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MOTHER'S WORK.

I.

Baking, stewing, and brewing,
Roasting, frying, and boiling,
Sweeping, dusting, and cleaning,
Washing, starching, and ir'ning,
Ripping, turning and mending,
Cutting, basting, and stitching,
Making the old like new;
Shoestrings to lace,
Faces to wash,
Buttons to sew,
And the like of such;
Stockings to darn
While the children play,
Stories to tell,
Tears wipe away,
Making them happy
The livelong day;
It is ever thus from morn till night;
Who says that a mother's work is light?

II.

At evening, four
Little forms in white;
Prayers all said,
And the last good-night,
Tucking them safe
In each downy bed,
Silently asking
O'er each head,
That the dear Father
In heaven will keep
Safe all my darlings,
Awake or asleep.
Then I think the old adage true ever will prove:
"It is easy to labor for those that we love."

III.

Ah me! dear me! I often say,
As I hang the tumbled clothes away;
And the tear drops start,
While my burdened heart
Aches for the mother across the way.
Where, oh, where are
Her nestlings flown?
All, all are gone,
Save one alone!
Folded their garments
With tenderest care,
Unpressed the pillow
And vacant chair.
No ribbons to tie,
No faces to wash,
No hair all awry;
No merry voices
To hush into rest;
God save them!
He took them!
And He knoweth best;
But, ah! the heart anguish! the tears that fall!
This mother's work is the hardest of all.

—*Philadelphia Sunday Republic.*

LATE FOR DINNER.

A CONJUGAL DIALOGUE.

At the Macy mansion the dinner hour six o'clock, sharp. Mr. Macy, who has been absent since morning, comes home seven minutes late.

Mrs. Macy (not giving him time to offer an excuse)—"Well, when you rang I thought certainly it was the doctor."

Mr. Macy (anxiously)—"The doctor? Are you expecting him? What is the matter?"

She—"I suppose it has never entered your mind that a woman, though blessed with a constitution of iron, might suffer from having her meals at all hours of the day and night. Neither would you call it being sick, I suppose, for her to sit and wait and worry, tormented by all kinds of conjectures and fears; expecting every moment to hear that her husband has been crushed to death by a cable car, or met with some other frightful accident."

(Macy who sees the storm coming, wisely remains silent.)

She—"Will you at least condescend to answer the only question that I shall ask you?"

He—"Assuredly, my dear."

She—"Will you be good enough to inform me if you intend to come home at this late hour every night?"

He (deprecatingly)—"Surely, my dear, you are not going to scold because I am seven minutes late this once. I was detained by business; but do not ask what it was, for I promised not to tell."

She—"I have no doubt that you will be a whole week late one of these days, and will end, perhaps, by being away from your family for years."

He—"Pshaw, my dear! How absurd!"

She—"Absurd, is it? Why, it was no later than last night that you were telling me about the sea-captain—La Perouse I believe his name was—who left home one day, promising to return at the usual time, and has never been seen since by his unhappy family."

He—"But that happened ninety years ago."

She—"So much the worse."

He—"Beside, don't you remember I told you he was shipwrecked?"

She—"Oh, yes; it is easy enough to say that a man was lost at sea, especially when he is not here to contradict you. But don't think, when you make up your mind to leave home forever, that you will be able to deceive me by some foolish story printed in the papers, declaring, for instance, that you have gone up in a balloon which has never come down again; oh, no, I shall not believe that story any more than the one you tell to-day."

He—"I am sure I do not know to what story you refer, my dear."

She—"Oh, indeed? A man comes home brimful of mystery, and when his wife questions him, when she ventures to ask him a question, he responds guardedly that it is a secret. Oh, I am not at all curious. I have not the slightest desire to know your wonderful secret. Far be it from me to try to find out what perhaps would be the last thing I should want to know."

He—"Now, are you going to imagine all sorts of foolish things, because I happen to tell you that I have been occupied with another man's business to-day?"

She—"A nice business it must be that a man dare not tell his wife. You are the greatest talker in the universe away from home, but it is simply impossible to get a word out of you when you are alone with your wife."

He—"But, I tell you, it is not my secret."

She—"I suppose not. A very good excuse, that."

