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The Paper Reed.

The Hebrew name for paper reed, or papyrus, is *gumma*, which our translators generally render bulrush. It is so, then the infant Moses was laid in an ark of papyrus, not bulrushes, and the people of Ethiopia must have made their ships of the same.

The native country of the papyrus is Egypt. It is found all along the borders of the Nile. The papyrus of this reed, growing in heavy clusters in company with others, is very graceful, the top resembling an elegant plume, but the want of lower leaves takes somewhat from its beauty when growing alone.

These wavy, feather-like tops of the full-grown tree, which often reach a height of fourteen feet in favorable situations, were used to crown the statues of the gods in many of the temples of the East. The upright stem was of service in the construction of light vessels, while the solid part, near the root, was converted into soles for sandals of the priests, as well as of other ornaments, which were the more valuable on account of the scarcity of wood in Egypt.

Even the roots themselves appear to have been used for food by the ancient Egyptians, but those who professed to chew it as a luxury doubtless mistook the sugar-cane for the papyrus, as the stem is neither juicy nor agreeable to the taste.

But the chief and most important use of this wonderful reed was that it furnished material for writing upon. Of all the ingenious contrivances in earlier days, there was nothing like the sheets of papyrus, the original manufacture of which is described as follows:

The reed was cut into strips, each sufficient for a page, and then carefully peeled, at its entire length, as far inward toward the core as possible, so as to make a tolerably wide strip.

Several of these strips were laid together, to make the breadth of a page. These pages were then covered over with simple gum, animal glue or flour paste.

The first layer of papyrus being dry, a second layer was placed transversely upon it, so that the fibres might cross each other like the threads of woven cloth. The sheets were then pressed together, under strong pressure applied to render them smooth and ready for use.

Among the ancient Egyptians the word for papyrus was *biblos*, and is preserved in the name for the most venerable book in the world—the Bible.

The beautiful substance called "rice paper," of which artificial flowers are made, and on which are sometimes painted exquisite flowers in most delicate designs, is made from the pith of a rush growing in great abundance in the waters of the Ganges.

The fishermen there tie bundles of these reeds together and use them as floats for their fishing nets.

The most ancient Italians as well as East Indians appear to have used linen cloth to write upon, so prepared as to retain the marks of the pen, and the ancient Greeks in existence even now written upon the folds of palm-leaves.

With regard to Egyptian rope, the fibers at the bottom of the palm furnish a large proportion of it, but it was probably the finer cord, twisted from the papyrus, that was employed in the curious lacing of those mummy cases, of which we have so often read, where the body was interlarded with gold and was ornamented. Only the very rich could afford this expensive method of embalming.

Important in every way as the papyrus was to the nation, in a fit of commercial jealousy, one of the Egyptian monarchs prohibited the exportation of this kind of paper, and occasioned the invention of parchment at Pergam, by Attalus, its king.

And yet at no great distance from the kingdom of Attala the papyrus grew in great profusion, according to ancient writers, from the very source of the Jordan to the Lake of Tiberias, as well as at the Tigris and Euphrates.

Not a single plant exists that has not at some time played an important part in the great economy of nature, even to the very leaves. As an example of this, we see what the papyrus must have been to the ancient people before the manufacture of modern paper which is such a desirable substitute for all.—*Golden Days*.

The Dagger.

"This sword a dagger, bid his page—
That was but little for his age—"

We may infer also, if current tradition may be believed, that this page was a parchment, and that the dagger made its appearance in the world in a scarcely possible to say, but the first glimpse we get of humanity reveals it flourishing this weapon of offense, much esteemed for the silence and effectiveness of its work. Under a multitude of names—pionard, spear, dirk, stillito, ancle, misericorde, creese, kanjan or bowie, etc.—it has flourished, settled disputes and affairs of love among the hideous of Spain, the kenne of Ireland, the clansmen of the Highlands, the Malays and the fire-eaters of the wild West. While its antiquity reaches beyond the earliest traces of history, it must be questioned whether, as is commonly accepted, Abel was the possessor of one which he used in the slaughter of sheep, the fat of which he brought to the sacrifice. If this be true, and the Biblical genesis of man is incorrect, the human race must have been early developed in the direction of destructive instruments. It is probable, however, that Abel and many of his successors used iron-pointed spears, or pieces of shell or stone having no semblance to what we call a dagger, the invention of which implies considerable advancement in the mechanical arts. It is not questioned that from these flakes of stone, bone or flint was ultimately evolved the idea of a dagger, but they were not daggers. The word is from the Hebrew, meaning to pierce, and to all the nations of the remotest antiquity it was a common and familiar instrument. With them, as with the common soldiery of late times, it served a multitude of purposes. With it they

prepared the twigs for fuel, cleaned the food for cooking, used it to dig up the ground in planting, and as a spit on which to toast their meat or game, as well as a weapon of offense. In Judges iii, 16, we are told that Ehud made him a dagger with two edges, of a cubit length, which he girded on his right thigh. This was 1836 B. C., and a jolly little tickler it was for the ribs of his neighbors. History does not record whether he used it as a toothpick or not.

