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At Sunset Time.

On toward the west the passing day,
As tho' reluctant seeming,
Soft stole to where the fleecy clouds lay
To where the sun hung beaming.
And yet she seemed full loth to go,
Even tho' the world was shadowed so,
But looked back o'er the dimpled hill
To where the world lay dim and still,—
To where the world lay dreaming.

At sunset time we steal away
To where the sky is gleaming;
To where the light that marks the day
Is all our heaven seaming.
And yet we seem full loth to go,
Even tho' the world is shadowed so,
But look back, with regretful eyes,
To where the world in twilight lies,—
To where the world is dreaming.
—[Julie M. Lippmann in Overland.

The School Ma'am's Victory.

The school directors of District No. 19, Perry Township, were holding a meeting.

Nobody would have thought it. The Chairman was leaning against his front gate with his checked shirt sleeves turned back and an ax in his hand, surveying the other two members of the Board, who stood outside the fence.

It was a meeting, nevertheless; and its object was nothing less important than the selection of a teacher for the fall term.

"Lyman Doty spoke to me about having the school," said the Chair, dubiously.

"Lyman Doty!" exclaimed Steve Tenney, a stalwart young fellow, with thick brown hair, white teeth and a square chin to make up for his lack of downright good looks. "Why Lyme Doty couldn't teach a baby. He quit school before I did, long enough, and he hasn't studied anything but potatoes and winter wheat since, that I know of. Better stick to his farm—eh, Larkin?"

"Guess you're right," responded the third member of the Board, a little man with a cheerful face and a tuft of gray hair sticking straight out from his chin.

And the chairman nodded his agreement.

"Well," continued little Mr. Larkin, with an air of importance, "I've had an application that I guess will suit. It's a sort of relative of my wife's, and just as nice a girl as ever was. Smart, too. She's got a certificate for two years, last examination. She'd make a splendid teacher, Molly Sanborn would."

"Sanborn!" said Steve Tenny, shortly; "any connection with the Sanborns over on the river?"

"That's where she's from," said Mr. Larkin. "She's old John Sanborn's girl—him that died last winter."

Steve frowned.

"You won't put her into that school, then, with my consent!" he said determinedly.

"What!" said Mr. Larkin, with a gasp, while the chairman stared.

"What would you think," the young man responded, "if a man sold you fifty head of sheep at a good price, and half of them died off in the next week of a disease he must have known beforehand? That was the trick John Sanborn served me. And he laughed in my face when I wanted my money back. No, sir! I can't conscientiously consent to putting any of the Sanborns in that school. Bad lot, in my opinion!"

Mr. Larkin's small bright eyes snapped.

"Old Sanborn wasn't too straight, and everybody knows it," he admitted. "But what that's got to do with Molly is more than I can see. She's as fine a girl as you ever set eyes on; not a bit of her father about her."

"Well, well, fight it out between you," said the chairman, good-naturedly; and returned to his wood chopping.

The tall young man and the little old man walked up the street together, talking briskly.

Mr. Larkin was hot and indignant; Steve was cool and immovable.

"There don't seem to be any mercy in you," said the former, almost tearfully, as Steve was preparing to turn in at his gate. "If they'd been left well off, it would be different; but they're poor as poverty, and Molly needs the place the worst way."

"You hadn't mentioned that," said the young man, turning back. "If that's the case ——"

Mr. Larkin walked away triumphant five minutes later.

But Steve Tenney had surrendered with bad grace.

"I couldn't hold out after that, you see," he said to his mother, relating the story over their tea; "but I don't approve of it. There's not much good in the Sanborns or I lose my guess!"

School began two weeks later, when the first cool wave was depopulating front porches and increasing the attraction near kitchen stoves.

Steve Tenney held to his opinion concerning the new school teacher and acted accordingly.

He did not call at the schoolhouse the first day, as was his custom, to leave the register and see if anything was wanted—the chairman having turned these duties over to his younger colleague.

He sent the register by a boy, and was utterly indifferent as to whether anything was wanted. He turned the subject when the new teacher was mentioned; and he avoided Mr. Larkin's comfortable home, where the teacher boarded.

The little man made him a call, however, a month or so after school had begun.

"Guess you'll have to own up to being in the wrong, Steve," he began. "We haint had a teacher for years that's given the satisfaction that Molly does. The children rave about her—all of 'em."

But Steve was unimpressed.

"My opinion has yet to be altered," he said rather stiffly.

And Mr. Larkin looked discouraged.

