to him who waits beyond the darkness drear the morning cometh with refulgent light, Bringing assurance of a day more bright To him who waits.

to him who waits, though tears may often fall. And kness be bowed in sorrow and in prayer, all grief will end, and everything be fair To him who waits.

bim who waits, and reaches out his hands To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags, Survease will come from every ill that flags To him who waits.

To him who waits, and struggles not in vain to overcome the evils that abound within his breast, aweet will the victory sound

To him who waits. To him who waits there comes a wily throng, Who sneer and scoff and look with baleful eyes But what of them? They are but gnats and flie

To him who walts. To him who waits there must be recompense For useful work, whatever may betide, a compensation reaching far and wide

To him who waits the stars are always friends

The restless ocean and the azure sky, All things in nature speak and prophesy To him who waits. To him who waits true love will some day come

And lay an offering at his blameless shrine; Life will be love, and love will be divine,

To him who waits the world will some day chee And sing his praises; Fame's mysterious gates Will open for him; heaven seem more near,

To him who waits. -Boston Globe

MR BARNES' NEW WIFE,

"I declare she's the han'somest wo man't walks into the Ransom meet'n house. Barnes must of had his eyes open when he picked her out." It was Mr. Whiting who expressed

this opinion. He and his wife were picking early peas in their "nigh garlen," as they called the patch nearest the house. Mrs. Whiting did not reply immedi-

ately, but she went on with her work with such energy that the pea vines affered at her hands. When her husband repeated with unction "the han" somest woman" she exclaimed: "I heard ye plain 'nough, Zenas.

You're jest like the rest of the men. They all think they never seen nothin like her. 'N' she does look well, I ain't disputin' of that."

'N' her figger!" unwisely went on Mr. Whiting, as he dropped a handful of pea pods into the pan; "'n' her walk. We ain't seen no such in Ransom sence that woman from New Orleans was boarding down to the Bankses. Where did you say he found her?"

"Over beyond Bellin'ham, Sarah Ripley said. She knows of her folks," was the unenthusiastic reply.

After awhile Mr. Whiting brought another handful of pods, and said that women was odd. He didn't see, for his part, why they couldn't own up when they seen a face 'n' figger like Barnes' new wife. "Twouldn't hurt 'em

Mrs. Whiting straightened herself up from the vines. She looked intently at the currant bushes, and apparently adlressed her remarks to them:

"Tain't no use to try to make men know anything," she said. Then glancing down at her husband, who was sit ting on his heels and very busy, she continued:

"I'm thinkin' of his first wife. Poor Marshy! It's jest thirt-en months 'n' six days sence she died, 'n' a blessed release to her! I hope she's with her son Barney. If there's any justice in God's laws she's a-resting with her son."

The woman spoke with almost tearful earnestness. She turned and looked toward the tall white house that stood behind its elms and lilacs a short distance down the road.

"I tell you, Zenas, 'f I know anything bout folks by their faces Sam Barnes 'll have a diffrunt time with his second wife from what he did with his first. I hope he will, 'n' I shall see it. It'll do me a sight of good to have him stan' roun'. Let him take his turn, I my. He's had most thirty year bein'

"'N' yet Barnes is a good, fair 'n' square man to deal with, 'n' a regular member of the church," said Mr. Whit-

"I know all that," responded Mrs. Whiting, "but you ain't never ben his

"No more ain't you," said Zenas, with his comfortable laugh.

"Thank the Lord for that!" was the ervent answer. Then the two glanced at each other,

and in their eyes was something which might have led an observer to believe that after all marriage was not always When both were steadily and si-

ently at work again there was heard a voice from the other side of the wall where the road lay.

"I didn't mean to begin to borrow to soon, Mrs. Whiting, but will you lend me a nutmeg? I want to make some dried apple pie. Mr. Barnes is

fend of hot pie for supper." The man and woman in the garden

stood up suddenly.

