with small windows. Not joined in a continuous line, like the houses of New York or Philadelphia, but distinct, and about twice as long as they are wide. These houses are let out in flats, each flat being complete in itself. The effect is very singular, and it is evident that the whole town was built at one time, otherwise some variety must have been inevitable. Such indeed was the fact, for although the city is said by its inhabitants to have been founded by Ajax, who gave it his name, and therefore must be of a very respectable antiquity, yet it has not always stood in this spot. At first it was built upon the hill; afterward farther along the shore, and it was only in the sixteenth century that the Genoese, then masters of the country, decided that it should stand here, and built its houses in the present ponderous style. I suppose that it might never move again.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Effects of Massage. An anonymous writer in a medical journal gives the following description of massage: "Upon the nervous system massage exerts a delightful and at the same time a profoundly sedative and tonic effect. While it is being performed, and often for hours afterward, those who submit to it are in a blissful state of repose; they feel as if they were enjoying a long rest, or as if they had just returned from a long vacation; it makes optimists of them for the time being. An aptitude for either rest or work generally follows with an indifference to the ordinary cares of life, and needless apprehensions are dispelled. Hence, it has been recommended by high authorities."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Queer Find. A crew of men working on a road which is being built across the bar at Otter creek, Mount Desert Island, Me., discovered a lake in the sand, which had been washed ashore in a storm. One of the men, Peter Connell, picked up the fish and threw it against the wheel of a cart. Something being seen to fall from its mouth one of the men picked it up. It proved to be two dainty silver horse-shoes pinned together, and a gold nail through the center. The finder has the curiosity in his possession.—Leviston Journal.

Swallowed a Live Fish. While a dance was at its zenith of pleasure at the residence of Mr. Clawson, a bucket of water was drawn from the well and brought in which contained a sucker fish about five inches long. The fish had been placed in the well by the children. The appearance of the sucker in the drinking water caused comment by the company, during which one of the young gentlemen "lowed he could swallow the 're-je-le fer fer money.'" This observation occasioned no little bantering and bullying, until finally he would throw it under his collar. The boaster said he would go him; and, taking the fish by the tail, he laid back his head, spread his potato trap from pole to pole, and let her go, Gal-lagher. The funny explorer shot down the yawning gullet like a well greased toboggan, his extended fins raking the sides with a sort of ripping sound as of laceration, and sickening to hear. The feat accomplished, the swallower unbuttoned his shirt collar, gave himself a flirt and shake, and proclaimed in a loud voice that he could "swallow a live dog with his tail curled over his back, catch a cat on a wall, and no limit to size, for \$5." But he got well away with his bluff (if bluff it was), for no one doubted his ability to do so; and this, coupled with the fear that the passage of a dog might imperil his diaphragm, brought the side show diversion to a close, and the dance went on with renewed joy until the break of day.—Idaho Democrat.

Words Wedded to Song. Mr. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan are understood to "get on" with one another very pleasantly, but, generally speaking, there is no more vehement animosity than is engendered between the man who writes the song and the man who sets it to music. Each of them calls it his song and ascribes its popularity solely to his part in its production. But it is certainly the fact that not even Lord Tennyson's verse is half so valuable in current coin as a ballad of the music hall that has caught the ear of the public. It is not until music is "wedded to immortal verse" that verse, in most cases, becomes immortal, or at least fetches any extraordinary price in the market. Only the other day the damages claimed for singing a ditty of which somebody held the copyright were no less than \$700. What poet ever received the tenth of such a sum for the words themselves? What is very curious and shows how we stick to old saws, "thoroughly worn out, the souls of them turned fur, the hearts of them torn out," is that we still use the term, "sold for a song," as an expression for cheapness.—London Independent.

