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NO. 36.

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Not Infallible.
Harriet Martineau, the English author, was shrewd and practical and had what men are pleased to call a "masculine intellect." But she was not always correct in her deductions, a fact illustrated by the following anecdote, told in her "Memoirs," by Sir Charles Murray, who was then the English consul general in Egypt:
One afternoon we met at the villa of my old friend, S. W. Larking, on the banks of the Mahamoudieh canal. In the course of our stroll through the garden we came to a small gate, the pattern of which was new to Miss Martineau, who was walking in front.
She stopped, and looking at the gate in an attitude of intense admiration exclaimed:
"How truly oriental! What wonderful taste these easterns have in design!" She went on, and as Larking and I followed through the gate he whispered to me, "I got it out last week from Birmingham."
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Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks. It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing. At first it is a slight cough. At last it is a hemorrhage. At first it is easy to cure. At last, extremely difficult.

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INSECURITY.
Every prop on which I lean, Every earthly prop, I mean, Fails me when I need it most.
Lover, brother, sister, friend, On whose nearness I depend, Those whose presence gives Strength by which my spirit lives,
Fall away by some mishap, Death often ere I am aware, And I find myself indeed Learning on a broken reed.
When these earthly fetters part, All these clasps around my heart Fall away, and I am left Of life's sweetest joys bereft.
To what depths of woe I drop, Fostering many for some prop All sufficient to sustain One in loneliness and pain.
Like a drowning man I reach Upward and for aid beseech. "Hold me, Lord!" I cry and stand Well supported by your hand.
Through the desert, through the tide, He has promised to abide, Ever near; where'er I be, Whispering gently, "Lean on me."
Earthly ties, how insecure! And my whole all were slain, That I might this knowledge gain.—New York Ledger.

THEY GAVE THE BALLS.

And the People Danced to Pay the Debts of Louis XIV.
In 1712 Louis XIV favored the Opera, then established in the first Salle of the Palais Royal (there have been two) with a special mansion for the better accommodation of its administration, archives and rehearsals. This hotel is situated in the Rue Nicaise. The building was generally designated under the name of "Maganis," whence the term "Filles du Magasin" (not "de magasin") subsequently not only to the female choristers and supers, but the female dancers themselves. It so happened that the king forgot to pay his architects and workmen. In order to satisfy them the Chevalier de Bouillon conceived the idea of giving balls in the opera house, for which idea he received an annual pension of 6,000 francs. He was paid, but the king's debtors were not, for, although the letters patent were granted somewhere about the beginning of 1713, not a single ball had been given when the most magnificent of the Bourbon sovereigns descended to his grave.
One day, shortly after his death, d'Argenson, the then lieutenant of police, was talking to Louis's nephew, Philippe d'Orleans, the regent. "Monsieur le Chevalier," he said, "there are people who go about yelling that his majesty of blessed memory was a bankrupt and a thief. I'll have them arrested and have them flung into some deep underground dungeon." "You don't know what you are talking about," was the answer. "Those people must be paid, and then they'll cease to yell." "But how, monsieur?" "Let's give the balls that were projected by Bouillon." So said, so done, and the people danced to pay Louis XIV's debts, as, according to Shadwell, people drank to fill Charles II's coffers.
The king's most faithful subjects were in a service are not paid. We drink to show our loyalty. And name his officers full.
—London Saturday Review.

Neatly Caught.

A certain Greek adventurer some years ago undertook to palm off upon the public some false copies of the gospel manuscripts. Many learned men were deceived, but not Dr. Cox, librarian of the Bodleian library at Oxford. How he detected the fraud is related in his own words in The Spectator:
I never really opened the book, but I held it in my hand and took one page of it between my finger and thumb while I listened to the rascal's account of how he found this most interesting antiquity.
At the end of three or four minutes I handed it back to him with the short comment, "Nineteenth century paper my dear sir," and he took it away in a hurry and did not come again.

Easily Managed.

Scene—Editor's sanctum. Printer (rushing in excitedly)—Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the government has telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press.
Editor (coolly)—Don't get excited, man. Just put over the account in large capitals: "Johnson Pardoned. Full Account of What He Escaped!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Couldn't Translate It.

"Is that your baby?" asked the interested party. "What a cute little child! What is he saying now?" "I don't know," replied the perplexed father. "You see, his mother carries the code book."—Philadelphia North American.

All at Sea.

Absent-minded Professor (in the bath tub)—Well, well, I have forgotten what I got in here for.—Elegante Blatter.

