

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Out West a man who is hard up can sometimes "raise the wind" on a pre-loan.—Gripsack.

—A West Point cadet who violates the law against cigarette smoking is obliged to pace back and forth, rain or shine, for twelve hours, with a musket on his shoulder.

—The Indians of the Five Nations take great interest in news from the surrounding States, as well as within the borders of their own nations. Ten weekly newspapers are published within the Territory, and a number of daily newspapers from the States are taken by the Indians.

—Wherever the water is fresh enough to grow oysters and wherever the marsh lands also exist, the construction of ponds for oyster culture is feasible on just as grand a scale as is now practiced on some parts of the coast of France.

—During a matrimonial dispute the wife of an apothecary, as a last resort, tried to work on her husband's better feelings by bursting into tears. "What's the use of crying," said he; "there's nothing to be made out of tears. I have tested them chemically and find they consist of an infinitesimal proportion of phosphate of lime and a little chloride of soda; the rest is insipid, worthless water."

—Hopeful signs: The Sultan of Zanzibar has abolished slavery. The Queen of Madagascar has decreed that all persons brought from the neighboring coast of Africa as slaves shall be set free. It is reported that the Arab slave trade in East Africa is decreasing. On King Leopold's invitation the Sultan will send a special delegate to the Anti-Slavery Congress.

—Capital punishment: Teacher, describing experiences of the day to a friend.—"In order to punish Johnny Hanson I caused him to sit beside Miss Fresh, the prettiest girl in the school." Friend—"And how did it work?" "Judge for yourself. The girl did not seem a whit disconcerted, and smiled so sweetly on Johnny that he lost his head completely." "Why, that was capital punishment."—Philadelphia Press.

—Philadelphia has a witty judge—as wise, it is said, as he is witty—who was once called on by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania to reverse his own decision against the admission of a woman as an attorney and counsel-at-law. Having duly admitted her to the bar, the first of her sex in that State, the judge gravely proceeded: "And now, lady and gentlemen, it only remains for me to declare court open." etc.

—Why do we always talk of putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before a vest? We also say putting on shoes and stockings. Who puts on the shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his jacket when he means to warm his pantaloons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases, ain't we, at times?

—"What a houseful of children you have, uncle," said a gentleman to an old negro, whose cabin swarmed with children of all ages and sizes. "Yes, sah, yes, sah," replied their father, proudly, "thirteen in all, sah; not one too many. Couldn't spar' one. All boys but two, sah, en chances fo' de las' one ob'em to git into Congress. Yes, sah! 'Taint many men has de chance ob bein' fader to 'leben Congressmen—no, sah!"—Youths' Companion.

—At the recent State election in Bismarck, Lum Hing, a Chinese laundryman, took out citizenship papers and voted, casting his ballot for the Republican ticket. This is the first case of the kind in the history of North Dakota, and the event is subject of much gossip. Lum Hing is twenty-eight years of age, and says he will remain in the United States during the remainder of his days. He may return to China to visit his people, but he will always be a "Mellican slitzen."

—"At home Tuesdays in March from three until six o'clock," read a simple-minded old lady on the wedding cards of a young couple of her acquaintance. "Well, well," she said, deprecatingly. "Carrie always was an awful girl to go, but I did think she'd stop her gadding round and settle down after she married; but this looks like she expected to get it worse than ever, when she has to send out notice that she won't be at home but three hours a week. Great house-keeping she'll do at that rate! I pity her husband!"

—"Rustrum," the elephant presented to the Berlin Zoological Gardens in 1881 by the Prince of Wales, became so treacherous that lately it was decided to strangle him. A three-quarter-inch steel wire was procured, and while the animal was exercising in the open air, a noose was made and slipped over his head. Forty-two men at a given signal, began pulling on the cable, but as soon as "Rustrum" felt the growing pressure on his neck he gave his head a sudden jerk, snapping the rope. No further attempt to end the beast's existence was made.

—The oldest person who has died this year, according to the longevity sharps, was Gottfried Wapmarek, who passed away in Germany not many weeks ago at the undisputed age of 126 years. The oldest person of modern times whose death is recorded accurately was Louisa Truxo, an English woman, who was 175 years old when she died in 1780. There was a Don Cameron, who may have been an ancestor of the present family of long lived Camerons in Pennsylvania, who died in Scotland in 1759 at the age of 130 years.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

A Western Editor's Experience with Human Nature.

