The Chatham Record

H. A. LONDON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Two Pictures.

I.

With dimpled hands folded on heaving breast
She is lying asleep
Dreaming of pleasures and love and gold,
Careless of sorrows that life may hold—
With sweet lips smiling in perfect rest,
She is lying asleep.

II

With faded hands folded on quiet breast
She is lying asleep,
Pleasures and love and joy all past,
Sorrows of life over at last—
With pale lips closed in eternal rest,
She is lying asleep.

—CHAS. F. SCOTT in the Current.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

BY MRS. BARRETT.

A solitary figure, with few lines of comliness or grace, John Hollaway sat upon the meadow gate, looking off into the distance. He was whispering softly, yet he seemed to be in a deep reverie, for his great, tender eyes had a far-away expression in their brown depths as he gazed out over the sunlit meadows where the blood-red clover and the golden buttercups swayed under the soft, caressing breeze. Suddenly an imperious voice broke the silence:

"Mr. Hollaway, please let me take down the bars. I'm in a hurry, and come the shortest way."

The young man started; he had not heard her approach, and there beside him stood the very object of his thoughts.

Ah, clover blooms and buttercups, paled were your charms now! A little, graceful figure in the daintiest of cambric dresses, and underneath the wide hat a sweet, girlish face with velvety, peach-tinted cheeks, and eyes as blue as freshly gathered violets. Such was Lily Lawrence, the prettiest girl—so the popular verdict ran—in all the country round. A flush rose to John's sun-browned face as he quickly rose and began to take down the bars.

"Out for a walk, Miss Lily?"

"Yes," very briefly.

"So you are fond of quiet strolls? I am, too."

Lily drew herself up, and looked at the presumptuous speaker.

"Really, Mr. Hollaway, I don't see what it is to you——"

Then she stopped. She did not mean to be rude, but truly, she thought to herself, it was high time she should show this young man that his openly expressed admiration was exceedingly distasteful to her. It had been going on for some time, and everyone, even Lily herself, had come to see that the sun rose and set for John Hollaway where she was.

"He must be intensely stupid not to know how utterly indifferent I am to him," she thought.

But John was not stupid. He understood the unfinished sentence, and as he drew back without another word to let her pass, Lily saw that he did, and a shame-faced, compunctious look stole into her eyes. For, from the richest to the poorest, everyone acknowledged John Hollaway's noble sterling character.

Lily walked slowly along the road, half determined to turn back and apologize for her rudeness, until a turn brought her face to face with someone whose handsome eyes met her own with such a glad welcome that all other thoughts were for the time driven completely away.

It was Richard Blake, the most admired and courted young man in the village.

"Ah, good afternoon, Miss Lawrence! I was hoping I would meet you."

And the wavy black locks were bared to the breeze as Richard courteously lifted his hat and walked on beside her.

What a contrast to John Hollaway! And the contrast was great in many other ways than Lily thought. But the girl was but young to read character, and that Richard Blake was very handsome and very elegant none could deny, a lover of whom anyone might be justly proud.

When Lily's home was reached, and with another graceful bow Richard had left her, she did not go directly into the house, but lingered awhile among the flowers that filled their little garden. Her thoughts were very busy. She thought that she had behaved very unkind to her old friend, and her memory went back to the first time she had met him. It was at a picnic, and she had fallen and sprained her ankle. She remembered how the great fellow, so much stronger than his mates, had persisted in carrying her all the long distance back to her home. Since then he had shown in a hundred ways what she was to him, and knowing his noble nature, perhaps her heart would have gone out to him before this if Richard Blake had not come back from college. But he had, and Lily fancied his gay, debonair manners, and his entertaining conversation, and like many another young girl, had begun to take for true, heart-deep love that liking which we all have for things pleasant to the sight.

And so she shook off her reproachful feelings, and went into the house.

"Why, mother, dear, what is the matter? Crying, and I out enjoying myself! Tell me, what is it, dear? Let me share your trouble."

