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AT MOONRISE.

How hushed and quiet the gaunt poplars spring
Beside the lake,
Where the song weary thrush, head under wing,
Is nestling half awake!

The warm gray lights of evening linger there
Or gently pass
Along the dappled water, and the air
No voice nor music has.

Low on the night's marge yonder, a big moon,
Cleaving the blue,
Comes up and silvers the broad shades which soon
The bats flit darkly through.

And visions, born of fancy and the night,
Glide to and fro,
Move with dream feet amid the solemn light,
And softly come and go.

Across the moor—else silent over earth
And sky's wide range—
Steals the low laughter of two lovers' mirth;
How sweet it sounds, yet strange!

—Sidney A. Alexander in English Illustrated Magazine.

THE DEVIL'S REVENGE.

It was toward the end of November; the Imperial garden of Vienna was deserted; a sharp breeze was whirling the saffron colored leaves, shrunk up by the early cold, the rose bushes, tormented and broken by the wind, let their branches drag in the mud. Still, the grand alley, thanks to its covering of sand, was dry and passable. Although devastated by the approach of winter, the Imperial garden was not without a certain melancholy charm. The long alley prolonged far away its reddening arcades; beyond, the view stretched over the Prater and the Danube; it was such a promenade as a poet would have desired.

A young man was striding up and down this alley with visible signs of impatience; his costume, somewhat theatrical in its elegance, consisted of a frock coat of black velvet, with gold facings and bordered with fur, gray woolen pantaloons, top boots, with tassels, coming half way up his legs. He might have been 27 or 28 years of age; his pale and regular features were full of finesse, and irony lurked in the creases around his eyes and in the corners of his mouth. In the university, which he appeared to have quitted recently—for he still wore the student's cap with oak leaves—he must have plagued the Phillistines, and shone in the front ranks of the burschen and the foxes.

The narrow limit within which he circumscribed his walk showed that he was waiting for some one—probably a lady; for the Imperial garden of Vienna in the month of November is hardly propitious to business rendezvous. Soon a young girl appeared at the end of the avenue. A turban of black silk covered her rich, blonde hair, whose ringlets had been slightly uncurled by the dampness of the evening; her complexion, ordinarily of waxen whiteness, had taken a rosy tint from the bite of the cold. Draped and wrapped she was in a mantle trimmed with marten skin; a little terrier accompanied her—a convenient chaperon, on whose indulgence and discretion you could count.

"Imagine, Heinrich," said the pretty Viennese, taking the young man's arm, "I have been dressed and ready to go out for more than an hour, and my aunt kept on with her sermons on the dangers of waltzing, on recipes for Christmas cakes and carp with blue sauce. I went out on the pretext of buying some gray boots, of which I have no need whatever. It is for you, Heinrich, that I tell all these little lies which I am constantly regretting and constantly beginning over again. What an idea of yours it was to take to the stage! What was the good of studying theology so long at Heidelberg? My parents liked you, and we might have been married today but for that. Instead of coming on the sly under the bare trees of the Imperial garden, we should be seated side by side before a fine porcelain stove in a nice warm room, talking of the future of our children. Would not that be a happy lot, Heinrich?"

"Yes, Katy, very happy," replied the young man, as he pressed, under the satin and fur, the dimpled arm of the pretty Viennese; "but I cannot help it. The theatre attracts me invincibly; I dream of it by day, I think of it by night; I feel the desire to live in the creation of the poets; I seem to have twenty existences. Every role that I play makes me new life; all those passions that I express I feel. I am Hamlet, Othello, Charles Moor. When one is all that, he can with difficulty resign himself to the humble condition of a village pastor."

"That is very noble. But you know that my parents never will have an actor for a son-in-law."

"No, certainly, not an obscure actor; a poor, ambulant artist, the puppet of managers and the public. But a great actor, covered with glory and applause, who earns more money, they will not refuse, however scrupulous they may be. When I shall come to ask your hand in a handsome yellow coach, the varnish of which will be able to serve as a looking glass for the astonished neighbors, and a tall lackey covered with gold lace will let down the steps for me, do you think they will refuse me?"

