THE PROFESSOR'S PIANO.

Prof. Aird, as the whole scientific world knows, has for many years occupied the chair of applied mechanics in the renowned and ancient University of Saltburg, N. B., and for some time past has been giving particular attention to a further development of the phonograph. On his return from a brief holiday in Norway last summer, he went one evening to visit his geological colleague, Prof. Drayson. A niece of Prof. Drayson's, a Miss Margaret Hall, was staying with her uncle, and Dr. Aird, as he glanced at this young lady, who was about nineteen and extremely pretty, found it in his heart to regret that Providence had given him only nephews.

From geology the two professors presently diverged to gossip. "That young Skipwith has made a pretty use of his talents," remarked Prof. Drayson.

"No? Really? In what way? I have been so out of the way of news in Norway."

"Oh, don't you know?" cried uncle and niece in one breath, and Miss Hall fetched a newspaper ten days old in which Professor Aird read of a great diamond robbery executed by an impecunious young gentleman and his wife. The wife had been found and identified as Mrs. Skipwith, but the husband and the diamonds had disappeared.

"There was no clear evidence against her, you see, and so they let her go," said Prof. Drayson. "But, of course, the police will have an eye upon her, and sooner or later she will go to him, and he will be taken. She was a Miss Carroll, and has friends in Saltburgh. I believe he met her here. It is a terrible thing for them."

"Poor girl," said Professor Aird.

"She has herself to thank," returned the other professor, with a glance at his niece. "She married him against the advice of all her friends." Professor Aird, feeling that something uncomfortable underlay this observation, began to seek a change of subject, and said, with an amiable smile: "I see that another pupil of yours, that clever young fellow, Ashley, has just got an appointment in America."

"Don't speak to me of Ashley," cried his colleague, furiously, "I won't hear his name."

There was a moment's silence. Miss Hall had neither moved nor looked up. Professor Aird, as a peace-loving man, said a few indifferent words to show that he was not offended, and then took his leave. Miss Hall smiled upon him with marked friendliness, and shook his hands with something like fervor. It was clear to him that she was trying to make amends for the roughness of her uncle.

"So Skipwith has stolen diamonds, and Ashley is to teach geology to the young Yankees," said the Professor to himself, as he walked homeward. And then he wondered whether Prof. Drayson could possibly have desired that American appointment for himself.

The rooms tenanted by the professor of applied mechanics were large, but they were always filled to overflowing by strange instruments, vessels and drawings. His landlady, as he entered, was seeking an unoccupied table corner whereon to set a tray with his frugal supper. He sat down absent-mindedly, and she, deeply interested in her own news, remarked: "I have let the second-floor rooms, sir, to a gentleman by the name of Johnson."

The Professor started and looked up, and murmured vaguely, "Indeed!" Then a sudden thought passed across him, and he said, eagerly: "I wonder if you could make room up stairs for that old piano? I really haven't space for it here."

Mrs. Lester was quite willing, and offered to have the instrument carried up at once.

"I will carry it up in pieces in the morning, and set it up myself, if you have no objection," said the Professor.

Accordingly next morning Prosessor Aird dismembered his piano, and carrying the pieces up stairs, rebuilt it in the sitting-room destined for Mr. Johnson. It was but a mere shell, this piano, it possessed neither hammers nor wires, and beneath the locked key-board the Professor erected a piece of mechanism, quite foreign to the normal structure of a piano. This, which any expert would have recognized as forming part of a magnified phonograph, was composed mainly of a large disk of skin or parchment, stretched like a tambourine, a long, grooved, metal cylinder and several long and narrow strips of tin-foil. Having arranged all these components with great precision, the Professor fitted in the inclosing panel, and going to the further end of the room, recited with slow and distinct utterance a soliloquy from Hamlet.

This strange incantation over, he returned to the piano, unfastened the lower panel once more, and shifted some inner screw. Slowly and distinctly there issued from the interior of the piano the echoed words, "To be or not to be! That is the question." The voice was clear and a little monotonous, and it had that slight nasal twang peculiar to all phonographs, which marks, perhaps, their American origin.

The Professor listened with a face of rapture to this Punch-like mimicry, and then, shutting in his machinery, went back happy to his room. Surely this great work which had occupied him for the last twelve months was going to be successful. The phonograph, that mysterious overhearer and reporter of men's speech, was about to receive new powers. The discreet phonographs of other inventors do but retain and repeat what is addressed directly to themselves; the phonograph of Prof. Aird with its larger disk and more sensitive mechanism was intended to reproduce every word uttered in the same room with it. Such a machine, if it did but fulfill his hopes, would redeliver the whole dialogue of a play or all the debates of a parliamentary session. An Aird phonograph would henceforth be stationed in every court of law and tell its tale, by means of a telephone, in every newspaper office. But before introducing his cherished instrument to the world the Professor was resolved to test it fairly, and, dreading self-deception, had snatched at the chance of stationing it in a stranger's room, where it might imbibe and reproduce conversations with which he could not possibly be acquainted beforehand.

Early in the evening the new lodger arrived. The Professor listened anxiously for sounds of speech, but Mr. Johnson, being alone, was naturally silent. Later in the evening, however, the eager Professor heard a step ascend the stairs, heard some one knock and enter, and then the welcome murmur of earnest conversation. Before very long there came a step again upon the stairs—nay, two steps, and two voices, speaking low. Was Mr. Johnson going out with his friend? The steps reached the house door; it was closed noisily and no one returned. The Professor thereupon crept furtively upstairs, withdrew from the heart of the piano a strip of the foil whose tiny indentations formed the mysterious reproductive language of the phonograph, and left the instrument ready to register another report. Arrived in his own room, he placed the precious strip in a twin phonograph, which he set in motion and sat down before it with an expectant smile.

In about a minute the machine began to speak. The two voices of the dialogue were clearly distinguishable, and the following conversation arrived unmistakably at the Professor's ears:

A.—Well, here you are, Harry.

B.—Yes, here I am. Thanks very much for taking the rooms. But are there not a good many people in the house? Do you think it quite safe?

