

CONSULTING THE CLOCK.

Familiar Faces That Are Seldom Overlooked by New Yorkers.

One of the popular habits of the people of New York city is to consult the clock almost on every occasion when an opportunity is presented. It matters little whether any special need requires that consultation or not, the clock will thus be consulted. Especially is this the case if a particular clock has the reputation of being a good timekeeper. So well is this known by many storekeepers that they will place clocks in their stores so situated as to be easily seen by persons who may be passing along the adjacent sidewalk. If the clock has a good reputation, and the pedestrian is fortunate enough to carry a watch, a comparison is almost sure to be made.

Many times a clock with a good reputation placed in the back part of a store becomes a protection thereof, especially at night, if near it is located a light strong enough to illuminate its face and show the time. A policeman told a reporter the other day that a good clock thus situated is better than a private watchman for a jewelry store, as every belated passerby is likely to look through the store to see what time it is, and would be almost certain to notice anything unusual in the appearance of the place. It therefore becomes indirectly a silent watchman guarding the premises against the depredations of burglars and makes the pedestrians, as it were, assistants in the work.

Church clocks have always had a large number of patrons in the work of consultation, and nothing seems to be so annoying as to find such a clock inactive. When an event of this character occurs, especially if the church is located on or near a busy thoroughfare, the fact of the clock being stopped, or that some defect appears to exist, is often made the subject of a notice in the daily papers. Especially was this the case when the steeple of old St. Paul's was recently undergoing renovation, and it was a joy to many on noticing that the newly gilded hands of the clock were again traveling along their accustomed circuit and the deep toned bell was ready to strike the hour once more.—New York Mail and Express.

THE MAGIC RING.

A Boy's First Circus and His Impressions of Coralie the Peerless.

A thud of unseen hoofs first set us a-quiver; then a crash of cymbals, a jangle of bells, a hoarse, applauding roar, and Coralie was in the midst of us, whirling past 'twixt earth and sky, now erect, flush, radiant, now crouched to the flowing mane, swung and tossed and molded by the maddening dance music of the band. The mighty whip of the count in the frock coat marked time with pistol shots; his warcry, whooping clear above the music, fired the blood with a passion for splendid deeds, as Coralie, laughing exultantly, crashed through the paper hoops. We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round with Co-

ralie, leaping with her, prone with her, swung by mane or tail with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delirious feats, nor her cream colored horse of fairy breed, long tailed, roe footed—an enchanted prince surely, if ever there was one—it was her more than mortal beauty—displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before—that held us spellbound.

What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or went delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, hourglass shaped, nearly legless, bunched here, constricted there, slow of movement and given to deprecating, lusty action of limb. Here was a revelation. From henceforth our imaginations would have to be revised and corrected up to date. In one of those swift rushes the mind makes in high strung moments I saw myself and Coralie, close enfolded, pacing the world together, o'er hill and plain, through storied cities, past rows of applauding relations, I in my Sunday knickerbockers, she in her pink and spangles.—Kenneth Grahame in Scribner's.

A Great Brandy Drinker.

"I have seen the statement that no man could drink half a gallon of brandy a day for more than a very short time," said John L. Smith of Linden, Va., "but there is a man living in the town I reside in who has never missed drinking that much brandy in a day for 20 years. His name is John Hudnall, and he owns a brandy distillery near Linde. He has used liquor as a beverage since early youth, and for the past 20 years has consumed half a gallon of brandy a day. He is not an inebriate by any means, not becoming intoxicated by the brandy. He is hale and hearty and stands well in the community where he lives as a business man. No explanation can be given of his remarkable power of withstanding the effects of liquor, but no one who knows him doubts the statement as to his having taken the amount I have said. It has not impaired his digestion in the slightest degree, as it is usually claimed it will do."—Washington Star.

School Improvement.

In the Federated Clubs of Illinois the women are working earnestly to improve the public schools of the state. With this aim they take up different phases of school work, in the first place visiting the schools not as critics but as learners, so as to co-operate with school-teachers in securing improvements that are needed. Certain members study the hygienic conditions of the schools; others make it their duty to watch all school legislation and to learn something of the value of the best new methods of education.

When using medicine droppers, the ordinary glass tube with a rubber bulb fitted on, it is well to remember that 60 drops make one teaspoonful.

Salt is a good barometer. When it is damp, rain is probable.

RHYTHM OF NIAGARA'S ROAR.

Musical Notes Heard In the Great Waterfall's Oratorio.

Eugene Thayer, the well known organist, has published an analysis of the music of Niagara falls. In an article in Trinity Record he says:

"It had ever been my belief that Niagara had not been heard as it should be, and in this belief I turned my steps hitherward. What did I hear? The roar of Niagara? I heard nothing but a perfectly constructed musical tone, clear, definite and unapproachable in its majestic perfection, a complete series of tones, all uniting in one grand and noble unison, as in the organ."

Mr. Thayer then describes at some length the compound nature of a given tone and illustrates the overtones or partials of the lowest C of the 32 foot pipe of the organ. Then he continues:

"I had long had a suspicion that I should hear all this at Niagara when her wonderful voice should first greet my ears. It was just as I had supposed. How should I prove all this? My first step was to visit the beautiful Iris island, otherwise known as Goat island. My next step was to stand on Luna island, above the central fall and on the west side of the American fall proper. I went on the extreme eastern side of the island in order to get the full force of the larger fall and sat among the rapids. Next I went to the Three Sisters island.

"With more or less variation of pitch at these and many other points, I heard everywhere the notes of the chord of G, only four octaves lower.

"I arrived at my conclusion both theoretically and practically. Let me first call attention to the third and fourth notes, D and G.

"The ground note, G, was so deep, so grand, so mighty, that I never could realize it or take it into my thought or hearing, but these two tones, only four octaves lower, were everywhere, with a power which made itself felt as well as heard.

"But, it will be replied, these two notes were too slow to be detected by the sense of hearing. How did I determine their pitch?

"I first caught the harmonic notes above them that were definite in pitch, and then, counting the number of vibrations of these lower two notes, easily determined their distance below.

"And here comes a curious feature which proves that Niagara gives a tone and not a roar. The seventh note, the interval of the tenth, was of a power and clearness entirely out of proportion to the harmonics as usually heard in the organ.

"Were the tone of Niagara a mere noise this seventh note would be either weak or confused or absent altogether.

"What is Niagara's rhythm? Its beat is just once per second. Here is our unit of time—the chronometer of God."

A German Dog.

The Germans have an odd character, a certain baron, who is made responsible for many absurd and ludicrous things. Whenever anything particularly striped or whimsical happens, it is straightway attributed to the baron. Consequently many amusing stories are related of the baron, just as in this country all kinds of mistakes have been heaped upon the shoulders of the late Mr. Stetson, the theatrical man. At one time the baron went to Venice and seeing the pigeons on St. Mark paused in wonder and began to count them. He was getting on nicely with his calculation, when some one tapped him on the shoul-