HE TOOK A CHAIR.

When He Got Home, He Managed to Separate Himself From It.

All good and true men appreciate the indescribable evidences of the gentle hand of fair woman that are to be found in many households. Whether it be in the deft arrangement of a portiere, the disposition of bric-a-brac, the scattering here and there of fragrant flowers or the general air of daintiness that characterizes her presence, the influence of woman is always refreshing. Then, too, the sex is growing day by day more practical. No longer content with playing Chopin's masterpieces on the piano, with painting chinaware or embroidering tidies, they are getting closer to everyday matters. For instance, in a certain Lucas avenue home the girls, two vivacious and accomplished belles still in their teens, have made a wonderful difference in the appearance of the interior. They have restored and redecorated everything, and their latest achievement was the revarnishing of half a dozen "occasional" chairs in the parlor.

Two young beaus called one evening last week and were ushered into the parlor. The girls soon put in an appearance, and the quartet spent a very pleasant and intellectual time. Now it happened that one of the callers seated himself on a newly varnished chair. The weather had been quite warm, and possibly the girls had not sufficiently looked into the question of driers when they did the varnishing. Be this as it may, it is a certain fact that after chatting pleasantly with Miss Nellie for half an hour the young man, desiring to change his pose, discovered, to his horror and dismay, that he could not. He burst into a cold perspiration, and his manner became so embarrassed that Miss Nellie could not help noticing it.

"It certainly is a little warm," replied the youth as he parried her query.

"Then won't you sit nearer the window? You'll get a nice breeze here," remarked Miss Nellie, with an impulsive solicitude that under ordinary circumstances would have brooked no denial, but this time the poor object of so much consideration awkwardly declined to budge. Unhappily he was at best a diffident fellow, and the thought of having to disclose what had happened almost made him faint.

At one moment, while his entertainer was looking the other way, he made quite a desperate effort to secure his liberty, but a warning sound of a ripping nature compelled him to stop with a suddenness that made the windows rattle.

And so he sat on. He sat on until his friend suggested that the hour of adjournment had arrived, and he still sat on when all else arose. At last he managed by dumb show to communicate to his chum the fact that something was wrong. The chum, aided by the girls' brother, who arrived opportunely, succeeded in getting the sisters out of the way, and a few minutes later the victim, chair and all, was hustled out into a carriage that had been summoned. He did not hear it, but there was a shriek of mirth as he drove off that was renewed when the chair was returned the next day.

And now the young man swears he will never set foot within the hospitable house again, while the girls, who are sincerely mortified at the tribulation they unwittingly caused him, are puzzling themselves how to make amends.—St. Louis Republic.

Washington Newspaper Men.

There was not a correspondent but was saddened by the news, says the Washington Post, of the death of Edward Gidding, who was elevator man at the house press gallery. The old man came here from Corfu, N. Y., at the beginning of the Fifty-fourth congress. He was evidently new to the scenes around him, and the correspondents, of whom there were six or seven on his elevator almost every trip he made, were a source of great wonderment to him. One day he greeted a correspondent with, "Well, how are the 'don't know' boys today?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well," he said, "I'll be dogged if you newspaper fellows ain't the queerest crowd I ever struck. Every time one of you meets another in this elevator he says, 'Well, what do you know today?' and every single time the other says: 'Not a thing. What do you know?' 'Not a thing.' And then"—and here he laughed all over—"I'll be dogged if the papers ain't jam full of your stuff the next morning."

Any one who is at all familiar with the ordinary greetings between Washington newspaper men will recognize the accuracy of the old elevator man's observation.

Cardinal Antonelli's Will.

Cardinal Antonelli's will bequeathed 25 francs to the Hospital of the Holy Ghost in Rome and a similar sum to the holy places at Jerusalem. Such small bequests by a rich prelate excited remark, but it was found that by an old Roman law no will was valid unless it contained these two legacies, the minimum sum being 5 francs. At Genoa a similar bequest had to be made to the Hospital of Pommatone, and at Turin to that of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, the object being in all cases the support of these institutions. Antonelli, dying at the Vatican, conformed to the old usage.

One on Altgeld.

