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It would seem cruel to kill a scorching chauffeur without giving him a few moments' time to repent.

England is now a nation of readers. It promises half a century hence to be a nation of authors, says the Literary World.

Some of the Eastern universities have decided to become mere institutions of learning, declares the Minneapolis Journal.

According to Comptroller of the Currency Ridgely, France is the richest nation per capita. Next comes the United States, then Germany and then Spain.

Senator Depew wrote a magazine article in 1880 on "Why It Pays to Be Honest." He probably has not changed his views since that time, remarks the Hartford Post.

Again somebody is asking what to do with ex-Presidents. Perhaps to permit them to attend to their own affairs would not be a bad idea, suggests the Philadelphia Ledger.

From the plans and specifications on exhibition, says the Chicago Tribune, it is inferred that the game of football, when reformed in accordance therewith, will be something else.

The ideal teacher is not the one who bends all minds to match his own, but the one who is able to bring out and develop the good that is in the pupil—him we will crown with laurel, declares Elbert Hubbard.

Children over three feet in height must henceforth pay fare on Swiss railroads. Here's something our local transportation companies might try on, suggests the Boston Transcript—let them adopt a yardstick rule.

One of the smaller insurance companies paid $1000 a year to a clerk in the New York Insurance Department to perform some actuarial duties. "It did not occur to me," said the president of the company, "that this conflicted with his duties to the Insurance Department." It is singular how many matters affecting integrity and undue influence and the relations of public employes to the companies the public is trying to regulate never occur to the insurance officials, remarks the Philadelphia Record.

"Many people act and speak as if the only aid to physical development was hard work," says an English physician. "It is scarcely fair to compare the importance of two essentials, but if the comparison must be made between work and rest the decision must be in favor of the latter. One can be worked to death with greater rapidity than one can sink into death through pure lethargy. Hosts of people need rest rather than dumbbells. This is very obviously true of men and women who labor hard with their muscles for daily bread. It would not be true to say that in these cases drilling and other exercises that make for suppleness cannot do good. They can do good, for quite often a muscle worker uses a very limited set of muscles, and acquires an ill carriage of body. But since such daily tasks are already charging the body with waste products like the soot, ashes and vapors produced by a fire, the importance of keeping out of the physical culture course all exercises that tax strength and endurance can readily be recognized. Some people boast that they can do with very little sleep. They 'turn in' at 2 and 'turn out' at 7. After a dip, shower bath, or sponge down they feel 'fit as a fiddle.' That may be the case, yet the bath is not preventing the nervous system being worn out; it is merely hindering the recognition of the fact."

Burdens borne by women are described by Robert Hunter in the Cosmopolitan in an article of many striking features, relates Collier's Weekly. Mr. Hunter calls the Irish peasantry the saddest and hungriest he has ever seen. "They no longer bleed their horses and mix their blood with sorrel to make food; for now they have no horses." He talks of poverty in general in various countries, but especially of the woman's labor aspect, which is worst of all in Italy. Under the padrone system, women work as men, and are beaten when they rest. In Italy, there and elsewhere, immediately fellows girlhood. Girls begin to work for six and continue until about—at thirty. It is among the best classes everywhere that the mothers and the merest babies do work of men. In poverty men become sullen and drunken, but with women the nearer they are to starvation the more desperately they toil. They work harder than men for half wages, and often they sink from exhaustion. In the United States, one million women are wage-earners, nearly a million in agriculture, and two million in industrial pursuits. In some industries a woman's unborn child to early death; she alone is poisoned. The woman's work are increasing in industry, and we are doing less to lessen hardships than is being done to the harsher conditions that follow.

THE BABY.

Like a tiny glint of light piercing through the dusky gloom
Comes her little laughing face through the shadows of my room.

And my pen forgets its way as it hears her patt'ring tread,
While her prattling treble tones chase the thoughts from out my head.

She is queen and I her slave—one who loves her and obeys;
For she rules her world of home with imperious baby ways.

In she dances, calls me "Dear!" turns the pages of my books;
Throws herself upon my knee, takes my pen with laughing looks.

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my papers upside down;
Draws me cabalistic signs, safe from fear of any frown.

