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— BY —
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DAY BY DAY.

A little older every day,
A little nearer to the close;
Nearer the ending of the fray,
Nearer the long repose.

" o'er our head
" and the grass,
And friends will murmur: "He is dead,"
As by our tomb they pass.

Nearer the time when we shall cast
An anchor by the mystic shore;
And see and feel and know, at last,
What we could not before.

Ah! how the years go rolling on!
How short the step to manhood's prime,
How soon the gold of life is gone
Into the vaults of Time!

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MADAM WHIMS.

Her Devices to Conceal the Cruelties of an Insane Husband.

A young girl, who had just arrived, was the center of a group of women on the porch of the old-fashioned hotel in Wildgrapeisle, a little island the medicinal qualities of whose springs, especially in the case of nervous complaints, were just beginning to be known, one lovely August evening. "And now," said she, after the usual welcoming speeches and complimentary remarks about the becomingness of her traveling costume had all been made, "tell me who is here."

"Oh! the old set," answered two or three of her friends together. "With the exception," added two or three more, "of Madam Whims," chorused all the rest.

"Madam Whims," repeated the new arrival. "What a very odd name."

"Oh! it isn't her real name," explained several of the group in one voice again. "Her real name——"

"Suppose one of the party enlightens me while the others remain silent," interrupted the girl, laughingly. "It's rather confusing, you know, listening to a chorus on a subject of which the listener happens to be in total ignorance. You, Maud, used to be a capital story-teller in our school days, and that isn't far enough away for your tongue to have forgotten its cunning, and so suppose *you* narrate and oblige yours truly, Bell Morrison.

"There isn't any story to tell, Bell, my dear," replied the youthful, bright-eyed matron thus singled out. "The case is simply this: A lady is stopping here—she came about three weeks ago—whose name is Eleanor Halpin, but whom our circle with common consent have dubbed Madame Whims, because, my dear, she really is the whimmiest of whimmen. Pun intended—hope you all see it."

"I recognized it at once," said Bell, "having met it many times before, notably in the old verses which, if my memory serves me aright, run, somewhat in this way.

"When Eve first wooed with love so kind
Her Adam called her wooman;
But when she brought him grief and woe,
Why, then he called her woeman.
Since then the men declare the sex
With follies overrimmin',
And so they've changed the name again,
And now they call them whimmen."

"Am I to go on, or have you any more verses to repeat?" asked Mistress Maud.

"You are to go on, and go on quickly," answered her sprightly friend, "for I haven't had my supper yet and I shall soon be awfully hungry. You said last she was the 'whimmiest of whimmen.' Pray tell me what shapes her whims take?"

"Oddities of dress, principally. When we first beheld her, two days after her arrival—she had kept her room in the interim—she wore a sort of turban, apparently evolved from a large, soft, crimson silk handkerchief, tilted rather rakishly over the left eye. It was not altogether unbecoming, but it was extremely queer. In a few days the turban was discarded and she appeared in very long, very loose gloves, morn, noon and eve, breakfast, lunch and dinner, for nearly a week. Then she came down with a cane, a handsome one, and walked with an affected little limp for another week. Then a lace scarf graced her head, tied down over her ears, my dear, with a big bow under her chin. And to-night, warm as it is, she has several yards of white illusion twined around her throat and standing up at the back of her neck in a manner that strongly suggests an Elizabethan ruff."

"Which suggestion of an Elizabethan ruff I suppose I shall have the pleasure of seeing," said Bell, "as each of my lady's vagaries seem to last for several days. But tell me something about herself, Maud. Is she pretty? Is she clever? Is she wife, widow or divorcee? If wife, what kind of a husband has she?"

"Well, she is not ugly, rather pretty, in fact, and somewhat clever; so we infer from what conversation we have had with her, which is very little, for it is one of her whims to have her husband always at her side, and you know how hard it is for women to talk to each other when there is a man around. By the by, we also infer from the never-varying brightness of her face that she must be a very happy, very sweet-tempered woman."

"And her husband?"