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

WE ARE LEFT.—For the past four weeks our friends have been eagerly pressing us to take the nomination for mayor on the people's ticket. We do not crave office, and are a very busy man, but the pressure became so great we had to give in. Last Tuesday evening the city caucus was held, and instead of being nominated for mayor we received only three votes out of upwards of sixty cast. Our friends were mistaken when they insisted that we were wanted. Instead of being the unanimous choice of the patriotic people, we had the pleasure of seeing Jerry Baxter, the meanest man in town, given the nomination. O, well, that's human nature right enough, and an editor fool enough to go into politics deserves to be driven head first into the tan-bark as we were. We have a word to say, however, the Kicker will not only bolt every candidate on the ticket, but we guarantee to have nine-tenths of the nominees in prison before they are a month older. Veni cum granis! which is Latin for saying: Don't monkey with a newspaper man.

A BASE FALSEHOOD.—We have ascertained that it was Colonel Kehoe who started the story that we had the proprietor of the Red Star saloon lynched by a mob last week in order to avoid paying him a liquor bill of \$18. We encountered the Colonel in Davis' livery barn yesterday, grabbed him by the throat and backed him against the heels of a stage male, and between us and the mute the Colonel received a drubbing which will last him a lifetime. He acknowledged that he was a liar, slanderer and thief, and that his course towards us was actuated by personal spite. At that very moment he had on our second-best undershirt, our Sunday necktie and the pantaloons that we never wear except on holidays, and was in debt to us for many other favors. As to the lynching, we suggested it because Tim O'Neil, the victim, had fallen into the habit of killing a man about seven times a week, and there was every reason to believe that the coroner was standing in with him on the fees. We should have suggested stretching the coroner's neck a little at the same time, but as he brought us in a club of thirteen subscribers we didn't think it would look exactly right.

HAVE GOT A FEW.—A correspondent inquires if The Kicker has any libel suits on hand, as the result of its independent and outspoken course. Well, yes, it has a few—about four dozen, we believe, but we are not worrying any. They have all been instituted by second-class ducks, who haven't any character to be damaged, and the whole batch will probably be thrown out of court in a lump some day. In the beginning of our career a libel suit used to give us the colic for three days and nights, and we'd wake up from a troubled sleep to find our cheeks wet with tears, but we soon got sunburned. Indeed, we rather prefer to see them come. It looks like business.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE PROFESSOR.—Ever since we took possession of our office on Sioux avenue certain people have taken a malicious delight in heaving rocks at the doors and through the windows at midnight. We put up with it the first six months because we were afraid, and the next six because we liked to see people enjoy themselves. Then we warned the public to let up or somebody would get hurt. Last Wednesday night a rock weighing three pounds came through a window and barely missed our head as we lay sleeping on our cot. As we got to the door with our shot-gun some one could be seen making off over the commons towards Elkins' saloon. We drew on him and pulled trigger and something uttered a yell. Yesterday the body of Professor Jenkins was found in the sagebrush about two miles from town, and it was plain that he died of a dose of buckshot in the back. Just as likely as not he was the chap we aimed at in the darkness. We didn't owe him any particular grudge, and we didn't know that he did us, and we were willing to foot half the burial expenses at a venture.

A BASE COWARD.—The item in the Chicago press of recent date that we had been fatally wounded by a judge for publishing a slander was not exactly correct. In the first place, the individual was a cowboy named Rose. In the next place the article was true, and in the third place, after he had fired five shots at us without touching a hair, we knocked him silly with a squash which we picked up in front of Snyder's grocery. Then we stood on him for about half an hour, and when he went out of town our brindle dog was chasing him at the rate of twenty miles an hour.—Detroit Free Press.

—In Hamilton, Ohio, a man died a few days ago, who had \$500 in money laid up, and a payment of \$150 was due to save his home. His widow took the money to buy a fine casket, and an expensive lot in the cemetery, and to hire twenty-five hacks for the procession, and thus used every dollar and let her home go by default.

—A charming way to flavor custards is to beat fruit jelly with the whites of the eggs; red raspberry jelly and quince jelly are especially nice for this.—Christian Union.

