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THIS MAN JONES.

This man Jones was what you'd call
A feller 'at had no sand at all;
Kind o' consumpted, and undersize,
And sailor-complected, with big sad eyes,
And a kind-of-a-sort-of-a hang-dog style,
And a sneakin' sort-of-a half-way smile
'At kind o' give him away to us
As a preacher, maybe, er somepin' wuss.

Didn't take with the gang—well, no—
But still we managed to use him, though—
Coddin' the gilly along the rout',
And drivin' the stakes 'at he pulled out—
Fer I was one of the bosses then,
And of course stood in with the canvasmen;
And the way we put up jobs, you know
On this man Jones jes' beat the show!

Ust to rattle him scandalous,
And keep the feller a-dodgin' us,
And a-shyin' round half skeered to death,
And afeerd to whimper above his breath;
Give him a cussin', and then a kick,
And then a kind-of-a back-hand lick—
Jes' fer the fun of seein' him climb
Around with a head on most the time.

But what was the curiousst thing to me,
Was along o' the party—let me see—
Who was our "Lion Queen" last year?—
Mamzelle Zanty, or De La Pierre?—
Well, no matter—a stunnin' mash,
With a red-ripe lip and a long eye-lash,
And a figger sich as the angels owns—
And one too many fer this man Jones.

He'd allus wake in the afternoon,
As the band waltzed in on the lion-tune,
And there, from the time 'at she'd go in
'Til she'd back out of the cage agin,
He'd stand, shaky and limber-kneed—
Specially when she come to "feed
The beasts raw meat with her naked hand"—
And all that business, you understand.

And it was resky in that den—
Fer I think she juggled three cubs then,
And a big "green" lion 'at used to smash
Collar-bones fer old Frank Nash;
And I reckon now she hain't fergot
The afternoon old "Nero" sot
His paws on her?—but as fer me,
It's a sort-of-a-mixed-up mystery—

Kind o' remember an awful roar,
And see her back fer the bolted door—
See the cage rock—heerd her call
"God have mercy!" and that was all—
Fer they ain't no livin' man can tell
What's it's like when a thousand yell
In female tones, and a thousand more
Howl in bass till their throats is sore!

But the keeper said 'at dragged her out,
They heerd some feller laugh and shout—
"Save her: Quick! I've got the cuss!"
And yit she waked and smiled on us!
And we daren't flinch, for the doctor said,
Seein' as this man Jones was dead,
Better to jes' not let her know
Nothin' o' that fer a week er so.
—[From "Pipes o' Pan."

MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

An Important Secret in Successfully Training Them.

Some one whose experience of life had been both wide and painful once said: "Religion begins the wrong way. It says, 'Be good and you will be happy.' I say make people happy and they will be good. So we too often proceed in the wrong way with our children. We preach and scold and punish to make them good, but do very little which truly makes them happy. Children are so easily pleased, but we too often make the mistake of giving that which is to them so little pleasure. More of mother's love, time and attention, and fewer tucks on the tiny garments, would make many a child happier."

Some one has said that we prick our fingers and blind our eyes over fancy work on which our male friends rest their heads and dream of something we are not; so for our children we stitch till our mind loses its brightness and our temper its sweetness, while they outgrow the clothing and us at the same time.

Again, some mothers put all their energies into "housekeeping." So neat they are that there is no rest in any corner, while the wee ones say with a sigh, "Mamma is too busy to talk to me."

If I were desirous of making children happy I should first have a "children's hour." It might, perhaps, be at the time Longfellow speaks of in his exquisite little poem:

"Betwixt the dark and the twilight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour."

That time should be, as far as possible sacred from intrusion. They should have a romp, a game, a story, whatever they wish. I would save my best thoughts and best spirits for that time. —[Sunshine.

Too Public Spirited.

