

The Water Mill.
"The mill will never grind again with water that is past."
Why mourn the sun that has sunk in the west,
Why mourn the mirth that is part of the past,
Why mourn the music whose notes are now still,
Why mourn the water that's gone past the mill?
The sun of tomorrow will rise in the east,
The mirth of tomorrow will grace a new feast,
New music tomorrow will bring a new thrill,
New water tomorrow will run through the mill.
The cool winds of Autumn may scatter the leaves,
The rasper will gather the bright shining sheaves,
The grist that is ground will its purpose fulfill,
It needs not the water that's gone past the mill.
What matter if Winter must come with its frosts,
There are joys which without it would surely be lost;
The ice and the snow cannot throttle the will,
Nor freeze up the water, that runs through the mill.
A new year will open with heaven's new Spring,
New hopes will be borne on the zephyr's soft wing,
New music will come with the robin's gay trill,
New water will grind a new grist at the mill.
—[B. C. Potts, in the Christian Inquirer.]

STOLEN DIAMONDS.

BY MARLTON DOWLING.

"Ah, Damon, old boy! Glad you've dropped in. I've got something that I think will interest you, seeing you are a newspaper man. What do you think of this?" and Mr. Wardsworth, of the firm of Wardsworth & Blank, manufacturing jewelers of Boston, placed a paper in the hand of the young journalist.
"Ah! a goodly find for some one," replied the reporter as he read:
"\$5,000 REWARD.
For the apprehension of the criminals or the recovery of the diamonds taken from the safe of Jasper, Sturgis & Jasper, London, on or about December 1st. It is thought that the gems have been smuggled to America, as no attempts have been made to dispose of them either in Great Britain or upon the Continent. Dealers and officers of the law are cautioned to be on the alert. The jewels stolen are of the first water, large stones, and the whole amount valued at \$30,000.
(Signed) JASPAR, STURGIS & JASPAR, London."
"It would be like looking for a needle in the hay-mow, I should say," commented Damon, as he finished the perusal of the notification.
"Very much," replied Mr. Wardsworth as he folded the paper and replaced it in his pocket. "Yet it would be a difficult matter for any one to dispose of such a quantity of diamonds even though they succeed in getting them into the country. Nevertheless, it behooves us in the business to keep a sharp lookout, and to inquire closely where a stone comes from, that is brought us to mount. If the rogues attempt to place their plunder on the market within six months or a year, they will stand a very good chance of being apprehended; but if they can afford to wait, and have nerve enough to retain the diamonds in their possession until the excitement has died away, the thieves may be enabled to get rid of the gems in small lots without causing suspicion."
"Well, I hope it may be your good fortune to run across some of the sparklers, for I would like to see you capture the reward," replied the reporter, with a smile.
"Who knows but what it may come your way?" returned the jeweler, laughingly. "You board most of the incoming vessels, and I should think might stand a pretty fair chance to hear of any smuggling game, and by working up your information be able to claim some of the Englishman's five thousand pounds."
"Not so much of a chance as you might imagine, my friend," replied Damon. "True, I might have to report the arrival of vessels, and of course visit many of them, but if there was any smuggling detected, it would only be my duty to write the story for the paper, and I could not expect to receive any credit from the authorities for the apprehension of the guilty parties. But it was not to 'talk shop' with you that brought me in. Do you see this?" and Damon held up a package, neatly wrapped in paper, yet not so disguised but what anyone could see that it was a quart bottle. "That is some rare, old Burgundy. At least the steward of a British steamer affirms that it is. Now I want you to come to my apartments tonight and take a hand at a game of whist, and you will have an opportunity to sample the wine. What say you?"
"I would be only too pleased to make one of the party, not wholly on account of the contents of the bottle, for you know I am somewhat abstemious, but to enjoy a quiet game of whist."
"Very well, I will look for you at eight o'clock, sharp. Good-by," and with little ceremony the bustling journalist turned on his heel and left his friend's place of business to complete the arduous labors of the day.
At the hour of eight two reporters and two jewelers, all old acquaintances, were seated about a table in

