

FISH AND INSECTS.

Do They Possess Sense Which Human Beings Have Not.

With regard to the hearing and the sight of insects and the crustacea nothing is settled, writes Sir John Lubbock. These creatures possess in many cases curious contrivances which, while obviously sense organs of some kind, can not be assigned their functions with any certainty.

If we descend into the depths of the ocean we find other wonders, fishes which are equipped with electric lamps in their heads, and can thus see their way and their prey in the abysmal darkness of the great depths; other fishes which angle with tentacles tipped with miniature lights; yet other creatures which carry lamps behind instead of in front; fishes that hear through holes in their sides; creatures which see with the ends of their antennae; marvels of many kinds, in short such as the cunning story tellers of the Orient never could have imagined.

A POINT BROKEN.

How a Witticism Confounded a Lawyer's Clever Argument.

A witticism based on truth—and "trough, when witty, is the wittiest of all things"—confounds an argument or breaks the force of a cross-examination.

Robert Morris, the colored lawyer of the Boston bar, while defending a colored dressmaker charged with stealing silk from her customers, and substituting for it a poorer material, cross-examined the principal witness, a lady who declared emphatically that she could tell the value of silk within twenty-five cents a yard.

Knowing that it is difficult for white people to distinguish one colored person from another, Mr. Morris asked the lady if she could recognize the colored man who had brought a bundle to her.

"No," she answered. "I think that all colored persons look alike to me." "Oh, they do, do they?" rejoined Morris. "We'll see," and he asked several colored men to rise. "Now, madam," he continued, "look at me and then at these gentlemen, and tell the court whether you can tell us apart."

"I don't see much difference," replied the lady. "Perhaps by studying you all I might; but your heads are all shined alike, and except that some are darker than others, I find it hard to distinguish one from another."

"Now, madam," said Morris with a triumphant air, "do you mean to swear, after telling the jury that you can judge of the value of silk within twenty-five cents a yard, that you can't tell the difference between Mr. Johnson here and me?"

"She regards herself as a judge of silk, not a judge of wool," interrupted the prosecuting attorney. The court laughed, as did the spectators. Morris smiled, for he saw that the witticism had broken off the point of his question.—Youth's Companion.

MUTUAL SACRIFICE.

Mr. and Mrs. McSwat Swears off for Forty-Eight Happy Hours.

"Lobelia, my love, another long and delightful evening is before us." The young husband was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous, variegated and dazzling complexion. He sat in a luxurious arm-chair and rested his tired feet on the soft plush cushions of two other chairs. In his hand he held a magazine of large print, which he was trying laboriously to read with the aid of an eye-glass he had purchased under the deep and solemn conviction that his position in society required him to use something of the kind.

"Is there any thing that I can do for your comfort, Billiger," tenderly inquired the young wife. "I think not, Lobelia," he replied, after considering a few moments; "though if you will kindly open that package of 'Lone Jack,' and put the smoking set within reach I shall be obliged."

Mrs. McSwat did so, and with her own fair hands she filled his new meerschaum, whose bowl was already taking on a brownish tinge that gave promise of richer and grander results in the happy future.

"You don't know, Lobelia (puff), how gratefully I (puff) appreciate your (puff) kindness in interposing no objection to my indulgence in (puff, puff) this habit. Hard as would have been the sacrifice, Lobelia, I (puff) would have quit it cheerfully—that is to say (puff), with comparative cheerfulness, if you had exacted it."

"How could I have asked you to quit smoking, Billiger," replied the young wife, "when you have never made the least objection to my chewing gum?" Mr. McSwat laid the pipe down and looked at her in astonishment.

"Do you chew gum, Lobelia?" he said. "I never suspected it." "I—I confess I do sometimes, Billiger."

"Mrs. McSwat," said he, severely, "have you any idea of the consequences of inveterate gum-chewing? Do you know any thing of the inconceivably vile materials of which the stuff is made?" "It can't be any worse, Mr. McSwat, than the poisonous, filthy, reeking fumes of that dirty old pipe you are—"

"Lobelia McSwat, have a care! Don't provoke me too far, or—"

"Billiger McSwat, do you dare to threaten me? Don't glare and squint at me through that eye-glass till you have learned how to use it, sir. You are—"

"Lobelia!" exclaimed the young husband, pale with conflicting emotions, "you have spoken sneeringly of this meerschaum. It cost twenty-five dollars. But let that pass. I can bear it. To think, though, that the woman I have vowed to love and cherish—and his voice faltered—"upon whom I have poured out the treasure of a heart's richest affection, is a g-gum chewer! O! O! Lo-be-lia!"

