Joseph Cook to Niagara.

About three months ago the faculty of Wellsley College, of which Mrs. Joseph Cook was in early years an instructress, wrote to the Rev. Joseph Cook asking for an autograph sentiment to place among the valued archives of the college. He responded with the following which has never before been

When Rome fell, where wert thou, colossal Justow accession thou hast wandered back; These miles of seething chasm were thy track; When lost Atlantis sank, where didst thou

To thy vexed precipies? What if all Thy dates stood on thy cliffs, from the storied

sack Of Troy to the deluge green and black, How eloquent were thy storied wall! When, first in thee was dipped the swallow's

When heard'st thou first the shy brown wood-When thou and man first met, hast thou for-Where wert thou in thy youth; when man Speak, dateless roar! for thou art old and

wise; Thy memories are unsounding majesties! I hear the thunderous thud, the muffled

roar; I see the blinding, wheeling, smiting mists, The greens and grays, purples and ame-thysts; From God's wide palm thy frightened cata-From God's wide palm thy frightened catarrates pour:
And I look up beneath them and adore.
Alove me hang chain lightning on the mists Of summer tempests. In the awesome lists Of contest are the thunders and thy shore.
Beneath thy quivering riven rocks I lie And gaze into the lightnings and the sky,
But I hear only thee and feel and see
A hand that undergirts hamensity.
Thou speakest much, but most thou speak'st of Him!
God, God, God walks on thy watery rim.

### A SEASIDE MONSTER.

"I can't see what you can want run-ning off to the seaside for, Edwin; you had nearly a week at Derby only last Easter," grumbled Miss Holland. "Young people think of nothing nowadays, but gadding about and holidaymaking. When I was young we thought a quiet visit to our relations once in two years quite change enough;

There, don't be cross, Aunt Mary; I can't be mewed up in London during this hot August weather, and you must confess that I stick close enough to business to descrive my holiday when I get one. I went to Derby on business, ou know." said Edwin, a bright, goodnatured, gentlemanly young fellow as ever bore with the whims and humored the fancies of two old maids. "You'd better go with me, Aunt Mary," he continued; the change would do you and Aunt Becky more good than all the doctors' stuff.

"Nonsense!" snapped the old lady.
"Change, indeed! That's just what we both hate, and what causes more than half the people's illness—leaving their own homes, where everything is well looked after, to go and sleep in damp, dirty beds, and to eat half-cooked food, to be robbed right and left—they call that a holiday!"

"And besides that, which does not matter to a young fellow like you as it would to old folks like us," put in Aunt Beeky, solemnly, "there is the much greater danger of making bad companions.

"Or of some designing, painted creature getting hold of you, and making the service you rendered my niece, yesnot," said Miss Holland.

"I will promise you no one will get hold of me; so be quite content and don't worry yourself, aunt," answered the object of their doubts and fears. "I don't intend to marry for many years yet—I like my liberty too well, and you make me too comfortable."

And with this soothing conclusion Edwin Holland escaped, and, his preparations being soon made, a few days after he was strolling on the beach at Swanscombe-a very pretty but quiet seaside town on the south coast.

"I am afraid you must make yourself contented indoors this morning, Katie; you know Martha and Ellen are making the preserves, and I expect my brother and his wife to lunch, so that I really have my hands so full I cannot go out." said Mrs. Gray to her niece, who was staying on a visit with her at her villa on the Swanscombe cliffs.

"Very well, auntic, I will stay and help you," answered the girl cheerfully. But by twelve o'clock Mrs. Gray's preparations were completed. Luncheon was not fill two, but the visitors might arrive at any moment, so she sat down contentedly in the cool diningroom with her knitting. Then Katie looked out at the waves gently rippling in the August sunshine, at the boats gliding on them with their white sails spread, and she envied the people who were able to be out in the sweet, cool sen-air, and grew restless and discon-

"Might I just take one little run, aunt-just to the Cove and back? I would not stay out too long," she ventured to ask presently.

"My dear I would gladly let you go; but you know how very strict were your mother's injunctions to me on no account to let you stray about by your-

"I know, aunt, and it is nonsense for mamma treating melike a great grown-

up baby," said Katie, indignantly. But you know, dear, being her only daughter, she is naturally more anxious about you," answered Mrs. Gray.

