

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

BOYS OF THE PAST AND SPORTS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The "Professional Nines" of Today—A Tennis-Yachts for Money Makers—The Solid Ways of Egoism—How Changed Are Our Ideas.

That there are boys of the olden time somewhere in this country I dare say, and I dare say there are some localities where sports of the olden time are in vogue, but it is evident to the casual observer that as the boys, by which I mean lads, have changed in looks, in strength, in habits, in tastes, so have the sports of the country materially and significantly altered during the past twenty-five years.

No baseball team! Certainly, baseball. Every boy played baseball. We used to go out in the field in the country, or in a vacant lot in the city, or to the playground back of the school, but our bases and our game, and a mighty good time we had of it.

But who plays baseball today? The boys?

Oh, no. The professional nines. Men who are paid to exhibit their powers, men whom to see sometimes as many as 10,000 or 15,000 people assemble in vast areas with prepared seats and reserved chairs, and all the paraphernalia of a first-class race course. Little boys still play baseball in the street, school boys play it on their grounds, but baseball has become a national game, and column after column tells the story of this time, that nine, these giants, those Indians, until the reader who has no interest in this sort of thing, throws down his paper in disgust, and wonders if there was ever such a mania as this that seems to have taken possession of the entire country.

LAWN TENNIS—YACHTS.

When did you first hear of lawn tennis? Ten dollars to a three-cent piece that you get for it when you were a boy. Perhaps you don't know what it is now, but for all that there are thousands of men and women, boys and girls, abnormally dressed, grotesquely equipped, devoting their excited attentions to throwing ball now rather than then, and having such nice times all over the country.

There was a very idea how many yachts there are in this country, ranging from twenty tons to the caliber of a first-class ocean steamer. I am informed that there are no less than 2,000. That represents an immense investment and vast outlay, and indicates a healthy love of sea life, which must of necessity have its effect upon the growth and strength of those who indulge in yachting.

Old-time boys had canoes, yachts, sailboats; now, sons of millionaires have yachts which but a few years ago would have been considered imperial, and their fathers left the globe in steamers on whose decks a regiment might easily maneuver. The moment a man's hand lands above the ordinary level he purchases a yacht.

What for? Generally show, rarely pleasure.

And this is particularly true and particularly significant in the case of Wall Street, State street, and other money centers. When brokers make money at all they make it fast. "Fast come, fast go," is a well recognized rule, and broker after broker has within the past ten years flung his private signal from the mast of his private yacht. Then he falls, somebody else takes the yacht and a different signal flaunts—but it flaunts all the same.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

I have a book in my work library called "Great Fortune," printed nearly twenty years ago, which tells of the struggles of the merchants, capitalists, inventors, literary men, who have obtained phenomenal good fortune.

Among others I find the names of Stephen Girard, John J. Astor, A. T. Stewart, Amos Lawrence, James Clerk, George Peabody, Charles Goddard, Elias Howe, Jr., Richard Howe, Samuel Colt, James Harper, James Gordon Bennett and Robert Bonner.

It will interest any reader to study the lives of these men.

Not one of them sprang into stardom as a triumph, but one of them after his trial without first telling his story, not one of them flew his kite until he made it. They were all rich men, substantial men, and their success, their triumph, aided the upbuilding of communities, the advancement of science, the development of great world ideas, the uplifting of humanity and the development of art. They were all of some service in their day, and not one of them ever failed for \$25,000,000.

Their money was in solid, substantial, gettable cash.

Their property was built upon the rock of honor and integrity.

Is everything changed? When the blood stiring and the high flying ball were transformed into a want for making money and a golden sphere for which to fight; when sailboats were transformed into swift speeding steamers; when our boys became dukes, and the smoking beam was changed into a cigarette, did everything change?

Did the code of morals in Wall Street? Did the habits and customs born and tested by the experience of a century in trade change also?

We think nothing now of reading in the paper that by deft manipulation Mr. Gould made an addition to his tremendous pile of \$5,000,000 at a single stroke; it causes no surprise, makes very little talk, when we read that Cyrus W. Field dropped in a single transaction \$7,000,000. The dignity with which we speak of monumental sums of money shows how completely changed are our ideas from the time when \$100,000 seemed an adequate competency.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

The Future of Burmah.

