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What is a Gentleman.

What is a gentleman? It is not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that could injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deep'ning no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving, successfully always to please—
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Walking in uprightness, fearing the God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard—
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble or adds to his worth
Is there a family tree to be had
Shady enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide,
Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide,
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
He is the gentleman Nature has made.

—*The Pilot.*

APPLE GATHERING.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"Why, Cassy, what have you done to yourself?"

Miss Marietta Carstairs might well start as she sat in her cushioned chair by the fire-light, drinking a cup of tea out of the delicate old china which had belonged to Grandmother Carstairs, at the apparition of a tall, slight figure with a man's overcoat buttoned in loose folds around it, so that the skirts nearly touched the floor, a man's boots pulled up over the pretty feet, and a felt hat clapped, in cavalier fashion, on the back of the head.

Cassandra Carstairs burst out laughing.

"Making a man of myself," said she. "Pretty well done, isn't it?"

Miss Marietta stared harder than ever.

"Is—it a masquerade?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Does it look like it? No," Cassandra answered, with spirit. "No; I'm simply going to gather my apples."

"Where is Rolf?"

"Fast on his back with rheumatism. And those apples must be marketed at once, or they'll spoil."

"But, Cassy—"

"Oh! I know beforehand all you're going to say," declared Cassandra, leaning, in a mannish fashion, with her hands deep in her pockets, against the edge of the wooden mantel. "It isn't a woman's work. Well, I mean to make it a woman's work. After all, how does it differ from nutting or mistletoe hunting, both of which are supposed to be eminently feminine accomplishments? Ool Jones is coming here to-morrow morning at five o'clock to take them to Wellstown. If they're not gathered, of course they won't be marketed; and those red-heart apples mean not less than twenty-five dollars to us, Polly."

Miss Marietta sighed. "I wish I could help you, Cassy," murmured she. "But I am sure Doctor Harford's hired man would assist you if—"

Cassandra started away from the mantel as if she had been stung by a wasp.

"If," she repeated, brusquely. "But what a comprehensive if, Polly! I'd cut off my right hand," she added, "sooner than to ask that man to help us. That haughty, composed pink of perfection—that high-bred aristocrat that despises all women who—work!"

"Is that the reason, Cassy, that you gather your apples after dark? That he shall not see you?"

"No," sharply answered Cassy. But Miss Marietta could see, in spite of the dusk, the quick scarlet mount to her sister's forehead. "I gather them after dark simply because I don't want all the village tongues gossiping about me. It's my business, and no one else's, unless you, dear Polly"—kneeling a minute at her sister's side—"it's yours. Just as I'm your business—and a bad business you find me, I'm afraid!"

"But how do you know that Doctor Harford entertains these very hostile sentiments toward us?"

"I know a good many things, Polly, that I can't give rhyme or reason for," Cassy answered, positively. "Haven't I seen him look at me when I was weeding the onions and husking the peas?"

"A cat may look at a king, Cassy," said Miss Marietta, laughing in spite of herself. "May't Doctor Harford look at Miss Carstairs?"

"No," said Cassandra, with a stamp of the small, cow-hided foot—for she had borrowed old Ben's farming outfit for this occasion. "He may not!"

And then she took up a lantern and a box of matches, and went her way, flinging back a kiss to the invalid sister as she did so.

It was nearly midnight when she returned, flushed and radiant, her hazel eyes shining, her breath coming quick and fast. Miss Marietta, who had fallen into a lady-like doze in front of the smoldering logs, started from her dream.

"Goodness me, Cassy! is that you?" said she.

"Yes." Cassy was unbuttoning the old coat and shaking her feet out of the cow-hide envelopes now stained with the mud of the swampy orchard land.

"Have you gathered the apples?"

"Yes. They're all in barrels, close to the barn ready for Israel Jones when he comes along, to-morrow morning. Old Ben's nephew, a stout sailor lad just from sea, helped me get them in. We broke the lantern, but that didn't signify—there was a moon when the clouds parted enough for us to get a glimpse of it. The apples ought to bring a fair price; they're in beautiful condition. And, what do you think, Marietta? Jack and I captured an apple-thief—two of 'em—coolly picking our fruit into baskets, and they're safely pilfocked into the old ice-house now."