Ex-Governor Altgeld tells this story on himself: When he was running for governor last fall, one of his friends asked a Swede to support him. The Swede shook his head and said: "No; that man is a bad man—he is an anarchist, socialist and everything that is bad. I will not vote for him." "Oh, he is not as bad as that," said Altgeld's friend. "He is a pretty good man. There are no flies on him." "That is vere the flies show they have got some sense," immediately replied the Swede.

BOAT WITH FINS.

Swiftly Propelled by the Action of the Waves—New Motive Force.

Tourists at Naples this spring have noticed a little open boat which set out seaward whenever the sea was rough, and particularly when the treacherous sirocco sent the turbulent waves spraying over the stone coping of the Via Corraciolo. Once having noticed the little frail shell, the fact of its going out in heavy weather seemed so much more strange since it was impossible to tell how it moved about. The single person seated in the boat did not row, there was no sail, no smokestack was visible, no wheel, no screw, no boiler, no engine—none of the metal parts unavoidable in motors of any kind and no noise indicating any of the ordinary motive powers which man has made a tributary. At the rudder the man was calmly seated directing the little shell wherever he wanted to go.

What was driving the little boat through the turbulent waves? Its inventor and constructor, Secretary Linden of the zoological station at Naples, kindly explained the simple and exceedingly clever invention, which he has just patented in several countries and which is to be introduced both in the German and Austrian navies. The forward and aft ends of the boat are provided with vertical steel rods. At the end of these steel rods, which are dipped in the sea, wedge shaped plates of spring steel of great firmness are fastened horizontally with the wide and thin end away from the boat. When these pliable plates are made to vibrate by means of the movement of the waves, they act like the fins of a fish and drive the boat forward. Not the waves alone furnish the power, for in perfectly still water the mere pitching of the vessel will result in a forward movement. The lowering or raising of the steel rods with the fins is an easy matter, and the fins themselves can be attached or detached by a simple mechanism in a very few moments.

A trial with the small model of such a boat in one of the basins of the aquarium at the station is highly amusing and surprising at the same time. The toy is perfectly still when placed in the water, but as soon as little waves are produced in the basin with the hand or a small board the toy starts as if driven by witchcraft. The power developed is rather considerable, and it is best compared with the pull exerted by a kite in a brisk wind. The new boat, which the inventor has called the Autonaut, is not exactly a boat without a motor, but one without the ordinary motive powers—as a matter of fact, the steel fin vibrated by the motion of the water is the motor of the Autonaut.

Secretary Linden first conceived the idea of the new motive force while observing the movement of the fishes in the aquarium, particularly the tail motions, the most important apparently in the locomotion of the finny tribe. After many years' experiments, calculations and improvements his last boat, which is 13 feet long, has recently run against a strong wind and tide in the gulf of Naples at the rate of 3½ miles an hour. The steel fins were together about ten square feet in size, and he has by experiments established the best size to be about one-third of the surface upon which the boat is resting. The fins, which were first made of several layers of thin spring steel, are now wrought out of one piece, and the most effective shape is that of the dolphin's tail fin. The new boat can be steered in the ordinary manner and will draw another boat heavier than it is itself. The apparatus is cheap and can be supplied to any boat even if it has other motive power.

No matter how little wind, the tide movement alone is sufficient to impart enough motion to the waves to propel the boat provided with Linden fans. The greatest field of the Linden boat, however, and where its value is inestimable, is in the use of life saving apparatus which has to travel short distances in almost always heavy weather. The crew would arrive at the spot where they are wanted in excellent condition and would be of much more help to a shipwrecked crew than now, when they arrive after dreadful and often useless efforts against the overwhelming odds of waves and wind combined.—Philadelphia Record.

The Baltic Canal.

In order to obviate the freezing of the Baltic canal, thus keeping it open for navigation as long as possible, says Die Vedette, the authorities tried to replace the fresh water of the canal by salt water. This could only be done from the bay of Kiel, where the water contains on an average 1½ or 1¾ per cent of salt, while at the other end of the canal, in the lower Elbe, the percentage is about one-half per cent only, and the level there is far more affected by the tidal movement than in the bay of Kiel. Now, by leaving open a sluice near Brunsbuttel during low tide, the salt water, entering from the Baltic end, was caused to gradually expel the fresh water through the other end of the canal, and at the present time, both in the canal itself and in the lakes through which it flows, the fresh water fauna and flora are more and more disappearing and are being superseded by salt water plants and animals from the Baltic.