"Then I wish I had half-a-dozen sisters, aunt. I am tired of being taken about, and watched and worried over,' was Kate's ungracious reply. "What can mamma possibly see of danger in my taking a walk by myself in this quiet

"There are always monsters of some kind lying in wait for the young and pretty, my dear; it is of these your mamma is fearful, 'answered Mrs. Gray, trying to speak seriously, but unable to repress a men; twinkle in her

"Oh! I know what you mean, aunt; but mamma need not fear-I have too much pride to allow any gentleman to speak to me who has not been properly introduced. I shall never do as poor, silly Mattie Vere did-run away with a man she met at Scarborough, and then find she had married her uncle's clerk," and the stately pose of Katie's head as she spoke would have befitted a duthess at least.

"I believe you, my dear Katie. You will never, I am sure, break your mother's heart by any foolish escapade."

"Then show your trust in me by allowing me a little liberty now and then, dear auntie. You often go out when you would prefer remaining in, I know.

pretty winsome girl as Kate Leigh. Ten minutes after, she was walking merrily along the Parade, alone, and rejoicing in the unaccustomed sense of

About half an hour's walk brought her to some sequestered spot midway between the town and a small fishing village. 'Here she sat down to rest for awhile in a natural grotto in the rocks, whence she had a good view of the sea. Then she fixed her sunshade in front of her to keep off the sun's rays, and, producing a novel from her pocket, she prepared to enjoy herself for half an our, at the end of which time she must

return to be in time for luncheon. About five minutes clapsed, and Katie was deep in the interest of a thrilling tale, when "Whew!" came a sudden gust of wind, and away went her sunshade tumbling over, and careering gaily down the rocks. She rose, with little cry, to rescue it, when another little squall took the book from her hand.

In desperation she prepared to descend the rocks.

"Pray do not move! You might fall and seriously injure yourself. I will endeavor to recover your stolen property for you," cried a voice, and looking round in perplexed wonder, Katie perceived a young man scrambling down the rocks after her sunshade.

Had she not i een so immersed in her story, she might have been aware that he had been watching her for the last minute or so, thinking what a pretty picture she made sitting there.

"How awful provoking!" thought Katie, instantly recognizing one of the "monsters" of her aunt's late conversation. "What shall I do? I must say thank you if he brings it to me. I lmost wish he may not get it! Shall I go straight on and not wait for it? No!

that would look too foolish." While she was still discussing the difficulties of her position, the young gentleman returned, flushed and panting with his exertions, and restored her the sunshade and her missing leaves.

He would have offered to carry them for her, but to his astonishment, she took them from him without even a smile, and the stiffest possible "thank you!"

She turned her back on him, and walked rapidly away.
"What a queer girl! Her manners

certainly does not match her looks," thought the young man, who was no other than our good-natured friend— Edwin Holland. He had been struck with such a keen sense of admiration for Miss Katie, that her abrupt manner of receiving his little service considerably disconcerted him.

Next evening he was walking on the Pier when he saw her again, walking with an older lady. He would have passed on without the slightest sign that he recognized her, but Mrs. Gray

stopped him, and said, courteously:
"I must thank you very sincerely for terday. It was extremely kind of you to take so much trouble.

"Oh, pray don't! It was nothing—nothing at all," answered Edwin, confused at the unexpected meeting, and feeling, with much vexation, that the capacity for intelligent conversation had deserted him.

The ladies bowed (Kate with a pretty smile that made her look prettier than ever) and passed on their way.

From that day Edwin haunted them like a shadow; he was madly in love with Kate, but could find no opportunity to make her acquaintance. Sometimes he wished that she would

fall into the sea, that he might plunge in and pull her out, or that a terrible storm would come on and frighten her, so that she would gladly accept his protection. But nothing of the kind happened. Things went on in a provokingly even and matter-of-fact way, while his holiday was swiftly expiring, and he knew that he would leave his heart behind him when he left Swanscombe.

And Kate? Ah! proudly as she had kept to her resolve, she could not help feeling a strange interest in the handsome young fellow with the good, earnest face, who seemed instinctively to know where she would be, yet whose gentlemanly instincts kept him from the slightest intrusion.

Mrs. Gray watched the affair with seeret amusement; she wanted to see her pretty niece marry well, and she had ascertained that this young "monster," who had thus appeared on Kate's very first walk alone, was the junior partner in a well-know London firm; if, therefore he had taken more than a passing fancy to her neice, it would be a capital thing for the girl.