"Oh, Cassy! thieves! Who are they?"

"Well, naturally, they didn't offer to give us their cards; and Jack Tar and I walked them directly off into the ice-house. I led the biggest one by his coat-collar, and my sailor boy hustled the little one along. I think the little chap would have shown fight, but the big one shut him up."

"Cassy, you did that?"

"I and Jack Tar, whose real name, I believe, is Bartholomew Clark. Yes; we made the capture, unassisted and alone, and Bartholomew is going to Squire Patton's to-morrow to have the scamps regularly committed. Now, aren't you glad I went out myself to gather the apples?"

"Oh, Cassy, suppose they had had fire-arms concealed about them? Suppose you had been hurt?"

"Oh, suppose, suppose!" gayly mimicked Cassandra. "But I wasn't hurt, as it happened; and now let us go to bed, Polly, for it's past twelve, and I'm tired to death!"

Weary though she was, however, Cassandra was up bright and early the next morning to feed her spring chickens and prepare her sister's breakfast, for the Carstairs girls kept no servants, and there was plenty to do. Early though it was, however, a sturdy young man with a sunburned face stood at the gate.

"What do you want, Bartholomew?" said Cassy, taking in the milk-pail from its hook on the left-hand of the door.

"The constable's here, miss. He won't take no orders, except from you."

"Where is he?"

"A-waitin', miss, out by the ice-house door."

Cassandra caught her hat from its peg under the kitchen clock-shelf, and walked in her quick, elastic way by "Jack Tar's" side to the ancient fastness built into the side hill, once used for the reception of ice.

"I think, miss," said the thickset, grizzle-bearded old village constable, "there's some mistake."

"Mistake!" echoed Cassandra, in her clear, loud voice, "but there can't be any mistake. I saw them myself, stealing my apples. Here's the key of the ice-house. I'm ready to lodge a complaint against them. Why—Doctor Harford—"

For, as the constable opened the creaking old door, out walked her elegant next door neighbor with a most inscrutable expression of countenance.

"I plead guilty, Miss Carstairs," said the doctor, brushing the blue mold off his fashionably cut garments, "and I recommend myself—and Tommy, my office-boy here—to the mercy of the court. Yes; it's all quite true. We were picking your apples; but it wasn't for our own benefit. I heard that your factotum was sick, and I knew that you wished to send your apples down by old Israel Jones early this morning. We wanted to do a neighborly act, but we didn't expect to be caught in flagrante delicto by you."

"Oh, Doctor Harford! but why didn't you tell me who you were?"

"If you will kindly remember, you did not give me any opportunity to explain myself."

"I—called you names!" gasped Cassy.

"Yes, I believe you did," said Dr. Harford, smiling; and now that Cassandra looked him directly in the face, he had certainly a very sweet smile.

"And," added Cassandra, feeling herself grow cold and hot by turns, "I—hit you with the lantern when you were climbing down."

"And broke it—yes."

"And all the time you were trying to do me a favor."

"In a mistaken way, as I now think—yes, I was," said the doctor. "I should have asked your permission to make myself of use."

"And now," cried out Cassy, clapping her hands, "I've shut you up all night in a moldy ice-house—and I've sent for the constable—and I've behaved worse than any gypsy girl could possibly do, even down to using opprobrious language and committing assault and battery. Oh, Doctor Harford! I never shall dare to look you in the face again."

And she fled up to the house, bursting into a flood of passionate tears, as she went, and ran straight down cellar to hide herself.

"I'll go as a female missionary to Japan," sobbed Cassandra. "I'll enter a sisterhood; I'll never show my face again to any living soul!"

But she did. She neither set sail for Yokohama nor entered a cloister; and the very next day she went out driving with Dr. Harford.

"But why have you always disliked me so? Why have you refused to be introduced to me? Why have you invariably looked the other way when you saw me coming, and run into the house when I came near the garden fence?" asked he.

