

The Harbor-Mother.

The little boats from the ocean glide
Hurrying home with the eventide
For shelter and rest
To the peaceful breast
Of the harbor-mother, whose arms stretch
Wide.

As she quies each quivering, sooty wing,
This is the song that I hear her sing,
While the stars hang low,
And the night winds blow,
Androg and silent the slow-tideswing:
"Best, little boats, through the deepening
night—
Rest till the smile of the sun is bright;
Then away and away
Through the long, fair day;
Nothing shall hinder your eager flight,
"Sleep now and rest;
For that is best,
And calm and safe is the harbor-breast."
—Grace Goodwin in the Century.

The Minister's Substitute.

BY KATE M. CLEARBY.

"Well, what is it, dear?"
Japhet Scribner laid down the morn-
ing paper and looked proudly at his
only daughter over his gold-rimmed
spectacles.

He had a good deal of reason to be
proud of her. She was a beautiful
girl, and the best and most amiable of
daughters, and only the day previous
she had carried off the highest honors
at the graduating exercises at Lake
University.

"Please, papa, I wanted to tell you
that—that—"

"Out with it, Sybil. Do you want
some pocket money?"

But still Sybil hesitated. She stood
by the fire, looking at the clock in the
library, tapping one little silver-
beaded slipper nervously on the
Turkish rug, and twirling the spray of
honey-suckle she held.

She was tall and fair, with luminous
gray eyes, curly, reddish gold hair,
and an expression at once intellectual,
resolute and decidedly sweet.

"No, it is not about money, papa—
and she was really pink from the
flushing at the neck of her cheeks
given to the rebellious tendrils on her
forehead.—I—I—"

"What?" queried Japhet Scribner.

He was not heaving now. He had
started to his feet. He looked appal-
lingly apoplectic.

Sybil had faced the gaze of several
hundred people the previous day,
sang, played the harp, and read the
valedictory without a tremor. But
this was different.

She blushed harder than ever as
she nodded and looked at her father.

"Engaged! You must be crazy,
child. Do you know how old you
are?"

"Eighteen."

"Exactly. An absurd age—absurd!
And talking of being engaged! You
shan't be engaged with my consent a
day before you're twenty-five. Tell
him, if he still wants you, to
come around then."

Sybil smiled.

"You want him to serve seven years
for me, papa?"

"I want you to learn sense."

"You said yesterday, papa, that
there was not another girl who gradu-
ated as sensible as I."

"Well, my child, you to-day what
a mistake I make. Who is he, any-
how?"

The girl laughed out heartily.

"It is time for you to seek. He is stay-
ing at the Theological University, and
his name—"

"That's enough. Never mind his
name. If he is one of those penniless
young fellows over there who is study-
ing for the ministry, I am more deter-
mined than ever you shall have nothing
to say to him until he has proven him-
self."

"But he has proven himself!" she
cried, suddenly becoming serious and
a little indignant. "He has been do-
ing missionary work among the Indi-
ans in the Northwest. He is only vis-
iting the Theological University. He
has a splendid record for zeal and
courage and intensity of purpose.
Ho—"

"I can't spend a whole day listen-
ing to a list of his virtues!" Japhet
Scribner interrupted, impatiently.
"Tell him to come and see me when
you are twenty-five. If I find him tol-
erably intelligent, I'll talk to him then."

And he strutted into the hall, put
on his big Panama hat, and took an
irate departure.

Left alone, Sybil sat down and
cried. Two minutes afterwards she
was laughing.

"Tolerably intelligent! This comes
of boarding at the school. If papa
had ever met Alfred, he would not
speak so sarcastically. I know Min-
nie Merivale's father thought him just
the cleverest of men. I'm in a regu-
lar quagmire. I love Alf, and I
would like to marry him this summer
and go to Montana with him in the
fall. But I would like to gratify my

father also. Oh, Gertie, I did not
hear you!"

She sprang up to greet the daughter
of the resident rector.

"What were you crying about,
Sybil?"

"Was I crying? Since you have
found me out, 'listen to my tale of
woe!'"

Gertie was all sympathy when she
heard the distressful tale.

Suddenly a happy thought struck
her. She sprang up, seized Sybil by
the waist and went whirling down the
room in a mad dance.

"Whatever is the matter, you un-
accountable girl?"

Gertie paused, panting.

