### 4444444444444444444444444444 PHIL of THE HOLLOW

By SHAN BULLOCK

-Ladabadadadadadakadarin be. taban

NE morning in June I sat by the window of a third class carriage looking out upon a motley crowd that had gathered from Meath hills upon the platform of Oldtown station to see the last of a party bound for the States.

Listlessly 1 sat watching and waiting, when of a sudden two yokels broke their way across the platform, wrenched open the door, blundered into my carriage and took their places in the farther corners. Their boorish ways nettled me. The crash of hobnails upon my foot roused me. I turned in wrath.

"Permit me to say that you've come to the wrong carriage," I said in withering tones. "This is third class, only third class. The firsts are waiting for you higher up."

No word came from the corners, not a move or sign. My blood thickened, and I was proceeding with a brutal reference to cattle trucks when right at my elbow a voice interrupted mine through the open window.

"Ned! I say, Ned! Is it ye? Ye hear me over there? Ned! I say, Ned!" It was a bent old man, in gray frieze and a beaver hat, that spoke. Shrilly, almost tiercely, he spoke and sent his voice through mine across the carriage, calling: "Ned! I say, Ned!"

No answer came to him from either corner, but silence might not baffle his importunity. Again and yet again be called, his voice rising fiercer and shriller, and with that the youth in the opposite corner to mine turned his beavy face and spoke.

"Can't ye see it's me?" he growled. his voice hard and sullen, his eyes glancing furtively. "What d'ye want?" The old man craned farther into the carriage. "What are ye doin' there, Ned Brady?" he shrilled, "What divilment are ye up to now? Where are ye

"Ah, quit yer talk an' go home wi ye!" came back. "What is it to ye what I'm doin'?"

goin'? Answer me, sir!"

"But it is to me. Isn't yer mother wild about ye? Wouldn't she be here this minute only for searchin' for ye's What are ye doin', I say?" cried the ancient. Then, no answer coming, he clutched tighter at the window and continued: "Where/were ye all last night? Why didn't ye come home to us, wait-In' yonder an' missin' our sleep? Shame on ye, Ned Brady, black shame on ye! Ye've been up to no good. Yer up to no good now. Ye blaggard, ye blaggard! Come out to me-come out, I say, before I bring the polis! Come out!" cried the ancient in a voice that blent its fierce treble most strangely with the piteous sound of the emigrants' wailing that now came from the platform, a heartbreaking sound pierced through by that passionate old voice. "Come out," it went, "come out, ye divil, be-

fore I bring the polis to ye." It seemed to me, sitting there observant, that at the word the youth's face blanched. Certainly he shrank into his corner, cowered there a moment, then made as if to rise.

But even as he gathered in his feet his companion bent forward, whispered to him a word and turned his face. It was a cruel face, with thin lips and narrow black eyes, and, seeing it, the ancient drew back and raised his bands. "Phil Gara," said he, "Phil o' the Hollow! Ye too!"

"Aye-me too. An' what of that, Micky, me son?" The voice was thin and hard, cold and satiric. "Sure it's not the first time ye've seen me in yer life. Why can't ye quit shoutin' there

like a fool an' go an' bid goodby?" "Phil o' the Hollow! Goin' wi' him?" The ancient drew back a step, raised a hand and rubbed his eyes. "Goin' wi' him?" he repeated slowly, as if to his

inner self. "Goin' wi' him?" "Well, an' what of that? D'ye think I'll ate him body an' bones? Be the Lord, but ye must be dotin' in yer ould age!" Phil laughed harshly. "Ah away wi' ye an' bid the people goodby.