"I do not think they will. But who says, Heinrich, that you will ever come to that? You have talent, but talent is not sufficient; you must have much good luck besides. By the time that you shall become the grand actor of whom you speak, the best time of your youth will have passed, and then will you be ready to marry Katy, grown old, when you have at your disposal the loves of all those princesses of the theatre who are so joyous and so gayly decked?"

"That future," replied Heinrich, "is nearer than you think. I have an advantageous engagement at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate, and the manager is so satisfied with the manner in which I played my last role that he has made me a present of 2,000 thalers."

"Yes," replied the young girl, with a serious air, "that role of a demon in the new piece. I confess to you, Heinrich, that I do not like to see a Christian assume the mask of the enemy of the human race, and pronounce words of blasphemy. The other day I went to see you at the Corinthian theatre, and at every moment I was afraid that a veritable hell fire would issue from one of the traps where you were swallowed up in flames of spirits of wine. I returned home all confused, and I dreamed horrible dreams."

"My good Katy, that is all imagination; to-morrow, too, will take place the last performance, and I shall no longer put on the black and red costume which so much displeases you."

"So much the better; my mind is a prey to a vague feeling of alarm, and I fear that the role which has been so profitable to your glory will not be profitable to your salvation. I am afraid, too, that you will contract bad habits in the company of those horrible comedians. I am sure that you no longer say your prayers; and I dare wager that you have lost the little cross I gave you."

Heinrich justified himself by showing the little cross, which was still shining on his breast.

While they were talking thus the two lovers had arrived at the Tower Strasse, in the Leopoldstadt, in front of the shoemaker who was famous for the perfection of his gray boots. After chatting some time at the door, Katy entered, followed by her terrier, but not without having abandoned her pretty, slender fingers to the pressure of Heinrich's hand.

Heinrich tried once more to get a glimpse of his mistress between the dainty boots and shoes that were symmetrically arranged on the brass rods in the window; but the fog had silvered the glass with its moist breath, and he could only distinguish a confused silhouette; then, taking a heroic resolution, he turned on his heel and went, with deliberate step, to the inn of the Two Headed Eagle.

* * * * * * *

That night there was a numerous company at the Two Headed Eagle; the guests were of the most mixed description. The Two Headed Eagle was one of those blessed cellars celebrated by Hoffmann, with steps so worn, so greasy, so slippery, that you can not put your foot upon the first one without at once finding yourself at the bottom, with your elbows on the table, a pipe in your mouth, between a pot of beer and a measure of new wine.

Through the thick cloud of smoke, that almost choked and blinded you at first, all sorts of strange figures appeared after a few minutes. There were Wallachians with their cafetan and Astrakhan cap, Servians, Hungarians with their black mustaches, caparisoned with dolmans and embroidery; Bohemians with coppery complexions, narrow foreheads and arched noses; honest Germans with laced coats; Tartars with eyes turned up like those of Chinese; all imaginable populations. The east was represented by a fat Turk coiled up in a corner and peacefully smoking a pipe of Moldavian cherry wood, with a bowl of red clay and a mouth piece of yellow amber.

Everybody was eating and drinking; the drink consisted of strong beer and a mixture of new red wine with old white wine; the food of slices of cold veal, ham or pastry.

Round the tables turned unceasingly one of those long German waltzes which produce upon northern imaginations the same effect as hasheesh and opium on the Orientals; the couples passed and repassed rapidly; the women, almost fainting with pleasure on the arms of their cavaliers, to the sounds of a waltz, swept away with their skirts the clouds of smoke and refreshed the faces of the drinkers. At the counter some Morlaccan improvishtors, accompanied by a player upon the guzla, were reciting a sort of dramatic complaint which seemed greatly to divert a dozen strange figures, clothed in sheepskin and coiled with tarboukhs.

Heinrich went to the end of the cellar and sat at a table where were already seated three or four personages of joyous mien and merry humor.

"Ah, Heinrich!" cried the eldest of the band; "mind yourself, my friends; fœnum habet in cornu. You know you had a truly diabolical look the other night; you almost frightened me. Who would think that Heinrich, who drinks beer as we do, and who does not draw back before a slice of cold ham, could put on such venomous, wicked and sardonic airs, and that with a single gesture he can make a whole theatre shudder?"

