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President Dwight, of Yale College, while not favoring the admission of women to study in the classes with men, does wish Yale had a woman's annex, and the only objection he finds to its establishment is that the university hasn't the money to put into it.

George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, says that a very high naval authority in England recently declared that the Baltimore and Charleston, of the United States Navy, could knock the whole Chilian navy into a cocked hat in half an hour.

It is in contemplation by the Lord Mayor to form a committee and raise a fund for sending out a selected number of representative working men from London, England, to the Chicago Exhibition in 1893, with a view to their making reports on the industrial exhibits there, as was done on the occasion of the last two exhibitions in Paris.

The great damage done to two of the picturesque old mansions in Southern California by a recent windstorm will cause general regret to the thousands of Eastern travelers who have admired their mottled walls, quaint belfries and crumbling cloisters. It is to be hoped that the restorer's hand may be busy with these missions before it is too late.

It is hard to believe in these days of careless financiering that in transactions covering a period of seven years and an amount exceeding $13,000,000 there should have been but one error of $10, and that one found to have been made up. Nevertheless that is the record of the East River Bridge as reported by experts who have gone over the accounts.

A novel verdict was rendered by a Northamption County jury at Easton a day or two ago. After finding the defendant not guilty of the charge, the costs were divided in four equal parts. The prosecutrix was directed to pay one-fourth, the defendant one-fourth, the constable who made the arrest one-fourth, and the justice of the peace who made the return one-fourth. "Verdicts of this kind," says the Allentown (Penn.) Item, "may have a salutary effect on those who are fond of going to law and on justices who send cases of a trivial nature to court; but will it hold law?"

"Statistics show," alleges the New York *Tribune*, "that more inmates of insane asylums comes from farms than from any other source proportionately and a very large per cent. of these are women. The cause is evident. The farmer's wife, contrary to nature, spends most of her time in comparative isolation, and her wakeful hours are all passed in humdrum, wearing, nerve-exhausting labor. There are few to converse with to lead her thoughts outward, away from herself and her environment. Her mind is ever turned inward, upon herself. This, long continued, becomes a strain and the mind eventually gives away. In foreign countries, where farmers live mostly in villages, an insane woman is a rarity, because her condition is natural. Thoughtful care for 'mother' on the part of her husband and the other members of the family would oft deprive the asylum of a new victim."

Among the starving people of Russia, the most pitable are the Tchoovashes, a Finnish tribe, numbering about 500,000, and dispersed in forest districts of the Governments of Kuzan, Simbrisk, Orenburg and Oofa. They bear their misfortunes with perfect stoicism; they do not clamor for food on the roadside, as their Slavish neighbors do, nor do they surround every new comer, begging and relating their miseries. A special correspondent of the St. Petersburg *Novosti*, traveling about to observe the famine-stricken people and to study their condition, draws a most impressive pen picture of the poor Tchoovashes. He found some of them literally "swollen with hunger," others too feeble to leave their huts, patiently waiting for death to relieve them, but he heard not a sigh nor a groan nor the least complaint of any of them. They spoke to him in monosyllables and answered his questions briefly, as though they were afraid to utter a word too much or to betray their miseries. "And it is no wonder," the writer adds, "that they behave in this manner. They are the most oppressed of the Czar's subjects. The police authorities always suspect the Tchoovash to conceal something, on account of his scarcity of words, and treat him accordingly. May God judge them!"

A GARLAND.

Let me a garland twine
For poets nine,
Whose verse
I love best to rehearse.

For each a laurel leaf,
One stanza brief,
I make
For memory's sweet sake

First, then, Theocritus,
Whose song for us
Still yields
The fragrance of the fields.

Next, Horace, singing yet
Of love, regret,
And flowers:
This Roman rose is ours.

Omar-Fitzgerald next,
Within whose text
There lies
A charm to win the wise.

Then Shakespere, by whose light
All poets write:
The star
Whose satellites they are!

Herrick then let me name,
Whose lyrics came
Like birds
To sing his happy words.