"B-Billiger!" sobbed Lobelia, "I'll quit chewing if you'll quit smoking!"

"I'll do it, my love!" he exclaimed. His brow aflame with a lofty and noble resolve, Billiger wrapped his smoking set, with pipe, tobacco and all, in a paper, and threw the package to the remotest depths of a dark and gloomy attic on the topmost floor, while Lobelia gathered up all her wads of gum from their various hiding places, rolled them into a compact bundle, and threw them into the attic likewise.

"With these slight sacrifices, Lobelia," said Billiger, tenderly, "we propitiate the good angels of domestic bliss and banish forever the demon of discord from our hearthstone!"

Forty-eight hours had passed—forty-eight short, happy hours. Night had come again.

Billiger was in that attic. He had sneaked into it and was fumbling around noiselessly for something. In the dark his hand came in contact with a shoe and he grasped it. It had a foot in it.

There was a faint scream. "Mrs. McSwat, is that you?" "Mr. McSwat, it is."

"What are you doing here, madam?" "Sir, I am looking for my gum. What are you doing here?" "Madam, I am hunting for my pipe."

—Chicago Tribune.

Some "Don'ts" for Farmers. I don't like to see a farm neglected till it is entirely worn out. I think the owner does not make improvements.

I don't like to see a farmer given to trading horses. I think he does not pay proper attention to his cattle. I don't like to see a farmer ashamed of his occupation. I think it will soon be ashamed of him.

THE BOWSER FAMILY.

How Mr. B. Cleared His Home of Bacteria and Other Perilous Things.

Mr. Bowser doesn't intend to let sickness or death get ahead of us as a family if any effort of his can prevent, and he is always doing the right thing in the nick of time. One day he came home an hour ahead of time, his countenance wearing a very important look, and the first thing he did was to bolt upstairs to our bedroom and lower the window, although I had just closed it after airing the room for two hours. He then came clattering down to ask me for a pan.

"What on earth do you want of a pan?" I asked. "To save all our lives!" he answered.

"How?" "Your bedroom is full of poisonous gases, which must be absorbed by an open vessel of water."

"Nonsense!" "I expected it. That's the weapon of the ignorant! Mrs. Bowser, if you want to die by poisonous gases poisoning the blood, I have nothing to say, but I shall save the life of our child if possible. I have felt a strange lassitude for several days, and a sanitary plumber tells me that we have poisoned air in the room."

"Your lassitude couldn't have come from being out to club and lodge four successive nights until twelve o'clock, could it?"

He seized the pan and hurried upstairs, and when he had filled it at the lavatory he sat it in the middle of the floor and came down with a relieved look on his face, to say:

"See if you don't feel better to-morrow than you have for a month. It's a wonder we are not all dead."

"Did the ancients know about these poisonous gases?" I asked. "Not a thing. They never gave them a thought."

"And yet the average of health was seventeen per cent. above that of today, and the average of mortality that much lower! How do you account for it?"

"O, well, if you want to die go ahead. I'll even buy a rope and help you to hang yourself. I expected this, of course, but ridicule never moves me, Mrs. Bowser—never!"

Two hours later he went upstairs in his slippers to look for a paper in another coat, and of course he sat his foot plump down in that pan of water. There was a yell and a jump, and over went the pan, and when I got up there he stood holding one leg, as you have seen a hen do on a wet day. What I said on that occasion kept Mr. Bowser quiet for a whole week.

Then he began to grow restless again, and one night he brought home a suspicious-looking package and sneaked it upstairs. After supper he suddenly disappeared, and when I looked for him upstairs he had something in a basin and was about to hold it over a gas-burner.

"Mr. Bowser, have you got a new theory," I asked. "Look here, Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he put down the basin, "you have heard of bacteria, I presume?"

"Yes, sir." "They are germs of disease floating about. They are alive. If inhaled cholera, yellow fever and other dread diseases are the result. Fumigation kills them."

"And you are going to fumigate this room?" "I am. I am going to kill off the dreaded bacteria."

"Well, you'll drive us out of the house or kill us." I went down-stairs and he burned a compound of tar and sulphur. In ten minutes we had to open doors and windows, and the cook came running in to ask:

"Is it cremation Mr. Bowser is trying on us?" "I am simply driving out the bacteria," he replied, coming down stairs at that moment.

"And there's bacteria in the house?" "I'm afraid so."

"And I've worked here four weeks under the noses of the dreadful creatures? Mr. Bowser, I quit! I quit now!"

