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Silent Music.

There exists within that in my heart which
With the touch of wind,
The most [illegible] silences thy soul's hard
[illegible]
To these I feel it oftentimes, when not a word
[illegible]
The [illegible] life's hidden chords, unseen
[illegible]
The silent [illegible] of each life doth wait the
[illegible]
A whole life-[illegible] waits to respond to all who
[illegible]
As if some [illegible] instrument the world of
[illegible]
Or [illegible] by countless hands, retains
[illegible]
So, I listen to the silences of every human
[illegible]
The [illegible] given out in word, doth still
[illegible]
As [illegible] who has the power to read be-
[illegible]
Those [illegible] twist the motive and the out-
[illegible]
Can be [illegible] music of that life akin unto his
[illegible]
That [illegible] to others muffled be he hears the
[illegible]
The [illegible] the waiting ear each fears
[illegible]
For [illegible] other cannot hear for earth's
[illegible]
But [illegible] there is a land, by faith 'tis now
[illegible]
Where [illegible] hungrily doth thrum unite, the' mist
[illegible]
They [illegible] together, and the heart doth clear
[illegible]
While [illegible] understand. Love has
[illegible]

—Philadelphia Ledger.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY BETTY FORREST GRAVES.

"Debt—debt—nothing but debt," grumbled Major Monthill, as he bore down one after another, the numerous letters which lay upon his eleven o'clock breakfast-table. "If I was Midas, himself, I couldn't pay 'em all—and I wouldn't either. There's only one alternative left open to me that I know of—and that is marrying an heiress."

The major eyed himself critically in the opposite mirror. He was a tall, handsome Apollo of a military gentleman, with well-preserved teeth, hair, and whiskers, bright hazel eyes, and a general air of stylishness.

"Yes!" quoth the major, "I must marry rich—and Letty Price is the woman. She's as ugly as a Gorgon—what very unpresentable-looking females those Gorgons must have been, by the way, to get themselves such a reputation for boniness—but a man must overlook all minor defects when his settlement in life is at stake. I've been a gay young bachelor long enough. I must really turn my attention seriously to Letty Price. But there are several preliminaries to be considered, and one is that she has a lover for every day in the week, and every lover I believe a more genuine fortune hunter than myself. It takes policy to outgeneral so many suitors, and I've got to look sharp if I expect to win the prize."

Miss Letty Price was rather after the Gorgon style of womankind. Major Monthill was right in his criticism of her style. She was fat and stout, and encumbered with a dumpy figure, a short neck, green-tinged gray eyes, reddish-brown hair, a turned-up nose, and teeth broken and decayed. Her complexion was muddy, and her chin retreated, and altogether she was a picture that needed the glitter of a golden frame to set it off. But then Miss Letty's grandfather was worth $500,000, and she was consequently what the newspapers call a "society favorite." People listened when she spoke, and laughed at her opinions at her jokes, and admired her taste in dress; and Miss Letty, naturally of a confiding and credulous disposition, believed it all.

With Major Monthill to will was to do, and no sooner did he make up his mind that he must marry an heiress, and that heiress Miss Letitia Price, than he set vigorously about consummating the affair. Bouquets, drives in the Central Park, books and photographs, soft glances and poetically flavored quotations were all alike the engines of his warfare; and when at length the time had arrived, in his estimation, to strike the final blow, he dressed himself in the guise of a nineteenth century exquisite, and went to call on Miss Price.

"It seems to me," said the heiress, who had contrived to make her blowsy cheeks a shade blowsier than ever by a hideous ruby silk dress, with a scarlet cashmere scarf draped over it, "that you are unusually dull this evening, Major Monthill."

The major affected to start from a deep and absorbing reverie.

"Ah, Miss Price, you of all others should not reproach me with the lack of spirits," he said, sentimentally.

"And why not?" demanded Miss Letty, with elephantine playfulness.

"Need you ask me, when you know so well that my heart is racked by conflicting emotions."

"I'm sure," quoth the heiress, looking down at the points of her Marie Antoinette slippers, "I don't know why it should be racked."

"Because I love you, and I dare not speak of my love!"

Miss Price colored and essayed a faint little giggle.

"I'm sure, major, I don't see any necessity for such timorousness."