The Mystery of Heredity.

Out of 222 pupils in the grammar schools of Chicago who attained a certain percentage of efficiency only 25 were boys. This would indicate that girls are about four times as bright as boys. It is hard to understand these things and to straighten up the rules of heredity. It is, we believe, an accepted rule that boys "take after" their mothers and the girls after their fathers. If, then, the women are the smartest, the boys, "taking after" the mother, should also be smartest. If the men are the smartest, then the girls, "taking after" the father, should be smartest. It is a difficult riddle to unriddle.—Baltimore Sun.

FAMOUS SANCTUARY.

"The Little Church Around the Corner" Nearing Its Fiftieth Anniversary.

The Little Church Around the Corner, or the Church of the Transfiguration, as it appears in the records of the diocese of New York, will be 50 years old next October, and upon the same date Dr. George H. Houghton will celebrate the jubilee anniversary of his rectorship, for he has been in charge of the parish ever since its organization. While this church has obtained much notoriety because of the weddings and funerals of actors that have taken place under its beautifully grained ceilings, it is known to the ecclesiastical world as having one of the least pretentious and most devout and benevolent congregations in New York. There have been many famous actors among the pewholders, but the great majority are sober minded, practical business men and women whose thoughts are more occupied with their homes and religious duties than with the opera and drama. Dr. Houghton himself has never attended a theater but once in his life, and that was 63 years ago, when he was a boy of 14. His parishioners who are in the profession frequently send him boxes and complimentary seats, which are used by the members of his family, but while he has never expressed disapproval of the theater he has no taste for it and says he sees dramas enough in real life without seeking them on the stage.

The association of Dr. Houghton with the theatrical profession began some 25 years ago by a little incident, which also gave to his church the name by which it is best known. Three prominent members of the dramatic profession called at the residence of a distinguished divine in Madison avenue one evening to ask him to officiate at the funeral of one of their professional associates. To their indignation, he declined, but suggested that they apply at "the little church around the corner," where they would find a man who might be willing to bury an actor. They went to the Little Church Around the Corner and received a more Christianlike reception. From that date Dr. Houghton has had a monopoly of marrying and burying actors and is regarded as the spiritual patron of that profession.

Lester Wallack, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Dion Boucicault, William J. Florence, James Lewis and many other men and women of equal or less fame have been the friends of Dr. Houghton, and he has read the burial service over their dust. The Actors' association intends to show its appreciation of his friendship and service in a suitable manner when the fiftieth anniversary of his rectorship occurs next October.—New York Letter in Chicago Record.

Caution to Middle Aged Bicyclists.

Any form of exercise or sport which makes serious demands on the attention, on quickness of eye and hand and on endurance ought to be taken up by people who have reached middle life and are engaged in sedentary occupations only with great circumspection. The lesson has been learned by Alpine climbers through many bitter experiences. It is pretty generally held by them that most of the fatal accidents in mountain climbing occur through the failure at the critical moment of some man who has taken to mountaineering too late in life, and who is perhaps also out of condition. An old dog cannot be taught new tricks, according to the proverb, and, though it is disagreeable to have to realize that we have passed the age when we can excel in a new pastime requiring special skill to avoid accident and youthful adaptability and elasticity to avoid overstrain, it is the part of wisdom to accept the inevitable. There is no reason why middle aged men, and even those who have passed middle age, should not take to cycling, but it should be with a frank recognition of the limitations which age imposes. Great speed, long distances and hill climbing put a strain upon the constitution and will find out the weak places, the parts of the system which are aging faster, perhaps, than the rest—the heart, it may be, or the vessels of the brain. So also in regard to riding a bicycle in crowded thoroughfares, the strain on the attention is considerable and the risk not small if a man has lost the quickness of youth.—British Medical Journal.

