The Chatham Record.

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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GAMES.

The wheel is apparently coming to stay,
For lasses as well as for laddies—
But sorry we are for it's taking away
The old-fashioned games of our daddies.

The children have wearied of flying their kites,
The clatter of marbles is over;
Gay "[illegible]" will never give any delights,
And "[illegible]" is no longer in clover.

On stilts little fellows won't think they are tall,
And tops they will never be spinning,
And as for the amateur game of baseball,
No more will it give bruised [illegible].

The sound from quoits will no longer be heard,
And [illegible] has been banished,
While "duck on the rock" is an art that is [illegible],
And "rolling duck" [illegible], has vanished.

Forgotten also is old "tell in the hole;"
"Hopscotch" is all out of the fashion;
The hoops we drove will gracefully roll,
And "tag" is no longer a passion.

"Hide-and-seek" doesn't enter in anyone's mind,
For "[illegible]" nobody is wishing;
"Snap the whip" has departed, and soon we will find
No pleasure in going a-fishing.

"Copenhagen" in spite of its kissing, is [illegible],
"Mumblepeg" is not worthy of notice,
And [illegible] "[illegible] master" the little ones [illegible]
As much as a hot mustard poultice.

"I spy," "[illegible]" and "follow your leader" have passed,
"Hare and hounds" is as flat as the ceiling,
And rowing and sailing are leaving as fast
For [illegible] is thought of but wheeling.

The only old sports that may linger around
Are sledding and snow forts and skating;
For when it is cold and there's snow on the ground
The wheel is way off in its rating.

The cycle has come and is likely to stay,
For lassies as well as for laddies,
And [illegible] [illegible] never will play
The old-fashioned games of their daddies.
—Chicago Daily Sun.

MISS NANCY'S EAVESDROPPING.

"Who was that young man with you?"

Miss Nancy Armstrong asked the question of her niece, Margery. Her tone was sharp and her eyes had an angry snap in them.

"It was John Markham," answered Margery, quietly enough, as she took off her bonnet, but the tone in which the question had been asked brought an extra color to her cheek and a sparkle of resentment to her eyes.

"I thought so," responded Miss Nancy, in her most irritating way. "Margery Armstrong, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself!"

"What for?" asked Margery. "I'm not aware that I've done anything to be ashamed of."

"O, you needn't try to plead innocence," retorted Miss Nancy. "You ought to be ashamed of going with that Markham fellow, and you know it."

"I don't know any such thing," answered Margery, facing her aunt bravely. "John Markham is a respectable young man. You don't like him because there used to be trouble between the Markhams and the Armstrongs. That happened before either of us was born, and there's no reason why we should keep up the quarrel. If we see fit to like each other I don't know who's going to prevent our doing so."

"I am," answered Miss Nancy, grimly. "You needn't think—and John Markham needn't think—that a cent of my property'll go into the hands of any one of that family."

"O, you can do just as you see fit to about your property, of course," said Margery. "I haven't anything to say about that, but if you think anything you can do about it will prevent John and I from liking each other, you're quite mistaken. He don't want your property, but"—with the prettiest little blush imaginable and a softening of the voice at the import of the words—"he does want me."

"Margery Armstrong, I'd like to know how far this matter has gone," cried Miss Nancy, in wrathful surprise. "To judge by the way you talk one would suppose it is all settled between you."

"It is," answered Margery, with eyes that never flinched before the angry ones of her aunt. "I promised John to-night, coming home from church, that I'd marry him as soon as he has a home for me."

Miss Nancy fairly gasped for breath. "You're a fool," she said, as soon as she could command her voice, "to take up with that fellow when you might marry the squire's nephew."

"I wouldn't marry the squire's nephew if he was the last man on earth," said Margery. "Look at him alongside John Markham, and I know that down in your heart you can't help owning that he's an insignificant apology for a man. All you can see to admire in him is his money. I'm sure, and if he had a thousand times more than he has I'd have just as much contempt for him as I have now."

