

A man with an artificial face has been attracting much attention at the English watering place. He had an artificial cheek, eye and palate, fitted by a surgeon of Bristol. He eats without the slightest difficulty, and speaks distinctly.

The metric system is slowly, but surely, becoming established throughout the civilized world. The English-speaking countries, however, are slower in adopting it than those of other lands, and in our own country there is as yet comparatively little use of the system—excepting in scientific circles. That it is extending, however, is shown by figures presented at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science. Countries representing 302,000,000 of people have adopted it—a gain of 53,000,000 in ten years.

[The New York Journal of Commerce, which favors industrial schools, says of those institutions: "They might well be founded and conducted at the expense of the several trades. It would pay enormously to the trades if they had schools in which girls and boys were educated for the labor in those trades. The regular course to the door of any industry, any workshop, would be through a school. The result of such a system would be a constant supply of skilled workmen, any one of whom at the age of eighteen would earn higher wages for himself and more profit for his employer than is now earned by the average workman of forty. Industrial education instead of the present diffuse, inapplicable and useless sort of education would thus be a blessing to the laborers and the laboring classes first, to the capitalists and employers next, and so to the whole community. And the laborer who had been educated to his trade and had pursued it conscientiously would be infinitely better fitted to represent his fellow-citizens at the Capitol than are nine-tenths of the men now sent to Legislatures and Congress. One educated, skilled, and able mechanic is worth more to his country than a hundred half-educated lawyers, physicians or other professional men."

The Providence Journal observes that "the petition for the coinage of a half-cent piece, which is being prepared for presentation to the next Congress, may not be supported by any urgent necessity, but it cannot be denied that the request has some elements of reason. It may be said, of course, that we have tried this thing once and gave it up, and it is quite true that the old half-cent, begun to be coined in 1792, was discontinued in 1857 without any remonstrance from the people. But though the people apparently consented to its discontinuance, they have gone on persistently recognizing in trade the half-cent value, and it may well be argued that values which play a considerable part in business dealings ought to be represented in a combination of coins. A half-cent would certainly be a great convenience in many kinds of business, and it might do something toward promoting the exercise of economy. Indeed the tendency of narrowing profits, which is everywhere easily traceable, must mean the more general use of the smaller fractional coins; and it would not be surprising if the half-cent should before long come into common demand for the same reasons that have brought the one and two-cent pieces into use in sections of the country where until very recently they were practically unknown."

Some interesting statements regarding the extension of the area of cultivated land in the United States are presented in a recent report of the statistician of the Department of Agriculture, says Bradstreet's. It appears that the area under the four principal arable crops—corn, wheat, oats and cotton—increased from 128,000,900 acres in 1879 to 159,000,000 acres in 1885. This represents an expansion in nine years of the area under these crops of 31,000,000 acres, or an extent of land more than equaling the entire area of the three northern New England States. The increase in the area under corn, oats and cotton is greater than the total area of the State of Ohio. This striking result leads the statistician to make the further calculation that if the increase in all tilled and grass land has been in the same proportion as that in the four crops mentioned, we have now a total area of improved lands in farms of 356,000,000 acres, as compared with 285,000,000 acres in 1878, or an increase almost equal to the total surface area of New England, New York and New Jersey, equaling the entire area of improved land in 1880 to the eleven cotton States, with the addition of Delaware and Maryland. The figures of the coming census dealing with the agricultural area should present some interesting comparisons with those of the last census year.

THE OLD CANOE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its mooring the old canoe.
The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing; one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done,
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl with the dull "too-who,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.
The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its moldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.
The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the twilight wind plays with the boat as it will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain.
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.
Oh! many a time with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.
But, now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
All the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skill wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things,
But I love to think of the hours that sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed
Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew
O'er the moldering stern of the old canoe.

MATTIE'S CHOICE.