"Don't you see how delightfully it
can all be arranged? Papa's health is
breaking of late and he has decided on
a European trip. I have frequently
heard him speak in terms of the high-
est praise of Alfred Vaughn. Now,
your father and my father are the best
of friends, and each values deeply the
opinion of the other. If only papa
would agree to have Mr. Vaughn
called in his place! And if only your
father would fall down and honor the
temporary pastor of Grace church, as
all have hitherto done who have come
under the spell of his eloquence and
magnesian—why, it might all turn out
exactly satisfactory."

Although the possibility gave Sybil
hope, she could not share in her
friend's enthusiasm.

"There are too many 'ifs,'" she said
laughing.

However—whether it was fate or
feminine wire-pulling, or destiny
which persists in shaping our ends—
Miss Scribner heard announced the
following Sunday from the pulpit the
fact she had hopelessly longed to hear.

Alfred Vaughn was to take the place
of the rector during his enforced vac-
ation. The departing minister intro-
duced his successor with many eulo-
gistic remarks as to the young man's
powers and mental brilliancy.

Her heart throbbled and her brain
whirled as she walked solitarily home
beside her father, who spoke much on
the subject of the new pastor.

"Elizabeth," he said to his wife at
dinner, "I think we ought to place
the guest chamber at the disposal of
Mr. Vaughn while he serves in Mr.
Deene's stead."

"Mr. Vaughn!" ejaculated Mrs.
Scribner. "Wasn't that the name of
the young gentleman you met at the
Merivales, Sybil?"

But Sybil pressed her mother's foot
under the table and abruptly changed
the conversation.

The following day Japhet Scribner
brought home Alfred Vaughn to
dinner, introduced him to Mrs. Scrib-
ner and daughter, and triumphantly
installed him in the best room.

Very aggrieved was Japhet Scribner
when his daughter departed that even-
ing to spend a week with Gertie Deene.

"Now that her father is gone, she
will be so lonely!" Sybil declared,
hyperbolically.

Her father missed Sybil terribly.
He played chess with the minister's
substitute, found himself wishing he
had such a son, and capped the climax
one evening by telling Vaughn the
story of his daughter's ridiculous at-
tachment.

"You say you do not know her
lover?" Vaughn questioned, quietly.

"I don't," avowed the choleric old
fellow. "What's more, I don't want
to."

"You might like him if you did."

"Impossible! If he were a good,
straightforward, upright, generous
fellow like you—"

"Do you mean to say you are will-
ing I should win her?"

"Nonsense! You don't know her.
But Mr. Deene has told me so much,
I know you. And I'd be proud and
happy to see you cut out that other
man."

The next evening Alfred Vaughn
walked into the parlor of the Scrib-
ners with Sybil blushing and holding
to his arm.

"Eh!" cried Japhet, seating a sur-
prise. "What's this?"

"I've taken your advice, sir, and cut
out the other man!" said young
Vaughn, laughing.

"And I've married the other man?"
declared Sybil. "Kiss me, papa!"
[Saturday Night.

The British Soldier.

Military imprisonment in the British
Army is very different from the
civil kind, with more rigorous dis-
cipline, worse diet, and far more slav-
ish labor, of which the most common
form is "shot drill." This, while ap-
pearing to be a simple thing enough,
is capable of producing an extreme
amount of agony. The following is
the manner of it, as described by an
expert in the Philadelphia Times:
A number of soldier prisoners are
stood up in the prison yard, at dis-

tances of eight to nine feet from each
other, a cannon ball weighing about 40
pounds, resting on the ground at the
feet of each one. The drill master
gives the word of command, and each
prisoner stoops, picks up his ball, raises
it almost to his head, carries it for-
ward to the next man's station, and
puts it on the ground there. He then
faces about, walks back to his own
place, where he finds another like
ball brought there by the next one of
the gang. This ball he picks up,
raises and again takes forward and
deposits, the process being repeated as
long as the taskmaster chooses. The
constant stooping, the endless lifting,
raising and putting down the heavy
weights become after a little white-
most unbearable. It is a heart-break-
ing as well as a back-breaking business.
Other punishments, including severe
flogging, may be inflicted, especially
on refractory prisoners, but the shot
drill is the most customary.