"He was a good fellow, was Smithers," said the old miner as he stood with bared head where Smithers had last been seen, "but no man can go foolin' along in a camp like this, kickin' off every tin can he sees lyin' on the sidewalk. It may be public spirited, but it ain't good policy for the individooal. Course Smithers didn't know that Bill Jones had left a full can o' dynamite on the walk, jest from bein' too lazy ter carry it inside, but he orter bin on the lookout. Whar is Smithers now? He's all over! He was public spirited, ez I said, and mebbe it's a comfort ter him ter be all over the camp at once, but his inflooence is too much difoosed now ter count fer much. Thar's a lessen in this, boys: Don't difoose yer inflooence. An' thar's another lesson: Don't be too public spirited. The leadin' men ain't that way in the big cities. They talk big and do a little suthin' now an' then, but fust they look out fer the individooal. Wa'al, Smithers ain't here, an' he was a good man. Let's licker."—[Merchant Traveler.

Josh Billings's Philosophy.

Bizzy boddys are like ants; alwuz in a grate hurry about nothing.

One grate reason whi every boddy likes the Falls of Niagara so mutch is bekauze no one can make one like it.

There is sum hope ov a man who iz wicked, but not weak.

Debt iz like enny other kind of a trap—eazy enuff tew git into, but hard enuff to git out ov.

There is no kind ov flattery so powerful, so subtle, and at the same time so agreeable az deference.

Bare necessitys will support life, no doubt, so will the works support a watch; but they both want greasing once in a while, jist a leetle.

Philosophy iz a very good kind ov a teacher, and yu may be able tew live by it, but yu kant live on it. Hash will tell.

Lazyness weighs 18 ounces to the pound.

The history ov life iz tew hope and be disappointed, the viktory iz to "never say die."

The way tew fame iz like klimbing a greast pole; there ain't but phew kan do it, and even then it don't pay.

MRS. BEECHER AT HOME.

Her Pleasant Home Full of Mementoes of Her Distinguished Husband.

The windows of the second floor of the Water View flats, overlooking the East river and the harbor from Columbia Heights, Brooklyn are filled with blossoming chrysanthemums and geraniums. Two or three canaries and a red-winged singing bird hang in the sunshine over the greenery. It is here that Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has established herself, in a cosy suite of apartments since her return to the city. She has never been away from Brooklyn really, for during her summer residence at Stamford she returned invariably on Saturday night, remaining until Monday, to be present at the Plymouth meetings when the church was open. Brooklyn is her home, and must always be so, she says, and though her children would prefer that she should live with them, she has gone to housekeeping, in order that the Plymouth people—she still presides over the ladies' meeting and sewing circle—can feel entirely at liberty to call on her at any time they wish. Mrs. Beecher's rooms are full of mementoes of Mr. Beecher. A picture of him as a young man hangs between the windows of the reception parlor with a cross beneath it, and another of more recent date is over the mantle. Smaller likenesses are scattered about and stand upon her writing desk. A casket, of walnut, with hinges, clasps, inscription and the Beecher crest, "He lives twice who lives well," in antique silver, contains what Mr. Beecher agreed to accept as an heirloom for his children, instead of that public official reception by the board of alderman after his return from England, which Mr. Beecher declined. The invitation is embossed in colored letters on heavy parchment and is as artistically done as the manner of the original offer was bungled. A large album with fly leaves of white moire silk contains the resolutions of condolence of the city council on the death of Mr. Beecher, and reached Mrs. Beecher by the hands of Mayor Whitney. 'In memoriam," with a crown studded with stars, begins the volume, and "After Darkness Light," upon a cross twined with passion flowers, ends it, the entire work being done with pen and ink in very delicate colorings. The name of Mr. Beecher where it occurs is wreathed with lilies.

Mrs. Beecher is in good health and has a beautifully serene face under her lace cap and smooth, snowy hair. She is interested in everything in the city with which Mr. Beecher was connected, and I saw her no long time since making the tour of one of Brooklyn's big stores, at the laying of whose cornerstone Mr. Beecher made an address on the day before its final opening.

She is inclined to laugh just a little at the newspaper statement that she is doing a great deal of literary work.