"Oh! yes, I was coming to him. He is a splendid looking fellow (though Kate Dutton, who is given, you know, to finding resemblance to animals in human beings, declares there is a hint of tiger about him), but we are none of us particularly interested in him, because, to tell the truth, my dear, he hasn't shown the slightest interest in any of us."

"And how does he appear to regard his wife's whims?"

"With extreme indulgence. I see him looking at her peculiarities of dress, sometimes, with the kind of smile with which a fond parent regards the trick of a spoiled child."

"Spoiled child, indeed!" here joined in a sharp-nosed, thin-lipped elderly dame who had evidently thus far been holding her tongue with great difficulty. "I have no patience with him. Why don't he make her take off those fal-de-lals (Maud hasn't told you about half of them) and dress like a Christian? I would, mighty quick, if I were he. But as he don't I should think that companion of hers—Mrs. Gregg—who seems to be a sensible person, and to have some influence over her, might prevail upon her not to make a show of herself."

"Perhaps she is the sort of woman who can't be prevailed upon," said Bell.

"I guess you are right," acquiesced Mistress Maud, with emphasis. "She has a very determined look at times about her mouth, though it is a small and smilling one. And her big, dark gray eyes meet your gaze almost defiantly."

"Defiantly? Impudently, I call it," resumed the sharp-featured lady, "and *I'm* sorry for her husband, I am, for altogether, I've no doubt he has a pretty hard time of it. I'm sure if *I* were a man *I* shouldn't want *my* wife tagging 'round after *me* every step *I* took, especially if I had a wife like Madam Whims, eternally devisin' ways and means, in spite of her pretended devotion, of attractin' attention."

"That is false!" said a voice from the drawing-room window, and the next moment Mrs. Gregg, a tall, pale woman, clad in black robes, stepped out upon the porch.

"False!" echoed the unlovely spinster.

"Yes, 'false;' and to my mind the time has come when the truth should be told. I can not, in consideration for her, take the dreadful responsibility of keeping my mistress' secret any longer. Ladies, that splendid looking fellow—so bound to the side of his wife—would, had it not been for her angelic love and devotion, have been long ago the inmate of a lunatic asylum. Don't be frightened, he has never hurt any one but her. For years he has been subject to insane paroxysms whose fury he vents upon the being he loves best in the world. Once over them he is as sane as you or I. For several weeks past these attacks have been much more frequent than ever before. But no one has suspected them, even in this crowded hotel, for having, as you have already suggested, Miss Dutton, something of the tiger about him, it is but a stealthy bound, a noiseless, heavy blow, or two or three—received without a murmur—and then he sinks into a profound slumber from which he awakes utterly unconscious of what he has done, to laugh as you do at his wife's whims. That fantastic turban concealed a wound in the left temple; the long gloves covered bruised hands and arms; the scarf was tied about a swollen neck, and the yards of illusion wrapped around her slender throat to-night hide the marks of cruel fingers. "Madam Whims!" Madam Saint, I say! 'He only hurts me,' she prays, when I threaten disclosure. 'He only hurts me and does not mean to do it, as you well know, Gregg, for he loves me, he loves me dearly and I *adore* him. What *he* does in the wretched moments that he is not himself I can bear, but to be parted from him forever—oh! that I could not bear.' She came here in the hope that the waters might do him good, but he has, as I have told you, grown worse, and after to-day's experience it would be crime for me to remain silent any longer. 'Give me the name, please, of the best physician in the—my God! what was that?' she broke off suddenly to exclaim, as a pistol shot rang out upon the air, and then she fairly flew back through the drawing-room, out into the hall, and up the stairs that led to her mistress' apartment, followed, almost as swiftly, by the horror-stricken women who had been listening to her story. Throwing open the door of the sitting-room she entered, leaving the others huddled together in the threshold. "Too late! too late!" she cried; "look there." And there on the floor, beside a couch which held the form of his wife, lay the lifeless body of Luke Halpin. "He has killed her in one of his insane moments," continued the companion in a shrill, unnatural voice, "and finding her dead on awakening has taken his own life with the pistol I thought I had so carefully hidden from him. And see, see, wringing her hands while the tears rolled down her cheeks, oh! what a pitiful sight—she played 'Madam Whims' to the last." And pressing silently forward they saw that the dying woman, with some wild idea of hiding the act that had cost her her life, and shielding him who was dearer to her than that life, had with her last strength draped a gauzy shawl over the knife-wound in her breast, but the tell-tale blood had dripped through and stained the white silk dress she wore with spots of vivid red!—*Margaret Eytinge, in Detroit Free Press.*

He Let His Cows For Beans.