Crumbles all my verses up, pleased to hear the crackling sound;
Makes them into balls and then—flings them all upon the ground.

Suddenly she flits away, leaving me alone again,
With a warmth about my heart and a brighter, clearer brain.

And although the thoughts return that her coming drove away,
The remembrance of her laugh lingers with me through the day.

And as chances, as I write, I may take a crumpled sheet;
On the which, God knoweth why! I read my fancies twice as sweet.

—Victor Hugo.

HOPELESS ANNETTA.

By PAOLA HONVANI.

"TO what purpose, Luigi, should we bind ourselves," said Annetta Lanza, "since you leave here to-morrow with the owner of the ship, who may trade from port to port for years without trying to return to Leghorn?"

"Because I adore you, Annetta," replied the young sailor, "and I could not sleep if I thought there was a chance of your accepting another man as a lover."

"And suppose I promised to be your wife and married some one else, because you stayed away too long?" asked the girl.

"If you say you will let me become your husband when this voyage is over, I will trust you," he answered.

"I promise you, Luigi," she said. "Mind that you are as careful of this engagement as I shall be."

Annetta was not the only girl in Leghorn whom Luigi might have addressed in a similar strain, with the like result. The handsome young sailor, with his piercing black eyes, aquiline nose and delicately drawn mouth, whose smile displayed two rows of perfect teeth, was the idol of the peasant girls of Leghorn, and many a one gave Annetta an evil look as they saw her affectionate parting from Luigi the next day.

But it was not an engagement for which Annetta needed to be much envied. Trading from port to port, getting rid of one cargo to take in another, and shaping his course according to the information that he might glean as to probable markets, the skipper knew no better than his crew when his voyage would be ended, and his little vessel would anchor once more in Leghorn.

Annetta would not be able to write to her lover while he was away, for the ship's course would depend upon circumstances which could be learned only when they arose. But she had made up her mind and was determined to abide by the consequences. So Annetta gave her farewell kisses to Luigi and saw the Santa Teresa sail away with him, trusting that in time God would bring him back to her. She checked the tears which welled up to her eyes and went home to the little cottage rented by the old woman who had adopted her, for Annetta was an orphan, without a relative in all Italy.

Her life was a simple and easy one while her protectress lived, for the old lady had a small annuity, and in Italy a little money is enough to provide for two women. When it should please Heaven to take her second mother from her she would go back to Volterra, which was her native place, and work at the modeling of the alabaster that is found in the caverns, which had been her occupation before old Marta had come across her and had brought her to Leghorn.

But Annetta was not the girl to anticipate trouble, so she thought nothing of how long old Marta would live; besides, just then she had her mind full of Luigi and his indefinite return from his uncertain cruising. Grief, however, if it need not be forestalled by anticipation, cannot be postponed by indifference.

Six months after Luigi had sailed Annetta found herself without a friend at Leghorn, and compelled to return to Volterra, to earn her living. The little that Marta had left behind her only sufficed for her funeral and for the cost of Annetta's journey to Volterra.

"Giulia," she said to one of her girl acquaintances, "I am leaving Leghorn to-morrow, and I have no means of telling Luigi Filippo where he will find me when he comes back."

"Ah, then Luigi is to marry you after his voyage?" asked Giulia.

"I have promised him," replied Annetta. "Give him this letter; it will tell him that good Donna Marta is in Heaven, and that I have gone back to Volterra to get my living with the alabaster at modeling."

Then Annetta handed her letter to Giulia, who promised to give it to Luigi when he returned to Leghorn.

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Annetta had been back in Volterra two years, working at her old art, waiting for Luigi to come to her and claim the performance of her promise. She waited and worked, but Luigi did not appear. Her earnings were not large, but she had aptitude for her work, and the dealer who exported the alabaster productions which were the staple of Volterra, gave her constant employment. Thus, with her Italian thrift and simple life, she was able to put away a lira or so every week, to help her lover when he should set up housekeeping.

Time passed, but it did not bring Luigi to her.