"You may see the day when you'll wish you had some of his money," said Miss Nancy. "Wait till you're John Markham's wife and poor as poverty and things'll look different to you. Of course he thinks and you think that I'll change my mind when I find out that I can't prevent your marrying him. But you were never more mistaken in your life. Mark that, [illegible], and I'll see that [illegible] to you."

"[illegible] yourself about that," answered Margery. "We don't want your money. We're both strong and willing to work, and we'll get along. Don't worry about that."

"That sounds well, but you'll sing a different tune by and by," said Miss Nancy. "Just remember what I tell you."

"All right, I will," replied Margery, and then she went up to her room, not to think about what her aunt had said, but about the things she had talked of with her lover as they walked home from church together.

One day Miss Nancy decided to go to the city to do some shopping. She was always afraid of being too late for the train, and generally arrived at the station at least half an hour before it was due. She did so on this occasion, and as the day was a very warm one she sat down on the platform in the shade of some large boxes of freight that had been unloaded there, thinking it more comfortable there than in the stuffy little waiting room.

Pretty soon she heard steps on the platform, and presently voices from the other side of the pile of boxes reached her ears.

"How is your matrimonial project getting along?" was asked by one of the unseen parties. And a voice which Miss Nancy recognized as belonging to the squire's nephew answered:

"It seems to hang fire just at present. The fact is, the girl's got another string to her bow, and the chances would be against me if it wasn't for the fact that her aunt favors my suit, because she thinks I'm going to get Uncle Amos' money, and she'd like to unite the two properties. So I'm rather sweeter on the aunt at present than I am on the girl. If I get the girl at all it must be through the old lady's influence, you see. The girl's a little daisy, but the aunt's—well, she isn't a daisy, you can be sure of that! It's a question if having her in the family wouldn't be paying a dear price for all her property, but you see there's a chance of being able to shake her off after a little. I happen to know that a new railroad's going through this place, and the company will have to buy a piece of land she owns, and this land she intends to give to the girl as a wedding present. Now, just as soon as the road is put through—and it's sure to come—this land will be worth more than all the rest of the old lady's property. If the girl gets a deed of it and I get the girl I can sell it to the railroad company and make a good big sum of money out of it and we'll be independent of the aunt, and when that happens, if it ever does, I'll tell her to look out for her affairs and I'll look out for mine. I'm looking out now that she don't find out about the new railroad scheme. I want to make sure of the girl and the land before I break the news to her."

Miss Nancy listened with ears and eyes very wide open.

"Yes, when it happens, if it ever does," she chuckled. "I don't believe you'll ever get the chance you're looking for, my smart young man! I don't suppose I am a daisy—I never thought I was—but I rather guess I'm a match for you, since I know what to do. I don't believe you'll have to shake me off. I think I'll do a little—or sort of the shaking."

Just then the train came along, and Miss Nancy got aboard of it without being seen by the young man.

That evening, when she came home, as luck would have it, she met the squire's nephew at the station.

"If you're going home you might walk along with me and help carry some of my bundles," she said, in her very pleasant manner. "I'm just about tired out. I've been seeing to a good deal of business to-day. I've had a deed made out giving Margery the south forty acres of the farm, and I've been pricing carpets and furniture and finding out how much it's going to cost to set up a young couple in housekeeping. Of course they won't need the things right away, but I thought I'd get some idea of what the expense would be."

"Ther—who do you mean?" asked the young man in bewilderment.

"Why, Margery and Mr. Markham, of course," answered Miss Nancy. "Who else should I mean?"

"You don't mean to say you're going to let your niece marry that fellow!" cried the squire's nephew in surprise and consternation.

"Why, certainly," replied Miss Nancy, as if she had never had any other idea. "He's a nice young man. He's got brains, and when he gets Margery he'll get money, for the new railroad's going to make the land I've deeded her worth a snug little fortune."

"I'd like to know how you knew about the new railroad," cried the astonished young man.

"O, I keep posted on such matters," said Miss Nancy, looking very wise. "But here we are at my gate. Thank you for bringing my bundles. Won't you come in?"

