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CONTRASTS.

I.

Blythe winds that sing along the lea,
White clouds in airy fleeces curl'd,
Fresh reaches of a sapphire sea,
A sound of laughter thro' the world.

A pair of lovers in a lane,
A coy coquetting with a ring.
A gleam of sun. A scud of rain.
A day in Spring.

II.

Rough blasts that roar across the wold,
Chill mists on mountain-summits spread,
Black branches naked to the cold,
The river frozen in its bed.

A gray head either side the fire,
Dim eyes that watch each crackling splinter,
A snowy roof. A snowy spire.
A day in Winter.

—*Ada Louise Martin, in Longman's Magazine.*

THE RAG CARPET.

"We can't afford it," said grandma, resignedly. "Why, a carpet at sixty cents a yard would come to—how much, Tom?"

"Wouldn't it depend somewhat upon the number of yards, grandma?" suggested Tom, who was putting on his great-coat in the hall.

"Well, say five breadths of a yard wide, each five yards long," said grandma, in a business tone.

"A carpet of five yards square—twenty-five yards, at sixty cents per yard—fifteen dollars," announced Tom, promptly.

Grandma looked up at him admiringly through her glasses.

"It's a good thing to have a head for figures. As for me, I never could put two and two together. But we'll have to give up that carpet, I'm afraid, though it's a great bargain. Mrs. Hackett gave full thirty dollars for it, and had it only one year, shut up in her parlor where it was scarcely trod upon. I'd like to get it for John's wife's room; but we've too many other uses for money just now."

"What a pity!" said Lizzie, who was sitting on the window-sill, dangling one neat little boot just above the floor. "The room will look so bare and comfortless without a carpet; and John is so anxious to have everything nice for Alice."

"Wouldn't the parlor carpet do?" inquired Tom, demurely. "I heard you say it was getting too shabby for the company room."

"No, it wouldn't do at all," answered Lizzie, sharply. "How would the parlor look with a bare floor at Thanksgiving and Christmas?"

"And Sunday evenings," said I, indignantly.

"Oh," said Tom, brushing his hat, "I had forgotten that. No, certainly. Young Mr. Smith mighn't find it comfortable; nor the doctor, either. They might be afraid of catching cold, and go away early."

"I think I hear the stage, Tom," said Lizzie, leaning a flushed face from the open window.

Tom kissed us all around, and went out with his valise to meet the stage. He was drummer to the biggest manufacturing firm in the little town, and was always coming and going.

He would be back in six weeks—in time to meet John and his wife, on their arrival at the old homestead.

John was making a good match, and he and his wife were to stay with us all winter, while his own house was building, about a mile distant, and we were all anxious to have everything nice for Alice.

Liz and I, waving Tom a last adieu from the porch, returned to the sitting-room.

Cousin Armenia had laid aside her knitting, and seated in a low chair in front of grandma, was leaning forward and talking, with that keen light in her gray eyes which always bespoke some new idea or inspiration.

"You see, Aunt Dorothy, 'twould be sheer extravagance to give fifteen dollars for a carpet for a bed-room. Now, when I was a girl, I made two splendid rag carpets; and though it's twenty years ago, I've not forgotten how to do it. Suppose I jest set to work and make one for John's wife's room?"

"A rag-carpet?" said Lizzie disdainfully.

"Yes, child, a rag-carpet. If 'twas called by some high-sounding name, I suppose folks would like it better. If Alice is the right sort, she won't turn up her nose at a rag-carpet, 'specially if it's new and bright. A rag-carpet can be made to look handsome; and, anyways, it's better than none."

"But where will you find the material?"

"Oh, I'll be bound to find rags enough? There's plenty of old clothes hanging in the garret, and the rag-chest and scrap-bag are full; and the neighbors won't begrudge me what old scraps they have no use for."

Grandma looked doubtful, and Lizzie a little scornful; but Cousin Armenia seemed quite elated over her idea. And being one of those active and determined sprits who lose no time in carrying out a plan as soon as it is conceived, we were not surprised to find her, next day, already set to work upon her proposed carpet.

First she visited the attic, and overhauled the big rag-chest, and examined all the half-worn and cast-off clothing hanging about. Then she went over the whole house, and ransacked every box and closet for anything that could be appropriated to her work.