One Sunday the priest of the little church that she attended announced a pilgrimage to Pisa. All those whose prayers had not been answered were advised to seek the intercession of the Madonna, whose seven-veiled portrait, styled Santa Maria sotto gli organi because it was originally placed on a gallery under the organ when it was hung in Pisa Cathedral, was an object of great reverence. Annetta thought of her long absent lover, and told herself that all would be well if she knelt before the Madonna's portrait in Pisa Cathedral and prayed for the return of Luigi; so, with her hoarded lire in her pocket, she betook herself, in company with two score other pilgrims, to the city of the leaning tower.

In such expeditions faith is generally at fever heat, and there was hardly a member of the little band who did not believe that the Madonna would answer the prayers made to her.

It seemd as if she had shown her first favors to Annetta, for as she, with fervid thoughts, passed out through the cathedral doors, she came almost into the arms of Luigi Filippo. At least into one of the arms of the handsome young sailor; the other gave support to Annetta's former acquaintance, Giulia.

"Annetta!" he exclaimed, "they told me that you were dead."

"Who told you so?" she asked. "I have been working in Volterra for three years, and no one there could have told you that I had died."

Giulia's cheeks betrayed more than her treachery; the glance which she gave Luigi suggested the motive of it.

Like most Italians of the lower classes, Annetta's nature was both passionate and deceptive, and it was when her anger was most strongly stirred that her duplicity enabled her to control and conceal it.

"And if chance had not brought you—you and Giulia to Pisa—you might have continued to think me dead; that is, if you did not cease to remember me."

She made no reference to the letter she had left with Giulia.

But the latter had not been so false as Annetta supposed. A woman, also named Annetta, who had been employed at some alabaster works at Volterra, had died, and some one who had known her spoke of her death while he lounged about Leghorn, waiting for the steamer that should bear him thence.

So, when Luigi returned from his long voyage, people told him that Annetta was dead—he was already making love to Giulia, and the latter burned the letter of the supposed dead woman, that it might not revive a love which was also dead, and check the passion which the young sailor was just then expressing for herself.

Luigi had saved some money during his prolonged voyage, so when he found himself loving Giulia as he had formerly loved Annetta, he resolved to give up the sea and expend his little hoard upon a farm, cultivating the land as his father had taught him when he was a lad. Thus he had come to Pisa, where his father had lived.

Annetta learned where Luigi and his wife were lodging, and then she bade them good-morning, and turned back into the cathedral to kneel once more before the picture of the Madonna with its seven veils. But this time her prayer was not for love, but for hate.

"Grant me," she implored, "grant me a vengeance for my wrongs. Let me punish this false woman who tells my lover that I am dead, and who keeps back the letter that I had written to him."

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A month had passed, and Annetta had had no answer to her last prayers. Luigi had taken a little farm, and would have possession in the autumn, after the vintage, and doubtless he and his young wife would be as happy as Annetta was wretched.

But early in August an epidemic raged in Tuscany, and Pisa had its share of the fever that attacked old and young, rich and poor, with grim equality. Not only was the disease virulent and deadly, but the want of nurses augmented the number of fatal cases. The doctors and priests alike appealed for help, and Annetta, whose little hoard was wasting during her life of idleness, volunteered to nurse the sick. "With such a good work," she thought, "I am bound to have my prayer granted to me."

She had no fear of catching the fever, for life was too bitter for her to give death any terrors. So she went from one patient to another, leaving them when they became convalescent, or when, alas! they died.

One morning, when she went for her orders, she received directions to go to Giulia Filippo, who was down with the fever. Luigi had been previously taken to the hospital, which was too full to receive his wife.

"Are my prayers to be answered?" thought Annetta. "Am I to see the death of the woman who has betrayed my life's happiness?"

She nursed her patient conscientiously, but every hour she was hoping to see signs of her dissolution.

At last the crisis came and passed. The doctor paid his morning's visit, and repeated it later in the day, bringing with him a bottle of medicine.

"All depends upon the patient's sleeping," he explained. "If she does not quiet down by 8 o'clock, give her a quarter of this opiate, and, if necessary, repeat the dose six hours afterward. Be careful not to give her more than the quantity I have named, or the effect will be fatal."

Then he went away and Annetta was alone with the sick woman.

