EDUCATED MONKEYS.

Can Catch a Base-Ball and Another One Is Learning to Pitch.

For the monkeys in Prof. Broekman's collection, they are simply astonishing. They are kept in cages, and are very clean—so much so that when one of them happens to dirty itself, all the others notice the fact immediately, and jeer and made the wry-faced of wry faces at the misbehaved one.

Each monkey has its own plate to eat from, and knows it, and actually refuses to eat from anybody else's plate. Their training takes a long time and much trouble, because they are restless and inattentive. Yet it is more thoroughly done without the use of forcible or very severe means than with. It is bad policy to hurt them, because they are extremely sensitive and nervous, and a little ill-treatment will kill them. For this same reason they never perform more than ten consecutive minutes at a time, and, although they can bear heat and cold pretty well, they must be carefully kept out of draft. There is one monkey that rides on horseback, dressed in a red coat, and with a silk hat on. He looks, from behind, altogether like a miniature huntsman, and when seen in front he resembles Voltaire on horseback as much as one egg the other. Of course, these monkeys know their attendants by face, and pretty nearly by name. One, a little Pavian, the clown of the troop, and who jumps somersaults, like Barnum's best, took a dislike to the head attendant some time ago. It must be a strong grudge, for whenever he sees him he makes faces at him, grinds his teeth together, shakes his fist and yanks. This same animal is learning how to catch a small base-ball. He began by learning how to catch little sticks, then little flags, and will soon be sufficiently practiced to catch a ball. Mr. Broekman says he will teach another monkey how to pitch, and if he succeeds with this, will try to give performances with a base-ball nine composed of brute animals only.—*Baltimore American.*

DEATH-RATE OF INFANTS.

The Dangers of Babyhood and Childhood Illustrated by Figures.

It is a startling fact, which meets the student of vital statistics at the outset of his investigations, that from one-third to one-half of all the persons born into the world die before reaching the age of five years. Or, to face the terrible reality from another point of view, so great are the dangers of infancy, that a child which has completed its fifth year actually has an expectation of life more than twelve years greater than it had at birth.

The exact proportion of deaths varies greatly in different countries and localities, at different times and under different circumstances. Statistics are of value only in showing average results. In Norway, for example, the population dying under five is stated by Dr. Farr, to be 204.5 per 1,000 born; while in England, it is 338 per 1,000, and in Italy 567 per 1,000. In fifty-one so-called "healthy districts" of England and Wales, according to the same authority, the mortality under five is 175 per 1,000 born, while in the Liverpool district, representing the most unfavorable sanitary conditions, it is 460 per 1,000.

In the different parts of our own country, we find nearly as great a variety as on the continent of Europe. Even in the same latitude, the proportion varies greatly, according as city or country districts are considered. In the State of Vermont, which contains no large cities, and represents essentially a rural population, the number of deaths under five, for the year 1883, was 23.8 per cent. of the whole number of deaths; in the State of Massachusetts, which embraces several large cities within its limits, for the twelve years ending in 1884, it was 34.74 per cent; and in the city of New York alone, for the seven years ending in 1873, it was exactly 50 per cent. of the entire mortality.—*J. M. French, M. D., Popular Science Monthly.*

The Real "Woman Problem."

Recognizing heredity as the distinctive attribute of the female sex, it becomes clear that it must be from the steady advance of woman rather than from the uncertain fluctuations of man that the sure and solid progress of the future is to come. The attempt to move the whole race forward by elevating the sex that represents the principle of instability has long enough been tried. The many cases of superior men the sons of superior mothers, coupled with the many more cases of degenerate sons of superior sires, have taught us over and over again that the way to civilize the race is to civilize woman. And now, thanks to modern biologic science, we see why this is so. Woman is the unchanging trunk of the great genealogic tree, while man, with all his vaunted superiority, is but the branch, a grafted scion, as it were, whose acquired qualities die with the individual, while those of woman are handed on to futurity. Woman is the race, and the race can be raised up only as she is raised up. There is no fixed rule by which Nature has intended that one sex should excel the other, any more than there is any fixed point beyond which either can not further develop. * * * True science teaches that the education of woman is the only sure road to the evolution of man.—*Prof. Lester F. Ward, in Forum.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The plumber joke is now brought out
And has the summer's dirt brushed off it,
The umpire gets a rest again.
On deck now comes the weather prophet.
—*Boston Courier.*

—"I've got you, you rascal! What are doing with your hand in my pocket?" Tramp—"Xcuse me, boss; we look so much alike I thought it was my own."—*Time.*

—"I 'stumped' all through the late campaign," said a one-legged man. "And I," said the one-armed politician, "made a few 'off-hand' speeches."—*Norristown Herald.*

—Constant Dead-Head writes to ask: "What is a ham omelette?" A "ham," Constant, is the technical name applied to a bad actor. When an infuriated audience pelts him with archaic hen-fruit, the result is a ham omelette.—

—Hardly any one can step out of his own door without finding something that can be benefited by his good offices. He sees it aright, and give his heart and hand to it, he will, then and there, making a contribution to the world's movement. The talk we hear some-about the want of a "[illegible]" [illegible] of insincerity [illegible]

AMUSING ENCOUNTER.

