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RING OUT, RING IN.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

A HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

How the Handsome Blonde Young Man Kept New Year's Day.

THEY boarded in the same house. She was a sparkling brunette, with a plump, shapely figure, rose-bud lips and deep-red cheeks. Her raven locks fell in pretty clusters over her noble forehead, and were gathered into a massive coil, artistically braided, in her neck. Her deep, glorious eyes were resplendent with a warm light, and had, in their half-shy expression, a charm which fascinated for weal or woe. She was endeavoring to enjoy her dinner, but was nervous and restless.

He was a blonde, with a quantity of mustache and whiskers close cut. He sat at a table opposite the charming brunette, and, do what he might, he could not avoid gazing at her. Every two minutes their eyes met, at which she regularly blushed, fidgeted and frowned, and he inwardly blessed the good fortune which had placed him opposite such a revelation of loveliness.

They were, ere long, introduced; but their acquaintance seemed not to prosper. One thing and another occurred to separate rather than unite them. She had other friends and needed him not, he was busy and cared not for her.

In this way the fall slipped by, and an occasional nod in the morning or evening, never at both times, a few words extremely commonplace as they met on the stairs, a merely polite bow upon the street was all their communication.

As has been said, she seemed nervous at the table, undoubtedly disliked to have every mouthful of food carefully scrutinized before she enjoyed its flavor—possibly the ordeal destroyed the flavor. At all events she suddenly changed her seat, presenting a most charming and unbroken view of her back to the careful attention of her admirer. Unquestionably she thought this would entirely discomfort him and force him to capitulate, in just what manner she did not know.

But, strange to relate, he survived this rebuff. He lived along as before, weighed as heavily, ate as heartily and slept at night as soundly. In fact he rather enjoyed the occasional views of her profile, perhaps, as much as her full

THIS STOOD ON THE BUREAU.

face. But it must be confessed that he noticed the pointed cut and laid it away among his keepsakes—for he had many such to gladden his lonely hours.

Thus the early winter passed, and she could not help but think now and then of this innocent young man she had so cruelly ignored. In fact, as is often the case if we endeavor to put a thought from us, he came ever more often to her mind. Her many admirers seemed less attractive; their compliments were hackneyed, heartless; she longed for a new voice, an unexpected remark, a new conquest. And feeling that way it was perfectly natural that she should think of the blonde young man, who patiently smiled at the back of her head during dinner. Ah! how she longed to resume her old seat! How she longed to undo all that her foolish perverseness had done! She even laid awake nights planning to bring about the proper result and yet preserve her dignity—for she would part with her life more gladly than with her dignity.

And all this time he, too, gave many thoughts to the sweet brunette; not sentimental thoughts, not romantic thoughts, not particularly interesting thoughts, but very ordinary musings, as he admired over and over again the taste with which her back hair was arranged; the superb fit of her tailor-made dress; the round plumpness of her arm; the soft whiteness of her hand.

Gossips will circulate in a boarding-house—mysteriously, to be sure, but still it goes. And one day while she was in her little room—his room was at the opposite end of the hall—she overheard two of the servants discussing certain photographs. She learned they were in his room. She also learned that they were photographs of ladies. Now, the dominant characteristic of the feminine mind is curiosity. Sorry to say so, but it is true. Some will go to almost any length to appease it. And many a woman has brought trouble on herself and friends to gratify it. And our little heroine was plentifully supplied with this valuable article.

"Can he have another girl?" she asked herself; then quickly answered it: "Of course he has. But perhaps he is engaged! Think of it—engaged! Is such a thing possible?"

And fully impressed with the horror of the thought, she flung her door open. There was no one in the hall: the door of his room was open, for it was the day after Christmas and he was out of town—gone to see *that other* perhaps. Her mother was out—no chance of detection from that quarter. She remembered that the occupants of the other room were also away for Christmas—no one to discover her there. Surely the coast was clear. Yes, she saw it, and with a rapid step walked boldly into his room. Ah! how she flushed at her own pretty face in his mirror—a dainty hand-painted thing—doubtless the gift of *that other*. But what other? She looked around and saw, not one feminine face, as she expected, but many. But there was one which seemed to have the most prominence. This stood on the bureau, and she bent over to examine it closely.