"I write for the Domestic Monthly and for an English magazine, just as I have always done, and that is all," she says. "They want me to try some weekly letters for newspapers, but I have not begun yet. I used to write to please my husband, but I have very little idea how much I shall do now."

Queer Animals.

It is a strange fact in regard to New Zealand that the country is almost entirely lacking in indigenous animals. The only mammals it possessed, before the arrival of Captain Cook, in 1769, says the author of "New Zealand after Fifty Years," were the kiore,—a little, dark-brown rat,—and two very small bats. The kiore is now a rare and very shy animal, but there are times when it makes its appearance in vast numbers, coming nobody knows whence, and going nobody knows whither.

Three or four years ago such a visitation of rats occurred on the west coast of one of the Islands; a countless swarm of these little creatures travelled along the shore, for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, all going one way, and all moving as fast as they could. Many of them died of hunger by the way, and they were all exposed to terrible attacks from a rat larger and stronger than themselves.

Another New Zealand animal which is somewhat peculiar in its habits is the tuatara, a lizard which grows from six inches to a foot in length.

This creature is the very embodiment of a negative existence. It is usually found clinging motionless to a rock, perfectly regardless of driving spray or blinding sun. It wants neither food nor drink, but is perfectly content to be kept in a glass case for months or even years, and is very slightly affected by the want of air.

It makes no noise, and moves so seldom and so slowly that many persons have watched those confined in a glass case for a long period, and then left them, under the impression that the creatures were only stuffed specimens after all. Yet the solemn blinking of the golden eyes, and the slow palpitation of their leathery sides, bear slight witness to their sluggish vitality.

Do Not Rub the Eye.

When you get a cinder or speck of dust or other offensive particle in your eye, don't rub it. Don't touch it. Don't pull down the lid. Don't put your hand near it. Let it alone. This is very hard advice to follow, and in nine cases out of ten you will find yourself rubbing your eye before you know it.

But if you can refrain from touching your eye at all, the action of that organ will itself cast out the offending mote in much quicker time, and with far less irritation, while your efforts would only hinder it and perhaps fasten the intruder so that it will stay a long time.

Of course if it is a particle of metal you will consult a surgeon or occulist at once; but ordinary substances are best treated as above indicated. Some people say, "rub the other eye," but this is of no use.

Where the Sun Rises at Noon.

On account of the height and sheer descent of the surrounding mountains the sun does not rise on Mirror lake, Yosemite Valley, until 11.30 o'clock in the morning.

The Temple of Jupiter.

A most interesting "find" has been made in St. Peter's cathedral at Rome. Some workmen were employed repairing the flooring under Michael Angelo's great picture of Moses parting the waters of the Red Sea, and in course of their labor they discovered an extremely ancient and perfect mosaic pavement many feet below the present floor. Archaeologists and literary men, as well as artists, are wildly excited at this unexpected remnant of the ancient temple of Jupiter, on the ruins of which the modern basilicon of the Church of Rome was built.

SINCE AMY DIED.

The grass is just as green to-day,
And just as clear the rivers flow
As when my darling fled away
A year ago.

And happy birds are caroling
As sweetly 'neath the placid skies;
And just as fair the flowers of spring
Salute mine eyes.

And peaceful folk in all the earth,
With smiles upon their faces set,
Show that this life of loss is worth
The living yet.

And it is well. I would not choose
To close the flowers or shroud the sun,
Because my lot has been to lose
My little one.

But yet—alas! for mine and me—
Though naught is changed on any side,
Another world it seems to be
Since Amy died.
—[Andrew B. Saxton in Century.

POMPEIAN POLITICS.

Dr. Welling Tells How Elections Were Conducted in the Ancient City.

In a lecture at Washington, Dr. J. C. Welling, the historical scholar, tells how politics was run in the days of Pompeii.

