

The sleeping echoes of her quiet room
Are never waked by bursts of childish
glee.
And up the polished staircase never come
Light pattering of footsteps swift and
free.
Alone she sits in the twilight gloom
Dreams happily of what shall never
be!

Sometimes her wistful fancy strews the
floor
(Rich carpeted and neat) with broken
toys;
Paints finger prints on window glass and
door.
Hears echoes of shrill laughter and
rude noise;
All that a tired mother might deplore
Would seem to her starved heart as
priceless joys!

Till, from the world without, some sudden
note
Of childish voices through her hearing
rings,
And sobs of anguish rise to her white
throat,
Round which no dimpled arm in mis-
chief clings;
Gone are the sweet dream-fancies, as
may float
From earth to heaven the flash of angel
wings.

And yet, no little empty crib is there
To mock the mother arms, outstretch-
ed in vain,
She hears no shining tress of silken
hair,
No tiny grave where buried hopes lie
slain;
Only the deeper loss she has to bear
Upon whose heart no babe of hers has
lain.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Blue Skirt

JESSIE GALE was ambitious, im-
moderately so.
Jack Gale was ambitious, too,
but temperately so.

It was because of the varying de-
grees of their ambition that this story
came about.

Jessie could sing. Jack could not. He
could only listen with a rare apprecia-
tion and adore this particular singer
beyond all bounds of her deserts. For
Jack was as gifted in the rare art of
loving truly as Jessie was in the art
of singing. Rather more, I should say.

All this had much to do with the blue
skirt, for it was these psychologic
conditions that brought about the in-
cident of the blue skirt.

Jack had always extravagantly ad-
mired the gown of which the blue skirt
was a component part. He had told
her so often, but Jessie had answered
reiteratingly that it was "such a
simple little affair." Pale blue cham-
bray, made with a blouse effect and
trimmed with ruffles edged with nar-
row tulle. So a woman would have
described it, but to sturdy, honest, lov-
ing Jack it was a blue cloud flecked
with white, from which the black eyes
and curling black hair, the red lips and
creamy skin of his wife gleamed forth
brilliantly.

Jack never forgot the day she tossed
it aside.

"I'll never wear that old thing
again," she said. "I do hate to wear
things when they've grown shabby."

There was a little tremor of sensi-
tiveness in Jack's face as the words
struck cruelly upon his ear, but he
made a manful effort to suppress it.
His income was small, but he was do-
ing his best to increase it, and the in-
come was sure to come if it was a bit
slow. He had told Jessie so often and
had explained that there was some dis-
position to keep the young engineers
down.

The older fellows naturally want to
keep the best positions," he said. "Try
to be patient, Jessie. I am doing my
best, dear."

And Jessie was silent. She had the
introspective nature that matches
heavy-lidded eyes, habitually cast
down. And the habits of silence and
introspection were growing.

It was on the evening of the day that
Jessie said she had thrown away "the
old blue dress" that the great change
came.

Jessie heard that a theatrical man-
ager was reorganizing a company for a
season of comic opera. A neighbor has
told her he needed girls for the com-
pany—"girls with looks, and with
voices, if possible, but looks always." And
Jessie had been to town and been
engaged and had come back and told
Jack.

She was a little frightened by his
strange silence.

"I did it to help you along—because
the money will help us both," she said
in defense. Then she burst out into a
storm against the manner of her life.
"I hate the solitude here," she said.
"Sometimes I feel afraid of the hills.
It seems as though they will fall over
me and crush me. And the silence here
is awful. I want to hear human voices.
I want to hear people laugh and sing.
I want color and movement and sound
instead of these walls of green making
a living tomb for us."

Jack had talked with her very gen-
tly, and she had answered every argu-
ment with a bitter protest. He answer-
ed her sadly then.

"You are young, dear. I might have
known that love would not fill your life
now. When you are as old as I am
you will know that it is all that really
matters, besides working and doing
one's duty. I will give my consent to
your going, for all I live for is to make
you happy."

