WHAT ENDURES?

What do you think endures?
Do you think the great city endures?
Or a teeming manufacturing state, or a prepared constitution, or the best built steamships,
Or hotels of granite and iron, or any chef d'œuvres of engineering, forts, armaments?

Away! these are not to be cherished for themselves;
They fill their hour; the dancers dance; the musicians play for them;
The show passes; all does well enough of course;
All does very well till one flash of defiance.

The great city is that which has the greatest man or woman;
If it be a few ragged huts, it is still the greatest city in the whole world.

—Walt Whitman.

A Time to Laugh.

You know how it grates on your finer sensibilities to be laughed at to your face, especially when the laugh is of the harsh, unpolished type. And you know one or more persons who are possessed of such a laugh and such a disposition to use it. Well, there is such a person in this town. He is a very well educated man, too, and is especially good in the languages. Not long ago he was talking to a mild mannered little woman who had asked him a question about a French sentence. He asked her to repeat it. She did so.

"Ha ha!" he laughed. "Ha, ha! Haw, haw, haw!" and the little woman blushed.

"What is it?" she asked very much embarrassed.

"Haw, haw—I—haw, haw—was laughing—haw, haw—at your very bad—haw, haw—pronunciation—haw, haw"——

"Haw, haw, haw!" she interrupted suddenly. "Haw, haw! ha, ha, ha, ha!" and she kept it up as loud as she could until he began to get red in the face and feel embarrassed himself.

"What is it?" he exclaimed when she gave him the chance.

"Haw, haw!" she responded uproariously; "I was—haw, haw—laughing—haw, haw—at your—haw, haw—very bad—haw, haw—manners—haw, haw! Good morning," and she turned her back on him and hasn't spoken to him since.—Detroit Free Press.

Dress In the Middle Ages.

As to dress in mediæval Europe plain leather and woolen served for all ranks, except on splendid ceremonials. Examine the figures of the knights on the floor of the antechapel in the Temple church in London. The originals of those forms were not brothers of the order or bound to poverty. They were the proudest and most powerful of the English peers. Yet their armor is without ornament save the plain device on the shield. The cloak is the lightest and simplest. The heavy sword hangs from a leather belt, fastened with an ordinary harness buckle. As those knights lie there, so they moved when they were alive, and when hard blows were going they had an ample share of them.

No fact of history is more certain than that the peasants born on the great baronies looked up to those lords of theirs with real and reverent affection—very strange if one party in the contract had nothing but hardship and the other was an arbitrary tyrant. Custom dies hard, and this feeling of feudal loyalty has lingered into our own times with very little to support it.—Froude's Oxford Address.

Marriages of Consanguinity.

Dr. Regnault, in a paper read before the French Association for the Advancement of Science at Pau, observed that there are two varieties of consanguinity. In the first, two near blood relations married. This has been prohibited at all times and in nearly all nations. To the second, the customary intermarriage of the natives of a district, he applied the term topographical consanguinity. In certain races in North America, Australia and elsewhere this is forbidden.

Dr. Regnault sees traces of this practice in the civilized world. The more the inhabitants of a district intermarry, the more severe are they against the intermarriage of blood relations. This is seen in remote villages. On the other hand, in towns where the citizens can and do readily marry elsewhere, they trouble little about the marriage of cousins. In feudal times traveling was very difficult. The commonalty had to marry natives of their own district.—British Medical Journal.

"Bless This Frugal Meal."

"How do you like the new minister?" inquired one of the leading members of a suburban flock of the deacon's wife.

"I don't like him at all," was the reply. "Of course I invited him to dine with us when he was here on trial, and naturally enough I apologized in advance for the dinner, but I leave it to you if that afforded him ground to insult me?"

"Insult you? Certainly not. How did he do that?"

"Oh, when it came time to say grace he asked the Lord to bless the 'frugal meal,' and really, between us, I must admit that I had made most elaborate preparations."—New York Herald.

French Scenery In America.

A New York artist has spent two summers among the Great Smoky mountains of Tennessee, because, he says, he gets the same kind of subject there that the French painters find around Barbizon—the same rudeness of implements, the same simplicity of habitations, even the same blue clothing. "I don't see why so many of our fellows go to France," said he, "for we have everything that we can want in this country."—New York Sun.

Liked Oysters.