In the absence of newspapers all public announcements in Pompeii were made by inscriptions on side walls, usually of the houses, and of the 1,450 inscriptions found and deciphered 1,350 relate to elections. These walls, called albums, were first whitened with chalk and the inscriptions usually written in red. In these inscriptions the voters of the different districts were urged to support some favorite. The votaries of Isis and of other gods were urged to stand by this or that candidate, and occasionally some candidate was thus asked to vote for a certain other one who in return would vote for him. But the candidate was forbidden to buy votes, or even to give dinners, or in any such way influence voters, and he had to swear by all the gods in the vicinity that he hadn't done so. The voters from the different districts were voted in squads, presumably to prevent any candidate from getting a bulge early in the day and influencing the result. The order of voting was determined by lot.

The officers elected every year were two chief magistrates (duumvirs juri dicundo) and two aediles or overseers of police, public roads, public buildings, etc. An advisory council of 100 decurriones was recruited from the ranks of men who had filled either of the above places, and perhaps from other distinguished citizens. The right of suffrage was universal among adult males (slaves excepted), but office holding was limited by a property qualification of 100,000 sesterces—about $5,000. The town was divided into 6 election precincts, and an election depended on carrying a majority of these regardless of the popular vote. Any one could nominate a candidate by signing his name to the announcement on one of the public albums. Of the 116 candidates so nominated in A. D. 79 only 10 competed at the polls. The names of those who decided to run were written on an official album, probably in the forum. In voting the electors passed between two posts, which were connected at the top with a rod, and announced their choice to tellers. There were no parties or political issues, each candidate relying on his qualifications and popularity.

Pompeii was famous for its labor leagues and the part they took in elections. The speaker gave a list, including bakers, dyers, poulterers, fullers, goldsmiths, onion dealers, mule drivers, tavern keepers, etc. There were also social clubs, such as the Old Topers, the Late Drinkers, the Little Thieves, the Sleepy Heads, and others, each of which had its favorite candidates and urged the boys to "whoop 'er up" for him. One election bill purported to be signed by the goddess Venus and another proclaimed that anybody who would not vote for a certain candidate "deserves to be mounted on an ass."

The speaker dwelt on the power of the saloon in Pompeian politics and gave a list of tavern keepers who in 79 worked the town for their candidates. Among these tavern keepers were many women, who mingled openly in the preliminaries of the electoral contest.

The Necktie and Collar Test.

"I can generally size a man up by his necktie and collar," said a veteran hotel clerk to a Detroit Free Press reporter. "In fact, those are features I take in most thoroughly when I first make my general inventory of a guest, and nearly always something happens before he goes away to prove that my estimate is correct. I find that men who are careless as to their neckwear will put up with almost any kind of a room without grumbling, but that they must have a good bed and plenty of blankets. Men who are exceedingly particular with their collars and ties will raise a row over an ordinary bill of fare and plain service a hundred times to one complaint they will make over their room. The chap who wears a severe cut of collar and a stock sort of necktie wants everything the best and seldom fails to insinuate that his bill is a trifle high, while the man who is always a leader in neck fashions takes what he gets without complaint and pays his bill cheerfully. Hence he generally gets the best in the house."

Are Women Smarter Than Men?

From this place the writer went into the office of a man who has a school of typewriters. That is, he instructs men and women to operate typewriters and assists them in getting work. I asked him for the results of his observation. He replied:

"Women learn quicker than men. They are more in demand than men. They give better satisfaction, as a rule, I mean, than men. And there is another thing I want to tell you," he said. "A few years ago, when women first began learning how to operate the typewriter and began getting work, a cry went up among men about cheap female labor. In the last 12 months I have known of a number of cases in which men have not only offered to do this work for less than women, but have undertaken to get the places by means that were not creditable. I am not a woman's rights man by any means, but it is my observation that the woman of to-day who is put on her mettle surpasses her brother."—[Chicago Tribune.

A Cowboy Sermon.

