The Chatham Record.

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On a Soldier's Love.

It was in an ancient country,
Far away beyond the sea,
And a swallow at my window
Told the story unto me.
There was once a pretty peasant,
Fair of face and flaxen-tressed;
And a gay and handsome soldier
In a coat of scarlet dressed.

Tapping with a jeweled finger,
Lightly on the window-sill,
"Everywhere I go," he murmured,
"Tender glances haunt me still.
Not a lady at the palace
Hath a face so fair as you,
Nor a waist so trim and slender,
Nor an eye so darkly blue.

"Sooner shall the azure brightness
Of this sword be dim with rust—
Sooner shall I kneel for mercy
To a foeman in the dust,
Than I e'er should cease to love you.
I had never loved before;
Others were but passing fancies,
I will leave you nevermore."

But this soldier came no longer
When the snow began to fall,
And they bid the pretty peasant
And her woe, beneath a pall.
Still the village maids in summer
Strew her grave with willow-leaves
And the swallow, still returning,
Builds beneath the broken eaves.

In the South, among the roses,
Vowing still, with jaunty air,
Endless love for jetty lashes,
Endless love for golden hair,
Kissing now a silken ringlet,
Keeping now a dainty glove,
Light of heart the soldier lingers—
Light of heart and light of love.
—[Minnie Irving.

TWO MOTHERS.

"Goodby, Charlie! I shall expect you precisely at five!"

Mr. Westbrook waved his glove backward toward his wife as he ran down the steps and walked briskly to the street corner, there to await a down-town car.

Mrs. Westbrook stood on the steps for a minute or two, looking bright and trim in her plain gingham morning dress, with its fluted ruffles, and the bow of blue ribbon at her throat, while her white apron looked as fresh as if it had just come from the laundry.

Just opposite, an elegant little coupé waited at the door of a brown stone mansion—and presently a superbly dressed lady came out, dressed in furs, satins and velvets—Mrs. Draine, by name—and entered it.

"She is going to the morning concert at Tambusini's," thought Mrs. Westbrook, as she watched the equipage drive away. "Ah, what a slavery is fashionable life!"

Mr. Westbrook, however, thought differently, as the lady in question whirled past him, with a gracious inclination of her head, and a smile that faded almost instantly away.

"I wish Katie's tastes ran a little more in that channel," said he to himself. "Katie is really getting to be a mere domestic machine."

While he stood there, waiting for the dilatory car, two little children ran down the street—a boy and a girl, Willie and Effie Draine. Mr. Westbrook knew them by sight.

They were magnificently attired in frills, flounces and rich embroidery, but they looked blue and cold, nevertheless.

"Children," said Mr. Westbrook, "where are you going? Where is your nurse?"

"Bridget has gone down in the kitchen to talk with her beau," said Effie, in a shrill, defiant tone.

"Does your mother allow you to go out so, without anything on your heads?" asked Mr. Westbrook.

"Mother don't care," Willie made answer. "Mother says 'Go away and don't bother me.'"

"Well, never mind that," said Mr. Westbrook, not altogether satisfied with the testimony he was eliciting. "Go back home at once!"

"I won't, you ugly old man!" retorted Effie.

"Mind your own business," added Willie. "We'll go where we please."

Just then the car came along, and Mr. Westbrook, already delayed, sprang on the back platform and dismissed all thought of the young rebels from his mind.

"Katie," said he, that night, when he had returned from business, "why is it that you do not go out a little more, like your neighbor, Mrs. Draine?"

Mrs. Westbrook laughed. She was dressing her youngest child, a chubby little creature, with blue eyes and hair curling in tiny rings close to its year-old head.

"Because," said she, "I can't do two things at once."

"How do you mean two things at once? I don't understand?"

"Perhaps I had better have said half a dozen," said Mrs. Westbrook. "Mrs. Draine leaves her children to the care of servants. I could not do that. Mrs. Draine sends them away from her when they come with wistful looks and piteous, tear-stained faces. She says she has not time to do a nurse's work. Oh, Charles, do you suppose my child could ever appeal to me in vain?"