The upper drawer of the bureau was open a little way—all else was in good order. She had been studying the photograph, perhaps a minute, raptly and critically, when she was horrified by hearing the front door in the hall below open and shut heavily and a rapid step come hurrying up the stairs. She turned pale with fright, for she recognized his quick step and never had it seemed so dangerously quick—never had she experienced such a sensation of perfect dismay. Not pausing longer, she turned abruptly to hazard a run into her own room, for he had climbed but one flight of stairs—there was yet time.

At her bosom she wore a dainty glove-buttoner of oxidized silver—a pretty

HE PAUSED ABRUPTLY UPON THE THRESHOLD.

thing, the gift of a dear friend. It had become dislodged from its resting-place as she sat reading in her own room, and when the thought of those photographs came to her she rose so suddenly that she still further loosened it; while bending over the picture on his bureau it hung by just the slightest thread, and when she turned quickly to fly it fell into the partly-open drawer. She heard the noise as it fell, but could not pause to find it at so critical a moment.

When she entered the room—his room—she easily dodged around a chair, which was placed a little awkwardly in the center of the room; but in her eagerness to escape she thought not of that obstruction, but rushed into it, overturned the chair, which fell with a crash, and, humbled most piteously, she sprawled full length upon the floor, a dozen hair-pins flying in all directions. Alas! for her lordly dignity!

Just at this juncture he, a little wearied with the climb, reached the upper hall and swiftly approached his room. It would be utterly false to say that he was not surprised. It would be equally false to say that he was literally thunder-struck. He paused abruptly upon the threshold as if spellbound. His valise and umbrella fell to the floor, and he swayed back and forth until he was forced to grasp the casing of the door-way lest he, too, might fall.

This weakness, of course, lasted but a moment, and as he realized the situation, as he saw the chair upon its back, the proud girl motionless upon the floor, her aid for hair dressing scattered about in profusion, a faint smile lit his face—surely this was pardonable.

The next moment, however, his expression changed, for she remained so quiet that he feared she might be dangerously hurt. So he bent over her, lifted her gently to her feet, and sought to assure her that no harm was done.

Good health is a blessing. A robust constitution is more to be prized than a mint of money. But for once in her life she longed to be a delicate, sensitive creature, able to swoon at the shortest notice. For would it not have been blissful to be unconscious at that trying moment? Her hands were bruised, likewise her face, arms and many parts of her body, for she fell heavily; but, alas! her blood came and went as usual, and her mind was perfectly clear. His arms were about her; his hands were wiping the blood from her face—a little scratch received from the corner of the chair; his voice was speaking polite and comforting, and it even seemed affectionate words; but still she sobbed her heart nearly broken.

He inwardly thanked God for this opportunity, but was a kind-hearted man after all, and as he appreciated her situation he gently drew her toward the hall.

"I—I—will—go—go—by myself," she stammered, as she reached the threshold.

"Very well," he answered. "I hope you are not seriously hurt."

After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her whole weight came upon her shocked muscles they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so helplessly that he at once came to her relief. A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room and he was standing in the center of his, wondering how she happened to be where he found her.

It would be wrong to say that he arrived at the proper solution of the problem at once; for, although his wits were fairly sharp and the correct thought came to his mind, still he was not so conceited as to believe it at first. He collected the hairpins and a dainty, lace-trimmed handkerchief and placed them carefully in one corner of the bureau drawer before mentioned. As he was about to turn away his eye fell upon the glove-buttoner, and with an inward laugh and a sentimental twinge at his heart he gazed raptly at it, and then, with a sigh which may have meant very much, put it with the other spoils and dropped into his great chair to think.