Leaning on the wall in an indolent attitude was a tall woman whose figure binted somewhat at redundance, but whose corset confined her waist so that a yet the hint was not too prosounced. The dark, thin gown was very plain, but fitted with a perfection herer seen in Ransom, except perhaps in the case of that "lady from New Orleans." The people in this town were not in the habit of seeing a woman's shoulders and hips accentuated in that way, and to the feminine rural aind there almost seemed something banodest in a gown like that. "It Ess so dif runt, you know." But they couldn't help admiring the effect and

Mrs. Whiting recovered her powers speech so that she could bid the other "come right in," for she had plenty of nutmegs, and she knew dried sple pies were mighty flat things

without a good deal of spice. Mrs. Barnes went round to the back stopped and spoke to Whiting and and took off his hat with a large floursailed at him. She was one of those ish, which revealed a baid head.

she always acted on the supposition that men might be "worth while, but that women never were." Her eyes were large and dark, and they were both hard and voluptuous. Her mouth was thin and pale lipped, but it was very expressive.

Mr. Whiting, replying to her word and smile, watched her as she disappeared in the house. He wished to follow her, but he kept on with his work. He told himself that Sam Barnes was a thunderin' lucky man, and he wondered if that was the kind of women they had out beyond Bellin's

A few days later Sarah Ripley announced that not only had the "new Mis' Barnes" been married before, but that she had been married twice before. Her first husband had died and was buried. The history of her second husband was not, however, so straightforward. He had neglected to die and be buried, and was roaming at large in the world. He had run away from her. It was said that he had declared before disappearing that "if Charlotte wasn't the devil she was jest as good as the

devil." This was strong language, and no wonder the man had not returned after having made use of it.

Sarah Ripley paid a visit to that re mote town whence Mr. Barnes had brought his wife, and when Sarah returned she was much sought after by the whole feminine neighborhood. She was not reticent in regard to the information she had gleaned. She said that Mr. Fickett, the second husband, had been heard of "out west somewhere;" that Mr. Barnes had spent a pile of money in getting a divorce from him for Charlotte, so that he, Barnes, could wed Charlotte, for he was regunever been no man so bewitched be- wait. fore," Sarah said confidentially to each person to whom she related the tale. "Folks did say he was jest like a man run crazy. He had been heard to declare by three difrunt people but what Charlotte should have that bill and be free to marry. 'N' Fickett'd what there is 'bout her, but some women be so."

Thus said Miss Sarah Ripley, concerning whom no man, in all her 40 years of life, had ever "run crazy."

For two or three months Mr. Barnes went around like a man in a state of beatitude. He even sold his pigs at less than the market price, having for the first time in his life neglected to in- much difficulty. He considered that he form himself what the "goin' price" really was. Worse than that, when informed that the trader had taken advantage of his ignorance he had smiled happily and had replied that "he he guessed he'd take Charlotte back guessed it didn't make no odds." Several neighbors were sharp enough to improve this lapse and to get a few lotte did go. "good bargains out of Sam Barnes."

There were changes in the house, too; it was painted and papered and refurnished. It was opened also. The sacred "south parlor" was a sight to see, with its plush chairs in place of the horsebair, and with its open doors and | come back." blinds. Mrs. Barnes said she didn't like to do heavy housework, and they had a hired girl who kept the neighborhood informed as to the progress of Sam's infatuation. There were visitors, too, and brisk talk and laughter

Mrs. Whiting watched all these proceedings with unfailing intensity of interest. She said she wanted to the end of their rope. They'd git to it, and she thought it would be sooner Mr. Barnes turn ruther than later. When Sam Barnes got over his blindness he'd just put his foot down agin, 'n' folks would stop

gigglin' there." In the course of the summer it was rumored that Mr. Barnes had "moggidged his house." On the very same day at a Baptist picnic there ran a "Mis' Barnes went to bed every night with her face tied up in a raw beef-

steak." "Porterhouse?" questioned the minster when this news was told to him. But whether the steak were porterhouse or plebeian "round" was never really ascertained, owing to the remissness of the hired girl.

In those days Mrs. Whiting returned. after some fluctuations, to her belief that after all Mrs. Barnes would be too much for her husband and he could never resume his sway again. She was growing thin and he had now lost his beatified expression. When he went to meetin' with his wife it was generally noticed that he no longer sat so close to her in the pew and he did not look at her so often, but her smile seemed just as sweet, and she was often bestowing that smile upon her husband.

"I guess things is kinder settlin' down over ter Barnes'," said Mr. Whiting, 'but he never'll be the same man ag'in. Whose buggy's that?"