"No, not to-night," was the gruff reply, and Miss Nancy chuckled as the young man went his way.

"I guess I've got about even with you," she said, nodding her head after his retreating figure. "I guess he was about as much surprised as Margery'll be."

Her niece had seen her, and came out to meet her and help her with her bundles.

"Margery, I've got something to tell you," said Miss Nancy, anxious to have the matter disposed of. "I've thought it all over, and I don't know but you're right about John Markham. It is foolish to let an old grudge stand in the way of young folks' happiness. I've concluded to let you do as you think best, and I've had the south forty deeded to you, and when John gets you he'll get that too, if you see fit to turn it over to him. Anyway, it's yours to do just what you please with."

"Why, Aunt Nancy," cried Margery, looking at her as if she felt sure she had gone crazy. "I thought you'd never consent to our marriage!"

"Folks change their minds sometimes," said Miss Nancy. "There! there! Don't hug me so or I'll drop this bandbox. I hear a whistle down the road that sounds like John's. You'd better go and tell him the news, and by and by, after I've had a cup of tea, bring him in to see me."—New York Ledger.

MAN DANGEROUS.

Statistics Show He Is Apt to Commit Crime at 29.

It is a singular fact, yet one substantiated by statistics, that most crime is committed in New York by men twenty-nine years old. This is not only true of the lesser but also of the greater crimes, although a man is presumed to be at that period of his life not only in the zenith of his physical, but also in full and complete possession of his mental powers, with a complete appreciation of right and wrong and their respective consequences. This condition is a problem which has not been solved by the student of criminology, and one which is made the more complex by the fact that the ages of twenty-one, twenty-seven and forty-five years nearly equal it, with the intervening years showing a far less percentage of crime. It is indeed peculiar that the criminal tendency should be so strong at twenty-nine, with no such inclination, so far as criminal statistics show, in as great a degree for the succeeding sixteen years, and then another outburst of the animal in man. This condition is found to be true by actual figures, and as all statistical computations at which average conditions are sought to be determined are arrived at by this method, so that the student of this subject, as well as the insurance magnate who bases his rates on the general average of losses in proportion to the risks taken, and does so with full safety, employ it in solving the problem before him. Charles K. Baker, chief clerk to Superintendent Lathrop of the New York bureau of statistics, has made this subject one of close study, and will soon have completed a table showing this to be true. He has already completed one relative to murderers serving life sentences in the penal institutions, and its figures bear out the general conclusion. He offers at this time no explanation for this, but hopes after he has exhausted the subject, so far as the presentation of figures is concerned, to be able to set forth reasons why these years should be productive of the most crimes.

He Rules and Sorrows.

Few monarchs have had to undergo so many sorrows—public and private—as the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, and no one has ever borne misfortune with greater courage. In his family he lost his first-born, a daughter, whom, though she died a little child, he is said never to have forgotten. His next brother, the Emperor Maximilian, was executed in the prime of life by the Mexicans. The fate of his only son is too tragic for more than an allusion.

In later days he has lost another brother; a granddaughter eloped with a young officer, his wife is in bad health, his nephew and heir is an invalid and the next prince in the line of succession is a scapegrace.

His public life has been one of incessant toil and danger. In the early part of his reign he suffered severely from the danger of a would-be assassin. He waged war unsuccessfully with the French in 1859 and with the Prussians in 1866. He has been ousted from Germany, over which he once presided, and of which he formerly hoped to be emperor, as his forefathers were. And yet, in spite of such defeats, no prince is more beloved by his subjects. Indeed, his personality is the chief bond by which his heterogeneous dominions are kept together.

Recently the emperor completed his 50th year. His imperial and royal majesty was placed on the throne in the revolutionary year of 1848, when his uncle Ferdinand abdicated, and his father declined to take up the burden of the crown. In point of seniority as a sovereign he is second to Queen Victoria alone.

A Simple Fire Extinguisher.