Away now before"-

"Come out vi ye come out, come out!" Again the ancient clutched the window and pushed in his face, again broke into shrillness. "Ye'll not go. Ned Brady; ye'll not go. There's some divilment on foot. Ye've been at divilment in the night. Come home wi' me." Fiercely he drew back, turned the door handle and made to enter, and just then the whistle sounded, the engine shricked, and the last glimpse I had of Micky as the train moved away showed him tight in the porter's arms, with his hands raised and clinched. "Ye divil, ye divil!" he cried. "Ah, ye divil?" His voice died out behind a piteous sound of wailing. There came a wild rush of streaming faces along the platform, a quick huddling of excited figures by the signal box, skirls, cheers, a mad waving of hats, then a sudden hush and the peace of the

brooding fields. For awhile I sat humoring thought. then settled back in my corner, brought out a book and across it fell to observing my companions. The two sat si lent and passive. They were dressed in peasant fashion, rough tweed coats. cordurey trousers, heavy boots and peaked caps, cotton scarfs, leather belts; on him called Ned a pair of knee straps, on him called Phil a pair of buttoned leggings. The clothes of both were faded and worn, odorous also of stale peat smoke, but while Ned's were patched and mud stained Phil's were sound and clean, nor had they altogether that quaint rusticity of cut and manufacture which stamped his companion as with the very name of clodhopper

In other ways also one differed from the other, even in details of aspect Ned's hands were rough and clumsy, his skin hard and sun scorched, limbs ungainly, face tas I had seen, and saw even now, in part) heavy and boorish; no light in his eyes, no animat on in voice or feature. Just a yokel was Ned. who had not slept and whose mind was | the face an' white of the hand. What troubled. With Phil, however, things are ye?" Leaning forward, he took the were different. His hands and skin book from my hand, opened it and were those of your loiterer by gate glanced at a page. "Naw; yer not a and corner, of your poacher and ne'erdo-well. His limbs were supple, face bank. Mebbe yer-naw, yer no counter lean and knowing, eyes keen and wary, Jumper." He flung the book on the every inch of him alive with the sub- seat beside me, sat upright and, crooktlety of a fox. Ned was a tool; Phil ing his elbows, caught a thumb in each aneasy is the best bred in the comseemed an instrument. Ned's business waistcoat bocket. "I'll tell ve what ve pany. Swift.

was with spade and dangfork, Phil's are," said he, with a cock of the head with snare and net Had I met Ned in "yer a bagman." a lane I should have looked across the hedge; meeting Phil, I should have I suppose I nodded. gripped my stick. That there was good in Ned Brady I felt sure; that there was bad in Phil Gara I knew instincfrom the wolf.

And to me, as to Micky, something whispered that "divilment" was afoot.



"Ye divil, ye divil!"

The pair looked guilty. Their ways bred suspicion. And just at that they stirred in their corners and fell to re vealing themselves. It was Ned who stirred soonest. Leaning forward, elbows on knees and hands clasped, h spoke softly.

"Phil! I say, Phil!" Gara opened his eyes, moved a little also bent forward. "Well?" said he and glanced swiftly toward me. "Ye heard what he said? Ye seen the way he was in?"

"Who? Ould Micky?" Ned nodded response "To be sure, I heard it. The ould

"He-he was powerful put out." Ned's voice was tearful. His lips quivered. "Think of him sayin' what he did. Think-think of them sittin' up for me all night an' goin' to search for me!"

"Ach, quit yer nonsense!" said Gara harshly and contemptuously. "Arrah. what about them?" "But-but-ah, I dunno." Ned buried face in hands and sat silent for a min-

ute, then looked up suddenly. "I'll go back," he said. "I'll go back." "Will ye, then?" Phil leaned nearer. His voice grew harsher. "Where to?" "I'll go home," answered Ned. "I'll go, I'll go." Again he covered his face, ngain looked up. "I nearly went. Another minute an' I'd 'a' gone with him.'

an' ye'd"-Phil glanced at me, caught my eye, scowled, leaned forward and behind his hand whispered something in Ned's ear, and with the words, whatever they were, Ned's face whitened, and he sat upright and stared wide.

"Would ye, then? Another minute

"Ye-ye think that," said Ned in drawling whisper. "My God - my God!" A minute he sat silent, his back limp, hands sprawling on his knees, then stooped once more, put a hand on Phil's arm and whispered something that I could not hear.