"Because," he resolved went on the major, looking unutterable things into the greenish gray orbs—his own eyes were an exquisite white-brown, and well he was aware of the advantages in this respect—"because you are rich and I am poor, and I have registered a solemn vow upon the tablets of my own soul, never to wed an heiress!"

"Ha!" said Miss Price.

"Of all men," said Major Monthill, "I am the least mercenary. A roof to shelter me from the driving storm, a crust, a glass of clear cold water from the spring—that's all I want. Money I spurn, gold is my bugbear. And yet, Dear Letitia—nay, let me call you thus for once—fate has decreed that I should hopelessly lose my heart to one who is unfortunately rich."

Miss Price burst into tears and impulsively put her fat hand into the major's slender palm.

"Don't talk that way, Marmaduke," she sobbed, "and don't look at me with those mournful eyes, or you'll break my heart."

"Letitia, do you then love me?"

"Yes, yes, I do," wailed the heiress. "I love you with all my soul."

"Ah!" groaned the major, "that two such hearts as ours should be parted by a wall of gold."

"But they shan't be," asserted Letty, her nose growing red and her eyes twinkling in the enthusiasm of the moment. "No, Marmaduke, no! Not if grandpapa was ten times as obstinate and pigheaded as he is."

"My Letitia!" sighed the major, in a voice honey sweet and low as summer wind-breathing o'er the twilight sea.

And when he left the Price mansion he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was Miss Letty's accepted lover.

He plunged ruthlessly into more debt the very next morning, to the amount of two hundred dollars, to buy a solitaire diamond ring to deck the fat forefinger of his affianced.

"It will be a mere drop in the bucket," he said to himself, "when I come to handle her cash. I hope the old gentleman means to place it entirely at her disposal, and I'll see to the rest."

And Major Monthill contracted for a pair of cream colored horses, a yacht and a cottage at Newport for the summer season on the strength of his known engagement to old Zadoc Price's granddaughter.

Just at this time—life, we all know, is proverbially uncertain—Mr. Zadoc Price took it into his venerable head to have a stroke of apoplexy and despair of existence without the ceremonial of more than two days' illness.

"The most sensible thing the old fudge could possibly have done," thought his dutiful grandson-in-law elect. "Letty'll come into her fortune now without any difficulty, and I shall be a made individual!"

He stopped at a hat store to get his hat draped in a suitable mourning weed, and thought it very becoming. The third day after the funeral he called on Letitia.

Miss Price received him in her new black suit, her nose swelled with much weeping, and her eyelids as pink as if they had been painted all round with a red lead-pencil.

"Dear Letty," murmured the major, his voice attuned to the tenderest sympathy, "do not mourn too deeply! We must all die—and our departed friend had lived out the three-score-and-ten years allotted to man's life here below."

"I know it!" sniffed Letty, taking out her black-bordered pocket-handkerchief.

"You are not bearing your grief all alone?" he asked.

"No; Cousin Bethiah Jenkins and her husband have been here for a week," Letty lugubriously answered.

Major Monthill pricked up his ears. Cousin Bethiah Jenkins! He had not heretofore been aware that his Letitia had any relatives save her grandsire. However, the two hundred thousand dollars would well bear a few reversionary legacies, and this cousin Bethiah was doubtless as attached relative whom it would be scarcely creditable for the old gentleman to omit entirely from his will.

"The only thing that I regret in this sudden and unlooked-for dispensation of Providence," drawled Letty," went on our smooth-tongued Major, "is that it makes an heiress of you—and I believe that I have before expressed to you my horror of the imputation of wedding a rich wife."

"Don't let that trouble you, Marmy, dear!" cried Letty, hysterically. "I—I meant to have told you all about it before, but somehow there never was a real good opportunity."

"Told me all about what, Letitia?" asked the major, in some surprise.

"About my quarrel with grandpapa last month. He said you were a fortune-hunting miscreant—you, dear Marmaduke!—and I never should have a cent from him if I married you. And then I repeated to him the noble words you had spoken, and he said—grandpa always had an inelegant way of expressing himself—that he'd settle your hash for you!" And he called me a fool, and we had an awful quarrel, and he made a new will, and left all his money to Cousin Bethiah Jenkins; but I don't care, Marmy, darling, for I knew," cried the disinherited damsel, with a fresh burst of tears, "that you loved me for myself alone, and not for mere filthy lucre!"