Then Keats, whose jewel rhyme
Shines for all time,
To tell
Of him the gods loved well.

Longfellow next I choose:
For him the muse
Held up
Song's over-brimming cup.

Next Tennyson, whose song,
Still clear and strong,
Soars high,
Nearing each day the sky.

Then Aldrich—like a thrush
In the dawn's flush,
Who sings
With dew upon his wings.

These are the nine, above
Whose leaves I love
To lean,
My happiness to glean.

Theirs are the books that hold
Joy's clearest gold
For me,
Wrought into melody;

Theirs are the words to start
Within my heart
The fire
Of song and song's desire!

—*Frank D. Sherman, in the Century.*

"THE UNDRESSED KID."

BY R. L. KETCHUM.

HANK BARR, veteran cow-puncher on the range, gave the youth his designation. The Kid, who was also referred to as the Brat, the Infant, and "that Young Cub," had been playing some prank on the grizzled and testy Mr. Barr, and Hank, by way of delicate reference to the palpable fact that the parental bedslat or trunk-strap had been allowed to get dusty between "whalings," when the Infant had been of yet more tender years, bestowed upon his tormentor the sobriquet by which he was ever after known.

It was not that the Kid's years were so few—he was twenty-two—but he was, oh! such a "kid." He had evidently mingled with men for several years, but the association did not seem to have rubbed off any of the marks of extreme youth, at least in his behavior, and no one ever thought of smiling, even when Shorty Fleming, the boss's youngest brother, aged eighteen, addressed the Kid by any one of his numerous diminutives.

One could not help liking the Kid, in spite of his pranks, for he was always so good-natured and obliging. If he was ready to cut up a hair-brush and scatter the bristles in some tired fellow's bunk about bed-time, he was just as ready to do double duty in case his victim happened to be ill.

There were a few chickens at the ranch, and one of the Undressed's chiefest joys was to feed them corn with a string and stick attachment, and laugh himself almost to death at their frantic efforts to kick themselves loose. But if one of those same chickens happened to be hurt or ill, he would nurse it just as a woman might.

On the occasion when he stuck shoemaker's wax on Hank Barr's saddle, and Hank came in to supper and made sarcastic remarks, the Kid felt himself a born humorist, and one would have thought that capers of this sort were his highest aim in life; but it was he who, after a cold, hard day's work, rode twenty miles on a stormy night to get a surgeon to set the leg Hank had broken in the evening. But pranks are pranks, and the prankee seldom takes the same view of them as does the prankist; and and thus it came to pass that the Kid's light-mindedness, together with his everlasting jokishness, brought upon him the scorn of his fellow-laborers at the "HX." They all liked him well enough, but that was all. They never considered him or included him in their plans, except when there was some uncomfortable duty to perform. In fact, they paid very little attention to him. Briefly, he acted like a fifteen-year-old, and was so treated.

The next spring, Miss Mary Brooke appeared on the scene, as a visitor to Colonel Hanford's, six miles south of us. She came, she saw—and the rest of it. Women are very scarce in our vicinity, especially young and pretty ones, and, to our unaccustomed eyes, Venus, and the three Greeks, and all the rest, weren't in it with Mary Brooke, and we bowed down and worshiped like a lot of half-fledged idiots.

We were all serious, too. It was remarkable how many business transactions Boss Fleming had to talk over with the Colonel all of a sudden, and how I, the Scribe, took such a fancy to reading and discussing Browning with Mrs. Hanford, who was slightly deaf, and, therefore, not easy to converse with. It was not long, however, before Boss Fleming and I had the running all to ourselves. Fleming, as a near neighbor, a big ranch-owner, and a wealthy man, had a strong hold on the Colonel, and I, the Scribe, having stuck to my desk in early youth, and being, therefore, able to talk a little on such subjects as interested Mrs. Hanford, had quite captivated her, and the boys, perceiving this state of affairs, discreetly withdrew and spent their evenings as of yore.