Thought Her Papa Was Perfection. The precocity and cute sayings of children are frequently a source of great amusement. When T. P. Shonts, the general manager of the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa railway, was at the Palmer house a year or two ago he received a letter from home, and a certain portion of it he read to Frank Brobst, the clerk of the hotel. This portion was about Mr. Shonts' little 8-year-old daughter Marguerite. The mother wrote that upon getting the child ready for bed the usual form of saying a prayer was undergone. Marguerite had got through all right with the "God bless Marguerite and make her a good girl; God bless mamma and make her good soothie who spank Marguerite; God bless papa and make" — When she had got thus far she stopped, hesitated a moment, then getting off her knees said very solemnly to her mother: "I des it ain't worth while astin God to make my papa a dood man; he's dest about as dood as he can be now. Er ain't no use in boldderin' God, is er, mamma?"—Chicago Herald.

A Good Man. "There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and on a very little he can put down an subscription paper. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

About Horses' Feet. Perhaps the weakest point in our grand breed of cart horses is their feet, particularly if we include their coronets, which are apt to be afflicted with side bones and ring bones, says The Saturday Review. In paved cities and over stony roads good feet are of the most importance, yet there are men of little experience who are of opinion that the feet of a thoroughbred horse will generally bear more battering upon hard and rough surfaces than those of a draught horse. With regard to their heels and legs it may not be generally known that, while Englishmen like to see them well covered with long, wavy hair, the contrary taste prevails in many parts of America, where the sudden and severe frosts are apt to freeze a superabundance of wet hair into a solid mass. It may be worth mentioning that the monks at the Hospice of St. Bernard prefer the smooth coated dogs to the rough for precisely the same reason, although English dog fanciers are fondest of the rough coated St. Bernards.

Siamese Slave Hunting. The Siam Mercantile Gazette says that in addition to the existence in that country of debt slavery, "slave hunting is in some provinces a part of Siamese national sport, differing only in degree from the 'black ivory' trade of the dark continent."

THEATRE AUDIENCES.

HOW THEY DIFFER IN CHARACTER ON CERTAIN NIGHTS.

Boston's Six Distinct Classes of Theatre Patrons—Some Observations of an Experienced Manager—Saturday Night the Best of the Week.

Probably few theatre goers of this city realize, as do the theatrical managers, that there are in Boston six distinct audiences of miscellaneous orders, and that they have special nights upon which they attend the theatres. So marked are the audiences on different nights of the week that one manager in this city has a name for each night, which he has given to it mainly on account of the character of the audience which he expects on that day to see in his house. For instance, Monday is lithograph night; Tuesday, deciding night, or assistant critics' night; Wednesday, train night; Thursday, "night out" night; Friday, society night; Saturday, everybody's night. Asked to give his reasons for thus naming the nights, he said: "On Monday, unless there has been a large advance sale or the managers are that there will be a good sized audience drawn by the special merit of the performance, we give out what are known as lithograph tickets. These entitle the holder to admission to the theatre in return for the privilege he has given us of hanging in his shop window or in his store our lithographs and small bills, or perhaps, are for the use of a bill board in a good location.

ON MONDAY EVENING. "It is on Monday evening, usually, that the theatres change their bills, and so the opposition on that night is generally felt more than on any other, and if there is room it is desirable to pay off the lithograph or advertising debts on that night in preference to any other. The managers of these tickets issued, however, are not so much concerned with the managers as they are generally well represented on Monday night, and so I call that night 'lithograph night.' Of course, on Monday we get the regular critics and the first nighters, who are always on hand to pass judgment on every new actor or play, but the dead-end is plentiful on that night, and I recognize him in my nomenclature.

"On Tuesday night we can generally tell from the receipts how the business is going to be for the week. If the house is larger in money than it was on Monday, we assume that the performance has pleased the public, and has been well spoken of, and that we may expect to increase nightly for the rest of the week. Therefore I call it 'deciding night,' as it generally decides the business. On that night, too, we get those who never attend the theatre until they have read their favorite daily paper, and learned the opinion of the newspaper critic concerning the play and players. These are the assistants, as they are influential as a class. Wednesday night is 'train night,' because on that night the late trains especially designed for theatre parties were run and brought into the city theatres crowds of persons living in the surrounding towns. This name is not so pertinent as it used to be, as now nearly all the roads out of the city there are trains run late enough to permit of out of town people visiting the theatre, and reaching home at a fairly reasonable hour.