And quit she did. We had to sleep on the sitting-room floor last night, and three weeks later every caller could still detect that odor. It was hardly gone, however, when Mr. Bowser began to sniff around again.

"Any more bacteria?" I asked. "Mrs. Bowser, if you want to sit here and die I have no objections, but I don't propose to neglect common sense precautions to preserve my own health."

"Is anything wrong now?" "I think so. I think I can detect an odor of sewer gas in the house."

"Impossible! I shan't have no more stuff burned until I know it is necessary."

"Won't you? If there is sewer gas here it must be eradicated at once." For the next week the entire house smelled of chloride of lime until one could hardly draw a long breath, but Mr. Bowser was not satisfied.

"I have been thinking," he said to me one evening, "that I may bring the germs of some terrible disease home in my clothes. I ride on the car, you know, and I ought to take precautions."

"How?" "Carry a disinfectant about me to repel the germs."

"It might be a good idea." "Now you are talking sense. Now you seem to understand the peril which has menaced us."

He got something down town the next day. I think some of his friends put up a job on him, knowing his craze. It was a compound which left him alone on the street car before he

had ridden three blocks, and he had no sooner got into the house than we had to retire to the back doors. The cook got a sniff of it, and down went the dinner and up went her hands, and she shouted at Mr. Bowser: "A man as will keep a skunk under his house would beat me out of my wages, and I'll be going this minute!"

It took soap and water and perfume and half a day's time to remove the odor, and when I declared that it was the last straw Mr. Bowser crossed his hands under his coat-tails and replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe this house to be clear of bacteria, owing to my prudence and self-sacrifice, and I want it kept so."

"I suppose I got 'em here?" "Without a doubt, madam!" "And all this rumpus has been on my account?"

"Exactly. But don't go too far with me! Enough is enough. You must stop right where you are. I have humored you all I propose to!"—Detroit Free Press.

HUNTING THE BIG HORN.

Its Skill and Speed in Traversing Places Inaccessible to Other Animals.

I started down the mountain the next morning, and suppose I had reached about a mile from the level country when I started a big bowlder that went rushing down the slope, and looking over the edge I saw a big animal I thought was a deer spring up from a rock. It stood a second and looked at me, then dashed away and was out of sight before I could unslung my rifle, which in climbing I had put on my back, little thinking I should find any game among the rocks of the upper range. In that second I recognized the big horns and massive head of the mountain sheep, and right then and there I got the fever. I would have those horns or I would never go home, and, to make a long story short, there they are. I followed the animal certainly a week before I got a shot, and then he was so far away across a big canyon that it was the merest chance that I hit him.

What do you think of crawling on your stomach for five hours, not daring to breathe or look cross-eyed, worming your way over rocks and around corners trying to keep down the wind? But that old buck had my measure; he knew I was after him and always kept just so far away. I finally saw him with several others on a spur of the range, and by three hours' climbing I got so that I could see him fairly, and when I had the chance I shook so that it was a miracle that I hit him.

The mountain sheep is a thoroughly game animal, and the sportsman who brings down a buck may be said to have earned his spurs and be rated as a true hunter. The animal is instinctively suspicious, cautious to a remarkable degree and endowed with remarkable powers of speed and skill in making its way over places inaccessible to other animals.

The horns are enormous, resembling those of the European ibex, though more graceful in their shape. The size of the horns have given rise to many remarkable stories regarding their use. One old hunter, who undoubtedly believed what he said, informed me that he had seen a sheep descend a mountain by leaping thirty or forty feet at a time, striking upon the horns at every landing, and that this was a favorite method. That the capra does land upon its horns at times in its terrific leaps or falls there can be no doubt, and it is equally certain that it is an accident. The horns are, as in all animals of the kind, merely weapons of defense, and are chipped and worn by the males in their furious battles with each other.

On the plains below—the rocky fastnesses of the mountain sheep—bands of antelope are still found, and a party from Pasadena recently enjoyed this most exciting sport. While the mountain sheep requires great strategy on the part of the hunter, the antelope draws upon other resources. The animal keeps to the open country—the great level tracts and rich valleys near the borders of the Mojave and Arizona deserts. It is there difficult to approach them unseen, and a cool hand at the rifle and a good seat in the saddle are the requisites. In a recent hunt the antelope were chased at least twenty miles before they were run down, and afforded magnificent sport. November is the rutting season, and then exceedingly large herds are seen; but in the warm season they separate to a greater or less extent, when the bucks afford fine sport. Some readily outrun the swiftest horse and hounds, though it is possible to wear them out by continuous running.—Pasadena (Cal.) Cor. N. Y. Times.

What All Mexican Drinks.