He stepped out from the back door that he might see more plainly a dashing black horse and glittering buggy

which were stopping at his gate. Mrs. Whiting ran to the front entry and peeped out. She saw a man alight ren the buggy and carefully hitch the horse to the post. He was smoking a very long, thick eigar. He had on yellow gloves with broad black stitching on the backs; also a tall silk hat, so glossy that it seemed to radiate back light; also dove colored trousers and a white waistcoat; across the latter was draped a good deal of chain which held slides and dangling things known as charms. was fat; he had a long mustache and "goatee" so visibly dyed as to appear to be ready to soil anything with

which his face should come in contact. He walked up the path to the front door and knocked. Mrs. Whiting had been peeping through the side lights, and she now opened the door with unexpected promptness, so that she received a whiff of smoke directly in her face and was seized with a fit of coughsate and sauntered down the path. ing. The stranger threw his cigar away

these voice and glance keep their By this time Mr. Whiting had made special sweetness for men. Without his way round to the front of his house, having a distinctly formulated belief, and was standing close to the step-

stone, filled with euriosity, but determined not to speak first.

"My name is Ficket:-Leander Fickett," said the man, as if he were conferring a favor.

Mr. Whiting nodded, and Mrs. Whiting tried desperately to stop coughing that she might bear better.

"I was told," went on the stranger in a way perfectly in keeping with his trousers and his chains and his gloves, "that Mr. Samuel Barnes resided here. Be you him?" looking at Mr. Whiting, who said slowly:

"No, I ain't him, 'n' he don't reside

"From that minute," said Mr. Whiting, in relating the incident afterward, 'from that minute I knew something was up 'bout that woman." That woman meaning Mr. Barnes'

second wife "Can you tell me where Mr. Barnes does reside?" was the next question. "I can," was the answer. But be-

fore giving the information Zenas thought he would ask a question: "Who be you?"

"I told you-Leander Fickett." The two who heard him say this were trying in vain to recall when they had before heard that name.

"Yes, but who be you?" retorted Mr. Whiting.

"I am," said Mr. Fickett in his large

at his helpmeet, who actually gasped as she returned his glance. "Can't ye come in?" she inquired in a voice which curiosity made cordial. Now Leander Fickett was a man who

would rather talk about himself than do anything else. He knew he was well worth talking about. His visit at larly bewitched with her. "There had the residence of Mrs. Barnes could He accepted the invitation, and was

soon sitting on the best haircloth chair in the Whiting parlor. The chair creaked, but it bore up. The first thing Mr. Fickett told his companions was that he'd spend every cent he'd got that he was worth more than \$1,000,000, and that in two years more he should be worth double that sum-all out of Post. ben jest so 'fore he got her. I d' know | the Leading Star mine. He had come back after his wife.

"He guessed them divorce papers didn't amount to much. He guessed he 'n' Mr. Barnes could arrange it. Charlotte always did like to handle money. He'd had some trouble with Charlotte, but he kinder hankered to give her the handlin of some of that hoods, and acquaintance with them could make it all straight with Mr. Barnes. Folks wasn't so partickler He was willin' to do the fair thing, but with him; he guessed she'd go.'

He was right in his surmises. Char-On this particular day Mr. Barnes was absent until nightfall. When he returned there was only the hired girl in the house. She told him that "Mis" Barnes 'd gone off to ride with a gen-

tleman, 'n' didn't say when she should

"Charlotte Fickett." The letter explained that she, the writer, had always felt compunctions about marrying another man while her husband was still were heard from among those clumps living, but that her love for Mr. Barnes had overruled her conscience. Now, however, her conscience had been too much for her and she could go against it no longer. She obeyed the voice of see them folks over there git to duty, and at the same time the voice of

Mr. Barnes turned off his hired girl. He lives alone and does his own housework as well as his farmwork. He looks 70. People say he "ain't so sharp in a bargain 's he used to be," and naturally they think he has "soft'nin'

of the brain. Mrs. Whiting asserts that if 'twas soft'nin' of the heart she would have whisper all through the company that some hopes of him.-New York Tribune.

Carefully Accurate.

A student of ancient history, seeing the statement that a certain famous character in history had died 1030 A. M. (anno mundi, or the year of the world), remarked to his professor with some surprise, "How exceedingly careful those ancients were about noting little circumstances."