On the very last day of his stay at Swanscombe, feeling desperate, Edwin called on Mrs. Gray, though he turned hot and cold as he stood on the steps, and felt a relief he could hardly analyze when he saw that the lady was alone in the drawing-room.

He went away triumphant and victorious, and returned to town with a face so bright and manner so cheery, that his aunts were forced to confess that the air at Swanscombe had evidently

agreed with him. Mrs. Gray said not a word to her niece of her admirer's vis.t, and she saw with satisfaction that Kitie missed him when they went out, and that she did not now show so much anxiety to go out by herself.

The autumn was over, winter had set in, and Katie was at home again. "Have another plate laid this evening, my dear; I have invited a young friend to dine here," said Mr. Leigh to

ais wife as he went out one morning. There was a small dinner-party at the Leighs that evening, and Katie was in the drawing-room, trying to enliven her friends in that trying time just before dinner is announced, when her father entered with the new guest.

"Katie, my dear, this is Mr. Holland; I'll leave you to amuse him for awhile.' Mr. Leigh turned to his other grants, and Katie looked up with a pleasant smile to behold her unknown cavalier of wanscombe.

It was Katie who was tongue-tied and stupid now with astonishment; but it did not matter, as Edwin found plenty to say, and talked away as if they and shoot itself were old friends, to the 'cat indigna-

Let me go out this morning; I give you my word of honor no one shall speak to me, and I will speak to no one."

Aunts, need to be made of sterner stuff than Mrs. Gray was composed of to withstand the pleading of such a statistic property of the statist to take Katie down to dinner.

That was a very happy evening, and was followed by many another like it. Soon after Edwin wrote a glowing letter to Mrs. Gray, informing her of his engagement to Katie and his perfect happiness.

When they were married in the autumn, his aunts were obliged to confess that his bride was not one of the painted creatures who alone, existed in their imaginations, as denizens of the sea-

But Mrs. Gray often laughs when Edwin and Katie visit her, and tells him that, after all her mother's warnings, it was very sad that the naughty girl should have found a monster and insisted on making a pet of him.

Amusing Printers' Errors.

The unlucky poet who wrote: See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire! must have been completely crushed when the line appeared as:

See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire! We can sympathize also with the poet who, writing of his love, asserted that he had "kissed her under the silent stars," and found the compositor made him state that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs." True, it has been doubted if these two poets ever existed; but others, of less mythologic fame, have suffered as badly at the hands of the printer. Burns, in a cheap edition of his works, is made to say:

O, gin my love were you red nose. A well-known temperance lecturer was indignant at finding the sentiment asscribed to him that "Drunkenness was jolly," whereas he had declared that it

was "folly."

Much surprise was occasioned by Sir
Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," including among the persons present at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the name of "Sir Peregrino Pickle." There can be little doubt that the author had made an unconscious slip, intending to name Sir Peregrine Acton. Sir Thomas Brassey having referred in a speech to the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. the compositor transformed the title into the "Golden Treasury of Soups and Cynies." A report in a Manchester paper of a recent dramatic performance mentioned the well-known farce of "No. 1 Round the Corner" under the amusing and suggestive title of "No One Round the Corner."

In the following instance it was no doubt a bachelor compositor who, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without comma in the wrong place and made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage!"

The deplorable state of "I"

The deplorable state of the press in Field's time may be realized from the fact that Bishop Usher, on his way to preach at Paul's Cross, asked at a sta-tioner's for a copy of the Bible, and on examining it found to his astonishment that the text from which he was about to preach was not in the book! The well-known "Vinegar Bible" was published in 1717, and obtains its from the Parable of the Vineyard being catch motch, thass true. printed as the Parable of the Vinegar. One of the most willful alterations of the text, and one which cost its perpe-trator her life, was committed by the widow of a German printer. One night, while an edition of the Bible was being printed in her house, she took the opportunity of altering the word Herr into "Narr," making the verse read, "He shall be thy fool," instead of "He shall be thy lord."

A Glasgow divine, and one of her Majesty's chaplains in Scotland, was lately reported as saying that "personally he violated the Lord's Day as much as any member of the court."
"Venerated" was probably the word actually used by the reverend gentleman .-- Chambers' Journal.