"I don't know," said Cassandra, in a low voice.

"Is there anything so disagreeable about me?"

"No, no," admitted Cassy. "But I thought you looked haughty and supercilious."

"Come," said the doctor, laughing. "That's funny! I thought it was me that you despised! Was it because I was a doctor?"

"Oh, no!"

"Have you anything against doctors, as a rule?"

"No."

"Have you anything against me?" he persisted.

"Not in the least."

"Then, shall we be friends?" in a coaxing voice.

And Cassy agreed cordially.

How slight is the dividing line between friendship and love, Miss Marietta Carstairs alone can tell, for she alone was the confidante of both these deadly enemies turned into excellent friends.

Suffice it to say, that when next year's apple gathering came around, Dr. and Mrs. Harford both went out to superintend the operation.—*Fashion Bazar.*

A West African Town.

Like ancient Thebes, St. Paul de Loan to was once perhaps a lovely spot, but human nature treated Mother Nature so shamefully that the old dame removed to more congenial quarters. When General Correia, the Portuguese soldier, drove out the black hordes and re-established the supremacy of the Latins in Angola there was a magnificent harbor here, says a New York *Herald* correspondent. Now the sand of the ocean, hurled in by the waves, and the sand of the red dunes washed down for two centuries, are gradually meeting, and in a short time the noble anchorage will be a thing of the past. The apathy which has permitted the streets of the city to become sandy wastes, so that you have to excavate to find the beautiful pavements put down by the military pioneers, has also left the harbor channel to fill up and may ultimately lose Loando her position as a seaport. Every year, too, the bar becomes narrower, engineering skill offering neither stone nor spile to resist the effects of the heavy sea swell, or Kalamas, which sweep the Atlantic coast line at intervals from Gibraltar to the Cape. Even Loando Island, which is a sort of Coney Island on a small scale—the only breathing place for pleasure parties, in fact—is succumbing to the action of the sea, which often flows over portions of it and precipitates thousands of tons of filling matter into the harbor. A few years ago all the native fishermen had their little huts on this sandbar (a few are there now), but they are gradually being driven off, and the villas of the merchants and palm groves are threatened with destruction.

Swallows Are Great Pathfinders.

As swallows often fly through long distances at a very great height, it follows that they are excellent pathfinders. It remains yet to be found out how they set out for their autumnal journey to the South, as they start at night, but it is supposed that the young birds are taught by the parents the direction in which to fly. It has, however, been quite recently ascertained that a single bird is able to find its way back from a very long distance. In the dancing-room of a restaurant, in a village not far from Daschhoff, Germany, a number of swallows have their nests on a rafter which runs across the room, under the ceiling. In September last three of the parent birds were taken from the nests, and a gentleman traveling to Berlin took them by train and gave them their liberty at different stations. Each bird had a narrow red ribbon tied round one leg, but all three had by some means torn this off and were consequently not recognized immediately after their return. After two days, however, all the nests were examined, and it was found that the wanderers had returned to them.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A BABY'S REFLECTIONS.

I'm a very little baby,
Little face and hands and feet,
And my mother says she never
Saw a baby half so sweet.
It is nice to hear them talking
In that way, but I can see,
Oh, a lot of little babies
Who all look and laugh like me.

When I look out of the window
There's a baby in the glass,
And he waves his hand as I do
To the people as they pass.
When I put out hands to touch him
And to pat him on the cheek,
He will look and act as I do,
But he'll never, never speak.

There's a baby in the mirror,
There's a baby in the spoon,
And there's one in front of mother
When we play a little tune.
These are very funny babies,
Where I go they always come,
But I never hear them talking.
So I guess they're deaf and dumb.

A TRICKY TOAD.

A good story is told of a toad which noticed that swarms of flies were attracted by the scrap meal left in the saucer after the chickens in a certain farmyard were done feeding. Every day, toward evening, he makes his appearance in the yard, hops to the saucer, climbs in and rolls over until he is covered with meal and then lies still to await his prey. He does not have long to wait, for the flies, attracted by the smell of the meal, soon swarm around the tricky toad, and whenever one passes within two inches of his nose his tongue darts out, and the fly disappears. His plan has worked so well that he has now taken it up as a regular business. Does this look like instinct or reasoning?—*Home and Farm.*

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.