There can be no reasonable doubt that there is a prosperous future awaiting that rich and beautiful country. The marvelous change that has come over Mandalay, even in the few months since annexation, indicates what may be looked for over the whole land. Pegu, with a surface of about 27,000 square miles, had in 1858, or five years after its annexation, a population of only about 750,000; in 1881 this had increased to 2,250,000. About 100,000 acres are reclaimed every year from the jungle and brought under cultivation, and this province is now the greatest rice producing country in the east, and the most progressive and prosperous portion of the Indian empire. Upper Burmah and the subordinate states, with an area of nearly 200,000 square miles—that is, a country as large as France—have a population estimated at only 3,000,000. Upper Burmah is not, like Lower Burmah, a great rice field; but there are large tracts under rice cultivation, and there is hardly a product of a tropical or semi-tropical climate for which some part of the country or other may not be suitable.—London Times.

The English cavalry have never been armed with revolvers, although it is so well that a soldier has no chance against a revolver.

QUICK LINGUISTS IN CHINA

Remarkable Progress of the Study of the Chinese Language in America.

In every Chinese house or place of business, even in the shops that enter the ship, is the Chinese, or rather, before which joss sticks are burned, here are tablets and lanterns and pictures and ornaments. The Chinese have a diversity of religions, as no one, but somehow or other they all seem to do. The general term for it in English is "Joss," like many others, is from the Portuguese, the first Europeans that came to China, and a corruption of Doss (God or Deity), I believe. Pigeon or pujan is as near as the Chinese can get to "business." And this comic dialect is one of the strange things to the newcomer.

Miss Bird very neatly calls it baby talk. It is a very singular corruption of English. She calls it abominable, but I like it. The people all fall into it easily, and the grave merchants, Chinese and English, German or American, all every on their business as though there were no other in the world. I like it because it amuses me, makes me laugh, and anything that makes me sorry fellow as my laugh is good. If the mail was put in, and I wished my letters, I should say to my sampan man: "Sam, my wanted you go to post, that Ke-chung house, and take me my wanted my letter chop-cho." "Sam, I wish you to go up to Messrs. Russell & Co.'s and ask them to send me my letters, quick." It is interesting how readily the Chinese understand everything you wish.—Foreign Letter.

Manufacture of Champagne.

"Champagne is a sure cure for the headache. That may not be your experience, but it is true nevertheless," remarked a prominent California grape grower and wine dealer, as he talked of the different processes for manufacturing wines. "When a fellow goes out to a supper, and gets up next morning with a big head, you can rest assured that he didn't drink pure champagne. It is not all gold that glitters; neither is it all champagne that sparkles. I will put pure champagne against all the medicines of the world as a remedy for headache."

"How do they make champagne? Well, you must remember that a good deal of what is labeled champagne is doctored with carob seed gum, and the real stuff is made by a mixture of ten or a dozen different wines made from certain varieties of foreign grapes. The wines are first made separate, each from a separate grape, then they are blended together for taste and bouquet in certain proportions, well understood by vintners. The blended wines are then bottled and corked, and undergo a process of fermentation for two years. The bottles are then opened, the sediment blown off, the wine is rebottled in a sweeter with a rock candy sirup in proportion as it is wanted for dry or extra dry. It is then corked up and allowed to stand for six months, when it is ready for use.

"So, they don't make bottles in this country strong enough to hold champagne. The pressure in the first fermentation is from ninety to 100 pounds on the square inch of glass, so you may know it takes a strong quality of glass to hold the liquid. The cork used in a champagne bottle is brought from Spain."—St. Paul Globe.

First Great Railroad Accident.

The first great accident on any railroad occurred Dec. 24, 1841, on the Great Western railway in England. That day a train carrying thirty-eight passengers was moving through a thick fog at a high rate of speed. A mass of earth had slipped down from the slope above and covered one of the rails to the depth of two or three feet. The engine plunged into this and was immediately thrown from the track, and instantly the whole rear of the train was jolted up to the top of the first carriage, which contained all the passengers, eight of whom were killed and seventeen wounded. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death in all the cases, and a demand of £1,000 on the engine, tender and carriages."

