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HOW SHE GOT EVEN.

Our birthday we stood at the gate,
And hushed was our lively talk,
As with red hair a pretty maid
Came tripping along the walk.

For just behind her on the road,
There trotted a pure white horse,
And, as we thought of the joke,
We smiled, as a matter of course.

She saw us smile, then glanced behind,
And her cheeks with anger turned,
She gave her head a scornful toss,
As around to us she turned.

A haughty look she gave, then said:
"I always make it a rule,
Whenever a white horse I see,
To look around for a fool."

—Jessie Howell in New York Mercury.

THE ASS' SPRING.

In a green valley, shut in by steep heights, a cool, abundant spring, called the Ass' Well, has its source. The spring is inclosed, and covered over with a canopy, on the top of which turns a tin ass' weather vane.

Every morning in summer there stands by the edge of the well pale young ladies from the city, who, under the care of anxious mothers and protecting aunts, drink the cold water from handsome mugs. City gentlemen, too, visit the spring, and indeed not only the sickly ones, but also healthy youths with brown faces and bold twisted mustaches. A warrior, gray with age, who for thirty years had come and gone with the swallows; a poetical, incomprehensible young lady, with long, straw colored curls; a mysterious widow in deep mourning; a prestidigitator, who is especially sought after in rainy weather, and who makes money vanish and guesses drawn cards—all these characters are to be found at the ass' well, and therefore there is no lack of what belongs to a so called "summer resort." But wait! we had almost forgotten the most important feature, the landlady of the Golden Goose. She rules with unlimited power, cooks well and treats high and low with an honest brusqueness which to the city people is as refreshing as the May dew.

There is a great difference of opinion about the origin of the name the well bears. Some say that a thirsty ass disclosed the spring by pawing with his hoofs. Others claim that the well is so called because its waters, like ass' milk, are beneficial to feeble constitutions. But both opinions are at fault. This will become clear as daylight to all who read this story to the end.

Many, many years ago, when the mightiest tree in the forest was still a germ sleeping in a brown acorn, nothing was known of the healing power of the future Ass' Well. The visitors who came to its brink were the beasts of the forest or grazing cattle and deer; wood cutters, huntsmen and charcoal burners; and men praised the cool water, and the beasts did the same after their own fashion.

One day two stood by the well—one on this side, the other on that. He was an ass, and she was a goose, both in the flirst bloom of youth. They greeted each other silently, and quenched their thirst. Then the ass drew near to the goose, and asked bashfully, "Young lady, may I accompany you?"

She nodded, and would gladly have blushed, but this she was unable to do, and they went together through the meadow and talked about the weather. They had gone quite a distance when the ass stood still and asked: "Young lady, whither does your way lead?"

The goose looked sadly at her companion askance, and said, quietly: "How do I know? Oh, I am the most unfortunate creature under the sun!" And as the ass questioned her further, and urged her to pour out her heart, she related the story of her life.

"I am called Alheid," said the goose, "and am of good family. My ancestor was one of the sacred geese that saved the capital. You know the story, young gentleman."

The ass said, hesitatingly: "Ye-es." He had really never heard of the story, but he did not wish to grieve the goose.

"Another of my maternal ancestors," continued Alheid, "was on friendly terms with Saint Martin. She is said, according to the sad legend, to have given her life for him. But I will not dwell on the history of my ancestors, but tell you about myself. I came to the light of the world, together with eleven brothers and sisters, and, indeed, on a farm, where my mother as a brooding goose lived a life appropriate to her station. I was my mother's pet, for in our family the youngest child is always the most talented."

"Just as it is in ours," remarked the ass.