Little Son—Mamma, do you like pearls?
Mamma—Indeed I do.
Little Son—Well, you give me some money to go to a restaurant an get a oyster stew, an mebby I'll find a nice pearl for you.—Good News.

Strong and Weak Spelling.

Speaking in a broad and general way, and admitting that every one is likely to misspell a word of the English language at some time in his life, spellers may be divided into two classes—the "strong spellers" and the "weak spellers." What "strong spelling" means may be illustrated by the orthographical maxim and practice of an excellent gentleman who is now dead. His rule was, "Never misspell a word for want of putting in enough letters." Acting on this principle, he spelled girl gearle, do doe and get gette.

This trait would seem to indicate a liberal disposition, and this gentleman was certainly a very liberally minded man. His "strong spelling" did not prevent him from serving the public acceptably in several capacities.

Another strong speller always insisted upon writing the word "perhaps" thus, perhapse. Though he was frequently remonstrated with and repeatedly told that there was no final e on the word, he continued to spell it that way.

A thoroughly "strong speller" always seems to be accorded a certain sympathy and even admiration by those who ordinarily spell correctly, while a "weak speller" is always laughed at. What "weak spelling" means may be illustrated by the case of a gentleman who recently wrote "enthusiasm" thus, entheusam, and who generally spells "suggest" sojest.

The same gentleman is known to have spelled penalty pelenty, but a peculiarity of his case is that he never mispronounces a word and always appears in conversation what he certainly is, a cultivated gentleman.—Youth's Companion.

General Butler's Courage.

After Lincoln's assassination General Butler occupied a suite of rooms on the first floor of Willard's hotel in Washington. One afternoon the general and his secretary, Mr. Batchelder, were seated at a table near the window of one of the rooms, when Mr. Batchelder noticed that a large crowd had collected and were gazing at and making comments on the general, who was in plain view from the street. It having been common report that not only the lives of Lincoln and Seward, but of Grant and Butler were to be sacrificed, Mr. Batchelder became nervous and finally got up and pulled down the blinds.

The general looked up and said: "What's the matter, Batchelder? Why are you pulling down the blinds?"

"Oh," said Mr. Batchelder, "I thought it was getting rather late."

"Nonsense, Batchelder," said the general. "Put them up again."

"But, general," said Mr. Batchelder, "there is a great crowd outside the window and there is no telling what violence they may attempt."

General Butler snorted contemptuously.

"Let them," he said, and seeing that his young secretary had the seat nearer the window, "and I will change seats with you, so there will be no danger."—Exchange.

"True as Preaching."

What is the use of worrying at what angle a chair stands in the room, so long as the chair is a comfortable chair? I have known a poor tired woman to walk up stairs and down stairs and into every room in the house simply to make sure that every shade was pulled just so far down in each window, so that it would look nice from the outside; then she was too tired to go out that afternoon. Was it worth while? Hardly. True, there are some people who are never so happy as when they are miserable, and are never so content as when they are finding fault.

Have we not known housewives, blessed among women, who, when they cleaned house, were never so wretched as when they could not get more than half a dustpanful of dirt after sweeping a room? Rip Van Winkle's wife burst a blood vessel in scolding the peddler who crossed the freshly sanded floor. She cared about the floor; the peddler didn't. She died; the peddler lived.—Eliza D. Keith.

The Leaflets Were Popular.

There is a story of an officer in command of a troopship who, having embraced a somewhat sensational form of religious belief himself, was active in distributing tracts setting forth these views among his men. To his extreme gratification these leaflets were received with thankfulness, and even asked for. So great indeed was the "run" on these special publications that the amateur missionary's stock was soon exhausted, and he had to fall back upon a collection of less exciting religious literature.

"These tracts are not equal to the old ones," remarked the officer as he dealt them out to the sergeant. "I dare say the men find the difference." "Yes, sir, indeed they do," was the prompt reply. "There never was such good paper for pipelights as the first lot made; them others ain't to be named with them."—Manchester Times.

He Had Been There Before.

"Lay off your overcoat. You won't feel it when you go out," remarked the proprietor of a Park row restaurant to an infrequent customer one evening during a cold spell.

"That's just the reason that I keep it on," replied the other. "The last one I took off here I have never felt or seen since," and with these words he buttoned his coat tightly around his form and pointed to the glazed sign on the wall, which read, "The proprietor is not responsible for overcoats or umbrellas lost or stolen."—New York Herald.