This feature of "blood" belongs to the old common law, which declared that whenever any personal chattel was the occasion of death it should be forfeited to the king, not only that part which immediately gives the wounds but all things which move with it are forfeited. Down to 1847, when parliament abolished the practice, coroner's juries in England always assessed a demand against the locomotive involved in an accident, and, of course, the company had to pay as a fine.—Chicago Tribune.

The Swelling of the Oyster.

Oysters, it seems, may be swollen very considerably by allowing them to be in water. By this means, Professor Atwater tells us, "the body of the oyster acquires such a plumpness and rotundity, and its bulk and weight are so increased, as to materially increase its selling value."

Now, the oyster steamer, as well as the unsophisticated customer, has supposed that this swelling or "fattening" of the oyster represents an actual gain of flesh and fat. But the professor rudely dispels this theory by the crushing explanation that the increase of volume is just what would be expected from the osmotic of dialysis. Subjected to this terrifying process five quarts of oysters grow to six, but the extra quart is water and not fatness, and the dealer "offers his customer no more nutritive material—indeed, a trifles less in the six quarts than he would have done in the five quarts if he had not floated them."

Lovers of pump and juicy saddle rocks and other "selects" will please heed this discovery of the wise man, and act accordingly.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fate Concerning Suicide.

Of the total suicides in a year, over 50 per cent occur during the hot months of June, July and August. The melancholy days of autumn, the saddest of the year, are strangely not condemned to self destruction, yet one would think so. I figure it out that men drink more in the summer, and consequently they don't sleep well. You will notice that most suicides occur in the early morning. The testimony always shows that the act has been preceded by a sleepless night, with consequent brooding over real or imaginary trouble. Irishmen rarely commit suicide. That is because they are brought up in nine cases out of ten as Catholics, and have the fear of the future before them. Americans commit suicide to avoid disgrace, or while broken up nervously at the end of a delusion. There is no case on record in this office of a negro committing suicide, nor have I ever heard or read of one anywhere.—Coroner in Globe Democrat.

Boring a Square Hole.

A man in Iowa has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old styled boring machine. It will cut a two by four in four to five minutes, and doing it with perfect accuracy, that a carpenter cannot possibly complete in less than half an hour.

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

HOW BREAD IS MADE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Thomas Stevens Tells of Bread He Has Eaten in Various Countries During His Famous Bicycle Tour in Asiatic Countries.

The fact is there are no two countries in the world where the people make and eat the same kind of bread. This seems a rather broad assertion to make, but is nevertheless a true one. Even in such closely kindred countries as England and America there exists a decided difference of opinion in regard to the consumption of this staple article of food. The American custom of eating biscuits hot as they can be handled from the oven is regarded by John Bull, Esq., with even a greater measure of disfavor than that of swallowing big tumblers of ice water at our meals. Mr. Bull, he of the cellarful of fine old crusty port, the daily round of roast beef, carrots, mince pie and Gorgonzola cheese, thinks the thinness, the nervousness and the dyspepsia of his Cousin Jonathan comes largely from these twin evils of hot bread and ice cold water.

In France the ordinary loaf assumes the proportions of a roll the size of a man's forearm, and four feet long. In any French village, about meal times, grown people and children may be seen walking sedately through the streets with a four foot stick of bread thrust under each arm. A careless youngster sometimes forgets himself to the extent of letting the hindmost end of the stick trail along the ground.

Not until one gets down to the principalities of the Balkan peninsula does any really noteworthy innovation occur. Here one finds the medium between Asiatic and European methods of making bread. The medium, however, is far from being a happy one; no more execrable bread is to be found the whole world round than is served up to a traveler at the wayside mechanics of Bulgaria. Besides being villainously heavy and well nigh black, it is coarse and repulsive, almost as wet as dust to the palate, and, moreover, enters very largely into its composition from carelessness in handling and milling the wheat.