"If Smith don't keep his cow out of my garden I will kill her. I have shot her side full of beans every night, but she gets in my garden the next night just the same as if nothing had happened. I believe he turns her in my garden." "Of course he does," said Jones, "for I saw him do it." "What the dickens does he do that for?" "To get you to shoot his cow." "To get me to shoot his cow? What does he want me to shoot his cow for?" "Because he is a Boston man and his cow brings home enough of your beans to support his family. He keeps his boys busy picking the beans out of his cow's hide. Take him over a bushel of beans and his cow won't get in your garden for a week."—*Paris Beacon.*

—Lately the distance between London and Edinburgh was covered in three days by a tricycle rider. This feat was surpassed a week later by another traveler, who accomplished the four hundred miles in two days and nine hours, considerably more than half the distance being traveled in the first twenty-four hours. A medical writer in the *Lancet* warns all "cycle" riders to beware of large wheels which are accompanied by small saddles. He says that unless a good-sized seat is provided, serious evils may result.

—Among the victims of cholera at Naples was an old woman aged one hundred and three years.

MR. NOX.

How a Man Searching for a Missing Article is Feelingly Described by His Long-Suffering Better Half.

Did you ever see a man search for a missing article? Well, if not, just let me tell you how Mr. Nox does it.

Mr. Nox generally arises to build fires, leaving me to my morning nap undisturbed—that is, if he can remember where he put his clothes the previous evening; if not, I am called upon to tell him where he stood, whence all but him had fled (to bed).

The other morning, after being dreamily conscious that the "blamed shavings were wet," and that the "lid-lifter never *was* in its place," I was broadly awakened to find Mr. Nox going up and down our bedroom, lamp in hand, his best hat stuck on the extreme back of his head, kicking his slippered feet against every bit of furniture in reach, a dark frown contracting his classic brow, and murder in his eye. I inquired the matter.

"Hunting my rubbers" (shortly).

"But you don't expect to find them in here on the wall, do you?" seeing him gazing upward.

"Course I do. Where else can they be? I've looked everywhere else."

I suppress a giggle, which has become chronic and attacks me whenever Mr. Nox begins a search. I suggest various places in which they *might* be found; but he "has looked there." Back and forth—now in one room, then in another—warmer waxes his wrath. He gives the kitten a rough push and looks carefully on the spot of carpet it has occupied. Suddenly an idea seems to strike him, and holding the lamp high above his head, he rushes into the preserve closet. My mirth subsides. I spring up.

"O, don't go in there! Your rubbers never, *never* were in there. Good gracious! Come out!" (raising my voice in command.)

"I don't know they ain't, and *I'm* going to have them. Do you suppose *I'm* going to milk that cow without my rubbers?"

So much talk had awakened the "flower of the family," who starts up and says, speedily:

"Saw 'em on the piano las' night."

This is too much for me, and I roll over in bed, hugging a pillow ecstatically over my mouth to suffocate my laughter. When I had recovered I peeped out and found Mr. Nox examining the piano—first at one end and then at the other. He prepares to take off the lid, when my indignation gets the better of my discretion, and I angrily demand *what* he is hunting, anyway.

"Why, my rubbers, you blockie, didn't she say they were here?"

"O you half wit're! Do you think they could be in there? Stop tearing up things so."

