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Don't Slop Over.

"Don't slop over," the old man said,
As he placed his hand on the young man's head,
"Go it by all means. Go it fast;
Go it while leather and horseshoes last;
Go it while hide and hair on horse
Will hold together. Oh, go it, of course—
Go it as fast as ever you can—
But don't slop over, my dear young man.

"Don't slop over. You'll find, some day,
That keeping an eye to win'ard will pay.
A horse may run a little too long;
A preacher may preach a fraction too strong;
A poet who pleases the world with rhymes
May write, and regret it in after times.
Keep the end of the effort ever in view,
And don't slop over, whatever you do.

Don't slop over. The wisest of men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And the wisest, at work or at feast,
Are the very ones that blunder the least.
Those that for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones that carry the steadiest pail.
Wherever you go, go in for the fat,
But don't slop over—and freeze to that.

"Don't slop over. Distrust yourself.
Nor always reach to the highest shelf;
The next to the highest will gen'rally do,
And answer the needs of such as you.
Climb, of course; but always stop
And take your breath this side of the top;
And you will reach it in wind, and strong,
Without slopping over. This ends my song."

LITTLE BROTHER.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

He was not so very little either. He was fourteen years old and as tall as most boys of his age.

But he was a shy and sensitive child, with features almost as delicate as those of a girl. And compared with his big brothers, he seemed fitted well enough by the nickname they had given him.

They were great, rough fellows, the youngest of whom, though only seventeen, appeared a full-grown man. That was Luff—a word into which his real name, *Eliphaz*, had been appropriately boiled down. Somehow *Luff Keeler* exactly described the fat, stout, chubby-cheeked, jovial, rude, reckless sort of boy he was.

Then there were Walt, aged nineteen, and Russ, twenty-one; tall, bony, muscular young men, loud-voiced, full of coarse fun and brag. How Milton (that was the name of Little Brother) could have been one of the same family, and yet so wholly unlike these three, was a subject of wondering remark to everybody who knew them.

The nickname had not been bestowed upon him out of tenderness, I am sorry to say, but rather out of contempt. They could not understand how anybody should be so fond of books and pictures, fireside quiet and his mother's society.

The truth was, Milton loved fun as well as they, but a very different sort of fun; and it was his dread of their rude ways which drove him to the chimney-corner and the shelter of his mother's affection. She was a gentle, quiet woman, to be the mother of three such boisterous young men; and the youngest boy was naturally her pet.

Many a time she had to take his part against the tyranny he suffered from them, especially from Luff. Not that Luff was viciously cruel to Little Brother; being so unlike him, he never knew how cruel some of his tricks really were. If he thought of anything Milton especially abhorred, like the sight of a reptile, or the blood-curdling shriek of a sharpening saw, he took a strange delight in inflicting it upon him.

"He's got to get used to such things," he would say, when the mother reproved him; "what's the use of his being a baby all his life?"

"But what's the use of your tormenting the life out of him when you know that he can't endure such things?" she many times had occasion to reply, with eyes that could flash when she was roused.

Gentle as she was, she had much reserved dignity and determination of character, which commanded the respect even of the lawless Luff. He would turn laughingly away at such times, with a careless, "Oh, wal! I won't bother Little Brother any more!" and perhaps play another trick upon him within an hour.

Mr. Keeler, a kind-hearted but not a very refined man, also took the part of the youngest when the others were too rough with him; more to satisfy his wife, however, than because he thought Milton ought to mind their jokes.

"Now, boys!" he said one day, as he was about leaving home, "don't you go to plaguing Milton while I'm away; do leave him in peace for once, if only to please your mother."

They were digging a well in the cattle-yard; they had reached a ledge which they had to blast, and Mr. Keeler was driving to town to get some drills sharpened.

"Now, Milton!" he said to Little Brother, who held the gate open for him to drive through, "help your brothers and don't mind their nonsense."

"What you call nonsense is sometimes awful to me!" replied the boy from the ground. "Why can't they let me alone?"

"They would, if you wouldn't pay any attention to their jokes," said his father.

"I can't help paying attention!" Milton exclaimed. "What does Luff catch me for and hold me up to the brink of the well and make believe he is going to tumble me in?"

"But you know he won't!" said his father.

