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The American Girl.

Perfected, from young girl,
Not afraid of the rain young girl,
A perfect posy,
A ruddy and rosy,
A helper of self young girl.

A home in her place young girl,
A never will have young girl,
A brave sweet,
A life pure and clean,
A princess of peace young girl.

A wear her own hair young girl,
A free from stare young girl,
Improves every hour,
No sickly smell aver,
A wealth of rare color young girl.

An early retiring young girl,
An active aspiring young girl,
A morning ariser,
A dandy despiser,
A practical American girl.

An honestly courting young girl,
A never sign flirting young girl,
A quiet and pure,
A modest, demure,
A fit for a wife young girl.

A sought everywhere young girl,
A fairer most fair young girl,
An every-the best,
We toasted at most,
This queen among queens young girl.

—*Mrs. R. E. Woods, in New York World.*

Three Marine Mysteries.

I suppose that a hundred ships come and go where one is lost, but when one reflects on the dangers to which they are exposed he must marvel that so many escape. I saw a list of thirty-six missing ships the other day, missing from American, English and French ports, and the fate of each was unknown or guessed at. Say that half of them foundered in mid-ocean, five were run down in collision, five more were wrecked on capes or shoals where all hands perished, and who become of the rest? Say that three of the remainder were destroyed by fire, and what fate shall we attach to the other five? From the moment a vessel leaves port to begin her voyage she is exposed to danger, and though a sailor may be ever so brave and hardy, he cannot shake off the knowledge that he lives on the verge of the grave. There are gales, and fogs, and collisions, and fire, and hidden rocks, and powerful currents; and so I repeat that it is a marvel more sailing craft are not added to the lonesome list of missing which is recorded year by year.

In the year 1885, we the British bark Land Oldham, of which I was second mate, was approaching the Canary Islands, and when about 180 miles distant, we were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and badly knocked about. We got out with some slight loss and a great deal of discomfort, and were bearing up again to our course when a great calamity happened. Half an hour before midnight, while the bark was doing her best under a fresh breeze, a sudden and great shock was felt. Her masts went by the board, and as I reached the deck, a minute after the shock, the hull seemed to split open from stem to stern. I had gone below to get a glass of bitters, leaving the deck only thirty seconds before the shock came. I was knocked down and confused, but it could not have been over sixty seconds before I regained the deck. It was just in time to be carried overboard. I went with a lot of raft from the decks, and amid the frightened cries of the men, and a quarter of an hour later, when I had lashed myself in the crosstree of the mainmast, I could not get an answer to any of my calls to the rest of the crew. How it was that all were lost I never could make out. There was raft enough to have floated 500 men, and my watch certainly all wide awake at the moment of the collision. The only explanation I can give is that they were somehow caught and crushed. I drifted during the rest of the night, and was picked up in the morning by a vessel bound in. By that time the wreckage had drifted apart until nothing could be found. Nothing whatever was picked up or cast upon any shore, and had I not been saved, the fate of the bark could only have been guessed at.

What did she collide with? The lookouts were on the bow, and alert, and the night so clear that a ship could have been seen a mile away. The chart showed clear water for a hundred miles about, and we must have run full tilt upon some vessel which had been dismasted and bilged in the hurricane. It headed with timber, her decks would have been awash, and she would have been as bad as a rock to collide with. There was only one shock, and the whole bows of the bark were crushed in by it.

Three years later, while off the Banks of Brazil in a small English ship called the White Cloud, another strange thing happened. I was first mate of this ship, and about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the weather being very fine and the wind light, I had all the men on deck setting up the rigging, some of which had slackened away. A man aloft suddenly hailed the deck with the information that a large whale was bearing down on the ship head on. We were a merchant vessel, and the sight of a whale had no interest for us. We went on with our work for three or four minutes, when the man again hailed me with:

"If that fellow holds his course he will be dead on to us. He's a big fellow, and coming like an iron steamer."

