

How to Enjoy Life.
To enjoy life does not mean going or staying. If you can watch a tree growing, a flower blooming or the blue sky deepening; if you can listen to a gull squawking along a dusty lane, to a pilot gackling over a first egg, to a sleepy child crooning herself to sleep with a lullaby tune; if you can watch a cow licking her calf, a young mother suckling her babe, and take a big interest in all these things, feeling in the marrow of your bones that they are a true part of life's sweetness and simplicity, why then I think you may truly answer "Yes, oh yes," when one questions you "Do you enjoy life, good sir?"

It is not a good habit to be bored of things, to cultivate ennui. Every day the sun comes up and shines, and hearts beat and people are born, and some die and some marry and some hate and some love, so who are you and what are you to strut around like a fool of a turkey gobbler the week before Thanksgiving and say you are bored and life is too dull for your palate? After all you fill no more space than a fool takes on the sidewalk or under the green grass; so be careful how you venture to draw about you a circle of exclusiveness. Be careful how you fall into the way of thinking the earth was made for you. Do not insist, as many selfish people do, on going through the world with an air cushion upon which you may sit in luxurious ease, while there are only stony benches for the rest of poor mortality.—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

Disposition of the Dead.
The disposition of the dead is attracting more attention in England. The question is being agitated by the English Burial Reform Association. During late years there has been more or less discussion on this topic. The objection to the present mode of burial is based on two grounds. First, the sanitary reason, and second, the financial cost. As funerals are managed in the present time they are expensive and fall with much weight upon the poor, who are as fond of manifesting their respect for the dead by large funerals as are the rich. A medical authority in London declares that the average cost every year for burying the dead in England and Wales alone is \$25,000,000. This would make the average expense of every funeral about \$50. In the United States it cannot be any less.

The sanitary objection is based upon the reports of sanitary authorities that communities living in the neighborhood of graveyards suffer from ailments to which those who live a distance from the place of burial are strangers. Disraeli, in the house of lords, for this reason urged that all the God's acres in Great Britain should be closed. These reasons are making many converts to cremation. The best evidence of the growth of this idea is to be found in the strength of the International Cremation congress, which was held about a year ago in Milan. The roll included representatives from every part of the civilized world.—Detroit Free Press.

Luck Saved the Train.
I remember some years ago when I had charge of trains on a southern road, where telegraph offices were few and far between, of giving an order to the operator at a certain station to hold the north bound passenger train for orders, so that I might help the south bound passenger train to make its meeting point, the latter being somewhat late. The operator repeated the holding order, for which I gave him O. K. I then gave the south bound train an order to use some of the north bound train's time to make the meeting point. Instead of holding the north bound train for orders the operator let it go by him. The road was crooked, and as both trains were between telegraph stations I started to walk the floor and wait until I should hear of their coming together. The suspense was terrible, almost unlifting me for my other duties. As good luck would have it, the north bound train, which had undisputed right of the road, was delayed before reaching the meeting point. When the first train reached a telegraph station I felt relieved, but the strain had been so terrible on my nerves that I was not good for much for several days, and the experience of that morning will ever remain in my mind.—Train Dispatcher in Globe-Democrat.

Better to Receive Than Give.
In a St. Albans church on a recent Sunday a little lad looked on with surprise as the contribution boxes were passed around. He had an idea that the cash was being distributed gratis, and so, just as the box was leaving the pew in which he sat, he put his chubby little hand in among the change and brought out a dollar, and was quite disgusted when his mamma made him disgorge.—St. Albans Messenger.

A Question About Phillips Brooks.
When Phillips Brooks rose last Sunday to give out his text, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me," a little fellow, 5 or 6 years old, looked up anxiously into his grandpa's face, as he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, plainly audible to those in the adjacent seats, "Grandma, was Mr. Brooks ever really in prison?"—Boston Gazette.

Origin of Steam Power.
The first records we have of steam being applied as a motive power are found in a manuscript entitled, "Spiritalia Sen Pneumatica," written about 200 years B. C., by Hero, a learned philosopher of Alexandria.

In it he describes a little instrument which he calls an "aeolipile" or "wind ball." It consists of a hollow ball of metal supported on trunnions, and having a number of jets bent at right angles and equally distant from the points of support. Steam is admitted into the ball through one of the trunnions, and as soon as it is introduced it issues violently from the mouth of each jet, making a noise like the rushing of the wind, and hence its name. On the opposite side of each jet it passes without being able to escape, and this unbalanced pressure makes the globe revolve, giving up a form of rotary engine by which machinery can be set in motion.

The first really practical steam engine was invented by Thomas Newcomen, a blacksmith of Dartmouth, England, and was put in operation in pumping out mines about 1711.—"J. H. E." in Boston Budget.