He (irritated)—"Good heavens! How exasperating a woman can be."

She—"A man never is—of course not."

He—"Well, for the sake of peace and quietness I'll tell you the whole story."

She (with the air of a martyr)—"Never mind—I do not care to hear it—now."

He—Why, are you not willing to let me explain?"

She—What is the use? You would only invent something. You are very good at that sort of thing."

He—"Will you allow me to speak."

"She—I cannot prevent it, can I? You needn't be so fierce."

He (about to confess)—"I"——

She—"But I warn you I shall not believe one single word you say."

"He—Then I may as well remain silent."

She (triumphantly)—"There—what did I tell you? I knew very well that you wouldn't have anything to say if driven to the wall. Ah! I understand you."

He—"—— —— —— —— ! ! !

She—"Oh, certainly—swear; that's just like a man. It will give you more time to invent a plausible story, too."

He (in a rage)—"Do you intend to let me get a word in edgeways?"

She—"Oh, go on, go on—your humble servant is all attention."

Ha—"Well, then, a friend of mine who is on the verge of bankruptcy, came to me this morning and begged me to give him some assistance, and I have been running about all day trying to help him out, and even at last offered myself as his security."

She—"Is that all!"

He—"Yes, that is all."

She (sighing)—"Well, I am thankful that I paid the baker yesterday; we shall at least have bread one more month—and I shall begin this very night to let the children go barefoot, for that is what the future has in store for the poor things, with their father squandering his fortune upon every scallawag he meets."

He—Scallawag, indeed! Be a little careful what you call a man till you know who he is."

She (scornfully)—"Oh! I can guess fast enough; it is that fool of a Farnsworth."

He—"In the first place, madam, Farnsworth is not a fool, but a very intelligent man; and in the next place, it is not Farnsworth at all."

She (angrily)—"And for such a miserable creature as Farnsworth do I see myself and children reduced to beggary?"

He (more angrily)—"And, I repeat, that it was not Farnsworth."

She—"Well, then, it was some other good-for nothing fellow, whose name you dare not tell."

He—"Do not call names, madam; you will soon regret it if you do."

She—"It must have been a sharper or a swindler; a gambler, perhaps, or even a thief."

He (out of all patience)—"Very well! Since you force me to it, know that it is your brother whom you are abusing, and that he has been speculating too deeply, and is heavily involved."

She (repentant)—"Oh, Frank, won't you forgive me?"

(They fall into each other's arms.)

"He—"And now, my love, since peace is restored, let us sit down to dinner."

She—"Not quite yet."

He—"And why not?"

She—"Well, you see I sent the cook away this morning because she was saucy, and I have been wandering around the city all day, trying to find another—going from pillar to post, from one employment office to another—and I only succeeded in getting one a little while ago, so that—"

He—"So that, I suppose, I get no dinner at all?"

She—"No—so that dinner will be ready at 7."—*From the French, in Argonaut.*

Gave Fifty Dollars to Kiss Booth.

A good story was told of Booth when he was here last, says the Philadelphia *Press*, which illustrates his indifference to the class of women who always find something irresistible and fascinating in the men who earn their living behind the footlights. Booth was traveling on the Boston and Albany road one day, having just closed an engagement in the New England metropolis. He heard an expensively-dressed, handsome, middle-aged woman back of him sigh and say to her companion: "I would give $50 to kiss that man." Booth turned suddenly and looked at the speaker. "Do you mean that?" he demanded, fixing his fine dark eyes upon her, and causing the blood to mount up to the very roots of her hair. "Why, yes, of course I do," replied the woman, confusedly, looking in a helpless sort of a way at the great tragedian and at the smiling passengers. "Well, I accept the terms, madam," exclaimed Booth, solemnly. "And I stand by my proposition," said the woman, recovering her self-possession, and, rising, she imprinted a sound kiss upon the actor's lips. Booth's face did not betray the slightest emotion. He received the kiss stolidly, and did not return it, but waited until the impetuous woman found her purse and handed him a $50 bill. He took the money, thanked her, and turning to a feeble, shabbily-dressed woman on the other side of the aisle, who was traveling with two young children, placed the money in her hands, and with a courtly bow said: "This is for the children, madam. Take it, please," and without another word he left the car.