Mrs. Lawrence lifted a face, smiling through her tears.

"Yes, crying, Lily darling, but not from grief. Sit down here beside me, and let me show you what a load has been lifted from my mind this morning. Lily, I did not tell you, but some time ago Mr. Burton, the lawyer, came to me and informed me that the holder of the mortgage on our home was in need of money and intended to foreclose, unless the mortgage was paid in full when he should demand it. Now, child, you know what a trouble has been weighing upon me, for I knew that it would be impossible for me to raise the sum necessary, and that we must leave the dear old home that we had loved so well. And now, this very morning, Mr. Burton came and told me that a kind friend, hearing of the intended foreclosure, has paid the amount in full."

"Who is it that has helped you, mother?"

"That's the strangest part of it Lily. Mr. Burton said he had strictly promised not to tell me the name of my benefactor, and as to who it can be I have no idea."

But though she did not say so, Lily had; and when later, in her usual impulsive way, she told John Hollaway how sorry she was that she had been so rude to him, and then asked him frankly whether he was not the kind friend who had come so opportunely to her mother's relief, his manner confirmed her suspicions.

It is said that "gratitude is neighbor to love," and whether that be true or not, it is certain that from that time the manly young farmer was often in Lily's thoughts, while Richard Blake was just as steadily losing ground. But John, of course, did not know it. He was not one to wear his heart upon his sleeve, and at length, after a hard struggle, had decided to abandon his hopeless suit and leave the field to that rival who evidently was the favored one. Lily appeared to notice the difference; but, womanlike, she did not appear to care, and so the months went much the same, until at length the crisis came.

The village in which our heroine lived was just on the shores of a little bay, and many were the pleasure parties that enjoyed a trip over its limpid waters.

One afternoon, Richard Blake, obtaining Mrs. Lawrence's consent, invited Lily to take a sail.

When they reached the beach, who should be waiting in readiness to manage the boat but John Hollaway.

"Hallo, Hollaway, are you turning into boatman?" exclaimed Blake, in astonishment.

Lifting his cap to Lily, John answered, "Not exactly; but Joe came to me in great distress, saying he did not feel well enough to go out, but had promised not to disappoint you, and knowing I could manage a boat, he asked me to take his place. Joe has done me many a good turn, and so I could not refuse him," he added, wrongfully interpreting the little flush that had risen in Lily's face as she listened; "and he said, too, that it was your sister who was to be your companion. Else I should not have come; I would not for the world be a mere report."

The bitterness in his tone touched a like chord in Lily's heart. For some little time back she had been slowly but surely learning a lesson, the difference between real worth and mere glitter, and now her heart sank as she saw, or thought she saw, how completely her conduct had driven all affection towards her from John's mind, and that she had foolishly thrown away her own happiness.

"Well, Hollaway, I'm sure I'm much obliged. It's very kind of you," was Blake's reply.

And the two young men soon had the little craft in readiness for its fair freight.

Blake had seen John's liking for Lily, but his vanity had not been alarmed, he knew by experience the power of his dark eyes, and Lily Lawrence was like any other young lady if she were ten times prettier. So he reasoned.

They floated lightly over the blue water, anchoring after a while under a bluff, and dropping their lines to fish. Lily chatted gaily in her own fascinating way, and never had she seemed more lovely in Richard Blake's eyes, while poor John, who had thought of late that he had driven her image from his mind, felt the old charm creeping over him again stronger than ever before; but he bid his pain manfully and kept his part in the lively conversation.

Time crept on, and just as they decided on returning, to their sudden dismay the heavens suddenly clouded over, and a peal of thunder suddenly brought them to their feet in alarm. Squalls were not common upon the bay, but one was evidently now upon them, and John saw the great danger. A moment, and they were dashing at a mad rate over the waves, while overhead the awful darkness gathered more ominously all the while, and every now and then vivid flashes of flame seemed to envelope them on all sides. Suddenly there was a blinding glare, then a terrific crash, and half the mast dropped over the bows, while the sails were dragging in the seething water. For an instant John was almost stunned; then his first thought was Lily. Where was she? A second more and he caught the gleam of yellow curls in the cruel waves among the tattered sails; the ropes had twisted about her light figure and dragged her over the bow.

