

With Which the Poison Courses through a Victim's Veins. The African cobra is known as the "killing snake" on account of its power to bring its victim to a fatal issue into the eyes of its enemy. It is a very reptile, save when stirred to anger, when it cannot be equaled for ferocity and accuracy in spitting or striking its victim.

The spitting is accomplished by expelling the breath sharply through the mouth, so that the scaly venom flies straight as a pea through from a pipe into the victim's eyes.

This cobra attains the length of six feet and is large and powerful. It is deadly formidable from the fact that it can swim in the rivers very swiftly, and has no fear. In swimming the cobra moves along very rapidly, with its snout and beady eyes just above the water's surface.

When I was stationed with my regiment in Ceylon I had experienced the Indian breed of cobra that was very exciting," says Lieutenant Nelson.

My servants rushed into the bungalow one morning, begging me to save the life of a man who had been bitten by a cobra. I hastened out on to the veranda, to find a crowd of men and women bringing in a man in a state of unconsciousness. They showed two deep red spots in his instep, where the serpent's fangs had been.

I felt of his legs, and found that they were already "stone" cold, although the man had been bitten but a few minutes before.

"Drawing my knife from my pocket I opened the sharpest blade and proceeded at once to cut deeply into the cobra's instep around the bitten part and out the flesh away. Meanwhile I had sent for a red-hot poker.

"When the iron came I pressed its glowing end forcibly against the wound, driving the flesh about the instep. Then I poured a quart of whisky down the poor wretch's throat as rapidly as possible.

"He was so paralyzed from the effect of the swift poison that he suffered no pain from the searing of his flesh, but murmured only:

"Burn, Dory, burn!"

"I watched him anxiously for half an hour, when he gave me to open his eyes. Then I gave him more whisky, and found that his pulse was much better. Another hour found him able to breathe, after which I had the servants exercise him as much as possible in order to counteract the deadly coma which constantly came on.

"The next morning the man was quite well, save for the deep wound in his instep. I am sorry to say that he was always lame afterward, for it seems that I had severed a cord in his instep by my surgical attempt. But he became a sort of pensioner in my bungalow, following me around as a grateful dog would do.

"I used to point to him with pride when my guests were present and say, 'Behold that man of a cobra's bite.'"

"There is a vine which grows in India called the aristolochia indica which has cured many persons bitten by cobras, I am informed. They say that they crush a young leaf and apply it to the wound as soon as possible after the bite is inflicted."—San Francisco Examiner.

To Tell When a Car is Loaded. A device that will enable a railroad employe to determine when a car is loaded consistent with safety or with economical wear has been a "long felt want" in railroad circles. An apparatus has been invented to supply this demand, and owing to its simplicity it is likely to come into general favor. The device consists of two distinct parts, the upper part being attached to the truck, above the spring on the side of the car, while the other part is fixed below the spring.

An adjustable pin is carried by the upper part, and the bottom end of this pushes the index finger that works over the dial of the bottom piece. When the apparatus is once adjusted the index, as the car is loaded, will indicate the dial "full load" or "overloaded," or the dial may be—Exchange.

Slang in 1832. In 1832 Coleridge, in his "Table Talk," spoke of the word "talented" as follows: "I regret to see that vile and odious vocable 'talented' stealing its way into the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of today. Why not 'shillinged,' 'thinged,' 'tenpenced,' etc.? The notion of a partitive passive from a noun is a license which nothing but a peculiar felicity can excuse. If by convenience it is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot permit the language becomes, in the per se of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America."

California's Model Constitution. California's first constitution was adopted in 1849, and the state has had no new constitution since then. It was adopted in 1876, and furnishes an admirable illustration of the manner in which people who do not enjoy the gift of the town meeting provide for the fundamental law of the state.—Loomis Nelson in Harper's.

Nocturnal Musings. The first Thespian (500 miles from home, cheerful)—"It'll be lovely in a little while; the stars'll be out!"

Amlet (a fallow)—"What care I for the stars; they can never be as much as I am.—Life.