Not so Easy for Men to Fly.

With wings of any moderate spread a horse power is able to lift about twenty-five pounds. To lift 150 pounds, the average weight of a man, calls for six-horse power, while man's power is estimated to be about one-fifth of a horse power when exerted to the greatest advantage. In other words, if the machinery for the purpose weighed nothing, man's strength must be increased thirty times at least before he can sustain himself in the air. Even then he could fly only in a calm. It has been stated that the average velocity of air currents at a distance above the earth is twenty miles per hour. These must be met and overcome by any flying apparatus before it can be successful. These facts ought to be enough to settle one side of the question, at least. Men cannot hope to fly by muscular exertion. Any flying apparatus must weigh less than twenty-five pounds per horse power in order to sustain itself, and, if supported by a balloon, must be even lighter.—*Industrial American.*

MOMENTS FOR MERRIMENT.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FOUND IN OUR EXCHANGES.

The Late Husband—What He Used—The Deacon's Dog—The Hero Was Slain—Mastheaded by a Fish.

A gentleman came home in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," at the South End recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in black.

"Why, are you wearing these mourning garments?" he said, somewhat unsteadily.

"For my late husband," was the significant reply.

He has been in the house at 10 ever since.—*Boston Budget.*

What He Used.

"You say that you was forcibly ejected?"

"No, sir; I don't say nothing of the kind."

"Didn't I understand you to say that he removed you with violence?"

"I don't know what you understood, but I didn't say that."

"I inferred from what you told me that he used force to compel your exit."

"I don't see how you got that into your head, for I didn't say nothing of the kind."

"You didn't go out of your own account?"

"Not by a tarnal sight."

"Then how did you get out?"

"Why, gosh it all, he kicked me out."

"Well, I want to know if he didn't use violence."

"No, I'll be shrunk if he did. He used his foot."—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Deacon's Dog.

A good story is told of the presence of mind of a New Hampshire deacon who was very fond of dogs. He had one valuable setter that he had trained himself, and that understood his every word and slightest gesture with an almost human intelligence. One evening at a prayer meeting the good man was offering an earnest exhortation and the people sat with bowed heads, giving earnest attention. The audience faced the stand where sat the pastor; the doors opened on either side. All at once one of the doors, which had been left ajar, was pushed open, and the handsome head of the deacon's favorite setter was thrust in. The head was followed by the body, and the dog in toto had just started with a joyful bound toward its master. The deacon generally knew what was going on about him, whether he was praying or shouting, and the first movement of the intruder attracted his attention. Quick as a flash, the deacon, raising his head with a warning gesture, exclaimed: "Thou hast given us our charge; help us to keep it." At the emphasized word so well known to his canine ear, the handsome brute stopped as if shot on the very threshold of the door, with his intelligent eye fixed upon his master. In the same unmoved tone, with a slight wave of the extended hand: "We would not return back to Thee with our duty on earth unfulfilled." Again the perfect training of the deacon's pet was made evident, for, without a whimper, he turned as noiselessly as he had entered, and remained quietly outside until his master appeared.

The Hero Was Slain.

One of the farmers who succeeded in backing his wagon into place at the City Hall market yesterday morning had several errands to do around the neighborhood, and he left his son of fourteen on the vehicle to make a sale of five or six bags of potatoes. The old man had scarcely disappeared when a bill distributor came along and threw into the wagon the first chapters of a sensational serial. The boy grabbed for the "fly" and began to devour the literature in chunks and hunks, and of the half-dozen people who came along and asked the price of his potatoes he answered only one, and him so absent-mindedly that no sale was made. In about half an hour the old man returned. He halted at the back end of the wagon and took in the situation, and then asked:

"George, what you got?"

"Story."

"What about?"

"Injuns."

"Do they kill anybody?"

"They are after a feller and I guess they git him."

"He's the hero I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"Don't sell any taters, does he?"

"No."

"I thought not, but I reckon I'll soon know the reason why!"

With that he leisurely climbed over the tail-board, reached for the boy and the shaking up that youth received will make him dream of earthquakes for many nights to come.

