

## Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,  
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,  
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease  
And simple pleasures that always please.  
A heart that can feel for another's woe,  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,  
Though tugging for bread in a humble sphere,  
Doubtless it will content and cheer,  
But let the heart and ears of wealth,  
Lowly living and busy thought  
Adorn and enoble a poor man's lot.  
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet reason  
Of the soul that tells when the labors cease,  
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,  
And the hand that drops on his forehead deep  
Beneath the weary eyelids on the downy bed,  
Where luxury pillows its aching head,  
The tender sleep of a poor man's bed.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,  
That in the realm of books can find  
A treasure surpassing all that's here,  
And live with the great and good of yore,  
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,  
The glow of empire's glory day,  
The world's great dream and its great end  
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home  
Where all the family characters come,  
The share of love, the love of life,  
Followed by mother, sister, or wife,  
However humble the home may be,  
To be tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,  
The love that never wearies of old  
And center there is better than gold.

## A Lesson in Obedience.

She was all alone!  
It was quite a new experience to  
Doty, this housekeeping business,  
she had theorized a good deal over  
"Handy Housekeepers," "Comprehensive  
Cook-Books," and "Household Hints,"  
but she had never had any practical  
experience before. And now, up in  
these wild woods, the helm of domestic  
affairs was unexpectedly placed in her  
hands, and hers alone.

She liked the woods and the river;  
the meadows all starred with daisies;  
and the long, low farmhouse, with its  
red brick chimney stacks; its tallies  
all bending with the weight of vines;  
the old stone-walled garden, where  
opening curtains hung like ruby  
flames, and the green gooseberries  
seemed to absorb the very sweetness of  
the sunshine into their translucent  
hearts.

To her mind it was a dream, rather  
than the reality, with the daisies  
the hand-organ droning, the everlasting  
clouds of dust. And today, when  
Aunt Themis wanted to go to hear her  
favorite elder hold forth at camp-meeting,  
Doty volunteered to stay and get  
the dinner for Reuben and Rankin, her  
two tall cousins.

"La, child!" said Aunt Themis, "you  
don't know nothing about cooking!"  
"But indeed I do," asserted  
Doty. "I can make a chicken-  
fricassee as well as you, Aunt Themis.  
I watched the way you did it last  
Saturday, and I know I can turn out a  
first-class cherry tart."

"Well," said Aunt Themis, a little  
doubtfully, anyhow, there's plenty of  
good rye-bread and new milk, and  
nobody need starve on that. And he  
said, Doty, you keep the doors  
locked, and don't let tramps in, and  
don't forget that brood of young  
turkeys in the barn chamber, and blow  
the dinner horn at twelve precisely;  
and don't on account leave the  
kitchen door open, for that new cat  
is the thickest cretcher you ever did  
see."

"Oh, I'll take care!" said Doty, with  
the reckless audacity of ignorance.  
"Everything shall be quite—quite  
right! You'll see, Aunt Themis!"  
And after the old lady had departed,  
with many misgivings, Doty drew a  
long breath of rapture, and executed an  
improvised dance in the middle of  
the kitchen floor.

"Only think!" she said, addressing  
the cat in the corner—"the whole  
house all to myself! Won't I get a  
sensible dinner for Reuben and Rankin?  
I'll make a meringue tart, and ice  
cream, and vanilla puffs, and chocolate  
cake, and I'll try my hand at mock-  
turtle soup, and cream candy, and  
black coffee! And how I will sur-  
prise them! And as for letting the  
doors, how utterly ridiculous it would  
be to shut out the beautiful sunshine,  
and the butterflies, and the sweet  
scented air! This house always smells  
like blue mould when Aunt Themis is  
here; and of course nobody could get  
in while I am here!"

So Doty skinned the pans for  
cream to make the ice cream, and  
stirred up the vanilla puffs, and grated  
chocolate for the cake, and put the  
two tall, little white chickens into the  
pot for the fricassee; and then, feeling  
herself every inch a housekeeper, she  
frisked away up stairs to make the  
beds.