Muskrats and Woodchucks Engage in a Series of Fatal Duels.

An amusing encounter between muskrats and woodchucks was witnessed along the Rondout creek in the town of Rochester a day or two ago. These little animals are bitterly antagonistic to each other, but it is not often that fifty of the woodchucks array themselves in battle against an even number of the rats. The enemies met on a narrow neck of land, the muskrats occupying the position nearest the water, while the woodchucks formed in a half-circle some eighteen or twenty feet away.

The attack was begun by an unusually large woodchuck, who darted out from its fellows and ran in front of the solid mass of rats as though inviting an encounter. The challenge was finally accepted by a big muskrat, the battle between them lasting several minutes. The strangest feature of the fight was that the rest of the animals were mere spectators of the fight. Neither the rats nor woodchucks changed their position till the first battle was ended and the woodchuck lay dead. Then two more sallied forth from each side and engaged in battle, these being followed by others until the ground was strewn with the dead bodies of chucks and rats. At no time did the fight become general, nor was there a cessation of hostilities till at least three-fourths of the entire number originally engaged on both sides lay dead or dying.

Perhaps the oddest part of this unique spectacle was the burying of the dead. The chucks carefully gathered their dead comrades and consigned them, one by one, to the waters of the Rondout creek. The muskrats did the same thing, though in a slower and more dignified manner. The rats stood on the bank and watched the scene, while the woodchucks retired in confusion to their liberally-provided winter nests.—*N. Y. Times.*

ANIMAL COMPANIONSHIP.

Prairie Dogs, Owls and Rattlesnakes as Fellow-Lodgers.

The other day I was riding through California on my way from Los Angeles to San Francisco. It was near evening, and we had for some distance passed through a plain covered with very broad, low, gently-curved mounds. These were, perhaps, fifteen or twenty feet in diameter and not more than one or two feet in height. Suddenly, on the summit of one of them, I saw a comical little gray owl solemnly blinking at the train as it whizzed by. I rubbed my eyes to assure myself that I was awake, and then kept a sharp lookout. Soon I saw another, and then a couple looking at one another, and here another and there one. Owls, certainly, and plenty of them. I now suspected we were passing through a prairie-dog town, and I looked at the low mounds with increased interest. They were not at all like the pictures I had seen. They were not so steep or high. At last I saw one of the dogs, standing up on his hind legs—a fat, clumsy little fellow, something like a woodchuck in size and general appearance. Then there were more of them. Some disappeared instantly into their holes; others kept courage and watched us. So we went on—miles of prairie-dog town; hundreds of dogs; hundreds of owls.

This is an example of what a naturalist calls "Animal Companionship." The prairie dogs dig their burrows deep into the earth and throw up the mounds of earth around the mouth of it. Then these queer little owls, in sober gray, come and live with them or take possession of deserted nests. They say, too, that a third lodger comes and "bunks in" with them both—the prairie rattlesnake. A queer trio of fellow-lodgers, the prairie dog, the owls and the rattlesnakes! Nor do they always get on pleasantly together.—*Swiss Cross.*

TYPHOID FEVER CURE.

A Life Saved by the Application of Salt Fish to the Patient's Feet.

A beautiful young woman, over whose head had passed but eighteen summers, and to whom life offered only the prospect of unending pleasures, she being surrounded with all the comforts that loving hearts and willing hands, supported by adequate means, could afford, was recently taken ill with typhoid fever. The best medical talent that could be obtained was called in, but without avail, and a few evenings since all was gloom in the handsomest residence in Fordham, where she lay ill. Her physicians had departed at a late hour, saying that before morning the end would come.

An aged aunt from the country, who was on a visit, happened fortunately to remember that years ago, when the yellow fever prevailed in this city, a physician who had then but recently come from Ireland had broken the fever and saved many lives by applying salt fish to the feet of the patients. This suggestion was seized upon by the now hopeless parents of the girl, and salt mackerel, which they happened fortunately to have in the house, were applied to the fair patient's feet by her anxious relatives during the remainder of the night. When the doctors called the next morning, expecting to hear of the death of their patient, they were astonished to find that the fever had considerably abated. To-day the young woman, who was "given up" by her medical advisers, is convalescent.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—To relieve coughing roast a lemon without burning it. When entirely hot, squeeze the juice into a cup on three ounces of finely powdered sugar. Take a teaspoonful whenever you feel like coughing.