"Eh? why that is the reason Heinrich is a great artist, a sublime comedian! There is no glory in playing a role that is in your character; the triumph, for a coquette, is to excel in playing ingenues."

Heinrich sat down modestly, called for a large glass of mixed wine, and the conversation continued on the same subject. On all sides it was admiration and compliments.

"Ah! if the great Wolfgang Goethe had seen you!" said one.

"Show us your feet," said another; "I am sure you have a cloven hoof."

The other drinkers, attracted by these exclamations, looked at Heinrich seriously, all happy to have the opportunity of examining closely so remarkable a man. The young men who had formerly known Heinrich at the university, and whose names he hardly knew, came up to him and shook him cordially by the hand, as if they had been his intimate friends. The prettiest valseuses as they passed shot at him the tenderest glances of the blue and velvety eyes.

One man only, seated at a neighboring table, seemed to take no part in the general enthusiasm; his head thrown backward, he was thrumming distractedly with his fingers on the crown of his hat a military march, and from time to time he uttered a sort of humph, singularly dubious.

The aspect of this man was of the strangest, although he was dressed like an honest burgher of Vienna, enjoying a modest fortune; his gray eyes were shaded with green tints, and shot out phosphoric lights like the eyes of a cat. When his pale, flat lips parted, they showed two rows of teeth very white, very sharp, and very wide apart, of the most cannibalistic and ferocious aspect; his long nails, shining and curved, took a vague appearance of claws; but that physiognomy appeared only by rapid flashes; to the eye that watched him fixedly, his face rapidly resumed the bourgeois and debonair appearance of a retired Viennese merchant, and you felt astonished that you could have suspected of villainy and deviltry a face so vulgar and trivial.

Internally Heinrich was shocked at the indifference of the man. That disdainful silence took away their value from the panegyrics which his noisy companions lavished upon him. It was the silence of an old and experienced connoisseur, who does not allow himself to be deceived by appearances.

Atmayer, the youngest of the company, the warmest admirer of Heinrich, could not endure this coldness, and addressing the strange man, as if taking him to bear witness to an assertion that he advanced, he said:

"Is it not so, sir, no actor has ever played the role of Mephistopheles better than my comrade here?"

"Humph!" said the stranger, flashing his green eyes and cracking his sharp teeth. "Mr. Heinrich is a young man of talent, whom I esteem very highly; but he is wanting in many things necessary to play the role of the devil."

And suddenly drawing himself up: "Have you ever seen the devil, Mr. Heinrich?"

He put this question in such a strange and mocking tone that all the company felt a shudder run down their backs.

"That, however, would be necessary for the truthfulness of your play. The other evening I was at the theatre of the Corinthian Gate, and I was not satisfied with your laugh; it was, at the utmost, a sly laugh. My dear Mr. Heinrich, this is the way you ought to laugh."

And thereupon, as if to give him the example, he burst into a laugh so sharp, so strident, so sardonic, that the orchestra and the dancers stopped at that very instant, and the glass in the windows trembled. The stranger continued this pitiless and convulsive laugh for several minutes, and Heinrich and his companions, in spite of their terror, could not help imitating it.

When Heinrich had recovered himself, the vaults of the tavern were repeating, like a feeble echo, the last notes of that broken and terrible laugh, and the stranger was no longer there.

* * * * * * *

Some days after this strange incident, which he had almost forgotten, or which he remembered only as a joke of an ironical burgher, Heinrich was playing his part of the demon in a new piece. In the first row of seats in the orchestra was seated the stranger of the tavern, and at every word pronounced he shook his head, winked his eyes, smacked his tongue against his palate and showed signs of the liveliest impatience.

"Bad, bad!" he murmured to himself.

His neighbors, astonished and shocked at his manners, applauded, and thought to themselves that the gentleman was very hard to please.

At the end of the first act the stranger rose, as if he had taken a sudden resolution, strode over the big drum, the cymbals and trombone, and disappeared through the little door that leads from the orchestra to the stage. Heinrich, waiting until the curtain rose, was walking up and down in the wings, and when he came to the end of his short promenade, what was his terror to see, as he turned, standing in the middle of the narrow corridor, a mysterious personage clothed exactly as he was, and who looked at him with eyes whose greenish transparency had a strange profundity in the darkness; the white, sharp, wide set teeth gave something ferocious to the sardonic smile.