The region we passed through is the center of the pulque region of Mexico. This road runs a train called the "pulque train" into the City of Mexico every day loaded with barrels and bottles of pulque. These bottles remind one of the bottles known in Scripture time. They are made of hogskins. The skin is stripped from the hog almost intact, turned inside out, and then with the legs, tail and throat tied up it is filled with pulque. The baggage car of our train is nearly filled with these uncouth objects, and until we knew what they were we supposed it was a load of hogs. As the train stops at the small stations on the way to Vera Cruz boys and men rush up to the baggage-car with bottles, pails and demijohns, which are filled from these hogskins. In the cities the pulque shops are frequent, and you can always see a crowd of Mexicans standing before the bar absorbing the pulque. They drink it from large glasses which hold about a quart. I am told that when it is fresh pulque is as sweet as honey, but it ferments rapidly and is sour in a day or two.—Vera Cruz Letter.

FACTS ABOUT PAPER.

Some Interesting Historical Notes Concerning Its Origin.

We have raked up the following facts from a few musty tomes, which we trust, will please numerous correspondents, and prove as interesting to them as it has been laborious for us to unearth them. It is not known when paper was first made from linen rags, nor to whom we owe the invention. Dr. Prideaux is of the opinion that linen paper was brought from the East, because many of the Oriental manuscripts are written upon it. Mabilon is of the opinion that the invention belongs to the twelfth century. One of the earliest specimens of paper from linen rags yet discovered is a document, with the seal preserved, bearing date A. D. 1239, signed by Adolphus, Count of Schaumburg, Casiri, however, asserts that there are in the Escurial a number of manuscripts, both upon cotton and linen paper, which were written prior to the thirteenth century. The invention was early introduced into England, for some acts in existence of John Cranden, Prior of Ely, made on linen paper, bear date in the fourteenth year of the reign of King Edward II., A. D. 1239; and in the Cottonian Library are said to be several writings on this kind of paper as early as the year 1335. Some twenty years ago Mr. Thomas Wright, in a note to the London Athenaeum, wrote: "I have made a little discovery, which, I think, will be considered curious in the history of paper. I believe that the first traces of the use of paper in Western Europe are found toward the end of the twelfth century and we have no reason to suppose that it was in use in England until the thirteenth or the beginning of the fourteenth. It is understood to have been brought westward from Italy, where it was in use earlier; and I believe that our word paper—a corruption, of course, of papyrus—is considered to have been borrowed, with the article itself, from the French. I saw, years ago in Paris—I believe they belonged to the royal collection (it was in the time of Louis Philippe)—a few of the earliest documents on paper known, belonging to Western Europe, in the period since the Romans, which interested me much. They consisted of receipts, or rather, bonds, for money borrowed from the Jews in the time of Coeur de Lion, given by chiefs who were starting for his crusade, and, if I remember well, the paper resembled much that of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, except that it was of a rather coarse texture. It would seem as if, in the West, its use at this early period was known principally among the Jews. Now I am just passing through the press an edition of a glossary of Latin and English—or, as we are accustomed to call it, Anglo-Saxon—words of I think, not later than the middle of the tenth century. We may safely look upon it as the English of the days of Athelstan; and in the part of which I have just received the proof I find papyrus, paper. The word paper does not occur in Dr. Bosworth's, or any other Anglo-Saxon dictionary, but we have here evidence that it was in use in our language at a very early period and there cannot be a doubt that we derive it from the Anglo-Saxon and have not taken it from the French of the Middle Ages. But this fact leads us to another, namely, that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, to have the word in an Anglo-Saxon form in their own language, must have been pretty well acquainted with paper itself, and no doubt they found the Roman paper in use on the island when they came. It is a fact, indeed, which opens to us several others, equally new, in the social history of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers. I need hardly add that paper probably never went entirely out of use in Western Europe after the Roman times, and a little research might still throw some curious light upon its history during the early Middle Ages. It certainly was not supposed before that it might be in use among the Anglo-Saxons."—The Paper Mill.

Religion of Our Presidents.

While the Constitution expressly forbids the establishment of any religious test for office-holders, it is pleasant to record that all high officers of State have been church members. During the last campaign it was notable that four of the candidates were sons of ministers—viz. Grover Cleveland's father was a Presbyterian clergyman, Allen G. Thurman's father a Baptist minister, Levi P. Morton's father a Congregational preacher, and John A. Brooks is the son of a Methodist minister, and himself a preacher of the same denomination. The religious belief of the twenty-two Presidents who have ruled over the destinies of this nation, have been as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Buchanan and Arthur were Episcopalian; Jefferson, John Adams, John Q. Adams and Fillmore were Unitarians; Jackson, Polk and Lincoln were Presbyterians, as is also the present incumbent, President Cleveland. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; Pierce a Trinitarian Congregationalist; Johnson, Grant and Hayes were Methodists, and Garfield attended the Church of the Christian Brethren.—Golden Days.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

An Established Power in All American Educational Institutions.

