

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Washington has a "Summer home for cats." It is said to be surrounded by a cat-walk. -Norristown Herald.
In polite circles the word "drunk" or "intoxicated" is no longer used. "Overestimated his capacity" is the proper thing. -Epoch.
"Look out for number one" is like the baseless fabric of a dream to a widow on the qu'ere for a second husband. -Birmingham Republican.
St. Louis man (witnessing "Julius Caesar"). "Do you notice, my dear, with what stately grace Brutus moves about?" Wife. "Yes, and he is in his night-gown, too. It's wonderful!"
Some one says that an umbrella will last much longer if it is placed with the handle downward to dry. To preserve it still longer, attach it to your body with a long chain and padlock. -Norristown Herald.
It is not always easy to tell whether or no a woman really means what she says; but this rule does not apply when she is expatiating on the accomplishments of her baby. She may be misguided, but she is always perfectly sincere. -Somerville Journal.
All the men are not fools, anyhow," snapped Mrs. Curtly to her husband during a little domestic discussion. "No, my dear," replied Mr. C., with true manly politeness. "No, there are a few bachelors left as samples." -Washington Critic.
Police Protection. -Smith. "How do you like your new house out in the suburbs?" Jones. "The only objection I have to it is that it is so far from the police station in case of burglars." "Why didn't you rent a house near a saloon?" You can always find a policeman hanging around there. -Texas Siftings.
Dominie (to choir leader). "The collection this morning, Mr. Hotwater, was very small, and I am sorry to say that I think the meagreness was largely due to you. Choir Leader. "Largely due to me, sir?" Dominie. "Yes. Hereafter, while the plate is being passed, I wish you would say and make a better selection of music than 'Salvatioe' Free." -N. Y. Sun.
Mrs. Lenox Hill, Jr. (posting ready to leave town). "Lenox, where shall I hide those silver spoons, in case thieves are about?" Do you think between the mattresses would be a good place?" Mr. Lenox Hill, Jr. (who knows what he is talking about). "Nonsense! Put them into one of your dress pockets in the closet, and if a burglar finds them, he desecrates the spoons!" -Dial.
Somewhere down East a married pair were in the habit of abring their differences audibly. In these spats the wife, having the longer tongue, was usually the winner. The result was made known in one case to an inquiring neighbor (who asked where he could find Mr. M. Blank) in these words: "I don't know; I guess he's up stairs hain' hisself." -Boston Transcript.
"The types," observes a Southern Missouri paper apologetically, "make us shudder last week to our esteemed townsman, Mr. Polhemus, as a fitting language. We wrote 'versatile lawyer.' The error was overlooked by our proof-reader, a gentleman recently from Texas, who, in explanation of the oversight, said that the two terms mean pretty much the same thing where he came from."
Clergymen should be brief and to the point. A Boston clergyman once had a broad hint to that effect. "We would like to have you short when you preach us," said a prospective bridegroom, "because we are going West." "How soon after the ceremony will you start?" asked the clergyman. "In about a week," was the reply. Then the minister realized he had a reputation as one possessing the gift of continuance. -Harper's Magazine.
PECULIAR INDUSTRY.
Persons Who Make a Living by Buying and Selling Bad Eggs.
There was a lively row in progress in the cellar of one of the large commission houses on Duane street. The belligerents were the porter of the establishment and a stout German woman, who held in either arm a large basket of apparently fresh eggs. The row itself was over the price of the eggs, the woman claiming that they were not worth over forty-two cents per one hundred, while the porter held out stoutly for forty-five cents.
When the woman who failed to gain her point had exhausted her stock of Berlin "billingsgate" the porter explained the situation to a reporter as follows:
"You see," he began, "every barrel of eggs that comes in here has to be 'cuddled,' and when we find one not up to the mark we throw it aside. These are either spotted, cracked or rotten, as the case may be, and of these, which we call spots, cracks and rots, we have many dozens each week to dispose of. This woman had just bought four hundred cracks and spots at forty-five cents a hundred. What will she do with them? Why, sell them to the ice-cream saloons and bakeries, not to mention the cheap restaurants. She will get from five to ten cents a dozen for them, according to quality. The bulk of the eggs, however, will be made into ice-cream."