He goes into the preserve closet again, goes out, flies into the kitchen and through the pantry. Then I hear the safe door click, wood box and coal hod jingle merrily, the oven doors clang, a pailful of potatoes roll out upon the floor, the ash pan clatters, the sink is explored: I hear him open the clock; then back into the sitting room he tramps. My work basket suffers, sewing machine examined, my work tumbled, I hear the dolls and playthings of the "Flower" dashed upon the floor, then a door bangs and all is silent. Mr. Nox has gone out into the untried, unfeeling cow yard to milk that cow (she gives a whole pint now every morning) without his rubbers. I grieve not; the ground is perfectly dry, I know he is safe from damp feet. I rise at once and dress briskly; I know I have no time to lose if I would have my breakfast before ten o'clock. I have not had ocular proof of the result of Mr. Nox's eccentric searching for lost apparel, in vain. I am perfectly aware of the chaotic state of the house, and am prepared to meet it. I consider myself a heroine, in a small way, to be *able* to meet it. I hurry forth to the kitchen; crossing the sitting room I stumble over some object occupying the middle of the floor, and stooping to examine, find—the missing rubbers.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Modern Oracle.

A most satisfactory modern oracle appears to have been established at Kairwan, the holy city of Tunis. It consists of a telephone, with an ingenious Arabic-speaking French priest at the one end and a number of the credulous faithful at the other. The story is an excellent instance how "they as has brains" always find some opportunity for making use of them. The inventor of the oracle was once a member of a monastery at Avignon. Expelled by an infidel government, he went to Algeria and turned Trappist, but finding that profession apparently too narrow for his versatile and energetic nature, he subsequently had the happy thought of turning Mohammedan, and combining the furtherance of French political designs with the exercise of his new religion. Installed, as a reward for his usefulness, as the keeper of a kourba, or shrine, but finding the ordinary income of the office somewhat inadequate, he has now hit on the happier thought of increasing it by the introduction of a telephone, by which he is enabled from his own room to return prompt and apparently miraculous answers to those who come to ask him for Divine guidance.—*Paris Cor. London Times.*

—The District Attorney of Boston says that he encounters no such obstacles in the discharge of his duties as women. No criminal can be so undeserving of sympathy, so completely an outcast, that he has not a mother, wife or sister to plead for him. They are the most persistent lobbyists on earth, he declares; the most unreasonable, and yet the hardest to withstand. They lie in wait for the prosecutor of their loved ones; their audacity would make the adamantine cheek of a Washington claim-broker seem a suffusion of modest blushes; they meet arguments with tears and denials with moans; and he thinks that, on the whole, justice is oftener defeated by them than by all other causes.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A Philadelphia German, who wears a "No. 17" boot, claims to have the largest understanding of any man in the country.

DYNAMITE.

How the Destructive Explosive is Manufactured.

Mr. M. Bennett, a man who has probably handled more dynamite than any other man in the country, tells a reporter some interesting facts concerning the manufacture and use of this destructive compound:

"Dynamite is made of glycerine-oil and nitric acid mixed in sawdust. A boy can make it and there is no law to prevent it, nor is there a law restricting the sale of it. You may send your office-boy or servant-girl for a few pounds and no questions will be asked. The sale of opium and poisons are restricted, but dynamite, the greatest and most terrible destructive engine of the nineteenth century, may be bought by any one at thirty-six cents per pound. The wet sawdust on a saloon floor is so precisely like dynamite that even I could not tell the difference until I tasted it—the glycerine imparts a sweet flavor to it. Dynamite may be made out of a hundred and one different things, such as sulphur, saltpeter and brimstone. Generally, however, glycerine and nitric acid, which we call nitro-glycerine, are mixed with such an absorbent as wood-pulp or sawdust; this is done to enable its safe handling and transportation. The color of dynamite is the color of sawdust, and that of course depends upon the color and nature of the wood.

"The word dynamite covers the whole category of explosives, such as giant-powder and nitro-glycerine. Guncotton is similar, except that cotton is used as the absorbent instead of sawdust or pulp.

