

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are different ways of showing wrath: the teakettle sings sweetest when it is hottest.

The latest railway signal indicates automatically the time that has elapsed, up to twenty minutes, since the last train passed it.

There is an old negro in Quitman County, Georgia, who has never owned a lock. He has been for years nailing a bar of wood across the door of his crib every night.

A philosopher on a Western paper finds that only one person in every 60,000 dies in bed while asleep, and concludes that it is a waste of time to lie awake and worry over the danger of that.

A farmer, residing at New Digging, Ill., recently put his milk cans on the woodpile to dry, and the reflections of the sun's rays from them set the wood on fire, doing considerable damage to his house and barn.

A young man of Poughkeepsie was so overjoyed at his admission to the bar lately that he lost his senses for a time. He got a brass band of nineteen pieces and marched up and down the street ahead of the drum major, carrying a broom. He was arranging for fireworks and other jubiliations when his friends secured him.

The oldest pieces of wrought iron now known are probably the sickle blade found by Belzoni under the base of a sphinx in Karnak, near Thebes; the blade found by Colonel Vyse, imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid; the portion of the crosscut saw exhumed at Nimrod by Mr. Layard—all of which are now in the British Museum.

Here is a musical morsel that must have come from Germany. No beggars in this country would show so much consideration. The story is that a man asked the well-known author for alms. "You have a violin there," said the man of words, "but you do not play it." "O, sir, give me a penny and don't make me play. I assure you you won't regret it." Clearly it was impossible to resist an appeal of this sort.

A funny case was tried in the justice's court at Jasper, Ga., for damages to a hog by a reason of the loss of one of the hog's feet in a collision with a train. In a three hours' legal fight the defendant's counsel contended that the rules of assessing damages was the loss in weight of the hog by reason of being run over, which in this case was one foot, weighing half a pound, which at ten cents a pound would be five cents damages. The plaintiff's counsel insisted that the rule for assessing damages was the value of the hog when hurt, with the cost of nursing and medical treatment, together with such damages as the enlightening mind of the jury thought proper for the mental pain and anguish of the hog. The jury gave the plaintiff \$5.

AFTERNOON TEAS.

Pleasant Hospitality That is Enjoyed by Every Body. For several seasons past the custom of giving afternoon teas has been largely on the increase. It is a very pleasant hospitality and enjoyed very much.

One can go in street costumes, pass a short time pleasantly and be at home early enough for her duties and have the evening at disposal for something else.

The refreshments can be of the lightest kind, dispensed in a dainty way to lend to the attractiveness of the occasion.

In small places such a custom could be introduced without making them too formal, each lady having her own day, and in this way much pleasant sociability could be extended and the interest running in and out, which interferes so much with many housekeepers' plans, could be entirely done away with.

I can not conceive of any greater annoyance than living in a neighborhood where one is liable to interruptions at either end of the house.

Every housekeeper needs certain times to put her house in order, and to be interrupted in it means often serious disarrangement of the whole day.

If housekeeping is one's business it needs attention, and no one can enjoy a call when she is feeling something is being done too much in the way of cooking or left undone in the way of arranging.

How much nicer if the whole set of ladies would organize a method of campaign for the season, each decide on her own day, and be ready for friends at that time.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Can't Get Rid of His Nickel.

About a year ago some wag polished off a nickel till it only resembled the coin of the realm in size and color. After it had dropped into the bottom of the hotball car box the driver eyed it suspiciously and, evidently thinking the other side of the coin might be all right, he gave the decisive pull and let it pass. From that time to this the company has been endeavoring to get that nickel back on the rascally public. But, strange to say, every man who tears open the little envelope containing it and its companion piece always checks the smooth nickel back into the box. Of course no driver can now complain because the coin always comes out of the company's package. During its first year of service it has taken about 2,190 trips, and as it is getting thinner and smoother all the time, there is now no hope of its ever escaping street car service, except through the romantic charity of some kind deliverer, or through the final dissolution of the company's corporation.—Baltimore American.

THE MAC'S AND O'S.