Jessie joined the company and was
acting a small part in a pretty, uncul-
tivated voice. She dressed with half a
dozen other girls who smoked and
used slang, and in the guise of friend-
liness "made her up" to distort the
beauty of her dark, brooding face. She
learned the disciplinary value of the
stage, and she learned the real hideous-
ness of selfishness. But she told Jack
none of this.

One season passed—two—she was
soon to begin her third. She was get-
ting on, but slowly. One evening she
was moved by one of those impulses
that seem to come from without rather
than within, to run home and pay Jack
a visit. The rehearsals were over. There
was no reason why she should not go
home for a week. She would surprise
him.

She drove out from town in the early

HOW THE ORGAN GREW

Whistles, Prehistoric, Ancient
and Modern—Pipes and Flutes
—Pandeon Pipes and Bagpipes



MOUTH ORGANS.

1. Mouth Organ from Tangier. 2. Heem.
3. From Burnah. 4. From Borneo.
5. From Burnah.

It is written down in the "Book of Fun-
ny Stories, Real and Alleged," that a pious
old lady of Scotch Presbyterian ances-
ters, hearing a church organ for the first
time, gave it as her opinion that it was a
pretty box of whistles, but an awful way of
worshipping the Lord. Many a true thing is
said in jest, and many an apt characteriza-
tion is hidden under the disguise of frivolity.
So here. An organ is a box of whistles; all
that is needed to make the description com-
plete is to add that the whistles are of many
kinds and are sounded by mechanical means
instead of the breath of the player. What is
beyond that is detail and elaboration. There
are pipes in which the imprisoned air is set
vibrating so as to generate a tone by a jet
blown into the end so that it impinges upon a
sharp lip at an orifice near by. Those pipes
have their prototypes in the toy whistles
which boys carry with them, and they with-
draw the bark from sections of willow or alder
twigs and fashioning them in a way too fa-
miliar to need description. These are the dispo-
sable of the instrument. There are others in which the aerial vibrations are caused by
the trembling of a tongue of metal which covers a narrow aperture in the pipe and emits the imprisoned air in puffs under pressure of the bellows. This is the "beating reed," and its prototype in the playland of the country boy is the stalk of the pumpkin or squash trimmed of its leaf (but so as to leave the small end closed) and provided with two lateral stiles producing a narrow tongue which vibrates in the mouth of the blower and causes the green tube to utter a raucous note delightful to the ear of the rustic mus-
tician. Then there are other pipes in which a metal tongue vibrates freely through a slot, accomplishing what rigid lip and striking reed accomplish, but producing musical speech of a different quality from either. This is the "free reed," and so far as the records go its primitive home was China.—
Montreal Star.

morning. The mist veils were rising
from the hill tops, melted by the burn-
ing kisses of the sun. The evergreen
forests on the hillsides were so cool,
the great walls of earth so restful. She
wondered why she was not afraid they
would topple upon her now. Was it
that she was beginning to yearn for
what they typified—strength and fidel-
ity, the greatest and best things in life?

The little house had been done up,
she noticed as she drove up, and Jack
had coaxed the rose vines quite to the
roof by now.

The door was open. There was no fear
of tramps (at that house, and she peered
right into the house. Some one was stir-
ring within, but he was too absorbed
to note her soft footfalls.

Her old blue skirt hung upon the
wall, and her husband, looking older
and sadder, but still with that vast
strength of patience in his face, stood
looking at it.

She wrote the rest to her one friend in
the company.

"I walked over quietly and stood be-
side him. He was still so busy look-
ing at that foolish skirt that he didn't
know I was there. But after a while
he turned toward me, and when he saw
me the look that came into his eyes
made me cry."

"Well, I've resigned. When I saw
poor old Jack worshipping that blue
skirt of mine that I had thrown away
as worthless I made up my mind that
there are only a few things that are
really worth living for, and stage life
isn't one of them, and the companion-
ship of a smug, splendid soul like
Jack's. And so I've left and I'm going
to wait and work with Jack for the bet-
ter days that I know are coming."