He sprang to Blake's side.

"If she is to be yours, it is you who ought to save her. Quick! or it will be too late. Your chance will be gone!"

But Blake still cowered tremblingly where he was, unheeding the peril of the one he professed to love.

Another instant John was struggling among the sails, a few seconds of awful suspense while the waves were tugging savagely at him, then weak, almost fainting, he crept back into the boat with Lily's insensible form clasped close to his brave heart. He had saved her.

Then, still in imminent danger, they remained clinging to the dismantled boat, until, as suddenly as it had fallen, the squall lifted, and a welcome hail from the shore proclaimed that help was near at hand.

Lily came to herself at last, to find that John was holding her fast, with her face close to his own.

In an instant the memory of what had passed came back to her. She did not draw away, but raised her lustrous eyes to his as if to read his inmost thoughts; the cold cheek pressed itself closer against his own, while her arms wound themselves softly around his neck.

"John—dear John!" was all she said.

And John knew that with the greatest peril the greatest blessing of his life had come to him; while Richard Blake, looking on with pale, scowling face, comprehended clearly that John's words had been prophetic when he had said, "Your chance will be gone."

Meaning of "Sublime Porte."

A phrase often seen in despatches from Constantinople is thus explained by M. Juliani in his article on "Life Beneath the Crescent" in the Cosmopolitan:

The building of the porte, called sublime, is, or was, a kind of long, low barracks, without style and without beauty. A fire destroyed part of it three years ago.

The phrase "sublime porte" applied to both the building and the administration, two things that are important, but neither the one nor the other is sublime. This word has, however, a very ancient origin. When the Turks, long before the conquest, were only hordes of Tartars and nomads, their chiefs or sultans were in the habit of dispensing justice at the door of their tent. There the cadis assembled and heard the complaint and then the defense. The sultan appeared upon the spot only at the conclusion of the trial to get the opinions of the judges and to render his decision. To go to the porte was for the Turks the equivalent of seeking justice at the hands of the sultan and his counselors.

As to the pompous epithet "sublime," coupled with this poor porte, it is one of those Oriental speeches that the flattery of the weak has bestowed voluntarily upon the tyranny of the strong. The Turkish language abounds in these qualificatives—highness, excellence, divine, celestial, sublime—which in our day and in the West offend the dignity of those that receive them, and of those that bestow them, but which one in the East can freely bestow upon high personages without laughing or making them laugh.

General Lee's Hen.

In Long's life of Gen. Lee an interesting story of a hen is told. A few chickens were once presented to the general. In the lot was a laying hen whose life was spared. The hen accompanied the army to Gettysburg, riding in the baggage wagon, and after that battle was with the Confederates for nearly a year. At just the hen grew fat and lazy, and one day the steward, finding his supplies very low, and knowing that the general expected a distinguished guest at dinner, killed the hen, and she was served up on the altar of hospitality. Gen. Lee was surprised to see so fine a fowl set before him, but he little dreamed that his pet hen had been slaughtered. When the hen was missed, however, the steward had to confess that he had been placed in a position like unto that of the boy who had to capture the ground hog. There was company for dinner and no meat.

Rights of the Blind in Streets.

The full bench of the Supreme Court has just sent down a rescript in the case of J. W. Smith vs. Wildes et al. The plaintiff, a blind man, was walking down Bromfield street and fell down a hatchway left open by defendants. He brought suit and recovered damages. The defendants excepted, but the exceptions have now been overruled on the ground that it can't be laid down as a universal rule that it would be negligence for a blind man to walk the streets of Boston unattended.—Boston Traveller.

A Timely Suggestion.

"Hello, Richelieu! You don't call on Miss Dilby any more—something up?"