But there was no question of beds,  
when once she was up stairs, where a  
large old chest of some dark-stained  
wood stood open, near the landing.

"The old oak chest!" cried Doty,  
who was full of romance as a white-  
clover blossom is of sweetness. "And  
to think that Aunt Themis never let  
me look into it before!"

There was nothing very particular,  
after all, in it. Only stuffy-smelling  
flannels, a moth-eaten gown or two,  
the brass buttoned military coat in  
which Uncle Amariah—dead these ten  
years—had been wont to "rally" on  
tramping days.

"Pshaw!" said Doty. "There  
ought to have been a forgotten will  
there, or a skeleton, at the very least.  
It's a humbug, that old chest."

Just as this reflection passed through  
her mind, a whining, nasal voice  
sounded at the bottom of the little  
wooden stairway, which wound up  
like a corkscrew from below.

"Any old clothes to exchange for  
beautiful china vases, lady? Any  
old victuals for a poor man?"

He was a stalwart, black-browed  
fellow, with villainous, slit-like eyes,  
and a tattered velvet suit; and  
Doty's heart stood still with terror  
for a second.

"Oh, if she had only obeyed her Aunt  
Themis and locked up those doors!"  
"No," she said, shortly. "Go away."  
"Don't be hard on a poor fellow,  
miss!" whined the man.

And Doty was quite certain that  
she saw the spout of Aunt Themis'  
old solid silver cream jug protruding  
from the flaps of his ragged velvet  
coat. At the same moment, he  
began ascending the stairs with  
insolent deliberation.

In an instant all the doubts, the  
dreads, the possibilities, the horrors of  
the situation, glided across Doty's  
mind.

Reuben and Rankin were in the distant  
meadow cutting grass; the tin  
horn, by means of which she usually  
summoned them, was hanging up  
down stairs at the back of the kitchen  
door.

Not a neighbor lived within sight or  
ear! And here she was at this  
stealthy deed! What a mercy! Would  
he say "No"? Would he murder her?  
What was to become of Aunt Themis'  
gold beads and Reuben's new breast-  
pin, besides all the nice old silver  
which had descended to them from  
Grandmother Thimble?

"No," said Doty to herself, "for  
myself I do not care. But the silver  
shall be protected!"

With a quick glimpse of inspiration,  
she advanced toward the shuddering  
fellow with the sinister face.

"There are some old garments in  
that big chest," said she. "You may  
look at them; perhaps they will be  
what you want!"

The eyes of the sinister man, who  
had by this time reached the top of  
the stairs, glided. He promptly ad-  
vanced, and bending over the side of  
the meager chest, peered into its  
depths.

"Most anything'll work in my  
trade," said he. "I ain't no ways  
particular, because—"

Now was Doty's time. As he bent  
over, with at least two-thirds of his  
body in the old chest, she sprang  
boldly forward, and bundled the other  
third into the stuffy recesses.

The tramp dropped like a huge over-  
grown kitten into the flannel blankets.  
In a second, Doty had the lid shut  
down, and had turned the key.

"Now I've got you!" said Doty, all  
triumphant, though disheveled. "Oh,  
yes! kick and pound all that you like,  
but you'll not get out until Reuben  
and Rankin are here!"

And lying down stairs, she seized  
the old tin horn and blew a blast  
which echoed like the "Horn of  
Roncesvalles" over hill and dale.

Reuben, swinging his scythe on the  
side hill, stopped to listen, Rankin  
dropped his whetstone, and Miles  
Ruggles, the hired man, cried out:

"Je-ra-salem!" it ain't twelve o'clock  
yet!"

"There's something up, anyhow!"  
cried Reuben, making a grasp at the  
linden cat which hung on the nearest  
tillery bush.