Ned Gara turned his face and fixed me steadily with his beads of eyes. "Yer a good hand at watchin'," he

I had nothing to answer. "Ye'd know me again, I'm of opinion, if ye saw me skin on a bush. Suppose for a change ye hide yer ugly face behind yer book an' keep yer eyes from

yer betters." Still I did not answer, so he edged along the seat toward me, his eyes still keen upon my face.

"Ye were mighty free of the tongue awhile ago," he said, jerking a thumb toward his shoulder, "back at Oldtown. Ye wouldn't be talkin' like that now, I'm thinkin'?"

I had no desire to talk like that now. Raising my book, I leaned back in my

corner, but my eyes kept on his. "Answer me!" he shouted. "Say now what ye said then! Say it, if there's a drop of a man in ye!"

I lowered my book, crossed and uncrossed my legs, looked my bravest. "I have nothing to answer," I said Union. "What I said then you deserved"-

"Say it again!" He was beside me now, ugly and threatening, his beads | kind in the world. of eyes glowing fixedly. "There's no need."

"Bah, ye coward! Ye'd insult decent people wi' the world to back ye, but ye'd slink away when they took ye to task. That's yer kind, me Ulster buckeen! I know ye, ye Orange spy! Be the Lord, but I've a mind to mark yer countenance. Who are ye, sir, to sit there watchin' an' listenin' without bein' asked?" He swung his hand close to my face, then dropped it and with a quick movement crossed the carriage, dropped into the seat facing mine, leaned toward me and looked me straight in the eyes. "Who are ye at all?" he

himself. "Who the divil are ye?" I did not answer, not knowing what to say. To speak truth, fear held my tongue in thrall. The man cowed me. His voice chilled my blood. He seemed capable of any violence. That sinister face of his, long and thin, crafty and cruel, with its hard lips and wicked eyes, so tense, so inscrutable, so void of any good, drew all my faculties toward it and shadowed them with some-

asked, not questioning me so much as

thing like terror. "Who are ye?" he said, questioning himself the while his eyes pierced to my marrow. "If I thought ye were"-His scrutiny went on sently for a minute, then found words again. "But yer not. No, ye haven't the look, an' ye haven't the pluck. Yer too soft in schoolmaster. Mebbe yer out of a

I was anxious to humor the man, and

"I knew it." said Gara, a gray smile bovering on his face, "I knew it the minute I clapped eyes on ye. Thinks I tively-just, maybe, as old Micky knew as I sits beyond in the corner-ye it and would have plucked the lamb thought I couldn't see ye because me eyes were shut-the lad with the book is only a bagman on his rounds." He stopped and glanced up at the rack and below the seat. "But where's the bag?" asked he, suspicion again in his eyes.

"In the van," said I. he spoke, his head wagging up and down, then fell to fumbling in his pockets and brought out a pipe. Stretching high his arms, he yawned wearily and

rubbed his eyes, "Heigho, heigho!" It was heartening to see the man in beat. Over my book I watched Phil probe the pipe bowl with a finger, rap it upon his knee and bring forth a piece of tobacco and a long horn hafted clasp the knife, he rubbed the blade-a murpoint-upon his sleeve and began whitupon his right shirt cuff a broad, du'll stain. Suddenly he looked around, and, eyes fixed wide upon the knife. There terror upon his face, and, seeing him, Gara raised his voice. "Ye eternal fool! What's come over ye now? Are ye"-Gara stopped, looked down at the knife, then seized his cap and flung it in Ned's the others scattered over the field. face. "Ah, go to sleep wi' ye, for a fool! Lie back an' go to sleep!" shouted he, and slowly Ned lav back (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### STAGE LIGHTS.

Their Various Uses and the Names by Which They Are Known.

Lights play an important part of the stage of the modern theater, and they have many uses. The spot light, for instance, is employed to cast a circle of light upon the stage where a single person is to be brought into especial prominence. It consists of an arc electric light inclosed in a cylindrical hood about the diameter of a stovepipe and provided at the open end with a condenser lens for the purpose of concentrating the rays upon a small

A flood light is an are in a rectangular box painted white upon the inside to serve as a reflector. It is supposed to flood the stage with light; hence its

Bunch lights are clusters of gas or Incandescent lights either arranged One of these tellurial cavities was alwithin a reflector or exposed naked. They are used back of a scene behind doorways, where light is needed off no masks or mitts or protectors. There the stage to represent the illumination of that part of a dwelling not shown. For the same purpose "strip" lights are used-rows of incandescent lights fastened to a strip of wood provided with a hook, by which it may be hung to the back of a scene when required.

