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It is told of a Carbon County Pennsylvanian that he has worn the same hat for twenty-three years, and he says it has come into style nineteen times.

THE Santa Maria (Cal.) *Graphic* now wants to change its paper subscription for stovewood, but draws its line sharply at hop-poles and pumpkins.

A NEW contrivance has been applied to watches called an "appointment reminder." A small dial is set into the watch's face upon which one can set the hands at any hour required.

A MICHIGAN man, true to his ruling passion, beat down the trader from whom he bought a pistol with which he committed suicide. He got twenty-five cents off from the price.

A PENNSYLVANIA lady has adopted the plan of publicly flogging her husband when he comes home drunk. It is having an effect on him, as he does not fill up again until he is able to get out.

DR. FREDERICK BRAMANN, who performed tracheotomy on Emperor Frederick in 1888, has now become Extraordinary Professor of Surgery in the University of Berlin. He was graduated in medicine and surgery barely ten years ago.

IF the stupendous railway bridge across the North River at New York is constructed, as contemplated, the trains will run at a great height above the house-tops of Jersey City and will span the stream at a height sufficient for the highest-masted vessel to pass under.

THE number of cloisters and monks in Spain has increased with astonishing rapidity of late years. Spain now has 29,220 monks and 25,000 nuns in 1,330 cloisters and 179 orders. In Barcelona alone there are 163 cloisters for women. In the last fourteen years the number of monks in Spain has been sextupled and the number of nuns doubled.

"WHEN I went to California in 1849," says Millionaire Huntington, "I was accompanied by a party of young fellows from my native State, Connecticut, and when we reached Sacramento the first thing they did was to go to the hotel and spend $4 apiece for dinner. My dinner cost me less than a sixteenth of that sum. It was always my rule to live within my income. Any young man who does that will get along."

EVERYBODY smokes in Japan. The pipes hold a little wad of fine-cut tobacco as big as a pea. It is fired, and the smoker takes one long whiff, blowing the smoke in a cloud from his mouth and nose. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes half a whiff, hands it to him and lets him finish out the whiff.

THE Catholic population in this country is estimated at 8,301,367, and the number of priests is placed at 8,463—2,126 regulars and 6,337 seculars. They attend 7,420 churches, 2,718 stations and 1,539 chapels. There are 202 orphan asylums, caring for, it is estimated, 22,761 orphans. There are 30 theological seminaries, with 1,631 students, 125 colleges and 632 academies, and 3,209 parochial schools, with 654,838 pupils.

A QUEER ordinance was passed by the McConnellsville (Ohio) Council recently. The substance of the ordinance was to provide for building a high fence around a certain saloon in town known as the "Blue Goose," which appellation is suggested by the peculiarly bright color of its front. The fence will be placed there so as to prohibit entrance from any other than the front door, which faces the public square, the most prominent portion of the village.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has, during the eighty-one years of its existence, issued from its London house alone 29,000,000 complete Bibles, nearly 32,000,000 New Testaments, and 11,845,000 portions of the Bible. This makes a total of 72,500,000 books issued from the London headquarters.

WITHIN the past eighteen months over $200,000,000 of English capital has found investment in the United States. Breweries, flour mills, patent medicine factories, rolling mills, have found favor in the eyes of the British financier, and some of the best-paying property has come into their possession. It is safe to say that more than $200,000,000 will find its way into our country during 1890, and that the influx of foreign gold will increase year by year.

AN elderly lady, residing in Kenosha, Wis., suddenly dropped dead from some heart trouble. She was supposed to be very poor, having worked hard all her life. The undertaker was summoned to the residence to prepare the body for burial, and while removing the clothing it was noticed that the bustle was rather heavy; in fact, it was so weighty as to attract attention. It was ripped open, and the spectators were thunderstruck to find secreted therein over $1,800 in bank notes. The old lady, instead of putting on style and spending her money, had hoarded every cent and saved the above amount, which she preferred to carry around with her rather than intrust it to the banks.

MORE than 10,000 plated Roman coins, dated between 200 A. D. and 360 A. D., have been found beneath a tile at St. Pabu, Finisterre.

A SCRANTON man who gives his attention to raising pigeons says that the only bigamist he has ever seen among pigeons is a male now owned by him. During the breeding season the bigamist maintained two separate wives and households, devoting just about as much attention to one as to the other. He helped raise the broods of each female, and his affection for each was equal. The double duty kept him very busy, but he seemed to take pride in having so much responsibility.