"Mother ain't home, and Doty is all  
alone!" exclaimed Rankin.

"Wal, if there's anything extraordi-  
nary on the carpet," declared Miles,  
"I ain't a-going to be left out in the cold!"

Up hill and down dale, over log-  
bridged streams and across hummocky  
swamp hastened the three brave re-  
cruits, without loss of time, and  
rushed, all abreast, into the kitchen  
door.

Doty stood there, with the broom in  
one hand, and a saucy pan of boiling  
water in the other, pale but resolute.

"Je-ra-salem!" again remarked Miles  
Ruggles, under his breath.

"Who?" persisted Reuben. "What  
chest?"

"The burglar!" said Doty. "He's  
in the old chest up stairs. I tipped  
him into it. And, oh, I was so afraid  
afterward that he would suffocate to  
death, because he was so still for a  
minute or two!"

"Astonished, maybe," suggested  
Miles Ruggles, under his breath. "I  
should a-teen, I know."

"But when he began to kick," said  
Doty, with a little gasping breath,  
"and swear, I knew he was all right."

"I should think so!" said Reuben,  
with a lowering brow. "How did the  
villain get in, Doty?"

"I—left all the doors open," confessed  
Doty, with a conscience-stricken air.  
"Aunt Themis told me not to; but I  
thought there was no harm. And I  
had hardly got up stairs, when he came  
shuffling up, and I saw the old silver  
milk jug in his pocket. He wanted  
old clothes; and I told him we had  
some in the chest; and when he stooped  
over to look, I just pushed him in."

"Brave little her!" said Rankin.  
"And locked it tight," nodded Doty.

"The best thing you could have  
done," declared Reuben, admiringly.

"Je-ra-salem!" commented Miles  
Ruggles, snuffing the kitchen table  
with one horny palm.

So up they proceeded, in solid  
phalanx, and released the velvet  
captive, who was very sullen and com-  
pletely bathed with perspiration, in con-  
sequence of the vain efforts he had  
made to get free.

"Come!" roared Reuben, who was a  
young giant of six feet old inches, and  
broad proportionately, as the miserably  
pale prisoner scrambled out and stood  
covering before them, "what are you  
doing here?"

"Old clothes in exchange for china  
vases!" he faintly stammered.

"Then what are you doing with our  
silver milk pitcher and ten forks in  
your coat pockets?" demanded Reuben.

"And what the Je-ra-salem business  
has you a-provoking round and scarin'  
the women folks?" said Miles Ruggles,  
coming valiantly to the front. "Here,  
Rankin, I'll get up the old one-horse  
wagon—your mother's got the shay—  
and let the fellow off to Justice Gilliland's.  
He'll settle him in quick time, I tell  
you what. Just tie the fellow's hands,  
and make him all shipshape. That's  
all I ask of you!"

So the sinister scoundrel, in black  
velvet, was borne unceremoniously off  
by stout Miles Ruggles, as the first  
stage toward a two years' captivity in  
the nearest states prison; and Doty  
was relieved at last from the incubus  
of his presence.

First she laughed at Rankin's idea  
that she was a heroine, and then she  
cried and shuddered at her vivid  
perception of the terror she had endured.

"But, Reuben and Rankin," she  
said, "you must promise—solemnly  
now—never to tell Aunt Themis that  
I disobeyed her and left the door open."

And the two young men bound  
themselves solemnly ever to keep the  
vow of eternal silence upon the sub-  
ject.

"Since there is really no harm done,"  
said Reuben, laughing.

"Except Doty's fright," said Rankin,  
quite seriously.

So the chicken fricassee was made,  
and the vanilla puffs; but the ice  
cream was postponed indefinitely, and  
the chocolate cake remained forever a  
disembodied ideal. And it took the  
two young men all the afternoon to  
console Doty.

And when Aunt Themis came home,  
full of the preacher, and the brethren,  
and the camp-meeting, they all listened  
in dutiful silence, and she never  
once mistrusted that anything had  
happened.