"She spoke about needing a new broom and water pail," he said as he rose. "I told her she'd better come to you about it."

"That schoolhouse had a new broom last term, and water pail term before last!" said the young director emphatically.

And Mr. Larkin took a discomfited leave.

The next Sunday evening the young man, sitting in the pew of a small woolen church with his mother, and allowing his eyes to rove about during the rather long sermon, suddenly discovered a new face, and sat studying it for the remainder of the evening.

It was that of a young girl—not a remarkably pretty girl, but fair and fresh and innocent, with a bright intelligence in her dark eyes and a sweetness in her full lips.

"Who is she?" was the first question after the services were concluded addressed, as it happened, to little Mr. Larkin, who had come in late.

"That?" the latter asked in astonishment. "Why, that's our teacher—that's Mollie Sanborn! I am waiting to take them home."

Steve Tenney found himself wishing quite frequently after that that the new teacher would come to him about the broom and water pail.

Not that he should furnish them if he found that they were not needed, but he felt that he should not object to an interview with the school teacher.

He even mentioned the subject to Mr. Larkin carelessly when he met him one day.

"Well, you see," was the response, "she sort of hates to come to you. The way you felt about her having the school has got all around town, and I s'pose she's heard of it. She can't help what her father was, Molly can't, and she's real sensitive."

The young man looked disturbed.

That afternoon he left his work at an early hour—not, however, admitting to himself his purpose in doing so—and strolled down the street, turning off—but he persuaded himself that it was not intentional—in the direction of the school house.

'I might as well go in and see about that broom and water pail," he said to himself when he stood opposite the little bare-looking building.

And he went in accordingly.

The little teacher looked considerably startled when she opened the door to him. She dropped the spelling book she held, and her voice was hardly steady as she expressed her gratification at seeing him.

Evidently, Steve reflected, some idiot had pointed him out to her at church the other evening. He sat down in a front seat feeling unpleasantly ogreish.

She was hearing the last spelling class. How pretty she looked, standing there in her blue calico dress and white apron. What a sweet voice she had, though putting out "hen, men, pen," to a lot of fidgeting youngsters could hardly show it to the best advantage.

When the class was dismissed, and the last small student had rushed whooping down the street, the teacher and the young director stood looking at each other with some awkwardness.

"I thought I'd come in," said Steve at last, apologetically, "and see if anything is needed."

He did not mention the fact of his being some six weeks late in the performance of his duty.

The girl dropped her eyes timidly.

"I—don't think so," she murmured.

"What a brute she must think me!" Steve reflected, with some self-disgust.

He turned carelessly to the corner where the broom stood.

"Isn't this pretty far gone?" he said, with a conscience-stricken glance at its stubby end.

And the little teacher nodded.

"Your water pail seems to leak," the director went on, indicating the empty bucket and the wet floor.

"Yes," the girl assented.

"I'll see that you have new ones," Steve concluded.

And he was rewarded by a grateful glance from the teacher's soft eyes as she took her hat from its nail.

He took her lunch basket from her hand as they started away together, and having taken it, could hardly surrender it short of Larkin's gate.

He was a little reluctant to surrender it even then. For their first awkwardness had quite worn off; their walk had been far from unpleasant, and they were feeling very well acquainted.

He walked home in an agreeable abstraction, repeating to himself the things she had said and recalling her pretty way of saying them.

He did not pause to consider that it was old John Sanborn's daughter of whom he was thinking; he was only conscious that she was a bright young girl, whom it was charming to look at and listen to.

His pleasant mood was rudely interrupted by little Larkin, who dropped in that evening.

"Lyme Doty couldn't have the school," he observed, with a chuckle," "but it looks as though he was going to have the teacher!"

"What?" said Steve, with a sudden unexplainable sinking of the heart.

"He's hanging around considerable, anyhow," said Mr. Larkin. "Went to visit the school last week and he was asking me today whether Molly's got anyway of getting home Friday night. He said he'd just as lief take her in his buggy as not, Molly generally walks; but I guess she'll be glad of a lift."

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve, warmly, "that she'd have anything to do with him?"

Mr. Larkin stared. What could Steve care with whom old John Sanborn's daughter had to do?

But he only said, deprecatingly:

"Well, Lyme's a good steady fellow."

"Humph!" was the scornful rejoinder.

The young man mused long and seriously when his visitor was gone, and went to bed with a lighter heart, having come to a firm conclusion.

When the new teacher closed school the next Friday night she was feeling rather worn out, as she was apt to feel at the end of the week; nor did the prospect of the four miles' walk home serve to cheer her.