What the Syllables as Prefixes to Irish Names Literally Mean. There is a popular rhyme: "By Mac and O' You'll always know True Irishmen, they say: For I they lack Both O' and Mc No Irishmen are they."

Id est: "Per Mac atque O, tu veros cognoscis Hibernos His duobus demptis, nullis Hibernis adest."

What do Mac and O as prefixes to Irish names literally mean? Answer: [Authority: Lowers' "Patronymica Britannica."]—Mac, a well-known prefix of surnames of Celtic origin, signifying "son of," and therefore cognate with the Ap of Welsh, the Fitz of Anglo-Norman, and the son of English use. In England and other countries of Europe the great staple of family names is derived from a territorial source, but among the Celts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales the surname was almost uniformly that of the father or some ancestor with a prefix.

"O" This is a very common prefix to Irish surnames, and is the Celtic, grandson, descendant. In England and other European countries the noble and wealthy generally borrowed their family names from their landed possessions, but in Ireland the names of septs or tribes were uniformly borrowed from those of their ancient chiefs and ancestors. The famous King, Brian Boru, who fell at the battle of Clontar in 1014, published an edict that the descendants of the heads of tribes and families then in power should take name from them, either from the fathers or grandfathers, and that those names should become hereditary and fixed forever. In some instances, however, families who boasted of a distinguished ancestor of earlier date assumed his name rather than that of the grandfather or father.

O, or rather Oy, was used in the sense of grandson by the Scottish Highlanders; thus we read of a very old lady of Gaelic race who, Argus-like, could boast of 100 "Oyes."

The Galwegians, who prided themselves upon not being Irishmen, issued an order in 1518 prohibiting the native septs from entering their town, declaring that "neither O' ne Mac should strut ne swagger through the streets of Galway."

A regular error prevails in Ireland that while the Mac conveys no notion of high birth the O' is a mark of good family. In the province of Connaught the O' notifies the gentleman; the O'Connors, the O'Flahertys, and the O'Malleys are somebodies, while their distant kinsmen, the Connors, the Flahertys and the Malleys are nobodies. Much the same notion prevails in France concerning the prefix de. In Ireland the O' is never prefixed to any name derived from trade, with the single exception of O'Gowan, which is similar to our Smithson.

In O'Brien's "Irish Dictionary" it gives: "Mac, a son. . . . It is sometimes used for the young of brutes. . . . It is prefixed to the name of several of the great families of Ireland."

There is another word, an adjective, which means clean, pure, etc. O' is a preposition, meaning from, and is used in connection with names to denote the place from which a person or family comes, or descent from a particular parentage, as O'Neil, which would indicate descent from the O'Neil family, and O'Brien means the direct descendant of Brian Boirbhe.

On the other hand O'Caslan means the family from Castlelog in the county of Cork.—Chicago Mail.

A FAMOUS LAWYER.

He Wrote a Very Great Book and a Very Contemptible One.

Simon Greenleaf, the famous law professor at Cambridge, and author of the best treatise on evidence ever written, was a native of New Gloucester, Me. Of poor but respectable parentage, his early advantages were extremely limited. He contrived to study law, and commenced practice in Gray, a little town about twenty miles north of Portland. He was so poor as to be once arrested for debt. He removed to Portland, where he made such a favorable impression that he was appointed reporter of decisions after Maine became a State, and acquired a fine reputation. His business was large, and he stood among the first when he was invited through the influence of Judge Story to become Royal professor of law at Cambridge, where he soon acquired a national reputation. The treatise on evidence was written here. He also wrote a work in defense of the gospels, which was a failure, inasmuch as the attempt was made to support the testimony of the evangelists by the rules of evidence administered in courts of justice. No genius or learning could make success of a work on this basis. The gospels are true; but the evidence is of a far higher kind than that administered in courts of justice, although lawyers sometimes affect to be very wise, and talk in a watery way on this subject. Their efforts in this direction do not strengthen the evidences, and sometimes tend to throw a doubt over what is clear enough when seen from another and proper standpoint. Judge Metcalf, a sturdy believer of the old sort, was not deceived by this sort of thing, and pronounced the work of Mr. Greenleaf "the meanest book ever written by a white man."—Boston Beacon.