"Of course I know he won't. But I don't *like* to be held at the brink of the well and made to look down with him pushing me! It gives me a horrible feeling!" And tears started to the boy's eyes.

"Well, well! I don't think he will do it any more; any way, try not to mind it if he does." With which mildly consoling words Mr. Keeler drove off to town.

It was some time before Milton went to the yard where the work was going on. That gave Luff a chance to forget his father's parting charge to him and to prepare another trick for Little Brother.

"Milt! Milt!" he called. "They're waiting for you!"

As Milt knew that he was expected to help Luff draw Walt and Russ up out of the well, he reluctantly left the kitchen-corner and his book and went out in answer to the call.

Luff stood amid the rubbish at the edge of the well leaning on the windlass and looking down. Milton, as he drew nigh, could hear the steady *click-click* of the sledge and drill below.

He walked carefully around to the opposite side of the well from Luff, and looking in, saw Russ and Walt still at work, with no appearance of stopping.

"You told me they were waiting," he said. "They are not half ready yet."

"Yes, they are," replied Luff, with a sober look on his red, chubby face. "They are going to tamp now, and they want the fuse. Run and fetch it."

"Where is it?" Milton asked.

"Why, under that board there; don't you know? Hurry!"

Little Brother did not ask why Luff could not have got the fuse, instead of calling him from the house before even the tamping was begun; nor did he suspect a trick. He ran to the board, lifted it with one hand, hastily put the other on something *coiled up there*, and started back with a shriek of horror.

Luff roared with laughter, leaning on the windlass, which fairly shook with his weight.

"Why don't you bring the fuse, Milt?" he cried, choking with mirth. "What's the matter with the fuse?"

"It's a snake! You knew it was a snake!" gasped poor Little Brother, still shuddering from the shock.

"The fuse ain't a snake!" said Luff. "The fuse is there, too. I didn't mean for you to get the snake."

"But you knew I would see it, and it's a mean disgusting trick!" Milton protested, indignantly.

"Of course I knew you would see it," said L. "But it won't hurt you. It's dead."

"I know it won't hurt me. It wouldn't hurt me, if it wasn't dead," cried Little Brother, his eyes flashing as his mother's could sometimes flash. "But I dread the sight of a snake, dead or alive; you know it, and that's what you sent me to the board for."

"I sent you there to cure you of being such a coward," said Luff, still laughing, but not so heartily as at first.

"No, you didn't!" Milton declared. "You wanted to have some low, silly, hateful sport; that's what you did it for. You didn't think anything about curing me of being a coward. You know, though I don't like some things you do, and which I'm glad I don't like,—fun with dead snakes, for instance,—you know I'm no more a coward than you are."

The boy's color had come back into his cheeks, his voice rang out with spirit, and his blue eyes sparkled as he told his brother this truth.

"You're careful to keep out of my reach when you say that," said Luff. "That shows you're a coward."

"It shows that I don't like you and your ways; that's what it shows!" replied the boy. "If I don't like a certain thing, I can't help it; whether it's a dead snake, or a big brother."

"Oh!" Luff sneered, trying not to show that he was cut by this sharp retort.

"I could go and take hold of that snake if it was necessary; I shouldn't like to, but I could do it. I could hug you, too, if it would do either of us any good. But I don't see that it will, and so I'd rather have nothing to do with either of you."

Milton did, however, walk resolutely up to the board, take the innocent little reptile on a stick, and fling it away out of the yard.

Luff did not often see him show so much spirit, yet he should have learned before this that the delicate and sensitive boy *could* do the most disagreeable things, with unflinching resolution, if, as he said, it was "necessary."

Luff actually resented what he had provoked him to say, and began to think of some other trick to play off upon Little Brother. As he could not at once invent a new one, however, he resolved to try an old one again.

Milton did not like to be held over the brink of the well. He had also a great dread of the sound of the blast, and would always, when it was fired, hold his ears and run from it as far as possible.

"I'll catch him and hold him, after the fuse is lighted," thought Luff. "That will give him a good scare."

He said nothing, however, until the blast had been charged and tamped, and Russ and Walt were ready to come up out of the well.

"Give me a turn here now, Milt," said Luff, soberly. "No more fooling!"

