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BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's rays hidden apart,
In a softer bed than the soft white snows is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why should I sleep not? Why should it start
When never a leaf the rose tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea doses,
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?
Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?
What bids the lips of thy sleep depart?
Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm incloses,
It never was writ in the traveler's chart,
And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree tops heard;
No hound's note wakens the wild wood hart.
Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of the true love's truth or the light love's art.
Only the song of a secret bird.

—Swinburne.

MIDSUMMER DRINKS.

COOL PALATE TICKLERS FOR NEW YORKERS' HOT THROATS.

A Great Variety of Fluid Refreshments for the Heated Term—At the Drug Store Fountain—A Crowd of Thirsty Women. Girls.

New York probably beats the world for the variety and quality of its fluid refreshments, both for warm and cold weather, but more especially in summer does it seem to run riot in the profusion of drinks with which to cool the parched tongues of its citizens. This is a good deal due, no doubt, to the mixed character of the population, each nationality having its favorite distinctive tipple, but each being by no means slow to appreciate the virtues of the favorite of any other, the result being that the German immigrant, who has hitherto been wedded to his lager, the Englishman to his ale and porter, the Dutchman to his gin, the Frenchman and Spaniard to their wine and brandy, the Irishman and Scotchman to their whisky, the Mexican to his pulque, the Russian and Pole to their vodki, rapidly become the American citizen, who drinks anything and everything.

THE DRUG STORE FOUNTAIN.

The drug store "fountain," with its gorgeous clerk, has become an established feature of the thirst supply trade of this city, and from humble beginnings as a dispenser of soda water and mild essences only has evolved into a mammoth necromancer's casket, concealing a multiplicity of strange mixtures in its many chambered interior and glistening outside with polished marble turrets and slabs bristling with scores of silver plated taps, knobs and faucets, till it looks like an undersized Chinese pagoda. Watch the stream of people that pass in and out to the favorite down town resort. Here comes a swarthy young fellow who calls for orgeat.

"What's orgeat?" you ask. "Orgeat," says the clerk, "is the temperance drink of the New York Spaniard and Cuban. It's made of sweet and sour pulverized almonds, sugar and orange juice, and is somewhat similar to the peach phosphates that southerners like."

"What've you got good for dyspepsia?" says a sallow New Englander, who comes up at a rapid gait, forgetting to buy a check in his hurry to get away again. Without waiting for an answer, he adds, "Gimme pepsoline." He fills up the, to him interminable, moment it takes the clerk to fill his glass by reading the names on a row of patent medicine bottles, gulps his pepsoline and is off. "Lots of them," says the clerk in a kind of compassionate tone. "Haven't got time to chew and want their stomachs to do the work of a cyclone pulverizer."

"Nerve tonic," says a jaded looking man with a wink to the clerk. He gets it from a bottle in a little closet behind the fountain and it seems to do him good, by the way he smiles and smacks his lips. "What's that made off" you ask. "Iron—for the blood—quinine for the liver—phosphorus for the brain and strychnine for the nerves," says the clerk all in one breath, like a man who has said it many times before and is a little tired of it. "Oh, not enough strychnine to hurt," he adds, in reply to your surprised look, "just enough to brace the nerves. It's soothing."

A CROWD OF WOMEN.

But if you want to see a crowd of hot women drink, step into a big Sixth avenue store, where they pour in fatigued by shopping and cross with the heat and the shortness of their purses. People drink ice cream soda elsewhere, of course, but not as they drink it in New York, by the hour—by the gallon. At the check desk, a continual thirsty line of customers; at the counter, the ceaseless sound of a syrupy pour, a fragile fizz, a gurgling gush, and a delicate splash as the lumps of ice cream flop to the bottom of the soda water, to be fished for with a long spoon by Gotham's girlish guzzlers.

A crowd of women struggling for something to quench their thirst is an instructive sight. Many of them drop the gilding of good manners they assume outside again. Watch that big one. She values her weight now, if at no other time. She sails up to the check desk regardless of the polite request to fall in line, throws her money down and grabs a check intended for some one else, shoulders a path through her indignant sisters to the counter, plants herself squarely on the toe of a patient woman who is just about to catch the eye of the clerk, secures her place as she squirms, compels the clerk's attention, gets her drink, takes an unnecessarily long time to consume it, uses her elbows freely to get out again, wrecks several infants in her triumphal passage to the door and reassumes the appearance of a lady the moment she reaches the sidewalk.

School girls generally want strawberry and vanilla mixed; the older brunettes, coffee or chocolate; blondes, pineapple or lemon; old women, sarsaparilla or raspberry, and the widows and unmarried women of a certain age eschew soda water for apollinaris or vichy, which has no idle froth to prevent looking over the edge of the glass while drinking and does not fizz up the nose, making it red and the eyes watery.—New York Tribune.

Mental Organization of Criminals.