"There is some truth and common sense in her view of the matter," said Mr. Westbrook, to himself, "but I think she could 'put on more style,' as the saying is."

"Katie," he continued aloud, "I didn't mean that to hold up Mrs. Draine as an example in all respects, but in the matter of appearances, don't you think you could follow some of her ideas and profit by them?"

"Charlie! If I were to conduct our household after the style of a woman in her position, you would be bankrupt in no time. Her husband can pay for nurses, carriages, and so on; he can afford her extravagences, where, were his income less, it would be an insufferable burden to him. On the other hand, I try to obey the dictates of my heart and be a mother to our dear children. I teach them to look to us with respect and get love in return. I share their joys and sorrows and they confide all in me, and we are happy. I ask no more happiness. You are doing all that you can on a limited salary. If I kept house as Mrs. Draine does, everything would be at sixes and sevens."

"What a very common expression, Katie."

"But it means so much, Charles."

Mrs. Westbrook was in her nursery a few minutes later, when the one little maid whom she kept, came hurrying up stairs, wiping her hands on her checked gingham apron.

"Ma'am," said she, breathlessly eager to communicate her news, "here's a dreadful thing!"

"What is it, Lizzie?" asked her mistress.

"Mrs. Draine's nurse has just been over, ma'am, a-crying and a-takin' on dreadful. The poor dear children is lost!"

"Lost! In a city like this! Impossible!"

"But they is, ma'am. There ain't nothin' been seen of 'em since nine o'clock this morning. Bridget supposed they'd run after their mother's carriage—and Mrs. Draine, she supposed they were safe at home with Bridget—and now they ain't nowhere! And Mrs. Draine she's a-goin' into hysterics awful and Mr. Draine swearing fit to take the top of the ceiling off."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Westbrook, softly—and arm in arm with her husband she went over to the stately Draine mansion to offer her sympathy and assistance.

Mr. Draine's teeth were set together—his eyes were blazing.

"It's what we might have expected," he said, "neither more nor less! My wife gave up the care of little ones to hirelings, and they have proved as most worthy of trust as we might have known! Louisa," to his wife, "if anything serious has happened to our children the blame will lay at your door."

"Herbert, how can you be so cruel—so heartless," sobbed Mrs. Draine. But at this moment a face looked in at the half-open door—a face so white and ghastly, so full of unexpressed horror, that Mrs. Westbrook involuntarily held her breath. The man beckoned to her.

"You are a friend of the family?"

"I have come to see what good I could do," she hesitatingly answered.

"Perhaps, then, you can break the tidings to the poor woman," he whispered. "There are two children at the Grand Western depot badly hurt—and from the descriptions telegraphed to the police stations, we fear they are the lost children of this Mr. Draine. They had stolen into a freight car, and there fallen asleep—and on being suddenly roused and sent out by a car loader, wandered, in their bewilderment, directly across the track of an incoming engine, just detached from a train. One cannot survive long; the other is also seriously if not fatally injured. They are bringing them here on stretchers; they will probably be at the door by the time you can prepare the mother's mind a little for the shock.

That hour's work was the hardest and bitterest that Kate Westbrook ever did!

"Don't bring them near me! I can't bear to look at them! I have killed them!" wildly wailed Mrs. Draine—and it was Mrs. Westbrook's tender arms that lifted the bruised and dying little ones into their cribs, so soon, alas! to be vacant, Mrs. Westbrook's hand that held the draught to their parched lips.

So they died, and the great house was desolate and alone.

"Katie," said Mr. Westbrook, the next day, when he saw his wife among her little ones, serene, loving, eyes quick to heed their baby wants, "you are right about a mother's duties. God preserve us from ever drinking the bitter cup that has been held to Mrs. Draine's lips."