"It will do for you to say *no more fooling!*" Milton replied, slowly approaching the windlass. "It's you that do it all."

"Well, fun is fun, and work is work," said Luff. "Now it's work's turn. Catch hold here!"

Little Brother laid hold of the spokes on one side of the windlass and lifted. Luff pulled down on the other side. The strong rope wound up on the roller, bringing the great bucket up from the bottom of the well, with Walt in it.

Walt stepped out, blinking at the strong daylight, and the bucket was let down again for Russ.

When it rested on the bottom, both Luff and Milton, from opposite sides of the windlass, looked down to see Russ light the fuse. This was designed to burn long enough for him to get out of the well and at a safe distance from it before the blast should explode.

Luff seemed never to have been thinking less of a trick than at that moment when he was diligently considering how he should manage to capture Little Brother, and how near he should venture to hold him when the explosion came.

The well was about twenty-five feet deep, a gloomy pit; but under the shade of their hat-brims they could see two little gleams of light at the bottom. One came from a pool of water in a hollow of the ledge, reflecting the summer sky. The other was the blaze of a match Russ had just struck.

Having touched the end of the fuse and seen it catch and sparkle, Russ stepped quickly into the bucket, laid hold of the rope, and, calling out, "Haul away!" was drawn up by Luff and Milt as Walt had been before.

Walt, meanwhile, had carried away from the well the powder which came up in the bucket with him; and, having lighted his pipe, he was now walking leisurely back to the windlass.

"Take my place here, won't you, Walt?" Milton said, when the bucket was about half way up.

It is uncertain whether he suspected Luff's intentions towards him, or whether he simply wished to get as far away as possible from the sound of the blast. Luff made no objections, and Walt, pipe in mouth, laid hold of the spokes of the windlass.

Probably Milt did not think that even the reckless Luff could neglect his important trust for a little cruel sport at a time like that. He drew aside from the windlass, as Walt took his place, passing almost within Luff's reach.

"Hold on, Walt!" cried Luff, the moment he saw the spokes in his brother's powerful grasp. And letting go his own hold with one hand, he made a swoop with it at unsuspecting Little Brother, and caught him by the arm.

"Oh, quit your fooling now!" said Walt, with the pipe in his lips; while Little Brother struggled to get away.

Walt was well able alone to draw the bucket up; but Luff was still trying to help him, while holding on to Milton with one hand.

"Don't kick! don't squeal!" he said, laughingly. "No use! You've got to stay here till that blast goes off, if it blows us both into the middle of next week!"

Terrified at this threat, Milton gave so violent a jerk that he nearly got free. To save and balance himself, Luff put back one foot, which struck a loose stone and sent it tumbling over the mound of rubbish into the well.

The rattling sound was followed by a strange scuffling movement below, then a heavy plunging thud, and the bucket was empty. The stone had struck Russ on the head, and he had fallen to the bottom.

This frightful accident brought Luff to his senses. He let Milton go, and, at an exclamation of wrath and fright from Walt, hastened to look down into the well.

The glimmering pool was no longer visible; but in its place lay a dark heap, perfectly motionless, at the bottom of the pit.

That was Russ, half-concealed by the bucket hanging over him. Beside him a little spark was to be seen. That was the fuse, the fire in which was steadily eating its way to the powder of the blast.

"He groans! he is alive!" said Luff.

"But he'll be blown to thunder in a minute!" said Walt. And, still holding the windlass to keep the bucket from falling, his pipe broken at his feet, he looked about for help, exclaiming desperately, "What in the world can we do?"

Little Brother, after escaping from Luff's grasp, had not run far, when this frightful catastrophe brought him back to the well. Forgetting, or overcoming, for the moment his terror of the blast, he too looked down at the motionless but groaning heap at the bottom, and the relentless, eating sparks in the fuse.

"Go down and put the fire out!" he cried, in answer to Walt's question. "Quick!"

"And get blown to pieces along with him!" said Walt. "Will you risk it, Luff? You tumbled the stone."

"There ain't time," said Luff. "If we only had some water to throw down!"

"The blast is going!" Walt exclaimed, in the terror and confusion of the moment. "We can't do anything!" And he began hurriedly to draw up the bucket.

"No! no!" said Milt, excitedly. "Let it down! let it down!"