A.—Quite. The people on the ground floor are out all day, and on the first floor there is nobody but old Aird, who might as well be deaf and blind for anything he notices of what goes on around him.

"H'm!" said the Professor, with a slight tone of offense.

B.—Old Aird! Good heavens, Tom, but he will know me!

A.—Not a bit of it. I should not know you myself with that beard.

"Who on earth can it be?" thought the bewildered Professor, trying in vain to abstract the phonographic twang, and to identify the voice behind.

B.—And how is she? Does she know? Have you seen her?

A.—Yes, I saw her. She says you must, on no account, attempt, to meet her; it would not be safe; they watch her so. But she will come all right on Thursday morning.

B.—I won't go without her whatever happens. What a cruel thing it is that I can't go boldly up and claim her.

A.—Well, you can, if you don't mind going to prison.

"Prison!" echoed the Professor, who, with every word, was growing more certain that the speaker was the unhappy Skipwith. And, in the horror of this confirmation, he missed the next word or two, and only heard the answer to them.

B.—And to have to wait till Thursday! Oh, the law's delays are intolerable.

A.—I would not complain of the law's delays if I were you, when you are meditating a flagrant breach of them, with indefinite penalties to follow.

B.—I don't care about the penalties when once I am out of the island. There's no extradition for offenses of my sort.

"What can that mean?" thought the wondering listener.

A.—I advise you to make the theft secure before you begin to boast. But come along. I came to fetch you for a stroll. You must not venture out by day, you know, and you will be beside yourself by to-morrow night, if you stay shut up all the time in this dull room.

The Professor sat before the silent phonograph, and gazed blankly at its stationary works. He even forgot in the amazement and horror of these revelations to rejoice in the success of his invention. He was like the legendary possessor of some supernatural power who invariably finds a curse wrapped up in his gift.

Was this, indeed, Skipwith to whose voice his familiar had listened? And if so, was the wretched young man plotting yet further crimes? What was it that his accomplice had said? "I would not complain of the law's delays if I were you, when you are meditating a flagrant breach of them with indefinite penalties to follow." Indefinite penalties? Of what crime in a civilized country are the penalties indefinite? The Professor was as ignorant as any other law-abiding Briton of the intricacies of his country's criminal law; but he had a confirmed impression that it was only offenses of a political character for which there was no extradition. Plots and explosions, and rumors of plots and explosions were rife at that time. Was this misguided young man (the Professor perceived clearly that the man who could call him "Old Aird" must be young) taking part in some conspiracy? Was it some dynamite outrage that these young ruffians were hatching? And in what manner ought he, Prof. Aird, to intervene? Could he, in fairness, make use of knowledge obtained by an elaborate process of mechanical eaves-dropping? And yet, on the other hand, could he, as an honest man, permit the planning and execution of a flagrant breach of the law?

"Oh, if I had never set up the thing at all!" sighed the unhappy Professor. And he resolved to stop his phonograph from reporting any more of his fellow-lodger's conversations. He took a box of matches and stepped lightly to Mr. Johnson's dark and empty room.

He had just struck a match, and was on his knees between the feet of the piano, when a sound came to his ears and sent a chill of alarm to his inmost heart. Some one had opened the house-door with a latch-key. The Professor blew out the match, and listened breathlessly. In the silence he remarked that rain was pattering sharply on the windows. No doubt Mr. Johnson had been driven back by stress of weather, and would come in to discover him. And if he went out Mr. Johnson would meet him on the upper flight of stairs, and would know whence he came. But there was a second door leading to an adjoining room. There he might wait till his neighbor should come up, and thence steal down unobserved. With furtive speed the Professer accordingly withdrew to Mr. Johnson's bed-room, and noiselessly closed the door of communication.

A step came up the stairs, and he felt a horrible certainty that Mr. Johnson would make his entrance here. Of course he would; he would be wet, he would come to change his clothes. What a horrible, compromising, inexplicable situation for a peaceful professor of science!

Mr. Johnson, however, passed into the next room and struck a light. The Professor heard him utter a quick, inarticulate exclamation. A sound followed which might be the tearing open of a letter. A new and even greater dread had by this time taken possession of the Professor. How if the outer door of the bed-room should be fastened? Could it be reserved for him to pass the night shut into a cupboard or crouched beneath a bed? And Mr. Johnson, he recollected, did not dare to go out by daylight. At that moment the Professor was almost ready to regret that he had ever had the idea of inventing a phonograph. Slowly, step by step, guided by what little light shone in at the window, he made his way to the door and laid his hand upon the handle. It turned with a faint squeak that sounded in his ears thunder loud, and the door opened. He slipped out and crept back thankfully to his own domains, vowing never again to trespass on those of his neighbor.

Next morning he had arrived at a resolution. He would not denounce Skipwith to the authorities, but he would make an effort to see Mrs. Skipwith (who was clearly in Saltburg), and would warn her, with threats of exposure, that the projected crime of Thursday, whatever it might be, must be abandoned. He set forth, accordingly, to call on Professor Drayson, who could probably give him the addresses of her friends in Saltburg. Professor Drayson was out, and his sister, a severe lady, of whom Professor Aird stood in some awe, received him. Miss Hall was also present.

"Can you tell me," the Professor asked, presently, "the address of some people called, if I remember rightly, Carroll, of whom your brother was speaking the other evening—relations of that poor Mrs. Skipwith?"

"That 'poor' Mrs. Skipwith!" repeated Miss Drayson. "You are too charitable, Dr. Aird. No, I do not know their address."

"I do," said Miss Hall. "They live at 15 King street. But they are gone away to the Highlands for a fortnight."

"A fortnight!" echoed the Professor, in dismay. "Dear me, how very awkward." And he fell into a browner study than usual, so that he scarcely remarked the coming of a servant to the door, and the summoning away of Miss Drayson by means of the portentous formula, "Can I speak to you a moment, please, ma'am?"

As soon as the door was well closed upon her aunt, Miss Hall rose, came across to the Professor, and said, in a hurried, lowered voice: "Dr. Aird, will you do me a great favor? Will you post a letter for me without looking at it, and never tell anybody about it?"