JULES VERNE can travel no more, prevented by the accident which befell him four years ago when a favorite nephew went mad suddenly and shot at the novelist. One of the bullets hit him in the leg, and the wound has never healed. He is consequently unable to walk much. His forthcoming book is called "The Journey Backwards," and describes a trip through the North of America and Alaska and over the Behring Straits. Verne is now at his seventy-fourth novel. He writes two every year. He gets through a certain amount of work every morning, never missing a day.

MONTE CRISTO ISLAND, in the Mediterranean, rendered famous by the thrilling romance of the elder Dumas, has recently been purchased by a Florentine millionaire, the Marquis Carlo Guigoroni, who intends to build a magnificent chateau in the finest part of the place. The Marquis will furthermore erect a villa in the island as an annex to his chateau, while in the most sequestered spot he will raise a hermitage, to which he can retire at his pleasure from all worldly turmoil. The modern Magnifico of the City of Flowers has also given orders for the construction of a splendid yacht, to be named the Mercedes like that of the hero of Dumas, and which is to take him across the sea to his rocky retreat.

DR. C. W. DULLES, of Philadelphia, has done a public service for which he deserves thanks. A few weeks ago a harrowing dispatch was sent from a Western town telling how a young girl had been buried alive, every one supposing her to be dead. Dr. Dulles took the trouble to write to responsible people in the town named, and learned that there was not a word of truth in the story. More recently another similar story was sent from Springfield, Ohio, and the doctor investigated that also. It proved to be a lie like the other. The probabilities are that every such story would prove to be equally devoid of fact if it was investigated. And the same might be said of the stories about snakes in people's stomachs.

THE German press is discussing at length the merits of a new French repeating air rifle, called the "miracle gun." The rifle was invented by M. Paul Giffard in Paris, the original projector of the Parisian pneumatic post. It is described thus: "The weapon is light, much lighter than any of the army rifles now in use. It resembles the magazine gun in that a steel cartridge about a span and a half long and as thick as a man's thumb is attached to the one barrel by means of a screw. This cartride contains 300 shots, which can be discharged as rapidly or slowly as a man desires. Since neither powder nor any other explosive, but only compressed and liquefied air, supplies the expelling force no smoke and no flash accompany the discharge."

GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN has developed into a courtly old man, though at one time in his life his manners were execrable. Occasionally, even now, he gives way to his old time explosions. He is a born fighter, and rather enjoys a row. He is very fond of the theater and of balls and receptions. He is the only man in the United States who is privileged to kiss all the pretty girls without a rebuke on their part. The General's osculatory conquests rival his military achievements. Gen. Sherman is one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country. His speeches go off, like his gun, with a bang. He always calls a spade a spade, and frequently calls it an infernally poor spade. The General's wife and family are devout Catholics. When a reporter one time asked him what was his religion, he replied: "I believe in God the Father Almighty; that's as far as I've got; and it's nobody's business what my religion is, anyway."

"Some people seem to be horrified when they hear of corn being used for fuel," said Frank C. Walker, of Manhattan, Kan. "Now, if corn is cheaper than coal, what possible objection can there be to using it for fuel? A Kansas farmer can get 13 cents for a bushel of corn. Let us see, that is $3.70 for a ton. To get that he may have to haul his corn six or eight miles to market. If he buys coal he will pay from $4 to $5 a ton and haul it the six or eight miles back home. The matter simply comes down to the question of how he can get the most effective fuel for a dollar. You could hardly expect a farmer to pay a bonus in order that he might burn coal if he could get the heat some other way. Corn at $3.70 a ton is cheaper fuel than coal at $5 a ton, and, besides, it has in its favor the fact that the farmer has the corn at home. There is no more reason for an objection to burning corn than there is to burning wood."

FAITH.

BY ADDIE C. M'KEE/HS.

I ask not the world of science
For proof of my Father's might,
How long the world has been swinging
Through ages of darkest night;
I question not His power
Or doubt His holy grace,
I but know my Savior liveth,
And long to behold his face.

Oh, beautiful faith that strengthens
As the years creep slowly on!
Oh, beautiful hope that can not die,
Though the joy of the world be gone!
I love to dream of that heaven,
To picture its perfect rest
To hearts that have grown world-weary
And reached its shores so blest.