## The Good Woman's Logic.

Dr. Kimball, of Saco, Me., who is one of the oldest and most widely known practitioners in York county, tells a good story of himself. He had attended an old gentleman during a lingering illness, and about a year afamounted to a considerable sum, to the widow. He repeated the process three to time, until patience ceased to be a virtue, and then he again called with grim determination in his character. 'Come, my good woman," said he. when the delinquent appeared, "I have waited long enough, and must have my money." Fixing upon him a look of withering contempt and brandishing her broom in his face, she replied: "You've been here three times for that money, but I'll pay my honest debts, I thank ye, before I pay my doctor's bills." The good physician was so well pleased with the logic of his debtor that he receipted the bill on the spot.—Boston Courier.

## When Mrs. Toodles was Young.

The method of conducting the auction sales twenty-five or thirty years ago was peculiar. Previous to the sale each person desirous of purchasing furnished the auctioneer with the name under which he could bid. Thus, John Smith, of Pittsburg, bid not as John Smith, but as "Pittsburg." The books were put up in lots and the auctioneer proceeded to obtain bids. Having elicited the highest possible figure, if the first bidder did not desire the entire lot any other person could take the remainder at the same price. Should this not be the ease, the remaining books were then put up and the bidding recommenced. Of lifty volumes of Shakspeare "Pittsburg" might take ten. The reply was prompt, "Laneas-ter ten," "Easton five," "Norristown two," "Hartford ten," and so on. In this way half a million dollars worth of books would sometimes be worked off in a week .- Philadelphia News.

Boston has an apple mission which distributes 4,000 or 5,000 bushels of apples among the poor every year. Comparison with this scheme ought to make the average tract society go off

CREOLE LOVE-MAKING.

Dangers of Flirting in the French Portion

Down in the old French portion of New Orleans it is highly unsafe for young unmarried men to veuture alone, writes a correspondent. The blackeyed beauties are only too glad of the chance to capture an American, and will resort to all sorts of devices to entrap the unsuspecting youth. In order to depict for our Northern friends this peculiar phase of creole character, I will relate the true story of the experience of my friend, Jack Laflance, who fell a victim to creole strategy not long

Jack met the beautiful Melanie at a soiree dansante on the Rue Bon Enfants. Being a good dancer and also a first-class waiter, he was Mlle. Melanie's partner for many figures, and by a judicious use of croam and cake gained the good will of Melanic's mam-ma. An invitation to call next Sunday was accepted, and the visitor entreated to "call again." Jack did so upon the Sunday following, and was so cordially eccived that he repeated his visit a third time. For my friend Jack was an innocent soul, totally ignorant of creole customs, and he walked right into the snare. On his third call Meanie's papa tapped him on the shoul-

der and said:
"M'sieu Laflance, I would lak fo' see
you one minute," and led him to the dining-room. Suspecting nothing, Jack followed him. Once there the old gentleman produced a decanter and

"Mon ami, tek some cognac You will fin' it ver' fine. My fodder buy it from Cavaroc. Ah! you lak it, eh? Tek cigar—nevah min', thass a real Havana, shuah. Now, fren' Laflance, you lak fo' know fo' w'at I want see you-eh bien? M'sieu Laflance, I have notiz yo' attentions at my daughter"here the luckless Jack began to protest. "O, I am not displease', my de' young man. My fam'ly, seh, is one of the bes' in the city. Yes, sah, we are twenty-firs' coozin with Jean Baptisto St. Louis de Lorme; whose gran'fodder slap that Spanish canaille, O'Reilly, on the ckik a hondred year ago, as yo' will fin' wrote down in Gayarre. But, my fren', whese these Yankee r-r-rascals tek ou' plantations an' ou' nigroes, seh, we was force' to leave ou' place, seh, an' come yeh an' work, yes. An', ami Laflance, I do not objec' to my daughtah choose yo' fo' husban', no.'' Here the unfortunate Jack broke in with: "But, my dear sir, you are mistaken. I did not make love to your daughter." The old gentleman bristled up. "My de' seh, I love my fam'ly. You have visit Melanie Sunday after You have talk with her, Sunday. dance with her, sing with her. You have compromise my daughter, sch! There is no otheh co'se lef' a man of honah, seh, than to ma'y her; yes, seh,

to ma'y her."
"But, sir," blurted out Jack, "I am only a poor clerk with \$50 a month, and could not support a wife even if I wanted one."