"I will pass over the years of my childhood," continued the goose, "the happy plays in the village pond and in the lake of the castle garden, where, in the company of the young swans, I acquired that elegance of motion for which I have been so often admired. I had long before shed the yellow down of youth and had blossomed into the prime of life. Then one day there appeared on the farm a man, who had a very hooked nose; his temples were adorned on the right and on the left with two shiny black curls, and over his shoulder hung a pack. The farmer's wife and the maids flocked around him, and looked with longing eyes at the bright colored ribbons and cloths which he took out of his bag. To make a long story short, I was caught, and with my feet and wings bound I was given over to the stranger, who took me in exchange for a blue handkerchief decorated with red roses. Now came melancholy days. I was shut up in a narrow coop, and given balls of barley flour to fatten me. With horror I noticed my circumference increased from day to day, and even my grief over my wretched plight was unable to arrest the evil."

Here the ass cast a look at his companion's figure, and swore that he never had seen a more elegant goose. With a look of thankfulness at the ass, Alheid continued:

"Last night—I shudder to think of it—I heard woful cries of agony, which evidently came from the throat of one of my fellow prisoners. I saw two eyes shine in the moonlight and heard the death rattle. A fox or a polecat must have broken into the coop. Fear lent me strength. I forced myself through the bars of my prison and escaped. I was saved. My wings bore me to this valley; and now I shall try to prolong my life as a wild goose, until winter comes, when I shall, perhaps, find a modest position as snow goose."

Alheid sighed deeply, and then was silent.

"My fate," said the ass, "is similar to yours, Miss Alheid. Look at the black cross which decorates my shoulder; that will tell you all. I am of the race of the sacred ass of Jerusalem, and Baldwin is my name. My pedigree goes back to Noah's ark. Balaam's ass and the ass with whose jawbone Samson slew two thousand Philistines are my ancestors. The one of my ancestors who died like a philosopher between two bundles of hay, I will only mention incidentally; nor will I dwell on the worthiest of my high aspiring forefathers, who founded the collateral branch of mules. My parents were convent people, and bore pious monks on their errands of charity. My older brothers and sisters became lay brethren; but the fathers sold me to the convent miller, and I, a sacred ass, saw myself compelled by rough men to carry contemptible meal sacks. For a long time I suffered in silent submission. But one night, when the cruelty of a rough miller's boy drove me to desperation, I burst my fetters and came to this peaceful forest valley, where I found you by the cool well, most charming Alheid. Here I think I shall remain for the present and lead the contemplative life of a wild ass."

So the ass and the goose both remained in the meadow valley. They dwelt apart from each other, as it became them, but they saw each other and talked together daily, and at last one could no longer live without the other. They were happy and sad at the same time; happy, because they loved and found love in return; sad, because they saw they could never belong to one another.

"Oh! why was I born a goose!" bewailed Alheid; and Baldwin, the ass, sighed, "If I were a bird!" and he knew, too, what kind of a bird he would be.

Thus weeks passed by. The ass grew perceptibly thin, although there was no lack of nourishing food in the meadow valley; and the goose lost the red color from her bill, and her eyes became dull.

Now, there lived in the forest, in a hollow stone, an owl, who was the most clever female anywhere about, and the beasts often went to her for advice. The ass told her his distress, and when the owl had heard his story, she said: "That I cannot help. But wait till midsummer. Then the wise Wish Lady comes to the well in the meadow valley to bathe. Confide to her your trouble. Perhaps she will help you, and change your form; she is a most powerful magician."

Then the ass went away half consoled. One midsummer eve, when Alheid, the goose, had sought her resting place, he concealed himself near the spring to wait for the wonderful Wish Lady.

She did not keep him waiting long. She came flying along in her dress of swan's feathers, threw aside the downy garment, and bathed her white limbs in the cool spring. The ass waited with an ass' patience until she came out of the water; and when she had sat down on a stone and was combing her hair, then Baldwin stepped up to her, beat his fore hoof three times as a greeting, and begged the Wish Lady, most piteously, to change him at once to a gander.

The enchantress shook her head. "That is a strange wish," she thought, "but I can fulfill it, and I will."

And she whispered in the ear of the ass, who listened attentively: "Early to-morrow morning, at sunrise, pick seven gooseberry blossoms and eat them silently, then plunge your head in the well, and you will be changed to a fine gander. And now you go your way and leave me alone."