I ran forward to get a look, and the sea was so smooth that I had no difficulty in making out the whale. He was still a mile away, coming down at about steamer speed, and holding a course as straight as if somebody aboard of him was steering by compass. I was not a bit alarmed, expecting to see him show flukes every moment, but the Captain came on deck and ordered the man at the wheel to break off two or three points. This brought the whale on our port bow. As I told you, I expected to see him sound every moment. It was astonishing that he had not discovered us long before. I could scarcely believe my eyes so he held on, and by and by we had him alongside. I am telling you the truth when I say he actually rubbed us as we passed each other, and the odor of him was so rank that some of the men cried out in disgust. That whale was ninety feet long if he was an inch, and he had a head on him like a brick wall. So far as we could see he was carrying no harpoons and had no mark wound, but he was moss-grown and barnacled as if he had knocked about for a couple of hundred years. The fact of his holding his own in such a half-witted way was alarming, and when we were clear of him we fell to congratulating ourselves over the close shave.

We were perhaps a mile apart when the whale slowed around. The moment we discovered what he was doing we knew that he meant to attack. The breeze had now died away until we could not hope to dodge him, and he had not yet fairly turned when we dropped the yawl from the davits and ran her alongside to the bow. Two men were ordered to get water and provisions into her, and as the whale headed up for us we went off before the light breeze to give him all the room we could. Three or four minutes settled the question of whether he was after the ship or sailing his own course. He headed up for her, coming faster and faster, and when he was two cables' length away there was a great white wall of water rolling before him, and his speed was from eighteen to twenty miles an hour. He struck us full on the starboard quarter, and the shock was as if two ships had collided. Planks and ribs gave way before him, and as he recoiled from the blow our ship settled down stern first and was under water within two minutes. Everybody was knocked down by the shock, and everybody got up to rush for the yawl. I was sucked down almost as soon as I reached my feet, and after a struggle, in which I came out first best by a close shave, I was shot to the surface amid a lot of deck raffle. There were two or three men around me at first, and as I was heaved up I caught sight of the yawl with at least two men in her. The whale was still at hand, lying very quiet, but I feared he would soon be aroused and attack us in turn, and I seized the galley door and paddled away to get out of his reach. While doing this a squall came down and hung on for twenty minutes, and when it had passed I could see nothing of boat nor whale.

That afternoon, an hour before sundown, I was picked up by the American whaler Richard Knox. She already had our yawl, which she had found bottom up, but had not seen any of the men nor met with any wreckage. I was again the only one saved, and but for my testimony the fate of the ship would have forever remained a mystery. As to why the whale attacked us was made more clear after my rescue. The Knox had raised and chased him the evening before, and he had been "gallied" or annoyed so often during the month past that he had become ugly. He came for us with the intention of sending the ship to the bottom, and he succeeded only too well in carrying out his purpose.

A third mystery was the case of the Janet Wilcox, an American brig bound for Rio Janeiro. I was second mate of her when the occurrence took place. We had had weather for a good share of the voyage, but the brig was new and stanch, and was at no time in imminent peril. About 300 miles off Rio, while enjoying a bit of good weather, we one morning raised a longboat full of men dead ahead of us. Indeed, the boat had taken down her sail and was waiting for us to come up. There were nine men aboard of her, and they had plenty of water and provisions. The story they told was that they were a part of the crew of a large British ship which had been burned two days before. They claimed that all had got off in the boats, but that the boats had become separated in the heavy weather. They were a hard-looking lot, composed of all nationalities, and when we had taken them aboard our captain was by no means satisfied with their story. One of them claimed to be second mate, and, as the crew had all got off in two boats, it was a puzzle that the first mate was not in command of one. Other strange things came up, and the story of the men did not hang together, and so all hands were ordered to keep an eye on the fellows.

We got a good slant of wind and had run down to within fifty or sixty miles of the coast when the fellows showed their hands. They had been allowed to mingle freely with our crew, but had carefully abstained from a remark to indicate that they had an evil purpose in view. Their boat was large and unwieldy, and we had towed it after us rather than to cast it loose or to attempt to hoist it inboard. I was on watch from eight to twelve, and nothing suspicious occurred during the first three hours. About 11 o'clock, as I stood near the man at the wheel, I was hailed from the foremast with:

"Mr. Merlin, will you please step forward and take a look at something we can't make out?"