Dr. Henry Mandsley, of London, in his address before the recent meeting of the Anthropological association in this city, distinguished between the occasional or accidental criminal, who presents nothing characteristic in form, feature or cerebral structure, and the natural or essential criminal. The latter is what he is by no reason of defective intellect. "It is not true that lack of intellect and of moral feeling go together in defective mental organizations in some instances. The defect seems to be mainly moral. Those of this class are either born of criminal parents, or sprung from families in which insanity, epilepsy or some nearly allied neuropathy has existed. It is only of this class that we can say that they have a special criminal neurosis. A third very distinct group is that of those who break the law while laboring under positive disease."

The conclusion reached by the investigator is, that there is no general criminal constitution predisposing to crime, and that no theories of criminal anthropology are so well grounded as to justify their introduction into a revised criminal law. The right aim of scientific study is indicated as the investigation, first, of crimes committed by persons suffering from positive disease; secondly, of crimes by persons of defective mental organization. It is to be hoped that this explanation may help to combat the sentimental notion that there is a criminal constitution, that the criminal is to be pitied rather than censured, and that crime is a disease for which the criminal is not to be held strictly responsible.—Frank Leslie's.

Nut Culture in Georgia.

Nut culture is beginning to attract attention in Georgia. One man has more than one thousand pecan trees planted and as many English walnuts now just coming into bearing.

The latest wrinkle in manners is this: To show great politeness, advance one step and bow; to show the reverse sentiment, draw back a step and bow.

After the death of the editor his widow edited the first newspaper published in America.

EYES MADE OF CRYSTAL.

What a New York Dealer Says Concerning Artificial Optics.

"It is all wrong to say a 'bully boy with a glass eye,'" said a Maiden lane manufacturer and importer who is something of a wag.

"Why is it all wrong?"

"Well, there may be bully boys, but there is no such thing as a glass eye."

"What would you call this?" we asked, at the same time holding up an artificial human eye.

"I would call that a crystal eye, because it is made out of crystal, and not out of glass."

"Is there any difference?"

"Of course there is. As I understand it, crystal eyes cannot be molded into shape. Just how they are colored and made to imitate the natural eye I have no idea. You see, the method of making artificial human eyes out of crystal is one of the secret arts. I have tried to see whether there is not something in the books, but the writers maintain a deep silence on the subject."

"Where are most of the artificial eyes made?"

"We import most of our eyes from France. The manufacture of artificial human eyes is in the hands of a few French workmen, who keep the process a secret, the same as the workers on Gobelin tapestry keep their art a secret. There are two or three in this country engaged in the manufacture of artificial eyes, but their product lacks often the close finish and the naturalness of the French. Yet we can make a good eye to order."

"How much would an eye to order cost?"

"Not over $15. We keep a large assortment in stock, and if we can fit a man the cost would be only $10. There is not such a difference in people's eyes as most persons suppose. The ordinary black eye, the light and dark blue eye and the gray eye, and what is called the wall eye are pretty much on the same pattern. Oculists have studied the different shades and tints of the eye so long that they make a pretty good match to the natural eye. Not only that, but they can fit an artificial eye exactly in the place of a diseased eye after the latter has been removed. If the muscles have not been damaged, the artificial eye can be made to roll a little after the manner of a good eye, but hardly in 'the fine frenzy' of the past. I have known cases so skillfully done that it was a hard matter to tell at the first glance which was the artificial and which was the natural, although a sharp observer would distinguish it in a short time."

"Do you think there are many bully boys in New York with glass eyes?" we laughingly inquired.

"Well, I can hardly say how many New Yorkers sleep with one eye open. A fair estimate would perhaps be over 1,000 or 1,200. A great many from out of the city come to be fitted with artificial eyes. I can judge somewhat of the number by the amount of my sales every year."

"I suppose you have come across some curious cases?"

"Yes, I could tell you some funny experiences which I have had. I remember one young lady who was never suited with her eye, and had it changed once or twice a year. Another old lady used to lose her eye about once or twice a year. One man who used to go on periodical sprees often went home without his eye. He came to me one day and ordered an extra optic. He said that he wanted to be prepared for any emergency. But I guess the greatest emergency was meeting his wife after being out all night."—L. J. Vance in New York Graphic.

Trying to Cheat the Bank.

"There any number of people, sometimes, I think, as many as nine out of ten, who seem to think it no crime to cheat a bank," said a clerk in a financial institution to a reporter. "If there is a streak of meanness anywhere in a man's nature it will crop out when he is put to the test on a question of money. Sometimes I have amused myself by experimenting with men to find out whether they were honest. There is an easy way of ascertaining. For instance, a depositor hands in his bank book, together with a number of bills and checks, the amounts of which are to be placed to his credit. He has made out a deposit ticket, which he holds in his hand while I count the money. 'How much?' I ask. 'What do you make it?' he inquires. I name a sum $5 or $10 larger than I have ascertained the amount to be.

