HOW TO EAT WISELY.

Common-Sense Rules Which Should Be Given a Faithful Trial.

As a universal rule in health, and with very few exceptions in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons rarely err in the quality of food eaten; nature's instincts are the wisest regulators in this respect. The great sources of mischief from eating are three—quantity, frequency, rapidity, and from these come the horrible dyspepsia which make of human life a burden, a torture, a living death. By eating fast, the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it; but the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it into sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for even if it is well chewed the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness, or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating. It requires about five hours for a common meal to dissolve and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle, or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within a five-hour's interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one-third of the time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food on the stomach. All are tired when night comes. Every muscle of the body is weary and looks to the bed; but just as we lie down to rest every other part of the body, if we by a hearty meal give the stomach five hours' work, which in its weak state requires a much longer time to perform than at an earlier hour of the day, it is like imposing upon a servant a full day's work just at the close of a hard day's labor. Hence the unwisdom of eating heartily late in the day or evening; and no wonder it has cost many a man his life. Always breakfast before work or exercise. No laborers or active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the midday meal. Persons of sedentary habits, or who are at all ailing, should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold stale bread and butter, or a ship-biscuit with a single cup of warm drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep and prepare for a heartier breakfast, with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CAGED BIRDS.

The Abundance of Maladies to Which Over-Eating Makes Them Liable.

The melancholy part of the study of caged birds is the abundance of diseases to which they are liable. Especially during the winter and the early spring the pathetic little captives are apt to suffer and die in a way which makes the very fact of their captivity a reproach. After examining the grisly catalogue of their complaints, we have come to the conclusion that the excessive dullness of their life in cages drives them to the only indulgence which is possible to them, that of over-eating themselves. The excited bird which falls from its perch, in the middle of a burst of song, smitten with apoplexy; the hot and lumpy bird which is a victim to hepatitis; the corpulent bird whose figure no dandelion leaves of Epsom salts will reduce; the epileptic bird that drags on existence by sipping tincture of lobelia and drops of easter oil, all these melancholy invalids would have escaped their sad condition if they could have resisted the tempting hemp-seed and the luscious milksop. But how are they to drag life through their long monotonous days? In the utter insipidity of aviary existence the open and inexhaustible box of food decoys them like a vice, and they succumb to temptation, as Mme. Bovary did, from sheer unmitigated ennui. Sometimes, in the later stages of decline, all reticence is thrown aside, and the unfortunate songster sits all day long at the feeding trough, shelling and throwing aside the food that it positively can not swallow, and yet must be handling. In these sad cases a live spider is sometimes found beneficial, as for hysterical human patients the family doctor may recommend a pantomime or a fancy ball. We can not but think that more study might with advantage be given to the question of caged birds, since this seems to be the difficulty upon which their management always strikes. It is curious that bird fanciers persist in feeding their charges with hemp-seed, probably because the irresponsible little wretches gobble it up with so much greediness. But this is no more a reason for giving it to them than the fact that children like macaroons would be a reason for feeding them daily upon this indigestible dainty. Birds require at least as much care as children in selecting for them, not what they prefer, but what is best.—*Saturday Review.*

—Some Boston women are beginning to say that it gives them a headache to sit through a sermon with their bonnets on, and ask why they can not take them off in church.—*Boston Journal.*

AMONG THE ALEUTS.

Hunting Sea-Otter Along the Shores of Oonalaska Island, Alaska.