"Then I have nursed her through her illness to restore her to Luigi," she thought. "The woman who has withheld my letter to my lover that she might herself supplant me in his heart."

She turned her back upon the sick woman, for she knew that her eyes would betray her anger.

Then she deliberately poured into a wineglass half the contents of the bottle which the doctor had given to her.

"Annetta," said the patient, "if I should die, will you forgive me for my unfaithfulness to you? Indeed, they said that you had died, and as Luigi seemed to have ceased to care for you, I destroyed your letter, that it should not revive his love."

"Ah, well, sleep, my dear, and all will be right," said Annetta, soothingly.

Giulia hardly needed her nurse's instruction, for nature was bringing the rest that was to accomplish her recovery.

Annetta looked at her patient as she sank to slumber. "She has acted as most girls would have done, perhaps as I should have acted in her place," she thought. "Luigi had forgotten me, and accepted willingly anyone's word that told him the welcome news that I was dead. It is such a good solution of a trouble, to kill the object of a passion already expired. Giulia will live; why should I not die? Santa Maria pity me; pray for me."

Then she swallowed the opiate which she had poured out for her patient, and sank upon the couch on which she was to pass from life to death. When the doctor made his early call the next morning, Annetta had gone to her long sleep.

"We have lost a good nurse," he said; "it is fortunate that she lived long enough to preserve her patient."—New York Weekly.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

An effective machine gun, a recent invention, is now engaging the attention of the French War Department. It fires 300 bullets in less than a second, and scatters them over a facial area of 100 feet.

Experiments in driving and steering ships at sea by electric power transmitted by wireless apparatus from the shore have been made at Bilbao by Senor Torres Quevado, a Spanish engineer, with, it is said, considerable success.

Foreign languages are now taught with the aid of the phonograph. In some of the schools in England, French is acquired in this way. The machine reels off oratory, poetry and songs, while the children listen and note the accent and pronunciation.

Attention is called in the Technical World to the fact that the introduction of the vacuum-tube light has brought into existence a new trade—that of "glass plumbing." The glass tubes, in which the light is produced by an electric current flowing through a gaseous conductor, are an inch and three-quarters in diameter, and are put up in lengths of about eight and a half feet, and hermetically sealed in situ.

A new Norwegian sounding apparatus for the use of ships consists of an electrical device whereby a sound-wave is sent to the sea-bottom, in relatively shallow water, and upon being reflected back to the vessel is received by another part of the same apparatus. An automatic record is made of the time elapsed between the departure and the return. Thus the velocity of sound in water being known, the depth is at once ascertained.

Prof. Henri Moissan, of Paris, has discovered in a mass of meteoric iron found at Canon Diablo, Arizona, and supposed to have fallen from the sky, not only small chrystalline diamonds, but carbon silicid, a substance never before known as a natural product, although in recent years it has been extensively manufactured, and has become familiar under the name of carborundum. Mr. George F. Kunz suggests that this mineral should now be named moissanite.

Presence of Mind.

Dr. Sophronia Fletcher, in a criticism of a somewhat emotional and bombastic character, said the other day:

"This gentleman reminds me of a friend of mine, a woman, now dead these many years.

"The woman, with a tragic air, rushed up stairs one day and cried to her maid:

"'Celeste, put my curling irons in the fire at once. James has been bitten by a mad dog.'

"'Ah, brave madame!' said Celeste. 'Madame is going to cauterize the wound.'

"'No,' said the lady. 'But I'm going to curl my hair so I can run for the doctor.'"—Kansas City Independent.

Safe Spot From Seasickness.

"The office window" man of the London Chronicle having tried it, declares that there is one place in a ship where the voyager may be at rest. This writer discovered it during a mid-Atlantic storm, when he went down to the bathroom, tumbled into a warm sea bath, and floated. The vessel was performing the most amazing antics, but the water in the bath kept its usual gravity, and the bather floated with a smile upon its bosom. Provision for a bath between Dover and Calais would probably solve the difficulty that has puzzled the world since the Greeks named nausea.—The Globe.

Herat, in Afghanistan, is the city which has been most often destroyed. Fifty-six times have its walls been laid in ruins, and fifty-seven times have they been built.