And so speaking, Letty Price flung her hundred and sixty-seven solid pounds of dumpy humanity fondly into the major's arms.

Marmaduke Monthill felt like the man in the old tale who has sold his soul for forty pieces of gold, and finds the treasure changed into dead leaves. He had got Letty Price, but not Letty Price's fortune.

He went home, promising to call early the next morning. The next morning came, but not Major Monthill.

Miss Lettie Price is living, a disappointed damsel, with her cousin Bethiah, who is a good-natured soul, and does not grudge the "elite and sun" to the poor girl whom she really thinks has been used very ill both by her grandfather and the major. As for the gallant Marmaduke, nobody knows what has become of him, not even his creditors, who would certainly be the ones to find out, if anyone could. The diamond solitaire is not yet paid for, and somebody else is living in the cottage at Newport this season.

But, after all, it is only one more illustration of the daily lesson we all read—the mutability of human affairs.—[The Weekly.

To Detect Impure Water.

Water has a great variety of impurities, and the means of detecting them, of course, vary with the kind of impure matter existing in it. The most dangerous impurity is organic matter in a state of decomposition and yielding ammonia and other nitrates, but to detect this kind of impurity, unless it is very large, a chemist's analysis is required. The following simple tests may be made: If on addition of a small quantity of sugar of lead dissolved in water it affords a black deposit, the water contains sulphur. If the water reddens blue litmus paper moistened with it, it contains carbonates or acids.

If on adding a few drops of hydrochloric acid and then a small quantity of solution of prussiate of potash the water turns blue there is iron in it. If it turns red litmus paper blue, it contains lime. If sugar is dissolved in it and the solution, kept in a warm place for a few days, becomes cloudy, it contains decomposing organic matter. A peculiar sweet taste indicates organic impurities, and if by adding a little sulphuric acid, the water is blackened it is dangerously impure. Oxalic acid dissolved in water containing lime causes a white precipitate. A few drops of a solution of bichloride of alumina or even of alum, causes a cloud in water that contains organic impurity.—[New York Times.

The Modern Goths.

Lord Wolseley believes that the Chinese will in time overrun the world—as soon, in fact, as a great general or lawgiver arises among them. At present they have no great leaders, for the simple reason that the government puts out of existence every Celestial who displays more than average intelligence. It is narrated that when Commissioner Leh was asked whether it was true that he had beheaded 60,000 men in three years he replied: "O, surely, more than that." Lord Wolseley thinks, however, that a Chinese Alexander or Moses will come to the front some day, and that his people will then adopt the profession of arms and sweep over India, Russia and the continent, and finally give England, America and Australia a tussle for supremacy. This sounds chimerical, but we should not forget Rome or the Goths.—[Toronto (Canada) Mail.

His Daily Allowance.

Tailor (to impecunious man just married to a wealthy girl)—Will you have a money pocket inside your vest, Mr. Smallfart?

Smallfart—Y—ye—s—no, but you may make a pocket in my coat just large enough to hold fifteen cents.—[Buffalo Courier.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

LITTLE BOBBIE.

The sewer waits for the spinner's yarn;
The spinner is idle for want of wool;
The shearers watch for the fragrant farm
For the sheep that graze by the meadow pool.

But little Boy Blue who drives the duck
Has fallen asleep by a scattering rick,
While many a lass in Bo-peep-town
Is crying for want of a—well, wool-gown.

The shearers threaten to [illegible]
The sewers' wrath can never be told;
The wheel is spinning in angry mood;
And the ladies' bows are purple with cold;
For the shepherd-all who is sleeping still
Is a little wheel in the world's great mill.
And the world's fair grist is not well ground
Till each little wheel is turned round and round.

I dreamed this dream but an hour ago,
When I awoke to my surprise
To find nurse galloping to and fro
And baby's fists thrusts into his eyes.
Oh, what little wheel was running away
And making so ugly a baby cry
Till his face was as red as a poppy's edge?
The answer was: Joe who brings the milk!

—[May Riley Smith in Wide Awake.

RABBITS.

Rabbits are terribly destructive animals and destroy just out of mischief hundreds of plants which they do not care to eat. They do very great damage to young trees, delighting in stripping them of the tender bark as far as they can reach while standing on their hind feet.

In Australia they have become such a pest, increasing as they do so rapidly, that the government has offered an immense reward to any one discovering the means of exterminating them.—[Detroit Free Press.