The most desirable fur obtained in this region, and in fact the most desirable in the world, is the sea-otter, which is by law hunted (1) natives only, (2) by white men who have married native women, or (3) by whites who have taken up a permanent residence in the country. This law was passed for the purpose of protecting the Aleuts in the sole enjoyment of hunting the sea-otter, which furnishes them their only means of support. It is, however, easily evaded by unscrupulous white hunters, and it seems now as if the otter, which is at best one of the shyest animals known, will be either exterminated or frightened away from these islands by the greed and rapacity of these hunters, who kill old and young, male and female indiscriminately. During the last season only five sea-otter were taken by the natives of Attou; and were it not that the Alaska Commercial Company takes care of these poor people they would be utterly without means of subsistence. To make the matter harder for the natives, the law forbidding them the possession of breech-loading arms is strictly enforced, and they are compelled to hunt the otter armed only with spears or fire-arms of obsolete pattern, while the white hunters are allowed to use breech-loading arms of the latest manufacture. The ambition of the young Aleut is to become a great sea-otter hunter, and all his energies are bent in perfecting himself in the various arts of his profession. Where there is no choice, it is wonderful to observe how eagerly the young man looks forward to the time when his turn shall come to go out with the hunters after the shy animals. Every attention is paid to the details of the equipment of the hunting party, and when the storms of winter have sufficiently abated to allow the party to embark in their little *bidarkas*, they sally forth singly or in pairs to meet in some secluded spot, far removed from any settlement, which experience has proved to be a likely place to find their quarry. Arriving at their rendezvous, the party lands and makes a camp. No fires are lighted nor any thing done in the way of making shelter for themselves, which might frighten the wary otter. The place usually selected for a camp is in some secluded bay of the islands, and when all the boats have arrived they cruise around the bay and patiently watch the smooth surface of the water for the black, glistening head of their game. Sometimes weeks are spent in this way without a sign of an otter, but the Aleut has the knack of waiting patiently down about as fine as any person on earth.

When an otter is sighted the occupant of the boat which is nearest the animal holds up his paddle, the rest of the party immediately take their places so as to form an immense semi-circle, with its periphery seaward and the shore-line forming its chord. This being completed and the escape of the otter cut off, the hunter who first saw the animal cautiously approaches the spot where he is expected to rise, and when near enough throws a short spear, with unerring aim, into its body the moment the animal comes in sight. The spear is so made that the head becomes loosened from the staff upon striking an object, but is still attached to it by a long line of sinew. The otter immediately dives and probably takes the entire spear down out of sight, but the natives by long experience know the direction he will pursue and quickly paddle to the spot. When the animal rises for breath another spear is plunged into him. This goes on until loss of blood and strength compel him to cease his struggles. A boat is then brought alongside and he is dispatched, taken on shore and skinned, or if too far away from land this work is accomplished in the boat itself. The work of skinning an otter in one of the small *bidarkas* of the Aleuts seemed to me an absolute impossibility, but I am assured by good authority that it is often done by the natives. When the sea is rough two boats are lashed side by side catamaran fashion, thus securing greater stability. Sea-otter hunting was pursued with success along the whole extent of the Aleutian Islands in the early days of the Territory, but latterly the area of distribution of the animals seems gradually to have contracted, so that it hardly pays to hunt them west of Oonalaska Island at the present day. The Choumagin Islands, a group lying just south of the Alaskan peninsula, and close to the eastern extremity of the Aleutian group, is the center of the otter-hunting grounds. A peculiarity of the animal is that it seems to have no regular breeding season.—*John Cassin Cantwell, in San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hygiene Versus Medicine.

The development of sanitary science has advanced with rapid strides during the last three decades. Thirty years ago it scarcely had an existence. Our diminished rate of mortality is due to a greater extent to this cause than to improved methods of treatment of diseases. We point this out, not with the intention of sneering at the anxious and too often thankless work performed by our doctors, but to accentuate the fact that preventive medicine is more powerful and far-reaching in its effects than the endeavor to cope with disease. Not only is prevention better than "cure," but it is also easier. Far from this being a slur upon the medical profession, we should probably not be beyond the mark in stating, that almost every important sanitary measure has originated with it, and has been pressed by it upon an often unwilling public.—*Saturday Review.*

TALENTED BUT LAZY.

The Unlovely Sight Presented by a Young Woman Who Shirks Her Duties.