If any one had hinted to pretty Mattie Woolston that she would ever figure as a heroine in a story, she would have opened her brown eyes wide in amazement. She was the only child of good old Dr. Woolston, of Greypport, a thriving town in Yorkshire, and in the circle of local society was considered at once a belle and an heiress. Hair and eyes the color of a chestnut when first the burr uncloses, a complexion as soft as satin and white as milk, with the prettiest rose tint of color on the round cheeks, white, even teeth set in a pretty, smiling mouth, a figure tall, slight and graceful, were the attractions in appearance of the village beauty.
But those who knew Mattie Woolston well went to say that her pretty face and figure were the least of her charms. She had a low, musical voice, a manner graceful and easy, high-bred by intuition of what was dignified and maidenly; she was the neatest housekeeper in Greypport, and all her taste, full dresses and hats were the work of her own deft fingers. She had read intelligently, and could converse well.

So it is no matter for wonder that Mattie had many lovers. But foremost upon the list, to all appearance, was handsome Ned Gordon, who had been to the University, and whose father shared the aristocratic honors of Greypport with the doctor and clergyman, being the only lawyer in the town.

The clergyman was a bachelor of nearly forty years of age, who had come but recently to Greypport to reside over the church where the Woolstons and the Gordons had each a pew. He was a grave, reserved man, whose face bore the impress of sorrows and cares conquered, and succeeded by the serene peace that is far above the careless content that has never known interruption. He was not a handsome man, but had large, tender eyes under a broad white brow; and these would irradiate his homely face with a light almost divine, when he preached with an eloquence and simplicity rarely combined; so that men went from his church, slowly and thoughtfully pondering upon truths that were but homely, every-day facts, but suddenly had been illumined by earnest eloquence into paths to salvation.

One of these men, young, wealthy and full of talent, was Ned Gordon, Mattie's ardent admirer from boyhood. He had left her in sobbing pain of love to go to a boarding school, had felt his heart torn when college took him again from Mattie, and had become more devoted than ever when he came home "for good," to find her grown to womanhood, fairer than ever.

He had been wont to say of himself, when he considered the subject at all, that he "was not a bad fellow, as fellows go," being simply an idle hanger-on to his father's wealth, a dissolute student of musty law-books when the mood seized him, floating carelessly down life's stream doing no especial harm by the way, but assuredly doing no good either. Of his personal responsibility in the scheme of creation, he had never thought until the Rev. Harvey Stillman was appointed vicar of the fine old church at Greypport, where Ned's fine tenor was quite a feature in the choir. It must be confessed that, under the dull prosy preaching of Harvey Stillman's predecessor, the choir seats had been a gathering place for much quiet flirtation among the belles and beaux of the town;

and Ned's chief magnet was the certainty of sitting near Mattie, and hearing her clear sweet soprano join his own voice.

But before Harvey Stillman had been a month at Greypport, Ned was unceasingly conscious that many of his words were as dagger thrusts at his own aimless, useless life, and waking to this consciousness, he also awakened to another disagreeable fact—namely, that Mattie was also perceiving that there was a more earnest, real thing, than she had before pictured it to herself.

She had never been a drone in the hive, but she had become more actively useful outside of her little house-world, visiting in a quiet, unostentatious way, among the poorest of her father's patients, doing good in an humble spirit, but with a sincere desire to help, as far as possible, those who needed her gentle ministrations.

Ned loved her more than ever for the gentle self-denials she practiced so quietly that only those who were benefited knew of them, but, to his great dismay, there came a little gulf between himself and his love, widening so gradually he could not tell where it had commenced or would end.

For the first time since he was a mere boy he saw that Mattie gave him only the warm friendship or years of brotherly and sisterly intercourse, where he had given the first and only love of his life. She seemed drifting from him, absorbed in her new duties and leaving but little margin of time for the recreations they had shared for years. He was appalled by the fear of losing her, and yet she kept him from telling her either his hopes or his fears.

"She thinks I am an idle, good-for-nothing fellow," he thought, "and I never get any chance now to tell her I mean to buckle on my armor, too, and do my share of work. I am studying hard, and father will give me a start in my profession, that can be made a comfort to the afflicted and a light to the down-trodden. I mean to be all even Mattie can wish me to be, but I can't get a word with her now. Last evening she was with that poor dying child of Crossman's, and to-day she is trying to comfort his mother. The last time I called she was at the National School, and when I do see her she is not the careless, merry-hearted Mattie of old. She thinks I am the same, though, and despises me for an idle good-for-nothing."