THE "NIGHT OUT" NIGHT. "Why do I call Thursday night out night? Well, I do not want to disparage Thursday night, for we get a strange and varied audience on that night, but we are always certain to have a large contingent of servants on that evening, as that, by some unwritten law, seems to be the evening when the 'help' have their night out. The upper tiers are always well filled on Thursday evening by stout, healthy looking young girls, accompanied by their sweethearts, and I tell you they make a splendid audience for the ordinary attraction, as the illusions of the stage are to them realities. An actress who cannot make them cry or a comedian who cannot make them laugh should speedily retire from the business. On Friday we expect our best day, for superstitious reasons, or for other reasons, there are fewer wedding receptions, balls and social events than on any other night of the week. On Friday night we also expect to see a great many of our Hebrew patrons, more than on any other night of the week, although they are great theatre goers, and are found in specially numbers on every night.

"Saturday night is the best night of the week for many reasons, and the audience is more mixed on that evening than on any other of the week. The gallery is full of working people who have been paid their week's wages and are seeking enjoyment; the clerks and shopkeepers are there on duty for superstitious reasons, knowing that they can rest on Sunday, and the front rows are full of Harvard students, more especially if there are heathen goddesses on the stage. The heathen representatives of the heathen goddesses approach the originals in form and raiment, the nearer the students get to the stage. I do not know why this is, but it is an odd state fact. An experienced theatrical man, acquainted with the city, could tell you what night of the week it was by just looking at the audience, if he had no other means of knowing."—Boston Herald.

No Wonder He Was Mad. There are times when words fail adequately to express the force of pent up feeling. A portly, elderly gentleman stood at the Brooklyn bridge ticket window, got his ticket, and, glancing toward the step, saw the vanishing heels of several scampering passengers flying up the broad stairway. Hastily gathering up his change he dashed past the ticket box, dropping his ticket deftly in, and, cording up his tendons, rapidly as the ascent of the steps as rapidly as he could portly frame would allow. He wheezed and puffed and gasped, but struggled on. His ears caught the rush of a train coming down along the platform, and he felt that to catch it his time was short. He strained hard on his stairs, like a man with his forehead standing out like cords with the effort. Finally with a deep gasp he gained the top just as the cars rolled up to stand still. A broad smile of satisfaction spread itself slowly over his glowing features as he stepped over his glowing features as he stepped toward the cars. It was a hard pull, but he had got there. He was no doubt mentally congratulating himself upon his success when the voice of a bridge policeman suddenly sang out on the night air with, "This train don't go!"—New York Times.

The Best Window Dressers. The other day one of these masters of his art was asked: "Who make the best window dressers—women or men?" "Men, by long odds. Women are a failure in it, in fact. Strange, too, isn't it, with the average American women's exquisite taste in combining colors she cannot fit up a window with the resources of a store at her command? I'll tell you why. She cannot execute a general design, and not to appear ungratified, neither can she appreciate it. Stand with a crowd of women in front of a window which is worked into one grand design, and you will find nine out of ten of them have discovered each some particular piece of stuff that she likes, and doesn't see anything else in the window."—Chicago Tribune.

A Starting Innovation. Gus—Where have you been, Jack? Jack—To a swell 5 o'clock tea at the Hobson's. I tell you, Gus, Mrs. Hobson is a woman of resources. She introduced a novelty this afternoon that I never saw at such an affair. Gus—What was it? Jack—Enough to eat.—Harper's Bazar.

Question of Size. Young Lady Customer—How much is this opera glass? Salesman—Fifteen dollars. Young Lady Customer—Oh, that is too expensive! Have you nothing smaller—perhaps an opera glass.—Harper's Bazar.

A DREAM OF THE EAST.

The Entertainment Given by a Fire Worshiper of India.