The town is full of talented girls who will never amount to any thing because they are so well content with simply being talented. These girls will never be able to take a prominent place in any profession or circle in society because they lack the industry without which all the talent under the sun is not worth a copper groat. Talent is the unhewn block of marble, industry is the chisel that may convert it to the perfect statue. The philosophic writer of "Our Picayunes" says that industry beats genius at every thing except the making of real poetry. Talented girls who are too lazy to accomplish any thing except by inspiration are often not only the victims of their own false idea that talent is better than a developed muscle, or trained mind, or methodical work, but of the ill-advised praise of relatives and friends. A smart girl wants encouragement, not merely praise. She wants that sort of encouragement that if she wills to work she can be and do any thing that is great, and noble, and possible to human endeavor. Many a smart girl remains a slouch and a smatterer all her days because of the exaggerated ideas of her own ability, not capability, she receives from those who should have known better. A talented girl of eighteen can play the piano; but not well enough to keep the honest attention of a roomful of people. She can dabble in paints, but not well enough to make her pictures worth framing. She can write romances, but none good enough for publication. These are her possibilities. They speak fairly well of her at eighteen, and friends predict a brilliant future for her. But at nineteen and twenty she neither plays, nor paints, nor writes any better than she did at eighteen. She has spent her days in idle, ambitious dreamings of what she would like to do. Her mind runs sluggishly, she is drunk with the stupor of laziness. She is an enormous reader of novels, but finds even the magazines "too solemn" for her mind and taste. Victimized by home adulation, she has quit her piano-practicing, neglected her studies, abandoned her drawing-book, and she ends by doing nothing at all. Her mother has loved her too well to allow her to make a bed, sweep a room, keep up any routine of duties or studies, and the result is a failure. Admiring friends fall off, sorry and disgusted. A lazy young woman is as unlovely a sight as a slovenly one. A girl of eighteen, a talented girl, needs at her elbow a mother or a guardian who shall unceasingly and earnestly inspire her with an ambition to take always and ever an upward step.—*N. O. Picayune.*

PETTY VANDALISM.

Defacement of the Yellowstone Geysers by Shallow-Minded Visitors.

It is a pity that the wonderful natural attractions of the Yellowstone National Park can not be preserved from vandal hands for future generations. From the report of Captain Moses Harris to the Secretary of the Interior, it would seem that the geysers of the Yellowstone, as well as the game, needs protection.

"It is apparent from the most casual observation that the means heretofore employed for the preservation of the natural objects of wonder and beauty in the Park have been entirely inadequate. It may be said without exaggeration that not one of the notable geyser formations in the Park has escaped mutilation or defacement in some form. Those that have been most fortunate are covered with lead-pencil inscriptions, recording the names of those shallow-minded visitors to whom such a distinction is a pleasure. A lead-pencil mark seems to be a very harmless defacement, but names bearing date of 1880 are still discoverable through the thin deposit of silica, and if this marking should go on unchecked, in a very few years these once beautiful formations will have become unsightly and unattractive objects. At the Upper Geyser Basin, names with date of June, 1886, have been chiseled into the solid geyserite so deep, that, in the slow process of nature, many years must elapse before this mutilation will be obliterated. Not content with the defacement of the formations, efforts are constantly being made to destroy the geysers themselves, by throwing into them sticks, logs of wood and all sorts of obstructions. The eruptive force of several of the geysers has been totally destroyed by vandalism of this character. The foot-steps of the throngs of visitors are wearing away the delicate, and lace-like tracery of the silicious deposits, and in a few years the formations surrounding the geysers will present the appearance of the worn pavements of a city street. The willful defacement of the beautiful objects can only be prevented by watchful supervision, supported by the rigid enforcement of lawful penalties. A certain amount of wear and deterioration, incident to the multitude of visitors, is probably unavoidable."—*Golden Rule.*

—Miss Matilda Johnson has just died in London, 116 years old. Eighty-nine years ago her intended husband died suddenly and she made a will giving her entire fortune to the Military Hospital and directing that "Love Killed Her" should be engraved on her tombstone.

—Bertie—Mamma, I thought you said Mr. Johnson was a very wise man. Mamma—Well, so he is, Bertie. Bertie—I know better. After I told him to-day I was in school he wanted to know how much two times three was. *N. Y. Herald.*

A SHORT-HORN PIG.

Mrs. Bowser's Experience With a New Style Porker Discovered by Her Husband.

Well, the long agony is over and our pig is dead. One day last fall Mr. Bowser suddenly turned on me with:

"Mrs. Bowser, why don't we keep a pig?"

"Because we have no pen, no place for one, and don't want the nuisance."

"We have plenty of room for a pen. I can make one in half a day, and we might as well raise our own pork as to buy it. The kitchen-stuff you give away would fatten three pigs."