SPARROWS AS NURSES.

In the Jersey City (N. J.) ferry-house of the Pavonia ferry, a few days ago, the passengers watched with much interest a flock of sparrows taking care of one of their number, who was evidently very sick. There was much chippering among the birds until it was finally settled to put the patient behind the top cornice of a pillar. The sick bird was then carried between three of its companions and then deftly dropped into the chosen place. Then a dozen sparrows perched on the telegraph wire and chippered loudly at the passengers beneath them. When last seen the sick sparrow was bundled up in some straw.—[Pittsburg.

BEES IN WINTER AND CAPS.

A. E. Manum of Bristol, Vt., has a large apiary and sells honey by the wagon load. To defend his horses from possible bee stings he slips a thin cotton hood over the head of each horse. These hoods have apertures for the eyes and nostrils of their wearer, otherwise fitting closely, and there is a blanket of cotton cloth for each horse which ties across the breast and looks like the hierophant's robe of some strange society. Mr. Manum, in an article in "Gleanings in Bee Culture," says that the old horse, long accustomed to work in the bee yards, knows why he has to wear a cap and gown, and holds down his head for the first in a most obedient manner. The men employed in the apiary keep the horses capped and gowned until they are half a mile distant from the hives.

A ROMANCE CAT.

A certain household in a London suburb were without a cat and the mice grew thick. A very beautiful tabby was given to them. But lo and behold! she proved to be a sad thief and she stole all from the pantry that she could get her claws on. She was given away and sent away, but she came back. Besides this she proved to be very much a belle of the neighborhood and the garden of her owners was full of the most awful concerts each night. Finally she was drowned. The weather was too cold to dig her grave at once and while waiting for sunshine, as it was freezing outside, the body of the sinner was laid in an old arbor.

The next day, as one of the family was walking toward the arbor, what did he see but a strange cat, dark in color, squatted down beside the dead tabby. The coming of the person disturbed him and he ran away. The next day he was seen in the same position, and the next. It was the cat of a neighbor that had been fond of playing with the deceased. A third day of freezing cold came, and lo, the stranger was discovered to be again beside his playmate—but dead. He had been frozen to death while mourning for his friend. The family buried them in the same grave in the garden, like lovers in old ballads.—[Harper's Young People.

What They Left Him.

Boomer (to ragged urchin)—Your parents left you something when they died, did they not?

Urchin—Oh, yes, sir.

Boomer—And what did they leave you, my little man?

Urchin—An orphan, sir.—[Epoch.

A LITTLE COLONY.

Fifty White Folks Who Live On a Lofty Rock.

Lord Howe Island, an Arcadia in the Pacific Ocean.

A few months ago the handful of people who live on Pitcairn Island celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on that little rock. The world is always glad to hear of the prosperity of this people, and several other little communities inhabiting the smallest specks of land in the ocean also excite much interest.

There is one island, however, of which we seldom hear. It is Lord Howe Island, the home of fifty or sixty white people, about two miles northeast of New South Wales. Years ago two or three families from New Zealand thought they would seek a new home. They had heard of the profuse vegetation on this crescent-shaped little island, and decided that they would build new homes there.

So they went to Lord Howe Island, which is only six miles long and about a mile wide, and rises precipitously from the sea to a height of nearly 1,000 feet at nearly every point. They built their huts, tilled the land, and after a while two or three other families joined them. Some of these original settlers are still living, but most of the residents are their descendants.

The island is one of the governments of New Zealand, and once a year it is visited by a magistrate, who settles all little disputes. It is a very easy task, for there are seldom any differences among the people. Like Pitcairn and other little island communities, they have never found it necessary to build a jail.

There were none of the higher mammals on the island when they went there, but now there are quite a number of goats, whose ancestors, which, having escaped from domestication, have lived in the woods so long that they have become quite wild. While some of the men engage in tilling their gardens, others go on fishing. A great many edible fishes are caught there, and the people find it very easy to live in comfort without a large amount of labor. They say they have not the slightest desire to return to larger communities.

They do not encourage immigration because they think they and their children will need all of the resources of the island. Sometimes a sailor from a passing ship spends a little while in the community, and has been known to carry away one of the daughters as his wife, but most of the people are born, live and die there.