She locked the door and started down the path with a sigh.

A neat little buggy was coming briskly up the road. Molly gave a start as the driver pulled up the horse and sprang to the ground.

It was the young director, and he was coming toward her.

"I won't make any excuse, Miss Sanborn," he said, with a humorous solemnity. "I won't say I'm going over the river on business, and happened to think you might like to ride. The truth is that it's a carefully laid plot. Will you be an aider and abettor?"

The little teacher laughed appreciatively as he helped her into the buggy.

"I must stop at Mr. Larkin's and leave my dinner pail," she said demurely.

Mr. Larkin was standing at the front gate. He stood staring at the young director as the latter assisted the teacher to the ground and sat down on the horse block waiting for her.

"Lyme Doty was here after Molly, just now," he said gaspingly. "I sent him down to the school house."

"We met him," said Steve. "You see," he added, making a bold attempt at carelessness, but speaking nevertheless, in a shamefaced way, and avoiding the little man's eyes. "You see, I feel as though it's my bounden duty to keep Lyme Doty away from her. Pure impudence, his hanging around her that way."

The little teacher came tripping back and the young director's buggy whirled away in a cloud of dust.

"Steve Tenney's taking Molly home in his buggy," said Mr. Larkin, joining his wife in the kitchen, and sinking dazedly into a chair. "I guess the world's coming to an end!"

"Steve Tenney ain't a fool," his wife responded practically. "I knew he'd get over that ridiculous notion of his—and especially after he'd seen Molly."

"Says he's doing it from a sense of duty," said Larkin, chuckling slowly as the humor of the situation dawned upon him. "Wonder how far his sense of duty will take him?"

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything!" said Mrs. Larkin mysteriously.

The Larkins—and, perhaps, Lyme Doty—were the only people who were surprised when the new teacher gave up the school at the end of the term and was quietly married to the young director.

The chairman of the School Board is wondering over it yet.—[Hartford Times.

An Attorney's Ruse.

"How much will you give me for this atlas of this city?" asked a Buffalo attorney as he walked into a second-hand book store and handed the owner the book named. "Ain't worth much," answered the dealer, as he turned over the leaves with an air of assumed indifference. "There's no demand for 'em. I bought one last evening and it's outside now. There's no demand for 'em at all, and I shall think it is a good sale if I get $1 for the one I have now." "All right, here's your good sale. This is the one you had outside," gayly answered the lawyer, as he threw down a silver dollar and skipped out of the store before the disconcerted proprietor could interpose an objection. "I had been hunting for that atlas for months and would have given $15 rather than not get it," remarked the attorney as he gleefully exhibited his purchase.—[Buffalo Express.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Playing School.

Blue-eyed Maude is the teacher;
Clarence, Minnie and Bello
Are the most advanced of her pupils—
The first class studying well.
Then there are the primary scholars—
Those dollies that sit in a row;
And Robbie's the Superintendent
Who visits the school, you know.

Pussy is studying drawing,
Her paws in the crayon-tray;
While Bose sits up on a hassock
Ready his part to play.
She has on her very best ribbon,
With an extra frill of lace,
While he wears a turn-down collar
And a very solemn face!

A mouse peeps out of the corner,
From his hole just under the wall,
And puss goes scampering after,
Upsetting the dollies all!
While Maude—the dignified teacher—
Just screams, and jumps to a chair,
And the grave little Superintendent
Laughs loud at the funny affair!

A Live Gorilla in London.

For the first time since the establishment of the gardens of the London Zoological Society a living gorilla has been added to the collection. It is a young animal, but as little is known of the history of these creatures, so rarely seen in captivity, and as it brought no certificate of birth with it from its native land, it is impossible to give more than a guess at its exact age. Although it has been scarcely a month in the gardens it is rapidly recovering from the shyness before strangers which it exhibited at first, and it feeds freely on almost every kind of fruit offered to it, showing a marked preference, however, for pomegranates. It has unfortunately arrived at an unfavorable time of the year for an inhabitant of the forests of tropical Africa; but as it is placed in the same house and under the same care as the remarkably intelligent and well educated chimpanzee, "Sally," which has now lived exactly four years in the gardens, it may be hoped that it has a chance of doing as well as she has, and of proving even a greater object of interest to visitors. The gorilla is male, and has received the name of "Mumbo."

The Humming Bird.