—Home-made Cologne Water.—One quart of alcohol; three drams each of oil of lavender, bergamot and essence of lemon, one dram of oil of rosemary and three drops oil of cinnamon.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—That the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, I will no more believe than that the accidental jumbling of the alphabet would fall into a most ingenious treatise of philosophy.—*Swift.*

—Prayer is the preface to the book of Christian living; the text of the life sermon; the girding on the armor for battle; the pilgrim's preparation for his journey. It must be supplemented by action, or it amounts to nothing.—*Phelps.*

—Common mercies and repeated blessings become an old story, and are apt to be neglected. It is the rare that arrests attention and excites interest. There is danger that the number of Di-[illegible] promises may cheapen them in our [illegible]mation and make us indifferent to [illegible]

TIME WAS PRECIOUS.

A Possum Ridge Courtship and Its Happy Termination.

Old Hobson's fourth wife had been dead a month, when one morning he caught up his horse, saddled him with an old sheepskin furnished with rope stirrups, and mounting rode off down the "hog path" leading to 'Squire Beeson's in the interior of Missouri. Hobson was in a hurry, but the old horse wasn't and went on at leisure gait.

"Drat sich er jokin' critter," old Sim mused as he kicked and thumped his heels against the old plug's bony sides. "If er feller's in er hurray he'd best walk."

He thumped and kicked till at last the "critter" broke into a jogging trot, which he held for a dozen yards, then relapsed again into his natural gait, a sort of a cross between a walk and a crawl.

Riding up to Beeson's front gate Sim Hobson "hellowed" two or three times, and then a grizzled, gray, unshorn head was thrust out at the slightly opened door and a voice exclaimed:

"How'dy, Hobson! Git down, git down."

"Hain't time, I reckon, 'Squire."

"Summat of er hurry, eh?"

"Yas, I'm goin' ter git married, an' I want yer ter go 'long an' jine us."

"Who yer goin' ter marry, Sim?"

"Dunno fer shore yit, but I ruther 'spect I'll jine onter old Miss Skaggs."

"Spoke to 'er erbout it, I reckon?"

"No, not yit I ain't, but I reckon it'll be all right with her. If it hain't we'll go on down to Miss Thompson's. I know she'll be willin'. Thought I'd take yer 'long so's to make one trip do an' hev it over. 'Tain't no use ter be foolin' erway two days er gettin' married, when ther crop is in ther grass, 'an asides, marryin' er wife hain't no more'n buyin' of er hoss."

"Yer sensible thar, Sim," the Squire said as he led forth his horse, and he and Hobson rode away to Widow Skaggs' domicile.

When they rode up the widow was out in the back yard boiling soap. She knew old Hobson's errand as quick as she noted the fact that he was wearing a white shirt and that his shoes had been freshly dressed with a coat of cold tallow.

"Gevenin', Miss Skaggs," Sim said.

"Howdy, Hobson," she replied.

"I've tuck er notion ter marry ergin," Hobson went on, "an' me an' the Squire's come ter see ef yer willin' ter jine me."

"When?"

"Right now, o' case. I fotch ther Squire erlong for that purpose."

"Wal, I hain't thought much of it, but bein' as you've gone ter the trouble o' bringin' ther Squire, I reckon I mout as well marry yer."

"Drive ahead then, Squire," Hobson said; "we're ready."

"Hitch yer fists," the Squire commanded, "an' less git through, fer I gotter tote er turn o' corn ter mill."

"I'm ready," the widow said taking old Hobson's hand, "but hurry up, fer that fetched soap's goin' ter bile over."

The Squire went through the ceremony in short order, while the widow kept her eye on the soap kettle to see that it did not bile over.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW TIGERS EAT.

A Couple of Them Usually Finish a Cow at One Sitting.

A Hindoo expert on tigers gives the following interesting information about the appetites of tigers and their manner of devouring their prey:

"An ordinary-sized tiger and tigress will finish a cow or such animal at one sitting, leaving only the head. The tigress begins at the shoulders and eats downward. When their heads come together in the middle of the animal, they know that there is no more left, and quit eating.

"Before eating the tiger always drags its prey a short distance. After the meal, the tiger sometimes lies down by the skeleton, but if there are hills in the neighborhood, it will probably go off and find a cool spot for its nap.

"If any thing has been left, the tiger will return the next night to eat it, but it never makes the second meal on the same spot as the first, always dragging the body a short distance away.

"The tiger can eat half a bullock in two hours. Tigers will also eat each other if it is more convenient than to hunt up other provisions. They are supposed to kill only once in five or six days, and in fact, do probably sleep and doze for several days after they have gorged themselves, but they will kill whenever they get a chance, and it is on record that one tiger killed for fourteen consecutive nights.

"They will wander immense distances at night, always taking the easiest paths and frequently traveled roads on that account. The move about little in daytime because the hot ground burns their feet."—*Golden Days.*

Business Is Business.

Railroad President—Did you get the injured passengers in that accident satisfied so they won't sue for damages?

Under Secretary—Yes, sir. The worst injured were drummers, who are used to that sort of thing, and three dollars worth of cigars fixed them all right. The only other one was a man who had his nose broken.