"Some of these big ice-cream concerns," he went on, "use these eggs altogether, and I know of some large coffee houses who use them to give their beans a peculiar gloss. As for rotten eggs, the tanneries buy them. There is something in a rotten egg that gives a certain flush to some kinds of leather that nothing else will give. Some of these women make a good living by buying up spotted eggs, but their trade is being spotted by the bakeries and restaurants who are now sending their own wagons after them." -N. Y. Herald.
ERRONEOUS IDEAS.
A Wise Man's Opinion of What the Remorse of Criminals Means.
"I am glad I'm copped," said Mr. Jackson when he fell into the hands of the myrmidons of the law. Upon which text several lay-sermons have been delivered on the effect of remorse upon gentlemen of his class. In my opinion, this now historic phrase should not have been quoted without its context: "I have had a hard time of it lately." This latter reflection, I believe, is what most persons in Mr. Jackson's position mean by their remorse; their sorrow is not for the crime, but for its consequences. In the case of offenses that fall short of murder, though they are often infinitely more distressing, and sometimes morally worse, it is certainly so. The swindling banker comfortably located at Stockholm, in a society of his fellow-countrymen, the grades of which, I am told, are peculiar - the highest circles have "gone in" for upwards of £100,000 and the lowest being mere pilferers of £10,000 odd - is not disturbed by widows' moans and orphans' groans; but if he is where extradition is possible, he is full of regret and pity - for his own perilous position. The idea of discovery and arrest is never absent from his mind. He hears "the voice we can not hear" (saying "I arrest you for forgery," he "sees the hand we can not see" (taking hold of his shoulder) every hour in the day; but it is not the voice or the hand of conscience, but of personal apprehension (literally apprehension). He is glad to be "copped" - though it is noticeable that he very rarely anticipates that pleasure by giving himself up - because he has such a bad time of it, and not at all because he has initiated another gentleman's handwriting. Yet if he is a habitual criminal who has been besailing his fellow-creatures within an inch of their lives, ever since he could handle a bludgeon, goes beyond the inch and kills the fellow-creature, we imagine him prostrated with remorse. A more absurd idea was never entertained than that this sort of creature appreciates in the least degree "the sacredness of human life." The case of a sentimental person, like Eugene Aram, for example, who thinks he can commit a murder and "have done with it," is wholly different; the deed itself haunts him, and gives him bad nights; though it is to be observed that if he murders one or two more people his insomnia disappears, and he recovers his appetite. As for Mr. William Sykes, being troubled by Nancy's eyes, I never believed one word of it. If you had put the question to him, I could anticipate his contemptuous reply exactly, though I decline to write it down. The opponents of capital punishment are such excellent people themselves that they can not understand the feelings of Messieurs les assassins. Ask any prison warden how many days' purchase he thinks his life would be worth if a "lifer" could not be hung for taking it; for what is very remarkable, your ruffian is sensitive when it is his own, but in no other case, believe me. Mr. Jackson, of course, may not be found guilty of murder, but I object to any person of his class being represented as influenced by the sentimental emotions because he sings "The Thora" and the "Pilgrim of Love" so touchingly. Gifted with such an "organ," if he had only thought of blacking his face and assuming the guise of a nigger minstrel, he would not have been "languishing in chains." -London News.
Bismarck as an Organ-Grinder.
The latest story about Bismarck describes how he called Emperor William the other day, and while waiting in an ante-room heard voices in the Imperial nursery, and went in. He found the little Crown Prince grinding away at a barrel-organ, while two younger princes were trying to dance.
"Pleese, Pleese Bismarck, come and dance with me," said one of the youngsters.
"No, I am too old; I really can not dance," said the old gentleman; "but if the Crown Prince will dance, I will grind the organ for you all."
When the Emperor opened the door, the Chancellor of the German Empire was found grinding away in a high state of pleasure and perspiration. The moral of the anecdote was drawn by His Majesty, who said that, not content with making three generations of Hohenzollerns dance to his pipe, Bismarck had already begun with the fourth. -London Truth.
Slightly Misunderstood.
"Yes," said Miss Crashington, the celebrated exponent of society and emotional drama, "I had a most successful tour in England last summer."
"Did you enjoy the trip across the ocean?"
"Very much coming back, but not so much going over."
"Were you sick?"
"N-not so very, but I felt badly and wished I hadn't agreed to come. Wanted to back out, you know."
"I understand; you felt like throwing up the whole affair."