"But I'm sure," whispered Doty to  
Rankin, when they went out together  
to get a pail of spring water, "it will  
always be a lesson in obedience to me!"  
—Helen Forrest Graves.

A Mongol Characteristic.

With many good qualities, and with  
almost a superabundance of religion,  
the Mongols have no love of truth, and  
are wont to despise a man who cannot  
meet the stress of daily events by an  
apt lie. On one occasion, traveling  
with a guide over the desert, Mr. Gil-  
mour was frequently asked whether he  
carried a revolver. He constantly  
made the truthful reply that he did not.  
This so aroused the fear and excited  
the indignation of the guide that his  
employer's sad state became a matter  
of deep thought, resulting in this solu-  
tion. He suggested that to all future  
queries Mr. Gilmour should reply,  
"supposing I have, what then? Sup-  
posing I haven't, what then?" The  
sneaky smyth of the missionary led  
him to learn a lesson even from a Mon-  
gol. "I saw no harm in this form of  
nonsense, agreed to use it, and have  
often since stayed off in the same  
summer impertinent questions."

## THE OSTRICH.

Queer Habits of a Feathered Bird—How the  
Ostrich is Hunted.

A letter to the New York Times de-  
scribes the ostrich farm at Anaheim,  
Cal. Dr. Sketcheley, owner of the  
farm, on which there are twenty-one  
birds, said to the writer:

"They lay eggs every other day.  
Age does not affect them. I have on  
a pair of birds which were 82 years old  
and they were just as valuable for  
breeding and feather raising as ever.

Were they decrepit? You could not  
tell the difference in any way between  
them and very much younger birds. I  
have known birds 30 years old, a pair,  
valued at \$1000. You can see the  
chances here. If the birds are in  
proper condition I expect that we  
shall have 600 chickens in a year.

The difficulty in ostrich farming is in  
raising the chickens. They catch cold,  
But when they are over a month old  
they are all right. Ostriches have no  
disease that I know of, and I have had  
eight years' experience with them.  
When a chicken is 6 months old the  
value of its feathers is about \$10;  
when it is 11 months old the value is  
between \$20 and \$30, and when the  
bird is between 12 and 4 years old the  
value is about \$250 annually. Sixteen  
years ago the business of ostrich farm-  
ing was begun; now \$100,000 are  
invested in it."

An ostrich is apparently about the  
most ill-tempered bird in existence.  
They never acquire a fondness for any  
one. They have no particular prefer-  
ence ordinarily as to mating. They  
are always on the lookout to kick some  
one, and if the kick has the intended  
effect it is pretty sure to be fatal. The  
blow is aimed forward, and is accu-  
rate. For this reason the person who  
picks the sticking over the ostrich's  
head at the time when the feathers are  
to be cut must be wary and experi-  
enced. As Dr. Sketcheley walked along  
by the corrals, of which there are  
about a baker's dozen, the ostriches,  
with a few exceptions, followed along  
with an evident desire to get a kick at  
him. A Chinaman carrying a scythe  
along by one of the corrals was once  
an object of provocation to the ostrich-  
es in that corral and of fear to Dr.  
Sketcheley. The latter tried to make  
the Chinaman understand that there  
was danger to the previous birds from  
the scythe should they kick through  
the fence, when they found that the  
Chinaman was out of their reach, lay  
down in the dust of the corral and  
rocking violently from side to side,  
beat their bodies with their heads with  
all their available force, which from  
the sound seemed to be considerable.  
It was such a sound as might come  
from a muffled drum. Having in-  
dulged in this outburst for awhile they  
stalked about with that peculiar gait,  
which seemed to be their property in  
common only with the camel or dromed-  
ary; then they again lay in the dust  
and repeated the drumming opera-  
tion. Dr. Sketcheley succeeded in catch-  
ing one by the neck, but did not hold  
it. He also put his hand into the  
mouth of one to show that it had no  
strength in its jaws. Their diet is  
mainly alfalfa and barley, with cal-  
bage, turnips, and potatoes thrown in  
as a sort of ostrich desert. The diet  
would alone indicate the lack of  
strength in the jaws. Before they  
reach that culmination of anger which  
results in the prostration and drum-  
ming, they emit a loud hiss like a  
goose, opening the mouth to such an  
extent as to look like a letter V lying  
on one side and stretched very wide  
apart. The danger is all from the one-  
sided feet, with the obviously prodigious  
muscle of leg and thigh to propel  
them.