"Lots of folks that would really like to do right think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' His name. Now, I tell you how I look at that. I'm workin' for Jim, here. Now, if I'd set around the house here tellin' what a good feller Jim is, and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the nights to serenade him when he'd rather sleep, I'd be doin' just like lots of Christians do; but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my chaps and rustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right and hain't sufferin' for water and feed and bein' run off the range and branded by cow thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served. And if I was ridin' for the Lord I'd believe it was His wish that I'd ride out in the ravines of darkness and the hills of sin and keep his herd from bein' branded by the devil and run off to where the feed was short and drinkin' holes in the creek all dry and no cedars and pines for shelter when the blizzards come.

"I don't see how I'd be helping the Lord out if I jest laid round the ranch eatin' up the grub I could git and gittin' down on my prayer bones and taffyin' the Lord up and askin' for more. The Bible says somethin' somewhere—I've got the place marked with an ace of diamonds—about how people serve the Lord by feedin' and waterin' and lookin' after the herd, and I think it would do lots of people good to read it over. When a crittur has had his moral natur' starved ever since he was a calf, and been let run a human maverick till the devil took pity on him, jest 'cause nobody else didn't look after him, and put his brand on him so deep that even in the spring, when the hair's longest, it's no trouble to tell whose herd he belongs to, it shows mighty plain that the cow punchers of the Lord has been huntin' salary harder than they've been huntin' souls.—[Champion (Mont.) Herald.

No Chance for Hankinson.

"You have thought me presumptuous in seeking your—your friendship, have you, Miss McGinnis?"

The proud beauty shook her head and the costly diamonds in her ears sparkled and flashed in the mellow light like an arctic aurora borealis, with the radiant dog star for a center, whirling and glittering on a jeweled kaleidoscope. The sight dazzled the eyes and dazed the brain of Marcellus Hankinson, and confused images of a paradise luminous with rainbows, shimmering sunsets, the glory of melting black eyes, and prevaded by an intoxicating perfume of musk, cinnamon and patchouli essence, danced before his vision.

"No, Mr. Hankinson," she replied.

"Ah—er—thanks!"

The young man ventured to take her hand.

"Asphyxia McGinnis," he said, in a rich baritone tremolo, "in all the eleven months and sixteen days during which I have enjoyed your acquaintance I have never conducted myself otherwise than with the utmost respect, have I?"

"You have not, Mr. Hankinson."

"I have never seemed to—aw—feel my oats as it were?" he went on anxiously; "never stayed later than 11 o'clock on ordinary nights nor later than 9 o'clock when we were reading Browning or Schlegel?"

"I think not Mr. Hankinson."

"We have seemed to coincide in our views of philosophy, the tariff, the Schleswig-Holstein question, and the comparative value of various foods as regards nutrition," persisted the young man, "while in the matter of dialect stories we have—we have always jibed exactly."

He edged himself a little farther forward in his chair and proceeded:

"In view of all this, Asphyxia, and moved by a resistless passion that—that yanks me right along on its tempestuous bosom, I am emboldened to——"

"Please say no more, Mr. Hankinson," said Miss McGinnis haughtily. "I did not at first apprehend the bearing of your remarks."

"Is it possible that you did not know what I was going to say? Do you pretend, Asphyxia McGinnis," he demanded, hotly; "that you were not encouraging me—that you didn't egg me on?"

"I certainly did not, sir. Such an idea never entered my head. I may as well tell you, Mr. Hankinson, that my heart is not free." The proud heiress of millions breathed a tremulous sigh, the haughty look faded from her eyes, and her voice sank into a dreamy murmer, like a distant waterfall—"papa is going to Europe next week to buy me a prince."

THE AUSTRALIAN BOOMERANG.

Skillful Way in Which the Natives Use It—Their Shield.

The boomerang consists of a stick of hard wood about two feet in length, with a projection at one end, notched so as to receive the butt of a long, slender spear. When the spear is launched at any object the stick is retained in the hand, and by a dexterous movement gives an added impulse to the weapon like that which a sling imparts to a stone.