"O, dear no! I wasn't as sick as that!" -Merchant Traveler.
Disastrous Suspicion.
Charley - I say, Brown, have you got change for a ten?
Harry (suspiciously) - Er - no, Charley, I haven't a cent in my pocket.
Charley - Sorry, old man; I wanted to put the five I owe you. -Life.
On a windy day in New York recently thirteen hats were blown from the Brooklyn bridge to return no more to the heads of their sorrowing owners.

ERRONEOUS IDEAS.

A Wise Man's Opinion of What the Remorse of Criminals Means.
"I am glad I'm copped," said Mr. Jackson when he fell into the hands of the myrmidons of the law. Upon which text several lay-sermons have been delivered on the effect of remorse upon gentlemen of his class. In my opinion, this now historic phrase should not have been quoted without its context: "I have had a hard time of it lately." This latter reflection, I believe, is what most persons in Mr. Jackson's position mean by their remorse; their sorrow is not for the crime, but for its consequences. In the case of offenses that fall short of murder, though they are often infinitely more distressing, and sometimes morally worse, it is certainly so. The swindling banker comfortably located at Stockholm, in a society of his fellow-countrymen, the grades of which, I am told, are peculiar - the highest circles have "gone in" for upwards of £100,000 and the lowest being mere pilferers of £10,000 odd - is not disturbed by widows' moans and orphans' groans; but if he is where extradition is possible, he is full of regret and pity - for his own perilous position. The idea of discovery and arrest is never absent from his mind. He hears "the voice we can not hear" (saying "I arrest you for forgery," he "sees the hand we can not see" (taking hold of his shoulder) every hour in the day; but it is not the voice or the hand of conscience, but of personal apprehension (literally apprehension). He is glad to be "copped" - though it is noticeable that he very rarely anticipates that pleasure by giving himself up - because he has such a bad time of it, and not at all because he has initiated another gentleman's handwriting. Yet if he is a habitual criminal who has been besailing his fellow-creatures within an inch of their lives, ever since he could handle a bludgeon, goes beyond the inch and kills the fellow-creature, we imagine him prostrated with remorse. A more absurd idea was never entertained than that this sort of creature appreciates in the least degree "the sacredness of human life." The case of a sentimental person, like Eugene Aram, for example, who thinks he can commit a murder and "have done with it," is wholly different; the deed itself haunts him, and gives him bad nights; though it is to be observed that if he murders one or two more people his insomnia disappears, and he recovers his appetite. As for Mr. William Sykes, being troubled by Nancy's eyes, I never believed one word of it. If you had put the question to him, I could anticipate his contemptuous reply exactly, though I decline to write it down. The opponents of capital punishment are such excellent people themselves that they can not understand the feelings of Messieurs les assassins. Ask any prison warden how many days' purchase he thinks his life would be worth if a "lifer" could not be hung for taking it; for what is very remarkable, your ruffian is sensitive when it is his own, but in no other case, believe me. Mr. Jackson, of course, may not be found guilty of murder, but I object to any person of his class being represented as influenced by the sentimental emotions because he sings "The Thora" and the "Pilgrim of Love" so touchingly. Gifted with such an "organ," if he had only thought of blacking his face and assuming the guise of a nigger minstrel, he would not have been "languishing in chains." -London News.
Bismarck as an Organ-Grinder.
The latest story about Bismarck describes how he called Emperor William the other day, and while waiting in an ante-room heard voices in the Imperial nursery, and went in. He found the little Crown Prince grinding away at a barrel-organ, while two younger princes were trying to dance.
"Pleese, Pleese Bismarck, come and dance with me," said one of the youngsters.
"No, I am too old; I really can not dance," said the old gentleman; "but if the Crown Prince will dance, I will grind the organ for you all."
When the Emperor opened the door, the Chancellor of the German Empire was found grinding away in a high state of pleasure and perspiration. The moral of the anecdote was drawn by His Majesty, who said that, not content with making three generations of Hohenzollerns dance to his pipe, Bismarck had already begun with the fourth. -London Truth.
Slightly Misunderstood.
"Yes," said Miss Crashington, the celebrated exponent of society and emotional drama, "I had a most successful tour in England last summer."
"Did you enjoy the trip across the ocean?"
"Very much coming back, but not so much going over."
"Were you sick?"
"N-not so very, but I felt badly and wished I hadn't agreed to come. Wanted to back out, you know."