Physicians declare that the most nutritious article of diet is butter, and bacon comes next.
Every square mile of sea contains 120,000,000 fish of various kinds.

MEMORIES.

The heart grows sad sometimes when strange hands awaken
A strain, a melody of other days,
And backward through the past the mind goes straying
Till heartstrings snap in twain on which he plays.
I walked today along the village highway,
A sunny head was bowed, a form bent low—
Ah, with a pang it brought to me sweet memories
Of one so like him in the long ago!
Bug bitter sweet, the memories that awaken
The love that filled each heart was never told,
For both of us were proud, and I, so fearful
My secret should be known, was silent, cold.
Ah, well, the same old tale, so oft repeated
I knew not that he loved me—ah, you smile—
Twas after years I learned it, but he never,
Never knew I loved him all the while.
—Rose Van B. Speecon.

CHINESE SHOES.

The Comfort and Healthfulness of Woven Straw Sandals.
"I may seem to be quarreling with my bread and butter," said an up town chiropodist to one of his best customers the other day, "but in my humble and somewhat professional opinion, the most sensible of all men in the matter of footwear is the Chinaman. Did you ever notice his feet? I don't believe there is such a thing as a corn or a bunion in all China. Chiropodists would starve to death there so far as the requirements of the muscular foot are concerned. Whatever the deformities inflicted on the feet of women in China may be, the men certainly enjoy sound and comfortable understandings. Look at the Chinese laundrymen here in Washington. They stand at their work 18 hours a day. No class of workmen I know of spend so many hours on their feet as they do. Yet they never break down there, and, physically, they are a wonderfully healthy race.
"Simple living and freedom from the nervous pursuits of our civilization may have something to do with it, but I attribute their exemption from foot weakness and disease to the kind of hose shoe so universally worn by them. I have a pair that I have worn for several years, and I wouldn't wear anything else for genuine indoor comfort. They are woven of straw and seaweed and soled with horse hide. There is a thick sole of straw above the leather, and through this the air can circulate freely, keeping the muscles of the underpart of the foot always cool. The laundrymen, you notice, are usually barefoot, which is an added advantage in the matter of healthfulness. There is about as little material in the uppers as is consistent with the idea of a shoe, and this is just enough to keep the thing on the foot. This upper, too, is woven loosely of seaweed, so that the air can have access to the foot. Nowhere does this shoe pinch or in the least degree press the foot.
"These are the indoor shoes of the United States nowadays he wears very commonly the leather shoes or boots of American manufacture. That is one of the ways in which he is becoming Americanized. But the outdoor cloth shoe of China is a great deal worth also. That, like the indoor shoe, is very thick and soft in the sole, and the foot is never pinched or strained by it. The healthiest footwear ever known probably was the sandal of the Greeks. It had no upper, and, as you will see in statue, the feet of men and women were ideally perfect. All the sandals afford a protection from the ground.
"To him who wears sandals," say the Arabs, "it is as if the world were shod with leather." The Chinaman seems to follow out this motto, and his shoes are nearly soles and nothing more. But the great secret of the excellence of his indoor shoe is the half inch straw sole."
—Washington Star.

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The Birth of the Prince.

Paris was in an uproar. The whole city was as if insane. Church bells rang joyful peals, great guns fired equally joyful salvos, happy announcements were posted up at every point of vantage, and excited crowds besieged every entrance and avenue to the palace in a perfect delirium of joy.
Now, after many years, I find it difficult to understand—or indeed almost to realize—that many of those then shouting so enthusiastically for joy are the same people who lately yelled with savage fury: "A bas l'empire! A bas l'impérialisme!"

Equally mad was the enthusiasm, equally mad the delight, when the prince imperial was baptized, and equally mad were the howls of fury against the whole imperial family when the sad news came of the reverse the imperial army had suffered when battle after battle had been lost.

Some of the noblest, the most generous, the most self-devoted men I have ever known in the course of a somewhat long life I have found among Frenchmen—men quite worthy to be classed among the grandest heroes of antiquity. But there is a reverse side to the medal, and when the tigerish nature of the excitable Frenchman is roused he is capable of a savage cruelty very near akin to that of the wild beast to which he has been compared.—Cornhill Magazine.

Satan as a Landlord.

There is only one spot on the earth's surface that has actually been willed, deeded and bequeathed to his satanic majesty. This spot lies 4½ miles south of Helsingfors, Finland.