Hand-grenades, the simplest form of fire-extinguisher, can be made at home cheaply and easily. And it is well to have at hand a simple contrivance for extinguishing a small fire at its start. Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia, to be had of any druggist), and dissolve in seven gallons of water. Procure quart bottles of thin glass, such as are ordinarily used by druggists, and fill with this, corking tightly and sealing, to prevent evaporation.

In case of fire throw so as to break in or near the flame. If the fire is in such a place as to prevent the bottle from breaking, as in wool or cotton, knock off the neck and scatter the contents.

The breaking of the bottle liberates a certain amount of gas, and the heat of the fire generates more, thus working its own destruction.

Nature Illuminated.

The Royal Gorge, in Colorado, is to be lighted with electricity. The running time of the trains through this remarkable canyon is so arranged that tourists are compelled to pass through it at night, and are thus prevented from viewing its beauties. To obviate this the railroad company proposes to make it as light as day, and, if anything, to add to its scenic beauties, because of the accentuated lights and shadows which must play over and between the rocks.

Clear Understanding at the Start.

Landlady—Have you a young man Bridget?

Servant—No'm. [illegible]

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

The Reformation of a Muscular Bully by a Stalwart Minister in California—Two Brave Deeds by United States Life-Saving Crews—A Kaffir Boy's Daring Feat.

The Rev. Stanley Wilson, of the little town of Ramona, a little way from San Diego, Cal., besides being editor of the Ramona Sentinel is an all-around athlete. He can hold his own with the gloves with any amateur in the country, and he is his own fighting editor, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. And he doesn't carry a gun. He is a Baptist, and he rides the circuit, which embraces a number of small mining towns in the hills and mountains of southern San Diego County. When he is on the circuit he preaches in a town on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon puts on the gloves with the husky young miners and ranchers, who are always eager to try a "go" with him. He can best any of them that has turned up so far, and they have no end of respect and admiration for him. They all crowd to hear his sermons, which they greatly approve, and altogether the Rev. Mr. Wilson is the most popular preacher who has ever appeared in that region.

On one of his recent circuit trips he saved a man named Gunn from Indians. Mr. Wilson came up with them in a lonely place on the road across Warner's ranch. There were three Indians and they had Gunn down and were about to stab him to death, presumably with the intention of robbing him. The preacher came upon them unexpectedly, and leaping from his horse, scattered the Indians right and left. One Indian got the bull-ring knockout on the point of his chin and stretched his length on the road. Another received the preacher's fist in his solar plexus. Then the preacher had [illegible] to dodge the knife in the hand of the third Indian, after which he did a neat bit of [illegible], the result of which was that he captured the knife and sent the red man sprawling in the dust. By this time Mr. Gunn had scrambled to his feet and the two drove the Indians ahead of them to the town, where they surrendered them to the law.

On a recent Sunday the Rev. Mr. Wilson had an unusually busy day. He preached at the mining town of Julian. He had a big audience and his sermon was full of his customary energy and eloquence. The people listened attentively and afterward gathered in groups to talk it over. In the afternoon Dave Putnam, a town bully, who has been in many fights and has the reputation of being a hard man to handle, accosted the preacher on the street and demanded a retraction of an uncomplimentary item about himself which had appeared in that week's issue of the Ramona Sentinel. Wilson declined to retract. Putnam insisted, and Wilson replied that he didn't publish a thing unless it was true, and that he proposed to stand by whatever he had said and to publish it again if he thought best. Then Putnam pulled off his coat, advised the preacher to get ready for a licking, and sailed in. But the preacher's coat was off before Putnam got there, and the blow he had meant for the preacher's nose landed in the air. The bully was a big [illegible] for this, but he took his bearings and [illegible]. He [illegible] Wilson, but the fight was [illegible] fied from [illegible]. A-Putnam came on again the next of God dealt him a blow with the right which knocked him off his feet, and caught him on the jaw with his left as he fell. The bully jumped to his feet and renewed the attack, but he couldn't land any place. The preacher was too quick for him and did not receive a single blow. Putnam finally gave up after he had been stretched on the sidewalk three times, and said it was all a mistake, and that he didn't want the item taken back at all.