I talked and argued, but it was no use. I brought up our poor success with hens, but he choked me off with:

"Mrs. Bowser, perhaps you may not know the difference between a lean, old, heartbroken hen and a choice pig, but I do, and we shall keep a pig."

"Well, don't ask me to bother with it."

"No one intended to! On the contrary I hope you will keep as far away from him as possible. You can also buy your own pork chops next winter!"

During the next three days Mr. Bowser was pig-hunting and pen-building, and at length a terrible squealing in the alley informed me that his purchase had been made. I went out after a bit and found a thin, cadaverous, wild-eyed beast weighing about fifty pounds in the pen. He uttered a "woof!" and made a spring at me as I looked over and Mr. Bowser came from the barn and roared out:

"What are you doing there? Do you want to scare that pig to death?"

"I was simply looking at him."

"Well, you simply keep away for awhile! That pig is strange. He's got to have time to look around. Any one knowing bran from broomsticks wouldn't go rushing up to a pig-pen like that!"

"What breed is he?"

"Short-horn, of course. You don't think I'd fool away my time on a common pig, do you?"

"Why, I never heard of a short-horn pig before."

"Oh, you didn't! There are a great many things you never heard of, Mrs. Bowser, and never will!"

"He is very thin."

"Thin! Of course he is! If he was fat he couldn't hold half of our kitchen stuff."

"Just hear him take on!"

"Go away with you! It's your voice that excites him! Mrs. Bowser, if that pig bursts a blood vessel you will be to blame for it, and it will cost you eight dollars in cash!"

I went into the house and the pig seemed more quiet. Mr. Bowser fed him corn, potatoes, apples, swill, cold biscuit, a rib of cold beef, peanuts, grass, half an orange and a banana. When he came in he rubbed his hands and chuckled:

"Seems almost like being on a farm again! I ought never to have been any thing but a farmer."

We had scarcely finished supper when the pig began to squeal. Mr. Bowser went out and walked seven times around the pen, without being able to find any thing wrong. The pig had a good bed and an abundance of food, but he stood in the middle of the pen and kept up a doleful squealing; and it was not until Mr. Bowser knocked him down with a fence picket that we got an interval of rest. He squealed from eight to nine without a break, and, when Mr. Bowser came home at the latter hour, he punched him with a hoe handle and secured another respite. We had just got to bed when the doleful music began again.

"He's the uneasiest pig I ever saw," I ventured to observe, "and I wonder you didn't get some other breed."

"Mrs. Bowser, did you ever own a pig, shoat or hog in all your life?"

"No."

"Then don't give me any more talk! When I want your advice I will ask for it!"

"But is he to squeal all night?"

"If he wants to."

I think he did. He got a little hoarse about two o'clock in the morning, but he managed to make himself heard all the same. Mr. Bowser went out and fed him cut-loaf sugar and some Saratoga potatoes, and for an hour or two he stood in a corner of the pen and seemed buried in reflection. Then he suddenly appeared in the back yard and rooted up six dollars' worth of new sodding and two beds of flowers, and the cook and I had no sooner got him into the pen than he began squealing again. During the afternoon Mr. Bowser remained home and worked the fence-picket racket so vigorously that by night the pig had got it into his head that the less he was heard from the better.

The next day the animal got out twice, and it didn't take but twelve of the neighbors to get him back. After the first night, and from that to the night of his death, he rested one hour and squealed the next as regularly as clock-work. The day he didn't get out of the pen was a dull day in our house. The night we didn't wish him dead and threaten to murder him in the morning was a rare exception. On several occasions I said to Mr. Bowser:

"I believe that man cheated you on the pig. I never saw an animal act as he does."

"Cheated me! Oh, yes, I've lived in this world forty-five years to be taken in by a farmer who doesn't know whether Julius Cæsar was a blacksmith or an alderman!"

By and by the pig got his appetite, and a pail of swill was only a mouthful for him. Mr. Bowser sent up corn and meal and buffalo feed and several other sorts, but the more he mixed the more that pig ate, and the more he ate the thinner he got. It somehow got out that we had a short-horn pig, and after hearing hundreds of comments from people who sneaked up the alley to see the creature, I said to Mr. Bowser:

"I can't find any thing in the agricultural papers about short-horned pigs."