This style of bread confronts the disgusted European traveler for the first 200 miles beyond the Bosphorus, and one gets pretty well out of the Greek and Bulgarian settlements in western Anatolia, where another decided change is experienced. Here we come suddenly into the realm of the simple pure unleavened variety of Asia. Bread is now called elmek, and takes the form of flat cakes or sheets about two feet in diameter and the thickness of ordinary blotting paper. The necessary for the preparation of this elmek are coarse wheat flour, water, mixing trough, rolling pin, a large thin griddle and a slow burning substance called tezek for a fire. Taking these simple ingredients outside the house early in the morning, the Turkish or Armenian female kindles the fire, mixes the dough, rolls it out, bakes it and stacks enough of it up to serve her household for the day. When fresh and warm this bread is tough and cloggy; a few days later it loses something of its clogginess, but retains its toughness, and as it advances in age it becomes brittle and hard. It is as indestructible, healthful and useful an article of food as the hardtack issued to the ancient mariner and the old man of the sea.

In Asia Minor, as in all other countries, however, the luxurious requirements of city bred people demand some kind of improvement on the ways and methods of country bunnings, camel drivers and goat herds. Therefore, in gratification of their epicurean tastes, the ingenious oriental baker has conceived and prepared little hoops or rings of bread about the size of the rope quills aboard an Atlantic steamer. These novel preparations are made of finer and whiter flour than the elmek, and are rendered light and aristocratic by the addition of sour dough or other leavening substance.

This sort of bread prevails throughout the cities of Asia Minor, but the use of elmek extends eastward to the peninsula of western Persia as far as Tabreez. Here the staff of life undergoes another transformation, and in many respects a change for the better. The name of the Persian city bakers is really very excellent bread, most Europeans giving it preference over every other kind they are acquainted with. None is turned out for proper consumption and approval in the forms of flat cakes a foot broad and three to four feet long. The baker takes a lump of dough of the proper size and rolls it dexterously into the proper shape and thickness on his bare forearm. He then flips a light shower of water over its surface, and with a mastery loss proceeds it over a bed of hot coals.

Contact with the almost red-hot pebbles quickly converts it into a cake of nicely browned indentations and spongy risings, that render it almost as light as if leavened with yeast. The peasantry of eastern Persia and Khorassan make a coarse imitation of this same form of bread, which is also very palatable and wholesome when eaten fresh. The cakes are smaller and thicker than those of the city baker; and their baking apparatus is altogether different. The oven is a huge, upright earthenware jar. This is heated to the proper consistency by inserting live coals and covering up the top. The dough being patted out into a cake by the hands, the woman strikes it with water, slaps against the inside wall of the jar and then quickly replaces the cover; in a few minutes the cake is nicely baked. In Afghanistan the people adopt the Persian methods of bread making, without possessing the same skill or exercising the same care and trouble in its preparation.—Thomas Stevens.

Life Saving Apparatus of Reindeer Hair.

A Norwegian engineer, Herr W. C. Moller, of Drammen, Norway, having had his attention drawn to the extreme buoyancy of reindeer hair, has succeeded in constructing various articles of this material for life saving at sea, with which some interesting experiments were recently made. The first life saving object tried was one which can be used on board ship as a chair, bedstead or couch, but which in case of need may be converted into a small boat. This apparatus was found capable of supporting three full grown men in the water, although only intended to bear two. Another object tried was a suit made entirely of reindeer hair, and covering the entire body except the face, and in which a man floated on the water without having to make the slightest movement. It was found perfectly impossible to dive in the dress. The third object tried was a doormat made of reindeer hair, and this supported a man easily, although he was dressed in full outdoor clothing. On comparing life belts made of reindeer hair with similar ones of cork, it was found that the former were much lighter than the latter, a very important advantage to an exhausted drowning person when he has to put on in the water. Herr Moller's assertion that reindeer hair is capable of supporting weight ten times its own was fully borne out by these experiments. It should be pointed out that jackets, belts, etc., made of reindeer hair are soft and pliable, and that they impart a good deal of warmth.—London Iron.

"ON THE ROAD."