And Katie murmured:

"Amen!"—New York News.

The New Science of Palmistry.

Material hand—Palm cool and firm, fingers apart. Means danger to the small boy.

Masculine hand — Fingers closed, thumb turned in, knuckles prominent. Signifies "No new bonnets this season."

Boy's hand—Palm open, warts on thumb, fingers stubby and clean. Reads "I've been at the preserved peaches again."

Young lady's hand—Closed pink palm, soft and warm, ring on index finger. Sign, "Ask papa."

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Curing Bites and Stings.

For the treatment of poisonous bites or wounds made by insects apply hartshorn, cologne or vinegar directly to the wound. A poultice of ipecac has also been recommended for the same purpose. This is all the treatment that is needed for the bites of wasps and bees.

Sometimes a person may be stung by a great many bees or wasps at once. In such cases fainting may be produced, and the patient will need internal stimulants—hartshorn, wine, brandy, or some liquor. Poisonous wounds made by spiders, centipedes and scorpions are treated in the same way as those made by insects; that is, by the direct application of hartshorn to the wound and, when necessary, internal stimulants.

Hot Water Remedies.

There is no remedy of such general application, and none so easily attainable, as water, and yet nine persons out of ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of far less efficiency. There are few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out, and then applied round the neck of a child that has the croup, will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out and applied over the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. There is nothing that so promptly cuts short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is the best cathartic possible in the case of constipation, while it has the most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. This treatment, continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia. Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.—[The Family Doctor.

Poisons.

Poisons exist in nature in the mineral, vegetable, and animal world. Arsenic is an instance of the first, strychnine of the second, the virus of certain serpents of the third. Those of the vegetable world are most numerous, and are, some of them, as violent as any. The essential principles of tea and coffee are poisons, and form beautiful crystals.

There are a few, including snake-poisons, that are not used as efficient medicines. That physician makes a false claim who asks for patronage mainly on the ground that his remedies are vegetable. There is no doubt that many of the best are of mineral origin.

The poison of poison oak, called also sumach (the botanical name of which is Rhus Toxicodendron), and of poison ivy (Rhus Radicans) is particularly troublesome, from the fact that the slightest handling by susceptible persons, ignorant of their character,—say summer boarders from the city,—gives rise to a violent, burning itching, which is sure to be communicated to every part of the body that the sufferer may chance to touch with his affected hand.

The poison oak is a woody shrub, that grows to the height of three feet or less; the ivy a vine that climbs on stone walls and trees.

The leaves of both are trifoliate; that is, they consist of three leaflets; common ivy has five. It is a sufficient protection to avoid every trifoliate woody plant.

Many poisons originate in chemical combinations. The oxygen and nitrogen, mechanically combined, constitute the air we breathe; but combined chemically, in a certain proportion, they form nitrous oxide, or laughing gas; combined in another proportion, nitric acid.

Fresh meat may be made poisonous in various ways. The animal may have fed on noxious plants; or it may have been sick before being slaughtered, and the poison may be due to powerful medicines administered; or it may have been affected with a contagious disease, say, pleuro-pneumonia.

Tainted meat also develops chemically a very violent poison. German sausages are pre-eminent in this respect.—[Companion.

Better Than a Dog.

"Aren't you afraid of tramps, living alone as you are?" asked one western woman of another.

"Not in the least. I am fully protected."

"Do you keep a dog?"

"No, they might poison a dog. I keep a large woodpile in the yard so that it can be easily seen from the road. They never come any farther than the front gate."—[Merchant Traveler.

The Still Small Voice.

Sunday school teacher (speaking of the conscience)—After you have done something which you ought not to do, what is it, Bobby, that makes you feel so uncomfortable and unhappy?

Bobby—Pa.—[New York Sun.

CORMORANT FISHING

How the Japanese Fish at Night With Birds.

A Peculiar Scene in a Mountain Stream of Japan.