The next few days were spent in washing and freshening up the various articles, and in ripping and tearing them into shreds, which were then rolled into great balls, according to their color.

All the rag-carpets that I had seen were woven in a mixed medley of colors, without order or arrangement; but Cousin Armenia showed herself possessed of an artist's eye and an æsthetic soul.

"The browns and grays, and all the other neuter tints," she said, winding her strips about an old ironing-board in the attic to illustrate her pattern, "are to make up the ground-color. Then come red and blue stripes; because, you see, one always has most of those two colors; and in the middle of each a narrow stripe of green and yellow, which are skeerce colors to get. I'd like a little purple; but that's what you hardly ever come across."

"If you could get the purple," I said, "you would have all the colors of the rainbow, and one would call your carpet the Iris-pattern."

She appeared struck with this idea.

"To be sure, there's my old purple merino, which I'd had an idea of making over for a Sunday-school dress for little Kitty Leary. But I dare say a new calico would do as well. Calico is only six or eight cents a yard; and, any way, charity ought to begin at home."

That evening she came down covered with dust and bits of thread, just in time to tidy herself for supper.

Deacon Hutchings had come in to see grandpa on some little business matter and at table grandma apologized for the absence of hot-cakes, on plea of cousin Amenia's pre-occupation with her carpet.

"A rag-carpet, eh?" said the deacon, with interest. "Well, my mother used to be a great hand on rag carpets; but sence her day they seem pretty nigh to ha' died out. Seems to me wimmen ain't as keerful and saving nowadays as they used to be. Now, if I ever get married," he added, with his dry smile, "I'll expect Mrs. Deacon Hutchings to make a rag carpet the first thing a'most."

"Then don't ask Susie or me, please, deacon," said Lizzie, archly; "for we both hate rag carpets—they're so ugly."

"You won't think so when you've seen mine," said Cousin Armenia, with a confident nod; "and anyways it'll save fifteen dollars out o' nothing, and that's a consideration."

The deacon looked approvingly at the woman who could make fifteen dollars out of nothing. He was a good man, generally liked and respected; but bore the character of being rather "closer" than there was any necessity for, seeing that he was well off, and with no family to support—for the deacon was a bachelor.

When Cousin Armenia had used up all her "material," she discovered to her dismay that at least one-third more was required. So she went again over the house, collecting everything before rejected that could be made available. Colored hose and corsets were pressed into service—bits formerly considered too small were carefully collected and stitched together. The very rag-bag itself, when emptied, was seized upon; and even grandma's old red flannel dusting rag did not escape. The rag carpet became a standing joke with us.

"There's a pair of leather shoestrings for your carpet, Armeny," grandpa would observe, drily, "and some raveled rope ends in the barn, if you're a mind to 'em."

But Cousin Armenia's soul was not to be put down by sarcasm, any more than it had been dismayed by difficulties. The carpet progressed, and about the same time Lizzie and I began to discover various articles of our clothing missing, which upon rigid investigation were found reduced to strips in Cousin Armenia's carpet-rag balls. Among other things were the green lining of a cashmere skirt—green being one of the "skeerce" colors; a Turkey-red curtain, which was to have been mended and done duty in Tom's room, and a pair of grandpa's "trowsers," which, though not yet condemned to the attic, Cousin Armenia had pronounced entirely too shabby for further wear, and so utilized in her omnivorous carpet.

Grandpa said little, but, as grandma informed us in confidence, became very particular in putting away his clothes, and instead of leaving his coat hanging behind the entry door or over a chair at night, always carefully deposited it behind his bed or under his pillow.

One day the deacon "happened in" when Cousin Armenia was piecing together a quantity of very small scraps wherewith to eke out her carpet.

"You make pretty close work of them leetle rag-tags, Miss Armeny," he remarked, in his slow way.

"Yes; I make a p'int of never throwin' away anything that can be put to a use," she returned, complacently. "But I'm dreadful scrimped for rags enough to finish off my carpet in time. Mebbe, deacon, you haven't any old vest or such that you'd be glad to get rid of, eh?"

The deacon said he'd look, and next day he sent over some well-worn silk neckties and pocket-handkerchiefs, for which certainly no other use could have been found, save that which he himself suggested, of "putting 'em on a pole to scare the crows with."

We laughed at the idea of a silk carpet; but Cousin Armenia, without a word, carefully incorporated them in her work.