Experiences of Men Who Are Forced to Travel Every Day.

Then there is another large group who are "on the road" nearly every day. These are the men whose business, trading or calling are in town and whose dwelling houses or family places of abode for the time being are out of town, at the shore or in the country. On this class observations may be made. Some of them make a dreary and tiresome job of their daily journey to and fro, especially if the ride takes an hour or two. They bury themselves in silence, or they make futile efforts to read profitless and trashy "light literature," or they resort to the smoking-ear, or they play cards all the way; or they at once set to work to try to go to sleep, and all "to kill time," and so make a wearisome labor or feverish fret of the trip. And, in fact, it is a monotonous, dull and very tedious business with them as they work it—a profitless expenditure of time, most of them getting very tired of it before the summer is over.

There is a "remnant," however, who go "on the road" to better purpose, who don't get tired and who don't try to "kill time" in any of the ways already mentioned. One of this group we have in mind at this moment. During several months of the year it happens that he is obliged to be on the road twice every day, his workshop and his dwelling place being in those months two hours' travel apart. He makes the trip to the city early in the morning and back in the evening, and while he is by no means a youth he never suffers ennuis on the train, never seems to be tired and, in fact, never is tired on the road.

When asked how that comes about his answer is: "First! No. The most absolute rest I get, except when I am in bed asleep, is during the two hours of the railroad ride home in the afternoon and evening. When I settle down in the car chair I throw off everything that has any claim of thought in it. I look at the back of my seat, the floor and the cover of the penny register, and the potato patches, the berry beds and the vineyard, the gardens, the barnyards and the cattle pastures, the snug farm homes and the cozy cottage homes along the village roads, the vetu houses and the wild birds, the pretty railway stations, the parterres, and the verdant groups of people of all descriptions congregated at the stations. I have a 'posing acquaintance' with everything on that road, animate and inanimate, and every day I see them under some fresh aspect. Some new interest is always coming to notice. The restfulness of it all is so perfect and so quiet that you must try it before you can understand it."

When asked about the "time" taken up in the daily trips he said: "Yes, of course, there's a great expense of time. I would not afford to spend four hours out of the working day that way, so I divide them, devoting two hours to the shore after the day's work is over to perfect rest, and putting the two hours coming up in the morning to work, and I can do three hours' work easily in those two when fresh in the morning. It is wonderful to find how letters and papers and memoranda about business affairs that were puzzles and difficulties to know what to do with during the busy hours of the day before clear themselves up and almost dispose of themselves when the mind is fresh and free, and active in the early morning on the road."—Chicago Times.

How They Farm in Chili.

Farming in Chili is conducted on the old feudal system. The country is divided into great estates, owned by people who live in the cities and seldom visit their haciendas, as they are called. The tenants are peonants, and have retainers in the form of little cottages and gardens, for which they pay no rent. If the landlord requires their services they are always subject to his call, and are paid by the day or month for whatever labor they perform, generally in orders upon the supply store or commissary of the estate, where they can obtain food, clothing and other articles, and run—especially run. They are given small credits at these stores, and as the law prohibits a tenant from leaving a landlord to whom he is in debt, the former is never permitted to settle his account. The peons never get ahead. They live and die on the same estates and in the same cabins where their fathers and grandfathers lived and died, and know nothing of the world or of the conditions of men around them. Although they are badly treated in most cases, they are always loyal to their masters and take their peonage as a matter of course.

The war with Peru had a demoralizing effect upon the agricultural population, from which the army of Chili was recruited, and it will require many years to recover from it. When they returned from the war it was found almost impossible to get the men back to the estates. They were enamored of military life, and had got a taste of city dissipation, and a large proportion of the army, when it was mustered out, became thieves, beggars and highwaymen. There is not enough labor in the country to work the farms and to be paid, but has done much to break up the old system. Immigration is encouraged, labor saving machinery is being introduced from the United States, and new conditions are promised. But the estancieros who adopt labor saving machinery have to get some immigrant to operate it, as the native can seldom be induced to do so, and when he does, usually smashes the implement at the first trial.—Harper's Magazine.