"What do you mean?" the professor asked. "Why, they even tell the time of

day that a great man dies. We don't do that now." "I think you are mistaken," replied

the teacher. "No, I am not: here it is: 'His death occurred at 10:30 a. m. "-Youth's Companion.

About Sharpening a Knife. It is a good deal easier to spoil a knife than to sharpen it. To begin with, a rough stone is used too freely. Unless a knife has a very round or ragged edge it does not want any grinding at all, and it can be brought ipto shape far more rapidly and surely by the aid of a whetstone and a little oil. It is no use laying the blade flat on the stone and rubbing hard; hold the back of the knife well up and sharpen the edge of the blade only. you know how to use it, the back of a knife makes an excellent steel or

quire.-Exchange. Expensive House Cleaning.

sharpener, but the secret is hard to ac-

It costs \$10,000 merely for the "spring cleaning" of a great botel like the Fifth Avenue. To take up the carpets, cleanse and repair them, and put them down again; to wash the paint, repaint, repaper, and all the thousand and one things which a great house needs with each new year, costs the proprietor of the Fifth Avenue \$10,000.-New York

The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Plankington quarry. near Norwich, in February, 1889; it

STROKE OF FEMININE CENIUS.

imple, but Effective, Plan to Prevent Barking One's Shins.

The man who says that women have not originality not only speaks untruth

but deceives himself. Every one has had occasion to go through a room in the dark on more or less frequent nightly occasions when locking the back door had been forgotten or the pitcher of ice water omitted from the nightly preparations for slumber, and every one knows how each individual piece of furniture in each dark room traversed, including the piano's sharp corners and the rocking chair's twin projections, is collided with. And all these hard knocks are sus-

tained by the stretch of bone from the knee to the ankle that is commonly called "shin," and is particularly sensitive because it has no layer of muscle, merely a coat of sensitive skin to protect it.

When open doors are run against the nose suffers.

Now there is a young Mrs. D., whose blue eyed baby is a year and a half old, and not infrequently does Mrs. D. have to get up of a night, go down stairs to the refrigerator and get milk for baby.

She does not say how often or how seriously she was hurt before her genius way, "I am Mr. Samuel Barnes' wife's suggested the brilliant plan which she now has for avoiding these petty noc-Mr. Whiting whistled. He looked turnal injuries, but she is really proud of her plan for getting unscathed through a room in the dark, and has imparted it to her lady neighbors.

It is too clever an idea to be lost, and its great merit is in its simplicity. The scheme is merely to walk backward.

In the dark one can see as well going backward as forward, of course. The lower limbs are, when going backward. well protected from slight raps by the more or less liberal pad of muscle at the calf, and heels are less sensitive than toes

And if one is to run into a door the blow can be better borne on the back of the head than on the face. Mrs. D. is a genius.-Washington

An Independent Horse.

In the business portions of our city there are a good many horses belonging to firms or to private individuals which stand "on call," as it were, oftentimes for hours, in front of their owner's place of business. These horses come to be well known in their neighbormoney. He didn't reekon there'd be shows in them habits and idiosyncrasies which are most interesting. One of the equines, with an individuality all his own, is a gray horse belonging to a bout such things out where he'd ben. firm in Winthrop square. He stands in front of his owner's store apparently pondering upon the ups and downs of life, the hat trade and the weather. and occasionally he starts off for an independent tour round the square, affording much amusement, sometimes consternation, to people who are unac-

quainted with his ways of doing things, Should it occur to him that he is thirsty or that to take a drink would awaits his turn, onenches his thirst. turns around and marches back, like Bo Peep's sheep, so that his owner having left him facing in one direction is quite apt to find him facing in another. The old gray horse is an independent character, they will tell you,

in Winthrop square. —Boston Herald. "Man Traps and Spring Guns Set Here." Man traps were made in South Staffordshire, chiefly at West Bromwich, ten years ago, and are probably still to be bought. The pattern books of several manufacturers had and probably still have an octavo page engraving, showing a poacher gripped by the leg and dropping the hares he had picked up. These modern man traps were, however, "human man traps," with plain bar jaws, and not the saw tooth grips, which would mangle a limb and probably break the leg bone. Similar tiger traps are also made in the Black Country, and are formidable and crushing devices. Spring guns are made in Birmingham, but these are only alarm guns, to make a loud report and frighten a poacher or bird stealer by noise, without shot; but the older forms swung the small cannon around and fired a volley of shot in the direction of the wire trodden upon. -Notes | However, there are smugglers. and Queries.