In 1821 was taken the first complete census of the population of the United States. The population was then 7,267,137. In 1831 it was 24,322,485; 1841, 37,067,923; 1851, 52,745,949; 1861, 39,321,358; 1871, 31,545,739; 1881, 46,592,271.

Experiment has proved that if a piece of lace be placed between a gun plate and a disk of gunpowder the latter be detonated, the lace be annihilated, but its impression be clearly stamped on the iron.

HOW TO STUDY BOTANY.

The First Thing to Do is to Learn the Names of Common Wild Flowers. Most young people find botany a dull study. So it is, as taught from the text books in the schools, but study it your self in the fields and woods and you will find it a source of perennial delight. Find your flower and then name it by the aid of the botany. There is so much in a name. To find out what a thing is called is a great help. It is the beginning of knowledge; it is the first step.

When we see a new person who interests us we wish to know his or her name. A bird, a flower, a place—the first thing we wish to know about it is its name. Its name helps us to classify it; it gives us a handle to grasp it by; it sheds a ray of light where all before was dark. As soon as we know the name of a thing we seem to have established some sort of relation with it.

The other day, while the train was delayed by an accident, I wandered a few yards away from it along the river margin seeking wild flowers. Should I find any whose name I did not know!

While thus loitering a young English girl also left the train and came in my direction, plucking the flowers right and left as she came. But they were all unknown to her. She did not know the name of one of them, and she wished to send them home to her father too. With what satisfaction she heard the names! The words seemed to be full of meaning to her, though she had never heard them before in her life. It was what she wanted. It was an introduction to the flowers, and her interest in them increased at once.

"That orange colored flower which you just plucked from the edge of the water, that is our jewel weed," I said.

"It looks like a jewel," she replied.

"You have nothing like it in England, or did not have till lately; but I hear it is now appearing along certain English streams, having been brought from this country."

"And what is this?" she inquired, holding up a blue flower with a very bristly leaf and stalk.

"That is viper's bugloss or blueweed, a plant from your side of the water, one that is making itself thoroughly at home along the Hudson and in the valleys of some of its tributaries among the Catskills. It is a rough, hardy weed, but its flower, with its long, conspicuous purple stamens and blue corolla, as you see, is very pretty."

"Here is another emigrant from across the Atlantic," I said, holding up a cluster of small white flowers each mounted upon a little inflated brown bag or balloon—the bladder campion. "It also runs riot in some of our fields as I am sure you will not see it at home."

She went on filling her hands with flowers, and I gave her the names of each—sweet clover or melilotus, probably a native plant, vervain (foreign), purple lobelostife (foreign), toad flax (foreign), loosestrife, or turtle head, a native, and the purple minulus or monkey flower, also a native. It was a likely place for the cardinal flower, but I could not find any. I wanted this hearty English girl to see one of our native wild flowers so intense in color that it would fairly make her eyes water to gaze upon it.

Just then the whistle of the engine summoned us all aboard, and in a moment we were off.—John Burroughs in St. Nicholas.

A Question That Startled Mr. Clews. Coming out of the court room one day two lawyers were conversing.

"That was a very bright reply, indeed," said one; "and did it ever occur to you that often such things lead to success in business, as much so as some subtle maneuver in trade? Apropos, quick repartee is a wonderful weapon. Many a man who imagined he was soaring to the very heights of eloquence has been cut down by a word. I remember of hearing that on one occasion at a dinner Henry Clews was making a speech, in the course of which he referred to himself as a self-made man."

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a self-made man." Shaking his head vigorously, which is as innocent of hair as the outside of an egg, he repeated, "a self-made man."

"He paused a moment, when William B. Traverser, who was present, said to him that well known stutler that gave point to his utterances:

"W-w-well, Clews, w-w-when you m-m-made yourself w-w-why didn't you make 'em hair."—New York Press.

Some Odd Comparisons. A railway train, at a continuous speed of forty miles an hour, would pass from the earth to the moon in a little more than eight months; and the planet Venus, in seventy-one and a half years, and would reach the sun in two hundred and sixty odd years. A ray of light will pass from the moon to the earth in a trifle over a single second; from Venus to the earth in a little more than two minutes, and from the sun to this little sphere of ours in about eight minutes. If this same comparison were applied to the fixed stars it would be still more startling.—St. Louis Republic.