Exercise During Hot Weather.

A wheelman remarked recently that he did not believe the people who abstained altogether from active exertion got along as well during the intense heat as those who kept up their regular habits of exercise. "My leisure," said he, "comes in almost the hottest part of the day, but I take a spin of eight miles or so almost every day and get up a glorious perspiration. When one is dressed for it, a few degrees of additional heat don't make much difference, and on a wheel one is nearly always wet with sweat. After a bath in water just from the hydrant, a rub down and the assumption of dry clothing, I come down stairs feeling like one of the neighbors, 50 per cent better than if I had been sitting in the shade fanning myself all of that time. It seems to me my plan is better than that of the fellows who choose the cool of the evening for their exercises, and then, without a change of clothing, sit upon a piazza until they get chilled. Moreover, the plunge into cold water is as much fun as the spin. It is never too hot to take one's daily exercise, in this climate, at any rate."—Buffalo Courier.

The Night Clerk's Responsibility.

Manager Shepherd, of Minneapolis, is quoted as saying: "One of the most responsible positions in a hotel is that of night clerk, and yet that is where beginners serve their apprenticeship. For at least eight hours the night clerk has exclusive control of the hotel. He has no one to turn to in case of an emergency. If anything happens he must rely solely upon his own judgment, for he has no time to call upon any one. The most serious thing that can happen, of course, is fire. The safety of all the patrons in the house is dependent upon the coolness and judgment of the night clerk. A level headed man who doesn't lose his wits is invaluable as a night clerk."

A TYPEWRITER'S WOES.

COMPELLED TO STAND A BATTERY OF PITILESS QUESTIONS.

Experience of a Working Girl While Hunting for a Boarding Place—Merciless Quizzing—"No Room" for a Well Dressed Young Lady.

"I should like to give you an idea of how we girls are treated wherever we go to look for boarding places in this city," said a young typewriter to a reporter the other day. "You men can obtain board wherever you please, and so long as you pay your board bills and behave yourselves there are no questions asked; but with a girl it is different. When I came to New York I was fresh from New England, unknown and without friends here to give me help or hints. Consequently I had to hunt up a boarding place for myself. After considerable looking around I found a quiet appearing house where the sign stated that a hall room was vacant and that boarders were wanted."

"In answer to my ring a kindly looking matron inquired my business. When I told her that I was looking for a boarding place a visible change came over her face.

"Who are you?" was her somewhat abrupt question. Then she scanned me as if I were a suspected thief, for whose capture a reward had been offered, and without giving me time to answer this pertinent question, she continued:

"Are you married?"

"No, I am not, I said as pleasantly as my mortification would allow.

"What do you expect to do for a living?" was her next query.

"I am a typewriter." This was said with a smile that might mean volumes.

"Have you a brother in the city or any male friend who will call on you?"

"No, my family all live in Connecticut."

"Do you keep company with any young man?" Really, I was beginning to lose all patience, but I managed to say, calmly: "I do not, but what has that to do with the question of my hiring a room and paying for it in advance?"

"Have you got any references?"

"I don't see why I submitted to so much quizzing. That woman could beat a reporter asking questions." "No," I replied, "but if you want them, I suppose I could get them from home in two or three days."

"Well, I guess we haven't any room now, and, besides, I'd rather have gentlemen," was the worthy matron's decision, as she opened the front door only to shut it quickly behind me. I think I went to fully a dozen places, to be treated in the same way. At last I went to the Young Woman's Christian Association, where I should have gone first, if I never was more thankful in my life than when, after I had been at work for a year and desired to change my place, one of the girls in our office invited me to share her room until I was able to find another place. This may all sound very funny to you, but it was not a funny experience for me, and my experience is by no means unusual. A man can get rooms and board where he chooses, without references and without questions, but when a girl tries to get board for herself, if she is well dressed her character is doubted, and there is 'no room' for her; people wonder where she gets her money. If she is poorly dressed she is naturally not wanted, because she will lower the reputation of the house. She must, in self defense, marry or at least become engaged if she has no male relative under whose protection she is. It does seem as if something might be done for the poor girls who come to the city in this way. There ought to be somebody willing to take them and care for them respectably and economically, and do this without sacrificing the self respect of the girl.—New York Tribune.