"You don't want any more of that," said the old man, as he finished business and dropped the "fly" overboard. "The Injuns not only overtook the hero but they slew him in the most fatal manner, and don't you forget it! Now you git up'n gallop and sell these 'taters!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mastheaded by a Fish.

"Here's an old acquaintance," said my friend, as we stood looking at the fish display of Commissioner Blackford, pointing out a parti-colored eel-like fish several feet long and of most villainous aspect. In form it resembled the typical sea serpent that figures in the old works of Pontoppidan and others. The body was high, the mouth large, and in it appeared a most formidable array of teeth.

"That is the famous, or rather infamous, murray of the South," explained my companion, giving the creature a spiteful dig. "It's as much of a sea serpent as I ever want to see, and I must tell you a good joke on myself in which one of these brutes played a prominent part. Some years ago, when I began spending my winters in Florida, I devoted almost my entire time to fishing—sea fishing, you know—and almost the first fish that caught me was one of these murrays. This is a medium-sized one. They attain in the Bahamas and around Cuba a length of four or five feet, and, being proportionately stout, present a formidable appearance. One day I was fishing off the reef, in about five fathoms, and had been having fine luck with grunts and yellow-tails, when suddenly I had a bite that brought me to my feet. I hauled the fish and the fish hauled me, and after ten minutes hard work I had him at the surface, and, with a tremendous jerk, landed, not a fish, but one of those murrays—a rouser. I was amazed as much as the murray.

"No sooner did it feel itself in the boat then it opened its cavernous mouth and made a rush for me. There were but two methods of escape open to me, one to jump overboard and the other to climb the small mast of my boat. I chose the latter, and as the murray reached the spot I just cleared it, and there I was in the attitude generally known as shinning. The murray made the circuit of the boat several times dragging the line, thrashing the oars about, and darting its ugly head in my direction at every move I made. It was impossible, however, to hold such a position long, and I was about considering the possibilities of leaping into the water and swimming to the reef when the creature wriggled overboard. I then slid down and cut the line. When I got ashore my friends asked me what I was shinning the mast of the dingy for. They had been watching me through a spy glass. I told them I had been clearing the halyards. If they had ever got hold of it that I had been there for ten minutes to get away from that green-hued eel, I should never have heard the last of it."—*New York Sun.*

A Queer Industry.

In a queer little room in a queer old house in Forsyth street, at the end of an old-fashioned brick-paved alleyway, a snowy bearded man, bubbling over with good nature, sat at a low bench clipping corks with a carving knife as keen as a razor. A little wooden sign over the alleyway had the single word "Corks" painted on it. "Corks" was scrawled with chalk on the floor of the room in which the busy man sat, and he himself was enthroned on an old stool among great mounds of corks of all kinds and sizes. They were scattered in heaps on the bench, stored in great paper bags at his feet, and piled high in wooden boxes behind him. He stropped the keen blade of the knife against the edge of the bench every little while, and clipped the corks before him with the regularity of machinery, while he chatted with a visitor about the odd industry of making new corks out of old ones. He was old Pop Mackin, the pioneer of the trade of renovating second-hand corks.

"There are more people at the business now," he said, "than anybody would dream of. They go around buying up all the second-hand corks they can get at $5 a barrel. A barrel will hold from twenty-seven to twenty-nine gross of corks. They get the old corks from retail liquor stores, and then sort them out according to size. Then they're dumped into a big tub of cold water and soaked till the dirt is all rinsed out. After that they're tossed into a boiler of hot water and steamed. The steaming is done by covering the boiler tightly with a piece of heavy carpet. It keeps the steam imprisoned and drives it through the cork. The corks are in all sorts of curious shapes when they are put in the steam bath, but no matter how they have been crushed in by the neck of the bottle or by the wire and twine fastenings—and some of them are tough-looking corks, too—they come out of the bath perfectly shaped again. After the bath the corks are allowed to dry, and then we trim them with a sharp knife, and they are just as good as new."

"But how," the visitor asked, "can you hide the damage where a corkscrew has been bored through a cork?"