The ass thanked her heartily and went away. He never closed his eyes all night, and as soon as the mountain tops began to grow red he was up on his feet and away to look for the seven gooseberry blossoms. Then he hurried to the spring and plunged his head in, and when he drew it out again, to his delight, he saw in the mirror of the water the picture of a handsome—a most magnificent—gander with a beautifully curved neck.

As fast as he could go he hurried to the thicket where the goose had taken up her abode.

"Alheid, my beloved Alheid!" he cried, "where art thou?"

"Here, my dearest," sounded from the thicket, and a pretty little she ass came dancing out of the bushes.

The lovers looked at each other, dumb with amazement.

"Oh, what an ass I am!" sighed the gander.

"Oh, what a goose I am!" groaned the ass.

Then a hot torrent of tears poured from their eyes; and in the midst of her weeping Alheid told how she had followed the advice of the owl, and sought the Wish Lady, who had granted her request, and changed her to a jenny. Hereupon the gander, between heavy sobs, gave his experience, and the midsummer sun never shone on two more wretched creatures than our two lovers.

Time heals all things. Calm endurance took the place of uncontrollable anguish. One hope was left to the pair. Perhaps the Wish Lady, on her next visit to the spring, would restore one of the lovers to the original form. But before that a whole year must pass. Patience, then, patience! So Baldwin and Alheid again lived together like brother and sister.

After much distress and danger, which the winter brought to the two anchorites, spring appeared in the land; the sun mounted higher and higher, and at last the long wished for midsummer eve had come.

With beating hearts the lovers this time went together to the well, and stated their case to the Wish Lady.

"This is a bad affair," said the enchantress. "I cannot change either of you back again, however willing I may be to grant you the favor. But I will make you a proposition. How would it do if you became human beings? Out of an ass and a goose it would not be difficult to make a youth and a maiden; that I can do. Would that please you?"

"Yes," cried Baldwin and Alheid with one voice.

The Wish Lady murmured a charm and told them both to plunge their heads in the well. They obeyed, and when they took them out again Baldwin had become a sturdy young man with an extremely good natured face, and opposite him stood a charming little woman with a prettily arched, rosy mouth and languishing eyes.

And they fell down at the Wish Lady's feet and gratefully kissed her hands, and then they kissed each other's lips and whispered words of love in each other's ears. But the Wish Lady, noticing that her presence was superfluous, wrapped herself in her dress of feathers and flew away.

The two young people remained in the meadow valley. Baldwin built a house, and in it they passed a happy life; and each year a little child was given them, sometimes a boy and sometimes a girl.

In the neighboring villages nobody suspected that Baldwin had been an ass and Alheid a goose, for they were as sensible as other human beings. They did not make a great noise about the history of their transformation, as it would have prejudiced them in the eyes of the people. But when they were about to die they intrusted it as a secret to their eldest son, and it was he who named the house "The Golden Goose" and the spring "The Ass' Well," as they are still called at the present day.

How the healing power of the waters was discovered, and how life gradually came to the remote forest valley, are very fully described in a book which the landlady sells to guests who use the waters.

The Wish Lady has for a long time stayed away, probably because it is too noisy for her in the valley. But even at the present time it happens that almost every year some young pair is seen at the spring, who seem as well adapted to each other as the heroes of our story.—Translated from the German of Baumbach by Mrs. Nathan Haskell Dale.

The Astonished Drummer.

The Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., the manager of the Congregationalist publishing house and Sabbath school work, and one of the busiest men in Boston, is an off hand, approachable man with a bright, winning face, easy manner, and personal magnetism that contributes much to his success. He has none of the outward signs of the clerical calling, but looks more like a business man. He travels nearly all of the time, and he says that in the cars he generally passes as a drummer and is recognized by the fraternity as one of their number. On going into Minneapolis one Saturday evening a smart young fellow approached in a free and easy way:

"Going to stop over Sunday?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Stop at the Blank hotel, I suppose?"