I afterward recalled that it was not the voice of one of my watch, but I did not heed the matter at the time. I started forward, and had reached the waist of the vessel when two men seized me, lifted me clear of the deck, and before I could recover from my astonishment I was flung overboard head first. It was more by instinct than any plan of my own that I swam for the boat towing astern. Had the brig not been sailing close hauled, and therefore sailing at a moderate pace, I should not have reached it. It was a close shave, and as I hung to the gunwale for a moment I heard a great confusion on the brig. It was mutiny, of course, and I was the first victim. My idea was to get aboard again as soon as possible, and the only way was to get into the yawl, put her close up, and then slip up the painter. After an effort or two I pulled myself in, and just then there were oaths and cries and pistol shots from the brig, followed by a couple of splashes alongside, which meant that two bodies, living or dead, had gone overboard. I had hold of the painter when it was lowered from above, and I drifted rapidly astern. The fight continued as long as was within hearing. I was out of it entirely and could only hope that our crew, who were all good men, would overcome the mutineers in the struggle.

After the brig was out of sight I got sail on the boat, and followed her to the best of my judgment. It was just in the gray of morning that I was picked up by a British ship bound into Rio. It wasn't so very mysterious that we picked up the boat and that her crew attempted our capture, but it certainly was queer that from the hour she left me to this day that brig has never been heard of. But for my escape she would have been rated as lost, and the insurance paid. As it was the insurance company contested payment, and won their case in court. The insurance of that day, at least, did not provide for any such emergency. The naval and merchant service of every power was notified of the circumstance, and for two or three years every sea was under observation, but the brig was never overhauled, nor any of her old crew heard of. My idea is that she foundered within a few days with all hands, but other differ. She certainly did not turn pirate, and she was never heard of as a wreck. There is no such British ship as the men said, nor was any raft burned as they stated. They must have been lying in wait; but it is queer that they would be so far out to sea in such a boat. Taken all in all, it was a strange case, and no one has ever got the right end of the thread to solve the tangle.—*New York Sun.*

To Save Time.

Anything to save time is New York's motto. The newest thing is a shop wherein men and women may have their shoes mended while they wait. Customers see the latest shoe making machinery in the window, and behind the machine a row of lasts, at which men prepare the work for the machines. A woman goes in, has her shoes taken off, put on the lasts, trimmed of all tatters and shreds, fitted with new heels and soles, put into a sewing or nailing machines and made good as new almost half as quickly as it has taken to write these words. Patching is the only work that is done in the old-fashioned way. Entire new shoes are made to order by the pair in two hours.

An Old Maid's Freaks.

Old Miss Peirson of Pittsfield, Mass., is dead. She was a noted character. She used to go to cattle shows bedecked with diamonds. In her effects were found fifty bonnets, seventy shawls and many silk dresses fifty years old. But she could afford what she pleased, because her personal estate probated at $450,000.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

WHY PEARLIE CRIED.

She cried awhile in the morning
Because she waked too soon;
She cried again at breakfast,
She hurt her mouth with a spoon.
She cried when mamma kissed her,
"Cause 'twasn't the hurtest spot."
And next she cried for syrup,
Because she wanted a lot.

She cried when papa left her,
To go with him to town;
She cried when she bumped her forehead,
She cried when she tumbled down.
She cried to write with a "pencil,"
She cried to dip it in ink,
The next time I heard her crying,
She "had a pain," I think.

She cried, she was so sleepy,
But didn't want a nap;
She cried that mamma was busy
Ween she wanted to sit in her lap;
She cried because it was bed-time,
She thought it came too soon,
And as she was carried away up stairs,
She was singing the same old tune.

Now don't you think so many tears
Make quite a sea of sorrow?
Oh, what shall we do with Pearlie,
If she cries so much to-morrow!

—*Youth's Companion.*

BUILDING A BIRD'S NEST.

The construction of the nests of birds is a much more wonderful subject of thought than the varieties of their eggs, and a collection of them is very curious and interesting, though one would require an amount of room which no boy has to devote to such purposes; and I think a study of them, as well as of the habits of all living creatures, may be pursued without injury to the lives or needless interference with the comfort of the subjects of our observation. Perhaps you do not know how many different ways birds build, acquaintance with them being limited by a study only of the nests of native birds. If this is true, you would be amazed to see the collection in any large museum of natural history.—*Times Democrat.*

THE ELEPHANT'S FOOD.

An officer in the Bengal army had a very fine and favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with a certain allowance of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became daily thinner and weaker. When its master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure. The feeding time came and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately and leaving the other untouched. The officer, knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practiced and made the man confess his crime.—*Penguin.*

FAITHFUL.