"If placed in water it will sink almost as rapidly as lead. I should say, however, that giant-powder is much darker than the other dynamites, for the reason that instead of saw-dust we use pulverized 'candle-coal' dust imported from France and very gassy. Dynamite is worth from thirty-six cents to seventy-five cents a pound. That which is very destructive is worth sixty cents to seventy-five cents, and is used for sub-marine blasting and heading tunnels. For what we call a fifty per cent powder, we take fifty pounds of sawdust and add fifty pounds of nitro-glycerine oil; and for what we call gelatine, which is very destructive, we take ninety pounds of oil to ten pounds of absorbent, generally sawdust. There is very little, if any, dynamite imported from or exported to Europe for the reason that an idiot can compound it. We do send a few schooners to old Mexico and to the Republics of South America, but none is sent from here to England, as a man can make it in his bedroom in a few minutes. For ordinary purposes dynamite is put up in cartridges eight inches long and from three-quarters of an inch to four inches in diameter. These cartridges are made of heavy brown paper, and when filled the ends are folded and the cartridge dipped in paraffine oil to keep it air and water tight. You may place a few grains upon an anvil and exploded it by a blow from a hammer. I have known premature blasts to occur where a pick or sledge has struck it inadvertently. It is not used in collieries, because it would shatter the coal and pulverize it. In stone quarries, iron mines, and in tunneling it is used daily, and there are thousands of men manufacturing it and tens of thousands hourly handling it. I tried to get my life insured two years ago, but no company would take the risk, and I don't know a single man in my line who is insured. Less than half an ounce will throw a sixty-pound bomb-shell over 1,000 feet and two pounds will blow a ten-ton rock to atoms. The heaviest blast I ever saw was in a limestone quarry in Glendon, Pa., when 30,000 pounds were touched off. A friend of mine experimented with several things very successfully. On his job of work he had a very refractory mule which was so stupid that he was about to give it away, when he thought he would try a few grains of dynamite on the animal. He must have used too much, for nothing more was ever seen of the mule. He used a three-quarter-pound cartridge, which retails at about sixty-five cents. A 4x8 cartridge contains about five and one-quarter pounds, but the medium size is 1 1-4x8, and contains about eight ounces.

"I might place a pound of common gunpowder on this carpet, apply a fuse, and there would only be a flash and puff, but if I placed the same quantity of dynamite there and touched it off it would shatter the room and the entire basement and foundation, for dynamite strikes downward. Unlike gunpowder, which to forcibly explode must be confined, dynamite may be placed on the surface of the sidewalk or in any unconfined place, and it is ready for work. There is one compound, however, that is more terrible than dynamite, because you can imprison more explosive force in given quantities. This is fulminate of mercury, and I think that it was this agent that was used to blow up the English Houses of Parliament. It looks very much like fine, white flour, and is worth one dollar an ounce. So explosive is it that a flip of the finger or a tap of your pencil will do the business."

"Have you ever been approached professionally by professed dynamiters?"

"No, and it wouldn't do them any good if I were. I don't believe that O'Donovan Rossa himself had anything to do with the recent explosions. He is a blowhard seekin notoriety. I was once shown an internal machine that was made here in Chicago, and a dreadful contrivance it was. For these machines they use corrosive acids instead of fuses, as the latter make a tell-tale smoke while the former do not. I saw the machine that the Public Library thief Talbut, or Funk, constructed, and I am satisfied that he is a novice in the line, because he had removed the powder and ball from the cartridge, which simply contained a little cap. This was not of sufficient force to explode the dynamite. Doubtless his idea was that when in search of the stolen books any one who would force open the box the nail would let down the cock and cause an explosion which would have killed everybody near it. He had filed away the notch of the trigger to facilitate the explosion. If the powder and ball had not been removed from the cartridge the man who opened the box would now be in his grave.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"I SPY!"

Bill Nye Indulges in Reminiscences of Childhood's Happy Hours.

Dear reader, do you remember the boy in your school who did the heavy falling through the ice, and was always about to break his neck, but managed to live through it all? Do you call to mind the youth who never allowed anybody else to fall out of a tree and break his collar bone when he could attend to it himself?