Asparagus salad: Cut the green tops from two bunches of asparagus in inch long pieces, mix them with lettuce leaves, a few sprigs of mint and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

The different manufacturing establishments of Ohio produced \$348,519,450 last year from a capital of \$202,990,826.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

The Far-Reaching and Immense Power of Our Most Secret Thoughts.

Though tyranny finds many ways to enslave man, it can have no direct power over his thoughts. His actions may be restrained, his speech may be fettered, his body may be chained, his life itself may be taken away, but his thoughts no one can interfere with. They remain his own, and, except with his will, no one can ever guess what they are. But does this absence of direct power insure true freedom of thought? It may at first sight seem to do so, but a deeper insight into the nature of thought will show that it is itself subject to many influences and conditions. Associations, circumstances, education, climate, race, occupation, hopes, fears, emotions—all exert an indirect but powerful pressure upon thought; so powerful that if in one sense it is always free, in another sense it is always controlled. If no one else can claim authority over our thought, neither may we exercise an absolute and immediate dominion over it. Is freedom of thought, then, a mere name—a sound without meaning? Not so. Real freedom of any kind involves not only the absence of artificial restraint, but the presence of influences favorable to growth and development. The infant left without care is not free; it has no choice but to perish. The body can be enslaved by gout or paralysis as surely as by prisons and chains; both prevent the healthful exercise which is its life. Even indolence and self-indulgence may prove equal tyrants. It is only where a wholesome and active life secures for the body that varied motion and other salutary conditions needful to its best development that we can say the freedom of the body is secured. So the freedom which thought needs is not merely the absence of any personal compulsory force, but the presence of favorable influences, which shall enable it to grow in strength and to perform its functions in the most perfect manner. Our thoughts should be the guides of our whole lives; their province is to discover truth and to reject error, to sift the just from the unjust, the pure from the impure, the better from the worse, and so to apply them as to improve character and life. How important, then, it becomes that we should foster those conditions and influences that will enable thought to perform, without hindrance, so essential a work! One very strong pressure that bears upon thought to prevent its freedom and restrain its growth is that of fancied personal interest. We say fancied, because the real interest of the individual is bound up in the healthful advancement of his thought. But it is not uncommon for people to imagine that their happiness lies in an opposite direction. They fear the censure of their party, or the frown of a fashionable circle, or the loss of favor or patronage, if they follow out some train of thought to its logical conclusions. Or they see that if they accept its issues it will require of them certain sacrifices, which they are not prepared to make. Thus they stifle or abandon thoughts that seem dangerous, and remain on what they suppose to be safe ground, forgetting that there is no mental safety where freedom of thought is banished. Then there are also prejudices and antipathies, and even sympathies, to guard against. It is impossible fully to estimate how much our thinking is governed by our feeling. We love one person and refuse to see any defect in him. We dislike another, and his defects are so patent to us that we see no virtues. So with the parties we espouse and those we oppose. Our tendency is to esteem the ideas and doings of the one as all right and those of the other as all wrong. In general it may be said that the desire to establish as true some particular conclusion, or some special set of ideas, is a stronger element in the investigation than the desire to find out what really is true. Now the desires and the emotions are valuable parts of our nature and deserve full recognition, but when they tyrannize over the thoughts and prevent their free action they exceed their domain and ought to be controlled. It should be a habit of the mind to pause frequently and inquire why we think thus and so; for the motives to thought are as numerous and as varied as the motives to action, and form as good a test of its character. Perhaps few duties are more difficult than this, yet few are more essential to the cause of justice and truth. Could we correctly estimate the immense power of our most secret thoughts, their influence upon speech and action, upon character and life, upon self and others, we should esteem it one of our most sacred obligations to keep them pure and clean, free from the domination of supposed self-interest or desire, passion or emotion, strong to discover truth and right, wherever they lie, and to accept their conclusion wherever they may lead.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MADE OF A SKULL.

A New York Country Editor's Unique But Ghastly Pipe.