Heinrich could not fail to recognize the stranger whom he had seen at the Two Headed Eagle, or rather the devil in person, for it was he.

"Ah, ah, my young friend! you wish to play the devil? You were very middling in the first act, and you would decidedly give a very poor idea of me to the good citizens of Vienna. You will allow me to replace you this evening; and as you might interfere with me, I will send you to the cellar below the stage."

Heinrich recognized the Prince of Darkness, and felt himself lost. Putting his hand mechanically to the little cross that Katy had given him, he tried to call for help, and to murmur his formula of exorcism; but terror choked him; he could only utter a feeble rattle. The devil seized Heinrich with his hooked hands by the shoulders and pushed him by main force through the floor; then he entered upon the scene, when his cue came, like a perfect actor.

His incisive, biting, venomous and truly diabolic acting at first surprised the spectators. What especially produced a great effect was that sharp titter like the grating of a saw, that laugh of the damned blaspheming the joys of Paradise. Never had an actor attained such power of sarcasm, such a depth of villainy; the audience laughed, but they trembled. All the audience was panting with emotion; phosphoric sparks glinted from the fingers of the terrible actor; trains of sparkling flame ran from his feet; the light of the lusters grew pale, the footlights shot out reddish and greenish flashes; a sort of sulphurous smell reigned in the theatre; the spectators were, as it were, delirious, and thunders of frantic applause greeted each phrase of the marvelous Mephistopheles, who often substituted verses of his own invention for the verses of the poet, and the substitution was always happy and accepted with transports.

Katy, who was in the theatre, was in a state of extraordinary alarm; she did not recognize her dear Heinrich; she presaged some misfortune with that spirit of divination which love gives.

The performance ended amidst indescribable enthusiasm. When the curtain fell the public called for Mephistopheles with loud cries. He was sought for in vain; but at last a scene shifter came and told the manager that Heinrich had been found in the cellar, where he had probably fallen through a trap.

The hapless actor was taken up. His clothing was burned in places, and on his shoulders were deep scratches. They spoke to him, but he did not answer. He was dead.—From the French of Theophile Gautier.

Bread for New York's Italians.

One of the special features of the quarter is the sale of stale bread, which, as a retail trade, is altogether in the hands of women. It is a systematized industry. The bread that used to be thrown away is now taken back by the big bakeries from the retail houses, and is collected by men, who sell it to the women; the latter retail it at from one to three cents a loaf from the curbstone. Happily stale bread is not chemically deteriorated, even when the mold has to be scraped and scrubbed from it; and all white bread is a luxury among these poor people, though it is a luxury now pretty generally indulged in. The economical, however, still purchase the black bread of their youth (metaphorically speaking only, let us hope) at three cents a pound. This, too, is not injurious, as is most such very cheap food, and it is nutritious. It was a cold day when I was last at the Bend, but the bread sellers were holding their ground and conducting a brisk business.—Viola Roseboro in The Cosmopolitan.

A Zoological Enigma.

The axolotl, an amphibian which forms a part of the food supply of Mexico, is a very singular creature. It grows to a length of about a foot, and has four legs, a newt like tail surmounted by lungs and gills. While it seems to be more fish than reptile, some naturalists have supposed it to be the larva or tadpole of a gigantic batrachian that has never been seen in the adult state. An English observer, who has found the animal capable of living entirely in water or entirely on land, has had a live specimen in a dry place during the autumn, and believes that it is gradually losing its gills and becoming otherwise more terrestrial in character.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Powder for the Shoes.

A powder is used in the German army for sifting into the shoes and stockings of the foot soldiers. It is called "fusstreupulver," and consists of three parts salicylic acid, ten parts starch and eighty-seven parts pulverized soapstone (speckstein). It keeps the feet dry, prevents chafing and rapidly heals sore spots. It is to be recommended to mountaineers.—Boston Budget.

Ancient American Art.