"He is going on in his profession
and the old I call them better—
the other days are nearer. But I won-
der if they will be better, the days when
Jack and I are rich, and so many people
will know us and make demands upon
our time, and so separate us after a
manner? We were both wondering to-
day, but we were going to enjoy the time
before that, and meanwhile that old
blue skirt still hangs upon the wall.
Jack insists upon it. He calls it his
'restorer.'"

—New York News.

The friend of many.
A writer in the Criterion says that
Zola was a prosperous man, whose
surroundings bore all the marks of
wealth. His house suggested rather
the abode of a rich banker than of a
literary man. He lived like a prince.
Perhaps he was making up for the
struggles of his early manhood, when,
as he used to tell with a sad smile, he



Amateur photographers frequently fall into the error of making a duplicate ex-
posure of one plate, the result being that the plate contains two photographs,
the one obscuring the other, while the next plate is left bare. This results
in the spoiling of two plates, and what might have been two excellent nega-
tives if they had not been crowded upon the same plate lost entirely.

Dust on the lens is the bane of most amateurs. In order to secure a clear
negative the lens must be kept perfectly clean. Dust accumulates readily on
the inner side of the lens, and is frequently not noticed until a blurred nega-
tive reveals its presence. In damp weather, too, care must be taken to keep
the lens clear of moisture or a dimness of outline will be perceived on the
pictures taken. Either dust or mist on a lens will tend to fog a plate, as the
light is unevenly diffused from the exposed surface of the dust particle or
globule, and unless the matter is looked after frequently during a season's
work trouble is apt to ensue.

Simple Focusing Out—A method of doing this very conveniently, quickly,
and—if only a few copies are wanted—effectively, is the following, which
has been published often before, and has met with quite an undeserved
amount of ridicule. A candle is the simplest thing to use for the purpose,
but still better is a piece of camphor. This is lit, and as it burns the smoke
from it is allowed to drift itself all over the glass side of the negative. In
this way a very fine coating of carbon, black and opaque, can be got with
a little skill holding the negative, and when once this has been done the
rest is easy. Those parts which it is desired shall print out are carefully
wiped over to remove the soot, the other portions being left covered with it.
It is, of course, necessary to be careful lest the black should be touched with
the fingers anywhere where it is intended it shall remain, as the slightest
touch will remove it, and when this has been done there is nothing for it
but to go over the whole thing again, giving the lens rubbing out, such as round
soot. If there is any fine work to be done in rubbing out, such as round
chimney pots and similar outlines, a camel-hair brush, just slightly
damped, will be found to be very useful. It must be constantly wiped, or
instead of leaving the carbon together, it will only shift it from one part
to another. Photography.

gave up smoking so that his mother
might have two sous more a day to
spend on bread for her young family.
Zola's memory of that bitter time
made him very soft-hearted toward
others, and especially to young writers
who were in trouble.
Beggars swarmed about him. Every
mail was laden with appeals for mon-
ey, which his secretary would weed
out. The applicants who were left
after the process were usually sur-
prised at the generosity with which
they were treated. Zola was a quick
reader of character, as shown either
in faces or letters, and it was not easy
to deceive him. But once satisfied that
he ought to give, he gave with lib-
erality and promptness.
He spent time and thought, as well
as money, in his charities. Often he
would take great trouble to unearth
some starving young writer in the
Latin Quarter, and place him on a
journal, the high road to success.
Many of the most promising younger
men in France owe their start entirely
to his helping hand.

REMAINS OF A WONDERFUL DEER.
The tendency of pipes and furnace
flues to fill with soot is so marked that
any suggestion of a convenient remedy
for that condition is worthy of serious
consideration. A correspondent of the
St. Paul Pioneer Press says that zinc
burned in the furnace is very effective.
Just throw upon the fire a handful of
zinc filings, or a piece of sheet zinc as
large as your hand, and it clears away
the soot as if by magic. Once a week
will suffice. Shut the door quickly after
throwing in the zinc. Our informant
says his family has used this method
for forty years, and never had occasion
to employ a chimney sweep.