All but the Undressed Kid. He, being from Boston—Miss Brooke's home—also came in for a share of her smiles and conversation; but, as he showed no signs of change in his youthful ways, we didn't pay much attention to him, except to consider him much in the same light as one might a nuisance in kilts. He was in the way, of course, but he didn't cause us any worry.

To be sure, we wondered how it was that Miss Brooke could tolerate his nonsense and chatter, for she was somewhat staid in her ways, and a person whom one would hardly suspect of a liking for levity. The boss and I were both sure that the Kid's constant presence would begin to pall very soon—briefly, he would make Miss Brooke tired, and we two could fight it out solely between ourselves.

But, somehow, this state of things did not come to pass. The Kid managed to get in as many calls as did the boss and I, and, what was worse, usually had Miss Brooke pretty much to himself, worse luck to the old folks; and it made Fleming and myself very weary to hear her laughing at his time-worn jokes until the tears rolled down her cheeks.

That the Infant had serious intentions never entered our heads. Of course, it was undeniable that Miss Brooke liked him; but that, we assured ourselves, was in a spirit of mere good natured tolerance. Besides, who ever knew of the Kid ever having a sweetly solemn thought?

Providence came to our aid about the middle of July in the shape of a telegram, stating that the Kid's wealthy father, with whom he had not been on very good terms—that is, no terms at all—had gone the way of all humanity, and that the Kid must come home at once to look after affairs.

We were at the Hanfords', Fleming and I, that evening, when the Kid, who had preceded us by an hour or so, took leave of Miss Brooke. He was not going back to the ranch, having had his things sent to town, in order to start early in the morning, and he left shortly after we arrived.

Even if we had expected otherwise, there was nothing touching in the Kid's leave-taking. While not quite so light in his speech as usual, he could hardly have been accused of seriousness, and he shook hands with Miss Brooke in the same hearty way as with the rest of us.

Well, the Kid was off—if not for good, for several weeks, at least, and the boss and I were alone in the field, and both resolved to make hay while there were no clouds obscuring Sol. We spent a delightful evening, barring each other's presence, and the departed Kid was only mentioned once, and then by Miss Brooke, who laughingly related one of his remarks, adding: "What a jolly, whole souled boy it is, to be sure!"

As we rode home, not much was said; but when we came in sight of the lights at the "HX.," Fleming reined up his horse, cleared his throat, and said, huskily: "Scribe, my boy, I reckon we're in the same boat, and we might as well be frank about it. I've"—(he cleared his throat again)—"made up my mind to have Mary—Miss Brooke—for my wife—if she'll have me. I think you're in the same fix."

I nodded, not being able to answer, and Fleming went on in the same queer voice: "They say all's fair in love and war. I don't believe it. Nothing is fair but justice. We are even, now, I think. Let us be fair with each other, and may the better man win."

And thus it came about that, without any more words, we got to calling at Hanford's on alternate nights—and—oh, these women!—each fondly believed himself the favored one, if favor there was. Mary—so I thought of her always, now—talked football with Fleming, who was an ex-member of the Princeton team, and talked books and so forth to me, and we were both as happy as unfortunate man ever can be under like circumstances.

September first came, and with it a telegram to Fleming, from the Kid. I was in town, and received it, opening it as I always did the boss's telegrams and business letters, to see if it was anything requiring immediate attention. The message was dated from Omaha, and read:

"J. H. FLEMING, H.X. ranch, ——, Neb:
"Will arrive on third to stay a few days.
(Signed) A. H. WHEELER."

I leaned against a telegraph pole and pondered. Coming, eh? No more untrammeled calls for Fleming and me. No—well, it was high time to be up and doing. But there was the boss, and—this was his night!

I felt like a martyr as I rode out to the ranch and silently handed Jack the telegram. He read it, and looked at me.

"Yes, your night it is," said I; "but I've got to see the Colonel about that joint shipment we're going to make—so I'll go, too. I'll let you alone, though."