After this she canvassed the village, importuning her friends for "old clothes," and the tailors and dressmakers for "selveges."

And so in time, to the relief of everybody concerned, a sufficient quantity of "material" had been provided, and the carpet was sent to be woven at a neighboring farm-house.

Meantime, we had been busied in other preparations for John and his bride, and when these were all completed, nothing remained save to put down Cousin Armenia's new carpet.

Lizzie and I rode with her to the farm-house to get it, and on seeing it, had to acknowledge that it was as near pretty as a rag carpet could be. Still it was ugly—for how can a rag-carpet be made to look anything but coarse and common?

We spent that night at a friend's in the country; and next morning returning home, Cousin Armenia triumphantly ordered her carpet to be carried up to "John's wife's room."

Lizzie and I followed. I opened the door, and stopped short at sight of a pretty, bright-colored, three-ply carpet lying in the middle of the floor.

"Why, it's Mrs. Hackett's carpet!" Lizzie exclaimed; "the very one that we wanted to buy when she broke up housekeeping."

"Yes," said grandma, a little dubiously, coming up behind us, "it seems that Tom, when he heard how much we wanted it, that day that he went away, stopped at the Bradley's and told Alf to get it for him, and Alf never thought of doing anything but keeping it until Tom came back, as he did yesterday, just after you left. Here he is now," as Tom came bounding up stairs, three steps at a time.

Lizzie and I sprang to meet him, but Cousin Armenia received his greeting with the air of a deeply-injured and indignant person.

"I don't see the use of having two carpets in one room," she presently remarked, coldly.

And Tom had to explain how he had not had time to make up his mind about the purchase of the carpet until he had actually driven off in the stage-coach, when, stopping at the Bradley's he had arranged with Alfred to get it for him, but forgot to say that it must be sent to grandpa's. And as for Cousin Armenia's carpet, he was innocent of its existence, nothing ever having been said to him about it.

"Well," said Cousin Armenia, "I've had all my labor and pains for nothing. The idea," she added, indignantly—"the idea of spending fifteen dollars on a bed-room carpet, when one just as serviceable could be had for nothing!" and she looked proudly at her work.

"For nothing, Cousin Armenia?" inquired Tom.

"For skeercely anything. The weaving did cost about four dollars; but that don't count."

"And the thread for the woof?" suggested Tom.

"Well, that might be a few dollars more," she admitted.

And a rather uneasy light came into her eyes. She left the room abruptly.

Then Lizzie said:

"And the good clothing destroyed, and the time spent on preparing those rags, and the hiring of the wagon to go for the carpet—what do these amount to?"

"To say nothing of the new dress that must be bought for Kitty Leary, and the new curtain for Tom's room," I added. "Why, altogether, these two carpets must have cost about the same, and Cousin Armenia has made nothing by her economical idea."

Grandpa was standing behind us, his hands in his pockets, and a very knowing look in his eyes.

"Mebbe you're a leetle mistaken, Susie," he said, drily. "My own idee is that Armeny's made more on that rag carpet than she'd a notion of, and a good deal more than it's worth. It's likely the best investment she's ever made."

"And meantime," said grandma, "we will put Tom's carpet in the parlor, and Armeny's in this room. She's done what she thought best, and it wouldn't do to hurt her feelings."

That evening Tom slyly called me to look at Cousin Armenia, who, with a kitchen-knife in her hand, was pruning away at the rose-bushes in the garden, while the deacon, seated cross-legged on the fence, was deliberately and carefully whittling a stick.

"Why, she will ruin the bushes!" I exclaimed. "See how she is chopping them to pieces. What can she be thinking of?"

"What were you thinking of, Susie," said Tom, solemnly, "that time in the parlor when the doctor was saying something in a low tone and you were deliberately picking your gloves to pieces?"

And then a light flashed upon me, and I ran out to tell Lizzie that I had found out what grandpa had meant by Cousin Armenia's "investment." And Lizzie laughed and said, "How ridiculous!" And then in the same breath, "Why, how nice it will be, Susie. I am so glad!"

Next day John and his wife came, and we were all delighted with Alice. Her father had money, and she had been brought up in a more dainty style of living than we were accustomed to, which made us rather anxious about her being pleased with things. One day, when she had been about a week with us, grandma inquired of John if Alice were perfectly satisfied, or if there was anything that he would like to have done for her?