He made a spring at the rope, caught it, and clasping it with hands and knees, slid down to the bucket. Then he called out wildly, "Let down! let down!" his delicate, pale, excited face turned up at his brothers in the softened light which shone into the well.

The firm daring with which he went down to what seemed certain death fascinated his brothers above. Instead of retreating to avoid the blast, as they were on the point of doing, they let him rapidly down.

He was out of the bucket before it touched the bottom. He snatched at the fuse, but it had already burnt into the tamping, and he could not get hold to pull it out. There was only one other thing to be done.

He drew his groaning brother out of the pool, and found still water enough where he had lain, so that a little could be scooped up with his hands.

This he used; and there, over the blast which might at any time explode, with rock-tearing and earth-shaking force, he dashed dripping handful after handful upon the tamping, down under which the fuse had disappeared, and extinguished the last spark of fire. Then he fell fainting beside his brother at the bottom of the well.

When he came to himself he was lying on the ground in the open air. Russ, hatless, with blood trickling down his cheek, and locks of matted hair straggling over his eyes, was sitting up beside him. His father was there, on one knee, and his mother came running from the house, with a bottle in her hand. Walt and Luff stood looking on, both very anxious and very much abashed.

"Is Russ all right?" was Little Brother's first question.

"He is all right, or will be soon," said his father. "And so are you, I hope."

"I'm better," said the boy, also sitting up. "I'm so glad I didn't turn faint till I had put the fuse out!"

"How could you do such a thing? my precious, noble boy!" sobbed his mother.

"I saw that somebody must do it, or Russ would be killed, and I thought I had time, if I did it at once," Milton said, with a feeble smile; adding modestly, "Walt and Luff helped."

"Mightly little we helped!" Walt exclaimed, with an outburst of honest feeling. "Russ might have been blown to flinders, for anything we would have dared to do. There's more true courage in Little Brother than there is in both our great lubberly hulks!"

He was not the only one who at that moment felt that to see a great danger, and greatly to dread it, and yet to have the heart and resolution to brave it for another's sake, is the very highest courage.

"How did it all happen? how did it begin?" Russ inquired, hardly yet recovered from his stupor.

"I began it, I'm ashamed to say," Luff confessed, following Walt's example, and speaking from the deepest feeling of which he was capable. "I was fooling with Little Brother, when I knocked a stone down on to your head."

"Fooling with him again, Luff?" said his father, reproachfully.

"Yes, sir," Luff replied, with frank self-condemnation. "I was going to hold him while the blast went off, because he always showed that he dreaded it so, and I thought he was such a coward."

"A coward, my son!" exclaimed their mother, clasping Milton to her heart.

"I've been a mean, cowardly ruffian myself, and that's a fact!" said Luff. "As Walt says, Little Brother has more courage than both of us. I hope you'll all remind me of it, if I ever lay rough hands on him again."

"Oh, but I am sure you never will!" said Little Brother, hopefully and forgivingly.

And Luff never did.

Old Time Sermons.

According to the testimony of "the oldest inhabitant" the sermons of the old Dutch dominies in New York were fearfully and wonderfully made. "As there was no hour glass in the pulpit," he says, "or warning clock in the bleak, square edifice, the dominie, merely for form's sake, consulted his ponderous gold 'bull's-eye,' and placed it out of arm's reach before beginning his discourse, but was only restrained in his zealous labor of love by utter physical exhaustion. Men were strong then, ministers' sermons were long, loud, ponderous, nay, even muscular—they clinched each telling point with a heavy right-hand blow on the sacred volume before them, as if resolved to fix it there for all coming generations. After the pewter plate had gone round for pennies, another eight-stanza hymn, closing with the doxology, was shouted, when followed the benediction, which to-day would be considered a prayer of reasonable duration, but was always a blessing to youngsters; for during its delivery they were permitted to stand. On the walk home grandmother said the sermon was full of refreshing consolations; father spoke of its vital power; mother thought the Doctor had never been happier, while the children were delighted when the massive Bible was shut with a slam, denoting a speedy termination of the sermon. The prominent points of the morning lesson were again set before them in the lengthened grace, ere they were permitted to eat the cold apple pie, merely as a sustainer of nature, that they might be fortified in the inner man to endure the afternoon and evening services, which were nearly equal in extent and power to the grand trial of the morning."