As we rode over to the Hanfords', we tried to keep up a semblance of conversation, but it was not much of a success. We were both thinking very hard.

I had finished my business with the Colonel, and we sat down in his den to smoke, the Colonel holding up the conversation. The lamp burned low, and the old gentleman took it away to be refilled, leaving me in darkness. He had hardly gone, when Mary and Fleming came up on the porch and seated themselves just outside the window at which I sat.

I felt like a traitor, but dare not move, knowing that they would hear me, and Jack might never be able to get his little speech said. So I had to listen to Jack's great, strong bass tones as he told Mary the old story, which there are so few ways of telling. When he finished, there was a brief silence, then Mary's voice said, sorrowfully:

"Oh, Mr. Fleming, I am so sorry—so sorry—but I never dreamed of such a thing. You and Mr. Faber have both been so kind and nice to me, and I thought you such good friends, but now—this hurts me so! I wish you had left it all unsaid, and I had never known that you—you cared for me—because—if there were no other reason—I have already promised to marry—" (here her voice took on a tinge of laughter) "the—the 'Undressed Kid.'"—*The Argonaut.*

How Bears Kill Snakes.

"One fall," said an old Pennsylvania trapper. "I was hunting on the barrens between the Buckhill Creek and the middle Branch of Brodshead Creek. Thirty or forty rods away, I saw a bear dancing around something on the ground, and I laid my rifle across a stump and got behind it. I watched the bear just as Mr. Sweet did the one on the water tank, knowing that I could reach him with a bullet the minute he undertook to make himself scarce. From his actions I judged that the bear was angry about something, but I couldn't see what he was dancing around, and I kept my rifle aimed at him, so as to fire the instant I saw he was going to leave the open for the brush. The bear kept hopping in a circle, quickly, jumped to one side every little while and appeared to be getting madder and madder. All of a sudden the bear waddled away a few yards. I had to bend on him, and I was almost ready to pull the trigger, when the bear stopped. I wanted to see what he was going to do next, and so I didn't shoot. He pawed in the dirt a spell and then he picked up a round stone, bigger than his head. He took the stone in his paws, hugged it to his brisket and walked on his hind feet toward the spot where I'd first seen him. When he got to the spot he walked around it a couple of times, and then he raised the stone as high as he could and threw it on the ground. The bear then danced around the stone for two or three minutes, when he suddenly turned tail and took a bee line for the brush. Seeing that he was going to leave for good, I banged away at him and brought him to a stop, finishing with another bullet. I was anxious to find out why the bear had thrown the stone on the ground, and so I got a stick and rolled it over. Under the stone lay a dead rattlesnake, coiled up and as flat as a flounder.—*New York Tribune.*

A Man and His Cat.

No kinder soul than the late Mr. Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) could be found, search where you might. To the utmost of his ability he made love "the greatest thing in the world," rescuing those in disgrace and despair, and giving tireless cheer to the lonely. The stranger who met Mr. Shillaber had something pleasant to remember him by always, and long acquaintance only ripened one's friendship for the man. Through years of ill health and much suffering the same sunny disposition flowed on; the nearest he ever came to complaining was to perpetrate some laughable satire on his own condition.

Mr. Shillaber was most devoted to his family, and each living creature in and about home shared his affection. His pet for years was a large cat named Beauty, which the artist Whistler would style "a symphony in yellow." Sulphur, I believe, is the normal color of a cat's eyes; this cat suggests to one who has seen geysers the boiling over and incrusting process by which they are ringed around with differing shades—the yellow of its eyes being distributed to the tip of its tail. Only a few minutes before its master's death Beauty came and was received into his arms, nestling there lovingly. The affectionate animal has outlived him, but not the memory of him; it still seeks and mourns the kind man in the vacant place.—*Wide Awake.*

SEVERE ARCTIC WEATHER.

LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.

Traveling With the Thermometer at Seventy-one Degrees Below Zero—Curiosities of the Cold.