"Side" lights are incandescent lights arranged on either side of the proscenium arch. Sometimes they are built within the arch or they are arranged to be swung outward when the curtain is raised.

The footlights are familiar to all, and the "border" lights are those hung over the stage directly above the scenery, shutting off the top of the stage. These are arranged in a trough like an inverted "U" to cast their light down upon the stage. These are practically all of the lights used upon the stage of a house, though magic lanterns are employed at times for the simulation of water effects, moonlight ripples and lightning. The old fashioned calcium, using the oxyhydrogen gas, is so seldom employed in the modern theater as to call for no comment.

# CALIFORNIA'S GREATNESS.

California has the largest seed farms in the world.

California leads all the states in the production of barley.

The Golden Gate is the western portal for America's great future commerce. California is the only state in the the side," and the outfielders, pitchers Union in which bituminous rock is and catcher had to do all their work found.

wealth than any other state in the general was ever prouder or more Union.

and lemons than any other state in the the uncrowned king. There were no

The United States mint at San Francisco is the largest institution of the ticks made a compulsory run. The

ing port of the world. The glory of California's flowers is

practical. The state produces more honey than any other. California produces more English walnuts than all the other states, and

they are of better quality.--Exchange.

# A Home Thrust.

on the dhriver, if ye pl'ase."

The stern face of Mr. Bergh relaxed tragedy into a smile, and in the better understanding that followed the horse forgot that it was balking and started off in a trot.

# The Proper Caper.

"And what did you do when the doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?" Record-Herald.

# OLD TIME BASEBALL, NEW SHORT STORIES

IT WAS NOT SCIENTIFIC AND FEW RULES WERE OBSERVED.

Hit-"Bringing In the Side."

Time will not turn back in its flight but the mind can travel back to the days before baseball or at least to the days before baseball was so well "Aw, to be sure, to be sure." Slowly known and before it had become so scientific. There were ball games in those days in town and country, and the country ball game was an event. There were no clubs. The country boy of those days was not gregarious. He softer mood. My pulse took a steadier preferred flocking by himself and remaining independent. On Sunday aft ernoons the neighborhood boys met on some well crossed pasture, and, wheth er ten or forty, every one was to take knife that held a single blade. Opening part in the game. Self appointed leaders divided the boys into two compaderous, gleaming thing, with a sharp | nies by alternately picking one until the supply was exhausted. The bat tling the tobacco into his palm. It was which was no round stick, such as is then that for the first time I noticed now used, but a stout paddle with a blade two inches thick and four inches wide with a convenient handle dressed following his gaze, I saw Ned crouched on to it, was the chosen arbiter. One in his corner, his hands spread and his of the leaders spat on the side of this bat, which was honestly called "the were fear and horror in his eyes, blank paddle," and asked the leader of the opposition forces, "Wet or dry?" The paddle was then sent whirling up in the air, and when it came down which ever side won went to the bat, while The ball was not what would be

called a "National league ball" nowadays, but it served every purpose. It was usually made on the spot by some boy offering up his woolen socks as an oblation, and these were raveled and wound round a bullet, a handful of strips cut from a rubber overshoe, a piece of cork or almost anything or nothing, when anything was not available. The winding of this ball was an art, and whoever could excel in this art was looked upon as a superior being. The ball must be a perfect sphere and the threads as regularly laid as the wire on the helix of a magnetic armature. When the winding was comoughly sewed with a large needle and thread to prevent it from unwinding when a thread was cut. The diamond was not arbitrarily marked off as now. Sometimes there were four bases and sometimes six or seven. They were not equidistant, but were marked by any fortuitous rock or shrub or depression in the ground where the steers were wont to bellow and paw up the earth. most sure to be selected as "the den," now called the home plate. There were was no science or chicanery, now called "headwork." The strapping young oafs, embryonic teachers, presidents and premiers were too honest for this. The pitcher was the one who could throw a ball over the "den," and few could do this. His object was to throw a ball that could be hit.