I am often asked by anxious papas, "What good is a secret society for a boy in college?" The form of the question suggests the idea that the papa is not likely to have had any personal experience either of the one or the other; but the answer is plain. The secret college fraternity organizations of the better class have come to be an established power in American colleges, and in proportion to their merits they exercise an influence for good or evil upon the career of every student that is, in the average, not much less important than that exerted by Alma Mater herself. As an influence it is stronger while it lasts, and, as a rule, lasts much longer. It is, no more a question, "Shall I permit my son to join a fraternity?" The question is, "Can I hope that my son will be accepted by one of the best?" A curious instance of their practical workings has been recently told me on good authority. A Southern gentleman more than twenty years ago joined one of these institutions. Soon after this his chapter became extinct. He himself became in turn a teacher, married and reared a family of children. He was industrious and worthy in every way, but the yellow fever panic in the South deprived him of his only means of support. The wolf was at the door. The last resources of economy had been exhausted. In his despair he addressed a letter, detailing his circumstances, to the fraternity at large, asking aid. A telegram to the president of a Southern college was answered with a satisfactory indorsement, and within a few hours a sum of money was on its way to the unfortunate one which was quite adequate to his immediate needs, and for which he has the satisfaction of knowing he is not indebted to organized charity, but to organized love.—N. Y. Truth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Lawyer—"I have my opinion of you." Citizen—"Well, you can keep it. The last opinion I got from you cost me \$150."—Folkers Statesman. —"That boy of ours is getting to be a terrible story-teller," said Mr. Cherity. "Yes," said his wife, "he tells fibs on the slightest provocation."—Puck. —A sewing machine agent who was very ill, being told that he must pay the debt of nature, wanted to know if he couldn't do it on the installment plan. —Some of the most expert poultrymen occasionally feed their fowls turnips in winter. They are not peeled, but cut into quarters and thrown into the yard. —At Owenton, Ky., when a verdict of not guilty was declared in a homicide trial the audience applauded. The judge ordered the doors closed, and imposed a fine of \$2.50 on each person who applauded. —Special Agent Tingle, of San Francisco, discovered two Chinese women on board train going from Victoria to Tacoma. They were dressed in American fashion, and were heavily veiled. They were arrested, as was also an accompanying Chinaman. It was evidently a shrewd case of smuggling. —Telegraph operators, it seems, are developing a disease of their own. One or two cases recently occurred abroad, in which the finger nails dropped off, one after another. The affection is supposed to be due to the constant hammering and pushing with the finger ends required by the working of the telegraph instrument. —An eastern mechanic attributes some of the mysterious fires which are of frequent occurrence to "blisters" in the window panes. If these blisters are convex enough to form a lens and combustibles are stored within its focal distance a fire would be very likely to result. —The Cincinnati Enquirer is responsible for the following: Pink nails, indolence. Red nails, a warlike nature. Narrow nails incline to mischief. Filbert nails are associated with deceit. Small, round nails denote obstinacy. Crooked nails indicate a fierce nature. Nails abnormally pale, or with black specks on them, denote sickness. Broad nails are considered to be indicative of bashful and gentle natures. Long nails appertain to those of a temporizing disposition. These are the nails of persons who hate scorns. —The wonderful manner in which nature, in the long sweep of years, evolves her products and adapts them to their environments, is manifested in the camel. "A horse can not lie down on the scorching surface of Sahara, in the eye of the sun, without scalding or excoriating his tender skin. But all the parts of a camel's body which touch the sweltering sand in his attitude of repose are provided with callosities of thickened hide, which enable him to rest on the burning surface without danger or discomfort. —The Raleigh (N. C.) News-Observer states the leap year situation thus: Twelve years must elapse before the interesting event takes place again, but it was just the same in 1800 and 1700, but not in 1600, for that was a leap year and the year 2000 will be a leap year also. Why this should be a problem. To explain in detail would be a tiresome task, but it rests on the principle that the difference of eleven minutes per year exists between actual time and calendar time. Thus a year is computed at 365 1/4 days, three years being 365 days long and the fourth year 366 days. In fact the year is 365 days five hours and forty-five minutes long, or eleven minutes short of 365 1/4 days.