"I understand; you felt like throwing up the whole affair."
"O, dear no! I wasn't as sick as that!" -Merchant Traveler.
Disastrous Suspicion.
Charley - I say, Brown, have you got change for a ten?
Harry (suspiciously) - Er - no, Charley, I haven't a cent in my pocket.
Charley - Sorry, old man; I wanted to put the five I owe you. -Life.
On a windy day in New York recently thirteen hats were blown from the Brooklyn bridge to return no more to the heads of their sorrowing owners.

SIGNALS FOR THE FARM.

Simple Means of Communication Over an Area of a Mile or So.
A code of signals for use on the farm may be made very useful for communication between persons out of speaking distance. The writer has long used a loud whistle for making signals to his hired men and others about the farm, which have been found quite intelligible and useful after a little training. The common "mile whistles" sold under the claim that they can be heard a mile off are frauds and fit only for children's playthings; but a loud whistle can be made of a brass tube half an inch in diameter, plugged and cut with a file in the required manner. The best whistle, however, is made of the half shell of a common fibret or Barcelona nut, saw lengthwise or across the middle. This is placed between the third and fourth fingers inside the hand, at the space between the knuckle and the next joint, with the opening in the shell between the fingers. The hand is then closed so that an orifice is left between the fingers opening into the nutshell. Then by placing the bent joints of the fingers between the lips and blowing forcibly into the nutshell, a very shrill and loud whistle may be given that can be heard half a mile with ease, and further when a gentle wind is blowing in the direction the sound is to be sent.
It seems that this system of whistle signals or language is by no means a novelty, for a regular vocabulary, so to speak, of whistling sounds has been in use in an island of the Canary group. The inhabitants of this island (Gomera), which consists mostly of precipitous rocks and deep ravines through which rivers flow, make use of this code of whistle signals to communicate with each other across the rough country, which can only be traversed by long, circuitous routes, on account of the deep ravines. These people use both fingers and lips when whistling, and can carry on a conversation with neighbors a mile distant by the use of this peculiar language.
This useful addition to the faculty of speech may be made available in many ways by adopting a simple code or key of sounds to be used in telegraphy. Thus in our system three short, sharp whistles blown quickly mean that the man or men at the distant place are to come to the house or to quit work. One long whistle, gradually tapering off to finish, means that the foreman must send a man to the barn; one short, sharp whistle, followed by the long, tapering one, calls the team home; two short whistles and the long one from the foreman calls the employer to the field to settle some difficulty; three short whistles and the long one call the foreman and announce meal times. Thus by the use of long and short sounds differently disposed all sorts of directions may be given and information conveyed. Each man employed is provided with a whistle, if he can not use his fingers in the usual way, which makes a loud, pleasing sound, and a code of signals; but this is not of much use except at rare intervals.
Flags are usefully employed as signals when the house or barn can be seen from all parts of the farm. A pole with arms such as make up the old-fashioned "semaphore" telegraph may also be used where it can be seen or the persons are too far apart to hear a sound. A triangle made of a steel bar bent with the ends free, and struck with another piece of steel, can be heard more than a mile away. But this and the bell are not sufficiently various in sound for ordinary use. The whistle, on the other hand, may be made to vary quite sufficiently to afford all necessary means of communication over the area of an ordinary farm, and the signals may be so codified as to give intelligent meanings, as in the case of the islanders above referred to.
But it will be most convenient to condense as much as possible the code of signals. Thus the signal come to the house or barn when repeated quickly will mean there is something wrong and haste is required. This will answer for all emergencies. Each man, too, should have his signal, which he only will answer in person when the men are together or seated. Some such method of communication will be found very useful, and, as it will tend to save time in the work of the farm, and as time is money, it will be found a means of economy, and therefore worthy of adoption. -N. Y. Times.
Knew Where He Was From.
Judge (to prisoner who has just been brought into court) - What is your name?
Prisoner - Billings.
Judge - Where are you from, Mr. Billings?
Prisoner - I refuse to state, as such information has nothing to do with the case.
Judge - But we will compel you to state, sir.
Prisoner - That will be a dangerous proceeding, I assure you. I shot a judge once.
Judge (musingly) - The prisoner is from Kentucky. -Arkansas Traveler.