"Only one thing, grandma," he replied, cheerfully. "She's delighted, and perfectly satisfied and happy; but, you see, she has some fancies which you would think whimsical. The carpet in her room—"

"I knew it!" exclaimed Lizzie, flushing. "That horrid rag-carpet!"

John laughed.

"It isn't its being a rag-carpet that she objects to, Liz; but she has a prejudice against any sort of a carpet in a sleeping-room. She thinks it unhealthy—and, you know, many physicians hold that opinion. A little strip by the bedside and before the hearth is all that she requires."

"I'll see to it to-day," said grandma.

And then she looked up at us and laughed a little.

"Poor Armenia's carpet seems unlucky," she said.

"Oh, she'll find a use for it," said grandpa, quietly. "We must make her a present of it, Dorothy, and she'll find the right place for it before long."

Grandpa, was right. Long before John and Alice moved into their new house, Cousin Armenia's bright rag-carpet was reposing upon Deacon Hutchings' parlor floor, with the deacon's silk handkerchiefs gleaming conspicuously in the center, while Cousin Armenia herself moved about, making his home pleasant and cheerful for him.

"Saving is making," said the deacon; "and a woman who can make fifteen dollars out of nothing, is worth something."

Nor do I think that his wife has ever hinted to him what that carpet really cost.—*Susan Archer Weiss.*

Hair and Fright.

When a single hair is examined through a microscope a number of dark streaks and spots are scattered over it. They are composed partly of air-cells, but principally of pigment. The differences in color of the hair in different persons, and its variations in color in the same person at different periods of life, are mainly to be attributed to the varying tint and quantity of this pigment. Sudden fear or intense grief has turned a person's hair gray in a single night. This change of color is not due to the disappearance of the pigment of the hair, which takes place slowly, but upon the sudden development in the interior of the hair of a number of air-bubbles, which hide and destroy the effect of the pigment.

A Sudden Gust.

In the manuscript records of the town of Georgetown, Mass., appears this entry: "1646, July 5. There arose a sudden gust at N. W. So violent for half an hour as it blew down multitudes of trees. It lifted up the meeting-house at Newbury, the people being in it. It darkened the air with dust, yet, through God's mercy, it did no hurt, but only killed one Indian with the fall of a tree. It was straight between Lynn and Hampton."

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

He Took the Hint.

They were sitting alone in the parlor when she sweetly remarked:

"George, dear, can you tell me why it is that the course of true love never runs smoothly?"

"It does run smoothly, darling," said George, passionately. "What could be smoother than the course of our true love?"

"And love is blind, is it not?" she went on.

"Yes, love is said to be blind," replied George, wondering what she was trying to get at.

"Well, I can tell you why true love never runs smoothly," and she looked at the lapel of his coat as though she would like to go to sleep there. "Love is blind, and instead of helping the blind it is considered the proper thing to pull down the blind."

George acted upon this hint and pulled down the blind.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Artemus Ward in Search of Pies.

"Come in here, come in here," said the late Artemus Ward, one day, in Boston, to the companion walking with him. "Come in here; we will have some fun." It was a Boston pie bakery which they entered—a place where pies were a specialty—where pies and nothing but pies were sold, wholesale and retail, all the livelong day. Ward approached the counter behind which the proprietor of the establishment was standing, and asked, in his bland, insinuating voice:

"Have you any pies?"

"Pies!" replied the astounded proprietor.

"Yes, pies."

"Pies!" repeated the man, still more dumbfounded.

"Of course—pies. Have you any pies?"

"Pies!" gasped the shopman once more, gazing at Ward as if he thought him an escaped lunatic.

"Oh, well, if you haven't got any pies I'll inquire somewhere else; come on, Jack," and he marched his friend out of the shop again before the salesman could recover his wits.

The Way it is Done.

The New York *Evening Post* narrates a laughable incident of Lord Coleridge's visit to this country. The chief justice was entertained at dinner one evening by a local magnate of a Western New York city. The caterer furnished the refreshments and the china on which they were served, which, by the way, was a new and beautiful hand-painted set. During the course of the dinner it is related that Lord Coleridge said to his charming hostess:

"You will excuse the comment, but I really must compliment you on the exquisite beauty of your china."

My lady calmly appropriated the compliment, and gracefully replied: "Thank you, my lord. It is used for the first time in your lordship's honor."