Assisting the Parson. A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out:

"You 'em to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep 'em awake."—London Tit-Bits.

Hope for Him. "I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to a principal of a school, to whom he had brought his son as a pupil. "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest; he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal. "He will make a reliable, manly man."—Christian Leader.

POINTS FOR CAMPERS.

CLOTHING FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT WHILE IN THE WOODS.

What Tools and Sundries to Take Along. How the Camp should be Selected—A List of Articles for the Kit—Some of the Necessary Food Supplies.

Too few of the boys who spend their vacation in the wilderness study carefully enough the methods adopted by persons of extensive camping experience. There is no pleasure in a holiday spent in the wilderness unless the campers understand how to make themselves comfortable and to avoid the confusion and discomfort which fall to the lot of the ordinary greenhorn.

Yet the whole thing is very easy to learn. For those who do not want to think out the subject for themselves let me give a few suggestions as the result of my own experience for a number of years of camp life, as well as the experience of a large number of friends of mine.

I always use a Norfolk jacket—called in this country Oxford jacket, or beaked coat—made loose, of strong homespun, and capable of being worn open when it is warm, or belted tight when the weather is cold. This coat looks quite sportsmanlike. The cap is a matter of choice, but I like best the deer stalker, which receives in this country the rather obvious name of fore-and-after. It should be of the same color and material as the coat.

To be thoroughly dignified for wild life the camper should wear homespun or corduroy knickerbockers, with black or gray stockings, unless the region where he places his camp is badly plagued by mosquitoes, when he had better wear trousers, as the flies will put their bills clean through the stockings. The stockings should be of wool and ribbed.

For lying about the camp, canoeing, boating or light tramping, thin yellow leather and sometimes canvas shoes might be used, but for all heavy work there is nothing like a solid boot, roomy, with wide sole and wide heel, laced tightly about the ankle and resembling the old fashioned English shooting boot.

For underwear woolen is far the best, because, while not over warm, this material rapidly throws off all moisture. I should advise wool for outer as well as inner shirts, and the former should be of a color which will not too easily show stains. The drawers should be of the same material as the inner shirt.

Two inner and two outer shirts, two pairs of drawers and, if possible, two pairs of trousers or knickerbockers—better still, a pair of each—with one jacket, will be sufficient. Don't forget handkerchiefs, light socks, and any kind of belt that you prefer.

Be careful in making up your kit. If you have long and rough travel and any portage never take a box, no matter how many patents are attached to it or how convenient it may look on the tradesman's counter. It is inconvenient to carry in a boat and impossible to carry through the woods. I know nothing better than a good substantial bag, made of oiled canvas, thoroughly water-tight, and arranged so it can be laced snugly together. I have seen leather bags also which served the purpose admirably.

Each camper requires a pair of blankets, gray or dark red, the clothing I have mentioned, say two large crash towels, soap, small hand glass, comb and brush, tooth brush and paste, needles, thread, thimbles and buttons, a couple of pairs of old kid gloves, a pair of scissors, pocket knife, belt sheath and sheath knife, a small bottle of arnica, bottle of Jamaica ginger, a "book" of coast plaster, a bottle of citrate of magnesia in powder, and two or three bottles of laxative pills, as advised by physician. I would not advise spirits, except a bottle of excellent brandy, to be used only after a severe wetting and when there are indications that a cold has set in.

If you propose to camp at some place far away from a grocery store you must, of course, take your provisions along, and here comes the most troublesome part of your camping outfit. You must have tea, coffee and sugar, sirup, bag of salt, biscuits, pepper, mustard, vinegar and curry. I am a strong advocate of canned food for the camp, and in this form should have beef, lobster, salmon, tongue and perhaps tomatoes and corn. Butter is also necessary, but, if possible, get it from the nearest farm house.

