

DOUBLE INFLUENCE.

The bird that to the evening sings... Leaves music when her song is ended...

THE DRUMMER'S REVENGE

Revenge was formerly the pleasure of the gods. In our days it has become the delight of travelling salesmen...

As for me, said friend Doubture, I did not have to wait so very long for revenge, the last time when I got even with that confounded scamp, Bechard...

On my last trip to Quimper I had need of all my patience on his account. Having stopped at the Hotel de l'Épée, I met him at the breakfast table...

On the sidewalk, at the very door of the hotel, Bechard offered me a London, which I accepted; he was even kind enough to hand me a burning match...

We stayed awhile, chatting with the landlord. Bechard soon left us, begging to be excused, as he felt very sleepy...

I did not go up stairs until fully a quarter of an hour after he did, and I am sure that you will not be astonished when I tell you that he had made good use of the fifteen minutes...

We did meet again, the next morning, just after rising. "I say," said Bechard, coming up to me, "are you going to Douarnenez?"

DEFECT OF VISION.

"Could you manage to make room for me?" "Why, certainly, with pleasure." The incautious fellow was placing himself in my power...

He returned in a short while, his legs increased in a pair of winter trousers, the cloth of which seemed to be nearly an inch in thickness.

We got into the carriage, and as I had a good horse we soon got over the road leading from Quimper to Douarnenez. There each attended to his business...

"I say," observed Bechard at the same instant, "this blasted apron that is keeping us so hot. Suppose we try to raise it."

"All right," replied I, "let us try." We raised the apron. "Twill not do," said I. "You see yourself that with it raised I shall not be able to handle the reins."

"By jingo! I can't stand them any longer," said Bechard. "What?" queried I. "My breeches, of course."

I carefully noted the mile stones at the side of the road. Anduze was barely more than two kilometers away. I waited a few minutes longer. Suddenly, as I stretched forth my arm to touch up the horse, my whip slipped from my hand and dropped to the ground.

"My whip!" cried I. "Has it fallen? Well, get down and get it." "And my horse?" "I will hold him."

There is more danger in a reserved and silent friend than in a noisy, babbling enemy. —L'Estrange.

DEFECT OF VISION.

FACTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF PARENTS AND GUARDIANS. A Most Common and Disagreeable Deformity—Remedy for "Cross Eye"—Cause of Awkwardness in Children—Use of Spectacles—Good Rules.

By far the most varied and frequent disorders of the eyes, those giving rise to the gravest complaints, are those depending upon defect of vision. A few of these disorders may, with advantage, be brought to the attention of each parent and guardian.

"Cross eye" is a most common and disagreeable deformity, and is the result of defective vision. It is usually found in but one eye, and is not noticed till the child reaches an age at which intelligent observation begins, say over 2-3 years.

Eye strain and imperfect vision are not always accompanied by manifest conditions, such as spoken of above. The eye gives no external sign of many of its worst troubles.

Here approaches a girl with handsome, soft eyes; her gait is awkward and her step hesitating and uncertain. You are moved to pity by the thought of what a clumsy, ungainly woman she will become.

Let every mother lay aside her prejudice against spectacles and remember that if her child's welfare, comfort and happiness can be advanced by wearing them it is her imperative duty to provide them.

How frequent are the following expressions: "I get sleepy if I read," "I cannot thread a needle at night," "I never read—it gives me headache," "Sewing by hand makes my temples pain," etc.

Good rules to observe are: Use the eyes freely; do not abuse them; always have plenty of light, but, when possible, avoid glare; if possible have the light falling over the shoulder or from behind; read but little or not at all in the lying position; avoid reading by twilight.

Woman's Talent Underestimated. The quality of the milk in the cocoon can never be accurately determined by looking at the outside of it. But the world assumes to judge of the capacity of women to do a great many things without actual test.

ANTHROPOMETRY THE THING.

The Rogues' Gallery to be Strengthened by a Curious Device. Criminals throughout the city may be disposed to learn that the officers of the Central office are studying up a new system that promises to aid the bluecoats in detecting and identifying thieves of high and low degree.

In future, when a dangerous suspect is arrested, a registry will be taken of the width and length of his head, the length of his left forearm, the length and breadth of his left foot, the length of the little and middle fingers of both hands, the length of his right ear, size of his mouth, a description of his nose and eyes, the size of his chest while standing, the length of his body while seated, the length of his legs and entire body, the size of his neck, the full stretch of his arms, and the breadth of his back from shoulder to shoulder.

The police think it a great innovation. They say these measurements will be found perfectly trustworthy, as a man's figure and general profile rarely changes after maturity. The innovation is the property of M. Vestilou, and was first introduced at the Prison congress in Rome two years ago.

"I deal almost entirely in grocers' brown paper," said a street paper merchant to a subscription reporter. "Most of the paper mills are situated in the New England States, but a great quantity of paper is manufactured throughout New York State, especially along the eastern border."