It was in the Arctic regions, not far from Burk's Great Fish River, when conducting a homeward sledge journey to Hudson's Bay, in the depth of an Arctic winter, that an intense cold set in just before Christmas, the thermometer sinking down to sixty-five and sixty-eight degrees below zero, and never getting above sixty below, writes Frederick Schwatka in the New York *Sun*. We were having a very hard time with our sledging along the river, our camps at night almost in sight of those we had left in the morning, so close were they together and so slowly did we labor along. Reindeer on which we were relying for our daily supply of food were not found near the river, but some being seen some ten or fifteen miles back from it, I determined to leave the river and strike straight across the country for Hudson's Bay.

We had been gone only three or four days, as we ascended the higher levels the thermometer commenced lowering, and on the 3d of January reached seventy-one degrees below zero, the coldest we experienced in our sledge journey of nearly a year in length, and the coldest, I believe, ever encountered by white men traveling out of doors; for that day we moved our camp fully twelve miles. The day was not at all unpleasant either, I must say, until along toward night, when a slight breeze sprang up. It was the merest kind of a zephyr, and would hardly have stirred the leaves on a tree at home, but, slight as it was, it cut to the bone every part of the body exposed to it. This, fortunately, was only the face from the eye-brows to the chin. We turned our backs to it as much as possible, and especially after we had reached camp and were at work making our snow houses and digging through the thick ice for water.

After all, it is not so much the intensity of the cold as expressed in degrees on the thermometer that determines the unpleasantness of an Arctic winter as is the force and direction of wind, for I have found it far pleasanter with the thermometer at even seventy degrees blow zero, with little or no wind blowing, than to face a rather stiff breeze when the little indicator showed even fifty degrees warmer temperature. Even a white man acclimated to Arctic weather and facing a strong wind at twenty or thirty degrees below zero, is almost sure to freeze the nose and cheeks, and the thermometer does not have to go many degrees lower to induce the Eskimos themselves to keep within their snug snow houses under the same circumstances unless absolute need of food forces them outside. It is one of the consoling things about Arctic weather that the intensely low temperatures are almost always accompanied by calms, or if there is a breeze it is a very light one.

With the exception of a very few quiet days during the warmest summer weather of the polar summer these clear, quiet, cold ones of the Arctic winter are about the only times when the wind is not blowing with great vigor from some point of the compass. Of course there were a few exceptions to this general rule of quiet weather with extreme cold, and when they had to be endured they were simply terrible. Early one morning the thermometer showed us it was sixty-eight below zero, but as it was calm we paid no attention to it but harnessed our dogs and loaded our sledges for the day's journey, which was to be an exceedingly short one to a place where the Eskimos thought they could get food for ourselves and dogs. We were just ready for the start when a sharp wind sprang up, and it felt like a score of razors cutting the face. Had the wind arisen a little sooner we would not have thought of starting, but as we were all ready and the distance short we concluded to go ahead rather than unload and go back into the old camp. We kept the dogs at a good round trot and ran alongside of the sledges the whole distance; and when we reached the snowhouse of some Rimrepetro Eskimo it was as welcome a refuge as if it had been a first-class hotel.

When we reached the end of our journey I again looked at the thermometer and found that it indicated fifty-five degrees below zero—that is, it had grown thirteen degrees warmer during the time we were out, although it seemed to us it must be at least thirty degrees colder. I told the Eskimos who had been with us that it was much colder, as shown by the instrument, before we started than it was when the wind was at its highest, but from their incredulous glances at each other they wondered how we could be duped by such ideas directly against our common sense and personal observation. They might believe our statements that the world was round and turned every day, without the polar bears sliding off the slippery icebergs, when it was upside down, simply because the white man had told them so, but nothing would persuade them that when they felt perfectly comfortable and warm loading the sledge it was colder than when their arms and legs were frozen and their noses "nipped" by the frost. I tried to explain to them the effect of the wind, but they said they had known the wind to blow them off their feet in summer and not freeze them a particle. They said that they knew it seemed colder when the wind blew, but that was because it actually was colder, and here they stood firm in the belief that we were wrong.