"But, my dear—" expostulated the Professor, faintly.

"It is to Mr. Ashley. They won't let me see him or hear from him. They have been so cruel to him. And you know—you know, Dr. Aird, that he is not the sort of person to deserve that."

At the name of Ashley the Professor softened. Young Ashley was, to his mind, a most deserving and promising young man. And he was on the eve of crossing the Atlantic to that American appointment. This could only be a letter of farewell.

"Here comes my aunt," whispered she.

He held out his hand, received and secreted the letter.

In two minutes' time he had already begun to repent, but Miss Drayson was in the room and it was impossible to give back the letter. So he posted it without looking at the address, and went home reflecting what he in his turn should write to Mrs. Skipwith. It took him the whole afternoon to compose a letter which should not betray the secret to any outsider, and yet should serve as an effective warning to desist from the contemplated crime of Thursday.

At last the letter was finished and posted, and he had nothing to do but to meditate upon this extraordinary chain of events and listen to the footsteps of Mr. Johnson overhead. When the darkness had fully gathered Mr. Johnson went out, and the Professor, unmindful of yesterday's terrors and resolves, hastened up stairs. But behold! Mr. Johnson had locked his door and carried away the key. This was a very suspicious circumstance, and baffling, to boot. Who could guess what unattainable revelations were hidden away in the bosom of the phonograph piano inside that locked apartment?

The Professor was still reflecting upon these things when Mrs. Lester brought him his supper. On the tray lay a letter addressed to G. Johnson, Esq., which she was going to carry upstairs.

"And what do you think of Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Lester?" the Professor asked with elaborate carelessness.

"Well, sir," answered Mrs. Lester, "I really don't know what to think of him. There's something about him that I don't understand. I should not wish to think any harm of anybody, least of all a lodger; but it has crossed my mind that he might be one of them Irish Fenians."

The Professor looked up with sharp interest.

"Sometimes I don't rightly think his name is Johnson at all; and it's plain enough to see there's something on his mind, for he don't seem to notice what it is he eats, and that's a sure sign of a bad conscience. And when I just opened a book in dusting his table, (which I would never have thought of doing, sir, if I hadn't had my suspicions of him,) there the first thing I saw in it was something about things that would heave up rocks of hundreds of tons' weight. I declare, sir, I don't know what to think. But he's going on Thursday, that's one thing."

"Going on Thursday!" The Professor sighed and shook his head, and said gravely that we must hope the best. Then when Mrs. Lester had gone he sat before his untouched supper and listened to the steps of Mr. Johnson, who was just mounting the stairs with a companion.

Some three-quarters of an hour later the visitor came down alone, and pausing just before he reached the Professor's door, called back: "Harry! Harry! I have left my stick." It flashed across the Professor's mind that that letter had been addressed to G. Johnson, and also that the Christian name of Skipwith was Henry. He sprang up and opened the door. The upper landing was dark, so that he did not see the face of Johnson; but the other man he saw clearly and recognized at once. This was that mischievous young Stirling whose range of invention had made him in his student days the terror, and yet, in a certain sense, the favorite, of the whole body of professors.

"What, Stirling!" cried Professor Aird, and smiled in spite of himself. It seemed a less offensive thing to be called "old Aird" now that he knew the offender to be Tom Stirling.

"Good evening, sir," said Stirling, in a tone of unabashed friendliness.

"Step in a moment," said the Profsesor, and Stirling stepped in.

"Who is your friend up-stairs?" inquired Professor Aird, sternly.

"Oh, a man I know, called Johnson."

"Do I know him as a man called Johnson?"

"No, sir, I don't think you do."

"What is his other name?"

"Henry."

"Then why are his letters addressed to G. Johnson?"

"I am sure I can't say, sir. Perhaps he has two names."

"Two at least, I should think," said the Professor, dryly.

Stirling acknowledged the hit by a smile.

"Is it Skipwith?" asked the Professor point-blank.

A swift change passed over the ostentatious candor of the young man's countenance. He turned red; his mouth twitched; he looked as if he might be about to laugh—or, possibly, to cry; finally, he clasped his hands together and said in a stifled voice: "Oh, sir, don't, don't betray him!"

"I don't want to betray him," said the Professor, hesitatingly. "But I won't have any more wrong done. What is it that he is going to do on Thursday?"

"Leave the country with his wife."

"And what, before?"

"How do you know anything about it?" cried Stirling.

"Perhaps I have second sight," said the Professor.

"Yes, that must be it," replied the other solemnly. "I don't deny that you have found us out, and I don't ask you to shield him. I'll only ask you not to do anything before Thursday morning unless you hear from me. On Thursday you may make everything known to the police if you like."

"You give me your word that this thing—whatever it is—won't be done before Thursday?"

"It can't be done before Thursday," replied Stirling earnestly; and the Professor, remembering words from the phonograph to the same effect, believed him.

"Very well; I will take no steps before Thursday unless I hear from you, or unless I see some special reason to do so."

With that Stirling went away, and the Professor was left, for the second time that day, to question the morality of his own good nature.

Thursday morning came, and nothing had been heard from Stirling. The Professor, with a mind made up to stern action, sat at breakfast reading his morning paper. All at once he dropped his knife and fork and fell back in his chair. The Scotsman, as it leaned against the coffee-pot, presented to his astonished eyes a paragraph describing the arrest of Skipwith on the previous afternoon—in London! Without pausing to reflect he snatched up the paper and rushed violently up-stairs. He knocked at Mr. Johnson's door. No answer. He went in. The table was prepared for breakfast, but the room was empty.

"Not up yet," said the Professor, and knocked at the door of the bedroom.

Again there was no reply, and again the Professor followed up his knock by an entrance. And again the room was empty. The bed was smooth and undisturbed. A portmanteau stood, buckled, on the floor. A label upon it bore the name and address of Stirling.

The Professor rang the bell with vigor, and Mrs. Lester, in the kitchen, proceeded to make Mr. Johnson's tea. In about a minute the bell was rung again. She hastened up and found Professor Aird standing, with a dismayed countenance, in the middle of the room.