At the fifth annual congress of the American Ornithologists' Union in Boston, one of the papers read was particularly interesting. It was by Pierre Louis Jouy, who went to Japan on a government scientific mission for the National Museum, and who related as follows his story of a night's fishing with a cormorant:

"In the clear mountain streams of central Japan there is found a peculiar fish of the family Salmonidæ. This fish, the 'ai' of the Japanese, is something between a smelt and a trout in appearance, grows to a length of twelve to fourteen inches, and is bright silvery in color, with a golden spot on each shoulder. It is very delicate in flavor, and is much prized for the table. In a country celebrated for the variety and excellence of its fish, this species holds the highest place and commands the best price in the market. Many ingenious methods are employed for its capture, among the most interesting of which is the use of cormorants. We are all familiar with the stories of cormorant fishing in China, where the fisherman has his birds trained to obey a call-note or whistle, and where they sit around the edge of the boat and go and return to and from the water like a well-trained spaniel, but cormorant fishing in a rapid mountain stream is quite a different thing from fishing in a sluggish, muddy river in China, and I believe that the Japanese methods are quite unknown, being carried on at night and in remote and out-of-the-way places.

"I made a journey of about twenty-five miles from Tokio to a small river, the Bangawa, on purpose to witness this interesting and, to me, novel sight. It was a bright moonlight night, said to be a bad night for fishing, a cloudy or dull evening being preferred, as the fish are then not so active. The river consisted of two branches running very swiftly, and each from twenty to fifty yards wide, but in flood time it extended over a space of 200 yards or more, running between high bluffs.

"The man with his bird was waiting for us on the stoney bed of the river with his torch of pine fat burning brightly. The bird was very tame and sat perched on a rock close by. A cord was tied pretty and tightly around the lower part of the throat and between the shoulders, from which was attached a piece of bamboo (having a swivel at each end) long enough to extend beyond the bird's wings and prevent fouling of the cord while the bird was in the water. The man carried a basket at his side to put the fish in, and a sort of apron in front to hold pine chips for the light. The lantern was a wire cage or basket placed on the end of a long bamboo pole. This with the cord attached to the bird, which gives him a range of about twenty feet, is held in the left hand, the right being employed in guiding the bird, replenishing the fire, and taking the fish.

"Everything being ready, the fisherman takes the torch in his left hand and, clasping the cord to which the bird is attached, wades out into the stream, the bird following him, and after performing a hasty toilet, dipping his head and neck in the water, and preening himself begins the business of the night. The fisherman holds the fire directly in front and above the bird's head, so that it can see the fish in the clear water. The bird seems to be perfectly fearless, and, as he comes up, sparks of fire are constantly falling on his head and back. The fishing is done up-stream, the man finding it all he can do to keep pace with the bird as the water surges up nearly to his waist. In fact, it was hard work for us on shore to scramble along among the rocks in the uncertain light and watch the bird at the same time.

"The bird dives, swims under water for eight or ten yards, comes up and is down again, working very rapidly and constantly taking fish. When the fishes are small, the bird is allowed to retain two or three in his throat at a time, but a fair-sized fish is immediately taken from him and put into the basket. During a space of half an hour fifteen fishes were taken, which was pronounced a good catch, considering the brightness of the night. The largest of these fishes, which were all of the same species, were nine to ten inches in length, and, having been taken immediately from the beak of the bird, were scarcely bruised. The largest and best of these we had the next morning for breakfast; the others we gave to our friend, the cormorant, who was kindly assisted by his master to get them past the cord, which constricted his throat so that he could not otherwise have swallowed.

"The birds are trained especially for the work and do not fish in the daytime. Our bird was two years old, and was considered a very bright and active fisher, having on good nights, fishing at night, caught as many as 400 fishes. Three hundred was considered a fair night's work. Only calm nights are available, and the darker the better."

One Feast Spoiled.