They cannot travel in any direction a few hundred rods without seeing the sea, and of course they come to know every inch of their little world. Once or twice a year a vessel comes to them with a large variety of supplies and they purchase with their copra and other products the goods they need for the ensuing year. At the same time their libraries are replenished with new books, a large lot of newspapers come to their homes, and it takes them a good while to read all that has happened in the busy world since they last hear of it.—[New York Sun.

How Old is the Wheelbarrow?

The history of the wheelbarrow is of no great importance in itself, for it happens to illustrate well the sources of historical knowledge and how they yield the facts we should like to know.

The invention of the wheelbarrow has been credited commonly to Perrot, a French philosopher and writer of about the middle of the seventeenth century. According to Littre's dictionary of the French language, however, the wheelbarrow was invented by a Mr. Dupin in 1803. One or the other of these two accounts has long accepted generally in France at least where every useful invention is believed to be of French origin.

Now a writer in the French scientific journal, La Nature, calls attention to an old book printed in 1768, in which is a curious wood engraving that represents a single-headed barrow pushed along by a laborer. Another plate of the same book shows a tramway car running upon rails. This puts the use of the wheelbarrow back more than a hundred years earlier than the time of Pascal.

Last year, at the exhibition in Paris of carriages of all kinds, it was reported that the origin of the wheelbarrow was to be found in the fourteenth century. In the margin of a manuscript belonging to that time is a drawing of a man wheeling another person in a single-wheeled barrow precisely like those in use at the present day.

In a manuscript of the fourteenth century may be seen a wheelbarrow used for the carriage of a load which looks like logs of grain. Another miniature painting upon a manuscript of the fifteenth century represents a hospital where nuns are attending to the sick and wounded. There is one wounded person who is being brought in on a wheelbarrow. This indicates that the vehicle was used to carry the infirm or disabled.

Still another fifteenth century manuscript shows a wheelbarrow used for moving building materials. As the picture is intended to illustrate the history of Rome, the artist of course saw no want of consistency in representing this vehicle as in use at that early period—and who can say that it was not? The laborer made the work all the easier by the use of a strap which passed over his shoulders.

At present, then, the wheelbarrow is known to be at least six hundred years old, and not two centuries, as was at one time supposed. The next step is to show that William the Conqueror carried wheelbarrows with him when he moved his quarters across the Channel from Normandy to England in the eleventh century.—[Youth's Companion.

Wanderings of Derelicts.

An interesting instance of the strange wanderings of derelicts at sea is furnished by the Atlantic pilot chart. On November 26, 1885, the Port Royal buoy, having gone adrift, began its career of adventure off Charleston harbor. Drifting out into the Gulf Stream it remained in the warm waters of the current during the remainder of the year, gradually moving northward in a zigzag course, probably under the influence of conflicting winds. It was not seen in the Gulf Stream on December 4, 1886. Three months later it was discovered floating off the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream, some 200 miles north of the Bermudas. Then it started for a more southern latitude, and during the month of May was going along past the southern side of the Bermudas, passing only a short distance from those coral islands.

For more than a year it was lost sight of, but although it had been in and near the track of the great hurricanes, it was seen in good shape on June 9, 1888, one mile northwest of the Bermudas. It has now evidently found a part of the ocean to its liking, for it has remained in that neighborhood, always drifting and sometimes retracing its tracks, but never wandering more than two miles in any direction. It was seen by passing vessels several times during this period. At last it took another trip south, and according to the latest advices, on Sept. 25 last, it had again got below the latitude of the Bermudas, but keeping always a few miles to the eastward of the island. It was still in good condition when last seen. The lonely four years' voyage is particularly interesting for the light it throws upon the old stories of drifting relics having been carried from America to the coast of the Old World before Columbus sailed.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Giving Shape to Feet.

Every one, but especially children, should wear properly fitting shoes, no matter how common their material. They should be neither too large nor too small, and should have low, flat heels that must be promptly "righted" as soon as they begin to wear to one side. If the toes of the foot show a tendency to overlap they should be rubbed with the hands once or twice each day, and if this care be given when the crowding commences, it will, as a rule, prove sufficient to correct any irregularities of this nature. If a nail is wayward in its growth, trim it quite lightly at the ailing corner, but nails at the opposite corner. If both corners grow too deeply into the flesh, file them carefully and lightly, and then scrape the center of the nail from the tip to near the root until it is thin and flexible. This process seldom fails to divert refractory nails, provided, of course, they are not neglected too long.—[Farm and Fireside.