The young preacher is more popular than ever, and it is the universal opinion that any man who can "lick Dave Putnam" is the man for that town. For Putnam himself, the affair seems to have been a means of grace. He has not tried to get into a row since then, has modified his demeanor, and declares that hereafter he is going to church every time the Rev. Stanley Wilson preaches.

Heroic Life Savers.

At a dinner of the Quill Club in New York Major Horace L. Piper, Assistant Superintendent of the United States Life-Saving Service, told these stories of heroic rescue:

"In the first dull gray of morning, on January 24, 1892, there were discovered by the aid of strong glasses from the gallery of the Sankaty Light-house, on Nantucket Island, the topmasts of a vessel just above the horizon in the direction of the Rose and Crown shoals. Word was sent to the captain of the life-saving station near by. You must know that the Rose and Crown shoals is one of the most dangerous places on the globe, and over fifteen miles from land. A twenty-three-foot surfboat was run out and manned by a crew of seven men. The partings were short between the men and their families. Away flew the little boat; they could not see the ship. They must find it. The thermometer registered twenty degrees below freezing point. After long hours of search they found the wreck with seven half-frozen men clinging to the rigging. They had been there for fifteen hours in the pelting rain and sleet. There were seven in the boat. Could she carry seven more? There was no debate in the mind of Walter Chase on that point. She must carry them.

"The boat was made fast to the wreck, and then a panic arose among the shipwrecked men. They grabbed the rope that held the lifeboat alongside and attempted to pull it closer, so that they could all jump in at once. That meant the capsizing of the boat and death to all. 'Hands off!' cried Walter Chase, as he took out his glittering sheath knife. 'Now, if another man lays a finger on that line, I'll cut it and leave you to your fate. I am master here, and you will obey my commands.' At last all were aboard, and then the homeward journey began. Three hours' hard work found them only one mile away from the shoals. Another start was made, and at 10 o'clock at night it was no longer possible to keep headway, and down went the anchor once more. For seven more weary hours they swung at the bending cable. When the brave fellows reached the station after thirty-six hours of toil the first person to greet the stalwart keeper was his aged mother. 'Did you save them all, Walter?' 'Ay, mother, all, thank God,' said the keeper, as he embraced her. He then turned to his men and said: 'Well, boys, let's put the horse in again and start out the [illegible] coming from the heights [illegible] to the [illegible] of duty.'

"I should [illegible] tell you one of the most [illegible] rescues recorded in the annals of the world. It occurred on Lake Superior in November, 1886. On the morning of the 18th day of that month two ghostly figures, which proved to be two ships in distress, were discovered off the town of Marquette, Mich. The storm was one of extreme ferocity, having destroyed the lighthouse tower on the breakwater during the night and was still raging with relentless fury. There was no life-saving station at Marquette. The people in the neighborhood devoted the whole day trying to rescue the forlorn mariners. Boats, stations, mortars and life lines all had failed. Night came. There was no hope in Marquette town. The nearest life-saving station was at Ship Canal, 110 miles away. A telegram was sent thither at 8 o'clock at night telling of the situation and asking [illegible]. The answer from the captain of the crew was, 'Ay, we come.' A special train, with a keen engineer at the throttle, left Ship Canal with the crew and their equipment aboard. The track was cleared, and shortly the [illegible] to Marquette. It was the midnight hour, [illegible] the scene of the wreck, and after a [illegible] battling with the storm they safely landed the [illegible] of twenty-four persons."

Kaffir Boy's Daring Feat.

A small party comprising the usual gang of from fifty to sixty Kaffirs, with a white man as superintendent, was employed [illegible] in the [illegible] valley, North South Africa, about [illegible] In the course of their work they came on a huge stone, which it was necessary to remove, but beneath it was the home of a large black mamba, well known to the neighboring inhabitants as being old and, therefore, very venomous. The mamba is the most deadly of the South African snakes, and the superintendent anticipated some trouble over the matter. He offered a bribe for the snake's skin, and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Then [illegible] and choosing [illegible] defense, he advanced [illegible]. There he [illegible] [illegible] the lip with [illegible]. The [illegible] back with his [illegible] for the reward, which he went back to his work, and the bite of the reptile had no effect on him whatever.