"No, I am going to stop with a friend."

"Come round to the hotel to-morrow afternoon and we'll have a racket. Quite a number of the boys will be there."

"But to-morrow is Sunday."

"I know it, and that's why we can have such a devil of a good time."

"Oh, I think that we fellows who are traveling all the time ought to keep Sunday," said the doctor.

"Yes," assented the drummer, good naturedly, "but I'll bet you won't!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go to church to-morrow if you will!"

"I'll do it! Where shall we go?"

"To the First Congregational. It's the best church in town."

"All right. I'll be there, but I'll bet you won't!"

The drummer was there according to his promise, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his friend of the night before ascend to the pulpit. Dr. Dunning tried to find him after the service, but he had fled.—Lewiston Journal.

The Sioux Indian Reservation.

The Sioux Indians have probably overreached themselves in their eagerness to drive the sharpest possible bargain with the government for their land. The government showed a willingness to meet the Indians more than half way, but the latter refused a perfectly fair offer. As a question of abstract justice, this refusal may not excuse the government for taking possession of the land in an arbitrary manner, but it is clear that the welfare of Indians as well as white settlers will be promoted by the opening of surplus land to actual settlement, and its division among the Indians in severalty for permanent occupation. If the Indians remain obstinate it is hard to see any escape from the necessity of treating them literally like "wards of the government," or as children incapable of comprehending their own best interests. It is said that a bill will be introduced in congress providing for the summary acquisition of the land at a price to be fixed by Congress.—Frank Leslie's.

Kiss When They Meet.

A word in regard to the common salute of kissing. Various writers agree that it had its origin in a desire to taste, thereby affording a palpable realization of the person for whom affection was felt. With us this custom prevails only between male and female or female and female. In our own city, however, we have the opportunity of observing, among the Italian classes, that it is even practiced between man and man. The kissing salute calls to mind a practice among the Esquimaux, prompted, possibly, by similar motives. When met they salute, after kneeling, by rubbing their noses together in a very ludicrous manner. Mr. Spencer, in his writings, tells of singular greeting among the Chittagongs, in which they, in a like manner, smell one another.—Boston Herald.

A FRENCH ANNIVERSARY.

Important Events in France Which Have Transpired on Dec. 2.

No single day in the calendar has seen such a recurrence of remarkable historic events as the 2d of December. A certain spell seems to have connected it with the family of the Bonapartes, who on three separate occasions have seen it realize their highest hopes and ambitions.

On Dec. 2, 1804, Paris was aroused by the firing of artillery and the ringing of bells to celebrate the consummation of Napoleon's glory, his coronation, with Josephine, as emperor and empress of the French. The pope himself was there to do honor to the modern Alexander, and to place the crown on the head of the first monarch of the new dynasty. Napoleon, however, did not allow even the sovereign pontiff to bestow a crown upon him, and, taking the imperial diadem out of the pope's hands, he proudly placed it on his own head.

A year later to the day, on Dec. 2, 1805, Napoleon, then in the prime of his military genius, was up in arms against the powers of Europe—cut off from his retreat, hemmed in by Austrian and Russian troops and threatened by a Prussian army from the north. The cold winter's morn at Austerlitz under these circumstances seemed unlikely to usher in a day of glory. But it was Dec. 2. The "Sun of Austerlitz" burst forth, and in the evening, when the Austrians and Russians had been completely routed, leaving 26,000 men on the field, the soldiers' cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" greeted the most powerful sovereign in Europe—the terror of a continent.

On the morning of Dec. 2, 1851, Prince Louis Napoleon, president of the French republic, was anxiously awaiting in the Palace of the Elysee tidings of the bold stroke on which he counted to elevate him to the imperial throne. He and his fellow conspirators, De Morny and Saint-Arnaud, had caused the deputies to be arrested in their beds, the printing offices to be closed, except those whence the Napoleonic proclamation was being issued, and Paris to be occupied at every strategic point by regiments that could be relied on to turn their bayonets against the people. The news brought in by successive messengers was good.