It was not until much later that the dagger was elevated to the post of honor beside the sword, with which it is now associated and enshrined in the romance of chivalry. The Greek short sword, which made the soldiers so irresistible at close quarters, was a species of dagger. At Rome it was fashionable to carry a slender dagger secreted in whips and canes, and the Venetians, under a name sometimes written *under-hand*, carrying a dagger, made use of a three-edged dagger of glass, filled with poison, which was broken off when used and the blade left in the wound. The warriors of Gaul were partial to the dagger, which, under a name sometimes written *couteau*, was a regular part of their equipment. The Scotchman's fondness for his dirk is well known, and the boast of the Highlander that he could drive his "bonny dirk" through a "wee wee" board, is familiar to all readers of Scotch fiction. Originally the dagger had no sheath or guard to protect the hand, and these were not added until comparatively recent times, the guard first and then the sheath. About the thirteenth century the dagger became a fashionable weapon, worn by civilians, soldiers and sailors alike, as well as by ladies, on one occasion the dagger was expended. Gold and rare jewels decked not only its hilt but the sheath as well, and it was worn suspended by chains of gold and gemmed baldrick. In the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it reached its highest perfection both in effectiveness and ornamentation, and since those times no improvements have been made in it. It has been tried to turn the handle into a pistol, and thus make a combined sword and dagger, to kill at both ends, but the innovation has not been favorably received. In the mode of carrying the dagger, Ehud, above named, was a little old-fashioned. It is now variously worn in the bosom, the scabbard in the hand, and very bad men carry it down their backs or in their boots.

The name dagger has never been popular in America. It is too old and inexpressive. In its stead we playfully substitute "tickler," "toothpick," etc., while very staid people call it "bowie-knife." Some genteel creatures, however, even here "look daggers," presumably because they could so very unpleasantly look bowie-knives, ticklers, or tooth-picks.—*Industrial World*.

The Women of Capri.

The Capri women are almost invariably handsome and healthy looking. In the course of half an hour's walk you will distinguish in the women and girls most pure specimens of the beautiful Roman, Saracen, Spanish and Greek types, survivals of the successive conquerors of the island. But what strikes one mostly is the statuesque gracefulness of these girls in all their movements. In their staid we playfully substitute "tickler," "toothpick," etc., while very staid people call it "bowie-knife." Some genteel creatures, however, even here "look daggers," presumably because they could so very unpleasantly look bowie-knives, ticklers, or tooth-picks.—*Industrial World*.

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PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A girl at Phoenix, A. T., has been handicapped for life with the name of "Fan Rosa Beauty Spot Temptation Touch-Me-Not."

—Anthony Arnoux, who committed suicide in New York recently, was the first man to solicit baggage carrying from incoming trains.—*N. Y. Sun*.

—Captain Jas. B. Eades is the first American to ever receive the English Society of Arts medal for successful service in engineering science.—*Chicago Herald*.

The mother of Charley Ross suffers constantly from melancholy. She never expects to find her boy, and it would be a relief to her to know that he was dead.—*Philadelphia Press*.

—Ex-United States Treasurer Spinner is now living in Jacksonville, Fla. He is eighty-two years old, hale and hearty. He spends a great part of his time fishing and gathering shells.

The wife of an Episcopal clergyman in Minnesota is afflicted with a terrible malady. Her bones have turned virtually into chalk, and are so fragile that she can scarcely move without breaking them.—*Cleveland Herald*.

—Walter C. Squire, the new Governor of Washington Territory, is an Ohio man by birth. He lived for years at Illion, N. Y. and married Philo Remington's daughter. He has been a resident of Seattle for several years.—*Cleveland Leader*.

The oldest delegate to the Democratic National Convention was Dr. Uriah Terrill, of Virginia, who is ninety-two years of age, served in the war of 1812, entered politics in Jackson's first campaign, and went first to a National Convention as a delegate in 1844, to vote and work for Henry Clay.—*Chicago News*.

—What was believed to be one of the pirate Kidd's bones was unearthed recently by a party of Italian emigrants near Berkshire, Conn. In a powder horn, tipped with silver and covered with hieroglyphs, were found some old English coins, a Spanish doubloon, and a piece of parchment.—*Hartford Courant*.

One of the most popular as well as the most useful men in Atkinson, Me., is John Hornish, who is a blacksmith by trade, but he is also a lawyer and the speaker in his house is his office. Furthermore, he has a dentist's chair in one corner of his store, and when business is otherwise light he practices the trade of cabinet-making.—*Boston Post*.