Perhaps no race of people is less known or more interesting to the student and traveler than the Parsees or Fire Worshipers of India. They are delightful hosts, and as it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of Sir Françoise Desmash Petit, who was knighted for a gift of \$500,000 to an educational institution, I will endeavor to describe an entertainment I attended at his palace. Sir Françoise lived in patriarchal magnificence, and when his whole family is seated at table they number fifty-five. We were received in the grand drawing room, as large as a fair sized church, and presented to the ladies. We found them pretty, intelligent and vivacious, and it is no exaggeration to say that they compared quite favorably with their American sisters.

The ladies were attired in graceful native costumes. The dress consisted of a waist, such as is worn by Europeans, with a long scarf of embroidered silk or crêpe, called a sarra, wrapped several times about the waist and falling in broad folds about the limbs in lieu of a skirt. One end of the sarra was brought over the head and dropped gracefully in front, constituting a very effective head-dress. Their jewels were magnificent. No crowned head of Europe possesses their equal, and such an array of diamonds, pearls, sapphires and emeralds can scarcely be imagined. One of the guests wore eight strings of pearls, which far excelled the celebrated necklace of Queen Marguerite of Italy.

The state costume of the men is white, but on ordinary occasions they are attired in the conventional European evening dress. One peculiarity of their costume is not, however, to be met in a London drawing room. They never uncover their heads, and a high, conical Persian hat—or at meals a skull cap—always completes their dress. On the occasion I am describing an orchestra played selections from Italian operas, and after conversing a while upon topics of universal interest, our host made a sign to the servants, who brought in baskets filled with large bouquets of eastern flowers.

Each lady selected one, sprinkled it with rose water from a tall silver vase, presented it to the gentleman who was to escort her to dinner, and then, taking his arm, showed the way to where a table was spread, overlooking the sea.

There we were regaled with tea, coffee, cakes, fruits, and twenty-two kinds of delicious native sweets, which had been collected in honor of our coming. It was an event not to be forgotten. The waving palms and tropical flowers, the splash of the waves, mingling with the soft strains of music, beautiful women with flashing jewels and graceful dresses, were typical of the languid, dreamy east, and carried me unconsciously back to the days of Haroun al Raschid.

When tea was over we were taken for a delightful drive in handsome European turnouts and then to dine at another Parsee house. The ceremony was long and stately, all the dishes were native, but the wines were European, and this dinner, with that exception, was representative of native manners before they had received the European touch.

The ladies whom we escorted gave us bouquets, as in the afternoon, and the host hung chaplets of white jasmynes about our necks and wrists. The menu cards bore gilded crests and they gave us bouquets wrapped in gold leaf to carry away. It was a dream of the east, but the perfectly appointed table, surrounded by intelligent men and graceful women, made it hard to believe that the members of this refined society were the fire worshippers we had been brought up to despise as heathen.—America.

The Grottesque Arizona Cactus. Foremost among the sights which call forth exclamations of astonishment from the tourist is that of the grottesque cactus of Arizona territory. Like other tropical productions, it is totally unlike any preconceived notions of what nature could design. The plant is leafless, having a bare, fleshy stem, protected everywhere by sharp and venomous barbs. Its flowers are considered among the choicest, varying from white and yellow to deep crimson or purple. These blossoms, capitulum, are wax like, and their inflorescence calls to mind Alladin's fabled experience among the fairy plants, with their sparkling fruits of diamonds and other gems.

The fruit is egg shaped, with a crown on the upper side, and is generally delicious, presenting as varied colors as the flowers. It contains a large quantity of seeds, surrounded by a nicely flavored juicy substance. In different species the fruit in size is all the way up from a canny's to an ostrich's egg. The cactus is almost imperishable, and can live many months without water, although it is only seen in its perfection under a plentiful supply. So hardy is the plant that a piece from any part will take root and grow if laid in the ground, even though it has lain around for a time. It thrives equally well on a piece of bare rock in a scorching tropical sun as it would be packed in ice in a northern zone. It is a paradox—a curiosity in the vegetable kingdom.—Corona News Letter.