"What is the paper made out of?" queried the reporter. "Straw and water. Almost any kind of straw will answer, and I think that corn stalks have also been pressed into service, although the paper made from this material was inferior in quality. Flax threshed wheat or rye straw, well bound, is preferred. In the manufacture of paper the straw is unrolled and laid closely in huge vats. Lime is sprinkled over every layer, and when the vats are full, lime water is thrown over the whole. Steam is then turned on at the bottom of the vats, and the straw is allowed to cook until it is thoroughly purified. It is then passed through a large revolving washer and cleansed from the lime and other impurities. The straw, or what is left of it, is next passed through grinders, which reduce it to a pulp, when it is let down into a large tank under the floor.

"The pulp is now pumped up, and is ready to pass over the machine. It is first thinned with water, if the paper is intended to be light, and then is transferred to the 'first felt,' which means of a revolving wire cylinder. "What do you mean by the 'first felt'?" "Oh, it's the finest kind of a woolen felting which carries the pulp through any number of rollers. From the first felt it is transferred to the second and third felts, each of which is coarser than the first. By the time the pulp has passed over the third felt the water is pretty well squeezed out of it, and the damp paper is able to support its own weight as it passes over a space of about three feet to the 'dryers.' These are big, hollow iron cylinders five feet in diameter and heated by steam. They are usually seven in number, and by the time the damp paper passes over them and through a set of smoothing calendars, it is thoroughly dry and is then wound up on reels.

Dr. J. A. S. Grant Bay, of Cairo, Egypt, has spent twenty-five years in the land of the Pharaohs and speaks all the languages of that polyglot country. In order to instruct the native doctors, two years ago he started in Arabic medical paper, which has met with success. For years he has devoted his time to the study of archeology, and has amassed enough Egyptian gods, from Horus to Osiris down, to nearly fill the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Some affect to believe that nervous subjects feign their ailments for the purpose of attracting attention and sympathy. It is quite true they frequently exaggerate their sufferings, but that is no excuse for denying their existence. Besides, it is natural to exaggerate a grievance so long as it remains unrecognized. Others admit the reality of the diseased sensations, but maintain that the only way to abolish them is by means of reason. They hold that nervous persons ought to be taught to control their nerves by their reason, and they insist that "plain speaking" is the strongest aid to recovery.

Mark Twain's Children. Mark Twain is very particular about the education of his children. He has a school room in his house, which is filled with pretty china covered furniture and floods of sunshine, and there his three little daughters study every day from 9 until 1. These children are remarkably good linguists, and have been brought up to speak French, German and Italian. Mr. Clemens has very common sense ideas on the training of children, which he expressed some time ago in a letter that was published over his name.

A STORY OF GREELEY.

A DASHING YOUNG REPORTER WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS. How He Reported the Famous Editor of the Tribune and Attended Opera at the Same Time—A Day of Wrath.

"Yes, I used to know Horace Greeley very well," said a leading Ellsworth, Me., merchant in conversation the other day. "Of all the eccentric men I ever knew I think he was the most peculiarly so. I had occasion to call into the Tribune office often when Mr. Greeley was there, and I never shall forget a little incident that, fortunate enough, made a good mechanic out of a poor newspaper man. Mr. Greeley, you know, prided himself that the columns of the Tribune were always accurate, and that, too, the Tribune never got left on any important item of news."

"The reporter bowed himself out of the sanctum. As further developments proved, the newspaper man had made arrangements to take his girl to the opera that evening. He was up a stump what to do. He was afraid of Mr. Greeley and he was afraid of his girl. He consulted with a reporter friend of his on a rival paper to the Tribune, and his friend thus talked 'Oh, that's nothing. Guess you had better have been in New York long. How much did Greeley say he wanted? Column and a half? Oh, that will be all right. You just get into your claw hammer and take the gal to the opera. I know what Greeley will talk about. I've been to dinners lots of times and heard his speeches. After the opera come over to my office and I'll dictate Greeley's after dinner speech, you write it down, and I'll wager a \$5 note that the editor will compliment the report."

"The Tribune reporter took his girl to the opera. He didn't enjoy himself very much, and after the curtain fell and the girl was gone he sought his reporter friend and found him in his den. They wrote up Mr. Greeley, and put over the article the most breezy headlines in their newspaper vernacular. The speech was printed on the first page of the Tribune.

"The next morning Mr. Greeley came down town and tumbled into the editorial chair at 7 o'clock. He took up the Tribune, and the first thing his eye fell upon was Horace Greeley's ringing speech at R—s last evening. He read the article to the end without a word.

"The reporter who wrote that article," said Mr. Greeley, when the man had appeared. "The new man," replied the manager. "Send him up!" roared Mr. Greeley. "The reporter who took his girl to the opera the night before came up. Mr. Greeley was white as a sheet when the youth backed into the sanctum."

"Did you write that article?" thundered Mr. Greeley, referring to the half column of headlines under which was Mr. Greeley's speech. "Yes, sir," said the reporter; "I followed you the best I could. You know you spoke uncommonly fast last night, and there was a noise and I had to stand up."