Better take along also a bag of "prepared" flour, buckwheat and rice, if you wish, and, above all, some tins of good condensed milk. Condensed coffee is also an excellent article. You can have also prepared soups, chocolate, etc., which add to the luxury of camp life. But be careful about overweighing your baggage. Each camper should have a tin plate and cup, a spoon, a knife and a fork.

THE CAMP. The camp should have a frying pan, three graduated tin kettles, the larger with the capacity of a gallon or more, and one fitting closely into the other; an ax for heavy chopping is necessary, and it would be well to have a small hatchet for light work. A pocket compass is indispensable, as are also parlor matches.

There is no comfort in camping unless you take a tent, and the "A" structure, strong cotton, in my judgment, is best. One eight by ten feet and six feet high will accommodate six persons. Better take along your ridge pole and tent pins, and always have an ample supply of cord. It is well to take tent pins, because sometimes you are suddenly overtaken by a rain storm, or you reach the camping ground after dark, and it is inconvenient or impossible to obtain tent pins. Never take crockery ware, for it is sure to break and heavy to carry.

Sufficient attention is not always given to a camp site. In choosing the spot several considerations should weigh. It should be near wood and water, and, while secluded, should command a view of the most picturesque parts of its surroundings.—New York Herald.

The Bargain Was Not Closed. "He that will not when he may," is likely to repent his indecision for many a long day afterward. A lady who had spent a weary hour in "beating down" the salesman at a Turkish shop in Paris, returned the next day prepared to purchase. "I believe you said twenty francs," she began, taking out her purse. "Ninety, madame!" answered the smiling Turk. "But you came down to twenty!" "Ah, that was yesterday, madame! Everything goes up again in the night!"—Youth's Companion.

Railway Clerks with Long Days. The hours on duty of a booking clerk are usually ten a day; but they are as of very irregular times. This is on account of trains starting to run as early as 5 a. m. and continuing till midnight. There must be always some one to book the passengers; and as there are nineteen hours to cover, and in many cases only two clerks, they have to work as best they can that both may have time for their meals.—Chambers' Journal.

TWO CITIES COMPARED.

New England Cities Make the Best Showing Because of Public Spirit. The cities of Worcester, Mass., and Syracuse, N. Y., illustrate generally the differences between New England and Middle States city governments. In 1880 the two cities were nearly equal in population. They are both manufacturing cities, situated in the interior, and surrounded by agricultural communities. In 1880 Syracuse had 92 miles of streets, 17 3/4 miles of which were paved. The annual cost of maintaining these highways was about \$35,000. For the same cost Worcester maintained 197 miles of streets, all of which were paved.

The water works of Syracuse were owned by a private corporation, those of Worcester by the city. Syracuse had no parks, unless a small square or two may be thus dignified; Worcester had about thirty-five acres of parks. The drainage system of Worcester was much more elaborate and perfect than that of Syracuse. While it cost Syracuse from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year to clean its ninety-two miles of streets, it cost Worcester only \$3,300 to clean its 197 miles of streets.

The police force of Worcester was larger and more expensive than that of Syracuse. On an expenditure of \$104,806 the New York city maintained eighteen schools, in which were taught about 7,000 pupils; the Massachusetts city maintained thirty-six schools and instructed 9,000 children for \$139,722. The fire department of the one consisted of four steam engines, one fire extinguisher, one hook and ladder truck and five hose carriages; that of the other had five steam engines, twelve hose carriages, one extinguisher and three hook and ladder trucks. The annual cost of the first was \$31,588, of the second \$38,840.

A similar story might be told of almost any two cities taken indiscriminately from New England and from any other section of the country. The abode of the vigilant citizen in the United States is in that part of the country where the town meeting breeds a life public spirit. Boston, with all its drawbacks and limitations, is governed with a higher regard and a more jealous care for the rights of private citizens than is any other city of its size in the Union.—Henry L. Nelson in Harper's.

The Secret of Keeping One's Temper. A merchant in Alexandria had a dispute with a fellow, as a peasant is called, about the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question to the court, to which the fellow objected. Desiring to make a last effort, the fellow called at the merchant's office one morning and asked the servant if his master was in. The merchant, hearing the inquiry and knowing who it was, called aloud from the office:

"Tell that rascal that I am not in."