A fashionable novelty in perfumery has been invented in Austria, and is called "the book of soap." Each leaf is enough when torn out for one good wash. The books vary in sizes; the smaller are for the hands only, and are no larger than pocket-books. The leaf is soaked in a basin of water for three seconds, then it floats and is placed in the center of the hand, where it soon, with gentle friction, froths. A page of soap sounds strange, and stranger yet, the soap is excellent; it is not unlike an ivory tablet. We doubt if the invention can ever become popular as an article suitable for presenting. It is too suggestive.

Education may not prevent crime, but it is crime to prevent education.

Domestic Recipes.

Tip Top Pudding.—One pint of bread crumbs, quart of milk, one cupful of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, yolks of four eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake. When done spread fresh strawberries over the top (or if not in season for strawberries use a cupful of preserved raspberries); put over that a meringue made with the whites of the eggs, a cupful of sugar, and the juice of the lemon. Return it to the oven to color. Let it partly cool, and serve it with rich cream.

Tip Top Cake.—One pound of sugar, one cupful of butter, four eggs, one cupful of milk, one pound of chopped raisins, half a pound of chopped figs, half a grated nutmeg, one small teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, flour to make it of a proper consistency.

Mrs. Cook's Cake.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, five eggs, lacking two whites; one cup milk, one teaspoonful saleratus, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, three and one-half cups flour.

Frosting.—Two whites of eggs, one and one-half cups powdered sugar. If you wish to make chocolate frosting add six tablespoonfuls grated chocolate.

Potato Salad.—One quart of hot boiled potatoes cut into slices, a small onion and an apple finely chopped, pepper and salt to taste, one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, some chopped parsley. Mix these ingredients well together, and when perfectly cold serve upon a bed of fresh crisp lettuce with a French dressing.

Saddle of Lamb.—A saddle of lamb is a dainty joint for a small dinner party. Sprinkle a little salt over it and set it in the dripping-pan, with a few small pieces of butter on the meat; baste it occasionally with tried-out lamb fat; dredge a little flour over it a few minutes before taking from the oven. Serve with the best of currant jelly, and send to table with a few choice early vegetables.

Mint Sauce.—Wash the sprigs of mint, let them dry on a towel, strip off the leaves, and chop them very fine; put in a sauce-boat with a cupful of vinegar and four lumps of sugar; let it stand an hour, and before serving stir all together. Mint sauce, if bottled, will keep for some time and be just as good, if not better, than it was the first day.

There are two things every cook must realize if he or she wishes to succeed. One is that stewing and simmering are not synonymous terms for boiling. A thermometer will soon show the difference between the two processes. Boiling point is not reached under two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, whereas simmering requires only one hundred and eighty degrees. Now meat once cooked should never, let it be heated how you will, be allowed to reach boiling point. If it does it is spoiled simply, and becomes as nutritious and as digestible as a bit of shoe leather. Fact the second is that frying means just boiling, using lard, oil, butter, or any fat you please instead of water. To fry any thing it should be thoroughly covered by the boiling lard, which should be kept up to boiling point during the whole process. Now this is not so extravagant as it sounds, for the same frying material may be used over and over again.—*Gastronomer.*

A Duel to the Death.

A Fatal Meeting Fifty Years Ago.

Robert Crittenden fought a very remarkable duel about the year 1830. He was canvassing Arkansas as a candidate for Delegate to Congress, General Conway, the brother of the subsequent Governor of the State of that name, being his opponent. The latter was a "Jackson man," while Crittenden was "anti-Jackson," in the political nomenclature of that day. They met in debate at Little Rock. There was an immense concourse of people in attendance, and party feeling ran very high. The discussion became personal, and Crittenden at the close of his second speech remarked that he "trusted no gentleman would utter words in the heat of debate toward him such as could not be tolerated by the code of honor." Conway retorted in a torrent of bitter invective and personal denunciation. Crittenden briefly and calmly rejoined: "Your language, General Conway, admits of only one answer, and that, you may be sure, I will make right speedily." A hostile message was sent the same day, and the meeting arranged for the following morning.