"Ah, mon cher, thass all 'ight-But fo' that I don' keh me. You come live yeh, yes. Then, afteh w'ile, when yo' patron he got fo' lak you mo' and give you r-r-raise to seventy-fi' dollah, we will do ver' well, yes. So thass all fix, eh? Come, you tek-some mo' cognac. Ah! mon cher Laflance, you don't know w'at it is to be a fodder, I suppose? Then you can't nevah on'stan please I feel when a young man lak you hask me fo' my daughtah! Yes, sah, you are the only young man w'at I would rattah have my daughtah than mos' anybody w'atevah, seh!"

"So we will come back to the salon, w'eh I will tell to Melanie I have grant yo' demand. M'sieu Laffance, ah, to tell you the trut', you did not tek me by sopprise, no. Ah, a fodder can see w'en his daughtah love a young man! An' Melanie, she love you, ah! she dream of you all night, yes. Ah, sah, w'en a St. Louis de Lorme love she nevah let go, no, but she, lak the peli-

"Thass all 'light, ami Jack, I will see Pere le Cure, an' we will mek the announcement next ter his decease sent in his bill, which Sunday. You can get one lt'll ring, yes, an' Melanie will be ready for next mont. I know you don't want times without eliciting a reply, and to wait long. Allois, let us tell them then called. He was put off from time wat we have arrange." And off Jack was hustled to the parlor before he could say Jack Robinson. And though, as it happened, Melanie has proven an excellent wife, there are many who are not Melanies, and it is to put our visiting friends next winter upon their guard against the wiles of designing creole papas that I am constrained to publish this true story of Jack Laflance's courtship.

## A Racy Rat Story.

A large number of rats established themselves in a hay-loft, about midway between the floor and the top of the The owner of the premises, hearing a continuous squealing noise in the loft, took a fork and removed the hay from the place whence the noise proceeded and uncovered a nest of about twenty rats. Several of them ran and were caught by the dog, but a bundle of sixteen full-grown animals remained on the spot; their tails were plaited together, something after the fashion of a whip-cord. By picking up one of them the rest adhered and could not be shaken apart. It was supposed by persons who saw them that in order to avoid the cold the rat occupying the top of the pile sought a warmer place by creeping underneath, but not having room to draw his tail after him it was left sticking out; the next rat did the same, and so on until all had changed their position and every individual rat's tail was entwined into the curious knot that held them together. If they had not been discovered and killed they must have starved, as they could not have separated.

James Gordon Bennett has told a Bennett cable gets in thorough work. A Devoted Mother.

When Maj. Converse was laying out the line of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio railroad he spent several days in obtaining the right of way through the little town of Kingsbury. There was considerable opposition on the part of some of the citizens to granting the right af way unless they received extraordinary remuneration.

Among those who regarded the railroad as a nuisance was a hard faced widow of about 50 years of age, who owned a small farm. She said that if she was not compelled to have \$100 right off she would fight the company until a certain warm place froze over. "That 'ere road will run over some of my cows, but I've got to have mon-

"It will not be as bad as you imagine," replied Maj. Converse, sooth-

ingly. "It will be a heap wuss. The sparks from the locomotive will set fire to my haystacks. But necessity knows no law. I reckon I'll have to sign the right of way, but I'd rather take "I don't think that you will be dis-

turbed as much as you suppose.' "I never expect to get another wink of sleep at nights for them trains. Just know my health'll break down. I'll be in my grave before a year, but hand out yer hundred dollars and it's a whack. I'll do it on account of the children. What won't a woman do for her own flesh and blood?"

Major Converse handed over the money and the woman signed the document cheerfully. "Do you really need the money so bady?" asked Major Converse, as he

folded up the document and put it in his pocket.
"The worst in the world, stranger. A gentleman from Galveston—a drummer, I believe they call him-visits me every time he comes to this town. The last time he was here he called me his gazelle, and wanted me to sit on his

knee, but I told him, 'no, not yet.' "
"I understand. He is paying you attentions." "And he's going to be here again in about two weeks. He is right on the ragged edge of proposing, but if I ion't encourage him he may grow cold and listless. It may be good-by-John with me unless I do my part. You know how men are. They are so onreliable."