"If the man is honest he will say he thinks I am mistaken, but often he will turn around and make out another deposit ticket, fixing the amount to correspond with the figures I have given. Then, of course, I count the cash again and announce that I have made a mistake, and to prove it hand back the money and let him recount it. Men whom nobody would ever suspect of crookedness in business matters are often very quick to take advantage of a little mistake in their favor. I know several wealthy gentlemen who, I truly believe, would never think of paying back any sum, large or small, that got into their hands through a bank clerk's mistake."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Physician and the Cook.

Considered from the standpoint of morality and hygiene, which in some respects seems almost one and the same thing, there is no reform movement that appeals so directly to the large hearted physician as this present effort going on among us to secure rational cookery and authoritative knowledge of facts and rules in dietetic science. Why should not the doctor have a chair in the cooking school? His place in nature as prophet, lawyer, guide, philosopher and friend makes him at home wherever help is needed.

What we shall eat, and how, are ever recurring problems. Upon their wise solution depend, to a great extent, the health and happiness of mankind. The experience of the past upon this subject, a hopeless, unclassified mass, wheat and chaff, about as valuable as uncut gems from a mine, is the natural inheritance of all women interested in the ennoblement of domestic life. But other times require other manners. What is the best food, and how best prepared for Nineteenth century man in America? Bewildered women are uttering the old cry: "Come over and help us." Have you sound knowledge upon the science of common things? Do you wish your fellows well? Then, friends, let us go.—Medical Journal.

A Valuable Man.

Manager of a Theatrical Company—That man who just passed is the most valuable man that I ever took out on a tour of the country.

Incredulous Friend—He does not look as though he was much of an actor.

Manager—He can't act at all, but as he is a champion pedestrian he never has any difficulty in getting back to town.—Boston Post.

Not an Absurd Proposition.

The problem with scientists is quite open as to the cause of the red color of the planet Mars. Astronomers, as a rule, venture a guess that vegetation on that world is red instead of green. This is not at all absurd as a supposition. Our own planet must have a decidedly red hue to observers during the brief season of autumn coloring. But this is not all of it. All foliage and all bark are rendered perceptibly redder as winter approaches. The young wood of trees is redder in winter than in summer. In our own world not slowly but surely developing a rosier hue? Some bunches are a deep crimson all winter, but green all summer. It is evident that cold weather requires the comparative withdrawal of green, and the comparative predominance of red. As the world grows colder is it not growing also redder? Mars is known to have a colder climate than our own, and has probably gone farther in its floral adaptations to the cold.—Globe-Democrat.

The Climax of Good Form.

If your real swells want to be really English they must carry their respective left hands buried to the wrist in their respective left trousers pockets. All the dudes in town have taken to doing it, and every chappie on Fifth avenue after the Wednesday matinees was actually lop sided with the exertion of reaching the very bottom seam of his left trousers pocket. If you can let the tips of the fingers of a pair of tan colored gloves be seen in juxtaposition to your left cuff, just at the mouth of the pocket, you will thereby proclaim yourself one of Wales' strictest adherents, ye knaw. Don't, as you value your reputation for swellishness, put your right hand in your right pocket, for this is as much a breach of good form as it used to be to carry your gloves with the fingers pointing aft instead of forward.—New York Mail and Express.

A RABBIT'S NERVE

GIVEN TO A VIENNA PHYSICIAN BY A SURGICAL OPERATION.

The Great Nerve of a Rabbit's Thigh Placed in Professor Fleischl's Arm—A Somewhat Technical Description of the Case—The Results.

The operation was performed by Dr. Gersung, of Vienna, and the patient was Professor Von Fleischl, the distinguished occupant of the chair of physiology in the university of that city. It appears that Dr. Von Fleischl, sixteen years ago, accidentally wounded himself while conducting a post mortem examination, and that the consequent inflammation of his right arm and hand led ultimately to the loss of the terminal joint of his thumb. The end of the stump became painful, and in the hope of relieving this pain amputation somewhat further back was performed, but was followed, according to the report, by the formation of "neuroma." At this point the history becomes a little vague, because the word "neuroma," which is most properly applied to a class of tumors which form upon nerves and which consist mainly of redundant nerve tissue, is applied with less exactness to tumors of other kinds of which nerves may be the seat, and is applied also to bulbous enlargements of the proximal terminations of divided nerves, enlargements which sometimes occur after the best performed amputations, which seem to depend on some personal peculiarity of the patient, which are liable to recur again and again after repeated amputations further back, and which are attended by the most agonizing suffering.

NERVE FROM A RABBIT.