I care not the skeptic's whisper,
I know my Father's might;
He has said tho' our sins are scarlet
His pardon can make them white.
How dare I doubt His promise
Or question His loving grace—
I but know my Savior liveth,
I hope to behold his face.

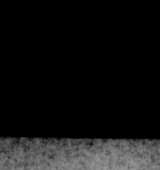
WILLIAMSBURG, Ohio.

OUR MURDERER;

—OR,—

The Sea Gives Up Its Dead.

BY BARBARA THORNE.



IT is often asserted by the opponents of spiritualism that the occult science has never been of any practical use in the detection of crime. One case that came under my own observation, however, controverts this statement. I have a morbid habit of imagining the crimes that certain persons of my acquaintance might commit, if given the temptation and opportunity. No doubt this mental peculiarity of mind is due to my occupation, that of a detective.

I had been sent to Paris upon business connected with a bank robbery, and having no charge upon my return voyage was at liberty to employ my leisure time in studying my fellow-passengers.

I was especially fascinated by a young husband and wife, of whom I could not learn much except that they were New-Yorkers and bore the name of Tracy.

Though I never exchanged a dozen words with the lady, yet she won my deepest sympathy, from a certain wistful expression of her beautiful eyes—a look which I imagine often characterizes a neglected wife.

The gentleman was always affable, and a general favorite; still, I could not rid myself of the conviction that he would help his gentle, delicate wife out of the world if he had any powerful incentive to the crime.

European voyages were rather longer in those days than they are now. Ours was at first a prosperous one. The good ship sped on, through bright days and starry nights, until we were nearing New York; then a fierce storm drove us out of our course, and for a week most of our passengers were too sick to care whether we ever reached our destination or not. Then the gale abated, and we resumed our occupations.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy did not appear, however, and I was shocked and startled to learn that the lady had died during the storm, supposedly from heart disease, aggravated by sea sickness, and her body had been consigned to the watery deep. The funeral had been hurried, in compliance with the demands of superstitious sailors, who in some way learned of Mrs. Tracy's death, and insisted that a corpse on board would sink the ship.

Of course the explanation of the lady's sudden death seemed reasonable enough to everybody except myself. Grave suspicions haunted me that the poor, sad-faced little wife had been foully murdered, without a hand having been raised either to help or avenge her.

But I kept my own counsel, for if a crime had been committed all evidences of it had been swallowed up by the sea, and bringing the guilt home would be a hopeless undertaking. So I tried to dismiss the affair from my mind; but at night, in my stateroom, a pair of soft, dark eyes seemed to haunt me, pleading for help. I had no opportunity to see the widower, for he remained constantly alone in his state-room, evidently in too deep affliction to come among us.

We arrived in New York two weeks behind time, and I found a great deal of business waiting for me at the Bureau. My attention was occupied by a hundred new cases, still I was often haunted by Mrs. Tracy's sad eyes, and the old suspicions would arise as to the causes that led to her mysterious death at sea.

This was a case in which I had mentally volunteered my services, yet so far could see "no thoroughfare" to the end desired. And now, strangely enough, I frequently encountered Mr. Tracy, the widower, in my wanderings, and I occasionally devoted some of my leisure time to shadowing him, so that I became pretty well acquainted with his mode of life, which was not at all that of a sorrow-stricken man; it was, in fact, a decidedly gay career in which he was indulging.

Time rolled on, until it was nearly a year since my return from Europe, and with all my experience not a ghost of a plan for bringing the gay widower to justice had one presented itself to my mind. In this emergency I one evening confided the story to my sister Rose, whose quick intuition had often thrown light upon some obscure point in cases I was studying.

She was interested at once, and after a little reflection said:

"If you will contrive some way to bring that man here a few times in a social way, I think I will find out some plan to force a full confession from him."

I smiled a little doubtfully at this, as I answered: "I hope you will, sister mine, yet remember, we have not a particle of evidence against him. Even the ship's surgeon was ill at the time of Mrs. Tracy's death and unable to attend her."

"Yes, I know all that," answered Rose, "but you bring him here and I think we will force a full confession from him before many weeks roll by."

The result of this conversation was that Mr. Tracy soon became quite a frequent guest at our little home, yet nothing of any interest occurred. He was genial, polite, and apparently very frank, without a care upon his mind.