—Blacking the nose as a preventive of snow-blindness seems to have become recognized as successful.

SCHOOLS IN ALASKA.

How the Government Helps Missionaries Educate the Natives.

What have the Senate Committee on Indian affairs, who so shrewdly chose a trip to Alaska for this summer's jaunt, found out about the schools of that Territory? This is a subject that raises discussion from time to time when Congress is engaged upon Territorial appropriations.

After the Territory was acquired from Russia, the Presbyterians, who from the first have been prominent in missionary enterprise in that region, established a sort of industrial school at Fort Wrangell under Rev. Mr. Young. Boys and girls were taught farm work. The boys also learned some trades, and the girls were taught the art of housekeeping. Congress appropriated \$4,000 a year to aid this enterprise; and Mr. and Mrs. Young were encouraged to go on and employ assistants. After two years the appropriation was discontinued and the industrial farm was abandoned. The Presbyterians, however, kept on elsewhere with their missions and their schools. Still, as a whole, the education of Alaska was for many years pretty much neglected.

A public school system was introduced in Alaska only five years ago. The Indian appropriation bill of 1884 provided for the maintenance of industrial schools. The appropriation was renewed for four years, but as it amounted to only \$15,000 or \$20,000 annually, the Interior Department considered that the wisest use that could be made of the money was to divide it among the religious societies for the purpose of enlarging the existing schools and establishing new ones. By that time, too, the Indian Office, which had originally sought to manage the schools, concluded that they properly belonged to the Bureau of Education.

The commissioners held that any appropriation for this purpose should be for the people of Alaska, not for the Indians, and that the whole matter should be put "under the management of the Bureau of Education, which has its own officials on the ground, and is now better equipped than the Indian Office would ever be for the prosecution of such work." Congress adopted this view, and thus the business has gone on.

The amount appropriated for education in Alaska last year was \$45,000, and for 1889 it is \$50,000. Last year Secretary Vilas reported the existence of 38 schools, 15 supported by the government, 15 by the Russian church, six by other religious bodies, and two by the Alaska Commercial Co., built on St. Paul's and St. George's Island. The aggregate attendance in all these schools was over 1,800 pupils, 1,261 of whom were instructed in the government schools.

The Senate Committee have visited the colony of 1,200 converted and christianized natives who removed two years ago to Annette Island from Matlakahia in British Columbia and they were much impressed by the progress of these Indians in civilization. But the fact is their leader, Mr. William Duncan, has been engaged among them for about thirty years. Had not both the civil authorities of British Columbia and the Bishop made trouble for him, he and his India's would still be on the opinion side of the line. Instead of that they have annexed themselves to the United States, and during the first year of their residence in Alaska they erected dwellings, school-houses, a church and a saw-mill, and, as Secretary Vilas reported, seemed likely "to become an important element in the industrial and social development of the Territory." Congress voluntarily set apart \$2,500 of the last fiscal year's school appropriation for this colony and Mr. Duncan laid it out in paying the salaries of teachers. This year the colony receives \$3,000.

Another interesting and important school is that of the Presbyterian mission in the suburb of Sitka, for which last year Congress set apart the liberal sum of \$12,500 out of its total appropriation. In return the Home Mission Board agreed to support 84 pupils at the institution, which had already been provided from its private resources with school rooms, dormitories, shops for learning the trades of carpenter, shoemaker and blacksmith, a laundry and sewing room for the girls and agricultural tools for working the farm.—N. Y. Sun.

Porous Earthen-Ware Floors.

A writer in one of the technical journals advocates porous earthen-ware floors as preferable in certain respects to those of wood, brick, stone, or tiles, especially if raised above the ground on wooden joists, as they should be, in order to avoid taking up the moisture; if laid directly on the ground they must be asphalted on their under side. It is urged that their non-conductivity to cold, on account of the cellular air spaces which abound throughout their structure, gives them a peculiar advantage over the other materials named, which when not covered, are so cold to the feet. The surface becomes as hard and durable as stone when properly cemented, that is, when the wares are first thoroughly wetted before the cement is applied to them; it will then be a long time in setting, and becoming thus thoroughly incorporated with the wares, insures a permanent and unexceptionable floor surface, being fire-proof, vermin proof and not subject as is wood, to decay or the necessity of renewal; of course, too, wind is practically excluded, there being no cracks through which it can find entrance, even though the house be not underpinned. In appearance this style of flooring will compare favorably with that of stone, brick or the common red tile when uncovered.—N. Y. Sun.