"Where is Mr. Johnson?" he asked. "When did he go?"

The landlady glanced through the open door at the empty sleeping-room. Her blank face was answer enough.

"Was he here yesterday morning?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and yesterday night, too, up till 10 o'clock." And then she fell to wringing her hands and wondering which of the public buildings would prove to have been blown up.

"Let some one fetch me a cab," said the Professor, and, leaving his unfinished meal, he betook himself at once to the lodgings of Mr. Stirling, where he learned that Stirling had gone out some five minutes earlier, in company with an unknown gentleman, and had left no message as to his return.

The Professor, full of the darkest forebodings, walked slowly home, pausing upon the way to complete his interrupted breakfast. It was thus nearly an hour later when he returned to Mrs. Lester's. A cab stood at the door, and on his entrance he was told that Mr. Stirling was waiting to see him. The Professor sprang up-stairs like a school-boy.

"Well, sir," cried he, as he burst into his own room, "what is the meaning of all this, I should like to know?"

Stirling, with a face of deep seriousness, drew from his pocket a small, wedge-shaped package and held it out in silence.

The Professor hastily tore open the paper and beheld a cardboard box, such as is used for the transmission of wedding-cake. He frowned; the receptacle seemed to him indecently frivolous. Then it flashed across him that the stolen diamonds might be within it. The box, however, contained an orthodox fragment of bride-cake. The Professor stared at it stupefied, and hardly remarked that as he opened the box three cards fell to the floor.

Stirling picked them up and presented them displayed on his palm.

The Professor saw printed upon the first Mr. Henry Ashley, upon the second Miss Margaret Hall and upon the third—which was duly bordered with silver—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ashley. On the first was added, in pencil, "Mr. G. Johnson," and on the last "In spite of the Lord Chancellor."

Light began to dawn on the bewildered Professor. "Then it was Ashley, and not Skipwith?" cried he. And Stirling, with a broad grin, nodded. "I begin to understand," said the Professor, slowly. "But why 'in spite of the Lord Chancellor?' "

"Because Miss Hall was a ward of court, and Ashley was forbidden to see her."

"Ah!" said the Professor, still meditative; "then it is marrying a ward in chancery, is it, which is the offense for which there's no extradition?" Then, with a sudden change of face, he cried out: "Come up-stairs, sir! Come up-stairs, Tom, I want to show you something."

And thus it fell out that Tom Stirling—the unlikeliest man in all Saltburgh—was the first to learn the secret of the Professor's piano.

—Clementina Black, in English Illustrated Magazine.

A Neat Trick.

Chicago Tribune.

A pony glass of whisky and a pony glass of water are placed side by side, both glasses brimming full, and a wager made that the liquids can be made to change glasses without pouring either of them out. If the wager is accepted a thin card is placed over the glass of water, and held tightly on it while it is turned upside down and placed on top of the pony of whisky. The card is then carefully shoved aside until one end of it is a hair's breadth beyond the rims of the glasses, and the whisky will then work itself slowly into the upper glass, the water descending to the lower. Care should be taken that both glasses are full to running over, and the card should be thin and moved aside very slightly, or the opportunity for capillary attraction, on which the perfect completion of the trick depends, will be lost.

Those Friendly Monday Meetings.

Minneapolis Tribune.

When our worthy brethren open their mouths in friendly discussion they say things. At the meeting of the Methodist divines yesterday one would have supposed that the Sunday newspaper was under discussion from the way the brothers bandied epithets. We don't believe Brother McKaig is an ass because Brother Tice said he was, nor do we believe Brother Tice is an ass because Brother McKaig said so. We only speak for ourselves.

READING FOR SUNDAY.

The Single Sin.

He walked for years in ways of righteousness,
Good deeds unnumbered dropping from his hand;
Then, lo! a single sin he must confess,
That bruited was far up and down the land;
And all the people drew a solemn face,
And called him trickster, whispered his disgrace.

'Twill be a wondrous world, to heaven full nigh,
If ever men, whose common life is sin,
Shall do one act of good, whereat a cry
Of saint shall fill the air with ready din;
The people quick forgetting all the past,
And glad to see God's image show at last.

—Richard E. Burton, in the Congregationalist.

International Sunday-School Lesson for March.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN—Luke iv, 33-44.

Golden Text—He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick.—Matt. viii., 16.

Mon.—Luke iv, 31-37. The great physician.
Tues.—Luke iv, 38-41. The great physician.
Wed.—Matt. xv, 21-31. Wonderful works.
Thurs.—Acts x, 34-43. Peter's testimony.
Fri.—Psalm ciii, 1-13. Praise to the Healer.
Sat.—Isa. xxxv. Sorrow dispelled.
Sun.—Acts iv, 8-12. The only savior.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Independent.

"Let us alone," is the typical cry of every soul convicted of sin that prefers its degradation. Christ has come to destroy the evil that finds lodgment in each one's heart. His mission, if it takes a hundred thousand years, will not be accomplished until all sin is blotted out. Nor does Christ tire in this vast undertaking. Mountains of sin cannot discourage him. Each day makes the rift in the clouds broader. Hope looks, with eyes blinded by each new heavenly glory, toward the day of universal salvation, when every creature shall bow the knee and sing praises to the Lamb.

There is another hopeful sign indicated by the attitude of the demonized victims, namely, that no matter how deeply a man is sunk in sin he recognizes the Holy One. The very oaths of debauched and careless men convict them of the knowledge of God, which their intelligence and consciences accept, but which their lives would refute. The fact that curses are turned to prayers so often in cases of extremity proves with startling emphasis the insanity of a godless position.

Judge with what authority the Master of our faith must have spoken when even his servants can awe the most turbulent men merely by the prestige of unassailable holiness. The man who becomes a devout Christian is a hundred times a man and has 100 per cent. more authority than before.