"Oh! you can't! Did you find any thing about a slipshod woman going around the house with her mouth full of hair pins and her ears open to catch all the gossip?"

That was the last time I ever mentioned the pig to him. I slipped out to the pen now and then and saw that the beast was growing thinner and hungrier and more wild-eyed, and my ears told me that his squeals had become four tones sharper. The other morning as we sat down to breakfast the cook announced that the short-horn was a corpse.

"What! dead!" shouted Mr. Bowser.

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Mrs. Bowser, you can countermand that order for the cloak! You were determined from the outset to drive that pig to death, and you have finally accomplished it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANIMAL ANIMOSITIES.

Food at the Bottom of Most Disagreements Among Carnivorous Animals.

Grain and grass feeding animals may live at peace, leading a social or colonial life. If the house-sparrow quarrels at times, it is seldom over any thing more serious than a love affair; the graver problems of life touch him not. His food is everywhere—scattered over every field, in every dust-bin in the street, in every stable yard. Rabbits again, need not quarrel about a clover leaf; they are so prolific that they have from four to eight young ones at a birth, and that not once nor twice a year, yet this only means that they must feed in widened radius around the holes; and so the warren grows and grows, and the tenant farmer grumbles and growls till he loses all patience with "them plaguy rabbits," and vows: "If squoire wunt kill 'em, I wull!" With carnivorous animals, however, the case is widely different. Their prey is limited and difficult to catch. They are never, in the strict sense of the word, gregarious, and nature unaided can support them but sparingly; when the balance is disturbed quarrels ensue. Britain has lost with the bear and the wolf her larger carnivora, though the otter, the badger and the fox remain. Otters are, comparatively speaking, thinly distributed, and seldom remain more than a day in the same spot, wandering far in search of food. The badger is omnivorous—wasps' nests, young rabbits, beetles, worms or blue-bell roots, nothing comes amiss. Hence, where once fairly established, as in our own neighborhood, they often increase in considerable numbers. But were nature's efforts not supplemented by the game-preserver and the hen-wife, the fox, in his present numbers, would be in poor case indeed, and where food is really scarce, as in the highlands of the North, the shepherd boy can tell of many a battle in the dawn. A pair of brown owls of our acquaintance were induced some years ago to nest in a box fixed up in a high beech tree. They have remained in possession ever since, nesting every spring and bringing up their young. No sooner, however, are these young full grown than their parents begin driving them about; with scarce a moment's pause they hustle and worry and scare them from tree to tree, until at the end of a week or so they succeed in ejecting them from the place. There are many hollow trees and—which brown owls like better—fir trees all about; but no, the neighborhood can not support them, and go they must. A pair of moorhens in a small pond in our garden do the same, apparently because there is only one good nesting-place—an azalea which hangs over the water.—*Saturday Review.*

SLANGY EPITHETS.

Names by Which Workmen Distinguish Unskilled Members of Their Craft.

Strikes bring out the technical slang of the trades, and particularly the opprobrious epithets by which the different classes of workmen distinguish the unskilled men who labor at the same trades. In most cases it will be found that these slang terms originate in some technicality of the trade. Thus the telegraphers call a poor operator a "plug," after the little metal plug or pin in the switchboard, good only to open and close the circuit. They are also called "chair-warmers," the meaning of which is apparent to every body.

Printers designate an unskilled typesetter as a "shoemaker" or a "blacksmith." The derivation of the former appellation is from the fact that a compositor who makes errors is obliged to correct them after the type is set up by taking out the misplaced letters and "pegging" the proper ones into their places. Tailors also use the word "shoemaker" to distinguish a poor hand, as an unskilled workman makes his stitches too far apart, and is therefore better adapted to sew leather, where he can punch the holes with an awl before putting his needle through. The appellation, "blacksmith," is applied to a printer whose fingers are clumsy, and a jeweler also terms an unskilled worker at his trade a "blacksmith" for the same reason.

A term of opprobrium which was used by old New York printers to denote an unskilled compositor, was the word "boarder," from the fact that a poor hand was generally a drinking man and spent his time loafing or "boarding" in liquor saloons.—*Boston Globe.*

WOMEN'S WAGES.