"Yes, I understand, You want to lend him the money," said Converse. "Not much I'm going to lend him any money. But I'm going to San Antone to-morrer, and I'll buy me a new silk dress and a new hat, and I'm going to have a new set of false teeth built, and if I ain't Mrs. Drummer inside of three weeks, it won't be my fault."

"Do you really love him?" asked Maj. Converse.
"No, I'll never love again. But he's so kind to the children, and my poor children need a protector so bad, that I'm ready to make any sacrifice. I don't think we ought to take our own feelings into consideration when the welfare of our offspring is concerned.

## An Eccentric Pigeon.

in San Antone?"-Texas Siftings.

is the best dentist

The present writer knows a pigeon of exceedingly eccentric disposition, not unlike "the single gentleman" in Dick-en's "Curiosity Shop" in his habits. He keeps seven pigeon-boxes all to himself, and persecutes relentlessly any pigeons which propose to share their dwellings with him. He is as averse to the society even of the gentler sex as was St. Anthony himself in the Egyptian deserts. Not a pigeon will he admit within the circle of his sway. And yet, in spite of this resolute and inveterate bachelorhood, this eccentric pig-eon is always endeavoring to build nests, and looking out for objects of an egg-like form, which he thinks it possi-ble to hatch. He will accumulate twigs and straws now here, now there, at very great pains and labor. He will coo sometimes to inanimate objects, sometimes to captive birds of another breed, sometimes to a kitten or a dog, or even a flower-pot, with the quaintest and politest anties. He will sit patiently on china-saucers on the mantel-piece of one room, while he accumulates the materials for a nest on the top of a closet in another room. He does not even drive away the possible mother of a family with more zeal than he shows in seeking to be a good father to some imaginary chiel, which he seems to expect to elicit from a ringstand or a letter-weight. So far as the present writer can judge, he is a pigeon of strong Malthusian views, who hopes to inaugurate a new regime which may have the same relation to the ordinary habits of pigeons which the Positivist worship bears to the other religions of the world. He hopes to foster and cultivate the family and parental idea without any corresponding reality, without any aid from outside, indeed, except an apparatus of external ceremony, which feigns the existence of a purely ideal mate, and affects to indulge in the expectation of impossible offspring .- "Animal Eccentricities," in Popular Science Monthly for December.

The fashionable flower at this season s the chrysanthemum. It presents such a variety of shapes and hues as to form by itself a bouquet of the loveliest sort. There are colors almost without end-maroon, violet, cinnamon, purple, buff, ruby, orange, pink, salmon, cherry, ivory and silver white, and many others. At the chrysanthemum show in New York one of the most curious exhibited was Julius Sharoff, a Japanese variety. The blossom shown was about five inches in diameter, the quilled rays of a dark rose color, curved and twisted with the tips pointing n all directions, making it a marked lower.

A statistician has found that the average age of man in the past forty years has advanced three years. This s partially due to the toughening qualities in the modern adulteration of French paper that when the Mackey- foods and liquors. Logwood port wine, molasses whisky, oleomargarine, gluing order, not only all the foreign news, but all the leading editorials of the New York Herald will be cabled from Longood old times.

Imaginary Diseases

"A great deal of what passes for heart desease is mild dyspepsia," said a young physician yesterday. "Nerv ousness is an aristocratic name for irritability and bad temper, and two-thirds of the so-called malaria is nothing but laziness. A fellow practitioner once told me of an old lady he knew in Newburyport, Mass. She had kept her bed for three years, and, in spite of her physician's assurances, she believed herself hopelessly paralyzed. One night her grandson got up a ghost to scare her, and the old lady run half a

mile before they could catch her. "The longer an hallucination is indulged the more deeply rooted it becomes. In many cases it ultimately develops into monomania or delusional insanity. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell performs many of his most remarkable cures of so-called nervous diseases simply by his wonderful success in persuading patients that nothing on earth ails them. Few physicians have the ability to do this, and still fewer have the discretion to adopt a course of treatment adapted to the mental peculiarities of each particular case. times persuasion is necessary, but frequently, a little tonic combined with a good scolding, produces the desired result.