A striking difference exists between  
the corrals and fenced ostriches and  
those running over the African deserts,  
inasmuch as the latter never fight.  
Dr. Sketcheley hunted for nine months  
in the desert. The birds have to be  
hunted scientifically. Certain facts  
are known, one being that the birds  
will always run in a semicircle. First  
they will run with the wind, that they  
may use their wings to help them.  
After they get what the sailors call "a  
head wind," they go around the other  
way. They must be run down. The  
game cannot "wind" them. The great  
trouble is to keep them in sight. They  
will run 40 miles on a stretch. If they  
ever get a breathing spell they will  
get away. The hunter starts out with  
a fresh horse. A Bushman boy rides  
another and leads one. As soon as it  
is seen which way the bird will run,  
the boy takes his cue and drives to  
where he thinks the hunter will need  
the fresh horse. In the meantime the  
ostrich singled out for the chase and  
the hunter are speeding along like the  
wind, the latter straining every nerve  
to keep in sight of the bird and the  
bird making its most prodigious strides  
for freedom. A great deal now de-  
pends on the Bushman boy's judgment,  
in having the fresh horse at the right  
place, that no time may be wasted. It

is seldom that the boy makes a mis-  
take. The hunter leaps on the fresh  
horse and gains on the bird, which,  
growing tired, goes more and more  
awkwardly. The hunter has only  
when he catches it, to rap it on the  
head with his hunting whip and the  
chase is over. There are really only  
two kinds of ostriches, the North Afri-  
can and South African birds. The  
males are black and the females drab.  
All are of one color, drab, until after  
they are two years old.

One of the most singular features is  
the location of the ostrich's stomach.  
He carries it on his back between his  
shoulders, and the food can be seen  
winding around inside of his neck to  
get at this out-of-the-way receptacle.  
Although there is a great deal of  
chasing against the corals in case of  
fright, the plumage, for which alone  
the birds are of value, does not seem  
to suffer much. All of the flock ap-  
pear to be in fine feather. The plum-  
age is soft, silky, clean, and glossy as  
it grows, and is all ready for market.  
Speaking of the relative value of the  
birds, Dr. Sketcheley said that, while  
one adult yield more feathers to prove  
a better breeder, he averaged them.  
The value is determined mainly by  
breeding qualities. The ostrich is con-  
sidered a chicken until it is 12 months  
old, a feather bird only until about 33  
years old, and at 4 years it should  
breed. The most valuable breeding  
birds are called "guarantee birds,"  
from the discovery that their eggs will  
hatch. The average life is supposed  
to be about 100 years among long-lived  
birds. These birds are now between 8  
and 9 years old. Should they live and  
the experiment prove successful,  
Southern California may yet contain  
thousands of ostriches.

How One Novel Was Written.