The fellow, looking up toward him, calmly said:

"Well, sahib, God put thee in a better mind."

The merchant was struck with the meekness of this reply, and having looked more carefully into the matter he became convinced that the fellow was right and he in the wrong. He sent for the fellow, and after acknowledging his error he said:

"I want to ask you one question. How were you able to bear my abuse with such patience?"

"Sahib," replied the fellow, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion often speak loud, and I thought that if I could control my voice I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice to rise above a certain key, and by carefully observing this rule I have entirely mastered my natural temper."—Philadelphia Times.

Hectic. It was a cheap little clock, warranted to run three years, but it actually did keep on for six, and then, one morning, suddenly refused to do its duty longer. It was wound, shaken and then given up in despair.

Another series of efforts disclosed the fact that it would start for a moment and then stop.

"There!" said grandma, in one of its active intervals, "I think it's all right now."

"Oh, no, indeed," said Charlie. "It will stop in another minute."

"I don't know about that. It's ticking."

"Yes, but you can tell by the sound that something is the matter. This isn't a good, healthy tick. It's only a sort of a hectic."—Youth's Companion.

Numerals That Inform. Perhaps the most ingenious use of numbers to convey information is due to Mr. Melvil Dewey, state librarian of New York. He has divided literature into ten great departments and given each of them one of the ten numerals. History, for instance, is represented by nine, and every historical work has nine for the first figure in its number.

The second figure denotes the subdivision of history to which a work belongs; seven as a second figure is marked upon volumes treating of North America. Another and similar step gives three as a third figure for histories of the United States.

The works of Mr. George Bancroft, as Mr. Dewey would classify them, would bear the numerals 973. After that number would come the figures pointing out the shelf on which the volumes were to be found. To avoid disarrangement, it is usual in large libraries to leave ample room for new additions in each department; the shelves are not permitted to become quite full.—Youth's Companion.

Pinning a Woman to the Ground. The Matter Made Less Serious by the Fact That She Wore Army Shoes. Richard M. Sommers, the foreman of the roller department in the mint, was recently chatting with some of the men who had seen service in the late war, and, after relating an interesting adventure that had occurred in 1862, said:

"But I never was so frightened in my life as I was the day I pinned a young rebel to the ground with my bayonet. I thought I had killed her."

The circumstances were these. In August, 1863, when the Philadelphia brigade was moving toward Mine Run, Va., I was detailed from my command, the seventy-first Pennsylvania volunteers, known as Baker's California regiment, to watch a farmer who was believed to be a spy.

In order to throw him off his guard and also to enable me to learn the better whether he was a spy or not, I was instructed to report at his house, on the Mountain View farm, in Fauquier county, and state that I had come there by command of Colonel W. Penn Smith, in order to protect his home from any straggling soldiers that might trespass with a view to foraging on the premises.

I was well received by the family, who, living in that out of the way country, were quite timid and in constant fear of the passing troops. I was housed there, and fed at their expense, and soon I realized that the hospitality of Virginia's first families was all that it was reported to be. The two pretty girls, sisters, one a blonde and the other a brunette, were at first a little shy of the "wild Yankee," as they called me, but we soon became friends, however, although they would persist in telling me the Confederate cause was just, and that the Union troops were invaders, and all that sort of thing.

The Mountain View farm covered a good many acres of ground, but the owner was poor at that time, and "sweet sixteen," as I called the pretty blonde, had no shoes with which to cover her well shaped little feet. Now I had a brand new pair of army shoes in my knapsack and a fairly good pair on my feet. I asked her if she would wear my new pair if I would make her a present of them. She seemed a little loath to accept them at first, not because of pride, but because she thought it unfair to take them from a soldier who might soon stand in need of them himself. But at last she did accept them, and was real well pleased to do so. Of course, they were a little too big for her, but that didn't matter. She soon got used to them.