Asia's Old Effete Nation.
It will not be long before we, the advanced guard of the Aryan race, will be in close connection and intercourse with the parent stock in India. Our ideas are there already, and our institutions are admired and desired in Bombay and Calcutta. Our reapers are in use in their fields and our sewing machines in their houses. But of more importance is the fact that there is a native press growing up with great rapidity all through India. Their congress of 600 deputies is less like the English parliament than like our own house of representatives. Three and one-third millions of pupils are in state schools, while 30,000 young men have, within ten years, passed university examinations. The old effete nation, or complexity of nations, has renewed its youth. We may look for great events in Asia.—Globe-Democrat.

Too Much Learning.
Gus De Smith—What did you do with that letter that was on my table?
Colored Boy—I took it to do psalms, ash, and put it into do hole.
Gus De Smith—Did you not see there was no address on the envelope?
Colored Boy—I saw dar was no writin' on develope, but I couldn't tell who yer was a writin' to 'e an edicated niggab, I is, and I 'posed you knowed hit.—Texas Siftings.

Enough to Mix Any One Up.
"Start to-morrow on your vacation, eh? Where are you going?"
"Oh, just down to Rocky Beach."
"Aha! How do you go to get there?"
"Blamed if I know! I thought I did, but I have been studying a railroad guide to make sure, and I can't tell anything about it."—Lowell Citizen.

ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD.
Young Tommy, a Goat, a Hoe and a Pretty Grave.
A dear, benevolent old gentleman gave to an infant terrible a fine goat. This was a few days ago. The youngster was naturally delighted with his pet. His goat, vaguely to his friends and enemies that he was training an animal which would be a terror to the neighborhood. Doubtless the goat would have proved a very disturbing element in society if its youthful owner had not trained it a trifle too fine.

It came about in this wise:
The goat—and of this there is no doubt—stood badly in need of a washing. Tommy, as its owner may be called for the occasion, was not generally overfond of washing, but as regards goats he was an ardent lover of cleanliness. So he got a garden hose and attached it to a hydrant. Then he tied up the goat securely and played upon it till the animal's hair was as clean as the streets of Pittsburgh will be at the millennium.

Then Tommy fell to communing with himself.
"If," reasoned he, "the goat was so dirty outside, he must be very far from clean inside."
This seemed conclusive to Tommy's companions, and they consented to hold the goat while he effected the internal purification.

Tommy inserted the nozzle of the hose into the goat's mouth.
It is a painful subject.
But the goat was a very pretty grave at the end of the lawn between two laurel bushes.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Reasoning from Analogy.
A 4-year-old miss lately created a good deal of consternation, not unmixt with amusement, in a small social circle uptown. She had been on a visit to her grandfather, and while there was in the habit of playing with him as he lay, half asleep, on the sofa. One day, as her chubby fingers glided carelessly over the old gentleman's scant locks, he murmured drowsily, in reply to some infantile remark: "Yes, I'm your poor old bald headed grandfather."

One evening not long afterwards, a young old bachelor was making a call on the family, towards a certain member of which, only 18 and decidedly pretty, he inclined with very tender feelings. Into the pleasant circle where the bachelor sat flashing bright notions of society talk, entered the 4-year-old. Unseen by the gentleman she sauntered around the room inspecting him, and gazed with especial interest on his polished scalp which gleamed in the light of the chandelier. Suddenly, with a burst of ingenuous sociability, she threw herself at his knees and exclaimed: "Whose poor old bald headed grandfather are you?"—Philadelphia Times.

The Pocket in His Night Shirt.
The precocity of eight-year-old boys has often been the theme for newspaper comment, but I think I know of one who is entitled to particular distinction for his brightness. The other day he imported his mamma for a night shirt "just like papa's," with a pocket in it. His mother made him one, and the first night he wore it he went to bed in high glee. In the morning, when his mother took the robe off, she found in the one pocket a couple of seed cakes, three matches, a toothpick, a small silver watch, several pieces of cough candy and the boy's pocket handkerchief. When the little fellow was questioned as to the reason for the varied assortment he replied: "Well, I thought if I got hungry in the night time I would need the seed cakes, and of course I'd want the toothpick afterward. If I wanted to see what time it was by my watch I would have to have a match, and I was afraid of coughing, so I put the candy there." His excuses were equal to his preparations at any rate.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Adulation.
This represents the prevailing amusement in village circles just at present. The young gentleman in the center is a recently graduated cadet from Annapolis and is being welcomed home.—Judge.

Terse.
The following notice was posted on the Brunswick and Western bulletin board Friday morning by the agent to keep from answering the thousand and one questions about the train: "All trains delayed on account of fire at Tifton. Tift's planing mill burned. This is all we know." A mischievous chap came along and read it, and forthwith began to study up some way to catch the agent, so poked his head in at the door and said: "Mister, when did this thing occur?" Forthwith another line was added to the bulletin: "Happened last night."—Brunswick (Ga.) Advertiser.

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