An old Indiana railroad man recently remarked that ninety-five per cent of the accidents which occur when men are coupling cars are through their own recklessness or want of attention. In his large experience he said he had never known a horse-drawn car where men had been injured in coupling cars if they had been duly careful.—*N. Y. Post*.

We learn from the *Colonies* that a monkey signaller manages the railway traffic at Whitehall, South Africa. The human signaller, who has the misfortune to lose both his legs, and has trained a baboon to discharge his duties. Jacko pushes his master about on a trolley, and under his direction works the lever to set the signal, with a most ludicrous imitation of humanity. He puts down the lever, looks round to see that the correct signal is up, and then gravely watches the approaching train, his master being at hand to correct any mistake.

—A little nonsense.—
"Patti's friends at home find her 'dreadfully' canny." Probably because, when she came to this country, she left her Parisian behind her.—*W. A. Croft*.

"Did you ever keep a boarding-house?" asked Jones of Smith. "Well, no, but I have," replied Smith, "I once boarded a Mississippi steamboat."—*Washington Herald*.

"Have you got the rent ready at last?" "No, sir; I went out washing and forgot to put it out for you before she left." "How do you know she will go to put it out?" "Well, she told me so."—*Chicago Times*.

A Vermont girl, who has married a young man by the name of William, says that she intends no treason in affirming that her husband is a Frenchman. In one instance one of the party put back the joke upon a French gentleman, who politely corrected a mistake, by citing the labor of the Frenchman in the kitchen, some of whom had but a mere smattering of English. In one instance one of the party put back the joke upon a French gentleman, who politely corrected a mistake, by citing the labor of the Frenchman in the kitchen, some of whom had but a mere smattering of English. In one instance one of the party put back the joke upon a French gentleman, who politely corrected a mistake, by citing the labor of the Frenchman in the kitchen, some of whom had but a mere smattering of English.

A barber says—barbers are forever saying something—that it is rich and not the poor man who becomes bald the sooner. The barber is probably right. A poor man's blessing you know. The less there is to inherit, the more abundant the heirs.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Oh, when will my love come back?" sings a plaintive poetess. That depends largely upon your own actions, dear. If you will chain up the dog, hide your father's boots, and persuade your mother that when the clock strikes nine it is high time all old people were in bed you may hear something from the young man.—*Exchange*.

"Shall I sing 'When the Robins Nest Again,' darling?" she asked with a sweet smile as she moved towards the piano. "Yes, love," he replied; then, after a moment's pause he added: "Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the robins won't nest again till next year. She did not sing, and he doesn't go there any more."—*Somerville Journal*.

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An ostrich egg is worth one hundred dollars. Does anybody know anything that will beat an ostrich egg?—*London Courier*. Try an ax.—*Boston Post*.

—When Foggy came into the room unexpectedly Mrs. F. gave a scream and exclaimed: "You frightened me half to death." "Did I?" was the unfeeling reply; "suppose I try it over again?"—*Do ton Transcript*.

A young gentleman wishes to know which is proper to say on leaving a young lady friend after a late call—"Good night," or "Good-bye." Never tell a lie, young man. Say good-morning.—*Burlington Free Press*.

"You are lucky," said a criminal lawyer to his client, a thief. "Am I acquitted?" inquired the thief. "No, not that," replied the lawyer, "but you were a burst of laughter, as all saw what it was that gave the ham its appetizing flavor."—*Youth's Companion*.

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A Story of a Tree-Frog.

One sultry night, in Indiana, I sat busily writing upstairs close to an open window. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see their friends only after dark; there was a constant buzz around the lamp, and many a scorched victim falling on its back, kicking its little legs in the air.

Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window—a whistle somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the office of a trunk-key. Startled for a moment, I turned my chair and beheld on the window-sill a little tree-frog gravely looking at me. His skin—of an exquisite pale apple-green shade—in the large light of the lamp, I might have mistaken for a piece of paper.

Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair, watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird's note. He evidently was making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence not misplaced), and soon he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe, for I was so close to him. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes; and then hopped over the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation, such as I had never before witnessed. He captured his prey with a careless fly or moth that came near him, declining to touch the dead ones that had cremated themselves.

After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind, my apple-green friend hopped rather lazily across the desk, repeated the whistle with which he had entered the room, and then proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But, judge my surprise when on the next night he again appeared, again signalled his coming with his musical cry, and again took up his position under my lamp.

For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit my room nightly, and he and I became great friends. House flies were his special delicacy. Stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smooth surface with the little disc or suckers on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one leg and then the other, and when within proper distance he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, swallow it with a careless gulp. His hind feet firmly glued to the wall! Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of another.

He never missed his aim, and he would zigzag up and down the side wall after every fly he saw there. He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my hand, and sit there looking at me with a steady gaze. He was so bold, so bold—*T. Lamont in St. Nicholas*.