A citizen of Wichita, Kan., has an interesting specimen of ancient American art. It is a head cut in Dakota sandstone, and was found on the Saline river in Kansas near some sandstone ledges. The face is nearly all nose, but the eyes, ears, mouth and nostrils are well defined, and also bands running around the top of the head.—New York Sun.

Convenience of Natural Gas.

Natural gas can be used in any coal or wood stove, grate or furnace. In a base burner, for instance, the fire pot pipe empties its discharge into a hollow iron casting, shaped like a cake or round loaf of bread. The surface of this casting is covered with small holes. After the casting has been adjusted it is covered with pieces of pipe clay or brick, a lighted match is put into the stove, and the thumb screw on the mixer turned. A flame at once flies up, and if the full channel of the mixer is open the flame will attain a height or twelve or fifteen inches. This size of flame would melt a stove, and the mixer is turned to throw a flame of about three inches. Such a blaze is blue and steady. Its heat is very great, and the fire clay is soon white hot, so that in looking into a stove where natural gas is used the effect on the vision is that of a coal fire—the stove simply being full of white hot coals.

In furnaces the plan is virtually the same. The gas is distributed over the surface of the fire pot, fire clay bricks diffuse the heat, and the temperature is regulated by the thumb screw on the mixer. There is no fuel that is so luxurious as natural gas. There is no carrying of coal, no ashes, no going out of fires, no dust and no variation of temperature except at the will of the fireman. The cleanliness of it is one of its most popular features, and it is always the occasion for demonstrations on the part of consumers. I know a miller who carpeted his furnace room with brussels, papered the walls with entravagant white tinted paper, and dressed his fireman in broadcloth. When all this had been done the fireman brought down an easy chair, decorated with the whitest of tidies which his 'best girl' had made, and he sits there all day long, dressed with the neatness of a clergyman, reading light literature and turning the thumb screw of his mixer as an occasional glance at the gauges may suggest.—Chicago Times.

Extravagance at Funerals.

The worst part of the carriage extravagance or abuse prevails among the tenement population. Not long since I saw a funeral in one of the poorest tenement neighborhoods, and heard the boast that there were not less than sixty carriages behind the hearse. I was told, too, that at a previous funeral in the same neighborhood the deceased had the honor of being followed to the grave by eighty carriages, filled with mourning relatives and friends. An old woman in one of the shabbiest of the tenements informed me that she had lost her only daughter not long before, "but," she added, with a touch of pride in her voice, "she had the finest funeral ever seen in the First ward." Hiring a carriage for a funeral is no small item to a tenement family of the average kind. The cost is from $6 to $8, according to the distance, and there always are some incidentals.

Now $6 or $8 is a pretty large sum in a tenement, and the outlay of it for a carriage to attend a funeral is in many cases simply the throwing away of money that is needed at home. Too often when the landlord or agent calls for his rent he is told: "I had to go to a funeral, sir, and there isn't a dollar in the house." Very often, too, when the grocer asks for his bill, he is also told that the money was spent at a funeral—possibly of a mere acquaintance or some distant relative—and there's nothing for him. The funeral abuse is certainly a serious one among the working people in New York, but how it is to be cured I do not see.—New York Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Flowers for the Dead.

I want to say a word with regard to the offerings of flowers sent to adorn the coffin of the dead. The idea of laying fresh blossoms on the dead is a beautiful one, but it is overdone. People in society wince now as much at the notion of a burial as at that of a bridal, for both mean an outlay. The number of wreaths that a fashionable personage with an extensive circle has to buy yearly is something alarming. What slaves people are to the decrees of society! Especially those people on the borderland who are afraid to drop them, ever so little, lest they should appear outsiders. Yet far more happy and respected are the outsiders of similar rank, who live as they choose, and do not fret themselves to death by endeavoring to keep up in customs and traditions with those fate has made higher and richer than themselves, dropping comforts and pleasures within their means to grasp after impossibilities. It is piteous to see the coffin of a man smothered in expensive exotics when it is known for a fact that his whole income died with him—that he has saved nothing for his family, and that henceforth his widow and children are dependent for support on the grudging allowance of relatives and friends, who, perhaps, themselves need every penny they can earn.—Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Working the "Mind Cure" Idea.