"Eh? What did you do with him?"

"As the accident changed his pug nose to a very handsome Roman I charged him one hundred dollars for the operation. So, you see, we are ninety-seven dollars ahead."—*Philadelphia Record.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—George Gabriel, who left recently $10,000 to Yale College and $15,000 to Yale Divinity School, made his fortune in New Haven by repairing umbrellas.

—Senator John Sherman is called an icicle by men who don't know him. Those who have met him socially say that he is a most companionable fellow.

—Mrs. Sarah W. Coates of Kansas City is worth $10,000,000, which all came from a little nest-egg of $2,000, which her husband planted in real estate.

—James Densmore, who now has an income of $60,000 a year from his typewriter patent, was a newspaper canvasser in St. Paul a few years ago at $8 a week.

—The housekeeper of Warwick Castle, England, who died recently, left a fortune of $350,000, all of which had come to her in the shape of fees from visitors.

—A Baltimore girl, worth $200,000, met a young man she liked and asked him to marry her. He said he was too poor, but concluded to accept when he fou[illegible] how the girl was fixed.

SARDINE FISHING.

A Wary Fish to Catch and a Complicated System of Seining.

Sardine fishing begins in May or June and sometimes lasts as late as November. Boats come from Douarnenez to take advantage of the early run, and, as the season wanes, return. At times there are as many as 1,200 boats engaged here in the pursuit. These boats are about thirty feet long, entirely open except a short deck at the stern, and cary two masts that can be readily taken down. The sails have no booms, and whenever a tack is made they have to be run down and put up on the opposite side of the mast—the windward side.

When at work the rigging is sometimes completely cleared away so that the boat has no appearance of being adapted to sails. It is then pulled along by huge sweeps. The fish are not caught by inclosing them as when a seine is used, but the net, which is of small mesh and made of linen tread, often died blue to render it less apparent in the water, for the sardine is wary, is made to trail straight behind the boat. That is the net, about twenty feet long edge and buoyed with cork floats on the other, so that when it is in the water it assumes an upright position like a wall, and it is towed in this position through the water, by one end, as the boat is moved slowly along. The patron mounts the little deck at the stern with a bucket of bait called roug, the eggs of codfish, under one arm, and his keen, practiced eye ranging the wave. He scatters a little of the roug on one side of the net when he discovers the proximity of the fish, and they rise in a shoal to take it.

This is the critical moment. He throws a quantity on the opposite side, and the fish, making a dash for it, are entangled in the meshes. When the sardines are numerous the boat does not halt to take the net on board, but by giving it a certain pull the meshes are tightened, and with a buoy to mark it, it is cast off and left till a full catch is made. So many fish have been known to entangle themselves that their weight carried the net down and it was never recovered. Another net is immediately put out, and the operation is repeated till the nets are all used. Then comes the picking up and the extraction of the fish, the latter work being performed with great care, because handling the fish injures them. The net is caught up at the ends and see-sawed till the fish drops into the bottom of the boat, where they remain till the arrival in port.—*Bulletin American Geographical Society.*

FOUR OLD POETS.

The Difficulties Under Which They Accomplished Their Life-Work.

Homer lived about a thousand years before the Christian era; his Iliad was the first great poem written. He lived nearer the time of the Greek war than any other author, and it it is right to suppose he knew what he was talking about. Like Milton, this author was blind, and used to stand on the street and recite his poems, the fragments of which have been gathered up and handed down to us. Homer was the model for all the poets who followed him.

Virgil follows Homer, as to time. He had a liberal education and every advantage which could promote literary culture; in this he had a better chance than Homer. His style is more beautiful and perfect than Homer's, though he obtained many of his ideas from him. It is said Virgil and Milton were both plagiarists, but that it was as honest for these authors to copy the old writer as it is for a sculptor to copy nature.

Dante was a follower and admirer of both Homer and Virgil. He studied Virgil closely and has something of his style. His Inferno is very much like Virgil's description of Hades in Book Six of the Æneid; his style is more thrilling and real, however. The life of this man was very sad; he spent nineteen years in banishment from the city of his birth; then his own words became true of himself:

"Thou shalt have proof,
How savoreth of salt the bread of others,
And how hard a road
The going down and up another's stairs."

Milton was a follower of all these men, and it is said he was the most classic of English writers; he was also a Christian poet.

The lives of all these authors were much alike, in that each had some great trouble; it is supposed that Homer composed his Iliad and his Odyssey from the memories of his childhood, after he became blind. Dante composed his Divine Comedy while wandering in exile; his admirers called it divine, but he called it a comedy, because it had a happy ending. Virgil wrote during political troubles, and while enduring a long illness; Milton wrote his Paradise Lost after he became blind.

Therefore, the best part of the life work of each was accomplished under difficulties.—*Treasure Trove.*

—The proper mode of treating muck is to dig it up in the fall and let it remain exposed in order to permit the frost to pulverize it and also to allow it to undergo a chemical change. When in a fine, dry condition it is superior to all other absorbents for use in the stalls and for saving the liquid manure.