The Saguenay River.

The round trip from Quebec up the Saguenay River is about four hundred and seventy miles, and occupies forty-eight hours. Leaving Quebec in the morning one is down the St. Lawrence about one hundred miles to Tadoussac, and is up that river to Chicoutimi, one hundred and thirty-five miles further, in the morning, while the next day is given to viewing the grand scenery as the river winds its way up the valley of the Saguenay. The river is a most ludicrous imitation of humanity. He puts down the lever, looks round to see that the correct signal is up, and then gravely watches the approaching train, his master being at hand to correct any mistake.

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A Glimpse of Tunis.

In the foreground, at a distance of seven miles, was the city of Tunis situated at the head of the great salt lake which separates it from the sea. Its houses and long walls were dazzlingly white in the hot sun—a characteristic which, taken in connection with its penury and shape, spreading out as it does between the two salt lakes, has given it the name of "Bornas of the prophet."

On the right was Cape Carthage, and on the hills behind it were many beautiful residences and palaces, with their groves of oranges and palm trees. One of the most prominent objects was the chapel erected to the memory of St. Louis, who died here at the time of the last crusade. Near this spot were the mounds indicating the situation of Carthage. In front, on the low land which separates the lake from the bay, was the town of Goletta, with its antiquated fort, under the shadow of which was the water of the Bay, with its white walls and green blinds.

To the left were the barren hills called the Lead Mountains, while in the distance were the blue summits of the Lachuan range of mountains, indicating the position of Kairwan, the holy city of North Africa, where the beard of the prophet is preserved. In the bay, which can hardly be called a harbor, were a French gun-boat and several steamers and sailing vessels unloading into lighters. As no health officer answered our signal, we concluded to wait until the morning, when the party was rowed ashore, passing up the narrow passage which communicates with the salt lake. Here we saw the small vessels with latten sails, built probably under the sanction of the piratical craft which ravaged the Mediterranean, and even captured ships in the English Channel. At the beginning of the present century all the States of Europe paid tribute to the Bey of Tunis, the last payment having been made by Sweden in 1827. The items of one payment by the United States in 1790 are as follows: Fifty thousand dollars cash; eight thousand dollars for secret service; twenty-eight cannon of caliber twelve, fourteen, eight; seven thousand cannon balls; eight hundred quintals of gunpowder; four hundred quintals of cordage, and a quantity of jewels. At this time the States were formed for ransoming prisoners; the usual price paid was from one hundred to two hundred dollars, double the amount being paid for female prisoners. After landing we took a walk through the health officer and after our papers had been examined we proceeded to look about the place. The town is small, flat, dusty, and uninteresting. It has one broad, principal street leading down to the railroad station, with numerous small, dirty lanes branching off from it. The streets were filled with Arabs, Moors, Jews, etc., of all shades of color. About the coffee houses were groups of French and Tunisian soldiers, while the background was filled with pigs, donkeys, dogs, and camels. Here we first saw the peculiar costume worn by the Jewish women, consisting of a pointed cap, a blue reaching a little below the waist, and tight white trousers, with small slippers protecting half the foot. The women were, as a rule, very fat, and the whole effect was quite striking.—*Cor. Western Transcript*.

Military Berlin.

One certainly sees more soldiers in the streets of Berlin than in those of London and Paris, but one does not see many of them, and they form altogether but a small minority of the people one meets when walking about Berlin. And that is easy to explain: soldiers do not play at soldiering here as French soldiers have done lately. Fighting is considered by the Germans a business, or a trade, or an art—as you may like to call it—which is to be learned very seriously, and which keeps the young men, who are none too numerous, very busy during the whole of their quarters or on the parade ground. As to the officers, they are nearly as busy taken up by their work as the most working official, mercantile clerk, or artisan. The Lieutenant of the guards, who has nothing to do but to show his fine uniform in the streets, exists only in the imagination of people who have never seen him, but he is a soldier, and he is a soldier.

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"Peoples' Hat Changed."

"Der clothing peesness," he replied, as he wiped his face with a red bandana and sat down at a \$2.00 table, "vhas that you might call blayed out. It vhas hard scratching to make a toller."

"But people wear clothes all the time." "Exactly, but peoples hat changed a good deal. Some folks vhas all for style, and dey go to a tailor to get a fit. Older peoples pay ready-made clothing, but so many of us vhas in der peesness dot it vhas hard adding. Enferly man look der goods all oaf for cotton, and it vhas hard to deceive him."

"What do you ask for that tweed suit?" "Vholl, my first price on dot suit vhas \$14. After I talk for ten minutes I drop to \$12. If der customer pegins to pull out cotton fibers I make der price \$10, at which I put my hand on my heart and assure him dot I lose oaf der tree toll."

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