There is no part of America where the humming bird is not found. Five species are found north of Texas, but the greater part of this family belong to Mexico, the West Indies and Central and South America. The humming bird is a very interesting study. Its flight is marvelous. It hardly ever alights, constantly hovers over flowers, its wings keeping up a hum, by their rapid vibration. The hover over flowers is designed not to smell their odor, nor to extract honey, as many persons erroneously suppose, but to capture insects. To this their bill and tongue are admirably adapted, being so long and slender, that they can reach into the deepest recesses of the flower, where the insects conceal themselves. The humming bird is the only bird that has teeth, having short rudimentary ones, one of the arguments of the evolutionists that all birds sprang from the reptiles, and originally had teeth.

If you can find a humming-bird nest it will well repay the trouble of hunting for it. It is constructed of such fibrous matter as may be at hand, as grass, stalks, cotton, etc., and lined with vegetable down. The outside of the nest is covered with moss, bark or lichens, so that it looks no more than a knot on the branch upon which it is built, while the whole is glued together with the saliva of the bird. The material is generally wound in part around the branch on which the nest is built, so that it is firm and difficult to detach. It is cup-shaped, and, in the smallest of them measures not more than half an inch across the widest part. In this tiny domicile two pure white eggs, very small, to be sure, but quite large in proportion to the size of the bird, are laid, and after ten days of patient sitting are hatched. The young are able to fly in a week, and another brood takes their place.—[National Educator.

Swallows Take to a Ship.

A rather curious episode in natural history occurred the other day on board the French steamboat Abd-el-Kader during the passage from Marseilles to Algiers. Just as the vessel was about two hours out the sky became quite black with swallows. It was then about 6 o'clock in the evening. They alighted in thousands upon the sails, ropes and yards of the Abd-el-Kader. After a perky survey of the deck from their eminences aloft they descended coolly on deck, hopped about among the sailors and passengers, and eventually found their way into the cabins fore and aft. The birds were evidently fatigued, after a long flight, and allowed themselves to be caught by the people of the ship, who gave them a welcome reception and provided them with food, which they enjoyed heartily. The little winged strangers remained all night on the vessel, and in the morning at 7 o'clock the head lookout bird no doubt sighted the Balearic Isles, for the whole flock made for land, after having spent a comfortable and refreshing night on board ship.—[London Telegraph.

TRAINING ANIMALS.

Qualities Requisite in Training Dumb Brutes.

Acrobatic Dogs, Bibulous Goats and Singing Geese.

During the recent dog show, says the Washington Star, a troupe of performing dogs attracted much attention. Professor J. W. Hampton, the owner and trainer of the performing dogs, when questioned by the reporter about his dogs and his method of training them, said: "This business of mine is one of the most interesting in the world. Few are in it, for the simple reason that few people possess the knack of imparting knowledge to dumb animals. Some folks might try to train a dog forever and accomplish nothing."

"What qualities must a man possess in order to be a good trainer?" asked the reporter.

"In the first place," said the Professor, "much decision of character, a strong will-power, and a cheerful, pleasant voice. Of all things the will plays the most important part. It is by its use that animals may be most easily trained."

"How do you commence to train animals?" asked the reporter.

"Taking a dog a year old, for instance, I first teach him to mind. This might take six and even ten lessons, but don't start out to train a dog before you teach him to mind you. After he understands you are his master and must be obeyed, commence to teach him to sit up. Hold him in the correct position against the wall, show him what you want him doing it. When he has learned to sit up, try him standing on his hind legs. This will come very easily to him. Then comes the waltz, you'll find that very hard, but perseverance and judicious training will accomplish even that. Teaching him to jump is the next thing and supplement this with leaping, if he be a large dog. Now, there are a great many people, continued the professor, who try to teach a dog to jump by holding a piece of meat on the other side of a cane and bidding the dog to get it. That's wrong and will ruin a good dog in a little while. If you want to train a dog to jump, show him what you want him to do, and by a little patience you will see him perform the trick with ease and pleasure. When a dog goes through his part of the programme in a sluggish manner it is only a question of a few days when he will shirk it altogether."

"You train monkeys also, don't you?" asked the reporter.

"Yes," said the Professor, "monkeys, geese, cats, goats, dogs, rats—in fact, I can teach almost everything."

"How about monkeys; are they hard to train?"

"Well, yes. There are a great many people who think that monkeys are very easy to train, but that is a mistake. They will probably do what you want them two or three times all right, but they soon forget. These monkeys," continued the Professor, "are great drunkards. This one," pointing to a wee bit of one clinging to the clown dog's tail, "is drunk even now."