The plot had succeeded. Barricades had still be overcome and the boulevards had to be swept clean with shot and shell, but that was only the work of a day or two. On the evening of Dec. 2 Louis Napoleon was within reach of the crown and the Tuileries.—New York Herald.

Whittier's Advice to a Youth.

My acquaintance with the poet Whittier dates from a lovely summer afternoon just before my fifteenth birthday. I shall not try to describe the tall, noble figure and delicate yet commanding features with which we are all familiar, nor attempt, either, to repeat the sparkling conversation which ensued.

One thing especially impressed me at the time and will never be forgotten, says a contributor to The Writer. Mr. Whittier said that his early ambition had been to become a prominent politician, and from this ideal he was persuaded only by the earnest appeals of his friends. Taking their advice, he united with the persecuted and obscure sect of Abolitionists, and to this course, he said, he attributed all his success in after life.

Then turning to me and laying his hand on my head, he remarked, in his gentle voice: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause." My father chanced to mention, before leaving, that I had occasionally written scraps of poetry. Whittier kindly asked me to send him some verses on my return, and, armed with his autograph, I retreated to the carriage happier, I dare say, than I have ever been before or since.

Some days afterward I mailed to the poet a few rhymes which had seen light in a religious journal published in Boston. The reply, as dear a treasure today as it was then, spoke flatteringly of my effort, and closed with the following advice:

"I would not advise thee to publish much for the present. In two or three years much will have been gained by thee. Study, experience, close observation of nature and patient brooding over thy verse will do a great deal for thee. I would, however, advise no young man to depend upon poetry. A profession or trade is needed; and brave work must be done in a world of need and suffering. With kind remembrance of thy father and with all good wishes for thyself, I am truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."—The Writer.

Love and War.

What frauds birds are. They are represented in poetry as sweet, gushing things, rising to greet the morn with melody and bursting forth in song on the slightest provocation. To read bird poetry one might consider them the most amiable of God's creatures, when the fact is, according to naturalists, the majority of singing birds are waspish and quarrelsome among themselves to a high degree.

They behave worse during their singing season, which is also their time for mating, when they are popularly supposed to be flitting about in the most loving manner, tenderly beseeching each other to be "my valentine." Those who have made a close study of birds will tell you that mates are won, not by love but by pitched battles, for the most part, the strongest party carrying off the prize. Some of the more pugnacious often fight until they are killed. The females battle furiously for the males, who sit calmly by observing the combat quite unprejudiced and ready to say, "May the best bird win."

Sometimes the conqueror flies off with her dearly won valentine, only to meet some superior female on the way who disputes the prize and wins it. If the superior female be a "star" singer in bird opera she probably has to support her husband until she can get rid of him and share another.—Texas Siftings.

A HARD MATRIMONIAL KNOT.

Four Times Married and Three Times Divorced Is Her Record.

Henry Stevens in 1866 was the mate of an Atlantic steamer. On a voyage to this country in the fall of that year he fell in love with a young German girl, a steerage passenger, whose name was Pauline Baumann.

The girl reciprocated the officer's affection, and, on landing in New York, they were married. The bride was on her way to join relatives in Bradford, Pa., then an unknown lumber village.

Stevens quit the service of the steamship company and joined his fortunes with those of his bride.

Not long afterward the Bradford region began to attract the attention of oil operators, and Stevens and his wife opened a boarding house.

They were still keeping boarders in 1875, when a dashing German named Christian Kindtner became an inmate of the house. He fell in love with his landlady. She was induced by him to believe that she was not happy with her husband, and she obtained a divorce from Stevens. The latter seems to have regarded this proceeding with remarkable complacence, for he did not leave the house.

Mrs. Stevens married Kindtner, but on the wedding night for some reason deserted him and returned to the guardianship of her first husband. In a short time she procured a divorce from Kindtner and remarried Stevens.