Fame perpetrated through piety is not a thing to cultivate. It will take care of itself. Christ deprecated for a long time reports of his marvelous cures. He had no hand in the honor he received further than by doing deeds of honor. Too many are afraid they won't get the credit of a large contribution to the X Y Z Society, or of making a yearly pair of slippers for the minister, or of punctual attendance at the Bible class. If the motive is single, the fact of doing the right is all that is needed. Reputation follows as it is deserved. If it lags, so much the better; for to be known above the common crowd is an excitement dangerous to most constitutions.

Every one is sent to preach the kingdom of God. Christ's mission is an obligation personal to each. What are we good for here in this world if not for that? That incentive is sufficient to make life worth living.

Of General Interest.

The Moravians, though small in numbers and wealth, have sent out during the last century 25,000 missionaries, and expended $300,000 yearly. They have nine missionary ships.

The Nebraska Woman's Christian Temperance Union is preparing to build a State temperance temple, to cost sixty or seventy-five thousand dollars. Omaha bids for the honor of its location.

In France so far back as 1536 severe edicts against drunkenness were made for Brittainy, the punishment for a first offense being a bread-and-water diet in prison; for a second, flogging; and in case of incorrigibility, loss of ears and banishment.

A false Messiah has lately appeared in Arabia, and multitudes of Jews are following him. He is a man of high education, with tremendous force of character. Regiments of lifeguards, composed of Hebrew youths, protect his person, and he has deceived even some of the wisest and most prudent Jews of Arabia.

The First Congregational Church, of Danvers Center, Mass., which was destroyed by fire recently, was the successor of the old Salem village church, and occupied the identical site where the famous witchcraft trials were once held. The ground is regarded with deep interest on account of its historical relations.

A religious census at Hartford, Conn., was taken recently under the auspices of the Connecticut Bible Society. A population of 48,179 was found, of which 23,154 is set down as American, or less than half. According to religious belief the people are divided as follows: Roman Catholic, 19,309; Congregational, 8,486; Episcopal, 6,143; Methodist, 3,324; Baptist, 2,345; Lutheran, 1,458; Jewish, 1,158; Universalist, 970; Presbyterian, 668; Unitarian, 276; Adventist, 266; Spiritualist, 60; Catholic Apostolic, 36; no preference, 2,681.

Fifty years ago Siam was, like Japan, locked against all foreigners, but now, next to Japan, she is, perhaps, the foremost heathen nation in the march toward Western civilization. Most of the male population can read; telegraph and postal systems are in full operation; slavery has been abolished, and large mercantile transactions mark the period of progress. This change, it has been remarked, has been effected by the influence of Protestant missionaries, who to-day are among the most popular and influential of the inhabitants.

This is the way the Herald and Presbyter puts it: "The Constitution of the United States has been amended in fifteen particulars. It provides for its own amendment, and the amendments have been added, constitutionally, of course. The government has not been endangered thereby, nor has the republican theory of government been drifted away from. Those who think that the only way in which the Presbyterian Church or the Calvinistic theology can be preserved is by leaving the Westminster Confession of Faith absolutely unchanged, do not reason from analogy but from ungrounded fears."

The Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople, Kharene, has written a letter to Bishop Potter, of New York, thanking him for allowing the Armenian service to be celebrated in one of his churches, and adding:

"Oh! that it were given to me to see this example of Christian charity frequently repeated, and to behold the leaders of different denominations, who are one in the fundamental doctrine of the Holy Trinity as promulgated by the Nicene Creed, one in their belief in the Incarnation of the Word, one in the inheritance of the gift of salvation and partakers of the regenerating sacraments of the one apostolic church, enter into closer fellowship."

Finland, with the exception of Russia, of which it constitutes a province, but of which it is entirely independent in the management of its internal affairs, is about the last of European lands to legalize religious dissent. According to the "law concerning dissenters," promulgated in November, Protestants not adherents of the Evangelical Lutheran State religion can organize themselves into independent congregations, but only with imperial sanction. The petition for this sanction must be accompanied with the doctrinal confession of the petitioners. The congregation can select its own pastor and teacher, but must report its selection to the Finnish Senate. Every congregation must appoint a trustee to represent it over against the state; and this trustee must be a Finnish citizen, and must be acceptable to the Governor. No one is permitted to leave the state religion and connect himself with a dissenting body before the completion of his twenty-first year.

Thoughts for the Day.

The dividing line between wisdom and folly is so extremely fine that a prudent man will be very careful how he accuses any one but himself of being a fool.—Rothe.

'Tis nothing for a man to hold up his head in a calm; but to maintain his post when all others have quitted their ground, and there to stand upright where other men are beaten down, this is divine and praiseworthy.—Seneca.

Neither in thy actions be sluggish, nor in thy conversation without method, nor wandering in thy thoughts, nor let there be in thy soul inward contention nor external effusion, nor in life be so busy as to have no leisure.—M. Aurelius Antoninus.

Religion in its purity is not so much a pursuit as a temper; or, rather, it is a temper leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in improvement of self and benevolence to men.—Edwards.

BITS OF FASHION.

Triple shoulder-capes attached to braided or velvet yokes deeply pointed are again a favorite wrap.

China silk and good firm American surah can now be purchased at such reasonable prices that those who desire them can indulge in the luxury of silk petticoats instead of wool or muslin ones, with no great outlay of money.

Accordion-pleated skirts, in silk, tulle and net, and in plain and bordered textiles, are still very fashionable; also, straight evening skirts of rich lace or net, with two or three rows of rather wide ribbon carried in and out in the meshes as a border.

Among the latest arrivals is the sash, in every variety of color or combinations of color to match dress-goods. At present they are part and parcel of the earliest gown of the season, ginghams or serges. They are three-eighths of a yard wide of surah, and have a netted fringe about three-fourths of a yard deep.

A pretty style for a miss's cloth costume is the princesse or one-piece gown, closed on left shoulder and at the arm-hole. A full skirt is box-plaited front and back, sides gaged on hip-line of bodice. The sleeves have double caps and high collar, and cuffs of passementerie, a sash of which may outline the bodice and tie in long loops at the back.