The reporter looked, and sure enough the little fellow had a strange glare in his eyes, and was trying his best to dislocate the chain that bound him to the box.

"But the greatest drunkards in the animal world," said the Professor, "are goats. I have one that is a very good performer, knowing how to count, stand up, jump through fire and do many other tricks, but he knows how to drink beer better than anything. But come this way and I will show you the greatest trained animal ever known."

The Star man followed and in a private room saw a full grown goose strutting around. The Professor was greeted with a series of discordant cries. The goose was once a wild one and shot in Canada. The Professor passing bought her and took her to the theatre where he was giving an exhibition. It was here the thought of training her first presented itself and in less than six weeks, old "Moutry"—that's her name—could count, add, subtract, multiply, divide, tell the day of the week, hour, in fact, could do almost anything with figures.

"Her greatest act," said the Professor, "is singing. I claim that this goose can sing a song, giving the proper pitch and I'll prove it."

Taking the goose he placed him upon a small stool and gave the key. Instantly the goose threw up her head and quacked out the air of "Over the Fence Is Out." There was a cat that followed the goose all around the room and when the reporter inquired about her accomplishments, the Professor said:

"I'm just training her. I am going to try to teach her to sing, and then by a few additions have a chorus of animals. Any one," said the Professor, "can train a dog—that is, to a certain extent."

"How?" queried the scribe.

"Procure your dog. If possible, pick out one that in your judgment is intelligent. You can easily do this by looking him in the eyes. Teach him, as I have told you, to know and realize that you are his master and must be obeyed. The rest will follow. Don't whip him unless he deserves it, and don't speak harshly, and, above all, don't overtrain him. The best of dogs have been ruined this way."

The Human Heart.

In the human subject the average rapidity of the cardiac pulsation of an adult male is about 70 beats per minute. These beats are more frequent, as a rule, in young children and women, and there are variations within certain limits in particular persons owing to peculiarities of organization. It would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the habitual frequency of the heart's action from 60 to 65 or 75 to 80 per minute. As a rule, the heart's action is slower and more powerful in fully developed and muscular organizations and more rapid and feebler in those of slighter form. In animals the range is from 25 to 45 in the cold-blooded and 50 upward in the warm-blooded animals, except in the case of a horse, which has a very slow heart beat—only 40 strokes a minute. The pulsations of men and all animals differ with the sea level also. The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to equal the feat of raising five tons four hundredweight one foot per hour, or 125 tons in 24 hours. The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities is often very great. A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 69 strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, seven miles per hour, 168 per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,766,000.—[Medical World.

Prosperous Colored Men.

There are probably over 100 colored men in Washington who are worth over $25,000 each, fifty worth $10,000 each and nearly 1000 who pay tax on $5000. George W. Williams, ex-member of the Ohio Assembly, and author of a history of the colored race, is said to be worth $40,000. Fred Douglas has $300,000. John F. Cooke, until recently tax collector of the District of Columbia, himself pays taxes now on $250,000. John M. Langston, formerly United States Minister to Hayti, is reputed to be worth $75,000. John Lynch of Mississippi, who was the temporary chairman of the Chicago Convention in 1884, is very wealthy and owns a fine plantation in Mississippi. Ex-Congressman Smalls, who is now contesting the seat occupied by Colonel Elliott, has also accumulated quite a fortune. Dr. Gloster, who died a few years ago, left $1,000,000; the wealth of his son-in-law was estimated at $150,000. John X. Lewis, of Boston, makes the clothes of the Beacon Hill dudes and does a yearly business, it is said, of over a million dollars. He was once a slave, and ragged and bare-footed, followed Sherman and his troops in their march to the sea. Cincinnati has a colored furniture dealer whose check is good any day for $25,000, although thirty years ago he was a Kentucky slave. The late Robert Gordon, of Cincinnati, owned a large number of four-story residences at the time of his death.—[New York Tribune.

How a Barber Lost a Finger.

The only curious episode that I now think of that ever occurred in my own dealings with a barber came about through my observing that the knight of the razor who was at work on me had lost the index finger on his right hand. I could not help admiring the dexterity with which he handled the tools of his trade despite the loss, and, observing my attention directed to his mutilated hand, he vouchsafed an explanation.

"I cut that off," he said.

"How, by accident?"