A vast throng had collected to witness the duel, for there had been no attempt made to conceal it. Ben Desha, a son of Governor Desha, of Kentucky, was Crittenden's second. There was some delay in settling the preliminaries, at which General Conway became impatient and excited, while Crittenden remained perfectly cool, stretched quietly on a blanket, with his eyes closed, as though he were sleeping. Finally the principals were called to their positions. "The spectators," says an eye-witness, "at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the noblest of human forms, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a lofty countenance, frank and open in its expression, and wearing the seal of death-defying bravery. He stood cool, collected, and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes dark as night, and his look of indubitable courage was perceptibly tinged with revenge. At length Desha gave the word in a voice that rang over the hill like the peal of a trumpet—'Fire! One—Two—Three!' At the sound 'Fire!' Conway raised his weapon and drew the trigger. His bullet grazed Crittenden's breast and cut a button off his coat, without more injury. But Crittenden waited until the last echo of the word 'Two,' and then his pistol exploded. Gen. Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced his heart." Crittenden died of fever a few years after these events.

Squaring the Circle.

James Morton, a Philadelphia mathematician, claims to have solved the problem known as "squaring the circle." The solution of this problem of finding the exact area of a circle has occupied the attention of mathematicians from time immemorial. Many claimed to have performed it, but their demonstrations have always failed to stand the test. The nature of the problem places it outside of the domain of arithmetical calculation, but notwithstanding this admitted fact, the ratio between diameter and circumference has been carried out to over six hundred decimal places. So, by geometrical methods, Mr. Morton thinks he has accomplished the quadrature of the circle. His recently published book contains the result of his investigations on the matter, and much other information on relative topics.—His solution, put in the form of a proposition, is as follows: "The square of the diameter of any circle is to its area, as the perimeter of a square described on the diameter of the circle is to its circumference; or conversely, the area of any circle is to the square of its diameter, as the circumference of the circle is to the perimeter of a square described on its diameter."

The Philadelphia *Record* wants to see the public eat less beef and more fish, and thus cut down their doctor bills. It has all along known that beef was unhealthy, but has kept still for fear of hurting some butcher's feelings.

Woman's Sphere Among the Piutes.

A squaw can pack more than the average mule. What would rupture the kidneys of a Mill Creek jackass would just about ballast a Piute matron. Recently on the plaza a stout buck was loading up a squaw for a tramp. He piled a lot of blankets and baskets upon her back and started her. On one side she towed a clumsy Newfoundland dog that wasn't broke to lead well, and it pulled back. On the other side she had a fat boy 5 or 6 years old. The dog wouldn't come along and the boy wouldn't go without it. The buck solved the problem at once by pitching the dog into one basket and the boy into another to balance things, and the caravan started with the big buck in the rear, sweating under the weight of a linen duster, smoking a cigarette and not a bit concerned whether his wife was staggering under half a ton or only three hundred pounds.—*Reno (Nev.) Gazette.*

The wearers of Bernhardt gloves have antiquity on their side, if nothing more. The cave men's habits and mode of life have been defined of late with unexpected distinctness, recent discoveries in France, Belgium and Switzerland having made this practicable. Professor Boyd Dawkins has recently given the minutest account we have ever had of this life, and among other curious items as to modes of dress and ornamentation we find gloves made with two and sometimes three and four fingers, and reaching very nearly to the elbows. The beginning of rouge is also found in their profuse use of red raddle, and stone "bangles" were probably quite as charming and equally uncomfortable with those of to-day. Is there anything new under the sun?

Both Ways.

An old story, frequently told in the forecastle of British ships, is reproduced by the New York *Ledger*. A seaman once came before the judges of Admiralty for examination as to his fitness for the office of boatswain on board a frigate then fitting out for the Indies. The august judges were in a petulant mood, and the president of the board so far forgot himself as to ask Jack if he could tell off the points of the compass.

"Aye, sir—and by your honor's favor," said the honest old tar, "I believe I can say it better than your honor can say your Pater Noster."

"If you can do that, my man, you shall have the berth," declared the judge; "and if you don't do it, you sha'n't be rated at all."

Jack agreed readily, and spun off the points of the compass from North to North-by-East, etc., rapidly, and in fine style.

Then the judge repeated the Lord's Prayer, with equal order and regularity; and when he had finished he demanded to know of his associates; if Jack had said his compass any *better* than he had said his Pater Noster. They decided that he had not.