—The banana peel has at length found a rival. A Portland, Ore., man slipped on a wet leaf and broke his shin-bone. A curious feature of the accident is that he walked around for two days before he knew he was hurt.

—All the speeches and addresses delivered during the past twenty years or so by Albert Edward are to be published. They will be known as the prints of Wales.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—If the problems of the time are properly dealt with, it would be found, at least in our own favored land, that "Poverty and Progress" would not be used as correlative terms by any political economists. Thrift and economy among the laboring classes would go far toward the reduction of waste improvidence and criminal carelessness in regard to provision for sickness and old age; and go far also toward solving the labor problem.—*Mrs. M. J. Gorton.*

—The young men and women who can look poverty fairly and squarely in the face, are too few. We want more of the young men who can wear old clothes till they can pay cash for new ones, or who are willing to walk till they can afford to ride. We want more of the young women who are willing to do their own work till they can afford to pay somebody to do it and who will live uncomplainingly in one room till they can afford to furnish two.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

The Phonograph and Some of Its Peculiarities and Possibilities.

If the achievements of science had not already familiarized the people with the age of fable in which they live, the rooms in which there was lately exhibited in this city the perfected phonograph, upon which Edison has spent some of the best years of his life, would have been crowded hourly with an awe-struck multitude. Of all the wonders of invention, this is unquestionably the greatest.

With the mere principle of the machine we were acquainted years ago; how the sound waves created by the voice in speaking or singing act upon a sensitive plate of mica, and are thence transmitted to a vibrating steel point, pressed close against the surface of a cylinder of wax; how the tiny waving spiral thus traced is an absolutely faithful record of the emitted sound; how the process may be reversed, the vibrating point be made to retraverse its course, and its movements be again received by a sensitive diaphragm, and made audible by a resonant multiplication of the sound. In fact, there is nothing more wonderful or difficult to understand about the principle of the phonograph than about that of the telephone. But it will appear, none the less, a weird and diabolical thing for years to come.

The invention is now really perfected. He who sets the transmitter at work and listen at the ear-piece can hear the words originally spoken reproduced with the famous accuracy of machine work, and with a human quality of which it might seem that no machine is capable. There is no diminution in the volume of sound, no loss of any distinguishing characteristic. The quality and peculiarities of the individual voice, every inflection and accent, every interruption and imperfection is there with the same fidelity with which a plate-glass mirror returns the features of one gazing into it. And then, wonder of wonders, the funnel of the speaking tube is applied to the machine, and the auditor, standing distant by the space of a large room, hears a speech delivered or a song repeated as distinctly as if he were in the presence of the performer. It is the talking machine, with which the public will require long conversance to rid themselves of the creepiness of superstition.

The practical utility and commercial value of the machine are not yet decided. But it will find its place as speedily as the telephone and the type-writer. The owner of the phonograph can hear the finest efforts of oratory and the divinest effects of music reproduced in his own library at pleasure. Members of families divided by thousands of miles can hold actual converse in place of the unsatisfactory records of the pen. The human voice and manner are made capable of preservation through all the ages. More than this, the practicability of stereotyping these wax cylinders and reproducing any number of them discloses the nature of the library of the future. An enterprising publisher will employ a skilled elocutionist to read into the phonograph the new novel that is the sensation of the day.

The resulting cylinders will be stereotyped and multiplied. Instead of buying the new book, the tired man of business will purchase the two or three cylinders that contain it, and have his phonograph read it to him in the leisure evening hours. The methods of employment are many already, and new applications can be made. In one respect the phonograph is not in accord with the spirit of the age. It is, for most purposes, not a time-saver; and the economy of time is, above all other things, a demand of the practical generation. But it will find its varied uses, soon to become indispensable: and in itself it must stand for the present as the crowning marvel of science.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

MADE HIM INDIGNANT.

Why an Arkansas Farmer Disowns His Pretty Daughter.

An old fellow stood leaning on a gate. A young woman cautiously approached.

"May I come in?" she asked.

"No, you kain't!" he exclaimed.

"Ain't you never goin' ter let me come?"

"Never."

"Please."

"Go on away now. Clear out."

The woman went away, and the man who overheard the conversation went up to the old fellow and asked him why he had driven the woman away.

"'Cause she's my daughter an' didn't marry ter suit me," he answered.

"Didn't she do well?"

"No; she flung herself away, when she mout er hit the nail squar' on the head."

"Don't you think that her husband will make a living?"

"He mout do that, but a livin' ain't the thing. The feller has got land an' hogs an' hosses, but the feller that I wanted her to marry has got three o' the best fox-hounds in the country."

"Yes, but has he got any thing else?"