Several days flew swiftly by to the busy workers of this bustling city, but they hung very heavily upon the hands of two fated mortals. He resumed his seat as usual at the table, but she came not. Day after day went by and she was not seen; and his heart beat more wildly as he surveyed her vacant chair, knowing so well the cause of its abandonment. Her mother seemed in no way changed towards him, and her friends seemed not to be aware of the remarkable coincidence.

Sunday came, and he felt sure that she would then show herself, but he was disappointed. Sunday evening after church he was so much worried and troubled that he summoned the necessary courage and asked her mother if Miss —— was seriously ill. And this was her answer:

"Yes; we are greatly worried about her. She sleeps not at all—or only in fitful naps. She eats almost nothing. She has a high fever, and really we are much alarmed. The strangest part is that we can not account for it in any way."

Hearing this, it is not strange that he found little sleep Sunday night. He saw that her pride and shame were killing her. He knew not why, but his own heart was filled with very peculiar sensations, and do what he might he could not think consecutively of any thing or anyone but her.

This state of affairs continued until New Year's morning at about half-past eleven o'clock. She, for the first time, left her little room and quickly entered her mother's. His door was open a little way, and he caught a glimpse of her dress—the same she had worn a week ago when he so surprisingly found her. He was at that moment examining for the hundredth time her belongings he had carefully put away. And as he saw her enter her mother's room a thought came to him—or, rather, courage came to him—sufficient to carry out the bidding of a thought he had cherished for many days.

He stopped not to consider for fear his heart might grow faint, but quickly wrote a few words on his card and tied the hairpins, glove buttoner and handkerchief with it into a neat package. Then tremblingly he sought the mother's bedroom door. The honored lady responded to his knock, and with a very flushed face he stammered:

"Pardon—I think—I should say this—or these belong to your daughter."

After which he made a very shamefaced retreat. A few moments the good woman stared in blank amazement at the package she held, but she had not long to meditate thus. The daughter, who was reclining on a sofa in a most exhausted manner, suddenly received new strength as she heard his voice, and springing to her feet, she pulled her mother into the room, tore the package from her and burst its cord in almost breathless haste. The mother was by this time thoroughly amazed, and sank into a chair, not really knowing what next to expect.

The daughter read the few words upon the card at least a dozen times. Tears came to her eyes; her bosom heaved with mighty sobs, and she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa.

Alarmed at this the mother went to her child, and when she became more calm she laid her beautiful head upon her mother's lap and told her every thing. Then she seized a piece of paper, wrote also a few words, tied it in with the relics—if they may be so called—and induced her mother to return it to the room at the end of the hall.

This done, the mother entered the daughter's room, and the heart-stricken young man almost flew into the larger room, where he again met that most bewitching brunette.

And now my tale is done. It were not proper or fair to tell what words, what sighs, what promises were exchanged that New Year morning. Suffice it to say that with the old year died all their differences, all their causes for sorrow, and with the New Year came love, peace and joy. This is but a silly love story, I hear the reader remark, and yet are there not many groundless or foolish misunderstandings between those who should be friends or lovers which by a slight effort can be put away in the grave of the old year? Let this New Year smile on all and frown on none.—F. W. Pearson.

—Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine form an excellent washing fluid. Put two spoonfuls into the water in which the clothes are boiled.

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

A Kingfisher Seized by a Pickerel and Both Are Killed.