It used to be her custom to watch for foraging soldiers and then to send me after them to drive them away. One morning she said: "Oh, Yank! see here! a forager out there. Don't you see him? There he goes under the trees over there."

I started out after the intruder, but I ran all over the part of the farm indicated without seeing any one. It was very warm, and I was very warm and tired when I returned. On seeing her I told her that I could find no one, when she laughed right in my face and said:

"I just fooled the wild Yank for fun. It was fun for her, but not for me. However, I laughed with her. Just then I put my gun down on the ground, as was my habit, bayonet downward, intending to stick it into the ground and thus let the piece stand reversed, but instead of that I stuck it through her shoe and pinned the beautiful girl fast!

I was never so frightened in my life as I was then. I would not have harmed the young woman for the world; she had become to me like a sister.

Maybe I wasn't glad when I saw a twinkle in her bright, blue eyes, and heard her sweet voice ringing in laughter as she said:

"Well, Yank, you did not hurt me a bit; you know these shoes are a trifle large for me, and your bayonet just went through the upper and sole without grazing my toes."

TALKING WITH MOLTKE.

EX-PRESIDENT ANDREW D. WHITE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIM.

He Met Him at a Reception in Berlin on the Occasion of the Golden Wedding of the Old Emperor William—Baron Notherm's Felicitous Introduction.

By many people ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell university, ex-minister to Germany, is regarded as one of the best authorities on German affairs in the United States. Years of patient study and observation give great weight to his views on the new Germany of today.

Regarding the great German soldier and strategist the ex-president says:

I first saw Von Moltke just after my arrival at Berlin at the festivals attendant upon the golden wedding of the old Emperor William. The first of these was a great theatrical representation at the Royal Opera house, at which the emperor and empress and very nearly all the crowned heads of Germany, with representatives of the various royalties of Europe, were present, and besides these, attracting even more attention, Bismarck, Von Moltke and the leading generals of the Franco-Prussian war.

The appearance of these people came back before me very vividly, but no one is more distinctly present to me than Von Moltke. He seemed absolutely different from every other personage in that great hall. He was a tall, spare man, his face a mixture of determination and kindness, his whole appearance, as more than one person has said at various times, being that of an intelligent, kindly college professor or schoolmaster.

There was something singularly gentle about his whole bearing, yet it was impressive. He sat very quietly, exchanging some little conversation with his next neighbor, Mantouffel, the drosched vicar of Alsace-Lorraine. The contrast between the two was very marked—Mantouffel, apparently, all keenness and severity, Von Moltke firm, but gentle.

INTRODUCED BY BARON NOTHEM. When I next saw him it was at an evening gathering where there was not a large number present, and where I had the opportunity to converse with him. I was introduced to him by the dean of the diplomatic corps, Baron Notherm, sometimes called "the father of constitutional liberty in continental Europe," a man of very wide political knowledge and who more than once, as I sat at the table, gave me accounts of his conversations with Talleyrand and other men of the first Napoleonic period.

Baron Notherm in presenting me to Von Moltke took advantage of a little sketch published in one of the German newspapers, and said: "Sir Field Marshal, I wish to make you acquainted with a gentleman who was born in Homer, who lives in Syracuse and who has aided in founding a university at Ithaca."

At this Von Moltke laughed pleasantly, and evidently did not understand the allusion, whereupon I told him that in the earlier days of this country he had a way of naming our townships and villages after noted heroes of antiquity, but at present we did better, naming them after the great men of these times, and telling him that no doubt in the newer states he would find his own name and that of his Bismarck attached to some of our younger towns. He seemed interested in this and talked on very pleasantly.

I look back to that evening as one of the most interesting during my stay in Germany.

MOLTKE IN PARLIAMENT. At various other times I met Von Moltke, but do not recall anything of especial interest. No man was more free from the slightest tincture of vanity. As he walked through the streets and in the parks, going to and from the office of the general staff, he was undistinguishable save by his tall, scholarly form, from the crowd of military men about him. He evidently wore just as little in the shape of orders and decorations as was permissible.

At court he was expected, of course, to appear in more splendid attire, but even then there was always the same quiet modesty and simplicity. He seemed to me in some respects "the noblest Roman of them all."