Pluck and Adventure.

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

DETAINED at the Siberian village of Krivochokovo, Mons. Jules Legras remembered that he had a letter to a notable of that place, and hastened to present it. Monsieur Gautier, in his book on Russia, describes, in Monsieur Legras' own words, the cordial hospitality with which he was received, and also tells of the difficulty which concluded his charming visit.

"They had detained me till 10 o'clock in the evening," he writes, "by repeating, 'Why are you in a hurry?' and I was on the point of making my departure when I heard the mistress of the house say in a low voice to her husband, 'Shall I send for the carriage?' To which he replied, 'No.' At this word a shiver passed over me. Doubtless this host, who had made me send away the coachman, was unaware of what his refusal meant, else he would have said to me, 'Here is a sofa; sleep here.'

"My situation was perilous, but what could I do? At the end of a few moments I rose to take my leave, and having asked if I could get a cab, was met with the reply that at this hour none could be obtained.

"Krivochokovo is a village whose population constitutes the very flotsam and jetsam of Siberian civilization. The village has neither streets nor lights nor police. It is considered a cutthroat spot, where honest people shut themselves tight at night.

"I had neither stick nor revolver, and I had on me a large sum of money. Finally, I was ignorant of the exact position of my inn, situated over a mile away. First of all, dogs threw themselves upon me. I shook them off, and started as best I could.

"The night was inky black. Amid the irregular clusters of houses there was no regular street by which to guide myself. As I hesitated I heard a 'Who is that?' It was a watchman of a pile of wood who hailed me. He directed me, and giving me a large branch that would do for a stick, he said, 'You are wrong, Barine, to go about this way without a revolver; the place is not safe. May God protect you!'

"As I approached another cluster of houses a watchman sounded his rattle menacingly, and dogs flew at me savagely. When this watchman approached, I induced him to accompany me. He informed me that the evening before a traveler who was staying at my hotel, having started early to catch a train, had been assassinated about ten paces from there. Finally we reached the inn. It took a long time to make them open the door, but I finally got inside and reached my room, trembling with fever and fatigue, and fell down helplessly, only conscious of having passed an hour and a half whose remembrance will remain with me long. As for my amiable host, whose hospitality might have cost me my life, he will doubtless never know of this adventure."

A HEROIC DEED.

One of the men who joined the Colonial forces which were battling for the freedom of Texas was John Ingram. During the siege of Gonzales, says the author of "With the Makers of Texas," he performed a feat of heroism which is yet remembered.

The Texans, favored by a dark night, opened an entrenchment on the right side of the river, within 400 or 500 feet of the Alamo, and at daylight the next morning the twelve-pounder, supported by the company to which Ingram belonged, began to thunder.

The Mexicans were not slow to reply, but in a short time the fire on both sides slackened in consequence of a dense fog which completely concealed every object beyond the distance of a few yards.

After the fog dissolved, the cannonade on both sides was renewed. At length the artillerymen of the twelve-pounder announced that their powder was exhausted. It was immediately asked, "Who will go to the camp for powder?"

Without a moment's hesitation Ingram volunteered for the perilous service. The Texan camp was about half a mile from the batteries. Ingram leaped out of the ditch and ran.

Five field-pieces were bearing on him from the walls of the Alamo, and a thousand infantrymen were marshaled outside the walls within easy musket-range of the intrepid messenger. His course for 400 yards was over an open field before he could gain the cover of a mill-race which led to the camp.

Simultaneously the five cannon hurled at him their iron missiles. At the next instant a thousand muskets poured a leaden shower round him, but Ingram sped on, and reached the mill-race unharmed.

He did not pause until he reached the quarter-master's tent, where, seizing a keg of powder and placing it on his shoulder, he left as he arrived, running.

The same perils awaited him on his return. Three swarms of iron and leaden balls again swept the plain round him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for he entered the entrenchments untouched, amid the huzzas and congratulations of his fellow soldiers.

SKILLAGALEE A FIGHTER.