A kingfisher sat on a branch of a dead tree, on the edge of Lake Keuka, the other day, near Fairchilds' Point, watching for his dinner. A black-bass fisherman was in his boat in the cove only two or three rods above the spot where the bird was sitting. He quit fishing and kept his eye on the kingfisher, curious to see the bird dive for its fish when the time came. He had to wait but a short time, for a fish came within the line of the kingfisher's vision, and the bird dropped like a stone into the water and disappeared beneath the surface. It reappeared almost immediately with a fish impaled in its strong, spear-like beak. The bird's body had scarcely come to the surface, however, when it disappeared again with a suddenness that left no doubt that it had been jerked back by something that had seized it. The kingfisher did not come up again, and the fisherman rowed to the spot where it had gone down to see if he could find an explanation of the bird's strange disappearance. A dead pickerel, about eight inches long, was floating on the water. A hole through its body below the dorsal fin showed plainly enough that the pickerel was the fish the kingfisher had speared. The fisherman drifted about the spot for some time, but being unable to discover any thing that would solve the mystery of the bird's disappearance, was turning his boat to row back to the cove when something came to the surface near the shore, twenty-five yards below. The fisherman rowed down to the spot, and to his surprise found an immense pickerel, and with it the kingfisher. One of the kingfisher's legs was between the great jaws of the pickerel, the latter's long teeth being set through and through it. The kingfisher's long, keen bill was thrust through the pickerel's body from side to side, six inches below the head. The situation explained itself. The pickerel had seized the kingfisher as it was rising from the water with the small fish and pulled it back beneath the surface, expecting to dine on it. The big bird had instinctively turned and jabbed its beak through the pickerel, inflicting a fatal wound. The pickerel, with the bulldog tenacity of its kind, had kept its hold on the bird's leg, and the two had died together and floated to the surface. The position of the two was not changed, and they have been sent to a Rochester taxidermist to be preserved and mounted as they appear in their death embrace.—Hammondsport (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.

LEAD PARALYSIS.

A Terrible Disease Frequently Caused by the Use of Hair Dyes.

Loss of color of the hair is next to loss of hair in causing general anxiety. Good, healthy hair should increase in intensity of color up to the age of fourteen, and retain its natural shade up to middle life. The change then should be very gradual, and not sudden, and it should not be entirely white before very old age.

Premature graying, or loss of color in the hair, is caused often in the same way that baldness is brought on, by an unhealthy scalp. The granular pigments at the roots of the hairs may entirely disappear, or lose their power of diffusing the coloring matter in the growth of the hair. If a spear of hair is once colored it never loses its color, but when they push out of the follicle without being colored by the matter, they never regain it.

Local disturbances of nutrition will often cause the hair to change color in spots. The most frequent cause of this is neuralgia in the head, which runs along the course of certain nerves, and effectually destroys the coloring pigments. The best cure for this is to rub the scalp in that locality every day, and apply tonics such as suggested for baldness. This will give tone to the muscles, and the glands which secrete the oil and coloring matter.

A sudden nervous shock will also often cause a sudden loss of color in the hair. In such cases the roots of the hair and the glands containing the coloring matter are injured, and there is no way to restore the color, except by dyeing. In resorting to this method, however, one should know beforehand what kind of a preparation he is applying. Lead paralysis has often been caused by using hair dyes indiscriminately.—Yankee Blade.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A Tradition Originated by Superstitious and Ignorant Sailors.

The atmosphere in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope has that peculiar power of unequal refraction, similar to that known to exist on the boundless prairies of Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota. This often gives rise to spectral loomings, or apparent suspension in the air of ships which can not be seen on the surface of the water. The phantom-like ships suspended in mid-air probably gave rise to the legend of the "Flying Dutchman," according to which a Dutch captain, homeward bound from the East Indies, met with long-continued bad weather, coupled with the wind blowing "dead ahead." At the time he was making an effort to "turn the Horn," he was advised by the mate and the sailors to turn back and seek shelter until the gale was over, but this he refused to do, swearing that he would "turn the cape" if he had to beat there until the day of judgment. For this profanity, according to the tradition, he was doomed to beat against the winds forever. His sails are believed to have become bleached with age, and his ship's sides to have become rotten and worm-eaten in his long struggle, and himself and crew reduced to mere skeletons. They have not the strength to heave or lower a boat, but occasionally the captain is said to hail passing vessels, imploring rescue for himself and crew from such a terrible fate, or, at least, to take letters home to Faderland. The tradition of the "Flying Dutchman" originated, without doubt, as was noted at the opening of this article, through ignorant sailors viewing mirages with awe-stricken, superstitious terror.—St. Louis Republic.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

A Vermont Church Service in the Early Part of the Century.