Damon's room, enjoying themselves hugely as they laughed and chatted over the topics of the day.
At length the host arose and said:—"Now, boys, supposing we try the quality of the steward's present. I don't suppose that any of us are connoisseurs of wines, although we might be able to know what would make a good newspaper story when we ran against it, or tell the quality of a piece of gold when taking it in hand. However, we all have tastes, and in this free country, are at liberty to express our opinions. So, Mr. Wardsworth, yours, first," and the reporter essayed to fill the glass of his friend.
Although Mr. Damon had carefully removed the cork, yet to his surprise only a feeble stream of liquid issued forth.
"Ah," he remarked, "something has fouled up the neck of the bottle. Never mind, we'll soon fix it," and taking a long lead pencil from the breast pocket of his vest, he wiped it and thrust it into the aperture. With a gurgle the wine bubbled forth, then a hard substance struck the bottom of the goblet.
"Why, if the villains who put up this Burgundy have not left broken glass in the bottle," exclaimed Damon, with ill-concealed disgust. "They must want to murder their customers."
Stepping to his bachelor cupboard the reporter took therefrom a silver spoon, with which he fished out the foreign substance and dropped it upon the table, exclaiming:—"There's the thing which might have been the cause of some one's untimely death, and the subject of a good article for the morning journals."
A cry of surprise escaped the lips of the jeweler-guests as each simultaneously stretched forth a hand to grasp the small object which had been the means of so disturbing the equanimity of their host.
"Why, Damon! It's a diamond!" cried Mr. Wardsworth, excitedly.
"A diamond!" reiterated the reporters aghast with astonishment.
"If it is not a valuable gem, I never saw one," continued Wardsworth.
"What say you, Richardson?" turning to his companion in the trade.
"It is a stone of the first water," conclusively replied the experienced dealer in precious metals. "How came it in the bottle, do you suppose?"
"Can it be one of the stolen jewels, think you?" asked Damon, his newspaper instinct leading him with lightning rapidity to trace the "find" to the steward who had given him the wine, back across the Atlantic, even to the vaults of its original owner.
"Perhaps," answered Wardsworth, his voice husky with excitement.
"But, quick, Damon, bring us a basin, and we will examine the contents of the flask."
If the throats of the quartette had been parched with thirst, they would not for an instant have thought to moisten their lips with a drop of the liquid.
His hands trembling, Mr. Wardsworth struck off the neck of the bottle by a single blow of a fruit knife which he took from the table, then allowed the Burgundy to flow freely into the China bowl. With bated breath, the men watched the glittering spray as it fell from the jagged edge of the shattered glass.
Diamond after diamond mingled with the ruddy wine, and sparkled with scintillations which dazzled the eyes of the beholders!
For a moment the occupants of the room stood about the table, speechless; then the jeweler grasped the hand of his host, and exclaimed:
"Damon, your fortune is made! These are undoubtedly the jewels which were taken from the safe of Jasper, Sturgis & Jasper, London, and the reward of twenty-five thousand dollars is yours. A small fortune, my boy, a small fortune!"
"Then if the Englishman's gold comes this way, it shall be divided into four parts, and you, my friends, shall share with me," returned the reporter, promptly. "But what is to be done? I know a column exclusive for the morning paper," and the young man sprang towards his desk with the intention of writing out a startling story of the wonderful recovery of the stolen diamonds, valued at \$150,000.
He was restrained, however, by his friends, who assured him that to publish the matter now would be to serve as a warning to the thieves and thwart the ends of justice.
"We will take the diamonds down to my store and lock them up," said Mr. Wardsworth. "Then notify the police, who will probably arrest the steward, and then cable across the news."
"I am sorry that I have been the means of causing trouble to the man, for we are old friends," observed Mr. Damon.
"The steward may be innocent," urged Damon's companions. "Do you think if he knew the contents of the bottle he would be likely to give it away? No, sir," added Mr. Wardsworth, "you may rest assured that some of the principals in the affair have blundered, and blundered badly. Nevertheless, it was a brilliant scheme

to smuggle the diamonds into America by this means."
The jeweler's argument proved correct. The arrest and trial of the steward of the ocean steamer elicited the fact that he had been entrusted with a bottle of wine by an acquaintance in England, which he was asked to deliver to a gentleman who would call for it in Boston.
There was no name attached to the package, and he supposed it was of no more value than others of a similar brand which he had in his charge, belonging to the ship's stores. He put it in his room, and never gave it a second thought, until on reaching port he was presented with an order for the delivery of the wine. Being in a hurry at the time, he handed the caller what he thought was the right bottle. Then, a little later, when Damon came on board, he made the reporter a present of the one containing the gems.
The steward was subsequently acquitted by the authorities, but received his discharge from the steamship company for his indiscretion.
Damon, the reporter, was given the reward, but could not prevail upon his friends to share it with him, they urging that it belonged to him and him only.
Once a year, however, up the present time, the quartette sit down to a little dinner together, and as may be supposed, the principal topic of conversation is that wonderful bottle of Burgundy, whose contents were never drunk, though a portion of them serves to enhance much of the feminine beauty both in America and England, although few of the wearers realize that their glittering gems were once eagerly sought for when they were "Stolen Diamonds."—[Yankee Blade.]