Too Becent. Juliette, a little girl who was making what her parents regarded as remarkable progress at school, was asked one day by her Uncle George:

"Well, Juliette, what study do you like best?" "Oh, history, Uncle George. I'm

getting along splendidly in that." "Yes," said her mother. "Just ask her a question, and see how much she knows.

"Well," said Uncle George, "tell me the story of Adam." Juliette looked up with surprise "Adam?" she said. "Why, I haven't

The Parson's Bible.

Rev. E. H. Lawrence, of Wisconsin, was presented with a Bible many years ago which he carried through the war. He always carried it in his coat pocket. At the battle of Kennesaw Mountain a bullet struck Rev. Mr. Lawrence on his left side, penetrating his coat and shirt, then into his Bible, stopping at Isaiah II., 7. Strange to say the Bible saved his life, and he preserved the book with the bullet in it until his death. The first sermon be ever preached he took the verse at which the billet stopped for his text, and preached the sermon at Antioch church, Morgan county. - Chicago Herald.

A "Case." Lady Physician-I think the shade of his complexion is more harmonious today and the tint of his tongue more delicate. Just cut this plaster on the bias and arrange it artistically on his near Norwich. in February, 1889; it was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over thirty-five tons; it water, and let him introduce it into his interior at intervals of one hour each.

—Mursey's Weekly.

The Man in the Moon" in Good Housekeeping. -Muney's Weekly.

AMONG THE DUTCH BOERS.

some Very Queer Costumes-Medicine and Quackery-Dancing.

The traveler (I speak of one who is supposed to understand Boer speech and habits) arrives at a farm house in, say, the Orange Free state. A farm house may have one field of forage and a stone kraal; otherwise the farm is open country. He will not off saddle his horse without receiving permission; this having been asked for and granted, the farmer them. Why do you pine for rapid tran-leads him through the half doors into the furniture, numerous pink and white earlier and take your time; you will do paper flowers, and painted on the walls vases of fruit like those seen depicted on the London pavements, get home! Home will be "there" The visitor will proceed to shake hands, commencing with the stout vrauw and ending with the baby in arms. This per a person to accept the classic slang is not the English "handshake," but a resting of palm within palm. The coffee, which is made from sunrise to sunset, is then brought in in bowls, tobacco about, anyhow? pouches are exchanged, and conversation, which seldom varies, commences. The visitor and the farmer answer or reply pretty much as follows: "The veld is green. The clouds are heavy; there will be a thunderstorm to-morrow. I have a very fine red horse running. Nachtmaal communion) will be next month. My vrauw has a cold. The president is a fine man. Japie de Villiers (pronounced Vilje, and minus the prefix) has had a ram born with five heads. The English are thieves." The handshaking ceremony is then repeated, the horse, fed and rested, is brought round; the traveler mounts, smacks his siambook, shows

off his steed and proceeds on his journey. special pace called a "tripple," and a good "trippler" is always prized. With this pace no "porting" of the saddle is required, and on a long journey the trippler will arrive each night without turning a hair, while the trotting horse, his companion, may be done up. Distance is reckoned by time-six miles to the hour. If an Englishman near the hour of sunset asks a Dutchman where such a village lies, he will be answered by a raised hand and "a little way over that hill." You then ride ten miles and sleep out in a thunder storm, perhaps. reach the village the following midday. Superstition and fear of contagious dis-

ases are great among this people. The Dutch are accomplished herbalists, doubtless obtaining the knowledge of the Hottentots and Bushmen; they have herb brandies for colies and plants for sores. They are often the prey of quack doctors; the more as genuine pracitioners, who have to go long distances, charge heavily. A Dutchman is satisfied with the treatment so long as his medical adviser brings to the house a quart bottle of physic; if he present him with a small al he doubts his skill and sends for another man. The dead are buried on the farms, and over them traveling masons erect mausoleums of brick. Dutch women are enormous in size, good cooks in their style, gobble sweets and cakes all day and take little exercise. But now and then a Dutch wife and her daughters may be seen kraaling the sheep at evening. A Boer likes his wife's company, and will leave passengers by his wagon stuck in the mud and half starved while he tracks off fifty miles with another vehicle to pay a visit to the vrauw. Feather beds are greatly prized by this