As soon as the text was given out, Deacon Batchellor, who was old and very deaf, rose from his pew, walked heavily down the aisle, and half ascended the pulpit steps. Then he adjusted an enormous tin ear-trumpet, and sat there through the long sermon, a pious attentive, but most grotesque, figure. The singers' seats stretched entirely across the church in front of the pulpit—two long rows, with a rack or desk for hymn books between them. The men singers sat with their backs to the pulpit, while the women faced them. When the leader struck his tuning fork and gave the key, all stood up and literally bawled and sang in each other's faces. All the old mournful minor tunes were great favorites, and the rhymed stories of hell fire, damnation and lost souls gave the greatest satisfaction to both singers and parson. Questions of doctrine were Elder Whiteinch's greatest joy and most frequent discussion, and several times a year he preached on the "unpardonable sin," but we must remember that he had none of the sins of great cities to form subjects of sermons and to preach against—not even that of intemperance, for the simple reason that it was then considered a sin in no one to drink strong liquors provided a man stopped short of gross intoxication. Habitual drinkers were all those New England farmers. In nearly every household in the winter months a little pewter flagon or tankard filled with boiling water (and with straw-covered handle to prevent burning the hand) was brought in to the farmer at eight o'clock, the regular bedtime. Then a great pitcher of rum toddy or cider flip was brewed, and every one, men, women and children, drank of it, and thus went warmed to their ice-cold chambers, where the snow sifted in little drifts on the floor. No farm hand would work at plowing and haying without three glasses of rum a day. Even the few workwomen who took their rounds among these farms—a tailoress, wool-weaver, an Indian "squaw nurse"—all demanded, received and drank their daily glass of rum. Bears were not infrequent visitors in Vermont in those day, and may a bear's tracks and depradations were reported at the Sunday "nooning," and the hunt was planned there as well. It was subsequently carried out in action, dealing death to the bear, and giving sufficient reason for the large consumption of New England rum. But the bears are gone with the forests, and the old Anclove Church is gone also. A chance spark from an oil lantern set fire to the Jackson barn. The fire could be ill fought with only the buckets from the old well sweep and milk pails to carry water in. So the flames spread, and the high winds blew them across the road to the old wooden church, and all were destroyed together, and only a cellar wall and a few half-burned bricks mark the spot where so many dull happy Sundays were spent.—Congregational Review.

ABOUT VENTILATION.

The Most Important Matter During the Winter Season.

We have now come to the time of the year when we shall sit with our windows closed and our doors also, and shall consequently feel the loss of that pure air which we have hitherto admitted through open doors and windows. Not only shall we suffer this loss, but we shall have to endure the untold evils that accompany the warmth of stoves and furnaces. We can do much, however, to mitigate these evils by judicious ventilation of our houses, but it will require some management and a little study to accomplish this. The simplest method of ventilating a room is by opening the window from the top and putting it up from the bottom, allowing the foul warm air to escape and the pure air to enter. An open fireplace helps greatly to keep the air pure. If the bed-room windows are guarded by shades and blinds, one at least may remain open all night, provided it does not subject the sleeper to a draught, and the effect will be highly beneficial. This should most certainly be done in any apartment heated by a stove or furnace, as carbonic-oxide escapes from either as ordinarily manufactured.

Air is sure to become unwholesome whenever it stagnates long, so the best thing one can do is to make it circulate, or at least to set it in motion outward from the room, and this can be done, as we have said, by opening the window at top and bottom. If windows and doors are opposite each other, open both, if it is only for sixty seconds, and let a strong rush of cold air come in; and this will drive the heated foul air out.