Eighteen feet from the tip of his snout to the tail, the largest fish that was ever brought into T wharf came in on the Ida Silva, swordfishermen having been captured after a fight only equalled by John Boyle O'Reilly's "fight with the amber whale." For twelve miles the monster towed a dory containing Everett Dowdy and Daniel McDonald, who had harpooned it, thinking it was a swordfish. A score of times it turned and attacked the boat, a hundred times it sought the bottom, endeavoring to pull the frail dory down after it, and only being prevented by the length of the harpoon rope.

The fish was styled a skillagalee or large billfish by the authorities on T wharf, but never before was one of that species known to grow to half its size.

All one day the animal was on exhibition at the store of the Gloucester Fish Company in Atlantic avenue, and a wondering crowd marvelled at its proportions. Its tail measured six feet when extended, its side fin was nearly two feet long, and its huge dorsal was nearly four feet. It had a sharp nose, about two feet long, as hard as a Roman sword, and its head was larger than a swordfish.

Daniel McDonald told a Journal man the story of the capture. "A week ago," he said, "in a dead calm, Dowdy and I put off in a dory. We had rowed but a short distance from the ship when we saw this fish rising, and as he reached the surface I put a harpoon into him. Then I saw that he was like no swordfish that ever lived. He tore around in the water, creating enormous waves, and then dashed at the boat. He hit it a number of times with his body, but his sword was so short in proportion that he was unable to use it.

"Then he started to run away. The line grew taut, and we tore through the water like a torpedo boat. Twenty knots we did, if we did one, and dories aren't made to stand a strain like that.

"After a while it tried to ease up, but each time we pulled taut on the rope. This finally tired him out. He was bleeding all the time, and at last, five hours after we harpooned him, he turned over. Then we started to pull back to the ship. She was fully ten miles away, and the monster, which weighed 1400 pounds, was not easy to move, even in the water. We finally got back, completely tired out. It was a great victory."—Boston Journal.

A DEED OF REAL CHIVALRY.

The noblest act which the author of "An Observer in the Philippines" saw in his journeyings was not performed on the battlefield, nor yet in the hospital, civil or military. But it was the spirit of self-sacrifice displayed by one American physician toward another—a man whom he did not know even by sight.

On the Logan were a young doctor and his wife and three small children. When we boarded the Sherman we saw the children and their father, from whom we learned that the mother had without any warning developed tuberculosis. An examination ordered by the surgeon of the department resulted not only in directing the immediate return of the mother and children, but also in the recommendation that the husband should accompany them. When the request was made to the surgeon of the division, great difficulty was experienced in securing the desired permission.

Another physician, who had been three years in the Philippines, and had secured a stateroom upon the Sherman, was so impressed by the apparent need of his brother physician, whom he had never seen, that he did all in his power to aid him. It was said that there was no room on the Sherman for the family; that all the staterooms were taken.

"Then I will give up mine for them, for I feel that they should go home."

"The doctor cannot be spared. He has only recently come to the Philippines, and we need his services."

"I have served three years, and want to go home very much, but I will take his place, and serve his three years, in order that he may go," was the reply of Dr. Patton.

Later it was found that an arrangement could be made which would allow the husband a leave of absence for one month after reaching San Francisco.

When one considers the trying climate of the Philippines and the arduous service which an army physician is called upon to perform, he is glad to lift his hat to Dr. Patton.

POINT OF VIEW.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engineer. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it a queer thing for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I almost cry every time I think of it.

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the street. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me a little girl not more than three years old toddled onto the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more.

"As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I had stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Catholic Home Companion.

Enjoy What You Have.

In a public park in Manchester, England, is a statue to the memory of Joseph Brotherton, who represented that city in Parliament for many years. On it is this inscription: "My wealth consisted not in the abundance of my riches, but in the fewness of my wants." Let us learn to make the most of the enjoyments we have, and not worry about those we have not. We have friends, and home, and health, and hope—let us enjoy them.

We can, indeed, so educate our will power that it will focus our thoughts on the bright side of things, will lead us to see the good we have, until we shall attain such a spirit of happiness as will make us rich. The habit of making the best of things, of always looking on the bright side of things, is a fortune in itself. To make the least of our little lacks, and to make the most of our present enjoyments, will go far toward giving us [illegible]

For the Younger Children....