This lively description of an African monarch appears in Blackwood's Magazine for October: The Bangalas are a fine race physically, being tall, powerful and splendidly formed. The chief of Iboko, when I arrived, was an old man over 80—his age was reported by some to be 84, by others 86—who had lost one eye in battle and possessed 50 wives. He was over six feet high, with a fine, well developed figure, and, but for his dirty white hair and shrivelled skin, would have passed for a man of half his age. He was much attached to Capt. Coquilhat (named "Mwafa" or the "Eagle" by the natives), and never undertook anything without consulting him. The scene just after our arrival at Bangala—when, "Le Roi des Bangalas" being announced as we were all sitting over our after-dinner coffee, Mata Bwyki entered, wearing his royal hat of leopard skin and attended by several of his wives, and enfolded Capt. Coquihat, gold spangled uniform and all, in an ample bear's hug—was really worth seeing. Having released "Mwafa," his Majesty made the circuit of the table to shake hands with the rest of us, and then ordered "Mesdames les Sauvagesses" to bring in the malafu (palm wine), which he thereupon helped the company to drink. He was a tremendous toper, consuming quantities of that comparatively innocuous beverage which would have killed him 10 times over had it been anything stronger and more civilized. His death, which took place some three months after I first saw him, was an occasion of great excitement among the Bangalas. As it is their custom on the death of a chief to kill and eat as many men as the deceased had wives—one to be supplied by the parents of each wife—the whole town was anticipating a big feed; but alas! how uncertain are the joys of life! That big feed never came off; for the officer in command, hearing of Mata Bwyki's death, prepared a coffin lined with red cloth and telling the Bangalas, that as the late king had been a "big friend of the white men," the "Mindeli" would bury him with appropriate honors, had him safely boxed, nailed up, and buried seven foot deep before any one could interfere. The disappointment was great for it is the custom to cut the dead man in two lengthwise, make up an entire corpse of half of him and half of one of the men killed at the funeral and bury this. The remaining half is made into a stew with manioc and bananas and eaten along with the rest of the sacrifices.

Gruyere Cheese.

The centre of the Gruyere cheese industry is in Franche-Comte, in the Jura. Gruyere cheeses are sold in large flattened disks, which in the trade are called wheels. A wheel of Franche-Comte Gruyere weighs generally from 30 to 35 kilogrammes (66 to 77 pounds). It takes a quantity of milk, varying, of course, according to its richness, but never less than 300 litres. Naturally there are few farmers (especially on the higher mountains whence the cheeses originally came) who have herds large enough to obtain in one or even in two days enough milk to make one cheese. Thus, from time immemorial, the farmers of Franche-Comte have clubbed together in order to obtain the quantity of milk necessary.

The farmers of each commune join together and form a society, managed by an elected committee of generally five members. Nothing could be more primitive. Each member is bound in turn to make a cheese at his own home, using the milk brought to him by his associates. This cheese remains his personal property. He is thus in debt to his colleagues; but he emancipates himself by giving them on the following days all the milk of his own cows. Everything is done on a very business-like footing. Pieces of wood or notches are used, like those employed by country bakers nowadays. Each member keeps a notched list of his colleagues, and the accounts are settled each day, as soon as the cheesemaker (for the nonce) has received his milk.

The preparation of Gruyere cheese requires great care. After the curding of the milk come the baking and the mashing of the curd, this latter a delicate operation on which the success of the cheese depends. The first part of the cheesemaking only takes a few hours, but afterward comes the long process of fermentation in the cellars, when during a space of four months, and sometimes six, the cheese must be turned, salted, and well rubbed on its two sides. The salt gives flavor to the cheese and regulates the fermentation.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

Then She Made Up for Lost Time.

"Mary," said Bliffkins, "I can't realize it. It seemed all like a long, beautiful dream!"

"What seems like a dream?" inquired his wife.

"You haven't said a word for three-quarters of an hour."—[Merchant-Traveler.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Care of Lamps.