So great is the force given by this contrivance that a spear (untipped with metal or bone as it is and consisting simply of a shaft of hard, pointed wood) thrown by it has been known to pass completely through the body of an enemy at a distance of fifty yards. This aid to spear throwing was evidently, says the Boston Journal, the result of applied reasoning by some ancient philosopher among the "black fellows." The boomerang was probably discovered by accident. Its shape is almost precisely that of the eucalyptus leaf; nor can one who has sat under a gum tree and seen the whirling flight in which one of these leaves settles to the ground in erratic curves when dislodged from a lofty bough fail to remark the resemblance of its movements to those of the boomerang, and to see in it at least the possible origin of that paradoxical weapon.

Native Australians have a certain natural alertness and address which is something more than animal, but in general seems but little allied to the human being. Most of their development is in the direction of war and the chase, and in these pursuits they still manifest some survival of an ancient proficiency with rude weapons which must have been simply marvelous. It was not long ago that one of these aboriginals, coming upon a cricket practice with one of these rude shields of his tribe, showed an amazing adroitness in its use. An Australian native shield is simply a piece of wood about two feet long and three or four inches wide, with a handle at its back, and pointed at each end—bearing, indeed, the general shape of a broad pick-axe. Protected simply by the narrow shield, held at arm's length, and twirled and turned here and there by movements of the wrist as rapid and pliant as could be shown by the most expert fencing master, this black permitted about twenty of the swiftest throwers among the assembled cricketers to range themselves before him and hurl hard cricket balls at him as rapidly as possible. Not one could hit him; the balls flew from his rapidly whirling shield like clots of mud from a carriage wheel, and until the throwers stopped from sheer exhaustion he stood there calmly grinning, accomplishing with easy nonchalence a feat which made the story of the swordsman who never used an umbrella, but kept himself dry in a rainstorm by diverting the drops with his foil, almost believable.

CRUMPETS AND TEA.

There are happenings in life that are destined to rise
Like dear, hallowed visions before a man's eyes,
And the passage of years shall not dim in the least
The glory and joy of our Sabbath-day feast—
The Sabbath-day luncheon that's spread for us three,
My worthy companions, Teresa and Leigh,
And me, all so hungry for crumpets and tea!

There are cynics who say with invidious zest
That a crumpet's a thing that will never digest,
But I happen to know that a crumpet is prime
For digestion, if only you give it its time;
Or if, by a chance, it should not quite agree,
Why, who would begrudge a physician his fee
For plying his trade upon crumpets and tea?

To toast crumpets quite a la mode I require
A proper long fork and a mighty quick fire,
And, when they are browned, without further ado
I put on the butter that soaks through and through;
And meantime Teresa (directed by Leigh)
Compounds and pours out a rich brew for us three—
And so we sit down to our crumpets—and tea!

A hand organ grinds in the street a weird bit—
Confound those Italians! I wish they would quit
Interrupting our feast with their dolorous airs
Suggestive of climbing the heavenly stairs.
(It's thoughts of the future—as all will agree—
That we fain would dismiss from our bosoms when we
Sit down to discussion of crumpets and tea!)

The Sabbath-day luncheon whereof I now speak
Quite answers its purpose the rest of the week;
Yet, with the next Sabbath, I wait for the bell
Announcing the man who has crumpets to sell;
Then I scuttle downstairs in a frenzy of glee
And purchase for sixpence enough for us three,
Who hunger and hanker for crumpets and tea!

But soon—ah! too soon—I must bid a farewell
To joys that succeed to the sound of that bell—
Must hie me away from the dank, foggy shore
That's filled me with colic and—yearnings for more!
Then the cruel, the heartless, the conscienceless sea
Shall bear me afar from Teresa and Leigh
And the other twin friendships of crumpets and tea!

Yet often—aye, ever—before my wan eyes
That Sabbath-day luncheon of old shall arise!
My stomach, perhaps, shall improve by the change,
Since crumpets it seems to prefer at long range;
But, oh! how my palate will hanker to be
In London again, with Teresa and Leigh,
Enjoying the rapture of crumpets and tea!
—[Eugene Field.