"So, my man," said the judge, "you have lost."

"No, no, begging your honor's pardon!" cried Jack. I've done but just half the work. We don't call a man fit to stand at a ship's helm if he can't say the compass one way as well as the other. So, now, your honor, I'll box it for you."

And he commenced to give the thirty-two points backwards, commencing, "North—North-by-West," etc., and going through as glibly as before. "Now, your honor, we'll hear you *box the Pater Noster!* That's fair—I'll leave it to these honorable gentleman, all."

Of course the judge was stuck. He joined heartily in the laugh that followed; and Jack got his rate and appointment.

German and Latin Type.

An interesting article on German versus Latin type, in a recent number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, sketches the history of the struggle in German which must end at last in the triumph of common sense over patriotic sentiment.—The Gothic type was the creation of the earliest German printers, who wished to make their books as much like contemporary manuscript as possible. The Latin type—"antiqua," in printer' parlance—was, broadly speaking, the creature of Italian humanism, which clung to it as representing at once a close approximation to the character of classical antiquity and rebellion against the monks, from whose manuscript character the Gothic type was developed. Already in 1699 Liebnitz urged upon his German countrymen the abandonment of the Gothic type for the more cosmopolitan "antiqua," and in the following century it seemed as if literary Germany were about to take his advice. Toward the end of the eighteenth century the new or Latin type became a burning question. Goethe was at one time on the side of change; Kant, on the other hand, protested against the abandonment of the national character. At the present day victory is once more inclining to Rome against the barbarians.—Forty per cent. of all books printed, in Germany in 1880 were printed in "antiqua," and the proportion is steadily increasing. The Latin type must finally win in Germany, as it has won elsewhere, Prof. Kelle is persuaded; but its friends will do well to let it win naturally and gradually, without forcing it on the country by any attempts at legislation.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Making Names for Railroad Stations.

When the Illinois Central Railway was surveyed through the grand prairie, how to find names for the stations to be put some twelve or fifteen miles apart was a matter of considerable difficulty, for no distinguished savage or learned pundit had lived at these convenient distances to become immortal by having his name attached to these embryo towns and cities. The late John Calhoun, at the time an officer—if we mistake not Land Commissioner—was with the engineers when locating the road. While enjoying their siesta one day with only the prairie bounding the horizon in all directions he and his friend hit upon a happy and original expedient which solved the perplexing problem without further trouble. "You give me," said one to the other, "two, not more than three, consonants in any case, and allow me to arrange them with any vowels I may select, and we will invent names from them. We will of course reject all that are not euphonious and pleasant to the ear." The plan was at once adopted. "N T L," said his friend. Transposing them several times with various vowels, Tolono was the result—a very beautiful name. "G R N" came next, and, after a few trials, Onarga was selected. "N P T," and Peotone was soon formed. How many more names along the Illinois Central Railway were made in the same way we know not, but several others, we are quite sure had a similar origin. But, says one, these names do not mean anything. Originally, of course, they did not; but as soon as a town-site was located and called Onarga it did mean something, and a very beautiful, prosperous town it is. And so of the others. These facts are authentic, as we often heard them from Mr. Calhoun himself; and though frequently urged to write them out, his modesty or pressing business prevented. How much better are these names than the string of repetitions one meets in New York, as Utica, Rome, Ithaca, Syracuse, and, for elegance and beauty, Horseheads and even Skaneateles.

The Little Woman.

In daily life, who is the really formidable woman to encounter? The black-browed, broad-shouldered giantess, with arms almost as big in the girth as a man's; or the pert, smart, trim, little female, with no more biceps than a lady-bird, and of just about equal strength with a sparrow? Nine times out of ten, the giantess with heavy shoulders and broad, black eye-brows is a timid, feeble-minded, good-tempered person, incapable of anything harsher than a mild remonstrance with her maid, or a gentle chastisement of her children. Nine times out of ten her husband has her in hand in the most perfect working order, so that she would swear that the moon shone at midday, if it were his pleasure that she should make a fool of herself in that direction. One of the most obedient and indolent of earth's daughters, she gives no trouble to any one, save the trouble of rousing, exciting and setting her going; while, as for the conception or execution of any naughty piece of self-assertion, she is as utterly incapable as if she were a child unborn, and demands nothing better than to feel the pressure of the leading-strings, and to know exactly by their strain where she is desired to go and what to do.