I confess that I almost grew to like the man, and began to be ashamed of my suspicions. I remarked something like this to my sister one day, and then begged her to tell me what was her plan to extort a confession. She only shook her pretty head to all my pleadings, but refused to join me in my new feelings of regard for Mr. Tracy.

A few weeks later I was deputed to invite "Our Murderer," as Rose and I called him, to an evening entertainment at our house. There was to be music and tableaux. My part of the performance, Rose said, was merely to sit next to Mr. Tracy in the audience and prevent him from leaving the house in any event, for, as Rose significantly observed, "Something might happen that would frighten him."

Upon the evening of the entertainment the company assembled at about 9 o'clock, Mr. Tracy and myself being assigned seats in the rear of the others. The tableaux, interspersed with music, went on successfully for an hour, then the programme changed and the stage manager made this announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are favored to-night by having in our midst the great materializing medium, Dr. Slayton, recently from London, where he suffered considerable persecution for the sake of his supernatural powers. He has kindly consented to give us a slight exhibition of his remarkable ability to communicate with the unseen world. He promises, however, not to frighten anybody who has not a guilty conscience."

This speech was greeted with laughter and applause, and the introduction of Dr. Slayton was generally believed to be a capital joke, part of the amusement of the evening. But the veritable Doctor soon appeared upon the

"THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD."

stage, to the surprise of my companion and myself, who were familiar with his appearance, he having been one of our fellow-voyagers upon the fateful journey from Europe.

Nothing very terrifying occurred. Some familiar airs were played by unseen agencies, and bouquets of natural flowers were bestowed upon some of the ladies—flowers that came from nowhere, apparently.

Presently Mr. Tracy and myself were requested by a messenger to repair to the library. We crossed the

"I WAS ESPECIALLY FASCINATED BY A YOUNG HUSBAND AND WIFE."

hall and entered the room, which was illuminated by the silvery light of the full moon that shone through the long windows.

We were not alone. The phantom-like figure of a woman stood by a window, apparently gazing out into the radiant night. She slowly turned at our approach, and we stood face to face with the ghost of the murdered wife. For a time I could never tell how long dead silence reigned. Then these words were pronounced in a chilling tone that seemed like an echo from the tomb:

"*The sea gives up its dead!*"

My companion sank upon his knees in pitiful, abject terror. "Oh, Genevieve, forgive, forgive me!" he cried. "My God, I have suffered—how I have suffered! Pity and forgive me!"

The attitude and the cry of unmistakable anguish were, to my mind, sufficient evidence of Tracy's guilt.

While we were both completely dazed, the apparition vanished. When the villain had somewhat recovered, and become aware of all that he had betrayed, he tried in a confused way to account for his exclamation, but I was not disposed to lose the advantage so gained, and so affected to possess absolute proof of his crime.

Finding denial useless, he confessed all and pleaded eloquently for his life. His evident remorse affected me. I called in Rose, and the result of our consultation was that we agreed to keep to ourselves all knowledge of Tracy's crime, upon these conditions: The criminal was to devote $18,000—out of his annual income of $20,000—to the sick and destitute of the poverty-stricken portions of New York, and he was to live an upright, regular life.

He was to personally superintend, each year, the distribution of this money, and at the least deviation from the terms of these conditions we were at liberty to denounce him to the authorities. To make everything secure, we had exacted a written confession from him, to be used as evidence in case he violated the terms of our contract.

When we were alone together again I tried to induce Rose to explain the mystery of the ghost, but she would give me no satisfactory reply. If she knew it she was resolved to keep her own secret, and in thinking the matter over I am forced to the conclusion that the famous doctor evolved the manifestation out of "thin air."

Whatever it may have been, the apparition was precisely the shadowy counterpart of the murdered wife, even to the expression of the wistful, beautiful eyes.

Truly "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Afraid to Go to His Own Room.

David Henderson, Manager of the Chicago Opera House, aided and abetted by his Treasurer, Mr. Prior, concluded to make Mr. Harry Ballard a present. Having spent a day in knocking about the stores looking for something suitable, they wound up the search by purchasing an educated parrot. It was taken to Mr. Ballard's room while he was absent, and that same night after his work he retired immediately upon reaching his bed room. As sleep wooed him he heard a voice:

"This is a fine time of night for you to be coming home."