A blacksmith named Thomas Roe bought a little black faced lamb and put it into a field in which were a cow and a little Galloway pony. The lamb took no notice of the cow, but soon began to show great fondness for the pony, which returned its affection, and the two friends kept constantly in each other's company. When the pony was used for riding or drawing a cart the lamb would trot beside it, and if at any time the lamb was alarmed by people coming too near to look at it, it would run under the body of the pony and popout its little black face from between the forelegs, and look about it in conscious security. At night the lamb slept in the stable, and if separated from the pony would raise plaintive bleatings, which the pony answered by mournful neighings. And just as a dog leaves the society of its own kind to follow man, this little lamb forsook its own species that it might associate with its friend, for on one occasion, when the blacksmith was riding the pony, the lamb, as usual, trotting beside it, they passed a large flock of sheep that was being driven along the road. The lamb never heeded the sheep, but went straight through them with the pony. Another time both pony and lamb strayed into an adjoining field, in which there was a flock of sheep feeding. The lamb joined them for a short time, but as soon as the blacksmith came to drive out the pony the lamb followed without once looking back at its natural companions.

SPARING THEIR STRENGTH.

"Look at those men!" exclaimed Harry Delmar, as he pointed to some truckmen at work. "It takes six of them to carry that iron rail, and they move like snails."

"They are sparing their strength," remarked his father.

"Well, I should say so," declared Harry. "Four of them could carry that rail with ease."

"Perhaps they could," replied his father. "They are sparing their strength, and they are wise."

Harry looked at his father, a faint expression of surprise on his face.

"I notice that the foreman does not reprove them," continued his father. "He is satisfied that they are doing an honest day's work. If they worked as you seem to think they ought to work, it is likely they would not be here to-morrow, or not on the next day at least. They would break down. They must husband their strength so that they can work day after day without abatement. There is speed in method though it may seem tedious. A quick fire soon burns itself out. The tortoise beat the hare in the race. A rocket makes a big fuss, but it comes down a stick. A volcano creates a great uproar, but it remains still a long while afterward. Tremendous efforts are soon spent. The 'pitching in' process does not last long. It is wise for us, my son, to spare our strength, whether we labor with our hands or brains. It is the secret of long sustained effort. The energy in reserve often the energy that wins and wears."

"I see now, papa, that I spoke too hastily," Harry said. "The men are not shirking their work. Yes, they are wise."—*Harper's Young People.*

CHEAP RESTAURANTS

A French Eating House Where a Meal Costs a Cent.

How a Discontented Customer Was Surprised.

"Talk about cheap restaurants," said a New Yorker to a *Tribune* reporter, "we don't seem to have anything here to touch one or two I saw in Paris when I was there. They are in the poorest part of the city, of course, and their customers are of the doubtful—well, no, not doubtful at all, but rather decidedly shady—that's of the population, who gather in there after the theatres close at night and everybody from whom they can beg with any chance of profit has gone home.

"The arrangements and the service are quite simple. They consist of one immense iron pot, filled with a conglomerate stew of all sorts of odds and ends of food picked up at the refuse-buckets of the big hotels and restaurants, and a long-handled iron fork. The hungry customer advances to the pot and pays a cent to the landlord, who hands him the fork. Taking a long sniff of the appetizing (?) steam which rises from the cauldron, he plunges the fork into the mass and withdraws it once—no more. If he stabs anything with the fork and brings it to the surface, the vessel is his; if he gets nothing—which sometimes happens—he has no redress, but must pay another cent for another plunge or go hungry. The experiment is always watched breathlessly by the other customers, and if the lucky fisherman brings up a substantial piece of meat he is congratulated, if he brings up only a potato or a bit of carrot, which more frequently happens, the stinginess of the master of the cuisine is freely commented on and doubts are even expressed of the existence of any more meat at all in the stew, but if a luckless wight brings up nothing at all, he is greeted with a chorus of laughter and derisive remarks, and is advised to fill himself up with a smell of the vapor.