The Size of European Families. Professor Mithall gives the following figures as to the average number of children to a marriage in the chief countries of Europe: Ireland, 5.30; Russia, 4.83; Spain, 4.63; Italy, 4.54; Scotland, 4.46; Holland, 4.22; Sweden, 4.13; Germany, 4.10; England, 4.08; Austria, 4.04; Belgium, 4.04; Switzerland, 3.94; Hungary, 3.70; Denmark, 3.61; France, 3.03.—New York Telegram.

A Wonderful Pig. George R. White, a farmer residing just north of Franklin, Ind., has a pig that is quite a curiosity. The animal has four front legs and feet, all perfect, and twelve toes. It is alive, three months old, and weighs forty pounds.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Starting Innovation. Gus—Where have you been, Jack? Jack—To a swell 5 o'clock tea at the Hobson's. I tell you, Gus, Mrs. Hobson is a woman of resources. She introduced a novelty this afternoon that I never saw at such an affair. Gus—What was it? Jack—Enough to eat.—Harper's Bazar.

Question of Size. Young Lady Customer—How much is this opera glass? Salesman—Fifteen dollars. Young Lady Customer—Oh, that is too expensive! Have you nothing smaller—perhaps an opera glass.—Harper's Bazar.

WHAT IS FLIRTATION?

What is flirtation? Really how can I tell you that? But when she smiles I see her wit, and when she lifts his hat. 'Tis walking in the moonlight, 'Tis nodding on a glow, 'Tis lips that speak of joys next week, While eyes are talking love. 'Tis meeting in the ballroom, 'Tis whirling in the dance, 'Tis something hot between the sheets, More than a simple glance. 'Tis lingering in the hallway, 'Tis sitting on the stair, 'Tis torn lips on finger tips, If mamma isn't there. 'Tis tucking in the carriage, 'Tis asking for a call, 'Tis long good nights in tender lights, And that is—no, not all!

'Tis parting when it's over, And one goes home to sleep; Best joys must end, tis, in my friend, But one goes home to weep! —London Figure.

Another Learned Shoemaker.

Mr. John Mackintosh, author of "The History of Civilization in Scotland," who will write the volume "Scotland" in the "Story of the Nations Series" is in many respects a remarkable man. He was sent to work on a farm in his native county of Banff at 10 years of age, and was subsequently apprenticed to shoemaking, at which trade he worked in various parts of Scotland for fourteen years. In 1829 he opened a small stationery shop in Aberdeen, "and there, on the shop counter," he once wrote, "amid all the noise and bustle of a stirring thoroughfare, the three volumes of my history were written and the proof sheets corrected and revised, all being done while customers were coming in, and out and constantly interrupting me."

Mr. Mackintosh's shop is passed daily by the professors on their way to the university, and at one time several of them were in the habit of calling occasionally and having a chat with the literary shoemaker. He was accorded the privilege, too, of using the university library. His history consists of four portly volumes, the last and best dealing with the moral and material advancement of the country. Mr. Mackintosh has been in the habit all his life of rising before 4 a. m. He says he finds the early morning hours the best for literary work.—Fall Mall Gazette.

Actors' Fun.

This happened in Chicago once. Nat Goodwin was at Hooley's a few years ago, and presented a golden ball to Anson and the Chicago team who occupied the boxes. It was a gala night and every one was in good humor. Robson and Crane were playing over at the Grand. Suddenly the two Dromios dashed past Cool White at the stage door and were upon the stage in a moment. Nat was in the midst of a recitation when he was tapped on both shoulders. Turning to the right and left he saw the Dromios grinning at him. It was the only time Nat Goodwin was ever at a loss for a word. The audience howled with delight. In a moment more the two comedians were off and on their way back to the Grand, and it was fully five minutes before the bewildered Nat could find his tongue.—Chicago Herald.

Christmas Trees in England.