Then the dinner moved on to a successful close. Judge of his lordship's surprise when, at a breakfast given next morning by a legal luminary, he was confronted by the same beautiful set of china. But his surprise was augmented when, on the following day, the banquet in his honor, given at a rival city, ninety miles away, was graced with the hand-painted china used for the first time in his lordship's honor.

Topnoody.

Mr. Topnoody sat at the supper table Tuesday evening as his wife cleared away the things, and after a moment's silence he remarked:

"My dear, do you know what day the day after to-morrow will be?"

"Of course I do; it's Thursday."

"I don't mean that, my dear. Do you know what anniversary it will be?"

"I don't recall."

"Why, my dear, don't you know that it is the anniversary of our marriage? On that day, thirty-five years ago, we were made man and wife, and—"

"And I've had a grudge against that preacher ever since," interrupted Mrs. Topnoody.

"And," he continued, not noticing it, "since that day, hand in hand, we have gone along the pathway of life, gathering its thorns and its flowers, bearing one another's burdens and sharing one another's happiness. Whatever of sorrow we may have had, my dear, has been lightened by dividing it between us, and whatever of joy, has been doubled by a mutual possession."

"That sounds like you had been reading a novel, Topnoody."

"No, dear, it is merely the outgrowth of a pleasant retrospection. Do you know, my dear, it seems to me but yesterday since I saw the orange blossoms in your hair, and heard the music of the mystic words which joined two hearts and two lives in a unity blessed of heaven. Has time sped on winged feet for you, my dear?"

"Not hardly, Topnoody."

"But, my dear, how long have the joyous moments seemed to you?"

"Well, Topnoody, I haven't figured it out quite as fine as hours and moments, but taking it in a lump, I should say it had seemed about four thousand years. I might throw off an hour or two on an exact calculation, but not more than that, Topnoody."

Mr. Topnoody didn't ask for an exact calculation.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Goes on Crutches.

Mr. Jabed Gazely, traveling salesman for the well known liquor house of Gumcane & Racket, now wears a pair of crutches, not for ornament, particularly, but mainly for use. Several days ago Gazely, while en route for a rural seat of trade, fell in with a lot of young fellows, representing many trades and professions. They exchanged cards, flasks and compliments, old jokes and wearisome stories. When Gazely arrived at the small town where he was to transact business, if possible, he proceeded at once to the house whose wants in the whisky line he had ever supplied, but, upon entering the store, he saw that a change in proprietorship had taken place. The proprietor came forward.

"Good-morning, sir."

"Good morning. I see that this place has changed ownership. I used to do considerable business with your predecessor, and I hope to merit your confidence."

"Your name?"

Gazely handed him a card, not his own commercial pasteboard, but unfortunately the name and two-line advertisement of a young undertaker he had met on the train. The merchant looked at the card for a moment and said:

"I am thankful to say, sir, that I need nothing in your line."

"But you soon will, I hope," replied Gazely.

The merchant knit his brows, dropped a stitch, picked it up and proceeded to knit a while longer.

"I hope I may not soon need your services, sir. I don't know why you say that my predecessor ever had any dealings with you, for he is a young man—"

"I know he's a young man," said Gazely, looking sharply at the merchant, "but what difference does that make? He kept his cellar well stocked with my goods, but that's neither here nor there. I've got the best in the market, and just now we are selling at strikingly low figures. You'll never have a chance to do better and I advise you to lay in a stock at once. Now, for your own individual use, I can do the nice thing by you."

"Do you take me for a fool!"

"Certainly not. I'm only advising you to buy in time. Such reasonable figures will not be open to you many days longer. I can fix you up in nice style, so that when your friends and neighbors come in—"

"You heartless scoundrel!" exclaimed the merchant, wheeling Gazely around and kicking him from the door. The fall injured the young man, hence the crutches. The mistake has been discovered and both parties, young Gazely in particular, are sorry that such a ludicrous misunderstanding should have occurred.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A White Elephant.