The climax of trouble in the English
soldier's life, however, is probably
reached in the matter of marriage,
which plunges him into worse difficulty
than all other afflictions. First, mar-
riage is only allowed to men who have
served seven years and hold at least
one good conduct badge, and then they
must obtain the Colonel's consent,
which is never given, if any excuse can
be found for refusing it, it being a
standing rule to keep the married roll
as small as possible. Still, many young
soldiers find wives, just like other
young men, and accept the inevitable
dire poverty, as well as the most cer-
tain separation when ordered on for-
eign service. When this occurs the
poor young wife is left to run the
gamut of suffering and want alone,
as best she may, the result being the
ruin of the lives of both. This it is
which makes the departure of a troop-
ship a scene of sadness, which tender-
hearted men should studiously avoid.

The Coral Sea.

In no quarter of the world are the
partly-buried ocean wonders more lav-
ishly displayed in all their endless va-
riety than in this northernmost coast
of Fria Australia, within the Great
Barrier Reef in the Coral Sea. As
the boat is launched to take me ashore,
the wonders commence at once. It is
surely some fairy forest where elfin
Kings court Princesses in fishy guise,
or water babies sit and point on some
coral boulder. Or is it a submarine
flower garden where the mermaids
dwell?

Deep down in clear, bright water
wondrous shapes and colors are seen,
at first indistinctly like a tinted pho-
tograph out of focus; then, as the
water gets shallower and shallower,
more and more distinctly flash the
ewel fires, and the picture is com-
plete. Large flat bowls of milk-white
coral first attract the eye. Then corals
with branching anders like a fallen
deer. Only the fairy herd there are
lying buried in a high, confused mass.
Some are covered with ten thousand
sharp pinnacles of a light purple color,
each pinnacle having a bright blue
eye (or what looks like an eye) at the
extremity.

All in a sea of emerald, this dream of
enchantment. We fear before we see
half the glory of it we might awake
and, alas! forget too soon. There
light and feathery branches of fern-
like coral are blushing a soft pink or
pale nasturtium yellow. Here large
solid masses of brain coral, round and
white, the surface incrustated or en-
graved with the most delicate lace
tracings; and others green and shaped
like a coarse moss.—(Good Words.

A Literary Sandwich Man.

"That," said a publisher, "reminds
me of a story told about Fitz James
O'Brien and Fletcher Harper, then
the head of the Harper publishing
house. O'Brien had a habit of always
finding his way down to the Harper
office when he was mistakenly, as you
call it, and borrowing money. One
day the poet went down to Franklin
Square and begged Fletcher Harper to
let him have \$25. Harper refused,
and this made O'Brien mad. He
swore around, and finally seeing a
large placard with Livingstone's
Africa printed on one side, he took it,
turned it over, and on the black side
drew in large black letters the words:
"One of Harper's Authors.
I am starving."
"Before any one was aware of his
intention, O'Brien had attached a
string to his cardboard, hung it about
his neck, walked to the street and pa-
raded up and down before the publish-
ing house. Of course a large crowd
gathered, but O'Brien was obdurate
against all entreaties.

"Won't stop till I get some money
from Harper," said he, and he didn't."
"A compromise was soon effected
through the medium of a \$5 bill."
[New York Recorder.

A DOG BARBER.

A Curious Occupation in the French Metropolis.

Shaving, Clipping and Shampoo- ing Fashion's Pets.

In crossing the Seine at the Solferi-
no bridge in Paris, you see an odd
looking boat pulled up the side of
the water. At first it looks like some
kind of canal boat; but it is too small
to be that.

As you stand wondering what this
 queer boat can be—a boat with a little
house in it—a lady with black poodle
comes down the steps from the bridge
and approaches the boat. Immediately
a man appears at the door of the cabin
and bows to the lady. He also speaks
to the dog and the dog wags his tail
and says in his best manner that he is
very happy to be there.

It is a warm day and the poodle is
jutting with the heat of his thick win-
ter coat of hair. His mistress notices
this and sits down on one of
a row of chairs near the boat, and
you wonder what this performance
means.

Then the man, who is a dog barber,
licensed by the government, takes the
poodle under an awning at the
end of the boat and sits down near a
little green box. He opens this box
and takes a comb from a large assort-
ment of shears, brushes, etc., and
holding the dog across his knees he
gently combs the long hair for a few
minutes. Then he calls his wife, who
comes out with a pair of bright clip-
pers. The poodle holds perfectly still
as the man spreads out the little black
clips and the woman carefully
clips between them and up his legs,
leaving bunches of hair just above the
feet.

The barber turns him over and
twists him around many times, but al-
ways the little dog remains exactly as
he is put, while the sharp clippers run
over him and the hair falls down in
big bunches. They are giving him a
very stylish clip; they leave several
little bunches of hair on his haunches
and nearly all there is on his fore-
shoulders and neck. His face is clipped
entirely with the exception of a
moustache, which gives him quite the
air of a cavalier.