As the Pioneer Press suggests, this
remedy is not expensive. A worn-out
zinc washboard will furnish enough
of the metal for six or eight occasions.
And if you have to buy sheet zinc, 25
cents' worth will suffice for a single
fire all winter. Even when soft coal is
used in hard coal stoves and furnaces
the zinc will keep them open, so that
those who have been unable to secure
anthracite will not be seriously incon-
venienced by the change.

If this recipe from St. Paul is all that
is claimed for it, the inconveniences of
using soft coal are reduced to a mini-
mum, and its cheapness more than com-
pensates for being deprived of hard
coal. If it will keep the chimneys clean
the cost of chimney sweeps, as well as
the dangers from fire by burning out,
are both avoided.—Des Moines Register
and Leader.

Perishable Goods.
In a Vermont village there lives a
young man who has reached the age
of 24 with no apparent thought of tak-
ing to himself a wife, although all his
companions have either "settled" or
left the place. He is regarded by the
entire community as a confirmed bachel-
or. His mother looks upon his state
with a sadness which has afforded
more or less amusement to her summer
boarders.

"There's one of his last pictures,"
said the mother, displaying a photo-
graph of a small cat. "It's a good
likeness, ain't it? Getting kind of
drawn round the mouth, same as his
pa. Is. I said to him that I'd been
wanting he should have a dozen taken
so I could give 'em round to his
friends—young ladies—for sometimes a
picture standing on a bureau, facing
right to you every morning, will start
a kind of affectionate feeling. I've
been waiting in the hopes he'd think
of it himself, but when I saw this
spring that he was beginning to fade
and show his age, I took 'em round
into my own hands, and married him
to the photographer quick as I could.
I only hope some good may come of it."

Tickled Sheridan's Fancy.
Gen. "Phil" Sheridan was at one
time asked at what little incident did
he laugh the most.
"Well," he said, "I do not know, but
I always laugh when I think of the
Irishman and the army mule. I was
riding down the line one day, when I
saw an Irishman mounted on a mule
which was kicking its legs rather free-
ly. The mule finally got its hoof
caught in the stirrup, when, in the ex-
citement, the Irishman remarked:
'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to get
on, I'll get off!'"

A Necessary Evil.
"My dear sir," said the physician,
"you should take something for your
tetter."
"Impossible, doctor; it would ruin
my business—I'm a book reviewer!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE POET'S LITTLE JOKE

He Handily Outwitted the Tricky
Oriental Monarch.

An Arab king, whose name is not re-
corded, had the faculty of retaining in
his memory any poem which he had
once heard. He had, too, a mamluke
who could repeat a poem that he had
twice heard, and a female slave who
could repeat one that she had heard
thrice. Whenever a poet came to com-
pliment the king with an ode, the king
would promise him that if he found his
verses to be his original composition,
he would give him a sum of money
equal in weight to what they were
written upon.

The poet, delighted, would recite his
ode; and the king would say, "It is not
new, for I have known it some years."
Then he would repeat it as he had
heard it. After that he would add,
"An this mamluke also remembers
it," and the mamluke would repeat
it. To make the proof seem plainer
still, the king would then say to the
poet, "I have also a female slave who
can repeat it," and on his ordering her
to do so she would repeat what she
had thus thrice heard; so the poet
would go empty-handed away. Dr.
E. W. Lane, in "Arabian Society in
the Middle Ages," gives the story of a
poet who outwitted this king:

The famous poet, El-Asnal, having
heard of this proceeding, and guessing
the trick, composed an ode made up of
very difficult words, and disguising
himself, went to the palace and pre-
sented himself.

He repeated his ode. The king, per-
plexed and unable to remember any of
it, made a sign to the mamluke, but
he had, too, retained nothing. Then
he called the female slave, but she also
was unable to repeat a word.

"O brother of the Arabs," said the
king, "thou hast spoken truth, and the
ode is thine without doubt. Produce,
therefore, what it is written upon, and
we will give thee its weight in money,
as we have promised."