It may be presumed that the neuroma of Professor Von Fleischl were of the latter class; and, in the hope of obtaining relief, he underwent several fruitless operations, which were directed to dissecting out and removing portions of the nerves implicated, without recourse being had to more extended amputation of other structures. He appears to have been deprived, in succession, of considerable portions of the nerves supplying the stump of the thumb, both sides of the forefinger, and the inner side of the middle finger; but after every such operation the former conditions were renewed in the portions which were left, while the history of many similar cases had been such as to justify the most dismal forecasts of his future. In these circumstances the ideas of repairing the nerves and replacing the missing portions by fresh nerve taken from a rabbit suggested itself to Dr. Gersung, and this proceeding seems, as far as can at present be judged, to have been attended by complete and most gratifying success.

The nerves of the animal body are fibers of peculiar organization, which are more or less packed in bundles or "trunks" for the purposes of distribution, but which are individually separate and continuous from origin to termination, and which have no other function than to convey the impression from the outposts of the body to the brain or spinal cord, or, in the opposite direction, stimuli from the brain or spinal cord, which call external parts into action. All nerves appear to be alike, and the different functions to which they are subservient depend not upon any difference of the nerves themselves, but upon differences in the parts from which they go.

Just as the same telegraph wire will move a needle or ring a bell, or perform any other duty to which electricity may be applicable, according to the character of the apparatus with which it is connected, so any nerve will do the duty of any other if it be brought into connection with the apparatus to which the other rightfully belongs. Whatever stimulus is applied to the optic nerve of hearing produces a sensation as of light, and no other.

THE INWARDNESS OF IT.

But the effect thus produced by stimulating a given nerve does not depend on the nerve itself, which is a mere transmitting medium, but entirely upon the central organ, in the brain or spinal cord, to which the stimulus is conveyed. If we could connect the auditory nerve with the center of sight and the optic nerve with the center of hearing, stimulation of the former would produce impressions of light and stimulation of the latter would produce impressions of sound—a fact which has been abundantly demonstrated by experiment on nerves in more accessible situations. And, just as there is nothing special in any individual human nerve, and as any one of them would be capable of discharging the duty of any other, so, it may be assumed, there is no difference between the endowments of the nerves of man and those of the lower animals, which fulfill identical functions in an identical manner.

It was therefore inherently probable that the nerve of an animal, if a piece could be obtained of the proper size and length, and if transplantation and union could be successfully effected, would suffice to make good any loss of nerve in man, and in the present instance, which is, we believe, the first of the kind on record, not only have the transplantation and union been successful, but the new piece of nerve seems to have overcome the tendency of the old to undergo degeneration of stricture at its divided extremity. A portion, six centimeters in length, of the great nerve of the rabbit's thigh was selected, and was so removed from the freshly killed animal as to include the natural bifurcation of the main trunk into two branches. The divided stem was secured by stitches to the stump of the nerve in Professor Von Fleischl's arm, and the ends of the branches were secured in like manner to the nerve terminations which remained in his fingers, and which were rendered useless by their separation from the trunk to which they belonged.

The whole operation, as a matter of course, was conducted with strict adherence to those principles of antiseptic surgery without which failure would have been more than likely, but by the observance of which, union, almost anywhere or of any thing, can with a near approach to certainly be secured. The wound healed kindly, the transplanted nerve soon became at home in its new position, and already, after the lapse of a little more than two months, it is reported that sensation is returning to the fingers. At the same time there has been no return of pain, and no fresh indication of the development of neuromata, so that the hope of an absolutely successful issue may now with some confidence be entertained.—London World.

An Overdose.

Brown—You don't look well, Robinson; what's the matter, sick?

Robinson—Yes; smoked too many cigars today.

Brown—How many have you smoked?

Robinson—That one you gave me last night.—New York Sun.

Facts About Heart Disease.

Formerly, when the physician, with his stethoscope, detected a certain abnormal sound called cardiac murmur, indicating heart trouble, he said nothing about it to the patient, or if he did reveal his discovery he did so in such a way as to take away nature's most powerful restorative—hope. But a change in the methods of physicians has been taking place in recent years. Says The Medical Record:

"The opinion is now rooted in the minds of the advanced guard of the profession that cardiac murmurs are often devoid of the grave significance formerly attributed to them. So, too, we have come to learn that considerable damage to the valves may be so thoroughly compensated by hypertrophy (enlargement) that it seems permissible to speak of recovery from organic disease of the heart.

"True, the anatomical lesion persists. But the individual thus affected may live for years, without impairment of his health, and with a working capacity in no way reduced from his normal standard. The time has come when the prognosis of despair must make way for the modern doctrine of hope in the possibility of a cure. What was formerly equivalent to a sentence of death may be commuted to carefulness for life."

Rheumatic fever or some other disease may have caused inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, and thus laid a foundation for permanent obstruction to the flow of the blood through one or more of the valves. But nature in time overcomes this obstruction, not by removing it, but by enlarging the heart and increasing its force.

True, there may be at length a weakening of the walls of the heart, and a consequent lessening of its ability to do its work, and there may come on palpitation, difficult breathing, cough and signs of dropsy; but this failure may be due to preventable causes.—Youth's Companion.