When it is all finished the poodle
breathes a little sigh of relief and starts
to run to his mistress. But the bar-
ber laughs, shakes his head and says:
"Oh, no, sir; you've got to be sham-
pooned yet."

Then the barber rolls up his trousers,
takes the dog in his arms, and wades
into the river. This isn't so
much fun for the poodle. He growls
and sighs, and thinks how cold the
water is going to feel. But the bar-
ber does him in, and holds him by the
tail while he sways and paddles
around and gets soaking wet. He has
to have his head dunked too.

Then he is taken out beside a tub,
where he is sponged and scrubbed. The
barber holds him between his knees
and shampoos him till the once black
dog is a mass of white suds.

Then he is again taken into the river
and rinsed. Next the barber gives
him a good rubbing with a rough
towel. After that he carefully combs
and brushes him, not forgetting to
twist the ends of his moustache to
make it stand out like a dandy's.

The little poodle fairly dances for
joy when he is turned over to his
mistress, and she puts on his collar.

There are many different styles of
"cuts." There is one where only the
hind quarters are clipped; and there
is the complete "hot weather clip,"
which leaves only the hair on the ears,
the moustache and a few bunches on
the legs.

Some of the "cuts" are very queer.
For instance, a little reddish brown
dog is clipped to resemble a lion, and
his shaggy mane and his tail, with a
switch on the end of it, give him a
most ferocious look which is hardly in
keeping with his diminutive size.

The prices for the different cuts
vary according to the amount of work.
An ordinary clip for a poodle costs
\$1.50; but if he is to have many
bunches of hair left and is at all
troublesome, it may amount to \$2.40.
A shampoo for a small dog costs
fifty cents, and from that it increases
to \$1.20 for a big shaggy hound.
There are many dog barbers along the
Seine, but the one who lives in the
 queer boat is the fashionable one and
rarely clips any but dogs belonging to
the best Parisian society.—[New York
Press.

The Shopkeepers of Fez.

The sun was sinking, and one by
one the sleeping shopkeepers seemed
to awaken to the fact that another day
of toil was gone. For a moment they
hustled about, covering their wares
with cloths, and then proceeded to
shut up shop. They took hold of a
 rope suspended from the roof and
 gently let themselves down, feeling
 contentedly for a foothold. The avo-
 age distance from the floor of a booth
to the balconies to the ground is about
two feet; but they are very brittle,
 these merchants of Fez, and they let
 themselves down very gently, as
 though fearful that the slightest jar or
 jolt would break their bones. Some
 of the merchants even keep in their
 little six by four booths a private step-
 ladder, by means of which they effect
 their exit and their entrance. When
 the booth is securely closed and care-
 fully locked, the merchant scribbles
 all over the door with red chalk very
 mysterious and enigmatical characters,
 which do not mean "Will be back in
 an hour," or "Slipped out across the
 street five minutes," but are rather
 in the nature of threats to evildoers
 and jinx of what misfortune will over-
 take them should they dare to break
 open the doors during his absence.

And now our shopkeeper shook him-
 self thoroughly, as though his limbs
 were still benumbed with sleep; he ar-
 ranged his bulk jauntily about his
 shoulders, and then cheerfully trotted
 off up the narrow street. Sometimes
 I have seen them, in the glad antici-
 pation of a filling dinner, purse up
 their lips, as though they too felt the
 absolute necessity of whistling like all
 other well-conducted shopkeepers the
 world over when they turn the key on
 their shops for the day; but it is not
 advisable to whistle in Fez. The prac-
 tice has fallen into disrepute, owing to
 the general belief among the Moors
 that people who whistled are calling up
 spirits and evil spirits from the invis-
 ible world; and so it happens that
 people who whistle are very apt to have
 curved knives stuck into them as they
 walk in the darkness of the narrow
 streets.—[Century.

Arab Horsemanship.

The Arab, when he is a horseman, is
a superb one, even though he does not
come within our canons of the art.
When the horse is only a means of
transportation, or a beast of burden,
the Arab is no better than his ilk else-
where. When, as in the desert, the
horse is his pet, his companion, his
work in the darkness of the narrow
streets.—[Century.

Overwhelming Bigness of the Fair.