I know a lady who for years, during the winter months, rose at night after her husband was asleep, and noiselessly opens a window about two inches, top and bottom. If he knew of it he would declare it gave him cold; if he did not know of it he was not affected, except that he would get up particularly bright and well and frequently remark to his wife: "You see it is all nonsense, your idea about opening the windows such weather as this. I have no headache, never felt better in my life, and if you would tell the truth you would say the same." His wife, who always rose first, closed the window as noiselessly as she opened it, and turned on the register, had the self restraint to say nothing, knowing that argument could do no good.—Jenny June in St. Louis Republican.

FASHIONS IN TEETH.

THE LATEST INNOVATION IN PROGRESSIVE DENTISTRY.

Making the Tint Suit the Complexion—A Dentist Talks to a Man with an Aching Bi-cuspid—Teeth for Elderly People.

On a steel ring about twice as big as a key ring, which hangs on the wall in a Twenty-third street dentist's office, are about 150 human teeth mounted on thin steel swivels about two inches long. A man who sat in the dentist's office the other day, holding with both hands a tooth that he thought was likely to jump out of his head, it ached so bad, stared at the ring and wondered if it held trophies of the doctor's art, and if the jumping tooth would soon be added to the collection. The dentist in the meantime was holding an animated discussion with a fair woman patient who sat in the big chair of torture. Pretty soon he took the ring of teeth from the wall, and the man with the jumping bi-cuspid saw him go through a maneuver that he thought exceedingly strange. He stood in front of his patient and, selecting a tooth from the ring, he would hold it by the side of her face, and then look at her as though he were in some impossible way contemplating the effect. Then he would take another and go through the same operation. Finally he made an entry of some kind in a little book, told his patient to come Tuesday, and hung the ring up on the wall again.

When the man with the bi-cuspid had climbed out of the chair with the fierce edge of his toothache dulled a little by a big wad of savory creosote, he asked the dentist what his curious operation with the castanet of teeth might mean.

"It was a very simple matter," said the artist of the forceps and the nerve extractor. "I was trying to find a tooth that would suit her complexion. No, you needn't laugh. It isn't a joke. It's the latest fad in dentistry, and when you come to understand it, you will wonder somebody hasn't thought of it before. Haven't you occasionally noticed that somebody whom you have met has a set of false teeth and you know it perfectly well, though you can't tell why? There is something about the appearance of the teeth, you don't know what it is, that tells you, and in a vaguely unpleasant sort of way, that they are false. You see some otherwise good looking woman laugh, for instance, and the first glimpse you get of her teeth strikes you as disagreeable, although they may be white, pearly and even. Did you ever guess what was the matter?

"The trouble was that the woman's false teeth, though excellent in every other way, no doubt, and costing a sum that probably made her husband wince, were not of a tint to suit her complexion. I know of scores of women, and no doubt there are thousands and thousands of them in New York, who have unconsciously made perfect spectacles of themselves that way. Now just think how a woman with black hair and an olive complexion would look with perfectly white teeth. The effect is the ghastliest thing you ever saw, when you come to think of it. Yet I'll bet there are 10,000 black haired women in New York who are wearing false teeth as white as a sepulchre. Then what would you think of a blonde with blue eyes and light hair and yellow teeth like these? That would look nice, wouldn't it? Well, just notice how many blonde women you see disfigured in just that way. Think of the spectacle a red headed woman makes when she opens her mouth to laugh and shows the teeth some blacksmith of a dentist made as yellow as a South Brooklyn ague victim! It is dreadful to all persons of cultivated sensibilities. Dark complexioned persons should have teeth of about this shade," showing a yellowish tinted tooth on the ring. "Light complexioned persons should have lighter tinted teeth. Red headed persons look best with a sort of gleaming white that is not just a dead white, but is not at all yellow.

"It's the same way about the ages of people. An old man with a wrinkled skin and gray hair looks hideous with white teeth. It's unnatural, and I think that even the East river oysters must know that such a man has false teeth, and ill made false teeth at that. The way we do now is to notice the complexion carefully, and then strike a tint that agrees with it. These teeth that you see on the ring are made of porcelain. They are of every shade and variety of tint known to the profession. Each one is numbered. As soon as we find out the shade that is wanted for a customer we send the number to the factory, and the whole set is made of that tint.