"When a delusion is harmless it is often the best plan to humor it. A relative of mine, who was a clergyman lived for several years in my family. He firmly believed that he could not sleep after preaching on Sunday night unless he was put under the influence of an opiate. Time and again I have seen him dose off as soundly as a tired child, after taking a teaspoonful of sweetened water, which I had prescribed as 'morphia.' Without this harmless little dose, however, he would toss about restlessly for hours.

"The negroes indulge some very funny superstitions about diseases and their cures. One of the things of which they have a horror is the common difficulty known of clongation of the palate. When I was practicing as a nowly-fledged student in Virginia, an old negress called upon me one evening. Her hair was pulled back from her forehead and knotted with a cord in a tight bunch on the crown of her head. She was suffering from a bad cold.

"'Mars' doctor,' she said, 'I'se afraid I'se got fallin' of de palate. I'se done tied up my harr' as hard as I can, but it don't 'pear to make it no better, an' I 'spects nebby I need some pills.'

I examined her throat and found nothing the matter but slight inflammation. I don't think you need any pills, auntie,' said I. 'If you can only get your hair tied up a little closer for a day or two I have no doubt your pal-ate will shorten up all right.' She came in again in a few days and told md she was much better, but her 'ole man' had tied her hair so hard that she had to sleep with her eyes open, 'cause she couldn't even make a wink.'"—I'hiladelphia Times.

# The Decay of the Dude.

ne samo cosmic principle which folded away in the archives of geologic history of the once agile ichthyosaurus and the ferocious trilobite has clutched in its resistess embrace this sweet, young species of the genus homo, and is slowly wrapping it in the cerements of tradition. Even as a sappy, verdant fern, plucked by some gentle maid in summer rambles, and pressed with care in her red-lined "Evangeline," but forgotten amid the ensuing gayeties of social life, the fair, short-lived, emerald-hued dude will soon pass into oblivion. Ver-

ily, all flesh is grass. He who studies the testimony of the rocks soon learns how slight a change of circumstances avails to work destruction. Dire catastrophe, the upheaval of an ocean's bed into air, or the submerging of a continent, has, indeed, more than once been the abrupt and wholesale instrument of slaughter. Yet this is the exception and not the rule. Nature prefers more gradual methods. Species after species evolves, exists, and dies. Some slight modification of environment suffices first to decimate and then to extinguish the

whole family. And so, analogy warns us, will it be with the altogether-too-lovely-for-anything and yet never-quite-to-the-uttermost-appreciated dude. For a change has come - not over the spirit of his fream; for only creatures with brains have dreams-but over the cut of his trousers. Thus far it has been with him a survival, not of the fittest, nor of the fitter, but of the fitted; very closely fitted, too. But no longer shall the drapery of his nether limbs cling. with the adhesiveness of a plaster, to his attenuated form; in the spacious folds of the raiment which the latest fashion decrees, he can but collapso and disappear. So radical a revolution in the circumstances of his existence he cannot hope to survive. His fate is sealed. And with a tear in the eye, and a quill over the ear, the historian already ransacks the pigeon-holes of sentiment and memory and prepares to ceite his career .- N. Y. Tribune

## "Flinging the Stockings."

which the bridesmaids took a promi- were choked by the lodgement in them nent lead, a ceremony to which no of myriads of the pest. Herr Zeller, small importance was attached. It has the well-known entomologist, has clasbeen made the subject of frequent al- sified this small butterfly, the worm of lusions by our old writers, and one which only lives upon flour or meal, as

"But still the stockings are to throw; Some throw too high, and some too low, There's none could hit the mark." Mission further informs us that if the

oridegroom's stockings thrown by one of the bridesmaids fell upon his head. it was regarded as an omen that she herself would soon be married; and a similar prognostic was taken from the voyage to develop its hurtful char falling of the bride's stockings thrown by one of the groomsmen. - Cassell's Magazine.

know a man's character follow him home." "Only whisper scandal, and its echo is heard by all." this has been uttered since Sam Patch's amous declaration that some things could be done as well as some ethers.

GLEANINGS.

There is a movement on foot in Eng-

land, participated in principally by the scientists, looking to the abelition of private insane asylums. The Pope is one of the busiest men

in Europe. His time, from early morning to late at night is completely taken up by business and callers.