"Easy enough," the old man responded, with a laugh, as he picked out a perfect little cork; "that trick was done with a cutting machine. The fact is, that a corkscrew only damages, as a rule, the top and bottom of a cork. The damaged cork is sent through a cutting machine, and paired down until the damaged part is all cut away. Sometimes it has to go through the machine two or three times before it is perfect, but after that it is as good as any cork that was ever made. Corks cut that way are called "accommodation corks," and are sold in great quantity to distilleries where they want corks to ram tightly into all sorts of bottles."

"How many corks can a man prepare daily?"

"It depends upon the corks; but an industrious man can sort, wash, steam, and trim about fifty gross of corks, they are sold by the gross again. Sometimes the profit is only one dollar a barrel, sometimes more.—*New York Sun.*

How the Earth is Built Up Hourly by Meteors.

Dr. Kleiber, of St. Petersburg, publishes in the *Astronomische Nachricten* the results of investigations by himself and Dr. Keller on the amount by which the earth's mass is increased each hour by the meteors falling upon the globe from space. The original memoirs, which are printed in Russian, have not reached this country, but the summary referred to is extremely interesting.

Observations by Professor Schmidt, of Athens, and others, have shown that on the average a single observer will see about ten meteors per hour. This is a number which depends upon experiment simply. A single observer does not command the whole sky above his horizon, but only some twenty-three per cent. of it.

Professor Newton, of Yale college, has shown that about 10,460 times as many meteors fall on the whole earth in an hour as fall so as to be visible above any one horizon. Combining these separate deductions, it follows that 10x100, 460x23 (or about 450,000) fall on the surface of the whole earth each hour. It is to be remembered, too, that only such meteors as would be visible to the naked eye are included in this enumeration. Every astronomer knows that there are vast quantities of extremely minute telescopic meteors in the heavens. One can hardly work for two or three hours without seeing at least one meteor in every small field of the telescope. The number given above, then, is clearly a minimum.

Professor Alexander Herschel has shown that the average weight of a meteor may be taken as five grams, whence it follows that the earth receives hourly not less than 2,250 kilograms, or 4,950 pounds of foreign material deposited upon it from the celestial space.

There are said to be 11,000 lawyers in the State of New York.

THE COOK IN THE ORIENT.

A CHINAMAN WRITES ABOUT CHINESE FRUITS.

Fruits a Mainstay of Life in China—Odd Ways of Preparing Them—The Bolo and Sai chi.

From time immemorial fruits have been a mainstay of life in China. Their culture gives support to millions, and is brought to a perfection almost unknown in the Occident. All of the kinds familiar to Americans are everywhere grown, so also, are the semi-tropical and tropical; such as the orange, pineapple, lemon, lime, citron, banana, star-fruit, guava, mangoe, tamarind, date, fig, and shaddock. Beside these are a long series of fruits indigenous to the East; the Bolo, Dai-chi, Ma-tag, and a score of others.

Fruits are more frequently cooked in China than here. They enter into cakes, tarts, pies, puddings, stuffing. They are baked, roasted, fried, broiled, and boiled. They are also dried, evaporated, dessicated, smoked, pickled, soused, preserved, candied and made into jellies, jams, and ma-malades.

Among odd ways of preparing and preserving them, is one in which a fruit sweetened to taste, is perforated with a cochineal stick, then wrapped in a water-lily leaf, and then boiled in syrup. The heat and moisture transfer the crimson color of the wood to the interior flesh, while the lily-leaf stains the exterior a rich green, and at the same time, penetrates it to a moderate depth with its gelatinous or mucilaginous elements. Fruits thus treated are put in large jars, and sent over the world. Even when opened, they resist fermentation for weeks.

In the use of fruits, the Chinese do not follow the Portuguese adage of "Golden at morn, silver at noon, and lead at night," but on the contrary indulge to an extent that would astonish a physician of the old school. It is a common sight in a Mongolian home to find the entire family devouring oranges, bananas, and sugar-cane, at midnight. In the main, acid and sub-acid fruits are preferred to all others.