The paddleman's object was to hit the ball, and if he struck at it -which he need not do unless be chose and missed it the catcher, standing well back, tried to eatch it after it had lost its momentum by striking the earth ence and bounding in the air-"on the first bounce" it was called and if he succeeded the paddleman was "dead," and another took his place. If he struck it and it was not caught in the field or elsewhere in the air or "on the bounce," he could strike twice more, but the third time he was compelled to run. There was no umpire and very little wrangling. There was no effort to pounce upon a base runner and touch him with the ball. Any one having it could throw it at him, and if it hit him he was "dead"-almost literally sometimes. If he dodged the ball, he kept on running until the "den" was over; reached. Some of the players became proficient in "ducking, dodging and side stepping, and others learned to throw the ball with the accuracy of a

No matter how many players were on a side, each and every one had to be put out, and if the last one made three successive home runs he "brought in over again. The boy who could "bring California has a larger per capita in his side" was a hero. No victorious lauded. Horatius at the bridge was California produces more oranges small potatoes in comparison. He was foul hits. If a ball touched the paddle ever so lightly, it was a tick, and three score was kept by some one cutting For many years past San Francisco notches in a stick, and the runs durhas been and still is the leading whal | ing an afternoon ran into the hundreds. If the ball was lost in the grass or rolled under a Scotch thistle, the cry "Lost ball!" was raised and the game stopped until it was found.-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

What a Lie Did. The madness of suicide as a relief from mental anguish was vividly illustrated years ago by an incident which it would be a fine thing to have the hard outlines, but no such agents are There is a good story told about the occurred in an Italian town. Moretti, late Henry Bergh. While walking a tailor, was sent to prison on a charge a speech. about the streets of New York city one of fraud. His sweetheart called upon morning he saw a teamster whipping a the police officer to ask how long Moretti was likely to be confined and was "Stop that, you brute," he exclaimed, told that it would be probably for "or I'll have you locked up inside of many years. The policeman had been five minutes! Why don't you try kind- instigated to say this by the girl's ness on the animal? Don't you sup- mother, who disliked the match. Overpose a horse can be reached by a kind whelmed with grief and thereby driven dressing you."-Philadelphia Post. word the same as a human being?" to despair, the poor girl put an end to "I b'lieve ye're right, sor," replied her life by polson. A few days later the teamster, a quick witted Irishman. Moretti was released from custody. who, with all his faults of temper, was the accusation against him having not a bad man at heart, "an' if a harse | been proved false. He returned home | States Senator Weldon B. Heyburn of | of the morning, my only interest in aphas feelin's, sor, don't ye s'pose his, to find his affianced bride a corpse. Idaho. dhriver has too? Thry a koind wor-rd Frenzied at the sight, he, too, destroyed himself. The lie wrought a double

A Polite Man, A man was hurrying along a street one night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alley. and the two collided with great force. The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encoun-"I sent for another doctor." - Chicago ter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you I beg your pardon; if you ran into me don't Whoever makes the fewest persons mention it," and he tore away at redoubled speed.

Mr. William Alden Smith, represent ative in congress from the Grand Rapids (Mich.) district, was once defend-The Batter Was Known as the Pad- ant's attorney at a trial on a criminal if not in the world, still remains undleman, and the Pitcher's Object charge. The complaining witness was rivaled. Daniel was born at Leicester Was to Throw a Ball That Could Be known to be of bad reputation. Mr. in 1770 and died in 1809 at Stamford Smith naturally made the most of that The grandson of a celebrated cock-

> blacksmith. This blacksmith had a extraordinary, and his habits were not venerable figure, a conspicuous feature different from those of other lads unof which was a long white beard fall- til he was fourteen years old. When ing upon his broad chest.

"Do you know the family of the com- turned the scale at thirty-two stone plaining witness in this trial?" asked and, although he is recorded to have Attorney Smith. "I do," replied the blacksmith in stol-

id tones. bad?"