FALLING ON THE STAGE.

An Actress Tells How It Is Done—Danger of Getting Hurt.

"Want to know how we fall?" said the beautiful, graceful woman. "Why, see, this way. First your knee, and then your hip, and then your shoulder, and you are down;" and the graceful figure was prone on the carpet with outstretched arms. Every fold of her lace drapery in the prettiest possible place, not an inch of her ankle or gleam of the snowy skirts was visible, and the falling has been as noiseless and graceful as a butterfly's dip and swoop down to the heart of a rose. Then, with a supple grace and quick, agile spring, she was on her feet in a second.

"In this way—sideways, you see," and with a dip and curve and sweep of the lace draperies, down she floated as swift and noiseless as a swallow's downward sweep, and she lay apparently lifeless, with her face hidden. Another little spring and she floated backward into a chair so limp and faint that even the smile on her lips hardly reassured you that it wasn't an actual sudden faintness.

"We are taught in the schools, and practice on a rug at home first, you know; and of course we get many bruises while learning. We fall first to the knee and then to the hip, the shoulder, and down. Of course we do this very slowly at first and awkwardly, but we do it over and over again until one fall blends into the other so completely that you cannot distinguish it. Oh, yes, it is hard at first, but all there is to it is to take all the will out of your body and collapse. Make your muscles involuntary and inspired with the part you are playing, so that at the proper time you will fall almost unconsciously, and then you won't be hurt. Our prompter fainted the other night, and fell and hurt himself very badly. Now, I could fall in a faint a hundred times and not be hurt—you see my fall is an unconsciously mechanical action. You go into a familiar room in the dark and your body will unconsciously take the right direction to avoid coming in contact with the objects in the room, so my body takes the mechanical curve and poise requisite to avoid a hurt without my thinking anything about it if I make myself perfectly inert—give myself all up, you know.

"I have been hurt several times. Those old fashioned sloping stages were treacherous affairs, and very often when playing on an unfamiliar stage we were hurt. I remember going down bang on my nose once—almost broke it. Everything was dark for a minute, and then there flashed out all the constellations known to man, and several more that haven't been discovered, but I went on with my part and no one knew. Then I had another fall that made my hip black all over—thought that would never get well, for I had to fall on it every night, no matter how it hurt.

"Are we afraid of being hurt? Oh, no. We are constantly in danger. Great heavy things are hanging over our heads that, if some stage carpenter shall blunder or some piece of machinery break, would come down and make short work of us. I had a heavy iron bar fall not four inches from my face once, and a man cut my forehead with a dagger, and other people have accidents, but we don't think anything about them after it is over. Like nervous people on shipboard fancy before they sail that they are going to think of their danger all the time, but two days out they will forget all their fear and feel as safe as on land. So we throw ourselves down on the boards and roll off sofas and down terraces and out of chairs, knowing we might break our bones, but never thinking of it. No one ever did such a fearfully dangerous thing as that Miss Fetter, though. It seemed strange the papers didn't speak of it before, for it just seemed cruel for her to endanger her her health and even her life just to make one more funny point in the play.

"Men say sometimes that women fall more easily and lightly than they themselves. This may be true, for women are supple, lithe and elastic and not so tall, for the fall is just as mechanical. People only watch the pretty curves and graceful sweep of a woman's drapery, and do not see the mechanical studied action underneath. We float down very gracefully, but the floating is done as accurately as a problem in geometry."—New York Sun.

Not a Life of a Luxury.

Oh! I have had so many non-professional people go into ecstasies over our calling in life. Perhaps you think it a life of luxury. Well, it is not. There are rehearsals and study and sewing and a hundred other trying exercises that keep you busy till you haven't time to write a letter home. Principals in a company are always the envy of a chorus girl, and we go on calculating just when we, too, will be shining lights. The stuff that is written about our heart romances is the merest bosh. Some of us are married and support husbands—that is, some chorus girls—but not any in our company, and most of them have tender attachments in the company who will not permit a dude to get closer to us than a hundred yards. I wish some of the young ladies who are sighing to be chorus girls could see us at home, over our gas stoves, cooking frugal meals, or sitting for hours darning holes in our tights. I don't think after one little experience of this kind the ladies would care to undergo another. Let me tell you the truth: the chorus girl's lot is not so happy as it seems to be—not by several jugfuls.—Chorus Girl in Globe-Democrat.

England's Leathery Sandwiches.

Railway refreshments in England are proverbially dear and bad, but they are certainly getting worse. The sit down meal is respectable, and the plates of eggs and cold meats are eatable, but the buns and sandwiches (and there is, or would be, an immense bun and sandwich public) are simply atrocious. As a rule, everything under a glass cover is stale. Is it possible that the great firm which contracts for so many of our railway stations can be aware of the disgraceful way in which the hand to mouth refreshments are thrown on the public? Why do not they appoint periodical inspectors, charged to taste the wayside buns, etc.? Perhaps no one can be got to do the tasting in the present state of affairs. It would be no light ordeal. Anyhow, the sandwich market is simply being ruined for want of a little butter, mustard and fresh bread. The two penny sandwich is a fraud—dry and tasteless—while the bun is altogether leathery.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Fast Horse.