The Sense of Smell in Dogs.
The sense of smell is by no means so developed in man as in dogs, cats, and other animals, but it is often abnormally keen in individuals deprived of other senses; blind deaf-mutes, for example, can recognize their friends and form an opinion about strangers solely by means of this sense. Possibly, however, animals are only sensitive to certain smells, while unconscious of others that affect us. If this be the case, they would naturally be able to follow up one particular scent more easily than a man, this scent to which they are sensitive being to them less confused with others.
Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where recognition is quite impossible, and can find a hidden biscuit even when its faint smell is still further disguised by eau de cologne. In some experiments Mr. Romanes lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footprints, in order to confuse the scent.
The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots, for when without them, or with new boots on, it failed; but followed, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can; they often get greatly excited over certain smells, and remember them for very long periods.—[Chamber's Journal.]

Why Mountain Tops Are Cold.
The decrease of temperature experienced on ascending to the tops of the highest peaks of mountain results from various causes; to say that it is "because of the lofty altitude" is not sufficient. To begin with, the greater rarification of the air, which is always encountered in upward travel, necessarily diminishes the absorbing power of the air. The temperature of the atmosphere is greater near natural sea level because such air transmits the rays of the sun without decomposing them, and cannot, therefore, be heated by them before reaching the surface of the earth, where decomposition sets in and frees the heat contained in the sunbeam.
It is a well-known philosophic fact that the air receives the principal portion of its heat by what is known as "radiation" from the earth, and the greater the distance from average sea level the less must be the power of such heat as a warmth-giving quality. Another, and perhaps the chief, reason is that the vapor screens, which so effectually temper the climate of this country and prevent the rapid dispersion of the heat from the warm earth, diminishes as we ascend a mountain and allows the heat to be freely radiated, leaving only its opposite behind.—[St. Louis Republic.]

A Dog That Fares Sumptuously.
The late Duke of Marlborough, so the story goes, did not like dogs, and when he married Mrs. Hammersley, who had a pet pug, it was decided that the animal, who was getting old, should be left behind in the States and "boarded out." Some fifteen hundred dollars were spent annually on the dog, whose home is in Philadelphia. It is, according to a local paper, bathed every other day in hot milk and fed with chopped steak. It wears a blanket out-of-doors. Its kennel has divisions for sleeping, eating and bathing, the sides being glass.—[Argonaut.]

JAPAN AT THE FAIR.

Japanese at Work on Their Headquarters in Chicago.

Artisans With Quaint Costumes and Curious Tools.

Jolly men from Nippon land worked all day yesterday at Jackson park, says a recent issue of the Chicago News-Record. They worked because the Japanese government headquarters must be completed for the opening of the Exposition, and the time is short for the undertaking.
Something about the quaint costumes, the good nature of the workers, the peculiar forms of the structures under way drew the crowd of visitors to the north end of the island to watch the proceedings.
The toilers are as picturesque as a bit of old Japan can be. They were at work on a temporary house that looked like a joke. The timbers were solid enough, but there wasn't a nail in the whole affair. The cross-pieces were fastened with pieces of jute rope. The carpenters used no ladders of any sort, but climbed from ground to top and back again with the agility of professional trapezists. The men who worked aloft had bunches of rope about their waists, with which they fastened the timbers passed up to them.
Over in another corner of the inclosure, which prevents the workmen from being overrun by spectators, is a shed full of curiosities. There are planes that look like toy tools and that are drawn toward the workman instead of being pushed from him. The adze has long, curved handles and broad, curved blades. When the Japanese carpenter wants to cut with his adze he holds the end of the curved handle with both hands, turns the blade edge upward and chops as briskly as if he really were working the right way instead of upside down. But the handsaws are the great curios of the collection. They are about as long as a butcher's cleaver and the teeth are set with a slant toward the handle which is only a strong, round piece of wood bound to the saw with a fiber wrap.
For all their implements seem but toys the men achieve surprising results. They already have the foundations of the three Japanese temples ready for the upright columns and were busy yesterday assorting the finishing material that was shipped from Japan to go into the superstructure. The working costumes of the men were as curious as their implements. A blue-cloved cap with ear-mufflers, a heavy blouse over a tight fitting shirt; trousers that would do beautifully for bicycling, they fit so close; felt or cloth shoes, some with flapping soles, and all devoid of heels—that is the garb of the laborer from chrysanthemum land.
Watching the Japanese at their work, one can understand why they captivate the foreigners who visit their country. With all the urgency of the contract, there is an amazing absence of foremen, of loud commands and violent imprecation. The laborers move about as serenely as if it were a pleasure to work. When they address each other it is with an inflection of courtesy and good nature that would drive an American "boss" into frantic suspicion of an impending strike. While the artist was sketching some of the men, the others quit work long enough to pass judgment on the sketches and then went back to sorting timbers as though such pauses were the proper thing, even in a rush.