"That's a considerable advance in the dentists' art, but it is small compared with some other things that have been accomplished since the days when false teeth, plate and all, were all carved out of a solid piece of ivory."

"When was that?"

"About a century ago. There is such a set, or, rather, two such sets, one for the upper and one for the lower jaw, that were made for George Washington, in the possession of a New York dentist. They were carved with almost infinite labor out of solid ivory. On each side at the back were little gold springs that kept pressing the two sets apart. That prevented their slipping out, but made them terribly tiresome to the unfortunate man who wore them, and if he ever went to sleep with them in his mouth they pried his mouth open and made him snore. They were very clumsy teeth, we would think, and only to be used on state occasions."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Painters of Advertisements.

Since the laws prohibiting defacing natural scenery were enacted the advertising companies have cut down their regular staffs of painters to very small proportions. Before that time they employed gangs that were as emulous, reckless and irresponsible as the attaches of a railway advertising car. The risks they took to daub their letters on some prominent but almost inaccessible crag made thrilling stories when they gathered of winter nights to swap lies around the blazing logs. It was a life of hardy adventure that was very attractive to enterprising young fellows, and many took to it for that reason alone. Latterly, however, it has been reduced to a better system. Nearly all prominent places have a given value which must be paid the owner. Local painters are engaged to do the work, and Bohemian jollity is a thing of the past.—New York Graphic.

Not to Be Tempted.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the neurologist, who is also a novelist, recently refused $500 offered him for an article on learning that was intended to float a magazine devoted to the advertisement of a proprietary medicine.—New York World.

Pneumonia a House Disease.

Dr. Seibert, a German-American physician in New York, a competent authority on the subject, holds that pneumonia is a house disease and is infectious, but not contagious. He says: "In the warm air of the house the system is made sensitive to the cold, but the cold is only the producing cause. It prepares the coddled lungs for the pneumonia poison, which has its real origin in damp and dirty rooms or cellars. What is the cure? Well, the steps to the cure have unhappily advanced but little. But the relief and the prevention are no medicine and plenty of fresh air.—Public Opinion.

A Child's Vocabulary.

Recently I became interested in the vocabulary of my boy, 30 months old, and for one day noted all words used by him, except proper names. No effort was made to exhaust the child's stock of words by questioning. He used 352 words, of which 54 per cent. were nouns, 18 per cent. verbs, and eleven adjectives. It is probable that the child's entire vocabulary of dictionary words includes 400 or more.—Cor. Science.

What He Liked.

Parson—And how did you like my sermon?

New Comer—Some parts of it I liked very much.

"For instance?"

"Well, where you started off with blessed are the pure in heart, and a lot of other blesseds."

"Oh, that was my text."

"Hm! I think, on the whole, I like the part you call your text better than what you call your sermon. Why don't you make your texts longer?"—Boston Transcript.

Perfumers now utilize the scent of the cucumber.

RAILROAD TRAVEL IN RUSSIA.

Cheap Equipments and Limited Accomodations—Slow Time and Long Stops.

Railroad travel in Russia reminds one of that in certain sections of the United States, where the roads are very new, the equipments cheap, the employes inexperienced, and all kinds of accomodations very limited. It was only since the late rebellion in America that Russia has figured at all in railroad circles. The lines built by Wimans, of Baltimore, were well built, but they were not well equipped and have been poorly maintained. The arbitrary direction of the czar, that all the lines should be perfectly straight from one large city to the other, or from the beginning to the termini, regardless of the lesser points on the way, will be a great drawback to the country for many years. The stranger's attention is directly attracted to the large number of small cities and important villages he sees from one to five miles off the railroad lines. These marts of trade are more or less substantial, and generations will come and go before the stations are as plentiful along the railroad lines as they would at first have been made but for the interference of the czar.