Stranger—Are you the superintendent of the street car lines?

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to sell you a horse."

"Is it a good, lively one?"

"Well, it was used for a hearse horse for a year."

"Send it up at once, and name your price."—Lincoln Journal.

Where Are Theebaw's Treasures?

The name of Theebaw, formerly king of Burmah, has almost passed into oblivion so far as the general public is concerned. It has been revived in England, however, owing to an inquiry as to what has become of the treasure once possessed by Theebaw. When Mandalay was captured by Sir Henry Prendergast, in 1885, Theebaw's palace contained booty valued at twenty lakhs. Theebaw was permitted to take away with him a few valuable articles, but the larger part of his fortune was seized by the English. And now, after an interval of three years, certain inquisitive Londoners are wondering what became of the rich spoils which fell to the conquerors.—New York World.

A Lesson on Slang.

It was at the Institute of Technology, a few days before the close of the term. One of the professors had been troubled by hearing some of the students indulging in slang. Accordingly, when his class had assembled to hear his lecture, he gave them a ten minute discourse on the use of slang, told them how it was corrupting the language, and that its use was, among persons of cultivation and refinement, a sure sign of ill breeding. Then he went on with his regular lecture, and at its close called the attention of his class to the fact that some of them had been remiss in their studies, and that it behooved them to make up for lost time, or they would fail to pass the approaching examinations. "The fact is," he concluded, "you've got to brace up or you'll get left," which shows that preaching and practice are often wide apart.—Boston Herald.

Afternoon Caller (waiting for hostess)—Bobby, you haven't been over to play with Tommy lately.

Bobby—No, ma'am. Ma doesn't want me to play with Tommy; she says I must only play with nice little boys.—Texas Siftings.

In a Big Telegraph Office.

Suppose that the average man is induced to step off from State street for a few minutes, and mount the four or five flights of stairs leading to the main operating room of the Western Union company's Boston office, having, of course, obtained from the proper authority the necessary permission to do so. When the top floor is reached, and entrance to the main operating room gained, there is heard the most peculiar and astounding clatter imaginable. It is as if all the sewing circles in the world had met for an afternoon of silent work, as sewing circles generally do. It is like, and yet it is unlike, the clatter of a thousand machines in a great factory, or a myriad of looms, and if one wishes to talk and be heard he has to talk at the top of his voice. But this noise comes from the telegraphic instruments which are being operated by some score of nimble wristed, nimble fingered men seated at tables systematically arranged in rows and sections.

The stranger is apt to think that electricity is going crazy here. He is certain to wonder how on earth an operative distinguishes the click of his instrument in the general tumult. The tables are generally divided into four sections, separated by thick glass partitions, and in each section is an instrument, and at each instrument there is an operator. All the operators are working as fast as their hands and heads will let them. Some are receiving messages and writing them on the telegraphic forms, and others are sending them. It would puzzle the novice to keep his wits in good order amid all this noise, but these men keep theirs in most admirable condition, and rarely make a slip. There's nothing like experience.

In this room there are twenty-one quadruplex instruments, five duplex, one printing instrument and five sets of "single repeaters." About 300 lines run into this room, and are connected with the massive "switch board," which is about to be enlarged in order to take in fifty wires more. Two hundred of these wires are what are called main wires, the rest are loops for the local lines. It is certainly a mystery to the uninitiated mind how all these wires are kept in order, and how they are distinguished one from the other. A look behind the switch board is nothing less than confusing. The place is a sort of dark closet, and from a sort of aperture in the roof a whole wilderness of wires is seen straggling down. Which wire is which? That is the conundrum. But those whose business it is to know can answer very readily.—Boston Herald.

Making a Rubber Shoe.

Supplementary to the great shoemaking business here is the rubber industry, for which Boston is the great center in this country. Forty million dollars' worth of rubber shoes and boots are sold in the modern Athens annually. The raw material comes from Para, Brazil, in huge lumps, which the natives make by dipping sticks in the sap of the caoutchouc tree and turning them round and round with frequent plunges into the heated rubber over a hot fire. These lumps, upon reaching the factory, are cut in slices, which are run through rollers and pressed out thin and flat like pancakes. The sheets thus obtained are next put through other rollers, heated to a high temperature, and incidentally amalgamated with a composition of lampblack, sulphur and litharge, which reduces them to a soft and putty like consistency.