Every school has to secure the services of such a boy before it can succeed, and so our school had one. When I entered the school I saw at a glance that the board had neglected to provide itself with a boy whose duty it was to nearly kill himself every few days in order to keep up the interest, so I applied for the position. I secured it without any trouble whatever. The board understood at once from my bearing that I would succeed. And I did not betray the trust they had reposed in me.

Before the first term was over I had tried to climb two trees at once and been carried home on a stretcher; been pulled out of the river with my lungs full of water and artificial respiration resorted to; been jerked around over the north half of the county by a fractious horse whose halter I had tied to my leg, and which leg is now three inches longer than the other, together with various other little eccentricities which I can not at this moment call to mind. My parents at last got so that along about two o'clock p. m. they would look anxiously out of the window and say: "Isn't it about time for the boys to get here with William's remains? They generally get here before two o'clock.

One day five or six of us were playing "I spy" around our barn. Everybody knows how to play "I spy." One shuts his eyes and counts one hundred, for instance, while the others hide. Then he must find the rest and say "I spy" so-and-so and touch the "goal" before they do. If anybody beats him to the goal the victim has to "blind" over again.

Well, I knew the ground pretty well, and could drop twenty feet out of the barn window and strike on a pile of straw so as to land near the goal, touch it, and let the crowd in free without getting found out. I did this several times and got the blinder, James Bang, pretty mad. After a boy has counted five hundred or six hundred, and worked hard to gather in the crowd, only to get jeered and laughed at by the boys, he loses his temper. It was so with James Cicero Bang. I knew that he almost hated me, and yet I went on. Finally, in the fifth ballot I saw a good chance to slide down and let the crowd in again as I had done on former occasions. I slipped out of the window and down the side of the barn about two feet, when I was detained unavoidably. There was a "batten" on the barn that was loose at the upper end. I think I was wearing my father's vest on that day, as he was away from home and I frequently wore his clothes when he was absent. Anyhow the vest was too large, and when I slid down that loose board ran up between the vest and my person in such a way as to suspend me about eighteen feet from the ground in a prominent, but very uncomfortable, position.

I remember it yet quite distinctly. James C. Bang came around where he could see me. He said: "I spy Bill Nye and touch the goal before him." No one came to remove the barn. No one seemed to sympathize with me in my great sorrow and isolation. Every little while James C. Bang would come around the corner and say: "O I see ye. You needn't think you're out of sight up there. I can see you real plain. You better come down and blind. I can see ye up there!"

I tried to unbutton my vest and get down there and lick James, but it was of no use.

It was a very trying time. I can remember how I tried to kick myself loose, but failed. Sometimes I would kick the barn and sometimes I would kick a large hole in the horizon. Finally I was rescued by a neighbor who said he didn't want to see a good barn kicked into chaos just to save a long-legged boy that wasn't worth over six bits.

It affords me great pleasure to add that while I am looked up to and madly loved by every one that does not know me, James C. Bang is the brevet President of a fractured bank, taking a lonely bridal tour by himself in Europe and waiting for the depositors to die of old age.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they most generally get there with both feet. (Adapted from the French by permission.)—*Detroit Free Press.*

And That, Too.

A Boston man got hold of a Westerner the other day in hopes of getting some consolation out of the look of affairs toward sundown, but the man promptly replied:

"I tell you, things have just squatted out our way."

"Won't wheat look up a little, eh?"

"Not a look."

"Any new enterprises?"

"Not so much as building a woodshed."

"But do the merchants complain?"

"I should smile! They even hire folks to help 'em growl."

"Isn't the railroad business a little more favorable?"

"Yes, they manage to run trains, but that's about all."

"Well, there must be some business in the West which holds its own," persisted the Bostonian. "How's matrimony?"

"Deader'n Joseph's old boots," was the confidential answer. "A year ago you could have married anything and anybody and counted on six per cent. dividends, but the general depression has flattened matrimony until a widow worth $20,000 has got to hunt a man down with a gun!"—*Wall Street News*

—A man at St. Albans, Vt., was heard to remark that he would give twenty cents for a cat. The next morning twenty-two boys were on hand, each expecting to go away twenty cents richer.