"Another restaurant which I visited there," continued the narrator, "was established by charitable people for the express use of the outcasts of society, and a much more substantial meal is given there for a sou than at the place I have just described. Therefore it is more popular with those of the criminal classes who are not in danger of immediate arrest by the police and can afford to come out of their hiding-places long enough to eat. If you did not know the place to be the resort of thieves, you would soon begin to suspect it. Nothing about the place is movable. The tables and benches are screwed to the floor, the iron basins from which the food is eaten are sunken into the tables and screwed down at the edges. The spoons, knives, cups and forks are also secured by short chains, and, as the food is already seasoned, no pepper or salt castors are provided.

"The only one-cent dish, however, is a thick broth or soup. A strapping big woman carries it about the room to the customers in a sort of rubber bag, which she holds under her arm and uses for all the world like a Scotchman's bagpipes. The bag is provided with a long neck which ends in a nozzle. The woman lowers the nozzle into the basin before the customer and when she gives the bag under her arm a squeeze with her elbow, out squirts the broth and she controls the quantity by gripping the long neck, giving a one-cent dish or a two cent dish at will.

"While we were looking on, the attendant got into a dispute with one of her customers, a stranger to the place, a truculent-looking ex-convict, about the quantity of broth she had placed before him for two sous. He asserted that it was not worth more than one cent, and nobody should make him pay any more for it. He threw down his one cent with an oath, and took up his spoon to eat. Quickly and quietly the attendant lowered the long neck into his soup-basin, withdrew the pressure of her elbow from the bag under her arm, and with an audible suck half the broth was siphoned back into the bag in a jiffy from under the growler's very nose.

"The surprise of the ex-convict was only equalled by our own."

Behavior in Other Lands.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person; it is sacred, is one of their proverbs. In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or a restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor. No Turk will enter a sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes, with galoshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors in the are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

Dr. Talmage's Income.

In a sketch of the busy life of the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, recently published, it was stated that the income of that famous divine was more than $100,000. Those who are well informed on the doctor's affairs know that this estimate is easily within the truth, and that the reverend gentleman could very materially increase it were he so minded. Not a day passes but what he receives half a dozen or more requests from editors, publishers and newspaper syndicates for articles, stories, reviews and opinions on all sorts of subjects. His correspondents offer to pay anything in reason for the use of his name, for the name they must have. By way of illustration, a certain trade journal recently wrote to him asking him to prepare an article on food adulteration. He could make it as long or short as he pleased, and could name his own figure for the work. Within a week an insurance publication had penned a somewhat similar proposition, in this case the advantages of life insurance being the theme upon which the great divine was requested to turn his eloquence. Dr. Talmage read the first proposition, gave utterance to a single "humph," and tossed the letter aside. Presumably the second epistle met a like fate, as neither of the desired articles has ever appeared.

Rich Red Men.

The Osage tribe of Indians, whose reservation is between Kansas and the Creek country, are five times as rich as the average of Americans, ten times as rich as the average of Englishmen, and the French and Italians are paupers in comparison. There are among the Osages no penniless people and none in want, except that insatiable want that always wants more. There are 1,591 of them, according to last year's census. They have in the United States Treasury $7,758,094 of their own money, drawing 7 per cent. interest. This amounts to a capital of $5175 apiece for the whole nation—men, women and children.

But besides this they have 1,470,000 acres of land, equal to just about 1000 acres apiece. This land is mostly fine and arable, and would sell for an average of $10 an acre, or $10,000 for each individual's portion. This makes each individual Osage Indian worth $15,172. Each family possesses $60,000 on an average, and the head of it, if he be industrious and enterprising, can grow $10,000 worth of crops a year on his 4000 acres of land. He is raised permanently above want and above fear of want.—*Detroit Sun.*

A Waterspout.