It is stated that the prince consort first introduced Christmas trees into England, but this is quite a mistake, for they had been established for many years when the prince came to this country. They were originally brought into fashion by the Princess Lieven, through whom George IV was induced to have one every year at the pavilion. Mr. Charles Greville was pleasantly struck by the novelty when he was staying with Lord and Lady Cowper at Panshanger, at Christmas, 1829, and there also Mme. de Lieven got up and superintended the fête.—London Truth.

Story of a Picture.

A curious story is told about one of the paintings by the famous artist David, which is included in a collection about to be sold at Brussels, Belgium. It bears the title of "Family Portraits," yet only one figure is represented on the canvas, that of an old lady seated in an arm chair. The chair itself was of a later style than the date of the painting. In spite of these peculiarities M. Van Praet, the late owner, had purchased the picture, and there had it cleaned and carefully scraped, in the course of which operation the family "portraits" were successively brought to light. It was afterward ascertained that the old lady, who had sat to David for her portrait, surrounded by all the members of her family, had gradually quarreled with them all in turn and had had their portraits painted over by one, until she alone of the group remained, sitting in that preposterous looking chair of hers.—Home Journal.

Problems to Be Solved.

When the mind bridges over the past fifty years and contemplates the enormous advance which has been made in the practical application of science to everyday wants, it seems surprising that there should still be many absolute necessities unfulfilled. Among these are a miner's real safety lamp, a perfectly safe method of blasting without risk of explosion, electric lighting economically produced from primary batteries, improved methods of arresting decomposition in animal substances, a perfect method of maintaining telegraph wires, etc. Doubtless, however, these and many more startling scientific inventions are problems which the near future will solve.—New York Press.

The "Freak" Business.

It is about time for public opinion to call a halt in the museum "freak" business; the public display, at so much a head, of wretched deformities of misshapen creatures. It is time to suppress the posters that reproduce these monstrosities in yet more aggravated distortion, compelling unwilling eyes to rest upon their hideousness at every street corner. Every intelligent citizen, man or woman, knows that the sight of a repulsive deformity can and does lead to the gravest consequences, and it will not be necessary here to be more explicit.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Rat to Crack.

The something called lightning will melt a cold iron rod in a hand's turn part of a second. A hard razor will drop like water in time quicker than thought. But that heat is not in the lightning, but it is made at that point at which the lightning meets an obstacle. Thus from the sun some substance or potentially may go forth which is a harmless traveler until something retards it. This exile may meet its first foe near the sun's disk, and enough of it may escape to go onward and meet a second obstacle in the environment of planets.—Professor Swing in Chicago Journal.

The Talmud tells us that Adam was created, sinned and was chased from paradise on Friday. Mahomet, to prove his prophetic powers, declared the same.

Trades and Trade Schools.

Every boy learned a trade thoroughly the market would not be glutted as at present with unskilled labor; and there would not be so many young men sitting around in offices trying to make themselves generally useful at \$5 to \$9 a week, while they are learning scarcely anything of actual business and are on the road to nowhere in particular. This is the situation, and Col. Auelmuthy, of the New York trade school, described the remedy in an extremely interesting and valuable lecture at the board of trade rooms Wednesday evening. The apprenticeship system has passed out of vogue in the United States, and the majority of skilled workmen are foreign born. A young man nowadays must pick up his trade, at best in a slipshod manner, in such a position as he can get. The trade unions are hostile to the training of apprentices; their policy is to corner skilled labor.

The trade school is the solution of the problem. The 2,500 young men who have learned trades in Col. Auelmuthy's school have earned \$2.50 to \$5 per day on leaving, and testify that the school has been the making of them. Plasterers have gone right out and earned \$4 a day. Bright young men master the course in plumbing in three months, in some instances, and find work awaiting them on graduating. The work of the bricklayers who learn the trade there is far superior to the average contract work. The old system of training induces a boy to leave school to find employment in a workshop. The trade school system encourages him to remain at school, to go to college if he can, and then learn his trade in a trade school. Thirty-one of the forty-four states of the Union are represented at the New York school. Col. Auelmuthy asks what more useful and enduring gift Springfield could receive from the business men than such a school.—Springfield Homestead.