A writer in the London *Telegraph* says of Barnum's white elephant, purchased in Siam and destined for exhibition in the United States: "The elephant is not white, but of a very disagreeable, leprous looking shade of flesh color. This is probably the first time one of these albinos has ever gone out of Asia, and the chances are that it would not have done so even now if the present sovereign of Burmah had not been a lunatic. King Theebaw is as mad as any hatter ever was, and a ruffian as well. All that he had done yet in the way of extravagant execution of his autocratic power is as nothing compared to the sale of a white elephant. Hitherto it had been death to remove one from the kingdom, or even to conceal the fact of the existence of such an animal; for to do so was sacrilege in the worst degree. But to sell a white elephant! There is no language in Asia to express the infamy of such a transaction, since the white elephant is the sacred emblem and abode of Burman divinity. It is addressed as 'Lord of Lords.' Priests prostrate themselves as it passes by. All the honors of worship are paid to it. A noble of high rank has to be its chamberlain. Its retinue is fit for a prince of the blood royal. Not that such albinos are very rare; in India, for instance, where it is not sacred, elephants patched with pink are by no means uncommon.

"But from time immemorial, when the old court of Ava was a great power in Asia, it has been one of the emblems of kingly rank, a symbol of a divinely-given sovereignty, the incarnation of the favors of heaven, nay, incarnate divinity itself. Sickness among the sacred animals was ominous of coming evil; their demeanor and gestures afforded auguries, auspicious or sinister. They were the oracles of Burmah, and, more than this, the Palladia too. Yet for the sake of dollars King Theebaw has sold a white elephant. He has plenty more, it is true—and elephants are expensive pets to keep—but in all its history did Egypt ever descend to striking a bargain over a god, or Rome and Greece part, for cash or other consideration, with anything that it revered? That the elephant will like it is hardly probable, since it is one thing to be a sacred animal, fed upon all delicacies of the season, and with nothing to do but march on great occasions in a procession, and quite another to become the property of a showman. These natural curiosities are proverbially delicate in constitution, and for all that the new possessor knows his majesty may have sold him one that was already in ill health. King Theebaw is quite unscrupulous enough for any enormity—even getting the best of an American speculator.

The Gondolas of Venice.

In the years gone past, when doges lived in the ducal palace and Venetian might was felt in wars as well as in the world of commerce, the gondolas were brilliant with the wealth of decoration lavished on them; and to-day, robbed as they are of all their finery and having a uniform blackness, they are the treasured carriers of the people. They fill the Grand Canal as thickly as wagons do Broadway; they swing gracefully around sharp corners, dart up narrow but still watery ways, plunge under bridges and are rowed over the lagoon and across to neighboring islands. And these strange boats, gliding up streets of water, these curious carriages without horses that meet you at your doorsteps, that are hired to go on errands with, that are so comfortable, so easily managed, so fleet, so silent, so well rowed, constitute one great charm of Venice. No other city has them; no other ever will. They are purely local; as much a part of the city as the churches are, or as the ducal palace is. They meet you on arrival at the station and carry you to your hotel, and they never leave you. By their aid you see the city. Lazily settled back in their embrace you behold the sunsets from near San Giorgio Maggiore, or see the tall Campanile rising beyond the water out of St. Mark's square. They carry you to the Lido and to Della Salute, and under the Rialto. Seated in them and noiselessly darting here and there and everywhere, one needs not the presence of Gothic columns and Byzantine architecture and the time-stained works of the old masters to tell him that he is in an ancient city and in one that has the richest art and the most novel features of any in Europe. Venice is an unnatural reality; it is an existing curiosity that seems as though it must have been forced up out of the sea upon which it rests, instead of having been built where it is because its founders had nothing but submerged sand-bars to build upon.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Wood wool is now used for dressing wounds in surgery. It is very absorbent, as delicate as cotton and very cheap; it will absorb twelve times its weight of water, being sponge-like in this particular.

A French meteorologist has in the exposed court of his house two bars of iron planted in the earth, to each of which is fixed a conductor of coated wire, terminating in a telephonic receiver. His practice is to consult the apparatus twice or thrice every day, and it never fails, through its indications of earth currents, to give notice of the approach of a storm twelve to fifteen hours ahead.

Professor Putnam, of Hartford, lecturing upon his own explorations of the Turner altar mounds of Ohio, said that among the 200,000 specimens found were some showing how large a space the mound-builders and their trading allies covered on this continent. There were grizzly bears' teeth that must have come from the Rocky mountains, alligators' teeth from the South, and pearls from the seashore. Thousands of pearls were found in one altar, all drilled for stringing.