Psalms Frae Hebrew Intil Scottis.

Albert T. Bell of the university has lately been sent a curious book, published in Edinburgh, of interest to students of Biblical lore or to devotees of the modern Scotch movement. The book is entitled "The Psalms Frae Hebrew Intil Scottis." The preface states: "The Buik ca'd o' Psalms or Lilts or Kirk-sangs maun be mair nor feckly David's. Twal, ye fin, o' Asaph's; twa wi' Solomon's; name are apiece wi' Heman an Ethan's name an are wi' roses; ane or mae by wha's no kent; mistlike, frae the sugh o' them, by David. They gaed a' till sangs or sughs i' the maker's time, wi' harps an wi' soundiebrods or wi' fifes an thairns; the blythest o' them like some heigh lilts o' our ain, an the dullest like sane pibroch.

The well known Twenty-third Psalm appears in this fashion:

"The Lord is my herd, nae want sal fa' me:

"He louts me till lie amang green howes; he airts me atowre by the lown waters:

"He waukens my wa'-gaen saul; he weises me roun, for his ain name's sake intil right roddins.

"Na! tho' I gang thro' the dead-mirkdail; e'en thar, sal I dread nae skaithen; for yoursel are nae by me; yer stok an yer stay bad me baith fu cheerie."

The translator, the Rev. P. Hately Waddell, promises that if he receives sufficient encouragement for his translation of the Psalms into Scotch, he proposes to proceed with the translation of the rest of the Bible.—Nebraska State Journal.

The Programme of Life.

We sleep in the cradle to mother's soft song,
Beyond us the world and its busiest throng;
With a kiss on our brows that is holy and true,
We look into eyes that are pure as the dew;
No cares to annoy and no sorrows to sear
The bliss that beiongs to life's earliest year,
We pass through its morning, and trouble and strife,
And end the first act on the programme of life.

Then Youth with its sunshine and flowers that ope,
So carefully tended and guarded by Hope,
With Love leading on to the portals of bliss
We are thrilled and enraptured by Cupid's first kiss;
No clouds in the sky that is tender and fair,
But zephyrs untainted perfuming the air,
For the heart that is young is with happiness rife
In the bright second act on the programme of life.

In the noonday of life there're clouds in the blue,
And shadow and sun mingle all the way through;
If the brightness has fled should we ever complain?
Remember that sunshine comes after the rain;
In the meadows of life there are roses that fade,
And wreaths on the biers of lost pleasures are laid;
With childhood and youth far away from the strife,
We live the third act on the programme of life.

We sit in the twilight that sheds its soft glow,
And the zephyrs at dusk through our thin tresses blow;
The shadows may fall, but we heed them no more,
For our barks have been launched for the furthermost shore;
With Love as our pilot straight onward we steer,
And kisses come quickly our voyage to cheer;
Afar from the din of the world and its strife,
We end the last act on the programme of life.—Ex.

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" Danville..... "	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
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" Asheville (C.T.) "	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs "	4.21 "	1.29 "
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For New Orleans, Memphis, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Knoxville, Bristol and Roanoke, Mt. Royal Station, 9.52, daily. Camden Station, 10.10 p. m. daily. Sleeping Car, Baltimore to New Orleans, Washington to Memphis.

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Camden Station, week days, 5.00, x6.15, x6.25, 6.35, x7.20, x8.00, 8.35, x9.00, x10.30, x10.45 a. m., 12.10, x12.50, x2.40, 2.50, (x3.45, 45-minutes), x4.10, 5.05, x5.50, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, x7.58 9.15, x10.10, x10.30, 11.30 p. m. Sunday, x6.25, 6.35, 8.35, x9.00, x10.30, x10.45 a. m., 1.05, x2.40, (3.45, 45 minutes), 5.05, 6.18, x7.00, x7.30, 9.15, x10.10, x10.30, 11.30 p. m.

For Annapolis, Mt. Royal Station, 8.45 a. m. daily, 12.38 p. m. ex. Sunday. Camden Station, 7.20, 9.00 a. m., 12.50 and 4.10 p. m. Sunday, 9.00 a. m. and 5.05 p. m.

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