Too Much Good Luck.

"If you ever happen to find a silver dollar in the course of your travels, you let it lie right where it is when you see it," said a jolly young broker. "Coming down on the elevated a few days ago," he continued, "I noticed something bright wedged in between the basket-keeper's sent to the wooden arm. I poked it out with my knife blade and found my prize to be a silver dollar. I had never found any money before, and I felt so good that when I got off the train I stepped into a cigar store and bought four cigars for \$1, instead of three for a quarter, as usual. That noon at luncheon I felt awfully thirsty, and, being \$1 ahead, I ordered a bottle of claret. Later, buoyed up by the same thought, I asked the boys to take something, and the round cost me ninety cents. When it came time to go home the elevator trunks were crowded, so I thought I'd spend my dollar for a handsome cab and drive home, stopping at a theatre, where, on account of my find, I bought tickets of a speculator instead of at the office. I told my wife about my luck and showed her the identical dollar, which I had saved. She was delighted, and insisted upon having the piece smoothed off on one side and the place and date of my good fortune inscribed thereon, the carrying out of which cost me \$2.50. Altogether, I should think my find cost me nearly \$10; so take my advice, and if you run across any stray dollars don't pick 'em up."—New York Sun.

Garments of the Eskimos.

The Eskimo costume consists in summer of seal-skins, and in winter of reindeer skins, the latter being always worn in duplicate, one set with the fur next the body, the other with the fur outside, an arrangement that is even better than the famous one of Brian O'Lynn, who, according to the old song, having no breeches to wear, got him a sheepskin to make him a pair, and then— With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in, He was fine and warm as Brian O'Lynn.

The pattern of their garments varies not a whit from generation to generation. The coat, which does not button, but is buttoned over the head, has a large capucine, in Eskimo language, "amook," at the back of the neck. The only difference between the coats of the men and the women lies in the latter being graced with a tall, bushy hair, and a large arrangement of "furs and furs" so to speak, upon which the feminine form for ornamentation is indulged to the full extent of the wearer's means, so that they may be seen adorned with numerous rows of beads and bits of brass or copper, such things as the works of a clock not being despised, for instance. A very popular form of decoration consists of tabespoons, which they break in two and arrange in various ways, grouping the handles in one place and the bowls in another.—J. Macdonald Oxley in American Magazine.

A Big Umbrella.

The biggest umbrella in the world has been made by Messrs. Wilson, Matheson & Co., of Glasgow, for the use of a West African king. The umbrella, which can be closed in the usual manner, is twenty-one feet in diameter, and is affixed to a polished mahogany staff of the same length. The canopy is made of Indian straw, lined with cardinal and white, has a score of straw tassels and a border of crimson satin. On the top is a pine shaped spar ornament which terminates in a gilded cone. When in use the umbrella is fixed in the ground, and under its shelter the king is able to entertain thirty guests at dinner.—London Tit-Bits.

Very Bad Manners.

It ought to be clear to any one who has the most elementary knowledge of the laws of etiquette that to disturb others needlessly in the enjoyment of a dearly purchased pleasure is evidence of very bad manners. Musical people suffer more from such interruptions than persons whose ears are not similarly refined can imagine; for the true colors of a Wagnerian score are as exquisitely delicate and refined as the evanescent films and colors of a soap bubble, so that the mere rustling of a fan or a programme mars them.—Henry T. Finck in The Cosmopolitan.

Barbarity and Common Sense.

The nations which still eat with the fingers defend the practice on the ground of cleanliness. A Malay gentleman regards the use of a fork much as we should the use of a borrowed toothpick. He is troubled by the reflection that it has been in other mouths, and that some lazy servant may have neglected to wash it properly. The care of his fingers are in his own charge, and he knows that they are clean and that they have never been in any one's else mouth.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Parable.

How does Ignatius Doudley obtain his root number to the question asked by those who have examined his famous elpher. It seems to be a case of rock, Bacon, or diamond.—New York World.