Although a princess or redingote effect, is still given to a large portion of the new spring costumes, very many of them, instead of reaching in one continuous length from neck to hem, have flat skirt fronts and very often full, straight back breadths fastened to a slightly rounded or pointed bodice. Costumes of this description are made with full bishop sleeves and Medecis collar.

Almost every costume has now its special style of corset. The corset to be donned on rising is supple, easy and but little boned—it is also cut very low, while for the plain, severe tailor gown, a cuirass corset, glove-fitting, exquisitely arched, but not tightly laced, is provided. Tea gown corsets are a comfort and a blessing, easy of support, yet graceful. They are made of Greek net, and buttons are used instead of clasps. The tennis and riding styles are so short that they look like a child's corset.

Youthful and pretty house dresses for spring wear are made of tartan plaided surahs, combined with French camel's hair. A model imported is of old rose camel's hair combined with an effective plaid in reseda, cream white, old rose and pale amber. A lovely lilac wool dress has a jacket bodice, disclosing a blouse front of lilac, golden brown, rose color and chartreuse-green plaid. There are straight folds of the fine wool in the back, and the full undraped skirt is of the handsome tartan.

The combination of velvet with all species of fabric will continue to be a feature of costumes for day and of toilets for evening wear. Ribbon velvet is again plentifully used on pretty French gowns just received, appearing, for example, on gowns to be worn during lent, in conjunction with gray or black mohair, brilliantine, carmelite and cashmere. The ribbon upon these dresses is set on in straight rows; but for warm-weather gowns are ribbon points bands, and straps on panels, plastrons and sleeves, or loops set along the edges and under folds of both skirt and bodice.

JEWELRY AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

Jewelers' Circular.

The frog is the favorite animal in fancy jewelry, although the lizard has many friends.

A silver salad bowl is oval and incrusted with oyster, clam, scollop and other shells. These are admirably represented in color.

Both men and women wear the spiral Quaker-like rings, and interlaced knots, in which are sunk diamonds and colored stones.

Silver salad spoons are notched at the ends in order to entrap the seductive olive and the brilliant beet. These come in sets in cases.

Fruit knives of silver gilt have porcelain handles. Often these are curved to fit into the hand, and when white have gold decoration in relief.

Lilies of the valley seem to be a popular model for the handles of spoons. The shape of the the leaf is copied in the form, and on this is the stock of the flower in relief which makes the decoration.

Tremendous turquoises are still the heart's desire of every woman of fashion. This is a borrowed fad since Mrs. Mackay presented the Duchess of Fife with a tremendous precious egg. At some amateur theatricals recently the leading lady had one finger almost hidden beneath a turquoise surrounded by diamonds, and on her breast she wore another and larger turquoise.

Pungents, as they are called in the trade, have a like reputation in the world of fashion. Those long, cut-glass bottles, that might be as serviceable as an Irishman's shillalah in an emergency, have given way to dainty trifles that are works of art. A chaste sample is a colorless cylindrical bottle girdled at the stopper with three closely set rows of diamonds. Long Egyptian-like gold bottles with decoration in enamel are seen. These swing from a ring which is to be worn over the glove.

Sentiment is particularly active in jewelry, and it seems to have been caught from our English cousins, who have always shown a penchant for jeweled hearts and darts, and loves and doves. Heart-shaped jewelry is found everywhere. Pendants and brooches, more often than not, are heart-shaped, and no expense is too great to lavish on them. Moonstones and turquoise, heart-shaped and surrounded by diamonds, seem to be the favorite stones. Two necklaces were made entire by turquoise and moonstone hearts, set round with diamonds. The shape prevails from the most expensive stones and settings down to baby-pins of gold wire.

Chatelaines seem to be coming into form. For an elderly woman, a chatelaine and watch are made from cameos of different sizes. These are set in filigree gold. The watch itself is encased in cameo. Another chatelaine is made of beryls, in three different sizes, and also set in filigree gold. This would be particularly effective with appropriate costumes. A third chatelaine is of the palest pink-tinted quartz, in which diamonds are set, and the cover of the tiny watch on the outer side is of quartz, with a design in diamonds. This combination is of exquisite beauty and delicacy. As for diamond chatelaines in intricate forms, these are almost common.

He Told the Big Dog.

Portland Argus.

My two boys had each a dog. One of them was a bright, affectionate, long-haired and long-eared retriever named Hector. The other was a big mastiff named Tecumseh. One day a carriage with a dog under it was passing the house when the strange dog—a large one—seeing little Hector in the street, pitched into him in the most savage manner. In vain poor Hector cried and begged for mercy; his assailant had no compassion. As soon as Hector could escape he ran at the top of his speed into the back yard of the house, where Tecumseh happened to be, and rushing up to him put his nose to that of his big friend. Instantly the two were off, running madly after the carriage with the dog under it. They both attacked him in the most ferocious manner, not leaving him until the punishment was thought to be sufficient, when, side by side, they trotted home.

Ground Down by Taxes.

Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir—we are being taxed to death in this country!" he shouted as he stood on the rear platform of a street-car. "How much taxes do you pay, for instance?" asked one of the group. "How much? How much do I pay? I—I—well, I'm not talking for myself, but for my brother. His taxes would have been at least $12 this year if he hadn't sold out."

A Nation of Knights.

New York Tribune.

The old remark that the Americans are a nation of colonels has lost much of its force, but few realize that we are rapidly becoming a nation of knights. Even now you couldn't throw a stone without hitting a Knight of Labor, or a Knight of Pythias, or a Knight of Honor, or a Knight of the Golden Eagle, or a Knight Templar, or a Knight of the Silver Horn, or a dozen or so other varieties of knights. Now will some plain man arise and tell us why this craze for knighthood is so prevalent in a country where every man is a sovereign, and therefore vastly higher in rank than a knight.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The cheapest place in Missouri to live is at the penitentiary. The daily cost of maintaining convicts at that institution is only $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents per capita.

A rustic bridge just completed at Beach Haven, Ga., contains fifty-seven kinds of wood and vines, grown on the fifty acres of Beach Haven Park.