A Whale and Her Calf.
A companion contributor, an old whaler, says that he once saw a whale calf killed, and has no desire to repeat the experience. It was off the coast of Lower California. A whale had been killed and the boats were towing it toward the ship, when the men caught sight of a large cow whale with her calf, at the windward. The fourth officer cast off from the tow and went in pursuit. The boat soon came up with the whale, but when the harpooner was just ready to strike, she became alarmed, and taking her calf between her flukes, started with the speed of a race-horse in the direction of the dead whale.
As she neared it she slackened speed, and the calf swam in her wake. Presently the young one seemed to get bewildered, rushing from one whale to the other, and soon it broke water right beside the second mate's boat.
All hands had been cautioned on no account to injure it, as such a proceeding would make the mother furious; but an Indian, seeing the creature so near, could not withstand the temptation. He seized a lance, and the next minute the calf's life-blood spouted all over the boat. A few minutes more, and the youngster rolled over and died.
The officer was still chiding the Indian, when the mother whale was seen approaching her offspring. Slower and slower she swam. Then she lay still, while quiver after quiver was seen running through her body. In vain she tried to make the little one suckle. At last, in her despair, she placed her flukes under it and tossed it into the air. It sank and was seen no more.

All this time the men had sat motionless, watching the affecting scene. Now they began to pull. It was too late. After shooting out of the water for her full length and falling back again with a tremendous splash, the mother made straight for the second mate's boat. The officer shouted to his men to jump for their lives. They obeyed, but the mate and the Indian stood at their posts.
The next instant the whale leaped out of the water and threw herself straight across the boat. It was shivered into pieces, and the two men were instantly killed.
By this time the crews of the other boats were leaping into the sea, in spite of their officers' commands. When the enraged creature broke water again, however, a lance thrown by the bomb-gun transfixed her.
As she swam round and round in her death flurry she tried in vain to reach the dead whale. Then she rolled fin upward, and lay still. The men clambered onto the boats again, and no doubt all felt, like our contributor, that one such spectacle was enough for a lifetime.—[Youth's Companion.]

Fat's Use as a Food.
Liebig taught that fat split up in the body and that the free carbon combined with the oxygen taken in in respiration to produce carbonic acid, and that it was by the act of respiratory combustion that the body heat was maintained. Fatty foods were hence considered necessary as heat producers. Recent investigations, however, show that though fat is split up and combined with oxygen in the production of heat, especially during muscular exercise, the process is effected in the tissues by the action of the cells, and not in the lungs, as formerly taught.
The use of the fat is now regarded as three fold: 1. To maintain the body heat. In cool latitudes, where the body is subject to rapid cooling, fatty foods become a necessity, so that the carbon may be easily supplied for combination with oxygen in consumption. Hence the Greenlanders consume large quantities of blubber and oil. 2. To produce force. A muscular tissue is only produced at the cost of oxidation in the tissues; fat is rapidly burned off during exercise. If absent the tissues themselves would be wasted. 3. To prevent the use of albumen. A purely albuminous diet is wasteful. It has been proved experimentally that a small amount of meat food taken in consideration with bread and fat suffices to maintain the albuminous structures of the body better than exclusively lean meat diet.
Fat stored in the body as adipose tissue is a bank on which the body may draw for supplies of energy and heat when required. It is stated that in the Franco-German war of 1870 the German Emperor, acting on the strongly expressed opinion of Ebstein that muscular fatigue could best be supported on fat, gave orders that each soldier should have served out to him 250 grammes of fat bacon. It is also a well-known fact that fat animals bear deprivation of food better than thin ones.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Travelled on a "Dead Man" Ticket.
Live men can travel on railroad tickets calling for the transportation of a "corpse in a casket." The railroads have granted this prerogative without any fight. The case in which the decision was made was that of Harry Knight of Denver. He was suffering from what was thought to be an incurable disease and was brought to this city by his sister for treatment. On the advice of friends she bought round-trip tickets, the return portion of her brother's ticket being made out for a corpse. Instead of dying in this city Mr. Knight got well and went back to Denver with his sister. He insisted on travelling on the "dead man" ticket. The conductor objected at first, but finally accepted the slip under protest. He referred the matter to the officials of the road and they decided Mr. Knight had a right to his ride back to Denver. This action may have been influenced by the fact that the transportation for a corpse is double a first-class fare.—[Chicago Post.]