"Yes, Arthur, I confess it—there is! Why, don't you know I stayed a little late the other night, and dash me if she didn't get up and wind the clock!"—Detroit Free Press.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Large Family.

"Mamma," said little Daisy
As she gazed at the stars so mild,
"You think I'm a lot of trouble,
And you say I drive you wild;
But think of the Mamma Moon,"
Said impassive little Daisy,
"What a lot of babies she has—
I should think she would go crazy."

—Harper's Bazar.

Scotland and the Thistle.

It is hard to tell how the thistle came to be the badge of Scotland, but I find the following tradition of its origin. When the Danes invaded the country, a night surprise was attempted. In order the more completely to hide their advance from the Scots, the Danish soldiers walked barefoot. For a while all went well, till one of the Danes happened to tread on a thistle. The pain caused by the prickles made him cry out, and his cry disclosed the fact of the intended assault. The Scots at once took their arms, and fell on the invaders with such vigor that they routed them. The thistle thereafter became the national emblem, and its Latin legend—"Nemo me impune lacessit," which has been freely translated, "Ye daurna meddle wi' me" denoted the pugnacity of the Scots.—Little Folks.

My Dog Jack.

One of the officers of the post had ten or a dozen large greyhounds. Notwithstanding its size, the greyhound, when alone, is an arrant coward, unless cornered; then it becomes a dangerous antagonist.

Jack was a coward, too, but he knew by instinct that a single greyhound was even a greater coward than himself, and when one of the hounds would stroll along by the house, it was ludicrous to see the little scamp rush out quivering with excitement, and barking as if he would eat Mr. Greyhound. Invariably, the greyhound would turn tail and run; Jack would follow a few steps and then return with a look in his face which plainly said, "Did you ever see such a coward?"

But one day Jack was taking a walk with me on the parade ground down toward the lake, and some distance from the house. All at once the whole pack of hounds, as if urged by one common impulse to get even with him for the indignities he had heaped upon them singly, started in a body for Jack. At first he did not notice them, but when he did, instead of coming to me for protection, he turned and struck out for home in the usual manner, with his tail between his legs and with the usual accompaniment of howls. How he did run! He was running this time for his life, and he knew it. It looked like a tiny yellow speck as he scampered toward the house. The pack of hounds keeping well together, gained a little at every jump. Twice I thought they had him, and half turned away my head, but, no! he doubled on them and fairly flew in another direction. The hounds could not turn as quickly as he could, and fell over one another in their attempts to do so. As Jack reached the terrace in front of the quarters, he flew into the house through the open door, safe! The door was closed by my wife—who had been watching the desperate race—just as the hounds met in a body over a boy's straw hat that was lying upon the grass before the door. In about two seconds there was nothing left of that hat; it was torn into ribbons before they found out it wasn't Jack, after all. But from that time, Jack was not on speaking terms with any of those hounds.—St. Nicholas.

Great Possibilities in Photography.

It seems that there is no end to the possibilities of instantaneous photography. The artists in this line have already photographed trains going a mile a minute, horses trotting a 2.28 gait, base balls in mid air, and other flying things. Why should they not give us photographs of birds in flight, thereby aiding aërial experimenters in constructing air ships modeled upon the flying mechanism of the bird's inhabitants? Perhaps they will also show us negatives of bullets and cannon balls in flight, and, to return to base ball, of great pitchers' puzzling curves. Diagrams of some of these curves would be worth looking at. This reminds me that Douglass, the photographic supply man has constructed an eccentric lamp, having its own reservoir of electric energy, by which instantaneous photographs of all sorts of things and places may be taken after night. It is his idea that detectives and the police would find such an instrument of service in preserving a likeness of the scenes of night crimes and such things, and has asked Police Photographer Evans and Detective Shea to give the apparatus a trial. Orr, the country genius, has made several very good street scenes by moonlight. The time of exposure was 20 minutes.—Chicago Herald.

Neither One Meant Anything.

Jocular passenger to matter-of-fact conductor—"Knocking down much today?"