The extremes to which fruit-culture is carried on in China is well exemplified by the Bolo. It a wild state, the fruit, (which grows from the trunk, and not from the limbs of the Bolo tree), is not much larger than an apple, and in shape, color, and interior construction resembles an orange. Cultivation for centuries has increased it in size until it weighs from 100 to 200 pounds. As it buds in the spring, the fruit farmer builds under and around it a strong bamboo basket, which in turn is firmly attached to the tree trunk. When mature, the fruit can be easily broken into spherical sections, similar to an orange. Its taste is very rich and sweet, resembling, somewhat, that of a Hackensack melon. The seeds are small, almost rudimentary, and never sprout. The tree is propagated by shoots and grafts. The Bolo exerts a fascination upon the Chinese small boy, similar to that fabled to be exercised by the watermelon upon the colored brother. As soon as it begins to ripen, guards are stationed in the orchard, and there kept until the last globe is gathered. The enfant terrible in the East has one advantage over his Ethiopian rival. Once picked, he, or they—as it requires three boys to properly do the business—may carry off the fruit before the owner's eyes. A queer superstition among the farmers forbids recapture, or even unkind words to the malefactors, on pain, it is supposed, of the blighting of the tree or orchard the next season. The Bolo sells for from 1,000 to 5,000 cash, (1,000 cash being nearly equal to $1). It is sold to peddlers and venders, who separate it into its component sections. These number from 300 to 600, and are retailed according to their size from five cash upward. Covered with leaves, the sections remain sweet and fresh several days.

Another fruit (now beginning to appear in American markets) is the Sai-chi. As it grows it is the size and shape of a walnut, with a shell thinner than that of the finest almond. Within is a fresh and luscious pulp that may be put half-way between a strawberry and a raisin. After being gathered, it slowly dies until the pulp resembles a small date. Thus far only the dried fruit has been imported. Its success, however, indicates that the fresh fruit would in a short time be extremely popular. The dried are sold in American stores at forty cents per pound, in Chinese stores at twenty-five, but in Canton and Hong Kong at five to ten. Lai-chi has considerable hygienic value. When fresh its action is similar to that of figs or tamarinds, dried to that of prunes. An essential principle is extracted from it by the Chinese physicians and apothecaries, and has long been a favorite remedy for many complaints.—*Wong Chinfoo, in the Cook.*

Indian Slavery in Early Mexico.

The old Spaniards were not at all afraid of the savages, and enslaved as many as they wished, and made them work well in the mines. History tells us this, and tells us beside that they treated the Indians with great cruelty. Even the pious fathers made the Indians cultivate the soil and lead clean lives, and, above all, caused them to give up their ways of idleness.

Every evening the Indians came in from labor, and, after singing some religious songs, were locked up for the night in about the same way that the slaves of the Southern States were formerly locked up. There was no nonsense about it, and near every mission there was kept a small party of Spanish soldiers who disciplined the Indians whenever they needed it, which was quite often.

Whenever any of them made their escape to the mountains the soldiers went after them and brought them home, or rather back to the missions, and again set them to work. Some of these Indians eventually became respectable members of society and good men, though others returned to their vagabond life after the priests had lost their hold upon them and the church property had been secularized, which occurred as far back as 1833.

When the church property was abandoned, as was virtually done in consequence of a decree of the supreme government of the city of Mexico, dated August 17, 1833, the semi-civilized Indians found themselves free, as they considered it, and returned to their wild ways.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The cataracts of the Nile are due to granite veins, which the river, while working a way through the sandstone, had been unable to destroy or remove.

In a new French method of sugar-manufacture, which is attracting the attention of Paris capitalists, the use of beet-root is to be superseded by that of potatoes, the saccharine matter being extracted by the help of electricity.

Leather wheels are made in France for railroad and other cars. Untanned buffalo hides are cut into strips, and these are built up into solid discs, which are strongly held together by two iron rings after they have been subjected to hydraulic pressure.

Artificial sponge—made of cotton, rendered absorbent and treated with antiseptics—is a recent English product. A piece of the size of a walnut has absorbed water until it has become as large as a cocoanut. It is so cheap that it need not be used a second time.

From experiments made in Germany by Professor E. Woolny, it appears that the air is considerably cooler over a field under crop than over a fallow field, and that the temperature fluctuates less in the former case than in the latter. The maximum of air temperature travels with the course of the sun, from eastern slopes in the morning to the southern at noon and to the western in the evening.