Wilkie Collins wrote most of his  
novels with his own hand, but now  
and then rheumatism gives him  
such a pain that he cannot hold a pen,  
and then he employs an amanuensis.  
The greater part of "The Moonstone"  
was dictated and Mr. Collins says it  
is the only one of his works which he  
has never read. The recollection of  
the agony he suffered while dictating  
it still haunts him. "For a long time  
while that book was writing," he says,  
I had the most difficulty in getting  
an amanuensis who would go on with  
his work without interrupting himself  
to sympathize with me. I saw much  
like a beast in many ways. If I am in  
pain, I must howl; and, as I lay in the  
bed in the corner yonder, I would  
often break forth in a yell of anguish.  
Then my amanuensis would urge me  
to compose myself and not to write  
any more. Between the paragraphs  
I would go along nicely enough, lay-  
ing in my mind just what I wanted to  
say, and these interruptions would  
drive mad. Finally a young girl, not  
more than seventeen, offered to help  
me, and I consented that she should,  
in case she was sure she could let me  
howl and cry out in my pain while she  
kept her place at the table. She did  
it, too, and "The Moonstone" finally  
came to an end. But I never read it  
—never."

A Man Superior to his Fate.

A man who had by dint of sheer  
courage and energy overcome almost  
insuperable difficulties, and showed  
that life, even when it seems almost  
a curse, may be well worth living, died  
last week at Arare, in the canton of  
Geneva. Jean Trottet, the man in  
question, was born in 1831, without  
hands and without feet. His short  
arms were pointed, and his legs, such  
as they were, not being available for  
progression, he was able to move only  
by twisting his body from side to side.  
His case greatly interested the sur-  
geons of the neighborhood, and local  
Barnums made the parents, well-to-do  
peasants, many tempting offers to turn  
their child's misfortune to account by  
exhibiting him about the country. But  
these offers were invariably declined,  
and when Jean was old enough he  
was sent to school.

In writing he held his pen at the  
bend in the elbow, and as he grew older  
he took great interest in husbandry,  
became an active haymaker, used  
the rind with dexterity, and was so  
good a shot that he often carried off  
first prize at the village fairs. He en-  
joyed, too, some reputation for sagaci-  
ty, was consulted by his neighbors on  
matters of importance, and has left  
behind him a widow and four child-  
ren amply provided for.

She Never Did.

"I can't carry this bundle," said a  
wife to her husband.

"I can't," the husband replied, "for  
I have to carry the two children."

"But you ought to have some con-  
sideration for me," the wife continued.  
"You must think I'm a wag."

"Oh, no, my dear, I don't think you  
are a wag. A wagon holds its  
tongue, but you never do." —Arkansas  
Traveler.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A new vegetable parasite, happily  
coccus reticulatus, has been discovered  
in pork by Dr. Z. pt. It was found in  
from thirty to forty per cent. of the  
entire number of animals examined.

Parasites of oscillating form have  
been discovered in the red corpuscles  
of the blood of persons suffering from  
malaria. They exist in numbers suffi-  
ciently large to obstruct the capillary  
tubes. Their growth in a gelatine  
test stops when quinine is added.

Cattle, a writer says, are maliciously  
destroyed in India by wounding them  
with a spike maul. It is the seeds of  
the Arhus pretenses. Death ensues  
on the second day, but the seeds have  
little or no bad effect when taken  
internally.

It is reported that Dr. T. W. N.  
Greene states that he practiced for  
four years in a province of Montale,  
where the population, practically speak-  
ing, subsisted entirely upon meat, and  
yet scurvy was not known among  
them notwithstanding.

Dr. H. Muller observes that bones,  
red and certain colors are not at-  
tractive to bees than other shades of  
color. Scarlets, oranges and some other  
or loud colors, which the flowers of  
not a few plants having also an unat-  
tractive color appear to possess, reject  
the honey-gathering insects.

The Journal of Science is the au-  
thority for the assertion that "scurvy  
persons who are particularly sensitive  
to the bites of gnats and midges expe-  
rience a return of the original irrita-  
tion at regular intervals of twelve and  
twenty-four hours. This fact, if true,  
it be, would seem to lend strength to  
the opinion that gnats and mosquitoes  
are the bearers of the germs of malarial  
fever."