POOR PETER.

Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater,
He will hungry go.
For Joe and Ed and Bob and Ned
And Phil and Fred and John and Jed,
And even little Tom and Ted
And every boy I know
Has made a Jack-o'-lantern!
(And some are making two).
Poor Peter, Peter Pumpkin-eater!
What will Peter do?

—Elizabeth Hill, in Youth's Companion.

AS TO RED CORAL.

Where do your coral necklaces come from, girls? Those pretty red beads came from the sea, which, perhaps, you know. Perhaps you do not know that the little architects who so beautifully fashioned the coral or polyps, and for so many years their work was thought to be a wonderful plant growing in the bottom of the sea.

The Greeks, who had pretty names for everything, called the coral branches the daughters of the sea, but it remained for a French student named Pysonnel to find out that coral was not a plant at all, but the work of countless living creatures—the polyps. They are found in many places, but the best-known reefs are those of the Mediterranean Sea, says the Washington Star. Divers go down and fetch up the coral for trade. At Leghorn, in Italy, there are great factories and workshops, where the coral is cut and polished, and afterwards made into toys and ornaments.

What gives the coral its red color? The polyps conceal the red coloring matter which, mixed with the chalk of the cells, gives the brilliant color. The reddest are known as blood-foam coral.

CHIN-CHINNING.

Great-grandfather Hinkley, called by Johnny G. G. for short, to distinguish him from Johnny's father and grandfather, never tired of telling the little boy about the chin-chin dinner he had given him in China.

"The beginning of it began early in the morning," he told him one day, "when the big man, Paunkiqua, came to see me, bringing written invitations for me and my friends which were carried by his servants to different houses with chin-chin compliments. In a few moments he and I called upon these friends of mine, to say we depended upon their coming, and then we were all rowed across the river to Paunkiqua's home, where we walked about his garden, the ladies of his family peeping at us from behind screened doors."

"Isn't there a boy in the story?" asked Johnny.

"Why, you can't have a story without a boy," assured G. G., "and this time his name was Ned. Well, he got in behind the screen, for he was such a pretty boy the ladies wanted to see him, and, when he came back, Paunkiqua asked him: "Hab you seen my wives, my five piece daughters? Hab they make chin-chin and shake hands long you?"

"I saw three old ladies and five daughters, and the old ladies shook hands," said Ned. Then how Paunkiqua laughed. "Ayah, Misser Ned, dat old mudder lady, my old wife, she more as forty year, and my five piece daughter, they my young wives. Ha, ha"— But he could not finish his sentence because he laughed so much, and because dinner was ready.

"Well," continued G. G., "we first chin-chinned with our glasses. Then we had soups and queer stewed messes in different sized bowls. But, when we tried to bait our soup, Chinese fashion, the spoons got caught in the loose sleeves of our jackets, and Mr. Paunkiqua had to let us take them off and give us English plates and spoons, so we could eat comfortably. For three hours we had twenty separate courses—birds'-nests soups, cocks' combs, vegetables, pickles, but not a joint of solid meat nor even a whole bird. Between each course the table was cleared, and fresh flowers, pastry, cakes, fruits and sweetmeats brought in. We talked about our voyages, and Paunkiqua, who did not understand about a compass, asked, "How can we keep ship true and no see land?" So we told him. Then we did some more chin-chinning, and went home; and pretty soon the Chinaman and his friends came to see us, and we danced a cotillion, a Scotch reel, and a fisher's hornpipe for them. Don't you think that was enough for one day?"

"G. G.," asked Johnny, "what is chin-chinning?"

"Why, it is being extra polite, making a great many bows, and saying how much you like people."

"Now tell us about the queen," exclaimed Johnny's sister Lucy. "I like that story best."