Kindtner did not let the sudden ending of his honeymoon and the utter repudiation and legal separation of his bride worry him, apparently, for he continued to board with the Stevenses.

Last winter Henry Keggan, a well to do landscape gardener, of Bradford, advertised for a wife. His advertisement was read by Mrs. Hannah Young, a comely middle aged widow of Indianapolis. She replied to it, and the result was that she came to Bradford and married Gardener Keggan.

The Widow Young had a 17-year-old son named Robert. He was a good looking boy, large for his age. The Keggan family and the Stevens family became neighbors.

Mrs. Stevens, although nearly 50 years of age, fell in love with the boy Robert Young. Her charms at the same time infatuated Robert.

Again Mrs. Stevens had recourse to the divorce court, and as the divorce laws of Pennsylvania accommodate themselves to circumstances, she was speedily released from the bonds that had made her for the second time Henry Stevens' wife.

She then married Robert Young and established her youthful spouse at the head of her boarding house. Stevens accepted the situation with commendable stoicism, and took his place with Kindtner, the other dethroned husband, as a boarder in the house.

Things ran on smoothly until last summer, when Mrs. Young took her boy husband and her effects, and with his mother and stepmother removed to another part of the city, where the combination opened a public house known as Dargle Park.

This left ex-husbands Stevens and Kindtner out in the cold, and they protested loudly, but without avail.—New York Journal.

Something About Winnipeg.

In Winnipeg I heard of a dreamland for sportsmen—a veritable El Dorado of game. Turn to your map again, and look at that part of British America lying north and west of Lake Winnipeg in that great, almost blank, region called Saskatchewan—if you are fortunate enough to have a map that takes account of that great new province lying north of Manitoba and Alberta. The map before me is one prepared by the Canadian government, and shows that though every large river and lake is located and has been surveyed, little else is known of that country, even by its owners, and that nowhere, except in a smaller region in Africa and a larger region of Siberia, is there any corner of the world so mysterious. There is none so inviting, for where civilization has pierced it—in what is called "the Peace river district"—there is already a great agricultural industry around a bustling little city called Edmonton, and it has been found that this is a better wheat growing country than that which lies far below it either in southern Canada or our own northwest. It is even said that the rich soil and mild climate distinguishing this Peace River district extended far to the north of Edmonton into a country in the same latitude as the southern part of Alaska. Fortunately, those who tell such a wonderful story as the latter one are able to give a reason for it. They say that the great chains of mountains that shield our Idaho and Montana from the warm Chinook winds of the Pacific are broken there, and the warm winds play over the interior.—Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

Scott's First Passion.

One Sunday young Walter Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty, who was coming out of church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John Belches. His attentions to the lady continued for about six years, when she married a banker, who proved to be one of Scott's most generous friends when his time of troubles came. The story of this, his first and only deep passion, is recoeded in the diary that Scott kept in 1827, from which it would seem that there may have been some misunderstanding between the young people.—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Why the Salon Is Preferred.

One of the clever portrait painters of this city says that it is easier for an American or any foreigner to exhibit his pictures in the Salon than in the Royal academy. Perhaps that is the reason that the annual exhibition in Paris is finer than the one in London. The English artists who control the Royal academy believe in encouraging native talent, and so they accept some poor work to the exclusion of outside contributions.—New York Press.

Old Time Corn Shuckings.

"Did you ever haul up corn with a yoke of oxen?" asked Plunkett, as he lit his pipe and took his seat in the corner.

"Gathering corn with oxen haint no easy job," continued the old man, as he settled back in his rocker. "You have to jerk and haw and gee to keep 'em from pulling their necks off stretching out for eating on each side, and the man than can drive 'em under such circumstances and not cuss is a desarving man for sure. I've been driving for the boys today, and my old bones ache and my throat is sore from jerking and whooping, and then, besides, corn gathering time is not what it used to be, and it don't bring the frolic and fun of the shucking like it used to. But I don't say a word, for I know if I did some of these youngsters would say 'the old man's liver haint flopped,' so I just grin and bear it and comfort myself by thinking of the days when I was young and of the good times we had then.