Some such pondering was in Ned's mind, when, driving his phaeton up the main street of the town, he overtook the Rev. Harvey Stillman going in the same direction. He reined in at once.

"If you are going my way, Mr. Stillman," he said, "will you let me drive you to your destination?"

"I am afraid I am going too far for you," was the reply. "I am on my way to Hawson's place."

"How fortunate I met you! It is fully three miles. Get in, and Black Prince will soon carry you there."

"But you?"

"My time is yours. Do not refuse me!"

The clergyman accepted the invitation, and before he fully perceived what he was saying, Ned was making him a confidant of all his perplexities and resolutions, till even his love story came out in earnest words. Led on by the quietly expressed sympathy in all his resolves to enter upon a noble and more useful life, impetuous Ned, by a sudden inspiration, said: "If only Mattie could know how much it would help me to feel sure of her love? I cannot say if she ever cared for me as I care for her; but if I could believe she would be my wife when I desired her, it would stimulate me as no other hope on earth could do."

"You think she loves you?"

The Rev. Harvey Stillman's very lips were white as he asked the question.

"I did think so once. Now, I would give all I own to be sure of it."

There was much more to the same purpose, till Ned, with a sudden gleam of hope, asked the clergyman to plead his cause.

"No one has so much influence as you have. She looks up to you as to a father," said Ned, never seeing how his listener winced at the comparison; and if you were to tell her how her love would aid me, she might believe I do not always mean to be the idler she has known."

"I will see her," was the grave reply.

"If she loves you, she shall have the happiness of giving you the encouragement you desire."

But when the drive was over, and the clergyman entered his study, the quiet gravity of his face broke up into an expression of keenest suffering. He had borne many sorrows in his life. Death had taken his nearest and dearest; poverty had laid her heavy hand upon him; temptation had assailed him, only driven back by prayerful struggles. He had hoped to find in Greypport rest, after a long battle in life. His living promised him an easy competence and some leisure for studies he loved, without neglect of his higher duties. But before he had been in his new home many weeks Mattie Woolston's sweet, earnest face, her gentle goodness, her unobtrusive, sincere piety had awakened in his heart an emotion he had never hoped to experience. Love had been a far off possibility for happier lives, and he had not perceived that he was seeking entrance into his own till Ned Gordon roused him to consciousness of what his deep interest in Mattie signified.

He loved her, and he had undertaken to plead the cause of another to her! Thought became such torture that he resolved to have the dread interview over, to know the worst at once. He found Mattie in the parlor of her father's handsome house, and, fearing for his own strength, told his errand gently.

The girl looked at him with white cheeks and a startled expression, as if she had received a sudden, unexpected blow where she had looked for kindness. Her great brown eyes had a hunted, piteous look that it went to his heart to see. She struggled for composure before she trusted her voice to speak, and it was low and tremulous when she said: "Since you are Mr. Gordon's ambassador, tell him, from me, that he has my most sincere good wishes for his success in his new

life. He has no warmer friend, no more earnest well-wisher than myself. But I can never be his wife. I do not love him. We have been like brother and sister since childhood, and I can give him my sisterly affection, nothing more."

"I think he is sincere in his resolution to make his life more earnest and useful than it has ever been," the Rev. Henry Stillman said, his own pain urging him still to plead Ned's cause.

"I hope he will persevere in his resolve. He may make a noble man."

"But his love?"

"I can never return," she said resolutely. "Pray leave me now. I—I am not well."

He left her. Only a few feet from the door he turned and retraced his steps. He had satisfied his conscience; had pleaded the cause of the younger, handsomer man. Faithfully he had placed before Mattie all Ned's pleadings, all her influence might do for him, and he had won only a steady refusal of the suit he urged.

Now—he set his teeth hard, and went back. Now he would risk his own fate! But at the door he paused, for Mattie had thrown herself in a deep arm-chair, and with her face hidden, was sobbing with a perfect passion of grief.

Was it for Ned? Did she already regret her decision? Irresolute whether to retreat or advance, Harvey Stillman stood in the doorway till Mattie neither seeing nor hearing him, felt she was not alone, and looked up. In a moment she was on her feet, and for the first time the clergyman saw her eyes flash with anger.

"Why do you come back?" she said.