FINNISH WEDDINGS.

How the Ceremony Was Celebrated in Olden Times.

On the Sunday morning the invited guests assembled at the sexton's house (which was generally near the church), and when the morning psalm was being sung the procession set out. First of all walked the fiddlers, playing a festal march; then a swarm of children, young relatives of the bridal pair; next the two bridesmaids, then the bridal couple, and immediately after them the bride-dresser. Then followed the two groomsmen and the rest of the crowd—men first, women next, arranged by the groomsmen in a certain order. The procession was so timed that they reached the church just as the psalm ended, and if they came a little early they all waited in the porch until the proper time. So soon as the singing ceased the wedding party entered the church, and walked up the centre aisle, the fiddler meantime playing right joyfully, till they came to the altar, when they turned aside, and stood playing whilst the whole party was arrayed in order before the clergyman, who stood waiting for them. The wedding ceremony was then celebrated according to the old Swedish rites.

The wedding breakfast was generally laid on three tables set in the form of a horseshoe. The bridal couple sat in the place of honor—that is, in the middle of the centre table. Next to the bride sat the "bride dresser," then the bridemaids and the rest of the women. Next the bridegroom sat the clergyman, and then the groomsmen and the men guests. The groomsmen acted as master of the ceremonies, and saw that each one sat in his or her appointed place.

Each guest brought knife, fork and spoon to the feast. The meal over, dancing began, when polka, waltz, minuet and country dances of all kinds followed in rapid succession. Toward the end of the feast the bride was obliged to dance with each one of the girls, who stood in a ring around her. During this the lads stood all around with lighted candles. Next the bridegroom danced with all the men, the girls in their turn holding the lighted candles. Then the bride danced with married women, and the married men held the lights, and then the bridegroom danced with the married men, the married women holding the candles.

After the dancing was over the guests who lived near went home, while those who lived at a distance stayed the night. Next day by twelve o'clock all assembled once more to breakfast. The bride was then dressed as a married woman, in a cap bound with black. After breakfast the old folks chatted over things old and new, whilst the young folks amused themselves with ring-dances, etc., which, if the weather was fine, were held in the open air. This went on till supper time. After supper much of the time was spent in singing.—*Harper's Weekly.*

HUMOR IN THE FAMILY.

One of the Most Valuable Aids to a Happy Home Life.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor, or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion, who sees the ridiculous points of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It is a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sunshine on a cloudy day. While it is always oppressive to hear persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable to see what a brightener a little fun is—to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view instead of becoming irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawers. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked, then with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and she felt happy; so, what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings, became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as well oftentimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.—*Christian at Work.*

A Boy's Autobiography.

Following is the biography of a ten-year-old youngster of this city's public school, written by himself:

First—When and where were you born? Of what descent?

Second—Where have you lived?

Third—How have you spent your life?

Fourth—What remarkable things have happened to you?

Fifth—What should you like to become?

"I was born in Kansas City, Jackson County, Mo., West Central States, U. S. A.; Western Hemisphere; Tuesday, January 13, 1875.

"I am English descent. I have lived in Kansas City all my life.

"Once I tumbled down a well, and was fished out with a clothes-line. I fell down steps two or three times, and mashed my fingers once when I was a little kid. I got in some jam that had Cayenne pepper in it, and it made me dance like a wet hen on a hot brick.

"I want to become an angel."—*Kansas City Journal.*

THERMOMETERS.

How They Should Be Exposed in Order to Work Satisfactorily.