Nothing, not even that of a cow larger than any gold in the eyes of a Kaffir, would induce this native to disclose the secret of his antidote, which, he said, had been handed down in his family for generations. The snake was a very big one, and so old that it had a name. It is a well known fact that certain of the Zulus have antidotes for the same deadly snake poison, which they preserve as a secret within their own families.

Two Months in an Open Boat.

Out of the party of twenty-two Samoans who left Funafuti Island to [illegible] in September, one half perished miserably from exposure, while the survivors were cast away on the Island of Nanumea, the northeasternmost island of the Ellice group, from whence they were finally taken by the mission yacht John Williams more dead than alive.

The Australian mail advices brought by the steamer Mariposa state that the Samoans had set out for two neighboring islands, some sixty miles distant, but were overtaken by a gale which blew them out of their course, and for sixty days they drifted helplessly at the mercy of the waves.

Nine of the party died in the boat, one was killed in landing at Nanumea Island, 800 miles from the port they left, and some collapsed on reaching shore, leaving only eight survivors.

They ate up the little food they had, but suffered less for want of water, as they were able to spread sails to catch the rain, which fell heavily. This they stored up in some trade boxes they had on board. The island they eventually reached is inhabited, and the people took all possible care of them, but they were in a very low condition when the steamer picked them up. The survivors have since been returned to their homes.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

When Papa Was a Boy.

"When papa was a little boy
You really couldn't find
In all the State of Washington
A child so quick of mind.
His mother never called him twice,
And papa was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.

"He never slid [illegible] at night,
Or made the slightest noise,
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
[illegible]
Were papa's [illegible]

"He always [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
He [illegible] Greek
When he was ten years old;
[illegible]
[illegible]

"[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
He [illegible] play
Until [illegible]
He labored [illegible] of day

"He never scraped his muddy shoes
[illegible]
And never mussed [illegible] his hands,
And never teased the dog;
But truly, I could never see,"
Said little Dick Molloy,
"How he could never do these things,
And [illegible] a boy."
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Six-Year-Old Scorcher.

[illegible] Margaret, the youngest daughter of Hannibal Fa[illegible] of Lexington, Ky., is the youngest female long-distance bicyclist rider in Kentucky, if not in the entire country.

She was born [illegible] 1891. She learned to ride a bicycle early last year, and last spring she and her father rode to Winchester, a distance of [illegible] miles in two hours and eight

minutes. They were two hours and a half making the return trip, thus making the riding time of the thirty-six miles [illegible] hours and [illegible] minutes.

The next long ride the little girl took was to Richmond, Ky., a distance of [illegible] miles. [illegible] rode [illegible] miles [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Little Girls in Holland.

Every [illegible] the example of [illegible] in Holland, was learn to [illegible] old. They [illegible] their mothers [illegible] cloths [illegible] and [illegible]. When they have learned to use the needle they make [illegible] and [illegible]. Every little Dutch girl gets from her mother a "wonder ball" for the first [illegible] with five [illegible]. [illegible] and many [illegible] are hidden in a ball of wool, [illegible] a handsome case [illegible] of needles. As the girl knits away, one thing after another is brought out from the ball, and when the whole is used up, [illegible] a [illegible] for a gift. —[illegible]

A Word to Boys.

You are [illegible] to be kind, generous [illegible].

If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him learn his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him, for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

Juvenile Jokes.

"How old are you, dear?" asked old Mr. Trotter of little Ethel Gassam.

"I am 10 and 5 12 years, sir," replied Ethel, who has just got into fractions.

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

Little Bob—Aw, I could walk the rope just as well as the man in the circus if it wasn't for one thing.

Little Willie—What is that?

Little Bob—I'd fall off.

"No, dear," said a mother to her sick child. "The doctor says I mustn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"

Teacher—Now, leather comes from the cow and wool from the sheep, and wool is made into cloth and cloth into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy?