The Elevator Man's Memory.

"It is not hard to memorize the situation of the different offices," said a man who runs an elevator in the Field building. "The difficult thing is to recollect when the different people get down to work in the morning. When a person fails to find a man in his office the first thing he does is to ask me at what time he usually arrives. If I make a mistake or can't answer at all I am complained of to the boss, so to hold my job I must not only be a walking directory but an oracle as well. This building is made up entirely of small offices, and many of the tenants employ no help. On this account I am obliged to know exactly when each man is in the habit of getting down in the morning. If a man always comes at the same time each day it would be a simple matter, but in calculating I have to make allowance for a queer feature in human nature which you have probably never heard of before.

"The average man finds it harder to keep good resolutions than to make them. When he sits at home on Sunday and thinks over the past week he feels that he could have done much better than he did if he had got down to the office much earlier than he did. He remembered that it was almost time for luncheon when he had finished discussing his morning paper, so he resolves to turn over a new leaf for the coming week. This result is that he gets down here on Monday morning before we have the steam up. The next day he is half an hour late, and on Wednesday he is an hour behind. When it is time to turn out on Thursday morning he feels discouraged at being unable to live up to his resolution, so he turns over and takes another nap. By Saturday he has returned to his lazy habits. Thus it goes on year in and year out. When I am asked when a man is to be down in the morning I don't look at the clock but at the calendar."—New York Evening Sun.

Gladstone's Vitality and Versatility.

Perhaps it is in private life that Mr. Gladstone's vitality and versatility are most remarkable. It is a great sight to watch him at dinner with a few friends. He never talks for the sake of talking, but listens attentively to every one else, and is eager to draw out from his company all they can tell him. But they feel the influence of a master mind in the smallest details. Mr. Gladstone asks a dozen searching questions in a few moments, and presents the subject in an entirely new light by some exposition that the listeners never dream of. He is full of reminiscences and seems to imagine that everybody's memory ought to be as tenacious as his own. One night when he was prime minister he sat on the treasury bench with only one colleague beside him. He was apparently asleep, and the other man thought he might indulge in a doze. But presently a Tory speaker ventured upon some historical statement. Mr. Gladstone was on the alert at once. Turning to his companion, he said: "That is entirely wrong. This fellow is mixing up his facts and his dates. Don't you remember?" Then he proceeded to explain some obscure passage of political history of which his unfortunate colleague had no conscious or ignorant knowledge. Mr. Gladstone looked at him for a moment in pitying wonder and as soon as he dared the hapless man slunk away. Meeting a friend, he said: "I'm going home; I can't stand that foolish old man any more. Why, he actually cross examined me about something that happened before I was born!"—London Cor. Philadelphia Times.

STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS.

Some of the Manners and Customs of the Latin Quarter.