Too Many Oranges Not Wholesome.
"Too many oranges are not wholesome for any one who has a tendency to gastric trouble," says a well-known physician. "It is generally supposed that oranges are particularly healthy; and in many families they are regular concomitants of a breakfast table, parents thinking that they must necessarily be wholesome, whereas in some cases they are positively injurious. One of my patients, a boy of 12 or thereabouts, has had a severe attack of stomach trouble every winter for several succeeding years, attacks for which I could find no apparent cause, until I happened to find out by accident that every year, about that time, the family received a barrel of oranges from Florida, upon which the children were allowed to regale themselves freely. This was the whole trouble; oranges did not agree with the child, and when he ate them freely he was ill. I stopped his eating them and he has never had a recurrence of the trouble."—[New York Tribune.]

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The true amber is a fossil gum.
The Middle Ages were famous for their soups.
Processes for printing colored call-cops were invented in 1764.
In the Island of New Britain a man must not speak to his mother-in-law.
The free lunch eaters of New York City consume daily two tons of potato salad.
The electric welding of metals was first practically applied to commercial work in 1888.
Chrysanthemum salad after the Chinese style is a new wrinkle at the Paris restaurants.
It is said that furnished flats lately built in New York City have pianos built into the walls.
In sorting over the letters from various parts of the world, 197 different ways of spelling Chicago have been found.
In Mexico a street car can be hired for personal use for \$3.50 per day, with a right to stop at one place for two hours.
A piece of sycamore limb about eight inches square and completely petrified was recently found near Los Alamos, Cal., by Samuel Surrine.
A deaf and dumb book canvasser sold seventy-six books within four days recently in three small New Hampshire towns, with commissions amounting to \$150.
A Maryland woman entertained three guests some time ago, named Mrs. Sprinkle, Mrs. Shower and Mrs. Storm. It should have been a quartette and balanced by Mrs. Sunshine.
The ragman's prolonged and somewhat doleful cry, which used to be heard more frequently than at present in our streets, has its prototype in Genoa, from which it came directly to this country.
Santa Anna District of California produced this season, without irrigation, a stock of corn that was nineteen feet high. The distance from the ground to the base of the first ear was nearly twelve feet.
Robert McGee of Kansas City, was scalped by the Brule Sioux Indians in 1872. Since that time he has lived in almost constant agony. The entire top of his head is almost entirely without skin. He wears a linen covering over his head.
Virginia has had only three representatives in the cabinet since 1849—W. B. Preston, Secretary of the Navy by appointment of President Taylor; A. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior under Mr. Fillmore, and John B. Floyd Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan.
Rather more than sixty-nine persons in every 100 in London are living in comfort, while rather more than thirty in every 100 are living in poverty. Of these twenty-two are poor and seven very poor, while not quite one person in every 100 belongs to the lowest classes.
Marriage by Capture in Israel.
We read in Genesis, xxxi, 26, that when Jacob had secretly made off with his wives and flocks, Laban upon overtaking him asked, "What hast thou done, that thou hast stolen away unawares to me, and carried away my daughters as captives taken with the sword?" From which it is evident that the practice of carrying off women by force was not unknown. In Numbers xxxi, we read that the Israelites, having defeated Midian, saved thirty-two thousand virgins as booty. They had at first spared all the women, as spoil, which shows that it was quite usual to do so; but on this occasion Moses induced them to murder all those who were not virgins.
In Deuteronomy, xx, 14, women are classed as spoil; and in Deuteronomy, xxi, 11, 14, are the regulations to be observed in taking to wife a woman captured in war. In the song of praise attributed to Deborah and Barak, when exulting over the defeat and death of Sisera, we find (Judges, v, 30): "Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey: to every man a damsel or two?" These are all cases of capture de facto, and they show conclusively that the Israelites captured women and took them to wife. That it was also a common practice among the neighboring nations we infer from I Samuel, xxi, 5, where David's two wives are carried off by a raiding party of Amalekites.
But, besides hostile captives, the Israelites had also marriage with the form of capture—an important point for it shows that marriage by capture had formerly been the normal mode of obtaining a wife, and that the custom of ages had caused a semblance of violence to be considered necessary, even in marriages made by arrangement. The Old Testament phrase is to "take" a wife, as for example Genesis, xxiv, 67; "And Isaac brought her unto her mother Sarah's tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife."—[Popular Science Monthly.]