Tommy [illegible]—Out of father's.

A little girl has an uncle who has taught her to open and shut his crush hat. One evening, however, he appeared with an ordinary silk hat, which he left in the hall. Presently he saw the child coming with his new hat crushed into accordion plaits. "Oh, uncle," she cried, "this one's very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES

The loss of the fingers of a little child who puts her hand up the spout of a coffee grinder in a store or shop, while there with her father to make a purchase, it is held, in Hedbrook vs. Aldrich (Mass.), 36 L. R. A. 506, that the shopkeeper is not liable.

An ordinance regulating the number of hours in which laborers and mechanics shall be employed on the public works belonging to the city, and making its violation a misdemeanor, is held in State vs. McNally (La.), 36 L. R. A. 533, to be invalid, as the legislature only can create such an offense.

An evident and notorious abandonment of a public road, with the physical closing of it, known to the municipal authorities, on the faith of which private parties have expended money in improvements, is held in Baldwin vs. Trimble (Md.), 36 L. R. A. [illegible], to constitute an estoppel against the reassertion of the public easement.

A claim of a homestead exemption in property conveyed to defraud creditors, when such conveyance has been set aside at the suit of a creditor and the land declared subject to his judgment, is upheld in Kennedy vs. First National Bank (Ala.), 36 L. R. A. 308. Several judges dissent and very elaborate opinions review the authorities on the subject on both sides.

Placing fireworks in the parlor of a residence for use the next day in a Fourth of July celebration is held, in Heron vs. Phoenix Mut. F. Insurance Company (Pa.), 36 L. R. A. 517, to avoid the insurance on the building under a clause prohibiting fireworks to be "kept, used or allowed" on the premises, "any usage or custom of trade to the contrary notwithstanding."

An heir expectant placed by his ancestor in possession of land bought for him and which the father intends to devise to him, is held, in Home Insurance Company vs. Mendenhall (Ill.), 36 L. R. A. 374, to have an insurable interest, although the land was bought at a master's sale in partition and the deed has not yet been made because the time for confirmation of the report has not elapsed.

The destruction of a substantial portion of leased premises without the lessee's fault is held, in Wattles vs. South Omaha Ice and Coal Company (Neb.), 36 L. R. A. 424, to terminate the lease from liability for rent, unless the lease expressly included the risk of the destruction. [illegible] the [illegible] of Judge [illegible], a [illegible] case, "because [illegible] a [illegible] protest against [illegible] antiquated [illegible] and [illegible] the spirit of humanity and equity and [illegible] of the nineteenth century."

Beginning of Porcelain.

The art of making porcelain was familiar to the Chinese and Japanese for ages, but it was not known in Europe until the early part of the eighteenth century, when John Bottger, a German from Schleiz in Voigtland, invented the art, says Harper's Round Table. Bottger was apprenticed to a Berlin apothecary, where he fell in with an alchemist, who, in consideration of some service which Bottger had done for him, offered to teach him the art of making gold.

The young apprentice, thinking his fortune was as good as made, promptly ran away from his master into Saxony, in the year 1701. He was pursued, but found protection in that country, where the people who befriended him urged him to give a specimen of his newly found gold.

The poor fellow had, however, been grossly imposed upon and the secret from which he had hoped so much proved valueless. He still believed in the possibility of making gold, and worked at the matter incessantly.

It so happened that, having mixed a number of different kinds of earth together for the purpose of making durable crucibles, in the course of baking them he accidentally stumbled upon the art of making porcelain, and suddenly found himself transformed from a poor alchemist into a prosperous potter. This first porcelain was manufactured in Dresden in 1706, and was brownish-red in color, having been made chiefly of a brown clay.

Diplomat Liked to Smoke.

When Mr. Labouchere, the English journalist, was in St. Petersburg, at one time, he saw the Dutch minister dive his hand deep into a box of cigars placed for the use of visitors and fill his pockets full of them before going.

When a blind man marries he usually gets his eyes opened.