INSPIRATION OF HOPE.

True Enjoyment of Life Consists in Generous Employment of Time.

It may be said that hope is the courage of youth, while resignation is the philosophy of age. But though it is true that time is destined sooner or later to foreclose its mortgage on our most magnificent air-castles, we seldom permit ourselves to believe that there are no reprisals in store for us. Certainly, it is better so; for otherwise the mainsprings of endeavor and enterprise would be broken, and there would be an end to progress. There are, probably, not many men who are as happy as they expect to be; but this expectation cheers us all along the road, though we may be traveling only from one disappointment to another, and he who never loses hope is never altogether miserable. These things are true, we say, of the race as well as of the individual. The world has always dreamed of perfection. Its habit is to regard its condition at any time as temporary and provisional. Its golden age is always just ahead. For a long time it hoped to find the secret of happiness by some surprise of nature, and with a child's heart it went in search of the treasure at the end of the rainbow. Meanwhile, it has made some actual advance. It has not yet invented a perpetual motion machine, but it has unquestionably made a great many improvements in machinery. It has not discovered the philosopher's stone; but it has unearthed a vast deal of gold and silver, and it has learned that iron is, after all, the most precious of the metals. It has not found anywhere a fountain of youth, or compounded the elixir of life; but it has made very valuable additions to its materia medica, developed a science of sanitation, and elaborated a rational system of hygiene. The world, as a whole, is healthier and more comfortable than it used to be. On the other hand, philosophy has not kept pace with practical science. There was once a hope that a perfect system of philosophy would some time be evolved. Men hoped to think out a true theory of life and a faultless system of government. They sought to demonstrate by logical processes the immortality of the soul, and to solve the problem of the origin of evil. But philosophy, though it is still fascinating, has never answered its own questions. System has followed system, and speculation after speculation has been abandoned in the dark until the world has at last lost faith in mere metaphysics. Year after year the old earth rolls around its orbit, grinding out the lives of men, while the Sphinx remains silent and inscrutable in the illimitable desert of human ignorance. The multitudes who have wandered there have left no record but a bewildering maze of confused footsteps. But the world endures these failures without losing heart. It hopes on and ever, refusing to accept death as the last word of destiny to man. Science has its limitations, philosophy moves nowhither, and statesmanship is baffled in the hour of its seeming triumph; but the world has no room for despair. There is more pessimism on paper than in the human heart. Good men and true are every where at work under the inspiration of faith and hope. School-houses, hospitals, asylums, homes for the homeless, churches, multiply continually. Hope inspires activity, and action is the solvent of doubt. He is to blame who does not know more than he can prove. It is possible, at least, to know that the true enjoyment of life consists in the generous employment of time. "Do the duty," said one sage, "that lies nearest to you." Sit not and question, stand and act.—N. O. Picayune.

THE SMALLEST NATION.

Something About a Republic with Only One Hundred Citizens.

About ten leagues from Oleron, in the Department of the Lower Pyrenees, lies the hamlet of Goust, situated on the summit of a high mountain. It consists only of a few scattered cottages, with a population of about a hundred persons, forming an industrious and thriving community who support themselves by wool and silk weaving. Belonging neither to France nor Spain, the hamlet constitutes a small independent State, under the government of a council of adirmen, whose collective wisdom has the force of law. No rates for taxes of any description are paid, for the republic of Goust possesses neither a salaried clergyman nor a mayor, nor any other officials. In the neighboring parish of Laurens their children are baptized, their citizens married and their dead buried. The cemetery of Laurens adjoins the boundary of Goust and the coffin with its occupant is made to slide down a channel specially dug out for the purpose, as the only road leading to Laurens is so steep as to be impracticable for the conveyance of heavy burdens on men's shoulders. The citizens of the republic attain a great age and a goodly number of both sexes are centenarians. The young men, as a rule, get their wives from abroad, chiefly from the Ossan Valley, near Laurens. For centuries past the population has remained stationary, and their ancient manners, customs and traditions have been preserved with remarkable fidelity. No one in this little State can be regarded as rich or poor, mean or respectable, or as occupying the position of master or servant. The tiny republic has a language of its own, a cross between French and Spanish.—Paris Figaro.