The value of the honey and wax produced in the United States during the past year has been estimated at \$20,000,000.

One Relic Left.
Our grizzled board never tired of grumbling and he most conspired to ridicule things nowadays; in contrast with old-fashioned ways; He'd sandwich jests 'twixt 'em. Each mouthful of his eating, And sighs for things that once had been He ever was repeating.
"There hain't no more old-fashion sense!" He says with emphasis intense.
"No more old-fashion circus shows!" "No more old-fashion rains or snows!" "No more old-fashion hearthstone logs!" "No more old-fashion sleighing!" "No more old-fashion pedagogue!" "No more old-fashion praying!"
And so he kept a drumming at No more old-fashioned this or that. Till Mumm, our slyt boarder, coughed, And said in accent crisp yet soft— The while a meaning glance he shot. "O'er rim of lifted tumbler— "Well, anyway, I guess we've got A real, old-fashioned grumbler!" —[Boston Courier.]

HUMOROUS.

Lightning express—The telegraph. When a man is on his knees before a lady, the presumption is that he is bent on marriage.
He—I can tell just what people are thinking of me! She—Indeed! How unpleasant it must be for you!
Many a fellow who is conspicuous for his sighs before he marries turns out to be a very small man afterward.
Brown—What do you use barb wire fences for? Hayseed—So the hired man won't stop to rest every time he climbs over.
School Teacher—Why were the prisoners who were executed called "poor sinners"? Scholar—Because rich sinners always get off.
The youth heard a sigh as he murmured, Quite happy I'd be, that is certain, If fringe only looked on my trousers As well as it does on a curtain.
"No," said Mary Springs, "I never stand before my mirror any more." "That determination, I presume," said her sarcastic friend, "is the result of nature reflection."
He—You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in the world than money. She—Quite true; but it takes money to buy them.
Mrs. Fangle—I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result. Mrs. Cumso—Well, I advertised for a good-looking help-lady, and had thirty-four to select from the first day.
Mrs. Dalton—Do you always have good luck with your bread? Mrs. Youngwed—Yes, indeed, Mrs. Dalton—How do you manage it? Mrs. Youngwed—I always buy it at the bakery.
"That lawyer wouldn't charge me anything for his services. I suppose he has an eye to business in the future." "Yes, it's as much a case of paying the way as it is of waiving the pay."
Rosin for the Voice.
An Italian scientist has just made a new discovery which is likely to render good service to professional singers. From the vibratory influence of rosin on violin strings our doctor argued that a similar effect might be produced on the vocal chords. After dissolving a quantity of rosin in spirits he applied the solution to the said chords by inhalation.
But, what is still more marvellous, by adding certain substances to these inhalations, different results are arrived at. Add tincture of benzoin to your rosin and the voice will jump up an octave; balsam of tolu will lower it half an octave, whereas spirits of camphor will extinguish it altogether. Those unfortunate persons who live next door to an opera singer will please note.
Brothers in Congress.
Not since the days of the Washburns have there been brothers in the same Congress. History in this respect will repeat itself next year. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, will enter upon his fourth term, and at the same time his brother, Representative Cockrell, of Texas, will begin his first term. The Senator is the youngest of the brothers by two and a half years. But he has eighteen years the start of the Texan in Washington life. Both were Confederates from the beginning to the end of the war. Both attained the responsibility of the command of brigades. The elder Cockrell directed the famous battle of Lone Jack.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The Ages of Various Birds.
Herr Weismann, a distinguished German biologist, has pointed out that the average duration of the life of birds is by no means well known. Small singing birds live from 8 to 18 years. Ravens have lived for 100 years and parrots still longer in captivity. Fowls live from 10 to 20 years. The wild geese live over 100 years, and swans are said to have attained the age of 300. The long life of birds has been regarded as compensation for their lack of fertility and the great mortality of their young.
Qualified.
"Then," he said, rising, "I am to understand that you decline me absolutely."
"No," she answered, "I made no such sweeping assertion. I will keep your presents."—[New York Herald.]