The conductor modestly but firmly knocks him down.

"Say!" picking himself up a sadder and a sorer man—"can't you take a joke? I didn't mean anything."

"I didn't, either.

STAMMERING.

What an Elocutionist Says About Defects in Speech.

Stammering Cured Through the Moral as Well as the Physical Nature.

"Stammering, stuttering and hesitation," a lady teacher of elocution who has had under her care many young ladies and gentlemen suffering with such defects of speech, said to a Washington Star reporter, "are due to the improper use of the vocal organs. Sometime these three defects are found together. Stammering is the worst difficulty. Sometimes stammering appears in one form and sometimes in another; in fact no two cases are precisely alike. The worst prevalent infirmity—it is really an infirmity—is the wrong use of the lip, too much lip you may say. You see a face that might otherwise be handsome, disfigured by a habit of lifting up the upper lip on one side so as to show the canine tooth. Another infirmity is lack of proper control over the movements of the tongue. No, not too loose a tongue. The trouble is that the tongue is not loose enough, not flexible enough. Very few, even among educated people, speak correctly, that is, articulate English sounds correctly and speak pure English, and yet the people in this country speak better English than is spoken in England.

"Whenever any one announces that he will cure stammering and stuttering by means of artificial appliances, or by some secret remedy, or by slings of any kind," said the lady, "you can set him down as a quack. Drugs will no more cure stammering than they will set a limb, for really the cure of stammering comes very near being a surgical operation, in a sense, because it is the restoration of the vocal organs to their proper functions. The trouble is with the tongue and the lips and the closing of the throat. These organs become denaturalized in their use. I never take a case without having a responsible physician first examine the throat. After he pronounces the organs normal and in proper condition for me to work, I undertake the case. I have seldom had a case in which there was not some work for the physician to do, for the reason that the wrong use of the vocal organs causes them to be diseased. Bronchitis and throat diseases are in many cases due to the wrong use of the organs.

"The cure," she went on, "is within the person's self, and depends upon his moral as well as physical nature. You must lift up his moral nature. Most of those who suffer from these defects you will notice are nervous and walk with shambling gait, with heads down, all the effect of this infirmity. The first thing I try to do is to lift the person up to make him free, for his moral nature dominates his physical. My system is simple, philosophical and highly moral in its nature. No youth can possibly pass through it without having his moral as well as physical self benefited. All sufferers from these defects are exceedingly sensitive, one of the results of their infirmity. To a person of culture and refinement such an infirmity is more terrible.

It is almost impossible to know what causes the defects. Each parents always when they bring cases to me, if they can tell what caused it. Some say that it came from fever and a variety of supposed causes are given. Sometimes it is the effect of imitation. It is frequently known to exist in families for several generations. Defects of this character when inherited are harder to cure, and when inherited from the mother, the hardest of all. The most difficult case I ever had was one of this kind. It is thought by many who have not informed themselves that stammering is caused by nervousness. If that were true nearly all women and a great many men and children would stammer. On the contrary, however, it is proved clearly that the stammering or defect in speech causes the nervousness. I am of the opinion from observation that the habit is very infrequently contracted by imitation, for the reason that often one child in a family will stammer and the others will not. The older brother perhaps will have the defect and not one of the other children will stammer, though they have been together always. Whatever the cause, when a cure is once established there is no more danger of a return of the defect or habit, than there is of its occurrence in a person who never stammered at all."

A Hunter's Paradise.

Five hours out from Los Angelos and we hitch on an extra engine and begin to groan and puff and snort up a tortuous track and out of the little river bed to the mountain top. We see thousands of rabbits, hares and squirrels. We hear and see long lines of geese, cranes, brant, swan and all sorts of sea birds and fresh water birds in the air. We are in the hunters' paradise here by the Pacific sea. The California quail are so abundant that you can see them feeding in the grass along the railroad track like barnyard fowls about the farmer's house, quite quiet. Miles.

The Dark Side of Dakota.