"Have you not sufficiently humiliated me?"

"I!" he cried. "I humiliate you?"

"What else is it to come to me to plead Mr. Gordon's love? Is he an idiot that he cannot speak himself, but must make my name a byword by prating of his love to every stranger?"

"Miss Woolston, you misjudge him and me—me most of all if you imagine I desire to humiliate you. I, who honor you above all other women! I, who came tearing my own heart to plead against it for your happiness! Do not judge me harshly, Mattie, for my love's sake!"

She had so visibly brightened as he spoke, such dewy happiness rested in the brown eyes, such tremulous smiles gathered around the small mouth, that the Rev. Harvey Stillman felt his own heart swell with sudden rapture.

"Mattie," he cried, "I am many years older than you are, and yet I love you with all the strength of my heart!"

"And I love you."

Simply as a child, she told the truth of her own heart. He was not a man for any outburst of rapture. Tenderly he folded her in his arms, saying softly: "Thank God, darling!"

Nobody but Mattie and her betrothed knew why Ned Gordon resolved to pursue his studies in London instead of remaining with his father in Greypport, but years later, when he came back to the country town to take his father's practice, the Rev. Harvey Stillman felt, with grateful emotion, that the good resolutions had not faltered, but had ennobled and purified the entire life of his old rival, while Mattie gave a cordial welcome to the pretty blue-eyed wife, who had won and kept the heart of her old lover.

A Double Set of Twins.

Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia, which has recently become famous for twins and triplets, is in a flutter over the latest arrivals, and is congratulating the latest lucky father. James McCrispin is now the proud possessor of a double set of twins who have all been born within twenty months. The best part of papa McCrispin's double joy is that his first twins were bouncing boys—Sammie and Johnnie—and the newest arrivals in the household are blithesome girl babies—Katie and Jennie—who have pretty black eyes like their mother.

The house of the family has been thronged by friends and other visitors since the second pair of twins appeared. McCrispin is a tank-builder by trade, brawny in build. His wife is a buxom young woman. They have been married six years, and have now six healthy children.

The McCrispin family had a remarkable record in the twin line before the latest married member was born. In addition to the quartet in James McCrispin's family his sister-in-law is the possessor of twins, and a sister is also the mother of two boys who saw the light within an hour of each other. His grandmother had twins and McCrispin says that he is the youngest of a family of twenty-four children.—New York News.

Birds and the Insects They Destroy.

The following birds are to be classed among the most helpful kinds in the general warfare against insects: Robins (cut, and other earth worms), swallows, night hawks, purple martins (moth catchers); peewees (striped cucumber bugs), wood thrushes and wrens (cut worms), cat birds (tent caterpillar), meadow larks, woodpeckers, crows (wire worms); blue-throated buntings (canker worms), black, red-winged birds, jays, doves, pigeons and chippies (strawberry pests); quails (chinch bugs, locusts), whip-poor-wills (moths); hawks, all night birds, owls, etc., tanagers and black winged summer red birds (curculios); nut crackers, flycatchers, chimney swifts, indigo birds, chipping and song sparrows, blackbirds, mocking birds, titmouses, vireos, orchard orioles.

Gathering Ginseng.

People in the vicinity of Phœnicia, N. Y., and the Catskill Mountains are finding lucrative employment in gathering ginseng.

The dealers sell the roots to New York exporters, who in turn ship the product to China, where it holds a high place among medicines as a preservative of health.

The roots are being found in abundance, and if prices rule high until the close of the season the people engaged in digging the herb will have made a round sum of money.—New York Herald.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Ecu pongee is used for petticoats. Most Russian ladies smoke cigarettes. Large full sleeves are made long enough to cover the wrists.

Mrs. Southworth is about to publish her forty-ninth novel.

Large, soft silk ties, the color of the gown, are being worn.

Princess gowns are made of India silks and thin washing fabrics.

There is a very successful woman drummer in the coffee trade.

Pale pink underclothing is now occasionally trimmed with black lace.

The parrots carried in the United States cost \$14,000,000 annually.

Insertions of lace and embroidery are used in nainsook and lawn dresses.

Some of the Paris papers have started a crusade against women who smoke.

Worcester china is used for holding fruit and flowers in table decoration.