The vaccination of animals, according to the plan suggested by the eminent French savant, M. Pasteur, in order to protect them against rinderpest and other diseases, has been tried in British Burmah with great success. Some calves, elephants, sheep, and a pig were inoculated with M. Pasteur's lymph, and, though they suffered in no way from the experiment, the calves in particular seemed to have been so far proof from further infection that they escaped scot-free when placed several times among herds severely affected with rinderpest.

Those who have never seen the much talked-of dynamite explosive will be interested to know that it looks very much like moist brown sugar. Nitro-glycerine, which is formed by the action of nitric acid upon glycerine, at a low temperature, is the active agent in dynamite, but is mixed with some absorbent substance to render it safer to handle than the liquid glycerine. The absorbent material thus used is a silicious earth—a fine white powder composed of the remains of infusoria, and resembling powdered chalk; this takes up two or three times its weight of the nitro-glycerine, without becoming pasty, and the ingredients are easily mixed, leaden vessels and wooden spoons being used to avoid dangerous friction. When flame is applied to this mass it burns with a strong flame, without any explosion; but when ignited by a detonating fuse, or even by a sudden blow, its explosive force is tremendous.

Man Always the Same Animal.

George Ticknor Curtis says in the *Manhattan Magazine*: The most splendid specimen of the Caucasian race that the civilized world can show to-day has no more organs, bones, muscles, arteries, veins, or nerves than those which are found in the lowest savage. He makes a different use of them, and that use has changed their development, and to some extent has modified stature, physical, intellectual and moral, and many other attributes; as climate and habits of life have modified complexion, the diseases to which the human frame is liable, and many other peculiarities. But if we take historic man, we find that in all the physical features of his animal construction that constitutes him a species he has been essentially the same animal in all states of civilization or barbarism. And unless we boldly assume that the prehistoric man was an animal born with a coat of hair all over his body, and that clothing was resorted to as the hair in successive generations disappeared, we can have no very strong reason for believing that the human body has been at any time an essentially different structure from what it is now. Even in regard to longevity or power of continued life, if we set aside the exceptional cases of what is related of the patriarchs in the biblical records, we do not find that the average duration of human life has been much greater or much less than the threescore and ten or the fourscore years that are said to have been the divinely appointed term. As to what may have been the average duration of life among prehistoric men, we are altogether in the dark.

The Story of a Big Factory.

"You see that large factory? It covers the entire block. Half a million of money wouldn't buy it. Well, it was built by a little piece of cord not more than six inches long." Here the speaker paused and scrutinized the reporter's countenance for indications of incredulity, not to say astonishment. But the narrator was talking to a man who, since the introduction of the telephone, has made it a point of principle to be ready for anything and to believe all that he hears. The speaker added:

"Eight years ago there lived on the west side, in the third story of a cheap tenement, down near the North river, a poor mechanic, who was kept poor because he had a passion for inventing; it amounted to a passion. He didn't drink and didn't travel with the politicians, and all who knew his family wondered why they should be so poor. Time passed on, and still the man was poor. But at last he perfected an invention—the simplest thing on earth—and with his patent in his hand he went down town one day, and called for the head of a house whose check was current for five figures anywhere in 'the street.' The inventor offered to sell two-thirds of his patent for $20,000 if the house would bind itself to put $100,000 into factories for producing the little thing that he had invented. The firm signed papers in less than an hour from the time of hearing the proposal, and in another hour the inventor had converted the firm's check for $20,000 in greenbacks. Lots were bought, and a factory was erected. The business speedily grew to gigantic proportions, and at length the firm acquired all the rest of the block, and covered it with brick and mortar, and now the inventor is able to associate with the millionaires. The little glove fastener—a piece of cord about six inches long and a dozen little metal hooks or buttons—is the thing that was invented.—*New York Sun.*

Indiana has 3,737 church edifices, valued at $12,555,000. She pays her ministers $1,037,337.

SISTER GRACES.

A friend and neighbor said to me:
'Of graces named, there are but three—
Faith, Hope, and blessed Charity."

"Three more," I said, "there should be, friend;
Three more to bless us to the end:
May heaven to us this trio send.

"And if to listen you'll agree,
I'll tell their precious names to thee:
Love, Patience, and sweet Courtesy.

Love should with Faith go hand in hand
And Patience wait at Hope's command,
While Courtesy equipped should stand

At Charity's wide open door,
And as her ministrations pour
Upon the people, go before.