"No market, no fuel, no water, no fruit, no demand for labor." These are enumerated by a Kimball (Dak.) correspondent of Farm and Fireside as disadvantages of that part of the Territory, which land-agents and railroad speculators have lauded to the detriment of many restless people who were induced to leave comparatively comfortable homes at the East. "A four years' residence here has enabled me to speak advisedly, and when I said that not one who came here and depended on farming for an income has gone down hill, I speak the simple truth; those who came full-pocketed and loaned their money, or invested it in stock, or went back to some reservation or isolated place and escaped taxation, have made money. Crops are short and prices low. Wheat, five to fifteen bushels per acre, 40 to 48 cents; oats, fifteen to thirty-five bushels, 15 to 18 cents; corn of previous years fair, but most of it frost-bitten; flax, four to ten bushels per acre, 80 to 90 cents per bushel; milk, no sale; butter, 3 cents per pound; eggs, 5 cents per dozen; live stock, 1 1-2 to 2 1-2 cents per pound. Now look on the other side: Soft coal, $8 per ton, hard, $13; dried fruits, 9 to 20 cents per pound, owing to quality and kind. The high price of fuel has driven even well-to-do people to the use of hay, corn-stalks, flax straw, and through the summer season almost all residing in the rural districts have used cow-chips, which is a polite name for dry cow dung, for fuel. Add to this a third of a man's time for hauling water, and your readers will have something of a correct idea of the inconveniences and expenses of living in a new country. I might add that, with rare exceptions, it is impossible for a laboring man to get employment."

Prosperous Seal Islanders.

On the island of St. George where 25,000 seals are annually taken, $10,000 is divided among the natives each season. A first-class share last season amounted to $525. When it is taken into consideration that besides this cash paid for services rendered by each sealer every native family on the island has a comfortable home, with fuel, lights, medical attendance and schooling free of charge, it will not seem an exaggeration to claim for these hyperboreans a state of life which it would be hard if not impossible to improve. With such advantages over his fellow Aleuts it is hardly to be wondered at that the seal islander should consider himself a trifle better than his poorer cousins. Great is the flutter in the social circles of Omalaska when a dusky hero from the bloody fields of St. George or St. Paul arrives on one of the company's steamers in search of a wife. In affairs of this kind the priest of the parish has great influence, and it has been whispered that these good men manage to hoard back the choicest articles in the way of marriageable damsels until less desirable stock has been floated, thus preserving a healthy tone to the market. However this may be, marriages are always occasions of general and profuse enjoyment and everybody seems happy.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Real Compliment.

While travelling through Nebraska, Musin, the virtuoso, lounged into the smoking car to kill a few of the heavy moments incident to a journey across the plains. He found a countryman scraping a polka off the strings of a fiddle. He played with the proud consciousness of a man who is master of his art.

"Let me play you something," said Musin.

Without a word, the fiddler handed the virtuoso his instrument. Putting the thing into at least a suggestion of tune, Musin played a touching cavatina, and then the "Carnival of Venice," as arranged by Paganini.

The player of two-poke and square-dance music opened his mouth and absorbed every note. When Musin had finished he handed the fiddle back to its spellbound owner. The countryman shook his head. The brilliant notes of the "Carnival" were still chasing each other in a mad dance through his head.

"I don't want it," he said, laconically.

The Peasant and the Robber.

A peasant who was growing a fine crop of barley awoke one morning to find that the flood had entered his field and destroyed every stalk of his grain. Thereupon he began to tear his hair and lament, but a stranger who came along tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Harkee, my friend, but you do not know of what you complain. Had your barley come to maturity and been sent to market, I should have waylaid and robbed you of every dollar of the proceeds." Whatever happens is for the best, even when the neighbor's cow eats up our cabbages.—Detroit Free Press.

A Forerunner of Disaster.

A bright looking young woman in one of the fashionable dry goods stores told me she never, if she could possibly help it, sells an article to a person who had lost a front tooth, as it is always a forerunner of disaster to her. "I always get some of the other girls who are not superstitious to wait on such people," she said.—[Science Gossip.