It is very seldom that a house is provided for locomotives, or there is a shed for any class of material or equipment, notwithstanding the fact that the nine months of rain or snow in each year make them more necessary than in other countries. Locomotives, rusting and falling to pieces, although but a few years old, and tools of every character are seen strewn about everywhere. The stations, however, are commodious and comfortable. The fastest express trains, which make about twenty miles an hour, stop at every station from five to forty minutes. The guard comes to your carriage door when the train stops, opens it, and tells how long the stop will be. He also points to the restaurant hard by, and tells you what can be purchased, and, further, that there is ample time. It is probable that there is a commission arrangement, or all the railroad restaurants are run by the company. Few passenger trains that have not some freight cars. The trains are long, the freight heavy and good, the ballasting fair, but the equipments are so inferior that the employes refuse to make any speed.

But one passenger train a day, even on the principal lines, and very seldom is a sleeping car or a carriage that can be utilized as a sleeper encountered. For a run between two cities distant like New York and Washington, or New York and Boston, which occupy five and a half or six hours in America, a day or night of twelve to fourteen hours is consumed. There are seldom closets or drinking water, or similar accommodations. At every station, day or night, old women or children visit the carriages and sell drinking water.

There is one comfort, however, on a Russian railway train. There are no cinders. The old fashion wood burning locomotives are used, and as they have spark and cinder protectors and burn pine or white poplar or similar woods, there is freedom from both cinders or smoke. The roads are too new for dust, too, when there is a period dry enough to make dust. — Moscow Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Singular Form of Neuralgia.

A very singular form of neuralgia is that affecting the nerves of amputated limbs. It not rarely happens that after an amputated stump has healed the nerves of the stump, being compressed in the scar, become exceedingly painful. Curiously the pain is not felt in the stump, but in the extremity of the limb which has been amputated. In one coming under the notice of the writer a man whose arm had been amputated above the elbow referred the exquisite pain he felt to the little finger of the amputated hand years after the operation. An old one legged soldier, applying for an increase of pension, said: "He had more pain in the foot which ain't, than in the foot which are." This was a terse way of saying that he continued to have a pain in the foot which he had lost on the battle field many years before.

The explanation of this consists in the fact that the terminal filaments of a nerve are its most sensitive parts; they are the "feelers," the points from which the sensations start on their course to the brain, where they give notice that something is wrong with the outlying districts. When the nerve is injured in its continuity the sensation is often referred to the terminal ends. Every one who has struck his "crazy bone"—the point above the elbow where the ulnar nerve is very superficial and easily injured—must have noticed how much the sensation was affected in the little finger, the pain being often greater there than at the point where the blow was struck.—George H. Rohe, M. D., in Courier-Journal.

Like an Earthquake Shock.

The explosion of a water reservoir or boiler in the kitchen of the Kirby house, Milwaukee, recently, was perfectly recorded in the vibrations given by the shock to a ruling machine in the bindery of The Sentinel. The machine is directly opposite one of the windows of the bindery, and was in full motion when the explosion took place, drawing straight lines. The first impulse of the shock carried the pen nearly half an inch from the true line; then for some distance it approached the true line again without wavering, when it suddenly drew wavering lines for the final reactionary vibrations. The lines are just such as are made by the seismometer in an earthquake shock.—New Orleans Picayune.

Worship of a Log.

There is a log of yellow color standing just outside of Ch'i Hua Gate, of Peking, where it has been since the fall of the Ming dynasty, commanding the respect of all classes of people. It is in perfect condition. The insects have not made any raids upon it as they do on other logs. The people believe that the log must be the residence of some god, so they annually worship it. On the 1st of October the emperor commanded the board of ceremonies to appoint a few officials to pay respects to the deified log.—Chicago Herald.

Late Ideas of Breakfast.

The old adage, "No breakfast, no man," is perhaps as true in some form today as when first formulated, although of late years the ideas of people concerning breakfast have undergone a radical change. For the laboring man and for the man of much physical exercise a heavy breakfast is necessary, but for the man or woman of sedentary habits a light breakfast is doubtless much better. In any case, fruit should always be found at breakfast. Many prefer it after the meal, but it is not only more digestible but assists the digestion more surely if used at the beginning of the meal. For a light breakfast the fruit should be followed by one of the cereals in some form with cream, which is more nourishing than milk, and by many as easily digested. This, followed by delicate dry toast or rolls, with coffee, tea or chocalate, and