Two boys were at work digging a small soft beet. It lay in an inlet on the New Jersey coast, and had been hired from them for the season by a stranger from New York.

"Come along, Bob," said one of the boys. "It's all right now. We'll be too late to see the ball match if we don't start at once."

Bob had taken down some of the old ropes, and had rigged the boat with new ones. The halyards he had not yet examined.

"They're all right," urged his companion, trying them,—"strong enough to last for years."

"No; I'll put in new halyards. I promised to make a thorough job of it."

"Then you'll miss the game. I'm off!"

Tom ran across the field; Bob hesitated as he looked after him. It was a sharp disappointment to miss the game. The old halyards were worn, but they were still stout.

"They'll stand this summer well enough," muttered Bob.

Then, with a quick, decisive movement, he cut them, and proceeded to put in new ropes. "I'll make the job thorough," he said.

That very evening the New York gentleman took a party of his friends out for a sail, among them several persons whose lives were especially valuable to the community, and whose death would have been a calamity. When they were a mile from the land, a fierce squall struck the boat. They steered toward the shore. The boat was carrying too much sail for such a wind.

"If your gaff gives way we are gone!" said a physician in the party, in a low voice.

"It all depends on the halyards. They are new. But there's a terrific strain on them."

Every eye in the boat was upon the short, knotted ropes. They creaked ominously; but they bore the strain, and in a short time the boat was driven up on the beach. Bob's stout bits of new rope had saved the lives of all on board.—*Youth's Companion.*

A twenty-one day clock is a long-winded affair.

AN AQUATIC CITY.

Siam's Capital and Its Fifteen Miles of Floating Houses.

Glimpses of a Country About Which Little is Known.

Siam, says Frank G. Carpenter in a letter from Bangkok, is one of the out-of-the-way countries of the world. None of the great steamship lines of the Pacific or of the Indian Ocean stop at it. Few globe-trotters visit it and it is about fifteen hundred miles out of the regular line of travel around the world. The great Siamese peninsula juts down from the east coast of China. It contains half a dozen different countries, the chief of which are Burmah, Siam and the French States of Cama. Siam itself is at the lower end of the peninsula and it bounds the greater part of the mighty body of water known as the Gulf of Siam. It is 1,000 miles long, and at its widest part it is 450 miles wide. It is almost as flat as your hand, though it has here and there a few mountain chains. It has many big rivers, and the country is as much cut up with canals as is Holland. During the rainy season it becomes a mighty lake, and the people move here and there from one city to another in boats.

The greatest river is the Menam, which the Siamese know by the same name as the Indians knew the Mississippi. It is "the Father of Waters," and it forms the great highway of the Kingdom. This river flows into the Gulf of Siam at its head, and it is about forty miles from its mouth that I sit here on its banks and write this letter in this floating city of Bangkok. Imagine a city as large as Chicago, of which ninety-nine hundredths of the people live on the water. There are fifteen miles of floating houses on the two sides of this river, and these, with the King's palaces and a few foreign buildings on the land, make up the capital of the Siamese people.

There are six millions and more of these Siamese, and their country covers a territory of about twice the size of Colorado, four times the size of New York, and it is about five times as big as Ohio. It is a tropical country, and the click of my typewriter falls upon my ears mixed with the songs of thousands of birds which sing in the branches of the trees outside of the Oriental hotel. The doors and the windows are all open, and the lightest of white duck linen is oppressive as clothing. It is too hot to go out in the middle of the day, and we have all the surroundings of the tropics. The cocoanut and the palm tree line the banks of this Menam River, and the boats flit in and out of jungles which remind one of the swamps of Florida, save that you may see the monkeys upon the trees, and the plumage of the birds is more splendid.

I wish I could give you a picture of our ride up the Menam to Bangkok. The sides of the river are lined with these small floating houses. They are anchored to piles and they lie half hidden by the great palm trees on the banks. Here and there a canal juts off into the jungle, and the houses on it make this a floating street. These houses are made of bamboo, with their sides and their roofs thatched with palm leaves. They are sometimes on piles high above the water, but more often they rest on its surface. They are tied to poles driven into the bed of the river, and they rise and fall with the tide. Their average height is not more than ten feet, and each looks like two large dog kennels fastened together and covered with palm leaves.