I Am Great and You are Small.

A sparrow swinging on a branch
Once caught a passing fly;
"Oh, let me live!" the insect prayed,
With trembling, piteous cry.
"No," said the sparrow, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

The bird had scarce begun his feast
Before a hawk came by;
The game was caught. "Pray let me live!"
Was now the sparrow's cry.
"No," said the captor, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

An eagle saw the region and swooped
Upon him from on high;
"Pray let me live, why should you kill
So small a bird as I?"
"Oh," said the eagle, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

But while he ate, the hunter came
He let his arrow fly.
"Tyrant!" the eagle shrieked, "you have
No right to make me die."
"Ah," said the hunter, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

—From the German.

RUMOROUS.

The surest way to raise pigs is by the tails.

Speaking of animals, what does the catamount to?

The pugilist is the modern shylock. He is always seeking a pound of flesh.

Although not talkative at all, the oyster is a very pleasant companion at dinner.

Scientists believe it impossible for a man to have a double. If this is so how can a man be beside himself?

Merchant to his clerk—I am sorry I cannot let you have your last month's salary to-day, but since, as you very well know, times are money, I will give you a month's vacation.

Hungry Guest—"How is this? I ordered a steak and a poached egg. I see the egg, but where is the steak?" Table attendant—"Don's all right sah. De steak am under de egg."

It is astonishing how much—ong indignation and contempt a woman can put into two words. If you do not believe it just listen while she speaks of some one she dislikes as "that man."

"Do you have damp sheets?" said the fussy old man at the hotel, securing a room. "No," said the clerk, who wanted to be obliging, "but we can sprinkle 'em for you if you like them that way."

"Come in, my poor man," said a benevolent lady to a ragged tramp, "and I will get you something to eat." "Thanks, mum—don't care if I do." "I suppose," continued the lady, setting a square meal before him, "your life has been full of trouble?" "Yes mum—all the worst of it was I allus got convicted."

An Electrical Baton.

Long ago a chorus by electrical apparatus has been tried in Paris. The current is made to swing time for the chorus of an opera company while the singers are behind the scenes. An electrical baton, hung in a conspicuous place, is controlled by the foot of the leader of the orchestra, who has also in front of him a small duplicate, by which he can see whether he is beating correct time. The electrical baton does not actually move in space, but it presents the appearance of doing so. There are, in fact, two batons occupying diff rent positions, which on being revolved by the action of electro magnets, present white and black bars alternately on the back ground. An optical illusion is thus produced exactly equivalent to the movement of a single white baton in the hands of a leader. It is said that much greater precision is obtained by this device than where the time is beaten for the chorus by a second leader behind the scenes.

Money in Mud.

"You will never have good streets in America," said an Indianapolis gentleman in the Cobourg hotel yesterday, "as long as you throw away the dirt. In Italy the cleaning of the streets is sold to the highest bidder at public auction, and the man who gets the contract tarry scrapes the streets to collect all the dirt he can. It is then taken to a factory, where it is pressed into cakes which are then sold for fertilizing purposes. You Americans do not seem to know that your street dirt is valuable. I think if you would advertise you would find some smart man who would be glad to take a ten years' contract to clean your streets for nothing. It would get very rich."—Philadelphia Call.

A Strange Experiment.

King James IV. of Scotland is said to have ordered an experiment to be carried out which must be regarded as one of the strangest ever recorded. With a view to learn what was the original human language, he had a dumb woman lodged on the Isle of Inchkeith, in the Frith of Forth, and two infants entrusted to her care. Oddly enough, the result was considered satisfactory, for in the course it was found that they spoke "very good Hebrew."—Little Folks.

The Maiden's Prayer.

"Did you ever hear "The Maiden's Prayer," asked a traveling man of an old merchant who had five daughters.

"Did I ever? I've had I have, with all the variations from matinee tickets upwards in size."—Merchant Traveler.