"Wilt thou," said the poet, "send one
of the attendants to carry it?"

"To carry what?" asked the king.
"Is it not upon a paper here in thy
possession?"

"No, my lord the Sultan," replied the
poet. "At the time I composed it there
was not a piece of paper near me
upon which to write it, but only a
fragment of a marble column; so I en-
graved it upon this, and it lies in the
court of the palace."

He had brought it, wrapped up, on
the back of a camel. The king, to ful-
fill his promise, was obliged to make a
heavy drain upon his treasury; and to
prevent a repetition of the experience,
in future rewarded his poets more
justly.

CLEAN CHIMNEYS.

Cheap Means Which Any One Can
Use.

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flues to fill with soot is so marked that
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EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Need of Leisure.

AMERICANS need holidays, but they need also a less
strenuous life, especially for the women. It is not
only for our physical welfare that we should seek
to labor for only a reasonable length of time each
day, but for the intellectual welfare of the whole
nation. Leisure for cultivating the little amenities of life
is absolutely necessary. We must have time to study the
art of playing. We need to take time to read, to study, to
reflect. The highest enjoyments of life come from intel-
lectual associations and accomplishments, but if one has
no time to attend to them he must miss their whole import.
The uplifting of the laboring classes and the improvement
of their physical conditions must come through this leav-
ing of the whole mass with culture. Without that time to
read and observe what good will all the art museums and
public libraries and cheap papers amount to? We have
all these to-day in abundance, and every year they are
being placed more generally at the disposal of all, but men
and women worn out with drudgery of toil cannot appre-
ciate them. Worked up to the full limit of strength and
endurance, what cares a man or a woman for science, art,
music or literature? There must first be leisure and sur-
plus strength enough to make use of these great benefits
conferred by modern civilization.—Lodge Monthly.

Character of a Gentleman.

D. R. JOHNSON said that a man's real character would
appear from his pleasures, since no man is a hypo-
crite in his amusements; so the character of the
gentleman will be disclosed by his admirations, and,
and, therefore, a moral philosopher enjoined his
hearers in his lectures to admire the good as a duty: "Love
innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that
which if you are rich and great will sanctify the blind for-
tune which has made you so, and make men call it justice;
love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty
respectable and make the proud feel it unjust to laugh
at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will
comfort and adorn you and never quit you; that which
will make your motives habitually great and honorable,
and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the
very thought of meanness and fraud."

It is said that "all honest men, whether counts or col-
liers, are of the same rank, if classed by moral distinc-
tions," and as conduct, which is the true test of morals, is
the mark of the gentleman, the possession of money or
place in the world cannot make a gentleman, nor the lack
of them debar any one, however humble his station, from
the ranks of the gentleman. There is a grace, a beauty of
conduct, depending on education, knowledge of the world,
long training and self-culture, and Cardinal Newman in
depicting a gentleman of this kind, who has had all the
advantages of life, yet dwells on the moral basis as the
indispensable quality in his characterization of the gen-
tleman; the man who realizes his ideals in practice and ap-
plies the Golden Rule to conduct:

"It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is
one who never inflicts pain. He carefully avoids whatever
may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom
he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all
restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment, his great
concern being to make every one at ease. He makes light
of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving
when he is conferring. He has no ears for slander or gossip,
is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who inter-
fere with him, and interprets everything for the best."—
Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Value of Human Life.

A WIFE got \$100,000 damages in a New York court for
the death of her husband in the tunnel accident.
The suit was for \$200,000. It was based on the allega-
tion that the man's life had a cash value to this
amount from the fact that he earned \$50,000 a year
and \$50,000 had been awarded. But \$100,000 is said to be
the largest on record. The fact is well recognized that the
lives of men have a cash value based on the earning capac-

HAD A NOTABLE CAREER.