Byron wrote lines to a drinking-cup formed of a skull, but it remained for the original mind of a newspaper man to conceive the idea of making a dead skull breathe by turning the dome of thought into a tobacco-pipe. If you enter the private office of the assistant editor of a newspaper in a village not far from this city, you see a young man sitting at a desk, writing and smoking. This commonplace sight is made one of horror by the fact that the pipe is made of a human skull. It sits on the table a couple of feet from the editor, and is connected with his mouth by a rubber tube which enters the head through the cavity which once contained an eye. From the cracks in the skull smoke slowly issues and sometimes for a moment a vivid spark of fire gleams where the light of love or the fires of hate used to burn. Listen, and from the skull comes sounds that resemble gurgling of blood. The man who called the apparatus an "infernal thing" spoke with more truth than he at first intended. Only the more intimate associates of the editor remain long in his sanctum, and few of them have any desire to form a closer acquaintance with the pipe, while only one or two persons have had the nerve to use it. A surgeon borrowed the pipe one night and made the rounds of the hotels, smoking it, much to the horror of the guests and bar-room habitués. The mechanism of the pipe is simple, and precisely the same as that of the chemists' "wash-bottle." It is exposed by removing the top of the skull. The pipe-bowl is placed on one side of the place occupied in the natural state by the middle lobe of the brain. A rubber tube goes from it into a bottle containing water, which rests in the deepest part of the skull, by the side of the orifice through which the spinal cord enters the cranial cavity. Another rubber tube goes from the bottle to the mouth of the smoker.

Never Hesitate to Do Right.

If the most virtuous are those who pretend to have been strongly enticed by their vices before submitting, we could better say that the soldier, who suffered all the agony of terror and finally fled before the enemy, is more worthy of esteem than the soldier who, without fear and without resistance, remained firm at his post. The bravest is he who does not hesitate before danger; the most upright he who does not hesitate to do that which is right. How then, in other circumstances, would not the most virtuous be he who has struggled before succumbing, and not he who remained pure.—N. Y. Ledger.

INDUSTRIOUS MEXICANS.

An American's Visit to a Co-operative Village Near Orizaba.

While stopping at Orizaba, Mexico, I heard that there was a village near the city which was run on the co-operative plan, and I visited it to ascertain the effects of co-operation in practice instead of theory. Tenango, the co-operative village, is located in a little "V" shaped niche in the angle where two mountains join. It faces the south and is as pretty a spot as could have been found in Mexico for a co-operative colony. The population of the village consists of a small tribe of Indians, probably four or five hundred in number, who annually choose an Alcalde and Ayuntamiento, or chief magistrate and council to receive and disburse all moneys received from the products of the village and look after the general welfare of the place. These officials, like the more common members of the community, wear cotton suits, which are made by their wives, and probably cost about one dollar, leather sandals, and cheap sombreros, and work the same as those who hold no office. A small church is located in the center of the village, and a jolly, round-faced padre or priest, who is supported out of the funds of the community, ministers to the spiritual wants of the villagers. The village was in a fair sanitary condition, considered from a Mexican point of view, and the people appeared contented and happy. The principal products of the village are coffee, lemons, oranges, bananas and vegetables, and these, along with corn, furnish a good portion of the provisions on which the people subsist. The coffee raised is far in excess of the amount necessary for home consumption, and the surplus when sold brings in much more than enough money to clothe the people, thus leaving a snug amount in the treasury. There appeared to be no idlers in the village, and during the time when the help of all was not required in the village those who had idle time improved it by going up on the mountains and burning charcoal and hewing out boards or planks and taking them to Orizaba to sell. This industrious disposition on the part of the co-operators caused enough money to flow into the treasury to enable the Alcalde to deal out a liberal portion to each one and still keep an emergency fund in the treasury. The only thing which I saw to give me a bad impression of the village was the condition in which every one who had been to market, returned. An ordinary Mexican can get pretty drunk and enjoy himself, but when a Tenango co-operator comes home from market it can be safely calculated that he is drunker than anybody, can yell louder than anybody, and can lick anybody between the ages of eight and eighty, and will get satisfaction by pounding his poor burro if he can find no cause to pound one of his neighbors.—Cor. Chicago Journal.

THE RINGS OF SATURN.