"Bad," in the same stolid tones, was counted a clever man at cross ex-

father of the complaining witness?" he inquired in exultant but impressive ous devices in order to be allowed to manner.

"No," replied the blacksmith deliber ately. "No." "No trouble at all?"

"Nothing of much importance." "Ah, there was something?" "I accused him of stealing a bell of

my brindle cow." "And he denied It, didn't he?" "Yes," replied the blacksmith of the bell back next day."

The Ruling Passion Strong. "Old Adam Forepaugh," said a friend of the veteran showman, "once had a big white parrot that had learned to

"'One at a time, gentlemen-one at a

time. Don't crush.'

"The bird had, of course, acquired this sentence from the ticket taker of the show. Well, one day the parrot got



"ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN." lost in the country, and Mr. Forepaugh leaped into his buggy and started out

posthaste to hunt for it. "People here and there who had seen the parrot directed him in his quest, and finally as he was driving by a cornfield he was overjoyed to hear a famil-

"He got out and entered the field and found the parrot in the middle of a flock of crows that had pecked him till he was almost featherless. As the crows bit and nipped away the parrot, lying on his side, repeated over and

"'One at a time, gentlemen-one at a time. Don't crush." "- New York Trib

# When Spencer Boarded.

Among the stories told of Herbert Spencer some time ago was one relating to his boarding house experiences. His doctor had advised him that solitary meals were not good for him, and he went to a boarding house, but did not stay. The "pleasant lady" who sat next to him and who was to engage him in light and cheerful talk was a sad disappointment. A friend asked her how she liked the boarding house. Could she recommend it? "Oh, yes, I think I can," she replied. "But there is a Mr. Spencer, who thinks he knows about science and philosophy. I have to correct him every night!" One of Spencer's peculiarities was to carry about two little plugs in his pecket. and whenever conversation around him became annoying he took them out and put them in his ears.-London

Chronicle. Invited the Minority to Call. leader of the Democracy of Vermont. governor come to Burlington and make at work upon the moon.

He telegraphed to Russell, "Will you come to Burlington and address the Democracy of Vermont?"

Governor Russell telegraphed back, "I am too busy to come to Vermont at this time, but if you will come to my house I shall take great pleasure in ad-

Flag Pavements. "Our cities are better paved than yours," said an easterner to United

"Yes," was the reply; "plenty of flags under your feet, but not near so many over your head as out our way."

England's Magna Charta. That shriveled parchment, the charter of English freedom, was saved, it is these two lines: said, by the veriest chance from the Oh, brief Sir Frederick, would that al scissors of a merciless tailor. Struck by the great seals attached to a piece of paper the tailor was cutting up, Sir Robert Cotton stopped the man and gave him fourpence for the document he would have destroyed. It is now in the British museum, lined and mounted and in a glass case, the seal a shapeless mass of wax and the charac-

ters quite illegible.-London Mail.

#### FAMOUS FOR FAT.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words. Daniel Lambert, Who Died In 1809, Got Too Obese to Wabble.

The fame of Daniel Lambert as a

champion among fat men in England, fighter and addicted to sport through One of his witnesses was a stalwart out his life, his dimensions were not twenty-three years of age, however, he been then able to walk from Woolwich to London, at the time of his death, in his fortieth year, he had attained the "What is their reputation-good or prodigious weight of fifty-two stone, or 728 pounds, and was more or less helpless. He was a modest man, and when The prosecuting attorney, to whom he had achieved physical greatness the witness was promptly handed over, fame was thrust upon him. He was for a long time unwilling to be made a show of, but he gained a more than "Haven't you had trouble with the local reputation, and people traveled from far to see him, resorting to varido so. At length the prospect of profit overcame his resolution, and for four years before his death he exhibited

himself in London and in the prov-

inces.