Abram S. Hewitt, Statesman, Politi-
cian and Manufacturer.
A notable figure of the metropolis,
who had from an humble beginning at-
tained national prominence, passed
away in the death of
Abram S. Hewitt.
Mr. Hewitt died at
his home in New
York after a brief
illness and his de-
mise marks the close
of an interesting ca-
reer.
Abram Stevens
Hewitt was born in
Haverstraw, N. Y.,
July 31, 1822, and
was acquired in the public schools of
New York City. At a special examina-
tion, he gained a scholarship at Colum-
bia University and he was graduated
in 1842 at the head of his class. His
life in college was a round of hard
work, all his time, when he was not
studying, being taken up with teach-
ing, by which means he supported him-
self. After his graduation, he remained
at Columbia for a year as an assist-
ant tutor, acting as professor of mathe-
matics. In 1844, while visiting Europe
he studied law and was admitted to
the bar the following year. Failing
eyesight led him to relinquish his legal
practice soon after, and he then entered
into the business which he brought him
his first prominence.

Mr. Hewitt associated himself with
his brother-in-law, Peter Cooper, in the
iron business and his great ability and
facility for a ready grasp of details
soon placed the firm among the fore-
most in America. The firm was the
first to manufacture iron girders and
supports to be used in fire-proof build-
ings and bridges. At the outbreak of
the civil war, he went to England to
learn the process of making gun barrel
iron, American processes not yielding
satisfactory results, and on returning
he showed his patriotism by furnishing
the United States government with
material during the war at a heavy
loss to his firm. He introduced many
ideas into the manufacture of iron
which have greatly cheapened the cost
of production and placed American
iron producers at the head in the
world's markets.

Mr. Hewitt took an active interest in
politics in the metropolis. He was
elected to Congress in 1874 and served
until 1876. In October of the latter
year, he was the Democratic candidate
for Mayor of New York, Henry George
and Theodore Roosevelt being his op-
ponents. He was elected after a memo-
rable strife and served his term most
acceptably. Mr. Hewitt was Chair-
man of the Democratic National Com-
mittee in 1876. He visited the Paris
Exposition as one of the 10 United
States Commissioners appointed for the
purpose.

Mr. Hewitt was a frequent speaker
on subjects connected with finance,
labor and the development of national
resources, and the United States ge-
ological survey owes its existence prin-
cipally to an address delivered by him
in its favor. In 1876, he was elected
president of the American Institute of
Mining Engineers. The plan of Cooper
Union, the society for the advancement
of science and art which has become
one of the leading organizations in New
York, was devised by a Board of Trus-
tees of which Mr. Hewitt was the ac-
tive bend and as its secretary he de-
voted for over a quarter of a century a
vast amount of time and labor for its
success.

DAVY CROCKETT'S EXERCISE.

How the Backwoodsman Kept from
Freezing to Death.

From the "Life and Adventures of
Davy Crockett," as related by himself,
one gathers the impression that the
sturdy old backwoodsman of Tennes-
see was prouder of the number of
bears he had killed than of the num-
ber of votes which he afterward re-
ceived for Congress. On one occasion,
during a winter in which he secured
105 bears, he devised a novel way to
save himself from freezing.

I managed, he says, to get my bear
out of this crack (an earthquake seam),
after several hard trials, and when I
lay down and tried to sleep, but I
suffered very much from cold, as my
leather breeches and everything else
I had on were wet and frozen. My
fire was bad, and I couldn't find any-
thing that would burn well. I came to
the conclusion that I should freeze if
I did not warm myself in some way
by exercise.

I got up and shouted a while, and
then I began jumping up and down
with all my might, and threw myself
into all sorts of positions.

But all this wouldn't do, for my
blood was now getting cold and the
chills coming all over me. I was so
tired, too, that I could hardly walk;
but I thought I would do the best I
could to save my life, and then if I
died, nobody would be to blame.

I went to a tree about two feet
thick, with not a limb on it for
thirty feet, and I climbed up to the
limbs. Then I locked my arms to-
gether around it and slid down to the
bottom. This made the insides of my
legs and arms feel mighty warm and
good. I continued this till daylight,
and how often I climbed up my tree
and slid down again I don't know, but
I reckon at least a hundred times.

FUN IN A JUSTICE'S COURT.