Here is the receipt for a Paris student: A high hat which costs about \$2 and is shabby in proportion. A beard, but not like the beards we have at home. It must be cut very short at the sides, generally with a machine, and pointed at the chin. The hair is done in one of three ways, but rarely with any part, 1, cut very short and brushed straight forward a la dynamite; 2, brushed up on end a la porcupine; 3, allowed to grow very long and thrown back a la Beethoven. These long haired fellows are simply disgusting. They assume the halo of an intellect which they have not got. You can generally tell a student, too, by the black leather case which he invariably carries for his pocket case. For writing they all have little square inkstands which possess most marvelous powers of absorbing, and an ordinary pen, a stylograph, price twelve or fifteen francs, would be considered an indication of fabulous wealth. The most striking characteristic, however, of a genuine Paris student, particularly one of the medical persuasion, is his free and easy manners. He frequently finds, toward 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, that his brain will not work any longer unless he goes out in the street and howls vigorously, to the immense edification of the neighboring sleepers. Then you will often observe him singing down the Boulevard Saint Michel in the evening, with a female companion on either arm, and indulging in what might be called, by a slight disregard of the truth, by a species of signification, the truth, by a slight disregard of the truth, by a species of signification. Again you may see the young gentleman of studious propensities at top of a billiard table in one of the brasseries, with a cue in one hand and a plate of what they call choucroute in the other, haranguing a crowd of miscellaneous friends upon some important question of the moment. Yes, on the whole you are apt to recognize the student by the delightful sans gene which he displays whenever he appears in public. You think to yourself: "Well, these joking, drinking, jovial, fooling young Frenchmen can't be serious to much at their books. They are not serious enough, they waste too much time at cafes and brasseries, they leave too late hours, etc." Wait a moment, my friend. Paris students are not to be judged too hastily. Go into the lecture rooms and the laboratories. Watch these same latinus scarum fellows at the dissecting table, or in the great libraries. Talk to them. Find out who they are, etc., and the first thing you know you will discover that these "young fools," as you thought them the other night when they watched them gambling in the Cafe de la Source at 1 o'clock in the morning, know enough about medicine, or chemistry, or something else, to make your head swim. You see they play very hard when they play, and perhaps it's the same when they work. They laugh at the English student, here as being "always serious," for the excellent reason that they have not enough spirit to be anything else.—Paris Cor. New York Sun.

Foot Loose at Coney Island.

Again, Coney Island offers superior advantages for the study of the pseudo character for some inscrutable reason it pleases "Coney's" visitors to assume there. People have no sooner settled at the Oriental or the Manhattan, to confine our attention to those hosteries, than they exhibit characters which amaze and amuse. You say to yourself: "These people are all right in New York, courteous, amiable, self reliant, with a decent reserve about their own affairs and a kindly consideration for the feelings of others. At home they are the prosperous, best behaved people in the world. But Coney Island is the threshold of New York, and why should they appear different here? What are they in the habit of doing? Nothing very dreadful, but many things which are ridiculous. They stare and remark upon passers by; they criticize manners and dress in the loudest tones; they eat and drink in public in a way that would make a Frenchman wince; they dance in the hotel office, flirt on an inch of green grass removed by another inch from the public promenade; they sing and whistle, and, in a word, the people who are pillars of propriety at Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor, as well as in New York, behave at Coney Island as if it were the back of the Canadian with the flag of ship-bohemianism floating aloft.

The result is to divide the aristocratic section of Coney Island into two parts. The quiet, solicitous loving sojourners unconsciously order their affairs so that, day by day, they are in the habit of seeing less and less of their fellow boarders; they frequent the wild sand dunes, the unimproved corner of the island, or cross the marshes and take to the inland roads. It must be remembered of Coney Island that it has come up from a disreputable resort to be reputable and almost "swell." Indeed, it is "swell" in patches, and although the old, bad atmosphere is still faintly perceptible about it, demoralizing thoughts to people a little, yet is the blank far forward on the way to respectability. Last summer two of our artists, Smilie and Chase, painted on the beach, and since painters have recognized it much time will not elapse before poets sing it.—New York Cor. Chicago Times.

The Smart Young Man.

A tramp was sleeping sweetly on the string-piece of the French line dock, on Sunday afternoon. A cloud of flies swarmed above him. Three nicely dressed young men observed the scene, and one determined to end it. He secured a bucket with a rope attached from a neighboring tug. He filled it with water from the river and dashed its contents into the tramp's face. The startled sleeper awoke, threw up his arms, and rolled into the river. The crowd rushed to the stringpiece, while the young man was a picture of despair. When the tramp came to the surface he called lustily for help. The women on the shore looked at the well dressed young man and cried, "Shame!" Down went the unfortunate again with a mournful appeal to those on shore. The young man who caused all the mischief waited no longer. He jumped into the river. Both he and the tramp appeared at the same time about six yards apart. The young man swam for the tramp, but, strange to say, the tramp struck out, too. With little effort he reached the tug from which the bucket was secured and easily gained its deck. Thence he climbed to the dock. The young man followed him, and the dripping pair were the center of a laughing throng. The tramp, turning to the young man, said with a disdainful air: "Say, young fellow, you think yer smart, don't yer; but who got the wust o' that game