Crepe Mousseline de Sole is a new material for afternoon and reception dresses.

Fans for mourning are made of black crepe without ornamentation of any sort.

There is an attempt to make popular again bright and crude tints for dresses.

There are said to be thirty women butchers in the Jewish quarter of Brooklyn.

Silk gowns in black and white are most fashionable when designed in scrolls.

Broad brimmed hats of silk mull are extremely becoming to certain styles of beauty.

At a New York wedding the other day the bride received \$1,000,000 worth of presents.

Batiste dresses, with parasol to match, will serve as all-day dresses at the watering places.

The professional duster has made his entry into the business world of New York city.

Dotted white mull, Swiss and veiling gowns are in vogue, along with striped and barred white dresses.

The Cherokee of the Indian Territory have erected a new seminary for girls. The building cost \$200,000.

Julian Hawthorne's five daughters bear the names Hildegarde, Gwendolen, Gladys, Beatrice and Imogen.

Queen Victoria is the richest woman in the British Kingdom. She has accumulated a fortune of \$20,000,000.

Handkerchiefs are tiny, dainty marvels of color and embroidery this summer, and at the moment they are very cheap.

Entire dresses of red satens trimmed with eru laces, are worn at French country houses and on the seashore.

Seaside parasols are large and mostly in bright colors, sometimes softened with covers or falls of eru and cream lace.

Pale silver gray gowns with panels, surplice waistcoats and revers, cuffs and collars of tan color, are very effective.

Helen Gladstone, a daughter of the statesman, contends that higher education does not unfit women for domestic life.

The woman who contracts to do house cleaning from top to bottom has become a very useful member of society in New York.

Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jennie June) is English by birth. She came to this country with her parents when she was a little girl.

The law passed by the New York Legislature require proprietors of stores that employ female clerks to furnish them with seats.

Mrs. Mackay, of many millions, is said to be fond of gray walking dresses. But for all that gray is very trying to dark pale skins.

The white wool veiling gowns, with broche borders or stripes in white silk, are almost as effective as white silk ones brooche with silver.

When walking out the Empress of Russia always carries a large fan, which seems to screen her face from those who stare rudely at her.

Miss Mary Muirfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock, is petite in person, with dark hair worn in masses of ringlets over her brows.

Queen Victoria's favorite musical composers are Mendelssohn and Sullivan, and the latter's "Lost Chord" is the one piece of which she is most fond.

Mrs. John W. Mackay, the wife of the California millionaire, continues to entertain on a most lavish scale. Her dinners are undoubtedly the best in London.

"Zazel," who gained renown by being fired from a cannon and making a great leap in the air, is now Mrs. George A. Starr, and is a teacher of acrobatics.

New Orleans is productive of many successful working women. The latest report is of two sisters who have gone into the dairy business and are doing well.

The White House cook is now a woman, Mrs. Cleveland's chef having been supplanted by Mme. Pelonard, who formerly presided over Lord Sackville's kitchen.

Carrick cape is found to be an extremely useful wrap. It is made of four capes, one over the other, each cape being fully pleated, and is finished with a turn-down collar and tied with ribbons.

It has been suggested by a writer in Harper's Bazar that women take up the trade of upholstering. There is much about this handicraft that is compatible with woman's dexterity, skill and strength.

A Titusville (Pa.) paper tells of a novel wedding tour. The young man, who could not leave town, purchased \$5 worth of tickets for the merry-go-round, and they proceeded to ride to their hearts' content.

Mme. Rudoff, of New Orleans, whose husband was a well known chemist and carried on a lucrative business in drugs, became his successor after his death and is now the Secretary of the State Pharmaceutical Association.

Per tents costumes a blouse and cape of colored surah are frequently worn with white skirts of any material that the young woman may happen to have in her wardrobe. But a touch of color must be somewhere, either in cap, blouse or shoes.

A Harpoon in a Whale's Blubber.

There has just been received at the National Museum, in Washington, to be placed in the fisheries section, an interesting souvenir of the Arctic whale fishery which Captain J. W. Collins, the superintendent of that department, greatly prizes. It is an old-fashioned, hand-molded swivel harpoon, which has quite a story, as gleaned from the papers accompanying it.