An officer of the American steamship Santiago sends to the Hydrographic Bureau an account of a waterspout which the vessel passed through near one of the Bahama islands last spring. He says: "The steamer passed through the outer edge of the whirlpool, the diameter of which I judge to have been 50 to 75 yards. On passing through the outer edge I observed that the center was hollow, the water circling from west to east, or against the sun. The water that fell on the deck was very salt, and the drops as large as 50 cent pieces. During the few seconds of our passage through it the wind blew at the rate of 30 or 35 miles per hour. I did not observe any calm in the center at all, the water arising from it rather being an inverted fountain. After clearing it the wind resumed its original force, about 15 miles per hour."

Morning in the Hills.

Faint streaks of light in the far-down East,
Outlined by an unseen pencil,
The artist hand of the dawn's high priest
Who spreads o'er a shadowed stencil
The silver hues of the morning's wings,
The dusk and the darkness flaking,
While the old earth sighs, and the pine top sings:
"Awake! for the day is breaking."

The gray squirrel barks for the woods are still
And the silence makes him braver,
And he sees the sun behind the hill,
Where the shadows twist and waver—
The gray squirrel watches the dead leaves whirl
That the sun no more shall nourish,
High on a branch with his tail a-curl,
Like a writing master's flourish.

The partridge drums on an old dry log,
A haunt of worm and cricket,
Down near the edge of a cranberry bog,
Close by a white birch thicket;
And at times the reverberation floats
Through the air so round and mellow
That it sounds as sweet as the basso notes
Of a maestro's violincello.

The gray squirrel barks and the partridge drums
And the sunlight follows faster,
And over the pines the wind-god comes
With the touch of an untaught master,
And he strikes the chords from a maze of limbs
That glitter with frost-lace heavy,
While eastward now as the darkness dims
Is the sun in a sea of glory.

—*Ernest McGaffey, in Chicago Herald.*

RUMORS.

The washerwoman's motto—Let us soap for the best.

Almost anything antique from Rome would be Romantic.

The more a man becomes wrapt up in himself the chillier he gets.

The laundry man has to receive a good many cuffs in this world.

"I understand that you are quite gone on Miss Wood." "No; not quite, but going."

Mr. Penn (apropos of nothing)—How stupid some people are. Mrs. Penn—Is this a confession?

First Orange—Hello! what are you doing here? Second Orange—Nothing; just looking round.

The pen is mightier than the sword; but for opening oysters or military parades we'll take the sword every time.

"I'd rather be a wild turkey and live on the prairie," said a little boy, "than be a tame turkey and be killed every year."

"I will spur him on to renewed effort," as the rooster said when he gave one more flap at the flank of a retreating dog.

Explained—"To what do you attribute your success in life?" asked the economist. "To my failure," replied the ex-merchant.

Pater—You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat. Tommy—Say, pa, you're having a much better time of it, now you are living with us, ain't you?

Long Range Rifle Shooting.

There is an immense amount of nonsense talked and written about long-distance rifle shooting, and the stories men tell about their own or somebody else's wonderful accuracy at long range may be set down as campaign inventions. In fact, the same importance is not attached to long-distance shooting as formerly, for it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is comparatively useless, except where the distance has been carefully measured and the gun properly ranged for it. It can be readily seen that this would be impracticable either in shooting at game or in a military engagement. To illustrate, the very best long-distance rifle that is made has a fall of forty inches in 500 yards. Now, how many men are there who can accurately calculate such a long distance? And of what use would the gun be in case the marksman's regiment were fifty yards one way or the other? These considerations have induced the government to change the whole theory and practice concerning the use of long range guns. The Creedmoor system has been abandoned entirely by the army marksmen, and they are now taught the art of measuring distance by the eye, and also practice shooting at moving objects. When firing at targets each man makes his own estimate of distance, a squad fires and then all advance, say 50 yards, make new estimates and fire again. This process is repeated, so that the soldier really gets experience that will be of use to him in actual warfare.—*Globe Democrat.*

The Colossal Czar.

Both in appearance and manner, the Czar has become a Muscovite of the old Cossack type. He is a colossal figure, being a giant, both in height and girth, quite bald, with a flat nose, an immense sweeping moustache, and a stupendous beard, which flows over his chest.—*Argonaut.*