It is best to clean lamps the first thing in the morning after the dishes are out of the way. The scissors for trimming the wicks should be very sharp and had better be kept for this purpose alone. Lift up the cap and cut off the wick close to the flat tube through which it passes; it will then be sure to be straight. Then turn it up a little and trim off the corners slightly so that it will not flare up on each side of the flame. Once in a while wash out the bowl of the lamp to clear it of all sediment that may cling to the bottom. After washing the chimney in warm soapsuds rinse it in clear water, otherwise it is claimed it will be more apt to break. The chimney should be allowed to heat gradually before turning the flame very high.

Cloths which are used to wipe oil from lamps should be burned. Do not put them away thinking to use them again. They are generally kept in a close place, and in such a case are in danger of firing the house. Some of the mysterious fires, the cause of which no one knows, might be traced to this very practice.

Recipes.

APPLE WATER.—Roast some half-dozen apples, when cooked pour over them a pint of boiling water. Mash and strain them. Add sugar or honey.

HAM SALAD.—One pound of boiled ham, chopped fine; one-half dozen small pickles, chopped fine also; add a little chopped celery, and serve with a dressing as for chicken salad.

BEEF TRIPE.—Wash the tripe carefully and soak in salt and water, changing once or twice; then boil until well done; remove from the water, dip in melted butter and fry a good brown; season with salt and pepper.

BAKED LEG OF MUTTON.—Take a leg of mutton weighing six or eight pounds; have the bone removed, and fill the cavity with a dressing made of four ounces of suet, two eggs, two ounces of chopped ham, six ounces of stale bread, one onion, a little sweet marjoram, nutmeg, salt and pepper; sew up, lay in a pan, add a teacup of water, and put in hot oven, baste frequently, and cook three hours.

BAKED EGGS.—Mince one-half pound of lean boiled ham, and add an equal quantity of cracker crumbs. Moisten and spread the mixture over a platter. Scoop out four round holes as large as an egg, and drop an egg from the shell into each hole. Season with salt, cayenne and butter and put in the oven. Serve when the eggs are cooked. The crumbs should be moist enough so that there will be a crust when the eggs are done.

Useful Hints.

Alum water added to stove polish will add to its luster.

Hearths of gray marble are cleaned by rubbing with linseed oil.

Tubs and board should be wiped dry Monday night and put away.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

To clean piano keys, rub them with a little alcohol, applied with a soft rag.

To remove grease from garments, dissolve a tablespoonful of salt in four tablespoonfuls of alcohol, shake well and apply with a sponge.

If the stove is cracked, take wood ashes and salt, equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water, and fill in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

Butter will keep for years if preserved in honey, the proportion of the mixture being an ounce of honey to a pound of butter. It has an agreeable taste, and might prove a useful method on long voyages.

It is said that roaches may be kept out of any house by simply paring a few green cucumbers by rather thick parings and laying the cut side up over the places they frequent. Roaches like the cucumber sap which is poisonous to them. A cheap and convenient remedy which provides a use for cucumbers besides making them into pickles.

The Author of "America."

The well-known hymn beginning "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and known by the name of "America," is by the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith. He was born in Boston, October 21, 1808. Was educated in Harvard and studied theology at Andover. Was for many years a Baptist minister, and since 1854 has been engaged in literary pursuits and in editing the publications of the Baptist Missionary union.

The poem was one of Mr. Smith's earliest productions. In a letter concerning it he says: "The song was written at Andover during my student life there, I think in the winter of 1831-32. It was first sung publicly at a Sunday school celebration, July 4, at Park Street Church, Boston. I had in my possession a number of song books from which I was selecting such music as pleased me, and finding 'God Save the King' I proceeded to give it the ring of American patriotism.—[Inter-Ocean.

Time.