Finally, in this soft condition, they are passed over steel rollers bigger than any that have gone before, and actually incorporated with the tissue of a woolen cloth which is destined to serve as the lining of the eventual boot or shoe. If you will try to pull apart the lining and outer coat of a rubber sandal, you will obtain a notion of the thoroughness with which this part of the manufacture is performed. The rubber sheets, thus prepared, are passed through a last set of rollers, on which are engraved all the markings and corrugations of the sole and upper that appear in the completed article. The rubber sheets are now ready for the cutter, who turns out the various pieces by hand, with the aid of a knife and patterns. The parts are then put together by other workmen with rubber tape. When this much has been accomplished, the shoe or boot is lasted in the usual way, and, after being varnished, is allowed to remain for eight hours in a room heated to the temperature of 235 degs. The heat sets the varnish and tempers the rubber, which is then termed "vulcanized." The stamping of the firm name on the sole is the concluding operation, and then the rubber shoe is ready for sale.—Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Horses' Delight in Sound.

It has been often observed by those who had to do with horses that these animals have their proper pride in regard to the looks of their harness and trappings. The horse is quick to show his pleasure or displeasure, and he does this at times with marked emphasis. His sensitiveness is not limited to the delight of the eye, but he is equally moved by the sensation of sound. Horses seem in many cases to be conscious of the tuneful melody or the jangling discord, as the case may be, made by the bells which are put upon them in the winter when they are driven to sleigh and sled.

Mr. Hissey, an Englishman who has made a trip through his own country, and has written a book about it, found bells in use all the year round on the narrow country roads of Derbyshire. A driver of one of those teams told him that once, being in a hurry, he neglected to put on the bells. The consequence was that the horses were so indignant they refused to start. As soon as the bells were fixed on the horses started and went contentedly on their way.

These simple tastes of the horse appear much like vanity. The animal seems wholly insensible to the charms of landscape, but its fancy is taken by the glitter and flash of a bit of tinsel worn by itself. It takes no notice apparently of the sweetest notes of singing birds heard in the thickets about its pasture, but is delighted with the ringing of bells, with which it makes music by its prancing step and by the tossing of its neck.—Youth's Companion.

The Bandmaster of West Point.

The cadet hop is a scene of almost bewildering beauty. It takes place in the mess room in Grant hall, about which are hung the portraits of great commanders, so thickly that it looks like a picture gallery. The floor is of hard wood and perfectly polished. Upon a little platform the band is seated. Its leader possesses a proud and haughty physique, and is evidently profoundly impressed with his own importance. I have seen many eminent and powerful personages, in whose hands rested the destinies of states, but how small they all look in the presence of a really exalted bandmaster.

When he frowns harshly at the bass fiddle, when by a twist of the wrist he inspires the flute to renewed exertions, when his fiery eye lights on the unhappy man who bangs the cymbals, but banged them at the wrong second, when he becomes excited and throws himself around on all sides at once, how it does seem as if the music came right out of the end of his baton. Now he shuts his eyes dreamily and moves his hand slowly, like the swell on the sea, while a dreamy melody floats upon the heavy air. Now he scarcely moves at all, and only the exquisite strain of a single violin touches your ear. Now his bosom heaves, his eyes glow, his hands beat wildly, and a tumultuous chorus breaks forth like the roar of an angry battery or the shout of a victorious host! And he does it all with just that little black scepter. What majesty compares with his?—West Point Cor. New York Tribune.

Our American Stock Waning.

Civilization, strange as it may seem, in voves marked tendencies toward degeneration. It is possible civilization will never attain a condition wherein it is able to successfully carry forward a race without at the same time losing part of the best powers of that race. Our American stock is seriously waning in more ways than one. Our keenness of vision is not comparable to that of our savage forefathers. We are losing, or so far have lost, in teeth and hair, which means that we have lost in our animal vitality. Moral degeneracy in some forms is also quite as surely an adjunct of progress. Insurance against fire has increased perjury; business competition, awakening energy and industry and tact, has also increased selfishness. It does not seem an evil to most business men to crowd down their neighbors and crush their rival enterprises. The building of large cities involves the creation of a secondary barbarism, a caste consigned to decay and dissolution. So far we have devised no progress without an increase of inventions for self destruction. Drunkenness and debauchery have overwhelmed much of the best and most hopeful.—"E. P. P." in Globe-Democrat.

Uses of the Prison Messenger.

The prison messenger is a peculiar character. He is attached to every police court in the city, by what right no one except himself knows. Although not vested with any authority from local, state or national powers, he has access at all times to the prisons attached to the police courts, and in the latter he appears to be of more importance than the regular officers paid by the taxpayers. He is trustworthy and seems to have unbounded faith in human nature. He conducts business in this fashion: A respectable young man happens to have been out late and is arrested. In the morning he wakes penniless and with no means of communicating with his friends. The prison messenger understands the case in a moment. He offers his services, knowing that his client will be only too anxious to make good any expenses. He will run errands, employ counsel, if necessary, and even pay a prisoner's fine without security for his outlay. The messenger seldom makes a mistake. He has been known to advance as much as $100 to a prisoner who was confined in the Tombs for a week, without other security than the man's word. For this little transaction the prisoner rewarded him with a check for $200.—New York Mail and Express.