Prof. Darwin Explains How They Are Viewed by Science To-day.

It has been shown by several lines of investigation that Saturn's rings consist of independent meteorites, moving, such in its orbit, about the planet, and this conclusion may be safely accepted as correct. But every field of thought is now seething with the evolutionary ferment, and as we can not rest satisfied with any conclusion as a finality, we here merely find ourselves at the starting point of new speculations. What, then, is the history of these rings, and what their future fate? They are clearly intimately related to the planet, and their history would be complete if we could with the mind's eye watch their birth from the planet and follow their subsequent changes. Now although the details of such a history are obscure, yet at least a shadowy outline of it may be confidently accepted as known. In the remote past all the matter which now forms the Saturnian system of planet, satellites and rings was far more diffused than at present. There was probably a nucleus of denser matter round which slowly revolved a mass of rarefied gases and meteorites. The central portion was intensely hot, with heat derived by condensation from a state of still greater dispersion. As this nebula cooled it contracted, and therefore revolved more quickly. If you watch the water emptying itself from a common wash-hand basin when the plug at the bottom is removed, you will see an example of such quickened rotation. When the basin is full, the water is commonly revolving slowly in one or the other direction, but as the level falls and the water approaches the hole, it spins more quickly, and the last drops are seen to whirl around with violence. The revolving nebula is flattened at the poles like an orange, and the amount of flattening increases as it contracts and spins quicker. At a certain stage it can no longer subsist in a continuous mass, and an annular portion is detached from the equator, leaving the central ball to continue its contraction. We are pretty safe in saying that the rings of Saturn took their origin in some such mode as this. But it can not be maintained that we understand it all, for we have not more than a vague picture of the primitive nebula, and the mode in which the matter aggregated itself into a ring and detached itself is obscure. M. Roche has done perhaps more than any one else to impart mathematical precision to these ideas, but even he has not been wholly successful.

This theory, commonly called the nebular hypothesis, was advanced independently both by the philosopher Kant and by Laplace. Various modifications have been suggested by others, but the theory, in whatever form, is replete with difficulties, and must at present be only regarded as an approximation to the truth. If the past history of the ring is not wholly clear, it is at least more ascertainable than its future development. It is nearly certain that the ring now presents a markedly different appearance from that which was seen by its discoverers. Indeed the only doubt lies in the uncertainty as to the amount of allowance which must be made for difference of observers and of instruments. Huygens described the interval between the bright ring and the planet as rather exceeding the width of the ring, but this is now flagrantly incorrect. It is improbable that Huygens was incorrect, although, on the other hand, by the most delicate microscopic measurements Struve has been unable to detect any change in an interval of thirty years of this century. We may call to mind that Maxwell showed that a spreading of the rings both outward and inward was a theoretical result of the inevitable impacts between the constituent meteorites, which he used to describe as a shower of brickbats. Thus, whether or not the immense changes suspected since 1659 are true, it remains almost certain that changes of this kind are in progress.

I venture, then, to hazard a few words of speculation as to the future of the rings. The outward spreading will in time carry many meteorites beyond Roche's limit; here there will no longer be an obstacle to aggregation into a celestial body, such aggregation will probably ensue, and a ninth satellite will be formed. The inward spreading will in time carry the meteorites to the limits of Saturn's atmosphere, where, heated by friction as they rush through the air, they will disintegrate and fall on to the planet as dust. After a time, of which no estimate can be formed, the ring will have vanished, leaving the ninth satellite as its descendant. But it must be admitted that all this is highly speculative, and we can only hope that further investigations will give us firmer grounds for a forecast.—Prof. George Howard Darwin, in Harper's Magazine.

THE LANDING OF NAPOLEON AT ELBA.

The Landing of the Conquered Emperor at Porto Ferrajo.