Here and there is an opening in the palm trees and you get a glimpse of the country; it is flat as the waters of the river and where it is ploughed it looks as black as your hat. The only beasts upon it are ugly water buffaloes. There are no fences, no barns, and only these thatched houses on piles.

The river is winding. It is perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, and every turn brings new surprises. As we near Bangkok the waters are alive with craft of all kinds. Little naked brown shock headed youngsters paddle along canoes not over two feet wide and so sharp that the least balance would upset the power. There are women with great hats of straw, which look like inverted work baskets, sitting in boats which they paddle along, and boats of all sizes are worked by all ages and sexes from babies of six to wrinkled old men and short, gray haired women of sixty. As you enter Bangkok the crowd increases. Instead of one line of floating houses along the banks there are three and sometimes four. The whole river is alive and you turn your eyes this way and that, meeting a maze of new objects at every turn.

A new fruit has been discovered in southern California which is said to taste like claret.

The Ignorance of Russian Police.

From an article by George Kennan in the *Century* we quote the following: "We heard many funny stories from the political exiles in Siberia with regard to the ignorance shown and the mistakes made by the rural police in dealing with supposed revolutionists. Four or five years ago, just after the assassination of the gendarme officer Sudeikin (Soo-day-i-kin) by the terrorist Degaief (Deegy-yeff), photographs of Degaief were sent to every police office in the Empire. On the back was printed an offer of 10,000 rubles' reward for the capture of the assassin, and on the face were printed six photographs of Degaief, showing how he looked in a cap and without a cap; with a full beard and without a full beard; and with a mustache and without a mustache. A hard-drinking and ignorant police officer in a village of Western Siberia, into whose hands a copy of this card fell, arrested four unlucky wayfarers who happened to look more or less like the photographs of Degaief, and committed them to jail; then he went about the village, and to the drum shop, in a half tipsy condition, boasting that he had captured four of those accursed Degaiefs, and was going to hold them until he could find the other two, so that he could turn the six together over to the higher authorities. He had no doubt that he would get not only the 10,000 rubles' reward, but a cross of honor.

"Another police officer, equally ignorant, arrested a scientific man, a member of the Imperial Geographical Society, who had gone into the country to pursue his favorite study of ornithology. The unfortunate naturalist was accustomed to note down every day the names of the birds of which he had secured specimens, and the sagacious police officer, in looking over his prisoner's diary, found on almost every page such entries as 'June 13 Killed a fine crown snipe this afternoon;' or 'June 17 Shot a silvia hortensis today.' Regarding these entries as unmistakable records in cipher of nihilistic murders, the officer sent the captured ornithologist under strong guard to the chief of police of the district, with the note-book as documentary proof that the prisoner was one of the most desperate and bloodthirsty of the terrorist association, the entry with regard to crown snipe he said was plainly a reference to the most august family of the Romanoffs."

Nail Biting Dangerous.

"A novel incident resulting from a habit of very common prevalence among nervous people was brought to my notice recently," said a leading physician of Philadelphia to a reporter the other day. "A young lady presented herself at my office and complained of a constant irritation in her throat. Two weeks previously she had been taken with a severe attack of sore throat, which was treated by the family physician. Under his care she said the inflammation quickly subsided, but there still remained a sensation of irritation. Examination revealed a small fleshy looking object about the size of a kernel of wheat adherent to the tissues posterior to the left tonsil by the one end. The other parts of the throat were normal. The little mass could not be detached by a cotton covered probe, but by the use of forceps it was easily removed, and on examination proved to be a piece of finger nail which had become embedded in a cheesy deposit. A broken piece of the nail was also removed from under the mucous membrane at the same spot by a sharp pointed probe. The lady then confessed to the habit of biting her finger nails, and, moreover, could remember that a day or two previous to her throat trouble a piece of nail she had bitten off had become lost in her mouth, but after it had caused a fit of coughing she had forgotten all about it until reminded by the discovery."

Peach Stone Fuel.