"Any thing else! Why, blast yo' ignunt hide, what do you mean? Look here, you'd better go on, now, fur I don't believe it's a good idee to have you loafin' erbout the neighborhood. Any thing else! Go on erway, now, or I'll set the dogs on you!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"Well, Uncle Cicero, what makes you look so glum?" "Yes, sah; to tell you the trufe, my ole woman has begun to make buckwheat cakes and she hasn't got into the swing of it yet, sah."—*N. Y. World.*

—"This paper is full of cereal stories," replied Mr. McCorkle. "Ah, then, I must read it," responded his wife, "I'm so fond of fiction." Then McCorkle handed to her the sample copy of a Dakota paper full of lies about the wheat yield.—*The Idea.*

—Sweet girl—"Please look at this ring and tell me whether the diamonds are paste or not." Jeweler—"Those are genuine diamonds." "Really?" "Yes, indeed, Miss, and rare ones. They cost a great deal of money." "O, dear! And I wouldn't promise to be any thing but a sister to him, and now, boo! hoo! he's gone."—*Philadelphia Record.*

—Mistress (to domestic)—"You were out late again last night, were you not?" Domestic—"Yes mum." "Where were you, if I may ask?" "At a party, mum." "That makes four parties within a week. If you keep on in this way—out late nights—you will not live out half your days." "I don't expect to, mum. I'm to be married soon, and then I'll live out no more"—*Texas Siftings.*

LADY ELLENBOROUGH.

Mrs. Lew Wallace's Story of an Eccentric English Woman's Career.

Mrs. Lew Wallace in her famous book, "The Repose in Egypt," gives an exceedingly flowery account of Lady Ellenborough, the eccentric wife of an English nobleman, who, emulating the example of Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, not to mention a French lady, Mme. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who built herself a temple on the top of Mount Olivet, and lives there now, deserted her country and went to live in the far East. Mrs. Wallace says of her: One day she fled to Italy, and, after years of reckless living, thence to Greece. The House of Lords easily granted a divorce to her husband, and the children remained with him. By the terms of the divorce a large income was allotted her, and she set up the standard of wit and beauty, and to it flocked genius and valor. She married again, a nobleman of Greece, from whom she was separated by command of King Otho. Determined to rival Chatham's eccentric granddaughter, she sailed away from Greece to see what the gorgeous East is made of. Her ample income gave means of gratifying a taste exquisite as it was luxurious—servants, carriages, furniture, plate, linen, a French maid, the companion of her changeful moods, even her little lap-dog went with her. There are old citizens of Beyrout who remember the stir among an idle populace when the great English lady landed at the sea-port. Her languages gave her the broadest range of acquaintance, and she had a genius for friendships. Officials of rank crowded the salon, a throne room, where she spoke in one evening French, Italian, Slav, German, Spanish, Arabic, Turkish and Greek as readily as her native tongue. Page after page is devoted by Mrs. Wallace to describing the surroundings and life of the wonderful woman who grew tired of Damascus and set out for the hills of the fire worshipers, Bagdad. For guidance and guardianship she traveled with a squad of Anazehs under a Sheik. Mrs. Wallace does not think it best to tell names and tales together, so she calls the Sheik Aular. His real name was Digby el Mezrab. In describing him she takes occasion to say that when you find the best Oriental, the exquisite grace of his bearing, the smooth, patient, courteous dignity of his manner, surpass the highest breeding of Christian courts. Then she quotes a remark of an acquaintance, who says: "The further east you go the finer the manner. First among the sons of men for polish and urbanity is the Arabian; next to him the Turk; then comes the Italian; then the Spaniard and Frenchman; then the cold, stiff Englishman, and, lastly, the helter-skelter American, and I presume California is worse than Chicago, though I have never been there."

Lady Ellenborough married the Sheik in his tent in the desert, with no witnesses but Arabs, and according to the laws of Islam. The bride found to her horror when she returned to Damascus that she had forfeited her nationality, and had become a Turkish subject. She never repented of her bargain, but made over her property to her husband, and lived with him for fifteen years, when she died, regretted by the tribe and by all Arabs. She was devotedly attached to her husband and he to her. The wife of the English Consul at Damascus, who knew her, said that she and her husband were never apart; that she kept his respect, and was the mother and Queen of his tribe. When she died a rare shrine was erected in her memory at Damascus.

The romance of Lady Ellenborough's life Mrs. Wallace heard under the palms sung in a low, slow song by an Anazeh, who had no thought when singing that the wife of the American Minister to Turkey was listening.

Wrecked by Eating Cloves.

A physician of Syracuse says that one of the strangest cases that have come under his observation in practice is a Syracuse young lady who is addicted to the habit of chewing cloves. For several years her friends and physicians have been fighting to break her of a habit which she carries to such an excess that her life will be the penalty paid. At times she breaks herself of the habit for a few weeks, but sooner or later goes back to it with renewed energy. She has been known to chew a pound of them within three days. All the chemists have been warned not to give her the spice, and many of the grocers also, but she manages somehow to supply herself with it in spite of the watchfulness and precautions of her family. The effects of the excessive use of the spice resembles somewhat the effect of opium, and her sense of taste has been wholly destroyed by it.—*N. Y. World.*

A Diploma That Talked.