It has been discovered that a large portion of Utah is underlaid by a large body of water, which can be reached by boring wells from 100 to 200 feet in depth.

Screw-nails for timber are now made, without cutting the metal, by rolling wire of soft open-hearth steel in a series of dies until the thread is sufficiently formed.

In the British navy, in 1888, the sick list included 987 men out of every 1,000 in the service, and that was the best showing the navy had made since 1856. The death rate was 5.71 to 1,000.

A cat in Santa Cruz, Cal., has become so expert in climbing up the door and raising the latch to get in that the carrying of a big rat does not now interfere with her performing the feat.

Phonograph closets are very common now in the offices of New York business men. A man goes in and talks to his machine, and after a while the typewriter goes in and the machine talks to her.

It is estimated that it will require the labor of 2,000 men fifty-four years to extract all the coal from the territory between Reynoldsville and Sykesville, in the Punxsutawney region, Pennsylvania.

One citizen of Augusta, Me., called another a "jackass" about two years ago. The matter has been in court ever since, and the other day, when finally settled, it had cost each litigant over $1,300.

A Scranton five-year-old, whose mother had used 10 cents from his savings fund, last evening stunned his father with the remark: "Pa, you owe me 10 cents; your wife took that much from me."

"Use a tool, whenever you can, instead of a man," the machinery principle, is still getting in its work. Out in California a steam plow is reported to be tearing up the earth at the rate of 120 acres per day.

The Australian papers tell of a remarkable hail-storm at Brisbane at the beginning of last month. One hail-stone picked up at South Brisbane measured $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches, and weighed nearly five ounces.

The gulf stream really starts in the Antartic ocean, it then skirts the west coast of Africa, crosses to Cape St. Roque and enters the Caribbean sea, and so into the Gulf of Mexico, out of which it emerges bearing its best known name.

In Cherokee county, Georgia, there is a man who draws two pensions—one from the United States for wounds received in fighting for the stars and stripes, and one from the State of Georgia for wounds received in fighting against the stars and stripes.

It is not often the case that a man passes his entire life in the home in which he was born, but such was the experience of Samuel Banley, a highly-respected citizen of Porter's Corners, Saratoga county, New York, who died recently, aged ninety-one years.

A prisoner down in St. Augustine, Fla., who begged enough money from passers-by to purchase some whisky and then couldn't get the bottle through the bars, manufactured a funnel out of stiff paper and with it made connection between his mouth and the bottle.

An Austrian sculptor, Friederich Beer, has discovered a process for dissolving marble and then molding it like metals. The name of the marble thus treated is beryt. The new product costs little more than plaster, and is especially well adapted to the ornamentation of houses.

The government of St. Domingo, which claims to have the only original bones of Columbus, is desirous of forwarding them to the United States for use in 1892, provided there be given in return for them $20,000 cash down and 20 per cent. of the receipts on public exhibition of the same.

A second consignment of nine tons of mummified cats, from the great Egyptian cat cemetery, has been sold at auction at Liverpool. The bulk of it brought £5 17s 6d per ton, but some single pieces went for fancy prices, such as 40s 6d for a head, and 5s 6d for a perfect body without the head.

Riveting by electricity has been successfully accomplished. The cold rivet is placed in the hole, and when heated to the proper temperature it can be closed by any of the ordinary apparatus now in use. The heating of a half-inch rivet of two or three inches in length takes about half a minute.

Lack of work is so keenly and generally felt in the towns and provinces of Italy that the prefects and royal governors are issuing vigorous proclamations, calling upon all owners of property to scrape up some kind of employment for the unoccupied, who are literally penniless, and at the door of starvation.

Miss Ella Ewing, living near Rainbow, Mo., eighteen years old, is now seven feet and eight inches high, weighs 225 pounds, wears a No. 15 shoe, which, of course, she has to have made to order, and her shoemaker had to order a special last. The girl's parents are of about the usual size, the father being possibly a little taller than the average man.

The liquor bill at the Lewisham Union, a work-house near London, last year was: Ale and porter, 47,760 pints; wine, 84 bottles; gin, 156 bottles; brandy, 948 bottles; mineral waters, 6,192 bottles. Some carping critics intimate that there must have been fraud about it; others insist that the drink capacity of the average work-house official fully accounts for the consumption.

The oldest living criminal in the United States is John Mount, of Covington, Ky. He was a good one in his days. He is now nearly ninety years of age, and fifty-six years of his life have been spent in various penitentiaries of the United States. He has committed almost every crime except that of murder. He is living a very secluded life at present, and seldom goes on the streets.

The application of a caveat to stop a marriage is something new. It is stated that a member of the Maryland Legislature had contracted a marriage with a lady, and journeyed to the county seat to procure a license, when he made the painful discovery that his rival had filed a caveat against the issue, and before he can get it the case will have to be argued. The wedding day has been postponed, but the old man is a fighter and won't give up easily.

NEWSPAPER SCRAP-BOOKS.

A School-Teacher Finds Them a Great Help in Education.

Cleveland Leader.

Years ago, when a poor schoolma'm, and not able to buy pictures and story-books for the little ones at home, I saved, with a miser's care, the finest and best newspaper scraps that came in my way, put them in small books with pretty pictures on the covers, and made little eyes and little ears glad for many a lonely hour when "mither was awa'."

Then I began to save little clippings to read to my pupils; poetry to lend to those scholars who never could find a "piece to speak," so my scrap-books grew, if not into "things of beauty," at least into never-failing joys.

I have generally three books at a time in the process of being filed; one for newspaper poetry"—and where will you find sweeter, purer, better?—one for stories, and one for biography and miscellany. I think my collection of poetry cannot be surpassed by any publication of "gems" or "collections." As books of reference, my scrap-books are unequaled, and are often a sure source when libraries fail. No topic is untouched in them, and it is common remark with my friends when my scrap-book is brought forth to clinch an argument: "We might as well give up—Mrs. B.'s scrap-book always settles it."

Best of all, there is not a single impure word or joke, no lengthened accounts of scandal and murder, and they are a liberal education upon all the topics of this wonderful age in which we are living.