Ancestry of the Thoroughbred Horse.

There are three horses—known in horse literature as Darley Arabian, Byerly's Turk and Godolphin Arabian—to which all pedigrees of thoroughbreds are supposed to be traced. The first was brought to England from Aleppo about 1700. The second was found by Byerly and used by him in Ireland in 1689, and is said to have come from Turkey. It is supposed that the Godolphin Arabian was not Arabian at all, but a Barb. Nothing very definite is known about him further than that he was bought in Paris and brought to England some time during the reign of Queen Anne.—[New York Sun.

A Song of the Mulberry Tree.

My head in the shade, my feet in the sun—
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
Little care I how the world jogs on.
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
Beggar and scholar, low and high,
Merry we toil, they all go by—
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
The sun on my finger burns like a kiss—
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
Where is the emblem of so this?
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
Nature, the sparrow, sweet for the bee,
Surely Heaven means well toward me—
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
The old kind earth, the mother of men—
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
Breathes her words into my ken.
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!
Wealth like bees to the soul is sent—
Shows us, meaningless, sweet or quiet.
Heigh-ho for the mulberry tree!

—Dora R. Goodale, in the Independent.

HUMOROUS.

An egg plant—A hen's nest.

Well known—The man who is never ill.

Nature seems to make a great fuss over a little thing like a peach.

The most interesting sugar question is, "How many lumps do you take?"

Even the caterpillar has to bump himself if he wants to make any progress.

A man in the east has a hen which he calls the highwayman, because she is always "way in'."

There is great pleasure in showing some other fellow up as a fool. It takes away that lonely feeling, as it were.

Maud—However can you get rid of that awful tan? Minnie (a school-teacher)—I shall transfer it to my pupils.

There is a good deal of talk nowadays about passionate poets. Just as if most poet-hunting editorial offices were not passionate.

He—I feel very jolly to-night—thoroughly wound up, you know. She (very sleepily)—I should have thought it, for you don't seem to go.

Mr. Handsome—Oh, you know, mother, women can't keep a secret." Her mother—"Yes, they can, my son. You have been industriously courting that Miss H—— for a year, and you don't know her real age yet."

Mrs. Boardinghouse—"I didn't suppose I ever should see a woman as she has to handle when she married. She looks fresh and dainty all over her soul, too." Mrs. Bowarow—"No wonder, poor thing! She has three servants."

Maud—What a perfectly exquisite new bonnet, dearest! Ethel—Oh, "no regrets on that, I was so afraid it wouldn't. Are you sure it suits it?" Maud—"Sure? Oh, perfectly! I always did adore that shape. Why I had three just like it when it was in fashion."

Cochineal Bugs and the Coffee Plant.

The extensive failure of coffee in this [illegible] again draws attention to that article, which was at one time cultivated in some of the parishes and Guatemala to the exclusion of [illegible]. This insect formed, at one time, one of the industries of the [illegible]. When they are examined under the microscope they can be seen to secrete a red-colored liquid, in which the female carries her eggs. This liquid grows less and less as the insect grows older, and it soon changes to a yellow powder. In December the transformation begins, and in March the female lays her eggs. At present these insects have selected the coffee plant on which to fasten themselves. The result has been that it soon begins to wilt and turn yellow, and if it arrives at the period of bloom it buds are poor and small. Some of the planters are spraying the plants with nitrate of soda.—[New York Sun.

Why Chinese Cobblers Wear Spectacles.

"Do you know why all Chinese cobblers wear spectacles?" said a San Francisco friend to me as we were walking through Post street together recently, taking in the sights. "No? Then I will tell you. It is recorded in Chinese history that once upon a time a crossed-eyed cobbler, who mended the soles of Confucius, had red pepper thrown in his eyes by his hot-tempered spouse, and would have been unable to see straight for a month after but that his learned patron loaned him a pair of spectacles which not only made him see perfectly at once, but also took the squint out of his eyes. The sequel of the happy cure was that the cobbler's wife, deceived by the normal in his eyes, refused to believe that he was her husband and permitted him to pass the remainder of his life in single blessedness. Since then every Chinese cobbler from New York to Shanghai wears spectacles to protect him from red pepper, strabismus and bad wives."