What Makes Beauty.

Beauty is a result of race, of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life, and of continuous diet, not of intelligence, and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even begun.—Million.

TRAIN DISPATCHING.

WORK SO RESPONSIBLE AND RISKY IS YET FASCINATING.

The Many Moving Trains Under a Train Dispatcher's Charge Depend For Safety Upon His Comprehensive Mental "Picture"—Some Examples.

"I tell you, boys, it's the most fascinating work I ever tried, and I've been railroading for 25 years and taken a turn at everything from brakeman to division superintendent."

So spoke the train dispatcher to a company of railroad men and the reporter.

"Why," said the latter, "I thought train dispatching was too risky to make the sense of responsibility comfortable?"

"It may be partly that at bottom, but a train dispatcher to do his work must lose sight of the awful consequences that might follow a mistake. If he didn't, he'd lose his nerve every time. Why, every train, or single locomotive for that matter, of the hundreds whose movements he directs every day is fraught with greater possibilities of disaster, involving life or property, or both, than any man can contemplate and not want to desert the responsibility."

"But how can a man put out of his mind altogether those possibilities, so that he's fit to move trains without hesitation and not get rattled?" asked the reporter.

"Well, it's the same answer to that as in other cases where nerve is needed. It's the confidence that comes with experience. If you've run trains without accident, why you feel you can do it again."

"When the danger of catastrophe is lost sight of," resumed the dispatcher, "the fascination comes in in the complexity of the problems which present themselves every hour. How to get the most trains through in opposite directions, giving each its 'right' over the others, is the sum of a dispatcher's task. It isn't enough to get each train as it comes along through safely; you've got to deal with scores at the same time, look ahead and keep them moving."

"You ought to be a good chess player," suggested the reporter.

"I do pretend to play a pretty fair game, and you're right. The same faculties that tell in chess come into play in train dispatching, but with trains you're dealing with 'men' that are, when under way, out of your control for a time, so that the difficulties of the game are in one way increased by the introduction of moving pieces. So, while you don't vividly realize the possible consequences of your move on the steel ruled board, the dim consciousness you have of responsibility makes the railroad game a big one.

"And it's something only the human mind can grapple with. I've seen mechanical contrivances used to follow on a board the movements of trains, with the idea of checking the liability of the dispatcher to 'drop a stitch' and allowing him to think of something else without losing the situation. But, after all, it's the man who must be depended on to know that the board is right. If it gets set wrong, the board of pegs only embarrasses him in trying to recover his 'picture,' as the boys call it.

"A train dispatcher has got to have a mental 'picture' of the relative positions at any given time of all the trains under his hands. If that's gone, God help him!

"Why, I've seen a man stand between two telegraph operators dictating orders to one and the other as fast as he could talk many a time without anything between his messages and disasters, except the changing, but at every minute whole and exact 'picture' of all the miles of track which he runs. Suppose it is a double track, with a few miles of single track between and sidings, his mind must work like lightning to keep them going and avoid collisions.

"I've seen a man standing in the operators' tower in such situations, dictating, grow suddenly white as a cloth. He had lost his 'picture.' A moment of awful suspense, and then with a great sigh, almost a groan, of relief he would recover it.

"That instant, unblurred, mental image is the peculiar faculty developed by the dispatcher's business.

"To give you an idea how complicated these mental photographs may be and how many points, any one of perhaps fatal importance, the mind must take in at once, I was at one time dispatcher over a section of double track road of 60 miles. Regular trains passed a given point every four minutes. In this section was 10 miles of single track—a 'hogback'—that is, a grade both ways to its middle, requiring two locomotives to pull trains up to the highest point, when they left either of the double tracks.

"With the regular traffic on the latter, and the locomotives coming back from the hogback, twice the ordinary number, and just as likely to cause loss to property, if not to life or trains, it was quick work. You must take in, too, the presence of trains running under special orders to put them through. Add to that the liability to an emergency call for 'props' to be forwarded instantly to the company's mines to guard against a threatened cave-in, and you have a good idea of the problems a train dispatcher has to grapple with.