There are in New York more than 1,000 artesian wells in constant use. Owing to the meagre supply of Croton water, especially during the dry season, large numbers of manufacturers have been obliged to resort to wells, which vary in depth from about 400 to 1,250 feet, and furnish from 8,000 to 30,000 gallons a day. The wells are drilled by the methods in vogue in the oil regions, at a cost ranging from six to twelve dollars a foot, according to the hardness of the rock.

WAYS OF THE WORLD.

A Philosopher's View of Life as He Finds It Nowdays.
In these days we hear but little of the good people in the world. We are too busy studying the scandalous and criminal side of life to take any heed of the deeds of charity and the tender sympathy that are not as rare as they seem to be. Really, looking at life today, listening to conversation and noting what seems to interest people the most, one would imagine that virtue and charity had departed altogether, and there was nothing pure or noble in the world. We have grown selfish and callous. When the lightning of death or severe suffering does not strike us, or near us, we are content to believe nobody else suffers. The craze has no longer any significance; the bereavement of a friend gets the moment's meaningless condolence, and we go on with our busy life. We have no time to mourn nowadays. There has crept into our view of life so much philosophy that a little wreath of flowers is all we consider necessary to show our respect for the dead friend; we pay so much money out in some form or another and our mourning is over. What do we care for the dead? Let them go. They are beyond our sympathy, beyond our love or our hate. Let them pass. There are other people to take their place in our affections. We have too much philosophy to allow our grief to interfere with our pleasures. We are a practical people, and we have no fiddle-faddle sentiment about us. We have no real friendships nowadays. We must not get too deeply interested in anybody, or if any thing happens to him or her we will perhaps suffer a little pain, and what's the good? Selfishness is the first law of our modern life. Self-sacrifice may still exist among women, but women are weak things at best. Charity? Give him five dollars; send him something to eat that is dainty; go and knock at the door and ask how he is, and then go off to your fun. Affection? Say you are sorry he is sick, and forget all about him. Help? "Poor fellow! He was a good fellow, and I am sorry he's gone. What card did that you played?" But perhaps after all there are some eyes that the tears come to, and some hands that grasp the sufferer's and send the comfort of true sympathy through his wearying frame; perhaps somebody sits in a chair by the fire in the lonely room and fancied shoes sees him there, feels his arms about her, hears his voice and pays a tribute to him with a throbbing heart. Somewhere or another, it may be, some merry laugh stops half uttered, and somebody rises from the joyous party and says: "I can not play to-night; I am not well." But it is curious that the larger the world grows the smaller the sympathetic circle seems to get. The more friends a man has the less real friendship. To be happy? It is to have one woman who loves you to love, and one man who trusts you to trust. -San Francisco Chronicle.
ROUMANIAN ORATORY.
Scenes in the Popular House of Charles I.'s Little Kingdom.
Rumanian oratory finds its natural and public forum in the lower house of the Legislature, and the style of the deliberations of this body shows that the people aspire after something to which they have not attained. Both the Senate and the House are elective every four years, and over the former presides Demetriahin, son of the late Hostolter of Wallachia. It is still thought sufficient to provide them a hall which will not comfortably seat more than one-half of their number (after the manner of the British Houses of Lords and Commons), and a crowded and cough-burting condition of things is the result, with a pushing for seats and a peering of some members upon the friendly knees of their fellows, and the dodging around of one of the many pillars of the building when one of them desires to address the president, and the furious ringing of his bell almost continually during the session, calling for order, and the sobbing shouts of several secretaries going on while members simultaneously demand hearing from different parts of the house, and latterly themselves in their frantic and heated efforts to be heard, and only sure of that when drawing laughter by a joke, or hisses by attacking somebody or something. The language is quick and sharp, the usual face mustached and whiskered, the gestures jerky, exorbitant and powerless. The policy of the Government is always to delay the House getting in order as long as possible after the hour set, and to make it adjourn as soon as possible without having done a thing; while the policy of the members at large is to have time enough to deliver their orations. The people are hardly yet aware of what are the true functions of a legislative body, and yet they are patriotic enough to feel satisfaction in having one great honor in being its members, and a general confidence in the King from the west, that, no matter how many mistakes they may make, he is still strong enough and able enough to keep them right side up. In the same inclosure with the palace of the Legislature are the old church and much finer palace of Prince-Archbishop Galenie Miclescu, the Greek metropolitan, the stumpy colonnade of the church being terribly and hideously frescoed with souls burning in purgatory, as if in warning to all who join such a church that they may know what to expect hereafter, and had better keep out of it entirely. -N. Y. Mail and Express.