Almost a Monologue.

"How do you like my new dress?" inquired Mrs. De Jalson of her husband.

"Isn't it a little"——

"No it isn't. Now, Alfred, I think you're just horrid. It's the new color, emerald green."

"Yes, dear, but I was only going to say"——

"Oh, I know! That it isn't the color I ought to wear. If it was that horrid Miss —— you would think it lovely."

"But I didn't mean"——

"Yes, you did, too. You're mean enough for anything. And you've never noticed my new chip hat, either."

"Why, my love, I thought"——

"You thought! Of course you did—that it makes me look frightful. I—I—[sob, sob]—declare it's to-o-o b-a-d!"

"If you'd only let me speak"——

"Speak! Why, what else have you done for the last half hour—just to find fault, too, with everything I had on? What's that? A diamond for my birthday present? Oh, you dear, precious old sweet! Why didn't you say so, and not tease me so? I could not imagine what you wanted to say."—Detroit Free Press.

Changes of the Chameleon.

If we take three pieces of glass, and distribute over one several small drops of brown paint, by pressing on this with another glass, the drops are spread out, giving to the whole glass a delicate brown tint. If we now separate the glasses a little the paint collects in drops, and the tint partly disappears. If we take the third glass and place on it a few drops of green paint, and then press it against one of the others, a green tint will show through the layer of brown dots. The skin of the chameleon is, roughly speaking, made up of three such layers, with dots of pigment called chromatophores between them. These dots may be contracted or spread out in thin layers, the resulting color depending on the color of the chromatophores affected. The power of adapting color to surrounding objects is known to naturalists as "protective resemblance," and many cases of it are to be found in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms.—The Swiss Cross.

The Trick of a Thief.

A little boy was passing through Rivington street the other afternoon with four new pairs of trousers slung across his shoulder. A man stopped him and asked if he wanted to make five cents. The boy said he did. "Well, go up in that house and ask for Miss Smith and tell her Mr. Johnston is waiting to see her. I'll hold your bundle till you come down." The little fellow did as requested, but when he returned neither man nor bundle was to be found. There is a gang of such thieves at work on the east side. They have been known to take a pitcher and pennies from a little girl sent after milk. Another of their tricks is to tell a little boy that his coat is dirty and offer to clean it for him. The unsuspecting little fellow will take off his coat and the thief will make off with it.—New York Sun.

Indian Slavery in Brazil.

Indian slavery is said to have replaced negro slavery in Brazil. Mr. Wells, a great Brazilian traveler, says that "in the wildest regions of the tributaries of the Amazon bands of India rubber gatherers carry on an iniquitous traffic with many Indian tribes, from whom they acquire captives from other tribes. The lawlessness of their proceedings is fully admitted by the Brazilian government, but over the vast areas in the distant regions through which they roam it is absolutely impossible to maintain any check over them.—New York Sun.

A Use for Floral Tributes.

Since there must, or it is thought there must, be floral tributes to actresses, the suggestion of a New York manager that the surplus supply be sent to hospitals is worth heeding. After doing duty as blinds to the spectators two or three nights, they are generally left to wither and waste their sweetness on the carbureted hydrogen air. Only let them be sent before they are too far gone.—Chicago Herald.

They Coaxed Her.

Aunt—Mina, what has become of all your beautiful curls? You have not got any left.

Mina—You see, the cavalry regiment that has been stationed here has been ordered away, and I had to give each of my admirers a lock of hair.—Texas Siftings.

He Thought It Was Shortcake.

Boarder—Strawberry shortcake, Mrs. Stew?

Mrs. Stew—No, Mr. Fickle; it is plain strawberry cake.

Boarder—Oh, I thought it was strawberry shortcake, as I find my piece rather short of berries.—New York Sun.

Visiting Shakespeare's Birthplace.

Of the 16,500 persons who have visited Shakespeare's birthplace during the year 5,000 were Americans, thirty-nine nationalities being represented in all. The amount derived from the visitors' fees is about $4,000 a year.—Boston Transcript.

Pipes for Anybody.

Citizen (to stranger)—What are your politics, my friend?

Stranger—I have no politics this year; I'm leader of a brass band.—New York Sun.

It is said that bald headed Indians are becoming common, and the plug hat of civilization is thought to be responsible.

"Woolenite" is a new word used to designate the man who wears garments entirely of wool.

In 1772 Clementius Reid published a newspaper in Virginia.

The Houses of Abyssinia.

The Abyssinian houses are small and circular with roofs going to a point, and are mostly built of bamboo or cane and only rarely of wood. As a rule, the people do not care for living indoors, but prefer to spend their time in the open