Mr. Ballard is not accustomed to hear such talk. There is no occasion for it. The first thought that occurred to him was that he might have entered the wrong room. He soon satisfied himself that he had not, and again pillowed his head for sleep, when:

"What a head you'll have on you tomorrow!" broke in upon his ears. This was uncalled for. Mr. Ballard arose and looked in his mirror. He examined his ice-water cooler. Nothing there but water. He again went to bed.

"Next time you go out you'd better take me along," was muttered in his ears, and he got up again and did what few men ever do—looked under his bed, and then in the closet. Nothing anywhere, and again he went to bed.

"Where did you get that hat?" was propounded in awful solemnity, and he sprang from bed, turned up the gas and threw up the window sash.

He sat there until morning dawned and then retired. He slept. When he awoke it was noon. And glancing up at the top of his wardrobe he discovered the parrot in his cage, with a card hung on the door, "Compliments of Henderson and Prior."

He has tried in vain to sell that parrot, and he can't give it away. He has sent it to several places, only to have it returned, and now he walks the streets at night, an unhappy man, afraid to go to his own room.—*Chicago Times.*

Here Is a Genuine Touch of Pathos.

A lady living on Sixth street, who has a window full of flowers all in bloom, answered a ring at her door bell the other day to find a little girl shivering on the doorstep.

"Please, ma'am," said the waif, lifting her shy, beautiful eyes to the face above her, "will you give me a flower?"

The request was such an unusual one that the lady hesitated in surprise.

"Just one little flower," pleaded the child, looking as if she were about to cry.

"Why, of course, you shall have a flower, child; come in. You shall have a pretty red rose," and the good woman looked for her scissors and stepped to the window where the flowers grew. Before she had cut one a light touch fell on her arm.

"Not that one, please—not a red one; that white one. Oh, won't it be just bootiful," and the little girl pointed to a candidum unfolding its lily petals.

"That!" the mistress of the house shook her head. "I cannot cut that one, child. Why must you have a white one? Why won't any flower do?"

"Oh, because—because—because, it's for poor mamma," and the child burst into a violent fit of weeping. "Mamma is dead and I runned away to get her some flowers."

The next moment she was sobbing on the bosom of a new friend, and when she went away she was comforted, and she carried the precious lily with other flowers to the home where death had been.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The Tail of Roberto."

Speaking of that stereotyped answer of the bookseller, "We haven't the book in now, but will send and get it," the "Listener" recalls a story. In a certain family every member wrote out a list of the Christmas presents that he or she would like to get, and hung it up on the chimney-piece, for the guidance of those who were going to make gifts. It was rather convenient and nice all around. But a young man of the family conceived the idea of throwing a little humor into the list of things that he wanted, and among the other articles that he put down as desirable Christmas present for himself he included "The tail of Roberto." Now Roberto was the name of a cat that lived in the house, and the young man could not possibly have the cat's tail for a present, because it was bob-tailed. It was a fairly good joke, but it happened that a member of the family, who wasn't very good at orthography, took this entry for the name of a book, and, having a partiality for the young man, started off on a tour through the bookstores in search of it.

"Have you 'The Tale of Roberto?' she asked at a very large and entirely first-class store.

The bookseller scratched his head a moment and made answer:

"No, we haven't it in stock just now, but we can send and get it for you!"

A Good Bargain.

A schoolboy defined strong drink as "the stuff that causes the most human happiness—by lettin' it alone." Here Patrick seems to give credit to the rum-seller by a similar back-handed process of reasoning:

At a temperance meeting where several related their experiences, a humorous Irishman was acknowledged to be the chief speaker. He had on a pair of fine new boots. Said he, "A week after I signed the pledge I met an old friend, and he says, 'Them's a fine pair of boots you have on.' 'They are,' says I, 'and by the same token 'twas the saloon-keeper who gave them to me.'

"'That was generous of him,' says he.

"'It was,' says I, 'but I made a bargain with him. He was to keep his drink and I was to keep my money. My money bought me these fine boots. I got the best of the bargain, and I'm going to stick to it.'"—*Temperance Banner.*

IN BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

THE OLYMPIAN GAMES OF ANCIENT GREECE.

They Embraced Leaping, Foot-Racing, Wrestling, Boxing, Chariot-Racing, and Various Gymnastic Exercises—The Boxing Was Not According to Queensberry Rules.