Yes; Courtesy should always lead—
Prepare the rough soil for the seed,
And bear the cruse of oil in need.

When dwelling on fair Charity,
We think, my neighbor, you'll agree—
Too little of sweet Courtesy.

It is of life a better part
The ray to warm a troubled heart,
The precious balm to heal the smart.

It will the sternest soul beguile;
Where dwelt a frown 'twill plant a smile,
Its influence speeding many a mile.

Then hail, all hail, our graces three!
Send forth their praise o'er land and sea—
Love, Patience, and sweet Courtesy!

—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in Baldwin's Monthly*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A grate industry—Raking the fire.

A maiden effort—Trying to catch a husband.

A reporter describing a wedding, said: "It was all over in a very few minutes." Gracious! Sounds like a hanging.—*Progress.*

There is a difference between the lips of a young man and the lips of a young lady—but sometimes it is a mighty small one.—*Detroit Post.*

Bonanza Flood's daughter will be worth $35,000,000. There is a flood, which taken at the tied leads on to fortune.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"I Say No," is the title of Wilkie Collins' new story. Every gentleman should carry a copy in his pocket during leap-year. It will save wear and tear of vocal organs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Why don't you come and kiss me, Johnny?" said an ancient maiden aunt to her youthful nephew. "Because," said Johnny, hanging his head, "I'm afraid of powder."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

"Yes," said a Philadelphia woman, "my husband could afford to buy me a sealskin dolman, but I won't wear one. I can't bear the smell of fish, and as seals live in the sea they must smell fishy."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Everything went off very smoothly," said one, concerning a wedding. "It ought to," said the groom, who was present, "it was run on casters." It appears that the happy couple were presented with thirteen pickle-caters.—*Saturday Night.*

Three skeletons of Guiteau are on exhibition throughout the country, viz., his skeleton when he was a boy, his skeleton before he shot Garfield, and his skeleton when he was hanged. Behold the victories that modern science achieves!—*Somerville Journal.*

A magazine writer asks: "How shall we utilize the Indians?" This is a difficult question to answer, but perhaps the best plan would be to petrify them, and sell them for cigar-store signs. This idea is worthy of consideration, anyhow.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Are you fond of dates?" asked he, as he passed the fruit to his betrothed. "Very much so," replied she, and then she coyly added: "I know of a sweeter date than this." "What date is that?" queried he. "The date of our marriage!" softly responded the gentle one.—*New York Commercial.*

Some genius has won his way to great popularity with the universal choir by inventing a rubber peanut; thus putting the vocalists of the organ loft in possession of an exotic which they could never before eat between hymns, because of the crackling quality of the overskirt.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A news item says that King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is in pecuniary trouble. His crown has not been paid for, and he cannot borrow money. It is probable he will either sell chromos of his crown or get up an art loan exhibition to raise the necessary funds.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Boston *Transcript* asserts that: "The Spaniards have a religious reverence for the banana, believing it to be the fruit of which Adam partook. In our own land we have seen many men prostrate themselves before it." It is not an unusual thing to hear our citizens swear by it.—*Statesman*

"What time does the 2:30 train start?" demanded an excited female, waving her valise at a bashful young clerk on one of our business streets the other afternoon. And the young man was so embarrassed that he blushed up to his eyes and meekly stammered: "Three twenty, ma'am."—*Burlington Free Press.*

The high-school girl's brother Jim told her a new conundrum yesterday. It is this: "What is the difference between shooting a man and killing a hog?" The answer was: "One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other is killing with intent to salt." When she met Amy she propounded the conundrum to her, but Amy gave it up. "Well, I'll tell you," said Mildred; "one is assaulting with intent to deprive of life, and the other is killing with intent to preserve in brine." And Amy failed to see the point.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A BOSTON BELLE'S GRIEF.

Claude's arm entwined her sleader waist;
The zephyrs fanned her golden hair;
She looked like sculptured marble chaste,
Sublimely formed, etherial, fair.

Her little fairy hand he pressed,
And gazed into her bright blue eye;
She nestled softly on his breast,
Then dropped her head and heaved a sigh.

"My precious Belle" cried Claude, in grief;
"Tell what this secret sadness means:
"Speak, angel! What can give relief?"
She sweetly murmured "Pork and Beans."

—*Oil City Blizzard.*