"Every once in awhile a dispatcher gets a realizing glimpse of the responsibility placed on him by the way he is pulled up for any irregularity. His superiors must be the strictest disciplinarians to guard the company against losses. For an illustration: One winter night I had a train which I had positive orders to put through. It was blocked at a certain point by a passenger train stalled in the snow. I could overcome the obstacle in two ways—either push the passenger through with an extra locomotive, or take the urgent train back, switch it to another track and go around the passenger train. The first way would take about 15 minutes, the other perhaps an hour and a half. It was late to lose time, so I sent an order to push the passenger train out of the way. It was done, and through my other train went all right. I made the usual note of the maneuver in my daily report to the division superintendent, and in a day or two got a message that he would like to see me.

"The superintendent was one of the kind who doesn't make any fuss, but goes to the heart of the matter in hand. While speaking to me about some commonplace subject he took down a volume of the penal code and pointed out a section for me to read. It described the offense of pushing passenger trains and the statutory penalty. He said, 'I guess I don't need to say anything more, do I?' I said, 'I hope not,' and went out feeling as if I had just escaped a criminal conviction.

"Passenger trains, the law provides, must be hauled, not pushed, and I haven't given any orders to violate the statute since that time."—New York Sun.

A Tart Answer.

A Monroe (Mich.) young man bought a pair of overalls the other day, and in the pocket of them found a note from the young woman who made them, asking him to write to her. He did so, and was much surprised to receive a reply saying "that she was sorry he had no finer blood than to wear such a poor quality of trousers."—Philadelphia Ledger.

On Time.

First Commuter (at the ferry)—Our train must have arrived on time this morning.

Second Commuter—Why do you think so?

First Commuter—There is no boat in.—New York Weekly.

REFINED TORTURE.

Hit the Horse When He Is Down, For He Has No Friends.

Slip, slap!

A tug at the reins—yank, haul, pull and jerk.

No use—down he goes, broadside, with a snort of fear and a grunt of pain.

The icy asphalt, when it starts in to be slippery, knows where it is at.

A crowd at once gathers. A sympathetic lady in spectacles solicitously inquires:

"What's the matter?"

"Only a horse down, mum," volunteers a bystander.

Yes, that is all. Only a horse down. Poor creature! Have you ever critically observed this simple and familiar metropolitan sight? No! There's a lesson in it.

There are always a dozen men ready to assist in getting the fallen animal to his feet.

The man with the faded ginger hat and antiquated coat grasps the horse by the ears. Hold his head down, and he can't struggle to his feet. Keep him down at all hazards. The ginger hat generally places one knee on the animal's head—sometimes its both knees. This makes the ginger hat feel big in the eyes of the spectators. The harder the ginger hat can press the poor brute's head into the unyielding pavement, the happier he feels. It's the horse underneath, and not the ginger hat. Grind his eye nearest the pavement into the sharp, icy particles—put it out if possible. If you succeed in blinding the beast, the more credit to you.

The man with the leeward eye seizes the horses by the nose. Shut off his wind without fail. This makes him struggle violently and affords the ginger hat a golden opportunity to get in an extra grind on the horse's eye and a pull at the ears. The leeward eye also places his knee on the nose and yanks the bit so that the ring will flay the corrugated roof of the horse's mouth down to smoothness. The horse doesn't like this. The owner doesn't care. A horse with a sore mouth eats less.

Strange as it may appear the horse is uneasy. Horses are not inconsiderate of polite attention. So the man with the calico shirt jumps on the animal's hip, and of course this grinds the hair and skin off the under hip. But no matter, keep him down if it takes an army.

Horses under these circumstances seem to be unreasonable. The man with the game leg gets in his work now. He's been waiting anxiously in the crowd for the chance. The horse has a raw sore under the saddle.

The man with the game leg grasps the saddle with both hands, braces his feet against the animal's back, pulls and presses and peels off the raw, sensitive flesh by the square inch. The end of the saddle ring is pushed through the hair padding and bores another hole on the other side of the vertebra. And still the horse continues to struggle.

Ah, now it is the driver's turn. He has been unfastening the harness and traces, and all is free.

"Stand clear!" he shouts.

The ginger hat puts out the horse's eye for good, the calico shirt makes the bare hipbone and pavement meet, the game leg pulls off an extra chunk of raw flesh, while the leeward eye causes the blood to run from the lacerated mouth.

Whack! Whack!

It wouldn't do, you know, to let the horse get up by his own unaided efforts. So, as the torturers release their holds, the driver brings that cruel lash once, twice, thrice down upon the ribs, that raise welts on the quivering flesh as big as a man's finger.