A few years ago Lars Huilarisene died in the little town of Pielisjarvi, in the above named country, leaving considerable property in the shape of landed estate. How he had come into possession of so much land no one seemed to know, but as he was a very bad citizen it was generally admitted that he was in league with wintuhansen (satan) and that they had many business deals with each other.
This somewhat startling opinion was verified when old Huilarisene found a certified warranty deed which deeded to satan all his earthly possessions.
The will was to the same effect. The family have repeatedly tried to break the will, but so far, has been unsuccessful. Thus the records plainly show that his sulphuric majesty has a legal right and title to some excellent grounds in the near vicinity of Helsingfors.
The simple people of the neighborhood have changed the course of the road which formerly skirted the Huilarisene homestead, and declare that they would not enter the possession of Satan & Co. for all the money that the three estates would bring.—Pearson's Weekly.

Wanted—A Patent.

Among the strange applications which reach the patent office one, filed some years ago, was most extraordinary, it being a petition for a patent for an anti-guard which consisted in merely drawing a chalk mark around a table or other place by which it was claimed the approach of ants was stopped. It seems that chalk makes an ant's legs slip as soaping a track prevents a railway engine from starting. The petition was novel and caused considerable amusement. The application, however, was refused on the ground that there was nothing new in the invention, that chalk had been used for such purposes before and that such ideas were not patentable.

A Welsh Name.

A correspondent of a London paper says: "I met recently with a translation into English of the name of the village in Anglesey which boasts the longest name in the United Kingdom. I send you a copy below, thinking it may interest your readers: 'Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogery-church-y-llan-yn-nhonnol-llwch-y-nant-y-gogle-ddu-llan-y-nant-y-gale'"

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The English Smart Set.

To what a condition has "smart society" fallen! Any one may become a leading light in it, provided that he or she can at any moment find a person to bid guests to their feasts and any number of guests, guaranteed to be "smart people," will accept the invitations. A year or two ago an American lady intent on fashion took a large house, and an introducer sent out her invitations. At her first party there were many of her own friends present. The introducer explained to her that the right set of people would not come if they were exposed to this promiscuity with those who were not in it. Finally it was agreed that the hostess might invite ten friends to each party, but no more.

What I have never understood is where the pleasure comes in of going to several parties the same evening. Yet there are many apparently sane persons who do this every evening during the season. At each party they probably have to wait at least half an hour before getting out of their carriage and getting back into it when they want to go away. They struggle up stairs, show themselves, stay perhaps half an hour and then hurry off to the next party. Why should they like this mode of spending their evenings no exception themselves can imagine. There is no costermonger's donkey so over-worked as a woman bent on society.—London Truth.

Send Them to Liberty.

In March and Music, the famous singing teacher tells this anecdote to illustrate the nobility of heart of a Russian woman, one of her pupils, and a native of Nijni-Novgorod, where the great fair is held every year.
Mile Nadine Boulitchoff created a great sensation with her beautiful voice and dramatic power, at Moscow, St. Petersburg and Madrid. In the summer of 1890 she sang at Rio Janeiro. Brazil was then the center for the cruel slave trade. At her benefit, Nadine learned that she was to be presented with valuable gifts. She begged that the money, instead of being spent on her, should be used to buy the liberty of several female slaves.
Her deed of charity released seven poor slaves, one of whom had been recently whipped in public by order of her mistress.
On the benefit night, after Nadine had sung, the seven actresses went upon the stage to thank the artists for their freedom. The crowded house applauded for several minutes; the national hymn was played; the emperor, Don Pedro, rose, and with him the whole audience, and the songstress knew a moment of thrilling joy such as seldom comes to women.

Usually the Case.

There was once a poor boy who while walking along saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad laid his steps and picking up the pin stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.
A rich man chancing to pass at that time saw the action, and was much impressed by it, so much so that he took the boy into his bank and finally adopted him.
Thirty years have passed and the erstwhile poor boy is a South African millionaire. The other day he drew a check for £2,000 and gave it to a former schoolmate who had not prospered in the race of life.
"All that I am now I owe to you. John," said the millionaire.
"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.
"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school, I should never have picked up that pin to put on your coat."
—Pearson's Weekly.

A Peculiar Paper.

The Ostrich, an English paper that aims to say nothing disagreeable in speaking of a building that burns down in which out of 400 persons 271 perish, does not mention them, but says: "Not less than 123 were saved." Very sad news is printed in the smallest type, so the experienced reader is warned. No unpleasant details are given. After a more statement the paragraph ends with "Continuation on page 18."
There is no thirteenth page.