He was apparently a man of some wit, for once, before he permitted the public to gaze upon him, an inquisitive person had gained access to his presence by pretending to be a fellow venerable beard, "but he brought the sportsman interested in the pedigree of a mare, whereupon Lambert promptly replied, "She was bred by Impertinence out of Curiosity." Before the days of Daniel Lambert, Edward Bright of Malden was a well known fat man, although his name no longer lingers as a household word. He died in 1750 at the age of thirty years, weighing fortytwo stone and seven pounds, and is stated to have been an active man till a year or two before his death, when his corpulency so overpowered his strength that his life was a burden and his death a deliverance. Both Bright and Lambert seem to have been genial, good humored fellows and very popular among those who visited them. Indeed popularity seems to be the lot of the corpulent in fact as well as in fic-The heroes of fiction, however, have the advantage in the matter of lasting glory, and the names of Daniel Lambert and the fat boy of Peckhan sink into insignificance beside those of Falstaff and the fat boy in "Pickwick. -London Standard.

### THE WORD "MOB."

It Worked Its Way Into the

English Language. The word "mob" is an abbreviation It is nothing but a fragment of the full Latin original "mobile vulgus" - "the fickle common people." First the nour "vulgus" was dropped. "Mobile," com ing into common use, was in a few years cut down to "mob." By Swift it was abominated to his dying day as a pe .hliarly odious kind of slang. Addi son sympathized with this feeling. It No. 135 of the Spectator "mob" is pur down by him as one of the ridiculous words which he fears will in time be looked upon as part of the speech There must have been then a host of minor defenders of the purity of our tongue who bewailed its increasing use and pointed to that fact as evidence of the growing degeneracy of the language. But the assailed form stoutly held its ground and outlived its censurers. Addison's fears have been re-

alized. The abbreviation has thoroughly established itself. Accordingly a word which their predecessors stigmatized as a corruption of the vilest kind is now used unhesitatingly by the most precise of modern jurists. The reason of its prevalence is obvious. It came to supply a very genuine want. There is no other single word that conveys definitely the idea of a particular sort of riotous assemblage.-Harper's.

LUNAR SCENERY. Its Appearance Proves the Moon's

Lack of Air and Water. It is by indirect methods of observa tion that scientists learn of the absence of atmosphere in the moon. There are various arguments that can be adduced, but the most conclusive is that obtained on the occurrence of what is called the occultation of a star. It sometimes happens that the moon comes directly between the earth and a star, and the temporary extine tion of the latter is an occultation. We can observe the movement when it takes place, and the suddenness of the extinction of the star is extremely remarkable. If the moon had a copious atmosphere, the gradual interposition of this would produce a gradual extinction of the star and not the sudden phenomenon usually observed.

This absence of air and water from the moon explains the peculiar and weird ruggedness of the lunar scenery. Colonel Bradley B. Smalley is the We know that on the earth the action of the wind and of rain, of frost and of When Governor Russell of Massachu- snow is constantly tending to wear setts was alive Colonel Smalley thought | down our mountains and reduce their

# Applied Science

When James Russell Lowell was minister to England, he was guest at a banquet at which one of the speakers was Sir Frederick Bramwell. Sir Frederick was to respond to the toast. "Applied Science." It was long after midnight when the toast was proposed, and several speakers were still to be called. Rising in his place, the scientist said:

"At this hour of the night, or, rather, plied science is to apply the tip of the match to the side of the box upon which alone it ignites and to apply the flame so obtained to the wick of a bed-

room candle." A moment later Lowell tossed a paper across the table to him bearing

could catch Your happy talent and supply your match! -Youth's Companion.

A Precaution. lows: "Will you please tell me where ers. But there is no great time for reyou learned to write? I have a boy I pining at these decrees of custom, for I may hit upon the same school that quickly as may be.

you went to."

### HEROIC REMEDIES.

Whipping Was Prescribed at One Time For Insanity and Fits.

Ill health is a bad thing at any time, but 150 years ago it was made more terrible by the remedies in use. Bloodletting, of course, was a simple affair. A writer in Macmillan's Magazine says that everybody was bled twice a year in the spring and autumn. The barbers were the surgeons and, like wise men, adapted their prices to their pa-

A gentleman who so indulged himself as to go to bed to be bled was charged half a crown and his fine lady half a sovereign. Certain days were unlucky for bloodletting, and nothing would induce the barbers to operate on these occasions. Serious diseases seem to have been beyond the medical skill of the day. Villages and towns simply drove out the infected from their midst.