Now he is up, nervous, trembling, excited, sore and lame. No matter; he is only a horse.

Who cares?—Washington Star.

The Parthenon Frieze.

If the frieze of the Parthenon be carefully examined, it will be found how resolutely the figures of men and horses are kept subject to the dominant motive of ornament. It is not merely a collection of statues or a sculptured narrative. That the sculptor had the power of realism who can doubt in the presence of masterpieces of Greek statuary? But he possessed the higher power of subordinating parts to the whole, that power which is the result of a faculty, as yet undefined, corresponding to the faculty of music.

The frieze was instinctively recognized by Greek architects as the proper place for ornament; the name it bore with them, zophorus, the subject of life, marked it out as the field for display of living pageantry; artistic instinct forbade that it should be so used irrespectively of the general architectural effect. So in that perfect symphony of form, the Parthenon frieze, though each limb and fold of drapery is true, everything is made to serve the general harmony, like chords in professional music.—Blackwood's Magazine.

What Pride Is Doing For Girls.

Pride is driving the girls out of their natural domestic sphere into the commercial, business world, where the men for so long fancied they held an exclusive monopoly. And it is only natural that young women prefer to dress neatly and fill positions where they can see what is going on in the world rather than to wear soiled aprons and stay in the kitchen, where the range of vision depends upon the size of the back window. Social caste decrees that the girl in the kitchen must marry some one not above her own station in life, but the young lady typewriter in the business office may entangle the heart of the head of the firm.—Washington Post.

Respect For a Generous Man.

Hicks—Why is it that the keeper of this restaurant treats Milkmay so scurvily? Mildmay never ran in debt for a cent's worth in his life. But there's Hardupp, who gets his meals here and never pays for them, and yet you see how courteous old Cheffleigh is to him.

Wicks—I know that Hardupp never pays and that Mildmay always pays cash on the nail. But you must remember that Mildmay has mighty cheap dinners, while Hardupp orders the best of everything. One can respect a generous man even if it be at one's own expense.—Boston Transcript.

Chinese Economy.

Chinamen have a curious hibernating faculty, whereby by abstaining from muscular exertion they are able to economize considerably in their eating. In times of scarcity, when wages fall below a certain range, poor people sometimes choose not to work, because they consider that they would have to take more food to repair the waste than the work done would produce.—Macmillan's Magazine.

The yew tree, almost destitute of branches or bark, grows in the Caucasus to a height of from 50 to 60 feet and a diameter of a little over 2 feet. It is considered superior to mahogany and is almost indestructible except by fire.

The chips from a gallows upon which several persons had been hanged was one of the items of mediæval materia medica; these were thought to be especially valuable in treating cases of obstinate ague.

Paper money developed from the bills of exchange or certificates of the banks and was probably first issued by the Italian bankers of the 14th century.

The smallest race known live in the Andaman islands. The height of a full grown Andamanian seldom exceeds 3¼ feet, and few weigh over 65 pounds.

John Milton loved to play on the organ. He made his second wife sing and said she had some voice, but not the slightest idea of tone.

The hoisting works at the Star mine, located in Star Gulch just below Hailey, Idaho, has been destroyed by fire.

Genius is merely raw material awaiting the magic touch of industry.

Knowledge is power, except in the case of the man who knows he is licked.

Herdso—Do you believe in the faith cure? Saldso—Yes; one treatment cured all the faith I had.

N. P. N. U. No. 499—S. F. N. U. No. 576

DECIDEDLY SHAKY.

A trembling hand, an uncertain step, fidgetiness, indicated by restless shifting from one place or posture to another, usually mental annoyance at unexpected noises, are among the indications of extreme nervousness. These seem trifling, but the health of men and women in this condition is "decidedly shaky," liable to be overthrown disastrously by causes which the vigorous might defy. To fortify the nervous system, general vigor must, through the medium of reinforced digestion and a renewal of an impaired power of sleeping at night, be raised to a healthful standard. A guarantee of this is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which reestablishes digestion, bile secretion and the habit of body on a permanently regular basis, thus renewing that body equilibrium, which is followed by a gain of strength and nerve tranquillity. For kidney complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia, and as a preventive of the first attack or subsequent return of malarial disorders, this medicine is without a peer. Thrice daily take a wineglassful.

Mrs. Matchem—Why didn't you marry her? She is such a sensible girl. Newman—Yes, that's just the trouble.