THE oft-quoted phrase of the Latin poet, "Mens sana in corpore sano"—a sound mind in a strong body—expresses tersely the value of physical culture and the interdependence of mental and physical strength. But the value of bodily strength and dexterity, great as it is, has in our day, especially, perhaps, in England, been somewhat exaggerated. Boys have been more anxious to be good oarsmen than good scholars, and to play in the cricket eleven or win the 100-yard race than to be at the head of their class. The undue importance attached to athletic prowess was doubtless the result of a reaction against the almost complete absence of the means of bodily training and exercise in the schools of a century or two ago. But the clear-sighted Greeks in this, as in so many other matters, drew distinctions of which we in later days have somewhat lost sight. Bodily exercises were classified by the Greeks in three groups: Gymnastic, agnostic, and athletic.

Of all the public exhibitions of gymnastic exercises in ancient Greece the Olympic games were by far the most famous, and an account of them will serve to explain the nature of Greek sports. They were first established in the year 776 B. C., and were not finally discontinued until about 400 A. D. They were held once in every five years at Olympia, a small town in the province of Elis, on the western coast of Morea. Men of distinction termed hellenodikæ (judges of the Hellenes or Greeks), clad in purple robes, presided over the games. None but free-born Greeks were allowed to offer

SCRAPING WITH A STRIGEL.

themselves as competitors, and in order that none might be kept away by war or political disturbances a general truce between all the cities of Greece was proclaimed and safe conduct to and from the games insured to all competitors. The first competition was a sprint race of 125 yards, and to this were added from time to time wrestling, discus-throwing, boxing, and chariot-racing. The running-track was called a stadium and was a little more than 600 feet in length. The original race was once up the course, but in time races of double the course were added, and we hear of races twelve, twenty, or twenty-four courses, the last making a distance of about 3,000 yards. There were short races for boys of half a course.

As regards speed it is very doubtful whether the Greeks equaled the performances of modern days. From what has been said of the fleshiness and grossness of athletes and from representations on vases, which show us men running with their arms spread out—to increase their speed, as the German commentators say quaintly enough—we may fairly conjecture that their performances were moderate, as regards time. The Greeks had no means of taking the time of races at all accurately, and ran merely to see which competitor came in first, and not to beat records.

Many instances of very long runs are recorded in Greek history, but these are, of course, tests of wind and endurance and not of speed. As the runners wore no clothes it was impossible to distinguish them in any other way than by means of a herald, who proclaimed the name and city of each competitor as he advanced to the starting post. The races were run in heats of four, and the man who drew a bye was thus often saved a heat. The winner of the final heat received the prize, there being no second or third premiums. For the wrestling the body was anointed with oil, and to counteract the too great slipperiness sprinkled with sand. This was done in a special room of the gymnasium called the konisterium, or sanding-room.

All kinds of feints and tricks were used in wrestling, and many things were permitted which modern rules do not allow. The contest was begun with the competitors standing upright, but was continued after they were on the ground. A man was not defeated until he had been three times thrown. In the group shown

WEARING THE CESTUS.

in the cut one of the wrestlers has his leg twisted around the leg of his antagonist, and is forcing his right arm up.

The third event was the throwing of the discus, a piece of iron or stone of circular shape, but of the weight of which we have no accurate means of judging. One specimen of a discus has indeed been found which weighs about four pounds, but we do not know whether it was intended for the use of boys, youths, or men, by each of which three classes of competitors discs of different weights were employed. The attitude of a discus-thrower is very clearly shown in the famous statue, of which a cut is given, and every pose of which is enumerated in a passage of Statius, describing a contest of this kind. The distance to which a discus was thrown is also doubtful, though one author does mention a throw of 100 cubits (150 feet) as a fine one.

Javelin-throwing was performed at first with sharp-pointed spears, and was intended as a preparation for actual warfare, but in the latter times pointless spears were used. For throwing at a mark, however, it is probable that light spears with points were employed. Disc-throwing thus tested strength and distance of throw, and javelin-throwing accuracy of aim.

The leaping was probably what we now call the broad or long jump, for mention is made of a certain Phayllus who jumped "beyond the dug ground" (which was reached by the jumper might easily be seen), clearing a distance of fifty feet. This was probably a standing jump, and as the modern jumper can, with a run, clear only twenty or twenty-one feet, it is perfectly incredible. To assist them in standing jumps, the Greeks carried in their hands pieces of metal or dumb-bells.