London, February 21, 1890.

THE HEARTY LAUGH.

The Bible Contains No Command That Man Shall Laugh.

The Bible contains no cheerful exhortation to laughter. For the most part, indeed, it is referred to in the metaphorical sense of "scorning," as when it is written of Leviathan that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." But there are passages also where the ordinary meaning is evidently intended, and in almost every one of these it is eyed askance. Solomon is the great authority on the subject. Let him speak for himself: "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Again, "A fool lifteth up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile a little." Not very encouraging, truly, to those of hilarious proclivities. It may be legitimate enough to compare the giggle of a fool to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but it seems hard that there should be no word of approval for the milder merriment of the few who may be supposed not to belong to fooldom. Yes, by the way, there is one, and only one: "A time to laugh," but we may search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse without detecting any intimation as to when that time occurs. Probably Solomon meant the brief period of childhood, when ignorance is bliss and we are merry without knowing or caring to know why. He could not consistently recommend any such frivolity to those of a larger growth after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters.

It must have been constant study of the preacher's gloomy utterances which made laughter so unpopular among the monks of the desert and some of the early fathers. St. Basil, for instance, will have nothing to do with it. No person, he says, of well ordered mind can ever bring himself to indulge in a good laugh, or, in the quaint patristic language, "in immanes cachinnos prorumpere et corpore sussultare." A little further on, thinking, perhaps, that he has not spoken with decision enough, he takes occasion to improve the text, "Woe unto you that laugh now!" It is perfectly plain, he adds, that there is no room whatever for laughter in the life of the faithful ("nullum omnino locum dari fideli, in quo ridere debeat"). Plato, a good many centuries earlier, in constructing his ideal state, expressly warned his readers that laughter loving persons were ineligible as guardians. He even forbade that worthy men should be represented, on the stage or elsewhere, as overcome by their sense of the ridiculous. He does not condemn laughter in itself, however; this was reserved for other and less genial systems of philosophy.—[Gentleman's Magazine.

THE LATEST PERPETUAL MOTION.

This Time It Is a Clock That Needs No Winding.

T. G. Farrar, of Columbus, Ohio, watchmaker, has invented one of the most peculiar clocks of the nineteenth century. It consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it that are visible are the two hands, the pivot upon which they swing, and the dial.

Mr. Farrar worked on the invention for six years before he succeeded in perfecting it. He alleges that the only motive power is the gravitation of the earth, and that the clock will run on forever without winding. The only imperfection is that it loses from 4 to 5 minutes per day by the friction of the hands on the pivot, and therefore the hands require to be regulated once in 24 hours.

The hands are of tin, and are hollow and perfectly balanced on the pivot. Mr. Farrar says they are moved by the gravitation of the earth, but it puzzles the spectator to account for the power that raises them after they reach 6.30.

All kinds of theories are afloat to account for this. Some people say that the hollow hands are filled with fluids of different densities that overcome the gravitation of the earth when the hands reach that point. But Mr. Farrar keeps his secret and rejoices over the mortification of the beholder. He insists that electricity is not the motive power.

Gladstone has written a series of articles upon the Old Testament for a London periodical. The first, on "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," has appeared in the April number, and will be followed by others on "The Creation Story," "The Mosaic Legislation," "The Psalms," "The Method of the Old Testament," and similar subjects.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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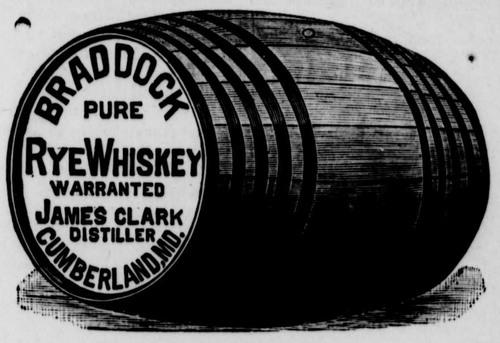

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