A young man entered a Woodward avenue car one day last week and began to distribute leaflets to the passengers. His manner was quiet and he had not the appearance of being a crank. Each person approached took the tract so gently offered, and at least made a show of reading it. Only one man rejected the free offering.

"You had better be at work," he said, rudely; "that's my religion."

The tract distributer made no answer until he was rid of all the tracts. Then he turned to the grumbler and held out his two hands without speaking a word.

They were horny and calloused with hard work. His appeal was more eloquent than speech.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—During a very bad performance of "Hamlet" by a barn-storming party in a country theater the audience in its entirety commenced to hiss, with the exception of one man. At last the man next to him said: "Why don't you hiss this show?" "It would hardly be fair," he said, "as I came in with an order; but if they don't do better pretty soon, I'm hanged if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you."

—Smjith—"Partner, that was a mighty powerful sermon that minister gave us yesterday on business honesty. I can name some people in this town who ought to have heard it. By the way, how much glucose are you mixing with the sugar now?" Bjones—About two pounds to one." Smjith—"Well, perhaps you'd better make it half and half." Bjones—Deacon Bart told me that minister was a rank new departure man." Smjith—"Is that so? Well, well, I don't take any stock in that sort of heresy. Say, Bjones, I guess we won't make any change in the sugar at present."—*Springfield Union.*

AL ETIQUETTE.

Members of the Queen's Household Like to Act as Plain People.

The custom of English royal families are frequently startling, original, and over-elaborate to a New Englander. But at the same time there is frequently considerable simplicity observable, particularly so the higher in rank you go. The royal family, although surrounded by inevitable forms and ceremonies, at every opportunity make an effort to free themselves from these customs and restraints. For instance, if you visit as a guest at Marlborough House you will find less formality and etiquette than in many families lower down in the social scale. Such haughty old dames as the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough and others of her style would not put you at your ease as do the Prince and Princess of Wales by their simple manners. A friend of mine who visited them told me they entered the room where he waited them, unannounced, and greeted him simply and cordially. Only the first words addressed to them must be "your Royal Highness," and need not be said again. The Prince, in fact, particularly enjoys an unconstrained manner in those about him; the easier you are, within the bounds of good breeding, the better he likes you. He talks little himself, although he makes an excellent speech and address, but he is a good listener. He, like all the reigning family, speaks with a slight German accent, his r's being very foreign.

The Princess, of course, speaks with even more of an accent, and, as she is quite deaf, she also is not much of a conversationalist. There are people who think she has nothing to say. My lady readers may be interested to know that her three daughters have been taught at the Dress Reform Association to make their own dresses, which are always simple, but admirably cut and fitted. The wardrobe of the Princess is kept in a large upper room at the Marlborough house, which room is lined with shelves, inclosed by doors. All the dresses are folded in large sheets on these shelves, which draw out, and two or three maids have charge of a large and gorgeous assortment of costumes of every conceivable occasion. No servant is allowed to be seen by their Royal Highness, except those whose duty is to be with them or near them. As they approach the maids and men must hide themselves, but this custom is not confined to royalty; it exists in all other houses of the aristocracy as well. And there is a well-known Duke who, if in driving over his estates sees a servant or a laborer, has him discharged at once, and should the trembling hire ing hear him approach climbs the nearest tree or hides himself behind it or a bush, as though guilty of some misdemeanor. But this Duke is nothing, if not eccentric. For instance, the finest apartments in one of his castles are under the ground, and, except for an occasional ride or drive, he lives buried beneath the surface of the earth, in a princely manner, to be sure, but in perpetual candle light, or, let us hope, electric light.—*Boston Transcript.*

"HE'S IN THE SOUP."

The Origin of the Latest Addition to the Vocabulary of Slang.

Every body and every thing that doesn't just suit every body else is sure to be consigned by somebody or other to "the soup." The world, in fact, seems to have become an immense tureen, and all its inhabitants are floating about like chopped vegetables in a julienne. Why this should be so and why the "in the soup" idea should be uppermost now in the mind of every citizen who wants to say something funny is not more apparent than was a while ago the reason for every one being inclined to tell every one else to "Let her go, Gallagher!" The origin of both expressions is involved in obscurity.

"In the soup" first achieved classic authority, so far as can now be ascertained, in one of the picturesque stories of what are called "sporting" events.