Dynamite must go to the rear as  
the great explosive and make way for  
pyroclastic, a free translation of which  
term is "smash all." It is a liquid and  
is said to be composed of bicarbonate  
of carbon and hypenitric acid. It re-  
quires a greater shock than dynamite  
to explode it, and each of its compo-  
nents is non-explosive by itself. When  
combined the result is terrible.

In 1874 a remarkable discovery of  
bones of the fossil monsters known as  
iguanodons was made in a coal-mine  
of Belgium. Three years were occu-  
pied in removing the remains, which  
are supposed to belong to twenty-three  
skeletons. One of the skeletons is  
now mounted in the animal's semi-erect  
position, and stands four feet  
high and extends over a horizontal  
floor space over twenty-three feet in  
length.

A Bat Can See With Its Wings.

There is a singular property with  
which the bat is endowed, too remark-  
able and curious to be passed altogether  
unnoticed. The wings of these crea-  
tures consist of a delicate and nearly  
naked membrane of great size consid-  
ering the size of the body; but besides  
this, the nose is, in some varieties, fur-  
nished with a membranous foliation,  
and in others the external membranous  
ears are greatly developed. These  
membranous tissues have their sensi-  
bility so high that something like a  
new sense is thereby developed, as it  
aid of the sense of sight. The modifi-  
ed impressions which the air in qui-  
escence or in motion, however slight,  
communicates the tremulous jar of its  
currents, its temperature, the indis-  
criminate conditions of such portions of  
air as are in contact with different  
bodies, are all apparently appreciated  
by the bat. If the eyes of the bat be  
covered up, or if he be utterly deprived  
of sight, it will pursue its course about  
a room with a thousand obstacles in  
its way, avoiding them all, neither  
dashing against a wall nor touching  
the smallest thing, but threading its  
way with the utmost precision and  
quickness, and passing adroitly through  
apertures or interspaces of threads  
placed purposely across the apartment.  
This endowment, which almost exceeds  
belief, has been abundantly demon-  
strated. —Forest and Stream.

Lamp Chimneys.

The most noted oculists recommend  
blue, bluish-gray or smoky-colored  
glasses as a protection for weak eyes  
against the unpleasant effects of red,  
orange and yellow light. On the same  
principle, remarks a scientific paper,  
the trying reddish yellow light of can-  
dles and gas may be pleasantly mod-  
ified by the use of chimneys or globes  
shaded colored in light, bluish blue,  
may also be used for the same  
purpose. A remarkably near approach  
to a light agreeable as daylight is  
said to be produced by a petroleum  
lamp with round wick and a light blue  
chimney of twice the usual length, the  
further causing a segment a fourth that  
the petroleum burns with nearly a  
white flame.

## The Music of His Chin.

I'm quite a music-loving man,  
And would go far to hear  
Some German, or an African,  
Whose tones are sweet and clear.  
But save one from the person who  
Will evermore begin,  
Determined he will put one through  
The music of his chin.

I cannot sing the old songs,  
Though I can get them cheap;  
Their memory to the past belongs,  
So let them idly sleep.  
But worse than old songs is the friend  
Who winks your time to win.  
And who, when started, will not end  
The music of his chin.

I've heard steam whistles, brass bands,  
And bells of every tone;  
I've heard the strains of maddened throngs,  
And heard a jolly glee group.  
I've heard a tenor bellow more  
On wicked men and sin;  
There are as many, for now I hear  
The music of his chin.

## HUMOROUS.

The dentists take the stamp during  
a political campaign.

Our babies—With all their faults  
We love them still; not noisy.

Has it ever occurred that a milk  
pitcher is generally a good fly catcher?

A little book just published is en-  
titled "How to Talk." A copy should  
be placed in the hands of every barber  
in the land.

The rain falls alike upon the just  
and the unjust; but it is the unjust  
who steal the umbrellas and let the  
just feel the rain.

Speaking of visiting, does it ever  
occur to you that the telephone girl  
answers more "calls" in one day than  
other ladies do in a month?

It is the sagacious remark of a