people; they generally carry their beds with them on journeys. The trekkings of the Boers are remarkable. Annually the farmhouse on be a diversion in the monotony of his the "low veld" is shut up, and the sheep tunate children. Science and humanity afternoon he walks over to the drink- and cattle are taken scores of miles up She did not come back. The next day Mr. Barnes received a letter signed wagons are camped, perhaps tents are pitched, and domestic life goes on as humanity may decree that every other usual. Fowls cluck among the wild street be reserved for passenger traffic grasses, and the cows are milked beneath and foot travel only; or some large and the shadows of mighty mountains. general belief in the excellence of Boer shooting is no delusion.

The people are excessively fond of music and dancing; concerting, harmonium and fiddle are their delight. A withered Hottentot dwarf will draw a strain from the sole of an old shoestrung with sinew, and men and maidens will vigorously dance to it for hours. For dancing there is no touching the English Afrikander, and his measures seem quite original. The Boers have a character for pilfering. When the men and the women enter an up country store they are allowed to carry off small goods like sweets or ribbons, which they unconsciously pay for in the bill. The farmers are not rich in money, their wool crops being mortgaged sometimes to the stores for two seasons ahead. "Young bloods" are impudent and wild. A smart curveting borse and hat with white ostrich plume usually denote this species. When a Boer drinks he is an entire fool. In order to keep a firm hand over the young men riding transport, the elders of the free state recently passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquor at wayside canteens, and thereby lost a large revenue.

The Boers are great religious formalists; and at certain times they and their families ride into the villages from great distances to celebrate the Nachtman (night meal or communion), their wagons loaded with produce—presents for the parsons. At this time business is brisk and the streets are like a fair. Yet, where natives and land are concerned, the Eoer's constant violation of the Commandments does not need pointing out. The Boers are by no means modest, and their family conversations are at times botsterously indecent. Household arrangements, save on rich farms, are necessarily meager, and the traveler must be prepared to sleep on the floor in the midst of four or five sisters and their three or four brothers. all grown up, while the head couple snore on an elevated and ponderous feather bed got as far as that yet!"-Youth's Comin a curtained corner of the room. When sleeping at a superior Transvaal farmhouse, it is well to examine the mattress: if it rests on sheepckins, throw the skins out.-St. James' Cazette.

> Marys of Journalism. There are five Marys potent in New York types: Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar; Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of St. Nicholas; Mary J. Lamb, editor of The Magazine of American His-Mary Kyle Dallas, of The New York Ledger, and Mary E. Bryan, of George Monroe's Fashion Bazar.-William H. Bellou in The Journalist.

> > The Pleasure of Eating

There is no rational ground for the common notion that the pleasure of eat-ing depends mainly upon what is eaten; depends upon the eater, the vigor of digestion and the condition of the nerves. If all these are sound and true, the precise kinds of food and drink are matters of little consequence. But-and this is a very, very large but-if you will keep them sound and true they must not be

TOO BIG A HURRY.

Advice to City People-The Croze for

Rap'd Transit. Rapid transit! So that is what you Well, you don't want anything of the kind, taking want to mean need, as properly it does. What you mean to say is that you desire rapid transit. Very well; you are a very foolish person; that's all. You desire rapid transit as chitaren desire things not good for main apartment. There is home made get to business? Then start ten minutes your work better and more easily if you take it up with unshaken nerves. To 5:35 p. m. just as surely as at 5:25; "the kids"—children, if you are too proand their mother had rather see you come home in a placid than in a ruffled state of mind. What are you in a hurry

For every beating pulse we tell

So sung a very pious and truthful versifier of the last century. Why do you desire to double the number of pulse beats by the uncomfortable excitement of "rapid transit?" "The numberless" is accomplished rapidly enough by the slowest process. "Soon shalt thou forget all things; soon by all things shalt thou be forgotten," said Marcus Aurelius some 2,000 years ago. Why do you desire to quicken the trot of the procession toward the inevitable chasm of oblivion?