But the little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that retribution cannot follow. What can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple sheet of brass, the angriest dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything and everywhere. At home and abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible, equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sights and shows, and, in spite of king, kaiser or policeman, goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament, unless, indeed, of that exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly defiance.—*Quiz.*

An Emperor's Joke.

Many a boy remembers how provoked he was when some play-fellow at school slily chalked his coat and got the laugh on him. A correspondent of the London *Telegraph* tells a story of a coat that was chalked to some purpose:

The German emperor, after a while spent in the new barracks of the Second Guard Dragoons, in the Pinierstrasse, not long ago, continued chatting a while with the officers.

During the time he was thus engaged he wrote a few words with a chalk pencil upon the tunic of the senior regimental captain, unperceived by that officer.

This done, his majesty left the room laughing heartily, accompanied by the colonel of the regiment, Prince Frederick, of Hohenzollern, whereupon the senior staff officer present walked up to Capt. Von S., and to his utter consternation, proceeded to unfasten and remove his epaulets.

Unconscious of having committed any dereliction of duty, Von S. remained motionless as the ominous operation was being performed, but his painful perplexity gave way to jubilant exultation when the lieutenant-colonel produced a pair of major's epaulets and dexterously buttoned them to his shoulders.

The words hastily scrawled by the emperor upon Capt. Von S——s were, —"Zum maj. befoerdert"—"Promoted to major,"—and the subsequent details of the general surprise had been arranged by his majesty beforehand with their executant.

Stewart's Marvelous Memory.

Stewart was the typical tradesman of modern times. He was a tradesman everywhere, at church, at his club, at home. He never forgot the most trifling details of his business; he knew and remembered the pattern of every piece of goods that had every been on his shelves. Stewart belonged to the Century club, although he rarely visited its rooms. The club once bought a carpet of his people, and when it had been down for several months Stewart happened to come in. He seemed to be greatly interested in the carpet, studying it attentively. "Where did you buy that?" he demanded at last of the house committee.

"At your place, I believe."

"Impossible!" rejoined the millionaire. "We never had that pattern in stock. We have had a pattern exactly similar, except that those little violet flowers were white."

The committeeman took the trouble to hunt through his vouchers, and produced a receipted bill of A. T. Stewart & Co. Mr. Stewart shook his head. "There is some mistakes," he said; "the little flowers on our carpeting were white."

It was found on investigation that the little flowers had been white—so offensively white and spotty to the eyes of some of the æsthetic members of the club that Louis Laing had carefully gone over them all with a stiff brush dipped in violet ink.

How Millions of False Teeth are Made.

In a Wilmington (Del) factory false teeth are made by the million, and the process is thus described. "In the process of manufacture the silex and feldspar in their crude state are submitted to a red heat, and then suddenly thrown into cold water, the effect being to render them more easily pulverized. Having been ground very fine in water, and the water evaporated, the two materials mentioned are dried and sifted. The kaolin is washed and free from impurities. These materials, with feldspar, sponge, platina, and flux in proper proportion for the enamel, are mixed with water, and worked into masses resembling putty. This done, the unbaked porcelain masses are ready for the moulding room. The models are in two pieces, and are made of brass, one half of the teeth or sections being on either side. The coloring materials are first placed in the exact position and quantity required, and the body of the tooth and the gum is inserted in lumps corresponding to the size of the teeth. The molds are then closed, and they are dried by a slow heat. When perfectly dry they are taken out and sent to the trimmers' room. The trimmers remove imperfections, and send them in trays of fire clay to the furnace, where, having remained for twenty minutes, they are complete."

Swell people in Washington no longer go to the dressing-rooms to remove their wraps at evening parties, but take their footmen along, and they stand in the hall and serve the purposes of clothes pegs till the party breaks up and the guests vanish to their homes. A row of footmen in the hall, heaped to the cockades on their hats with the furry and luxurious opera cloaks of their employers, is the customary sight at all great entertainments, and the certain index of the distinguished character of the guests.

A good deal is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.