"Corn gathering then was a frolic, for we knowed that a good time was coming. The corn wasn't thrown in the cribs in them days, but a big pile was made in the lot, and then the night was set for shucking and the settlement gathered in—white and black—and the corn was shucked, put in the crib and the shucks penned all in one night. I've seed a pile of 3,000 bushels shucked and put up in one night, and there wasn't a tired person in the crowd, for there was fun and frolic and songs and dances, and there was 'looking for the last ear' before anybody knowed.

"Them old shuckings are things of the past, but the generations to come will never feast on melodies sweeter than the nigger songs of the old corn shucking days. I've sat at night and listened to the crowds as they were on their way to the corn pile. They always went in crowds, and had their leaders, and the young masters would go along to protect them, and they felt as free and as grand as they have ever felt since the war, and there has never been a gang of since the war niggers that were near so happy as these crowds as they went across the fields singing.—Atlanta Constitution.

Stays and Corsets.

The Spectator, after quoting Professor Roy's assertion that the desire for waist belts is instructive, and has been displayed by all athletes and persons of whom exertion is required since the beginning of history, adds: "It will be observed that this argument, which is certainly true of all runners, Asiatic or European, applies to men equally with women, though men gird themselves only to meet special calls upon their strength." To this a graduate from Cambridge, where he was distinguished as a runner and long distance bicycle rider, protests that neither runners nor experts upon the wheel, at that university, ever used or showed a desire to use tight waist belts. On the contrary, it was their custom to gird themselves as loosely as possible, in order to allow free movement of the diaphragm. "If rowers ever wear waist belts, they are so loose as to cause no interference with the freest movements of all the muscles of the body. It is probable that the habit of "girding up the loins" preparatory to physical exertion originated in Oriental countries, where in ancient times, and now as well, the peculiar form of the prevailing costume made it necessary in order to secure free movement of the limbs. A custom once established, needs no further explanation. It may survive long after there is any reason for it. The Hittites wore peaked toed, turned up shoes thousands of years after their ancestors had come from the mountains of the north, where the form of their snow shoes suggested the peculiar fashion; and the daily life of every people is full of instances that might be cited. Nobody today places restraint upon any of his organs if he desires to excel in feats of strength or speed. He may wear a waist belt, but it is never so tight, as has already been remarked as to rowers, as to interfere with the free play of the muscles.—Science.

All Sorts of Flats.

There are flats and flats in New York; big flats and small flats, good flats and bad flats, cheap flats and dear flats.

Just how many flats there are in New York it would be hard to say, owing to a tendency on the part of some owners of buildings to call every form of dwelling a flat that accommodates more than one family. Appleton's Directory, however, gives a list of more than 300 select apartment houses, each having a distinct and more or less fashionable name. As these flats range in value from $200,000 to $1,000,000, a fair idea may be gained of the enormous amount of money invested in this style of dwelling house which is now going out of fashion.

Of course most flats are worth more than $200,000. It was for this price the Marlborough sold some time ago. But the Saratoga sold for $320,000; the Osborne sold for $1,009,263, and the famous Navarro flats sold under foreclosure for $3,973,641. They originally cost $6,000,000. Of course the latter flat could scarcely be called a single building, since they were made up of great piles under one architectural plan, all connected and all opening into an interior court. They are in their way the finest buildings of their kind in the world. Each structure is nine stories high. The front is broken up with recessed and arched spaces, forming balconies and oriel windows with turrets on opposite sides of the buildings.—New York Mail and Express.

A clothing house in Minneapolis took a novel method of advertising Tuesday by throwing out of a fourth story window overcoats, pants and other ready made clothing. An immense crowd collected in the street below, and so great was the eagerness to get possession of the garments that many in the crowd were seriously injured and the garments themselves were torn to shreds.—Northwestern Congregationalist.