"Oh, that was on my way home," answered G. G., "when our vessel stopped at Trieste in Austria, and Queen Murat, the sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, sent me an invitation to go to the opera in her palace. So I went early, and was shown into the garden; and the queen said she was glad to see me, because she had two sons and a brother in America. After the opera we had a supper, and the queen gave me some bonbons and candy, and asked me to dance with her, though she said she was a grandma. So I told her I was a grandpa. Then we stood up for the waltz, and everybody made way for us because she was a queen. But I did not know much about waltzing, and then I am left-handed besides, so what did I do but just turn her majesty round the wrong way. Still we kept on somehow, and went twice round the room, the people thinking I was a very queer American. Only the queen was very nice, so I did not mind, and told her I hoped, if she came to this country, she would come in a French packet, [illegible] was the best kind of boat [illegible]. But she answered [illegible] was not allowed [illegible] that I wished [illegible] as to for[illegible]" replied G. G. And then she jumped down from his knee, where she had been sitting, and waltzed out of the room.—Kate Gannett Wells, in Christian Register.

TRICKS WITH COINS.

On the edge of one face of a coin make a very small notch, so that a little point of metal projects. The notch must be very minute, so as to be imperceptible to the eye.

Now spin the coin, and if, as it begins to settle down, the notched face is downward, it will fall rather suddenly, instead of gradually, as it will if the other face is downward. There will be, therefore, a difference in the sound made by the coin as it spins and falls, and a little practice will enable you to tell which side is downward by that sound.

The success of all tricks, you know, depends on their secrecy, and it must not be known, therefore, that you have notched the coin. When you have learned to recognize the difference in sound in the fall of the coin, you are ready for your trick, which is to tell blindfolded which face is upward when the coin has been spun. Of course, you must remember which face has been notched; if the head, then, if the coin fall suddenly, the tail is upward.

To rub one coin into two is another trick that may be easily performed. With a little wax attach a penny to the under part of a table, near the edge; of course no one should see you do this. Then ask some one to lend you a penny, and having laid it near the edge of the table, rub it swiftly along the edge with the ball of your thumb. This will bring your fingers underneath the table, and at any time you wish you can take the penny from under the table, and add it to the other one.

Another neat little trick is done with the help of a goblet of water. Fill the goblet to the brim, and ask the company to guess how many coins you can drop into the water without making it run over the edge of the goblet. Not one of them, perhaps, will guess enough, and you will be surprised, yourself, at the number, if you drop them in very carefully, in a vertical position.

Still another pretty trick is to make a coin appear under either of two cards, according to the desire of your audience. Prepare beforehand two coins, each slightly waxed on one side. Now ask some one for a similar coin, and without letting anybody see the waxed ones, exchange one of them for the borrowed one, and place it on the table, waxed side up.

Take two cards at random from a pack, and hold them in your hand with the other waxed coin so that it will stick to the under card. Now lay that card carefully on the table near the other coin. Place the second card over the first waxed coin so that every one sees you press it down slightly, and you will have a waxed coin sticking to the under surface of each card.

You can now make the coin appear under either card that your audience names by bending the card slightly upward in lifting it, for then the coin

PERFORMING GOBLET TRICK.

will not stick. Otherwise it will, and your audience will think it is one coin that you make pass from under one card to the other, at your pleasure.—New York Evening Mail.

Western Mining.

The cynic's argument that success in most cases is but due to a succession of fortunate blunders would seem to be more often exemplified in mining for the precious metals than in any other field of the world's work.

"Go and dig there!" advised a facetious miner, thinking to play a joke on the confiding tenderfoot who had asked where he would better begin his mining.

He pointed as he spoke to a crumbling prospect hole, long before abandoned as ground utterly barren. But to the eyes of inexperience one spot looked as promising as another, and the young fellow promptly lent himself to the unguessed humor of the situation, with the result that in less than a day's work he had uncovered one of the richest veins of tellurium ever opened in that camp.

He was still so ignorant of what he had found that when another practical joker offered to sink the shaft forty feet for a half interest in the claim the opportunity to relieve a pair of blistered palms was hailed at a godsend. Yet, that forty feet of sinking paid something like $50,000, while, first and last, the great Melvina mine of Boulder County, Col., has yielded close to $700,000.—Mary E. Stickney, in Sunset Magazine.

Paris Mortality.

Dr. Lowenthal, one of the highest scientific authorities in France, has presented to the Academy of Medicine a startling report on the sanitary condition of Paris.

Taking the fig[illegible]