The event was the arrival in this country last fall of Kilrain, the pugilist. The situation was that the big Cunarder, Etruria, with the pugilist aboard, lay in the darkness off quarantine waiting for morning, and a tug with Kilrain's friends aboard was hovering about anxious to get Kilrain off and bring him up to the city. The captain of the Etruria had announced, with a severity that seemed unnecessary, that no such drunken crew should come anywhere near his vessel. The disconsolate but not unhappy crowd in the tug had to content itself with howling greetings to Kilrain across a watery gulf that separated the two vessels. One of the men on the tug, Johnson by name, was so anxious to get as near Kilrain as possible that he tumbled overboard. One of his companions, witnessing this act, instead of assailing the still depths of the darkness that brooded over the waves by shouts for help or shocking the calm stars overhead with frantic cries for a rope, simply balanced himself against the rail and called out:

"Ho! Johnston's fell in de soup!"

The sublime audacity of the comparison of the great Atlantic to a plate of soup was wasted on the drunken crew that heard it, but the waves chuckled gleefully ripples against the tug's sides, the stars twinkled merrily, and next morning, when people read about it, it tickled the public fancy so that the new slang became quickly the pet expression of the day, and by this time it has attained just about ripeness enough to make it ready to pick and lay away along with Mr. Gallagher and other slang once of repute.—*N. Y. Sun.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Nothing is so uncertain as the minds of the multitude.—*Livy.*

—A little knowledge wisely used is better than all knowledge disused.

—We promise according to our hopes and perform according to our fears.

—When a man settles money on his son it frequently unsettles the son.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Blessed be mirthfulness! It is one of the renovators of the world. Men will let you abuse them if only you will make them laugh.—*Beecher.*

—The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his peace of mind to be too trustful than too guarded.

—The condition of the world would be improved if men were to think less of the dishonor of submitting to wrong, and more of the dishonor of doing it.

—What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? It is the greatest of all evils; for it is folly, vice and madness, without tuition or restraint.—*Burke.*

IGNOMINIOUS FAILURE.

Why College Men Are Not Much of a Success Out in Dakota.

Why don't college men do well out in Dakota? Because the country's too big for 'em; they can't fill up the room out there. I'll tell you one reason why the natives don't take to 'em. We built a railroad out there, me and Bill Slearey—we're a progressive crowd out in Dakota—one of the finest roads you ever saw. It was only a hundred miles long, and a hundred miles [illegible] much in Dakota, but it was a railroad from top to bottom. We'd made a pile o' money, me and Bill, and we about owned Zero Valley, and when the country began to get settled up we said we'd give 'em a railroad, and we did. That railroad cost a sight o' money, but it was worth it. We didn't stop at nothing to make it first-class. "The Zero Valley & Icebo[illegible] railroad" we called it. Cars all i[illegible] and veneered, yellow plush cushi[illegible] seats, every thing tip-top. [illegible] to have silver mountings on [illegible], but Bill wouldn't have that. [illegible] nker, Bill is, and he though[illegible] en train robbers stopped the [illegible] ey'd tear the cars to pieces, so [illegible] go at nickel.

Well, I w[illegible] a regular Eastern road, with b[illegible] n to call out the stations. They [illegible] generally do that in the West, y[illegible]. I sent East for brakemen, a[illegible] rdered college graduates, for I wa[illegible] oing to have every thing the best. [illegible] 'em sent out there all trained up [illegible] for the first trip. They was as fine [illegible] a lo[illegible]ing set of boys as you'd want to [illegible] see. W[illegible] I got 'e[illegible] into their blue [illegible] uniforms, wi[illegible] gold buttons and silver ba[illegible] did look encouraging. I wa[illegible] now I tell you, and I said to Bi[illegible] morning we was going to pull out on the first trip. "Bill this is a great country; we beat the world on every thing we tackle."

Bill wasn't so cheerful. He ain't a feather-brained man, you know, and he don't often let his feelings run away with him. I never knew him to warm up over any thin[illegible] but Injuns. He did used to get a litt[illegible] worked up [illegible] them critters in the [illegible]arly days. Well, he said he hoped every thing would turn out all right, but he wasn't going to yell before he got out of the woods.

We had a crowd on the first trip. Every body was there. Every thing worked well when we started. But the thing I wanted most was to hear the brakeman call out the station. That was what I was waiting for. I had white posts put up just where I wanted him to open the d[illegible]or and shout out the station. I began to get nervous when we got near Bee at-riss. "Beatrice," some people call it, I don't object to that if people like it, but we pronounce it Bee at-riss out there, to rhyme with matress, you know. Bee-at-riss. We named it after Sheriff Bowie's little girl. As I said, I began to get nervous when we got near Bee-at-riss. I was afraid he'd forget about the white post, and I didn't want to have the whole thing spoiled.

But he remembered it, and my heart just jumped when he threw the door open suddenly. Then that infernal college dude screamed out: "Bay-a-tree-chay! Bay-a-tree-chay! this station is Bay-a-tree-chay!"

I went into the telegraph office and telegraphed down to Friezedale for the lynching party. And that's why you see so many college men's graves out in Dakota, young man.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SAMPLE'S ASSURANCE.

How a "Nervy" Drummer Replenished His Stock of Cash.

Numerous instances are on record of the striking self-possession, or in the vernacular, "nerve," possessed by Sam