The supreme court chamber at Washington was given over to frescoers this summer, and was a barren and desolate place enough. Dusty white bags shrouded the busts of dead and gone chief justices in the niches around the semi-circular walls, the floors were bare and the high bench looked cold and lonely. Scaffoldings held the painters to their work under the high ceiling. In the gloomy looking clerk's desk was locked up the famous court Biote, an Oxford edition of 1769, first used when the court came to Washington in 1800. Since then every president has kissed it at its inauguration, and every chief and associate justice has been sworn in upon it. Just to the north of the main chamber is the triangular room in which Morse placed his first telegraph instrument and received the first message sent over the wire. It came from a field station at Bladensburg, six miles away.—New York Sun.

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

A Remarkable Personage at the White House—A Very Comical Sequel. One day a man of remarkable appearance presented himself at the White House and requested an audience with Mr. Lincoln. He was a large, fleshy man, of a stern but homely countenance, and of a solemn and dignified carriage.

"I am a pious man," said he, "and I am always very careful when I come to this confounded coast of Brittany, even in summer time." "It was then the month of August. But it was 5 o'clock in the morning and a stiff wind was blowing from the east. Bechard had come down in a pair of linen pantaloons.

"Why," said Mr. Lincoln, in great astonishment, "I took you to be a preacher. I thought you had come here to tell me how to lake Richmond." And he again grasped the hand of his strange visitor. Accurate and penetrating as Mr. Lincoln's judgment was concerning men, for once he had been wholly mistaken. The scene was comical in the extreme. The two men stood gazing at each other. A smile broke from the lips of the solemn wag and rippled over the wide expanse of his homely face like sunlight over-spreading a continent, and Mr. Lincoln was convulsed with laughter.

"Sit down, my friend," said the president; "sit down. I am delighted to see you. Lunch with us to-day, yes, you must stay and lunch with us, my friend, for I have not seen enough of you yet." The stranger did lunch with Mr. Lincoln that day. He was a man of rare and racy humor, and the good cheer, he wit, the anecdotes and sparkling conversation that enlivened the scene was the work of two of the most original characters ever seen in the White House.—Ward H. Lamson.

An expert and experienced official in an insane asylum said to us a little time since that these institutions are filled with people who have given up to their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who allows himself to give up to his feelings. The importance of this fact is too little appreciated, especially by teachers. We are always talking about the negative virtues of discipline, but we rarely speak of the positive virtues. We discipline the schools to keep the children from mischief, to maintain good order, to have things quiet, to enable the children to study. We say, and say rightly, that there cannot be a good school without good discipline. We do not, however, emphasize as we should the fact that the discipline of the school, when rightly done, is as vital to the future of the child as the lessons he learns. Discipline of the right kind is as good a mental training as arithmetic. It is not of the right kind unless it requires intellectual effort, mental conquest. The experienced expert, referred to above, was led to make the remark to us by seeing a girl give way to the "sulks." "That makes insane women," she remarked, and told the story of a woman in an asylum, who used to talk until she became desperate, and the expert said: "You must stop it; you must control yourself." To which the insane woman replied: "The time to say that was when I was a girl. I never controlled myself when I was a girl, and now I cannot." The teacher has a wider responsibility, a weightier disciplinary duty than the superintendent. The pupils are not only to be controlled, but they must be taught to control themselves absolutely, honestly, completely.—Journal of Education.

No one who knows anything about co-operation in principle and practice disputes the fact that it pays. A fresh and interesting proof of this has just come to me. A young grocery clerk in a wholesale house found himself out of a job some time ago. He lived in Harlem, in a neighborhood tenanted chiefly by people of limited means like himself. Knowing the value of produce he had often remarked to his wife on the advance price charged up town by purveyors of the necessities of life, and when he found he had nothing else to occupy his time with he commenced to buy the family supplies down town and carry them home in a basket. A neighbor in the house suggested that he should do the marketing for her, too, because he fancied the goods he purchased were better than those she got from her grocer and butcher. She paid him the up town price for them, so that he not only got his own supplies at bottom figures, but had the expense of bringing them up town more than paid for.

This suggested an idea to him. He made out a price list, charging an advance on cost and still less than the local scale, secured the support of some more neighbors and commenced to market for them daily in a wagon that he hired by the month. In this way he got his own food supply for nothing. Then some of his customers proposed to form a regular association, pay him a salary for doing the business and enjoy the benefit of the savings themselves. He readily agreed to this, and is now purveyor general to some twenty families, gets a bigger salary than he received through his clerkship and hopes to build the society up into a strong co-operative club, with its own store and staff.—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

An Inquisitive Youngster. Bobby (reading)—Pa, what is the meaning of homo genus? Father—Let me see—it means that Homer was a genius. Bobby—Well, who was Homer? Father (graspingly)—Didn't I just tell you that he was a genius? Mother (coming to the old man's assistance)—Bobby, you mustn't bother your father when he is reading his paper.—The Epoch.

Hope for Young Men. Who says that there is not hope for the young men of to-day? Of America's ninety-three freshmen but seventeen smoke tobacco. A tobacco report from the class three years from now will be interesting.—New York Sun.