Have Changed Their Minds.

Kansas City Journal.

When the interstate-commerce bill was framed it was considered highly important by the framers that the long-and-short-haul section should be of cast-iron rigidity. And now even Senator Cullom is trying to stretch it. But there is no elasticity worth mentioning in cast iron, though it is easily broken.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dental Item.

Light.

Sufferer—Do you pull teeth without pain?

Dentist—Well, not always. I sprained my wrist last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet, occasionally.

A Safer Plan.

Texas Siftings.

Tramp—If you'll give me some dinner, ma'am, I'll split that wood for you.

Mrs. Pancake—Better split it first. 'Taint good to work hard right after eatin'.

No Sentiment About Her.

The Epoch.

He (after being accepted)—And what kind of a ring am I to buy for you, my darling?

She—Well, I like the one I wore last year ever so much. I will give you Charlie's address. Perhaps you will be able to buy the ticket from him at a bargain.

At the Knowledge Factory.

Light.

Professor—What is a fact, Slopey?

Slopey—A fact, sir.

"Yes, what is a fact?"

"I say, a fact is a fact, sir."

"Well, I believe that's a fact, sir."

He Did Not Appreciate It.

Time.

"I hear," remarked Gilroy to a friend, "that you received an ovation at your lecture the other night."

"Yes," replied the lecturer, "I did receive an ovation, but some of the ova were very stale."

Wants a Chance to Reform.

Puck.

First Maine Man—Going out West, are you, Budger? What State—Dakota?

Second Maine Man—Not much! No more prohibition States for me. I mean to turn over a new leaf and be a sober man, if I can.

A Clannish Congregation.

New York Weekly.

Stranger—What a pretty church!

Resident—That's a Polish church.

"It is?"

"Yes, but you needn't be afraid. The worshipers do all their rioting among themselves."

A Warning to Baby.

Texas Siftings.

Mother (to baby)—It's muzzer's little ootsy tootsy; muzzer loves her little darling baby.

Fanny (who has just been spanked)—Don't you believe her, baby. When you (sob) grow up she'll spank you t-t-too.

At the Night School.

Light.

Visitor (to the geography class, subject Ireland)—Can any little boy tell me if we have peat bogs in this country?

District Messenger Kid—I know um.

Visitor—You know whom?

D. M. Kid—Pete Boggs; he runs a wiener wurst-stand on de West Side.

One Happy Boy.

Merchant Traveler.

Her sweetheart made her a present of a canary bird and she named it Cedric. The other day there was found an egg on the floor of the cage and, now that young lady's small brother is perfectly happy. He says, "Cedric—Oh, Cedric," in a stage whisper everywhere, and ought to be killed.

A Reasonable Request.

March Lippincott.

"I have only one last request to make," said the dying man, as he painfully raised his head from the pillow and surveyed the weeping group around his bedside.

"What is it, my good friend?" asked the clergyman. "Anything you ask will be done."

"Then see that the newspapers don't refer to me as 'another old landmark gone.' "

Apropos.

Puck.

Mrs. Phondyze (with subdued pride)—This is my little Elsie; just three months old to-day.

Mrs. Chatphast—Three months! Is she, really? Oh, well (encouragingly), when her hair grows, and she gets some teeth, it will make all the difference in the world. But, talking of ugly babies, if you could see my cousin Dora's last, you would think this one quite a beauty.

Altered Conditions.

Boston Beacon.

Mrs. Hunter (looking meditatively at the empty fire-place)—How much you used to enjoy the open fire I used to make for you at home on evenings when you came to see me before we were married!

Mr. Hunter—You've got bravely over little attentions of that sort now, I notice.

Mrs. Hunter—Yes; I soon found out it didn't seem so cheerful to you when you had to pay for the wood!

The Engine of Civilization.

New York Weekly.

Great Editor (severely)—There was no base-ball news in the paper to-day.

Local Man—But, sir, base-ball isn't played in the winter, and I've exhausted all the new club rumors, new association fakes, and reports of possible changes of one sort and another. There isn't a scrap more I can get hold of.

"Then print the old scraps over again. You don't suppose I want to lose all my subscribers, do you?"

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

THEODORE STEIN,
Successor to Wm. C. Anderson,
ABSTRACTER OF TITLES.
86 East Market Street

LEO LANDO,
SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN.
Spectacles and Eye-Glasses fitted to all sights. Perfect fit guaranteed, or money refunded. Prescriptions a specialty. At 62 East Market street, opposite Postoffice.

McGILLIARD & DARK,
Oldest and Largest Fire Insurance General Agency in Indianapolis. Office—Thorpe Block, 83 and 85 East Market street.

LUMBER.
E. H. ELDRIDGE & CO.,
Shingles, Sash, Doors and Blinds,
COR. ALABAMA AND MARYLAND STS.

SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULT
Absolute safety against Fire and Burglar. Finest and and only vault of the kind in the State. Policeman day and night on guard. Designed for the safe-keeping of Money, Bonds, Wills, Deeds, Abstracts, Silver-plate, Jewels, and Valuable Trunks and Packages, etc.
S. A. Fletcher & Co. Safe Deposit
JOHN S. TARKINGTON, Manager.

Corner of Pine and Lord Streets.
CONSOLIDATED
Tank Line Co.
Dealers in Petroleum Products.
Corner of Pine and Lord Streets.

THE SINKER-DAVIS CO.,
Saw-Mill Machinery, Engines and Boilers,
Pipe-Fittings and Natural Gas Supplies.
111 to 149 South Pennsylvania Street.

COMSTOCK & COONSE,
WOOD, CHAIN and WOODEN FORCE PUMPS.
Dealers in Iron Pipe, Driven-well Points and all Driven-well Supplies. 197 and 199 S. Meridian st.

J. R. RYAN & CO.,
Commission Merchants, Wholesale Dealers in Grain, Flour, Feed, Hay, etc., 62 and 64 East Maryland st.

LACE CURTAINS CLEANED, and New Finish,
BRILL'S DYE-WORKS,
36 Massachusetts avenue and 95 North Illinois st.