While in the Okhotsk Sea last summer, the ship Cape Horn Pigeon, commanded by Captain L. Nathan Rogers, captured a whale, in the blubber of which was imbedded a foreign substance. On investigation this proved to be a harpoon, broken off at the junction with the lance, which had been in the whale over thirty years. On the hinge of the harpoon was stamped in plain letters "S. T. D."—ship Thomas Dickerson—and the name of the maker, not so plain, could also be made out. This was the first and only messenger from the good ship Dickerson, which sailed from New Bedford, Mass., in 1856 and was lost the next year in the very waters where the crew of the Cape Horn Pigeon secured the harpoon thirty-two years later.—New York Herald.

Tanning by Electricity.

This talk about tanning leather in a few hours by electricity is all rubbish. You might as well try to fatten pigs by electricity. But leather can be tanned in a very short time, although a perfect article cannot be produced in less than five or six months. Some time ago a Buffalo (N. Y.) man asked me how long it would take me to tan a goat skin and make a pair of boots. I told him it could be done in twelve hours. He bet me \$100 it couldn't be done. That night I went to a butcher and bought a goat. At six the next morning the goat was skinned, twenty minutes later I had the hair off the hide, colored and in the liquor. By noon it was dried, dressed, and dried again and glazed and ready for the boot-maker, who finished the boots by five o'clock in the evening. It cost the Buffalo man nearly \$200 after the wine and extras were paid for. It was leather, but it wouldn't do to risk a reputation on its wearing qualities.—Atlanta Constitution.

Rat and Pigeon.

Chris Pharo owns a pair of parrots that is a dandy. The other morning a rat, lured by the luscious smells of the bake shop, left the stench of the cellar and sewer, and climbing up stairs, made a raid on cream puffs, gorged down a few trays, nibbled the macaroons, and sampled the pies and gingerbread, before his depredations were discovered. He was hustled off with a vengeance, rushing into the room where the Pigeon was, succeeded in breaking into the cage. Polly was playing cirrus with her claws and bill, and when she noticed that she came down on his back with her claws and held it firmly to the bottom of the cage. The rat rolled over and twisted its head around, squealing like mad as Polly pecked at its eyes and soop had them both out. The rat snuffed and tore out some of Polly's feathers, but she held fast to the varmint and succeeded in killing it. Then mounting her perch and ruffling her feathers about her neck, she announced: "Polly wants a cracker."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Using a Whale for a Target.

"Old Cream-moor" is a big whale that plays around Passamaquoddy Bay, about two miles from town, every summer. At least, it is positively asserted by fishermen that the same old fellow has made his appearance annually to feed on the schools of herring that frequent the place in the summer season, and this is how he got his title. In times past when some of the crack shots of the Frontier Guards were too tired to walk out to the rifle range they would take a boat, and sailing down the harbor at a certain time of the tide, would be quite certain to find his whale-ship playing around the bay. Then they would make use of him for a target, as a part of his big carcass frequently rose above the surface a long distance off. An ex-member of the guards says you could always tell when he was hit for he "kicked like a steer."—Eastport (Me.) Sentinel.

Two Comparisons.

Simon Greenleaf, the eminent jurist, who for fourteen years previous to his appointment as professor in the Harvard Law School was a practicing lawyer in Portland, had a charming daughter. A foppish young man named Barred, meeting her at a social gathering in this city one evening in early spring, remarked to her that he had that day seen in Piering's woods something that reminded him of her. When asked what it was she said, "A green leaf." "And I saw something this morning from my window that reminded me of you, remarked Miss Greenleaf. "May I ask what it was?" asked the youth. "An empty barrel!"—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

One Bill From Many.

A clever scheme long since practiced in this country has been recently introduced in Austria. Bank notes of large denominations are cut into small strips, and from each note one strip is taken in consecutive order. These are then fastened together again, with the result that an additional note is thus secured, while all are only a trifle smaller than the original. A large number of the shortened bills are said to be in circulation.—San Francisco Chronicle.

In 1857 J. J. Bartholomay, of Philadelphia, made the first American horse blanket. Now two firms turn out yearly over \$5,000,000 worth—about two-thirds of those made in the United States.