Experienced lumbermen have always held that timber cut in the spring was not durable for building purposes. Recent scientific investigations sustain this belief. It is shown that the richer the wood is in phosphoric acid and potassium the more likely it is to rot and mold; wood cut in the spring contains eight times as much of the former and five times as much of the latter as when cut in the winter.

The ordinary dwellings of the Japanese are not firmly attached by foundations to the earth but rest loosely on squared stones or boulders buried in the ground, the result of which is to partially prevent the transmission of momentum from earthquakes. An Englishman has made an improvement on this plan and rests the house on each of its piers upon a handful of cast iron shot. These shot, of the size of buckshot, so increase the frictional resistance to rolling that the house is practically astatic, and the motion is in most earthquakes only about one-tenth to what it is outside.

Three tribes, says Dr. J. D. Garson, inhabit the archipelago of Terra Del Fuego. 1. The Onas, who occupy the north and east shores, resemble the Patagonians in being a tall race, and live chiefly by hunting. 2. The Yahgans, who are found on the shore of the Beagle channel and southern islands, a short, stunted race, subsisting almost entirely on birds and the products of the sea. 3. The Alaculoofs, who dwell on the western islands and are very similar to the Yahgans. In all the population of the Fuegian Islands appears to be about 3,000. In the general character of the skull and skeleton the tribes are like the other wild natives of America, though certain peculiarities have been assumed through isolation. Very little is as yet known of the social condition of these people.

A Natural Storm Signal.

A storm on the wild, iron-bound coast of North Cornwall is not to be readily forgotten by those who have seen it rage in full force. Its coming is heralded by flocks of red-legged gulls swimming low over the estuaries, making their way to the marshy margins of streams far from the coast; hovering in troubled masses above muddy flats, or circling with shrill cries about sheltered farmsteads. Following toward the land come several coasting smacks and trawlers, making swift way to secure havens under the hills at St. Ives, New Quay or Padstow. There is a sudden lull in the freshening breeze; the waves that were beginning to break into sharp edges of foam are, for a moment, stilled; and the colorless sea, darkened by gathering clouds, looks like molten lead. Then the wind moves again with a hollow moan. A cry, loud and clear, comes from overhead, where a great black-backed gull is soaring and wheeling like a falcon. "Foolish guillemots" and razor-billed auks, forsaking all at once their industrious pursuit of small-fry under water, take post in rows on the ledges of jagged rocks, and stand there, a solemn, white-vested congregation; while low on the sullen sea some Mother Carey's chickens are darting like swallows. Far out, but yet too near those rugged crags and peaks of black rock, a solitary vessel is making her way up channel under close-reefed topsails; ominous masses of heavy clouds have gathered quickly westward; the sea is broken into short chopping waves; the booming thunder of surf against sheer cliffs grows louder every minute; the bark is shrouded in a drifting torrent of rain, across which a pale gleam of sunlight strikes; and the wind, veering a few points more toward the north, begins to blow in furious gusts. Now and again one hears a mysterious noise, like the dull, distant report of a huge howitzer, followed by hoarse roaring as of a Titanic fog-horn. The stranger who has never listened to such weird, unearthly sounds before may well be puzzled to account for them. Turning his glance from the angry sea, he will observe a tall, misty column, like the vapor of the geyser. That is spray forced by concussion of air through one of those curious shafts known along the Cornish coast as blow-holes, and thence the strange bellowing proceeds. There are many such slanting shafts in the cliffs hereabout, all so evidently artificial that they are supposed to have been cut by smugglers for the great convenience of landing contraband goods.—*London Standard.*

The Little Sisters of the Poor have now 230 houses in France, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, America, Africa and Asia. Many thousands of respectable but destitute old people are thus provided for by a body of women who have no income, but who support the aged inmates of their houses by collecting daily from house to house scraps of food, old clothing, alms in money, or anything that may be offered to them.

London produces 50,000 tons of soot per annum.

TRY AND MAKE IT DO.

"My home is small, and yet I've all
The room that I require,
For, had I more, 'twould take my store
Of coals to feed the fire
On frosty days. But now a blaze
I keep the winter through;
Though scarce enough when winds blow rough,
I try to make it do.

"My cupboard there is often bare
As Mother Hubbard's own;
No toothsome sweets! no wholesome meats,
Not e'en a chicken-bone
Appears in sight! My appetite
Oft craves a bit, 'tis true,
But if I must have but a crust,
I try to make it do.