Work the cabbage plants often during dry weather. Keep the surface stirred and the top soil as loose as possible.

JOE BRANT'S WATCH.

The History of a Time-Piece Sent to America by George III.
An ancient silver time-piece, valuable for its historical associations no less than for its antiquity, is owned by Mr. Daniel Minthorn, of Watertown, N. Y. It weighs five and a quarter ounces, and is 250 years old; yet it keeps good time when wound, and has not been repaired since 1847. The watch is of the pattern known as the "British bulls-eye," and is an inch and a half thick. The face is of silver, roughly chased, and has a double row of figures, both the Arabic and Roman numerals appearing. It bears the mark of the maker, Thomas Linhard, of London, and the number 110. A search through ancient directories of the city of London, made by Mr. Minthorn at the Centennial Exposition, revealed the fact that this jeweler did business on Fleet street, between the years 1638 and 1658. The works look as substantial as though turned out yesterday. A tiny chain that winds around a drum takes the place of the spring in modern watches, and the cog-wheels and pivots are all large and heavy. The silver cases are very thick. The works can be removed from the case or box, and when inside are retained in place by a thick crystal that would flatten a bullet.
When Sir William Johnson owned Johnstown, in Montgomery County, this State, and laid claim to considerable other land, he was a great favorite with King George III. As a mark of his favor the King sent the watch across the water to the nobleman. That was just before the war of the Revolution, and when Joseph Brant, the Indian leader, started on his death-spreading expedition up the Cherry valley, Sir William gave him the time-piece as an incentive to deeds of violence and pillage against the colonists. Thayendenege, as Brant was termed in the Indian tongue, promised to bring back forty white scalps in return for the gift. Settlers were massacred by the score, but Brant's expedition suffered too, and in one of the dashes the patriots made against his rear this watch was captured.
One of the few women who escaped the Indians was Mrs. Mabie, who fled by the light of the burning stacks and bays of her homestead to the woods. She had her two babies under her arms, and all hid under a huge root in the forest on the banks of Orris Kill Creek. While the Indians were near the heroic mother choked her infants' cries and was forced to throw water in their faces to revive them. After the savages had departed she walked eighteen miles to Schohaire with the babies. One of these was afterward the mother of Daniel Minthorn, the present owner of the watch. The time-piece fell into the hands of Evert Van Epp, a revolutionary officer, and by marriage into the Minthorn family, where it has remained ever since. Two years ago a big monument was unveiled at Brantford, Ont., to the memory of the old Thayendenege. The residents invited Mr. Minthorn to come with his watch and take part in the exercises, and offered him \$100. The old gentleman refused very indignantly, and wrote to the Monument Committee: "Do you suppose I would assist in a celebration to do honor to a man whose only good deed that I know of was his neglect to scalp my mother?" -N. Y. World.
PERFECT MANNERS.
Rules Which Will Make Those Who Observe Them Popular Favorites.
Never try to outshine, but to please. Never press a favor where it seems undesired.
Never intrude ill-health, pains, losses or misfortunes.
Never unavoidably wound the feelings of a human being.
Never talk or laugh aloud in public places or upon the street.
Never forget that vulgarity has its origin in ignorance or selfishness.
Never urge another to do any thing against his desire unless you see danger before him.
Do not ask another to do what you would not be glad to do under similar circumstances.
Never omit to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.
Never uselessly wound the vanity of another or dilate unnecessarily upon disagreeable subjects.
Do not make witticisms at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourself.
Remember that good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and refinement and then translated into behavior.
Be not ostentatious in dress and deportment; nothing can be more vulgar. See that costumes fit the time and occasion.
Be rude to none; rudeness harms not even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed but it injures the exhibitors.
Never treat superiors with servility or inferiors with arrogance. Speak as kindly to a day laborer as one occupying a high position.
Always give precedence to elders, visitors and superiors. Offer them the best seat at the table, the best place by the fire and the first of every thing. Go further than mere form and see that they are comfortable and happy. -Des Moines Register.
Coal is now found in about thirty different States of the Union and seven Territories. In 1887 the little State of Rhode Island supplied 6,000 tons out of the total product of 123,965,425 tons.