When the thermometer was seventy-one degrees below, the cloudless sky in the vicinity of the sun hanging low in the southern horizon assumed a dull leaden hue, tinged with a brownish red, looking something like the skies of cheap chromo lithographs. At night the stars glitter like diamonds, and fairly seem on fire wth their unusual brilliancy. Should you pour water on the surface of the ice it greets you with an astonishing crackling noise, and the ice that was so clear you felt timid about putting your foot on it turns instantly as white as marble.

Sometimes when breathing this extremely cold air my tongue would feel as if it were freezing in my mouth, but I could readily cure this by breathing through my nose for a few minutes. You will ask, "Why not breathe through the nostrils all the time?" as you have so often heard advocated. The air, however, is so bitter cold that it becomes absolutely necessary to breathe through the mouth. Also the nose is more likely to freeze when breathing through it. These freezings of the nose and cheeks are very common in very low temperatures, especially when the wind blows. The Eskimo cure these frost bites by simply taking the warm hand from the reindeer mitten and rubbing the affected spot. They know nothing of rubbing frost bites with snow, and that article could not be used in an Arctic temperature, where the snow, if it is loose, is like sand, or, if in mass, like granite rock. Another thing the Eskimo always used was snow to quench the thirst, which most Arctic writers have condemned as hurtful. My Eskimos used it at all temperatures, and I have never seen any bad results from its use.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The City of Mexico has ten chimneys.

One of the smallest coins in size is the new quatro-real gold piece of Guatemala.

There is a Missouri family whose name is Mothershead, and who pronounce it Modisett.

In Ecuador and several other South American nations primary education is compulsory.

It would take 41,000 cars of 400 bushels each to haul the wheat grown in Kansas last year.

A Kentucky paper tells of seven ears of corn, each weighing a pound, that grew on one stalk.

Three families living side by side at Easton Rapids, Mich., have among them forty-five children.

The skin of a black deer is worth about $500. One of these animals was recently seen in Maine.

A bear weighing 1100 pounds was killed the other day in Southern Oregon by Hugh Clawson, the veteran California hunter.

Earthquakes to the number of 553 have occurred in China in the last nine and one-half years, an average of about one a week.

A school teacher of New York City has had a habit of punishing his pupils by making them eat castor oil spread on their bread.

William Jackson, of Ellsworth, Me., has lost six wives within the past fifty-five years, the last having died a few weeks since.

Tiger bones are among the curious things in the commerce of China. They are used as a medicine and supposed to possess tonic qualities.

A Kansas farmer who was fishing for minnows in a creek near his place one day recently pulled out an old metal coffee pot in which was $670 in gold.

A medical student in Detroit, Mich., cleverly smuggled a skeleton into Canada by dressing it in a woman's clothes and driving across the line with it seated beside him in a buggy.

Bloodhounds derive their names from the possession of a peculiar power of scenting the blood of a wounded animal, so that if once put on the trail they will hunt the quarry through thick and thin and seldom, if ever, deviate from their course.

There is a species of seaweed, a kind of kelp, which the Indians of Alaska are very fond of chewing. It is as tough as leather and one piece will last a man who has good teeth for a whole day. These Indians have an interesting fashion of collecting herring eggs. They weave mattresses of cedar twigs and sink them with stones in the water. The fish deposit their spawn upon the twigs and it is subsequently collected and dried.

Match Heads for Percussion Caps.

A countryman in Tennessee, where forests and game are plenty, found that his boys, who all have a gun apiece, became short of percussion caps a few days ago, and the first thing he knew they were shooting with match heads as a substitute. How many boxes of matches he had lost in that way he did not say, but he found they fired as clear as the cap itself. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention. Here is a chance for some man to make a fortune by getting out a "new patent." All that is necessary is to adapt the gunlock to the "match head." The patent would be readily adopted by the rifle clubs that get up shooting matches.—*New Orleans Picayune.*