Among remedies herbs of course played a great part. "For salves," runs an old notebook which had a great vogue, "the country parson's wife seeks not the city and prefers her garden and fields before all outlandish gums." Sage was held a very great medicine. It was even asked in Latin. "Why should any one die who has sage in his garden?" If any one had a disease of the mouth, the Eighth Psalm should be read for three days, seven times on each day. As a remedy it

was "sovereign." For insanity or fits whipping was prescribed. Little wonder that mortality was great. In old days in Wessex, England, persons with infectious diseases were confined in the lockup, and whipping was deemed too good for them. Should the sick be loud in lament, the watchman kept them quiet by this popular discipline, and one town has upon its records, "Paid T. Hawkins for whipping two people that had the smallpox eightpence."

Fortunately the spirit of this age is different from that.

### "THE SLEEPLESS ARCH."

Old Hindoo Principle the Basis of All Modern Bridges.

Although the building of great arches of masonry dates beyond the ancient Roman civilization, the principle that gives strength to the massive stone bridges of today is the same that built the bridges of the Roman empire. The history of bridge building is, to

a large degree, the history of the arch, whose efficiency lies in the truth of the old Hindoo saying that "the arch never sleeps" because each separate section of which it consists, beginning at the keystone, or central section, is constantly pushing against its immediate neighbors until the pressure finally reaches the firm foundation upon which the structure is erected. To secure a perfectly trustworthy

foundation, therefore, the bridge builder has often to penetrate far below the surface of the earth, and not infrequently the part of his structure thus covered up and concealed is greater than that visible above ground.

It was their inability to solve the problem of a trustworthy foundation that led the ancient Hindoos to distrust the arch, arguing that the sleepless activity that held it together was equally active in tearing it to pieces.

Not only is the modern bridge builder skilled in setting his structure on a firm base, but thoroughly acquainted with the time honored materials for his work, to say nothing of new materials, and an important part of his student training in such modern schools as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is devoted to methods of testing materials during construction that would have surprised and delighted even the most accomplished of the anclent Roman engineers.

# Hurrying Up the Baby.

A correspondent sends us an extract from a poem which recently appeared in a South African paper, thinking we shall approve of its sentiments. We do, we do. The inspired verse is entitled "Making a Man" and begins: Hurry the baby as fast as you can,

Hurry him, worry him, make him a man; Off with his baby clothes, get him in Feed him on brain foods and make him

Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk.

Into a grammar school, cram him with Fill his poor head full of figures and facts. Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks.

# -London Review.

A Bargain Hunter, It was a pleasant looking Irishwoman, says the Philadelphia Ledger, who walked into a store and asked the price of the collars she had seen displayed in the window.

"Two for a quarter," said the clerk. "How much would that be for one?" "Thirteen cents."

She pondered; then, with her forefin ger, she seemed to be making invisible calculations on the sleeve of her coat. "That," she said, "would make the other collar twilve cints, wouldn't it? Just give me that wan."

# A Pair of Misers.

Mr. and Miss Dancer were reputed the most notorious misers in the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found after death to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their method of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000, which was thus disposed of: Two thousand five hundred pounds was found under a dunghill, £500 in an old coat nailed to the manger in the stable, £600 in notes was hidden away in an old teapot, the chimney yielded £2,000 stowed in nineteen different crevices, and several jugs filled with coin were secreted in the stable loft.

Marriage In the Isles of Greece. In Kaso, one of the most southern islands of Greece, the parents upon both sides take upon themselves all the responsibilities of courtship and marriage. Courtship, as we understand it. is not in any way permitted to the betrothed couple. No moonlight walks or tete-a-tetes are allowed. Such a course would be deemed highly reprehensible. and all wooing, if there be any, must A farmer wrote to his lawyer as fol- take place in the presence of the eldwish to send to school, and I am afraid the marriage follows the offer as