"Though I should miss the greater bliss
That other folks enjoy,
What do I gain if I complain
And peace of mind destroy?
Though luxury dwells not with me,
And much is lacking, still
My table's spread, and I am fed
According to His will!"

Thus spake a dame I need not name,
For she is known to all
Who makes the best of what's possessed
Nor frown what'er befall;
Who may not have the joys they crave,
Yet cheerfully pursue
Their clouded way, from day to day,
As if their sky was blue.

If 'tis your fate from high estate
And region rich to fall,
Despite your hurt, your faith assert
In Him who ruleth all.
It may be but a little hut
In which you dwell, yet you
May make it shine with light divine;
'Tis what you ought to do.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The daughters of a millionaire always have fine figures.

The root of evil is a hog in a flower garden.—*Picayune.*

The mosquito always makes himself to hum.—*Boston Post.*

A young man may be good on a loaf, yet make a bad bread winner.

Economy will always pay;
The man who saves is wise;
And those content with mush to-day
Will one day eat mince pies.
—*Boston Courier.*

A maid is a young lady who is single and who will be won if she marries—*Judge.*

A tough steak is something like an incorrigible boy. Both may be improved by pounding.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The biggest men in the country are the drum-major of the local brass band and the pitcher of the local baseball club.—*Lowell Citizen.*

One of the hardest things for a boy to do is to convince himself that the pants made for him by his mother look just as if they had come from a clothier's.

Judge—"You say you are not a vagrant?" Prisoner—"No, your honor." Judge—"Did any motive bring you to the city?" Prisoner—"Yes, your honor." Judge—"What?" Prisoner—"Locomotive." Judge—"Thirty days."—*Boston Post.*

Now to the pond the small boy hies
To fish for pickerel, perch, and pour,
But soon returns with weeping eyes,
To have that ruby hook cut out.
—*Boston Courier.*

A man may never have seen a boomerang thrown, but he can get a very good idea of what the operation is like if he will stand behind his wife and watch her throw a rock at a hen in the garden.—*Fall River Advance.*

"Have you seen 'Schurz on the Southern people?" asked Jones, as he laid down the morning paper to shake hands with Smith. "I never saw a Southerner without one on," replied Smith. Jones resumed the reading of his newspaper.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A telegraph reporter says that the daughter of a New Jersey farmer ran off with one of her farther's hands. It does not state which hand, but if it were the one the old gentleman used to slap mosquitoes with, it was a most unfilial act.—*San Francisean.*

The cheerful alacrity with which a young man will guide his best girl toward a milliner's show-window before they are married, is equaled only by the marvelous skill with which he will steer her away from it after she is his wife.—*Somerville Journal.*

ON A SUMMER'S DAY.

How lovely it is in the summer,
To go to the mountain or sea,
And there is a restful abandon,
Be happy as mortal can be.

Ah, lovely it is in the summer,
In the shadowy caverns to lurk—
But, brethren, it's tough in the summer
To have to stay home and work.
—*Merchant-Traveller.*

Training a Trotter by Swimming.

While Mr. Robert Bonner was inspecting John Turner's horses in Philadelphia the general told a curious story of horse training. "When I was a boy, and $200 looked as big as a million, I had a horse matched against a pacer to go a single mile for $250 a side. In training him I discovered that through excess of action he hit his arms. I was in despair, when I was advised to try and put him into condition by swimming. Like a drowning man, I grasped at a straw. The river ran near my door. I hired a man to row me in a boat, while I sat in the stern and held the halter. We started up stream, and the horse swam beautifully. On the return he struck out eagerly, and actually towed the boat. I kept this up for ten days and I never brought a horse to the post in better condition. The violent action in the water had given pliancy and firmness to his muscles and made his wind as clear as the ring of a bell. I won the race easily, but it was lucky that it was a single dash, because through his faulty action he cut his arms into ribbons."—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

All attempts to make billiard balls of anything but ivory have been failures, though celluloid is used for pool balls. The material of which billiard balls are made is imported from Asia and Africa in tusk form. The principal points of exportation are Zanzibar and West Cape.

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