But perhaps his most impressive appearance was as a member of the imperial parliament. From time to time as I happened in to hear the discussions I saw him in his seat, quiet, imperturbable; but on two occasions I heard him speak, and on each of these his subject was the necessity of larger votes of money and men to maintain the military supremacy of Germany.

Nothing could be better in their way than these speeches of his. He looked and spoke as I could imagine Julius Caesar looking and spoke in the Roman senate. Nothing could be more simple and yet nothing more effective. He was listened to by men of all parties with the utmost respect.

He seemed to stand in a sense aloof from all parties, and to be guided simply and solely by what he considered the best interests of the German empire. On hearing him speak one could not resist this conclusion, and as his manner was simple, voice good and statements very clear, direct and strong, but without the slightest tendency to exaggeration, his words carried great weight.

I remember hearing him say in substance in one of these speeches that Germany must be prepared for any emergency, and must maintain the very highest condition of military efficiency possible for at least fifty years. And I remember, too, with what a sort of solemnizing effect these words, quietly uttered, but evidently the result of conviction based on knowledge, had upon the audience. They seemed to carry a sense of responsibility to the heart of every person present.—New York Herald.

Pronouncing Modern Greek. As many may know the pronunciation of the modern Greek language is by accent, and not by quantity, as in England and America has been the custom with ancient Greek ever since the time of Erasmus, the Dutch precursor of Martin Luther. Of late years the American schools have been pronouncing more and more by accent, and the custom has even invaded England and Germany. Now it seems that the German scholars in Athens, noticing the interest taken by the young emperor in matters of education, have petitioned him to make the pronunciation in German schools conform to the usage of the modern Greeks.

Were this done it would be much easier for a German in Greece to understand the spoken language, which he can read easily in the newspapers, but cannot comprehend when he hears it at his hotel.—Boston Advertiser.

TIRED.

What though we're tired, my heart and I? It matters not—their strength shall be. We must live on, we cannot die, Must rise and gird our armor on.

We must be strong, my heart and I, For heavy burdens weigh us down, They press so hard, yet they must try To lift the cross who'd wear the crown.

We must be brave, my heart and I, We have no time to give to tears For broken hopes, that ruined lie Along the pathway of the years.

We must look up, my heart and I, Straight on, where Faith and Hope are seen, With eager step and earnest eye, With steady trust and steadfast mien.

Look up, not down; look on, not back, And grasp the hand of Faith secure, For "not a good thing shall he lack" Who thus "through all things shall endure."

"Tired out," you say; nay, nay, not so! For "as the day, thy strength shall be," And he who bids you "Rise and go," Has also said, "Come, follow me!"

He does not ask that we should tread A path he has not gone before; Then follow, without fear or dread, For he will guide you, doubt no more, —Lacy Leggett in Good Housekeeping.

The Duty of Not Getting Tired. Are you one of the women who say, "I am perfectly well, only I get tired easily"? If you do you are one of thousands. And yet, little woman, don't you know that getting tired easily is just of itself a disease? It shows a letting-down of the vital forces that requires attention and toning up. You need first of all more rest, not necessarily more hours of sleep at night, but little half hours of rest snatched here and there in your hours of work.

And by rest isn't meant simply the physical rest that comes from lying down. Don't lie down to think over your plans for economy, or for entertaining, or for anything else. When you lie down to rest shut your eyes and stop thinking. Ten minutes of this is better than an hour of the other.

Then you need more food probably. Not more food at meals necessarily, but food taken oftener. Instead of waiting until luncheon take a cup of beef tea during the forenoon. In the afternoon take a glass of milk and a biscuit if that agrees with you, or an egg lemonade if that suits you better.

And then get a little fresh air every day. Get it any way, if you have to cut short manicuring your nails or saying your prayers to do it. And get it in the exercise of walking if you can.—New York Evening Sun.

A Scared Hired Man. A native of the verdant Isle, who had newly arrived in America, was hired by a gentleman as a gardener. The country place on which he was to work was on the shore of Long Island