One of the first conditions to be regarded is that of securing a good height above the ground, on which a considerable diversity of opinion prevails. Much depends upon the immediate conditions of the locality. When this point is decided upon, a uniform and satisfactory shelter or screen should be provided for the instrument. The height and the screen should be so adjusted that the thermometer shall be free from ground-fog, and that access of the air to it should be perfect. The shelter should shield it from all reflected heat, from all radiation from surrounding objects, as well as from moisture. Many different forms of shelter have been contrived in different countries. In experimenting upon the merits of these devices, a standard of comparison is found in the swung thermometer, or, as the French call it, the *thermometre fronde*, which is a common thermometer attached to a string or wire, and rapidly swung through a circle whose radius is the length of the string. The theory of this arrangement is that, as the instrument is rapidly brought in contact with a large mass of air, it must give the temperature of the same, unless the results are vitiated by other causes. From a number of experiments the following conclusions as to the best disposition of shelters are advanced: When exposed to direct sun-heat they should be at least thirty-six inches long; with proper precautions the thermometer "fronde" both dry and wet will give the most correct air temperature and relative humidity; a single louvre shelter is sufficient. The interposition of a second louvre prevents the free access of air, and if ventilation is used it must affect the air which is propelled to the thermometer. For obtaining even approximate relative humidity in calm weat her single louvred shelters are necessary, and for the best results an induced air current is essential, especially in the winter in northern countries. When a window shelter is used there should be a free air-space of from six to twelve inches between the shelter on the north side of the building and the wall. The simplest form of screen would be four pieces of board ten or twelve inches square, nailed together box-fashion, leaving the bottom and the side toward the window open. The thermometers, dry and wet, should be placed five inches apart, near the center of this screen, with their bulbs projecting below the plane of the lower edge. Shade may be given, at such times as the sun is shining on the north side of the house, by the adjustment of the window blinds.—*Chicago Times.*

WHAT A BLUNDER DID.

How a Compositor's Error Came Near Costing a Man His Life.

In the Youngstown correspondence of an evening cotemporary yesterday was an item to the effect that a well-known young Pittsburgher dined in that thriving young city yesterday. It was hurriedly sent to the composing-room with a mass of other copy, where the "intelligent compositor" set it up "died."

The city editor saw the item in the proof and sent a reporter out for an obituary of the deceased. Supposing, of course, that the family were already acquainted with the sad news, the reporter sought the aged father, who sat at his desk in a Smithfield Street office.

"Mr. ——," said the reporter, "can you give me any facts about John's death?"

"John who?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Why, your son, who died at Youngstown yesterday."

"My God!" and the old man turned a deathly white and fell from his chair to the floor. He was at once laid on a sofa and a physician summoned. The now thoroughly frightened reporter ran back to the office and told his story. Again the proof was "called down," and with it the copy, when the error was discovered. Again the reporter was hurried out to make an effort to repair the mischief he had done. Of course his second appearance brought great relief to the stricken father, who had partially recovered. He was so broken up by the excitement, however, that he had to be put in a carriage and taken home. The reporter was so badly rattled by the affair that he had to put on a "sub" for the remainder of the day.—*Pittsburgh Times.*

OHIO COLLEGES.

The Buckeye State's Great Number of These Institutions of Learning.

It is a fact perhaps not generally known that Ohio has more so-called colleges than any other State in the Union. While Illinois and New York have twenty-eight each and Pennsylvania twenty-six, no other State having more than nineteen, Ohio has thirty-five. But it is only in the number of these institutions that the State can boast. Their aggregate income from the productive funds is but $210,510, and from tuition fees but $125,382, while the value of all grounds and buildings is but $3,192,840, and the number of volumes in their libraries but 161,302. The number of students, however, in the preparatory collegiate departments compares favorably with the older States, New York only surpassing Ohio. How much better endowed the colleges of Massachusetts are than those of Ohio may be seen at a glance. With but seven colleges they have an income from productive funds of $291,812, and receipts from tuition of $166,538 and 303,126 volumes in their libraries; but the value of buildings and grounds is only $1,310,000. The colleges of New York and Pennsylvania are also much better endowed than those of Ohio, and are vastly richer in libraries and apparatus. Michigan, with only nine colleges, shows up better than Ohio in the provision made for their support.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

—Canada has a military force of about 39,000 men, comprising about 750 regulars, 500 mounted police and about 37,740 "active militia."