The scene of Napoleon's landing at Porto Ferrajo was a curious one. He had taken the municipality by surprise, so that the proposed decorations and triumphal arch were incomplete. Eighty pounds sterling had been voted for these preparations, and the Council had also decreed that should be expended in the purchase of suitable furniture for the palace which was set apart for him. But, if their means were small, the Elban's hearts were warm. Napoleon was met on the mole by the mayor and corporation, the Vicario and other clergy. The people crowded around the harbor, waved bunting from their windows. The keys of the city were offered to him in a silver dish by the mayor. He did but touch them with his fingers. His troops then escorted him through the little piazza of white houses with green jalousies, now known as Piazza Covour, into the adjacent piazza, (Vittorio Emanuele), by one side of which is the plain little cathedral of the city. Here a Te Deum was sung with enthusiasm. Napoleon stood throughout the function, with bent knees and a far-away look. He was afterward presented with a map of the island. Then he lunched, mounted his white horse Tibertin, and rode out of the battlemented little town to see something of this residue of his great empire. The Vicario's vision of the opulence that was to come upon Elba with the Emperor was illusive. The revenue of the island, all told, was only 387,000 francs. Of this, as soon as the figures were before him, Napoleon devoted 200,000 francs to public works, such as roads and fortifications. The balance was little enough for the maintenance of a court and the several hundred soldiers of the Old Guard who had followed him into exile. By the treaty of Fontainebleau, an annual allowance of 2,000,000 francs was allowed to him. But he received not a franc of this, and had he not carried with him a sum of 3,400,000 francs he would have been at the mercy of the Elbans for the means of existence. As it was, he did not eke out his funds very judiciously. Had his mother kept the bag the Elba establishment might have held out for two or three years instead of less than one year, and Waterloo been postponed. During the first few months he seldom passed a child or a peasant in the road without a brief inquisitorial chat, which ended in the gift of a couple of gold pieces. He gave ragged boys money to buy clothing, and girls napoleons in exchange for flowers. Such lavishness could not last. Retrenchment had to be the order of the day. Thus, at length, the worthy, astonished Elbans found such burdens of taxes laid upon them as they had never dreamed of. At Capoliveri, indeed, there was a revolt. The people, entrenched themselves in their village and took up stones of resistance against the tax collector. "So Capoliveri wants to make war with me!" exclaimed Napoleon, with a brisk air, who he heard of this. But, upon reflection, Capoliveri yielded to the bidding of the victor of Marengo.—Cornhill Magazine.

MR. EDISON'S HABITS.

He is a Hard Worker, Eats Sparingly, and Sleeps Four Hours a Day.

Thomas A. Edison, "the Wizard of Menlo Park," arrived in the city yesterday. A reporter had a long chat with him at his hotel, and here are some of the things he said:

"Yes, I am a hard worker. I hardly ever sleep more than four hours per day, and I could keep this up for a year. Sometimes I sleep ten hours, but I don't feel well when I do. If I could sleep eight hours, as most men do, I would wake up feeling badly. My eyes would hurt me, and I would have a tough time to keep awake. I inherit this from my father. He is a remarkable old man, eating little and sleeping less. I have often known him, when I was a boy, to sit up all night talking politics with a friend or swapping stories.

"I eat about a pound a day, and my food is very simple, consisting of some toast, a little potato or something of that kind. You know when I am working on anything I keep at it night and day, sleeping with my clothes on. I never take them off; don't even wash my face; couldn't think of such a thing, and in this condition I take my meals. If I were to remove my clothes when I slept I would get up feeling out of shape and with no desire to go to work. 'No. 6' is my den in the laboratory, and I shut myself in there and hustle.

"I sleep from six to ten in the morning, and then I jump up and go to work again as fresh as a bird. This is all the sleep I need.

"But I tell you we have lots of fun in the laboratory. Sometime ago I had forty-two men working with me on the incandescent lamp in a big building. I hired a German to play an organ for us all night, and we worked by the music. About one o'clock a farmer bought in our lunch and we ate from a long table. At first the boys had some difficulty in keeping awake, and would go to sleep under stairways and in the corners. We employed watchers to bring them out, and in time they got used to it. After awhile I didn't need forty-two of them, and I discharged six of them. Well, do you know, I couldn't drive them away. They stayed there and worked for nothing.

"O, we enjoy this kind of life! Every now and then I hire a big schooner, and we go down the bay, my men and myself, to fish for a few days. Then we come back and buckle down to it again."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.