A Massachusetts man has discovered a sure cure for sea-sickness. It is a counter-irritant in the shape of a mild

blister application behind the ear. A recent estimate, made by means of a very intricate testing apparatus, places the rate at which an electric dot

travels over a telegraph wire at 16,000 miles per second. Recently in Paris, during the session of the Congress of the Free-Thinkers, one ominent thinker, striking an atti-tude passionately exclaimed: "Gentle-men, I am an atheist—thank God!"

A New York street car company sends cars to Japan, Australia, Buenos Ayres, Santiago, Calcutta and Berlin. The company makes 600 cars annually, ranging in price from \$950 to \$1,200.

A clean and perfect copy of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," 1678, has just been added to the British Museum fibrary. Only three other copies are known, and but two of these are Professor Baron Nordenskjold is

about to vary his arctic experiences by an attempt to visit the south pole. He has gone to St. Petersburg in order to interest several influential persons-in his new enterprise. A brick in the gable end of an old tavern at Hancock's Bridge, Salem

County, N. J., bears the initials of "W. S. H." The were placed there by William and Sarah Hancock, who had the house built in 1734. Herr Myer, a German statistician, says that 95 per cent. of the people of Germany receive less than a dollar a day. The sudden and formidable growth of Socialism in that country

may thus be understood in a measure The Progres Medical describes two new Oriental poisons, which are said to be innocuous when taken into the stomach, but have the remarkable quality of immediately arresting the action of the heart when introduced into the blood.

The discovery of a silver mine district sixty miles by thirty on the bor-ders of New South Wales and South Australia, is the excitement in those parts. In one instance a mass of two tons yielded 10,000 ounces. A similar discovery is also announced in another part of New South Wales.

Bismark evidently thinks that it is as easy to make a horse drink as to lead him to the water. He caused a law to be passed forbidding the inhabitants of the duchy of Schleswig-Holstein, recently wrested from Denmark, from speaking the Danish language. Even school children are punished when they speak among themselves in their native tongue, and so far has this law been carried, that a young girl's The knell of destiny has struck, and birthday festival was broken up and

the guests arrested and fined because they sang some old Danish folk songs. During the Franco-German war Metz and Paris communicated with the outside world by carrier-pigeons, and the German Generals declared them contraband of war. They continued how-ever, to be introduced into France from Belgium, where they are a specialty. pigeon-racing and breeding having long been a national sport, there. The Belgium societies were never more flourishing than at present, and are very particular in regard to breeds, the Antworp being the favorite; in some of their nurseries the boxes are mahogany, with solid silver embellishments. Thirty miles an hour is the average speed of the Antwerp pigeon, which always descends at night for shelter and repose, the carrier's flight being

guided by sight alone.

In France, by a refinement of judicial cruelty, the date of execution is not known until the previous evening. Notices are then sent to the governor of the jail, executioner and chaplain. From the hour of his sentence the criminal is dead to the world. Environed by guards, he is taken to a cell with two beds, one of which is occupied by a monster (prison spy). He is put into a suit of rough canvas shirt, woolen trousers and felt shoes. A short waistcoat of canvas, opening behind and secured with leather straps is fixed over this suit, and the long sleeves are attached to a cord which passes around the thighs, so that he cannot lift his hands above a certain height, and is almost helpless to perform the most ordinary movement. His food is taken with a wooden spoon. A warder and gendarme keep perpetual watch. He may sleep or smoke or cat, but no visitors are admitted nor any tidings from the outer world.

The German newspapers report that a very destructive insect has been recently introduced into that country from the United States. It is described as a moth, imported with wheat or Indian corn, and capable of reproducing itself rapidly. The appearance of this insect has caused no little alarm, especially among the millets, because in some instances it has become neces-An old time wedding freak was the sary already to suspend work in order ustom of "flinging the stockings," at to free the bins and machinery which rhyme, describing a wedding, tells us: a Phicyde. This injurious moth is said to have been first seen in Holland in 1879, since which time it has spread enormously to Germany. The remarkable part of this story is that this insect, if it exists in America at all, has not been talked of on this side of the Atlantic. If, indeed, it has its origin here, it certainly must require the seaacter.

"If Noah and his family," remarks-Among a let of modern proverbs sent to a London newspaper were these: "It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet." "The want of money is the root of all evil." "If you'd money is the root of all evil." "If you'd this has been uttered since Sam Patch's among declaration that many declarations are many declarations and many declarations are many declarations and many declarations are many declarations.