To visit the Fair with profit or com-
fort you must leave your sense of duty
behind. Whoever goes there with in-
tention to thoroughly "do it" is laying
up for himself anguish of mind and
the complete annihilation of his mus-
cular and nervous force. It is far too
big for any question of conscience to
be allowed to enter in. Its bigness is
beyond description. No words or
pictures can tell the story of its size.
Experience alone can teach it. You
must go there day after day, to return
at night with tired eyes and aching
limbs and with the letter and ever-in-
creasing knowledge that as an exhibi-
tion you can never grasp it. Where
other exhibitions have been satisfied
with a display of an hundred cubic
feet of any special article, Chicago
must have at least an acre. Of what-
ever the world has seen before this
time it now sees larger specimens and
more of them. This means for the
visitor more steps, more fatigue, more
confusion, more time and more money.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Ignorance is a prolonged infancy.

Course kindness is at least better
than course anger.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains
are always barren.

Reverence, however sweet, always
costs more than it is worth.

Great good is often unaccomplished
because it is not attempted.

He who seems not to himself more
than he is, is more than he seems.

Judge no man because the disposi-
tion of his mind is not like your own.

He who is most charitable in his
judgment is generally the least unjust.

It isn't so much what a man has that
makes him happy as it is what he
doesn't have.

Leisure for men of business and
business for men of leisure would cure
many complaints.

The only thing which everyone can
do, and the only thing which anyone
need do, is his duty.

It is a sign of wisdom to be willing
to receive instruction; the most intel-
ligent sometimes stand in need of it.

Better follow the sternness of a truth
than the glittering delusion of a lie.
Men often follow lies because they
shine.

A true conviction, anything thor-
oughly believed, is personal. It be-
comes a part of the believer's charac-
ter as well as a possession of his brain;
it makes him another and a deeper
man.

When the flesh presents thee with
delights, then present thyself with
dangers; when the world presents
thee with vain hopes, then possess
thyself with true fears. The way to
be safe is never to be secure.

She Had Found Him Out.

Belle was an Irish setter. All a fine
dark brown color, with a white star on
her breast. She had great, long, silky
brown ears, and altogether was a beau-
ty. Better than this, she was very
knowing. And, better still, she was
very faithful and affectionate. Her
master seemed to love her greatly. He
always fed her from his own hand on
the daintiest of beefsteaks and chops,
and, big as she was, always made her
sleep on his own bed. After years of
all this petting and cooing Belle's
master determined to move away and
leave the dog behind. Perhaps he
hadn't talked about this in Belle's
presence. Anyhow, she had not un-
derstood about it, and when her mas-
ter's last load of furniture had gone
and she was left alone in the empty
house, she seemed to think it her duty
to guard it. If a workman whom
she knew very well had not been with
them, the persons who came to clean
the house for the next owners would
have had a hard time of it. For near-
ly four days Belle refused to leave the
house, though very hungry, and tempt-
ed with food. Then she heard her
friend Tommy telling another man
how meanly she had been deserted, for
her master was never coming back.
With her handsome head laid upon
her outstretched paws, with ears erect
and eyes attentive, Belle heard it all.
She slowly rose, and without turning
to right or left, marched out and
across the fields to a house where she
had often been before, and there took
up her abode. Belle could not talk
about it, but words could not have
said more plainly that she now under-
stood and resented the treatment she
had received. She certainly must
have understood Tommy's words, just
as a person would. It was a good
while before she recovered her spirits,
and a year later when her master passed
through the place, she absolutely re-
fused to let him touch her. At the
same time she pumped with joy at
meeting another of the family.—[New
York Press.

A Millionaire Learns to Swim.

Says the Philadelphia Record: Pro-
fessor Julius Payne, the well-known
swimming master, has since 1858
taught 60,000 people how to swim, and
he tells a good many interesting anec-
dotes. One of his most interesting
pupils was the late Joseph W. Drexel,
a brother of A. J. Drexel. "Mr.
Drexel came to me many years ago,"
said the professor, "and told me he
was anxious to learn to swim. 'I have
determined to master the art,' he said,
'and I do not want you to stand any
trifling from me. If at any time I
should be late for my lesson, I want
you to fine me \$10.' On the day of the
third lesson Mr. Drexel was 10 min-
utes late. 'I must fine you \$10,' Mr.
Drexel said. 'Very well,' said he,
and he paid his fine. He paid \$30 in
fines before he learned to swim, but
he finally became one of the best pu-
pils I ever had."

Fall in Rivers.