What you need-no matter what you desire-is comfortable transit. Transit that jars no nerve by rumbling cable, The farmers have trained ponies to a jolting spring, clatter of hoof on stony pavement, direful groan of laboring engine, more direful shriek of steam whistle or most direful jangle of brass bells out of tune. You don't want to be packed in a surface traveling car of any sort; you don't want your nerves to quiver with apprehension for the fate of the reckless newsboy-too often newschild-who exposes himself to more danger while hopping cars" for an hour than many a battle field disclosed in a day. And you don't want to be hoisted into an enlarged edition of a cash and parcels basket, and whirled by steam or electricity at an elevation too high for safety, too low for comfort. High enough to insure disaster in case of accident, low enough to catch the smoke of household chimneys, and the odors of household cooking. Still less do you want to be shot through the bowels of the earth by atmospheric or other force. As has been said, you will explore the subterraneau regions soon enough. "Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes," said Horace. They were too wise to hanker

after underground railways in his day. But the more comfort he transit, how are you going to got that? Easily, if you have a talented pair of legs; other wise, with difficulty or not at all. And even the most gifted legs will suffer disquiet at the bridges and crossings of the most crowded streets. Comfortable transit is as yet afar off from you. Your grandfather had it; your uncle who lives in the country has it. But your grandfather was never in a hurry, and your uncle never is. Therefore your grandfather's nerves were and your uncle's are as of steel. The flerce jolt and hideous rumble of the thimble skein farm wagon are and were to them luxurious and musical. You have hurried your nerves into a jumble of sensitive mucus. For you comfort means quiet. It will be so-'only more so'-with your unfor will provide for them; they can hardly be expected to help you, who are the may cease from being in a hurry, or The strong tamable birds, graceful as the swans of Lorda, may be discovered, upon whose backs, or drawn by whom in serial cars, the tired and nervous may be borne quietly, and quickly, too, to and from business; or balloons may convey people at salubrious heights through th calm of air, or chloroform may be administered to each street car passenger by the conductor in such quantities as to render him or her oblivious to the perils and discomforts of travel. This latter experiment might well be essayed under the existing condition of street transit, which is neither comfortable nor rapid. -Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Farms of New Brunswick. In extended travels over the New Brunswick and Intercolonial railways one has practical opportunity for observation sustained by it, and any one with half a disposition to fairness must admit that our own country cannot anywhere show finer farms or more bright and prosperous villages. The manner, motive, conversation and characteristics of native passengers traveling between interior settlements and towns tell as much as statistics. The face of this fine province, as a whole, is filled with interesting piotures of thrift, amplitude, content. Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen seem to have assimilated and merged into another race, retaining the best qualities of each. The farming population as a class average as well as, or better than, our own in point of intelligence and a certain admirable quality of not unpleasant assertiveness and self reliance, and in many sections, like the central, western. Church college a number of the halls southern and southeastern valleys, the beauty of villages, shaded highways and outlying farms cannot be surpassed in the states or in any part of garden like England.—Edgar L. Wakeman's Letter.

Don't Write "Cold Slaw."

Noticing a recipe for "Kauldslaugh," it occurred to me that I might enlighten deed, stationed a watchman in the readers as to the meaning and original spelling of that word. It is composed of two Dutch (Holland) words and signifies a salad made of cabbage; kool (pronounced cole) means cabbage; ala (pro-nounced slaw) means a salad, and the proper name in Dutch is "koolsla." simply prepared; the cabbage is shaved fine, seasoned with pepper and salt and then with a little vinegar is heated in a pan until the cabbage is wilted. I have is affectionately termed, and approachseen it written in recipe books as "Cold Slaw," the word cold being used as the opposite of hot, and in that sense must we been taken from the sound and not the meaning of the word .- Cor. Good ing to your duty so well. Now you go

When Saddles Were First Used. It is supposed that the saddle was invented about the middle of the Fourth century, but the fact, in the opinion of some, has not been positively proven. one of the fifty doors was painted a Zonaras, the historian, tells us that Constantine the younger was killed in the year 340, when he fell from his sad-The word translated into saddle also means, however, the back of the horse, or the place where the rider sat. It is true, nevertheless, that Sidonius Apollinaris used the word that unmis-

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

Boy So Constructed That He Can Locate Ore as a Divining Red Does Water.