The five enumerated contests formed the Pentathlum or five-fold competition, and the prize, according to one authority, was awarded to him only who had been victorious in all. According to Mr. Mahaffy victory in three contests was sufficient, but it appears that sometimes the running and wrestling were omitted, and it may have been on these occasions that three successes constituted a victory.

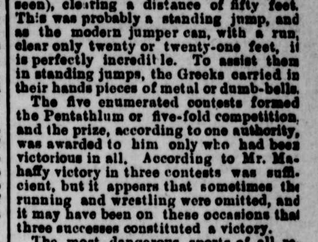
The most dangerous sports of all remain to be considered—the boxing and the pancratium. Greek boxers were not content to use the naked fists, but bound their hands and wrists with leather thongs. Later on these thongs, which were termed mild or gentle, were studded with pieces of metal, and then the blow must have been frightful, though intentional killing of one's adversary was not commended. It seems that, though great skill, endurance, and courage must have been required for such contests, the Greeks did not understand the scientific principles of boxing. We read of a boxer getting up on his toes in order to deal a deadly blow upon the top of his adversary's head, and a boxer was commonly spoken of as a man "with his ears crushed."

A most terrible contest is related by Pausanias. Two boxers of great skill and strength could neither of them get at the other, and therefore agreed to receive a blow turn and turn about. The first struck his adversary full on top of the head, while the other drove his fingers into his adversary's stomach and pulled out his entrails. The dying man was crowned victor, on the ground that the five-fingered blow was a foul one.

After the competitors had thrown each other the contest was continued on the ground, and sometimes combatants were choked or had their fingers and toes broken. The pancratium was the lowest and most brutal of Greek sports and was not in favor with the Spartans, who considered it, as well they might, an ungentlemanlike business.

Of smaller and less violent exercises we may mention ball-playing, which was much recommended by Greek physicians.

WRESTLING ON FOOT.



PANCRATIASTS.

It was practiced by men, boys, women, and girls in a part of the gymnasium specially reserved for it. The balls varied considerably in size, and the rules for the various games were numerous. Bathing was much indulged in by the Greeks, and hot, cold, and vapor baths were attached to the gymnasia. After violent exercise the athletes scraped off the dust and oil with strigels or scrapers of metal or bone. The cut shows an athlete thus engaged. Warm baths were taken in the public or private bath-houses as refreshment after the day's fatigue.

The Olympic victor, in early times at any rate, received very substantial rewards. He won a money prize of considerable value, and was welcomed back to his native city as a hero and entertained in its town hall by the dignitaries of the state. The great sculptors of the day executed his statue, and poets sang his praises in odes which in some instances have become immortal. But in later days public opinion altered very much in this regard. The polished Greek came to value intellectual strength more than physical, and to esteem mental gymnastics more than bodily exercise. The severe training for prize-winning became more and more exacting, and tended to usurp an athlete's whole attention, to the exclusion of more liberal culture.

Athletes fell into disrepute in much the same manner as professional runners, boxers, and scullers have done at the present day. The athlete was no match for the polished thrusts of the philosopher's wit, and his heaviness, dullness, and stupidity were a constant target for the comic poet's subtle humor. Another argument against athleticism was the brutalizing tendency of such contests as the pancratium, in which the vanquished competitor was put to the humiliation of suing for mercy at the victor's hands.

Finally we may say that though the pancratiast at any rate was not much above the level of the modern prize-fighter the Greeks contrived, by the combination of literary and musical contests with physical and by the aid of sculpture and poetry, to throw around their games an unequaled splendor. The greatest painters and sculptors found their models and the greatest poets their heroes among the competitors at the Olympic games.

Understood the Family.

Monsieur wanted the picture hung to the right; madame wanted it on the left. But monsieur insisted that the servant should hang the picture according to his orders. Consequently Joseph stuck a nail in the wall on the right, but this done he also went and stuck another in on the left.

"What is that second nail for?" his master inquired in astonishment.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder to-morrow when monsieur will have come round to the views of madame."—*London Punch.*

PROF. HALE SHAW shows that the whole face of nature would change if friction were suddenly to cease. Fire or warmth would be impossible, clothing would fall off people or be resolved into original elements, none would be able to move by ordinary methods, to guide their action, or if set in motion, stop. The waters would cover the face of a lifeless world, and human bodies, with all heavier substances, would soon disappear forever.