Generally speaking, the slope of
rivers flowing into the Mississippi from
the east is, on an average, about three
inches per mile; those entering it from
the west have an average descent of
about six inches per mile. The aver-
age descent per mile of the Missouri
after it leaves the mountains is reckoned
at about a foot; the Des Moines,
from its source to its confluence with
the Mississippi, about 7.3 inches. The
entire length of the Ohio shows a fall
of five inches. The Mississippi, from
the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf, has
a fall of about 2 1/2 inches.—[St. Louis
Republic.

Parental Advice.

Even if you don't go, Johnny?
Well, this is the way I view it.
That the girls would like to love you.
But you've got to make 'em do it.
Don't go brownish at a distance.
In some parts way off yonder,
Don't believe what little girls tell you.
"Always makes the heart grow fonder."

Step up to 'em Johnny, smother—
Sorry late give you the matter?
She's laid 'em, 'em sure as eggs.
If you hadn't been such a luffin,
You will learn to view this matter
Brimly for the day I view it.
That the girls would like to love you
But you've got to make 'em do it.

Everybody's bound to have 'em
All at any rate, but few are;
Ah! when I was young an' lively
I was taken just as you are,
An' I went an' jessed 'em to be
Succeeded completely out of matter.
Tommy had a brighter mind,
Blindly led a fool to matter.
After she had told me "No, she"
I was just about as you are,
Glad round luffin' under lamp,
Fought like a blotted body.

But I finally spanked up courage
Take a man to go an' win her;
Ah! she's been a blassin' to me
I can't get a word again her!

"Did I get love?" Now you're crazy.
Do you know I got another
When I loved the girl like I did—
To an' ask her—she's got matter.
Since that time I tell the youngsters
Just the way I did you see,
That the girls would like to love you
But they've got to make 'em do it.
Sam W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

HUMOURS.

Non-committal—Bail.

Generally in the Van—The man who
arrives the furniture wagon.

Tom—"Your best girl's father is a
bank cashier, isn't he?" Dick—"Yes.
Her small brother is a teller."

"These trousers are awfully short."
"Well, you told my collector the other
day that you were awfully short yours-
self."

Mrs. Neighbour—"Why do you call
Jack 'The Fisherman'?" Joe—"Be-
cause he never goes away without a
smoke."

Mrs. Nags—"Words cannot ex-
press my contempt for you!" Nags—
"I'm glad to hear it. Now I will
have a little peace."

"Look here, now, when five dollars I
went going to pay me the five dollars I lent
you six weeks ago?" "How can I tell?
Do you take me for a prophet?"

Mrs. Wauhin—"Oh, I'd just give
the world for a cottage at Newport."
Mr. Wauhin—"Well, my dear,
that's pretty near what they cost."

"How did the rumor that Billare,
the restaurant keeper, was financially
embarrassed get started?" "Somebody
saw him eating in his own restaurant,
I believe."

Fred—"The very first thing she said
to me when I called on her last night
gave me hope." Arthur—"What was
it?" Fred—"She said her little
brother was asleep."

Daughter—"Yes, I know Mr. Stay-
late comes very often, but it isn't his
fault. I do everything I can to drive
him away." Old Gentleman—"Judge!
I haven't heard you sing to him since!"

Friend—"One of your clerks tells
me you raised his salary and told him
to get married under penalty of dis-
charge." Business Man—"Yes, I do
that with all my clerks when they get
old enough to marry. I don't want
any of your independent, committed
men around my place."

A Register for the Tremors.

The "tremometer" is a device of
Dr. Quintard, a Frenchman, for meas-
uring the trembling of nervous people.
It consists of a metal plate pierced
with twenty holes of different sizes in
a graduated scale and a needle which
the patient endeavors to put into the
holes. When he has succeeded in
placing the needle in a hole he com-
pletes an electric contact and rings a
bell. The immediate use of coffee
and stimulants, as well as lead or mer-
curial poisoning, produce tremblings
which can be tested with this simple
appliance. It may also be useful to
marksmen and others.—[London
Globe.

Fall in Rivers.

Generally speaking, the slope of
rivers flowing into the Mississippi from
the east is, on an average, about three
inches per mile; those entering it from
the west have an average descent of
about six inches per mile. The aver-
age descent per mile of the Missouri
after it leaves the mountains is reckoned
at about a foot; the Des Moines,
from its source to its confluence with
the Mississippi, about 7.3 inches. The
entire length of the Ohio shows a fall
of five inches. The Mississippi, from
the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf, has
a fall of about 2 1/2 inches.—[St. Louis
Republic.