—Thieves made a Dunkard's meeting-house in Heidelberg, township, Lebanon County, Pa., a receptacle for stolen goods.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

Some of the Prominent Characteristics of the Late Maria Mitchell.

From an open letter on Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, by Anna C. Brackett, in the Century, we quote the following: "Nothing was more characteristic of her than the way in which she accepted the position and the salary offered her, without ever thinking to inquire whether the salary was the same as that given to the other professors. It was the chance to work that she wanted, the chance for influence in one of the first colleges for women. The money she was to receive was a minor consideration, and quite as characteristic was her indignation when, after being there for a considerable time, her attention was at last called to the fact that she, a mature woman, with a European fame, was receiving a salary less than that paid to some of the professors who were young men, almost entirely without experience, and quite destitute of reputation. The indignant protest, which then called for an equal salary, was not a personal affair. She flamed out in behalf of all women, and of abstract justice, with a glow which forced an immediate increase in salary. The excuse for this injustice must be found first in the fact that, at the time when Vassar College was established, women had not proved what they can do in professional lines, and, second, in the very conservative influences which guided the policy of the institution. In her religious belief Maria Mitchell was attached to one of the so-called liberal sects. The children of the old Quaker families of Nantucket generally went over to the Unitarians if they departed from the strict faith of their fathers, so that in this matter also she was almost if not quite alone at Vassar. But she was appointed on the ground of her reputation as an astronomer, and fortunate was it for the college that the question of her religious belief was not raised till after her appointment.

"The absolute truth which, as I have said, was the key-note of her character, could not fail to make her teaching thorough, for a love of truth is one and the same, whether in the intellectual or the moral sphere. But, as with all true teachers, it was the force of her personal character that acted most upon the young women with whom she came in contact. No one of them but was lifted and strengthened by her strength, sincerity and single-heartedness. It was difficult for her to use diplomacy in ever so small a degree, and what skill in it she did gain was the outcome of long years of experience, and she never employed it without a mental protest. She gave the New England stamp to whatever thing she touched, and the lines of influence she has left on many characters are as indelible as those on the rock surfaces of New England's granite hills."

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

According to a Banker Bangles Have Captured the Little Coin.

A New York banker: "In this speculative age little difficulty is encountered in literally procuring \$2 for \$1, if the fortunate man only happens to possess the right kind of a dollar. It was a common saying, not many years back, to speak of a conservative business man, not inclined to speculate, as being so cautious that he would not pay more than eighty big copper cents for a small gold dollar. Nowadays a man can walk into a bank with a yellow gold dollar and exchange it for from \$1.50 to \$2 in white silver, red copper or crisp notes.

"The fair sex, as a rule, is not given to speculation. Nevertheless it has actually, unintentionally perhaps, and without malice, made a corner in gold dollars. The craze for bangles has about ended, but only for the reason that the women of America are carrying almost the entire gold dollar currency of the country upon their necks, arms, fingers and ears.

"On March 3, 1849, the United States Mint was authorized by law to coin \$1 gold pieces. The weight of the coin was to be 25.8 grains, and the degree of fineness was fixed at 900. The same year the first gold dollar coin was registered, but from the beginning it did not meet with popular favor because of its inconveniently small size.

"Along in the fifties the coin was made of larger diameter but thinner. During the war but little gold was circulated, and upon the resumption of specie payment the small gold coin was not received as well as the silver 'cart-wheel' of the same denomination. So apparent is the objection to the gold dollar as a circulating medium, that for the past decade its coinage has virtually been suspended, except the issuance of a few special copies each year."—Jewellers' Weekly.

Finish What You Begin.

My old great-grandmother Knox had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cob-house they must not leave it until it was done, and nothing of the work or play to which they set their hands would she allow them to abandon incomplete. I sometimes wish I had been trained in this way. How much of life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless would finish five of them, and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief; time is short. Stop beginning forty things, and go finish four. Put patient, persistent toil into the matter, and be assured, one complete undertaking will yield yourself more pleasure and the world more profit than a dozen fair plans of which people say, "This man began to build and was not able to finish."—Geldica Days.

PERSONS OF TACT.