Some of the Weak Spots in Our Boasted American Civilization.

There is something wrong about that civilization which compels a woman to work sixteen hours per day for six days in a week in order to earn $3.50. Unfortunately there are women in the large cities who have to work in this way. It is hard for people who have the means of supplying their daily wants to realize that any of their fellow-beings are doomed to a life of darkness and grinding poverty such as these women endure.

That women are in many cases underpaid for their services as seamstresses and as saleswomen in stores is unquestionably true. Hard-hearted as a stone and cruel as a serpent is the man who will extort a profit from the poverty of the women who work for him. But it would be folly to seek the cause of this evil in nothing but the flinty-heartedness of employers. The trouble is due, not to the form of Government, nor to the organization of society, but to the civilization which drives women by the score into certain employment and keeps them out of others.

When a dry-goods merchant may take his choice from among twenty applications for work at six dollars per week it is not to be expected that he will insist upon paying ten dollars. The number of competitors in certain lines of work reduce the wages. Women will work for starvation wages in a store or at sewing rather than secure a comfortable living by doing housework.

There is something wrong about the civilization which teaches a woman that it is more honorable to sew sixteen hours a day for starvation wages than it is to secure a comfortable living in domestic service. There are undoubtedly hundreds of women and girls working in stores or as seamstresses who have not one whit more refinement, and are not in any respect better educated than girls who are employed as servants in households. But the former hold themselves far above the latter. The civilization is wrong which teaches young girls and women to make a distinction of this kind.

It is also a wrong civilization which teaches young women, whose parents are well able to provide for them and who are surrounded by the comforts of home life, that they are in duty bound to go out into the world and compete with their less fortunate sisters in the struggle for a living. Home life and home work constitute the proper sphere for every woman, and it is a false philosophy which teaches anything else. The woman, whether married or unmarried, who can not live at home and find employment in home work is unfortunate. But the unhappy condition of these unfortunates is rendered all the more unhappy by the competition of girls who, although they have comfortable homes, will, for the sake of earning a pittance of pin money, seek employment as "salesladies," or clerks, or seamstresses.—*Denver Tribune.*

A GROWING EVIL.

Overstudy Among Children Ruining Many Strong Physical Constitutions.

Dr. William A. Hammond read a paper on "Brain Forcing in the Education of Children" recently, before 350 members and guests of the Nineteenth Century Club. He told of a little girl brought to him one day afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. She had been to school and in her book-bag she had an English grammar, an arithmetic, a geography, a history of the United States, an astronomy, a temperance physiology and hygiene, a French grammar, a French reader and a treatise on general science. These subjects she was expected to master at home in six and a half hours, if she gave the needed time to sleep, to eating, to dressing and recreation. Continuing he said:

She had learned all these things, but she was spending her brain capital, not her brain income. Intellectual bankruptcy was staring her in the face. We are living too much under the reign of the schoolmaster. The brain of a child at seven years is larger in proportion to its body than is the brain of an adult for after that age the brain does not increase in size. Children in their first ten years ought to learn solely through the ordinary use of their senses. If a child doesn't look at a book until he is ten years old he will learn to read quicker than a child who studied his letters at three. Laws prevent physical overtaxation of children; why not their intellectual overtaxation? Memory is not knowledge. Because children recite well does not mean that they understand. They recite by rote. So do parrots. Such cultivation of memory weakens the brain powers. How much better it would be if we had more objective teaching. What ideas can a child get from Dr. Johnson's definition of net-work—'a reticulated structure with interstices between the intersections'? There is too much cramming in the schools in spite of all the teaching against it. I confess too strong sympathy with the intelligent truant. We must remember that man's brain differs vastly from woman's brain. They ought not to have the same kind of education until they have the same kind of brain and the same kind of nervous systems.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—A young man of Brunswick, Ga., went duck hunting, and while at least a mile away from the city fired at a duck with a breech-loading rifle. The ball came to the city and went through the door of a residence on Newcastle street, just missing a child's head.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Fourteen clocks keep the time at the State-house in Augusta, Me., all eight-day. Two of the clocks are over forty years of age.