It has been demonstrated in Vaca Valley that peach stones will make as good a fire for household purposes as the best kind of coal in the market, says the Valley (Cal.) Chronicle. The fruit growers, instead of, as heretofore, throwing the pits away, dispose of the stones at the present time at the rate of $6 a ton. A sack of the stones will weigh about eighty pounds, and will last as long as an equal number of pounds of coal, and give a greater intensity of heat. At many of the orchards in the valley may be seen great stacks of peach and apricot stones which will eventually find their way to San Francisco and other places to be used for fuel. The apricot stones do not burn as readily as the peach, and will not command as good a price. The fruit raisers will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that they now have another source of revenue open to them. A large number of peaches are dried during the summer season for shipment. As soon as the owners find that they have a market for the stones, a greater number of pounds will be dried than heretofore.

Cornish Lullaby.

Out on the mountain over the town,
All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
Bearing their packs and crooning a song;
And this is the song the hill folk croon
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon—
"Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves,
All night long all night long;
None but the peering, furtive elves
See his toil and hear his song;
Merrily over the cavern rings
As merrily over his pick he swings,
And merrily over his song he sings,
"Gold, gold! ever more gold—
Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed
All night long, all night long—
Happy to smooth thy curly head
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song;
'Tis not of the hill folk, dwarfed and old,
Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,
And the burden it bareth is not of gold;
But it's love, love—nothing but love—
Mother's love for dearie!"

—*Chicago News.*

HUMOROUS.

Bound to be read—New books.

Not real timber—The ship's log.

Paying cash for a suit of clothes is a no bill deed.

A girl always wants a fellow to tie a true lover's knot when she gets him on the string.

Like everybody else, the money-lender must have an interest in his business.

"They come high, but we must have them," said the practical young man as he gazed at the stars one summer night.

Henrietta declaiming her wayward cousin—Some young men never can say "No." Jack (unabashed)—And some girls never can say "Yes."

On the Hunt.—"Doctor, why didn't you kill that snipe? He came just right for you." "But, my dear fellow, he flew zig-zag, and I had no sooner fired zig than he was zag."

Winks—Has your wife a cheerful disposition? Minks—Oh, yes; very cheerful. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed until her sides ached.

Mrs. Reckless—I have selected this bonnet, Frank. "Isn't it a beauty, and only $13?" Frank (hurriedly)—"Fourteen dollars. My dear, $13 is an unlucky number. You mustn't think of paying that for a bonnet. Try one of those $5 beauties."

The Emotions of Man and Brute.

If we have regard to emotions as these occur in the brute, we can not fail to be struck by the broad fact that the area of psychology which they cover is so nearly coextensive with that which is covered by the emotional faculties of man. In my previous works I have given what I consider unquestionable evidence of all the following emotions, which I here name in the order of their appearance through the psychological scale—fear, surprise, affection, pugnacity, curiosity, jealousy, anger, play, sympathy, emulation, pride, resentment, emotion of the beautiful, grief, hate, cruelty, benevolence, revenge, rage, shame, regret, deceitfulness, emotion of the ludicrous.

Now, this list exhausts all the human emotions, with the exception of those which refer to religion, moral sense, and perception of the sublime. Therefore I think we are fully entitled to conclude that, so far as emotions are concerned, it can not be said that the facts of animal psychology raise any difficulties against the theory of descent. On the contrary, the emotional life of animals is so strikingly similar to the emotional life of man—and especially of young children—that I think the similarity ought fairly to be taken as direct evidence of a genetic continuity between them.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Origin of a Famous Porcelain.

In the period (951-959) of the Heou-Tcheou dynasty of China, Emperor Chi-tsong gave his nickname of Tch'ai (Tch'ai-yao) and the qualification of imperial (Yu-yao) to porcelain that came from the country of Pien, now Khai-fong-fou, in the province of Ho-nan, and an artist having asked him for a model, he replied: "Let the porcelain destined to the palace be blue as the sky appears to us after the rain in the spaces between two clouds." The order was executed literally, and the charmingly colored porcelain was called Yu-keou-thien-tsing, (blue of the sky after the rain.) To quote from a Chinese chronicler: "It is blue as the sky, brilliant as a mirror, thin as paper, sonorous as the Khing, polished and lustrous, and remarkable for the delicacy of its veining as well as for the incomparable beauty of its color." After the death of the artist, fragments of his work were eagerly sought for and used to decorate caps of ceremony or to be worn like beads around the neck in a thread of silk.—*New York Times.*