A Grace of Character Capable of Smoothing Life's Rough Edges.

Personal beauty is of far less importance than those graces of character which generate fine manners, and the tact which is capable of smoothing the rough edges of life. The hostess who took a chicken bone in her fingers and faintly gnawed it, because a guest was evidently accustomed to that freedom of manner, exercised a fine tact which very likely saved him from lifelong mortification.

"O, mamma, I know I behaved well," said a young girl on coming home from her first coronation dinner; "I'm sure I did every thing right, because Mrs. Bland did exactly the same every time." "I've no doubt you did behave well," said her mother, gently, but you must remember that Mrs. Bland was your aunt, and that she would be the last person to teach you a lesson.

"O, I'm that fond of him!" said an Irish washer-woman, one day, in speaking of an employer. "He makes yer heart warm up so! If ever he comes to the door, and Tim's settin' drunk on the step, he don't look at him, no no! He only says to me, 'Mrs. Flannagan, how foine yer dailys is, and may I pick one for my wife? An' how yer boy Mike is beatin' all the other boys at his books!' An' when he goes away sometimes I think he's that innocent he don't know Tim's had a glass."

But the gentleman did know it, and had covered his knowledge with gracious tact. A distinguished literary man, who was the guest of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, was one evening talking with the Princess Louise, whom he was to take in to dinner, when the Prince approached.

"Why did you not put on some of your orders?" asked the Prince, after exchanging a few cordial remarks.

The guest had left his orders at home, and was somewhat puzzled to account for his forgetfulness, when the Princess Louise rescued him from his uncomfortable position.

"Literary men do not need orders and decorations," she said. "Their orders are their published books, and these are always before the eyes of the public."—Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN RAZORS.

A St. Louis Barber Talks About the Chief Implement of His Trade.

American manufacturers have succeeded in rivaling European cutlers in nearly every branch, but they have failed to make any serious inroads into the razor business. Several Eastern houses have tried to make razors, but one by one they have dropped out of the business, till to-day there are very few remaining, and in spite of the tariff fully nine-tenths of the razors sold in this country are made in Europe. People who are "smart" suppose that the words "Sheffield, England," etched on razor blades are often put there by American houses, but this is not the case. There is a very popular razor now on the market and named after a famous United States military colloger, which is a mystery, and not one man in fifty who handles it knows where or by whom it is made. The great proportion of imported razors are from England, though the Germans are making inroads on the Sheffield trade, as they are much better concavers and their steel is quite as good. Very small razors are a fad with some people, but a popular size is the five-eighths of an inch blade. In the West three-fourths or seven-eighths used to be most in demand, but now these are mostly considered clumsy. Strange to say, the West has advanced more rapidly in this respect than the East, and even now in Pennsylvania there is a demand for blades one inch and one and one-fourth inches wide. Barbers have a preference for very thin blades, and as they know how to keep these in order, they can do good work with them. But the man who shaves himself, especially if he is heavy-handed, had better use a fairly thick blade. Otherwise he will damage his razor in less than a month and the skin on his face and chin is less than a week.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ASTIGMATISM EXPLAINED.

An Optician's Chat About Spectacles and Eye-Glasses.

A Philadelphia optician: "People wear spectacles a great deal more than formerly. This is because, no matter what mis a person's eyes in the form of defective vision, it can almost always be remedied by the use of properly fitted spectacles or eye-glasses. Near-sightedness was once the most prevalent complaint, but now astigmatism has taken first place. A simple explanation of astigmatism is this: Take a person who is affected by it and place before him at a distance of ten or fifteen feet a card with five or six parallel lines drawn on it. Turn the card so that the lines are horizontal and they will appear natural, turn the card again, making the lines vertical or oblique, and it will produce an entirely different effect, making the lines seem arched or nearer apart or perhaps blurred.

"Eye-glasses are most worn. Formerly spectacles held the lead, because eye-glasses could not be gotten to fit and were generally too narrow and did not give the satisfactory results that spectacles afford. An invention has been patented, however, which provides for a different spring, setting the glasses further apart and which has attached to it a little springy piece of cork, which is clamped to one's nose and which, without pinching, holds it firmly that it can not possibly be taken off."—Jewellers' Weekly.

—A drill is a bore—especially to the man in charge of the awkward squad.