The magnetic needle has long been onsidered a reliable medium for divining the location of veins containing ironstone, or other similar deposits, and n the course of some experiments conlucted by Professors Rucker and Thorpe, and other eminent men of seience, some remarkable confirmations of and additions to the theories hitherto held on the subject were achieved. It was found that on approaching an area beneath which ironstone was deposited the needle became deflected. In cases where the iron was near to the surface the deflection was most acute, and where it was hidden far below the surface the degree of deflection was accordingly diminished, so that by carefully noting the movements of the needle it was possible not only to fix the exact locality where iron was to be found, but also, according to the degree of deflection, to fix with tolerable accuracy the depth at which the vein would be met with.

Another mode of discovering the location of minerals is to use the "diviner," as a person gifted with "magnetic powers" is called. There is now in England a remarkable boy who is regularly employed for this purpose by a mining company in the north of the country. The manager of the company, in describing this boy, says: 'Mineral veins and water have very strong magnetic attraction for the boy. who is 15 years of age and of ordinary weight. If he stand in a small quantity of water it takes a very strong man to lift him. It is not at all necessary for him to carry a stick. All he requires to do is to walk over the ground with his hands clasped, and he can immediately tell you if he steps upon a vein. He can give the direction of the vein, and say whether it is weak or strong. He can also, by simply walking over it, say whether another vein

crosses into it. "When he came here we were all skeptical, so we took him on a portion of a hill where we knew veins to exist, but where no outside traces were visible, and he correctly gave us the direction of each. In his researches he came upon a very large and strong vein, which was quite unknown to us. He gave us its direction and strength, and as we have since put a shaft down into this vein we have proved that he was exactly right as to its position. He does not profess to tell whether the vein carries lead ore or not; all he can do is to find the vein for you and say what size and strength it is. In the vein he found for us we have not yet come upon lead ore, but it carries rich mineral soil and promises well," This boy is accompanied by a medical man, whose services are frequently required as the work of discovery proceeds in consequence of repeated magnetic shocks which he receives from contact with minerals or water. - New York Commercial Adver-

Freaks of College Life.

College students have peculiar customs, some of which certainly could not be adopted by outsiders to advantage. In a certain New England coltume some years ago was a linen duster, a tall white hat and a pair of top boots, a rig calculated neither for wet nor dry weather, neither for heat nor cold. In the same institution of learning, immediately upon the ringing of an alarm of fire, it was incumbent upon every able bodied student to throw open his window, thrust forth a tin horn, and blow as if the fire flend was known to be as averse to the sound of a fish horn as were the college faculty

themselves. Signs and door plates, numbers from street doors and the gilded wooden keys, boots and watches customarily displayed before shops were all looked upon as most desirable adoraments for a "student's" sitting room. Happily these and similar freaks of student life are being weeded out, and the day is at hand when even a collegian will not be ashamed to behave like a gentleman, and learn to possess his soul in patience, even though some callow freshman dares to carry a cane and to 'sport" (the proper technical term) a stovepipe hat.—Harper's Young People.

Outwitting the Dean. I was talking recently with an English clergyman of the Episcopal church who gained his B. A. at Oxford nearly half a century ago. The conversation turned to Harvard college and the decoration of its founder's statue. The reverend gentleman said that his recollections of his Oxford days contained plenty of episodes of a like nature and he accordingly related several. Upon the great quadrangle of the Christ front and upward of fifty doors open. One fine morning every one of these doors, which were of oak, was painted a bright crimson. Of course there was great agitation, but the identity of the artist was never disclosed. The dean, in order to prevent a recurrence of the quadrangle, and so well did that functionary perform his duties that the doors were not touched. But the students resolved to circumvent the dean and outwit the sentinel.

One evening a big undergraduate who had possessed himself of a flowing ed the watchman. "Ahum! ahum!" he began in a deep pitched voice, "I am glad, my man, to find you attendto my kitchen and my cook will give you a good supper and plenty of ale. I will keep watch while you are gone."
Flattered and pleased the man accepted the invitation and went. He was gone fifteen minutes. In the meantime each sunset red. -Boston Advertiser.

The popular belief that occupants of the highest floors in a city house live in the purest air seems to be upset by tests made of the atmosphere of London, which showed that the purest air was takably refers to the saddletree.—De-troit Free Press. obtained between thirty and forty feet above the streets.—New York Times.