A German chemist has found that chloroform may be detected in the lungs of animals four weeks after death.

SWIMMERS OF FAME.

Feats of the Poet Byron, Benjamin Franklin and Other Noted Men.
The recent feat of Steve Brodie, the newsboy, who a few years ago leaped from Brooklyn bridge, in swimming from Albany to New York in a little over six days, thus beating Captain Paul Boyton's record, is without parallel in the history of swimming.
Even Leander, who nightly swam across the Hellespont, a distance of four miles, to visit his lady-love, would probably have demurred at a six-days' trip. The unfortunate lover was finally drowned while making his nightly voyage, but this has not deterred several who wished to imitate his example. Lord Byron, who was well developed in his arms and chest, succeeded in swimming the Hellespont in an hour and twenty minutes, and it is much to be doubted if a lover ever made better time. The poet was a great swimmer and proud of his accomplishment, yet he nearly lost his life at one of the English watering places, being rescued in an exhausted condition by the lookers-on.
The English channel has long been a favorite resort for swimming feats. Captain Boyton swam across from France to a little town in Kent in less than a day, while Captain Webb, thirteen years ago, swam from Dover to Calais, a distance of thirty miles, in twenty-two hours and forty minutes.
One of England's Admirals, who rose to his position from that of a cabin boy, got his first commission for his prowess as a swimmer. During the naval war between England and Holland two centuries ago the Admiral of the English fleet found that he was lost unless he could communicate with a number of his vessels that were hidden from his sight beyond a projecting point of land. The only way to send an order to these vessels was by swimming, for it would have been impossible for any boat to make the passage. A cabin boy, a strong, athletic young fellow, who had run away to sea, undertook to carry the order. Holding it in his mouth he swam through the smoke of the battle to the reserve vessels, brought them up in time, and saved the day.
The annals of our navy record many similar gallant deeds of sailors who have risked their lives in the water, while every year the Government awards medals to people who have saved others from drowning by their ability to swim. Indeed, one of the greatest of Americans, Benjamin Franklin, was a famous swimmer, and wrote two essays on the subject which are interesting reading. Few men have possessed such command over themselves in the water as he, for he was not only able to fly a kite while floating, but on one occasion floated asleep on the water for an hour. While in England, working at his trade of printer, his swimming feats caused him to be so much talked about that at one time he had serious thoughts of opening a swimming school.
The exploit of Brodie will doubtless lead many to undertake risks of long-distance swimming, but it will do far more good if it awakens general interest in an accomplishment which is not only likely to prove of great use to its possessors, but which can honestly be classed as an innocent and healthy amusement. -Boston Globe.
DOZENS OF DEFINITIONS.
Read Them, and Then You Will Know What Constitutes a Lady.
To answer this question, we will again have recourse to the dictionaries. Johnson defines a lady as a woman of high rank; an illustrious or eminent woman; a woman - one of the fair sex; a mistress, importing power and dominion, as lady of the manor. This is broad enough, it would seem.
Sturmouth gives these definitions: A woman of distinction or rank; the wife of a titled gentleman; the title of daughters of peers of the first three grades; a familiar term applied to the mistress or female head of a house of the better class; a woman in any station of life who is possessed of refined manners and kindness of heart, and generally whose character is adorned with those Christian and social virtues which men most love and esteem in women; a term of courtesy applied to any respectable female. The fifth of the above definitions is a remarkably good one, if it were not narrowed by the idea that Christianity alone comprised all the higher virtues.
Webster's definitions may be next considered. A lady, he tells us, is a woman who looks after the domestic affairs of a family; a mistress, the female head of a household; a woman of social distinction or position; the feminine corresponding to lord. In England, he further says, it is a title prefixed to the name of any woman whose husband is not of a lower rank than a knight, or whose father was a nobleman not lower than an earl; also, a woman of gentle and refined manners; the feminine corresponding to gentleman; a wife or spouse.
Worcester is more satisfactory, it would seem, in his definition, at least to the American notion of what constitutes a lady. Only one of his definitions need be quoted. He says a lady is a term of complaisance applied to almost any well-dressed woman, but appropriately to one of refined manners and education. -Boston Herald.
Among the latest establishments in New York is one that rents the linen portion of bridal outfits. They are loaned at from \$2 to \$10 per month, the latter being the outside limit of time occupied by the average wedding tour.