"No, I meant to. It is the trigger finger. I was drafted into the army and cut it off to avoid the service. It didn't work though. The trick had been tried too often. They took to training men to use the second finger. Some of them cut that off too, but I couldn't spare another, so I ran away and came to America. No, I don't miss it now much, and I don't care if I can't go back. This is a pretty good place and the work isn't hard. Thank you, sir. Next!—[Worcester Spy.

A Doctor's Odd Cane.

The latest style of cane is owned by a Portland physician who uses it for three purposes—as a cane, as a protector and for professional purposes. It consists of a bamboo rod into which fits a steel receptacle, shaped like half a tube in the concave side of which are springs holding in place small vials of ammonia, morphine and needles and surgeons' thread, and, in fact, all antidotes and surgical appliances necessary in cases of emergency.

Origin of the Tides.

The moon, a lady robed in white
Rose o'er the bosom of the sea,
And whispered, "Take me! by thy might
Embrace me, seize me—set me free
From endless bondage to the night!"

The brave sea rose to do her will
And tossed its pale arms high in air.
Its deeps responded with a thrill
That shook earth's coasts and islands fair;
Yet the pale maid rode higher still.

The mad surge, wrestling with defeat,
Threw foamy kisses high—in vain.
At last it sighed: "Ah! lady sweet,
Thou art too great! but thou shalt reign
My queen; my heart shall rise to greet
The daily dancing of thy feet."
—[America.

HUMOROUS.

Down in the mouth—The tongue.

From pole to pole—A clothesline.

A cool deed—The title to an ice house.

The right to pay taxes has never been denied woman.

The dynamite gun may be said to have several aims in life.

A yacht can stand a tack without swearing. Few men can.

Two of a Kind: Teacher—"What is the plural of child?" Boy (promptly)—"Twins."

It is absurd to speak of the "footprints of time," when it is well known that time flies.

The preacher tells you that you should marry for love, and yet he often marries for money.

Advice to young ladies who are setting their caps: Use percussion caps, so that the "pop" may be heard.

Some deem it quite an honor just to be
One of the "first settlers" in the town;
The best first settler, though, it seems to me,
Is he that pays cash down.

Doctor—"Did you take the rhubarb I ordered?" Patient—"Yes, sir." Doctor—"How did you take it?" Patient—"In a pie."

Teacher—"Sammy, why do you write your name S. Smith, Marcher?" Sammy—"Why, 'cause pa writes his J. Smith, Junior. I was born in March."

Teacher: "Supposing that eight of you should together have 48 apples, 32 peaches, 56 plums and 16 melons, what would each of you have?" Pupils (in chorus): "The stomachache."

"Is that all you can give me ma'am," pleaded the tramp—"a dipperful of water?" "Why, no, certainly not," replied the woman with the big heart; "you can have as many dipperfuls as you like."

He was mumbling about tough steak and cold coffee, and making himself generally disagreeable. "Don't growl so over your breakfast, John," said his wife, "nobody is going to take it away from you."

The Bishop of London has risen to be a wit. As he was taking leave of a parishioner with a very large family, the lady said: "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to!"

The Light of the Future.

The primary fault of all our lights, electric light included, is that there is so great a waste of energy in the form of heat. The glow-worm, the firefly, and a multitude of other animals show that light may be obtained without any more heat than that of the animal body, and without any such danger as that so terribly displayed in the burning of theatres. Radziszewski found that animal light is due to the oxidation of two kinds of organic matter, one containing hydrocarbon and the other aldehydes, or something yielding aldehydes when treated with alkalis. The isolation of these compounds is but another step, and their application, both of them being steps that are but small compared with many that have been made in the chemistry of this generation. All our existing artificial lights have another common fault. They are concentrated forci of glare. But for its cost the best of all is the wax or paraffin candle. A room lighted with 20 candles, well distributed, is incomparably better lighted than by one 20-candle gas light or electric light; with the luminous upholstery I suggested the diffusion would be still more complete than with the candles, it would correspond as nearly as possible to diffused daylight, and might be made to produce most charmingly artistic effects.—[Gentleman's Magazine.

Quizzing a Country Boy.

"Country boys are not such squashheads as they sometimes look," said the sociable drummer at the Broezel House. "One day last week I was out riding with a fellow who seemed to think it his mission to say or do something smart every minute. Presently we overtook a barefoot urchin driving a cow home from pasture, and my companion reined up the horse and spoke to him, saying, 'Say, my little man, what time will it be at 6 o'clock this afternoon?' Without a moment's hesitation the lad answered: "'Twill be bedtime for hens and fools. Your not a hen, but 'twill be your bedtime all the same.'"—[Buffalo Express.