Time,—thou that hadst the light for thy beginning,
Springing from darkness with the first day's morn,
Thou art endowed with wings for swifter winning
Thy way through starlit space than aught else born!
From world to world upon thine unseen pinions,
With mighty sweep thou silently dost soar;
The boundaries that gird thy vast dominions
Are set upon eternity's wide shore.

Thy voice is inarticulate yet awful,
Thou art invisible, yet we feel thy breath;
And those that walk not within pathways lawful
Grovel and cower before thy courier, Death.
Pitiless thou art and wilt not hearken,
Howe'er so humbly do thy suppliants pray;
Thou wilt not tarry, though the morrow darken
The glorious brightness of a glad today.

Thou knowest man's remotest generations,
And yet this hour thou art the same as when
The earliest of all created nations
Bore burdens since endured by countless men.
Unchangeable thyself, thou hast beholden
The moulding and the wasting of huge spheres,
And to thy precient vision naught is olden
Though hoar with the antiquity of years.
—[Clinton Scollard.

HUMOROUS.

The doctor's business is recovering.

Man proposes; but the girl disposes.

Time is really in the hands of the clock.

"Butter is up," says a market report. Exactly; we have seen butter that no four men could hold down.

"Why do you call him 'pie'?" "Because I like him." "But you say he distresses you awfully." "So does pie."

"There is nothing new under the sun," says Solomon. Nevertheless it will be admitted that the dude is pretty fresh.

Barber (to customer)—You are quite bald, sir. Customer (who isn't conversationally inclined)—Yes, I was born that way.

It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But this country started in business with thirteen States, and seemed to be holding her own up to going to press.

There is a woman in Indianapolis whose voice can be heard a mile. This gives the Hoosier funny men a chance to say that there is at least one woman who is successful in her calling.

"There are five gold dollars," said old Hearty to his young grandson; "one for each of your birthdays. What more could a little shaver like you wish?" "Only that I was as old as you, grandpa," replied the young financier.

Area and Population of Europe.

General Strelbitski, who was selected by the International Statistical Congress, held at the Hague, to prepare a report upon the area and number of inhabitants in the different countries of Europe, has completed his labors, the gist of them being that the total area of Europe is 6,233,060 square miles, of which 3,423,185 square miles belong to Russia, 391,000 to Austria-Hungary, 338,000 to Germany, 333,435 to France, 312,810 to Spain, 281,615 to Sweden, 203,375 to Norway, 196,615 to Great Britain and Ireland, 180,310 to Italy, 163,350 to Turkey in Europe and Bosnia, 88,810 to Denmark, 82,125 to Roumania, 55,699 to Portugal, 40,435 to Greece, 30,375 to Servia, 25,875 to Switzerland, 20,625 to Holland and 18,430 to Belgium. The Russian Empire in Europe alone covers more than half of the whole continent, embracing the kingdom of Poland, the great Duchy of Finland and part of the Caucasus. Russia also stands far in advance of all the other nations in respect to her population, which is given by General Strelbitski at 93,000,000, the countries which come next being the German Empire (47,200,000), Austria-Hungary (39,900,000), France (38,300,000), Great Britain and Ireland (37,200,000), Italy (30,000,000), Spain (16,900,000), Switzerland (7,900,000), Belgium (5,850,000), Roumania (5,400,000), Turkey in Europe (4,900,000), Sweden (4,700,000), Holland and Portugal (4,400,000 each), Denmark (2,190,000), Servia (2,000,000), and Norway (1,960,000).

A Stunted Landscape.

To enter a Japanese garden is like wandering of a sudden into one of those strange worlds we see reflected in the polished surface of a concave mirror, where all but the observer himself is transformed into a fantastic miniature of the reality. In that quaint fairyland diminutive rivers flow gracefully under tiny trees, past molehill mountains, till they fall at last into little artificial lakes, almost smothered for the flowers that grow upon their banks, while in the extreme distance of a couple of rods the cone of a fuji ten feet high looks approvingly down upon a scene which would be nationally incomplete without it.—[Atlantic Monthly.