On coming into the room after this ventilation, no one with any sensibility can fail to discover the healthful difference between foulness and purity. This simple act of ventilation should be performed in every sleeping chamber where lamps have been lighted and people sitting before retiring. This thorough air cleansing will be needed in addition to opening the sashes and leaving them thus with blinds closed and shades drawn down.—Ladies' World.

The very Smallest Republic.

The German traveler, Blattner, who has hunted and traveled in the Alps and the Pyrenees during the last summer, gives an account of the smallest republic in the world—the little hamlet of Goust in the mountains mentioned last above. It belongs neither to France nor to Spain; has not to exceed 125 citizens, all told; is Catholic in religion, and is wholly supported by the silk industry. The people have no taxes or other public charges to pay. They have no mayor or other official, each male inhabitant of the age of eighteen having equal say in administering the affairs of state. They have not even an established church or priest of their own. They pay for church and school privileges at the neighboring village of Laruns, their marriages and burials being performed at the same place. Among the Goustenese there are no rich or poor, noble or churl, master or servant.—Chicago Times.

ROBBER TANTIA BHEEL.

India's Robin Hood Makes a Full Confession of Crimes.

Tantia Bheel, the bold Robin Hood of the Central provinces in India, who was recently captured, has just made a full confession. Fifteen years ago he left his village and took up the occupation of cultivator of land. He committed some minor police offense and was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the Nagpore jail. He was subsequently imprisoned in Jubbulpore jail, and on his release settled in Holkar's territory, but was forced to take refuge in the jungle to escape arrest consequent on a false charge of robbery. He carried on petty depredations for a year, and was arrested and imprisoned in Khundwa jail, whence he managed to escape.

He then formed a dacoit band and commenced robberies on an extensive scale. His first dacoity was accompanied by murder, and his men next pillaged and burned a village. In one of his raids a policeman's nose was cut off. Subsequently Tantia raided Pokur, where he cut off the nose of a woman who had helped to betray him, and he robbed her daughter-in-law of all her jewels. At a robbery in the Behut district he again cut off a policeman's nose. For the last two years, being much harassed by both the Central Province and Holkar's police, he got tired of his jungle wanderings; he was growing old, and his eye-sight was failing. On commencing his career he could travel sixty miles on a stretch, but now not more than twenty. The greater portion of his time was spent in Holkar's territory. He had never killed any body himself, but had robbed the rich to help the poor. Last year he distributed 6,000 rupees among the poor on the banks of the Norbudda. He had frequently purchased bullocks for poor people.

"He was eventually arrested through the treachery of a Gumpoot Rajpoot, to whom he had frequently given large sums of money, with which the latter had promised to buy a pardon. He had latterly suffered severely from want of food and malaria through sleeping without shelter in the rain. He states that other bands are now committing extensive robberies in his name. Rajaram, a native magistrate, accused of participating in Tantia's robberies, has been convicted by the sessions judge and sentenced to seven years' rigorous imprisonment and fined $5,000 rupees."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A CANDID PHYSICIAN.

How an Honest Medical Man Was Rewarded for Telling the Truth.

Some people were discussing the germ theory of disease a few evenings ago, and a doctor who was present laid down the law very emphatically upon the germ as being the physical cause, or rather inseparable antecedent of every known form of disease. When asked why, if he knew so much about it, he and the members of the profession didn't kill the germs, or at least explain to the public how such causes of disease might be exterminated, he just stroked his beard and said the germ had yet to be discovered although it was known to exist. "Why," he said, "we are only at the beginning of medical science. There's leprosy, which has been well known throughout this world since the Hebrews left Egypt in the time of Pharoah, and as yet we do not know whether it is hereditary, contagious or communicable in any way. We know absolutely nothing about its causes or its cures. All we seem to know is that it is in some way connected with such diseases as cancer, scrofula and rheumatism, and that, like them, it is incurable." Just then a little child in the room began to break out with whooping cough. It was the beginning of the third week's whooping, and every thing that medical skill and careful nursing could do had been done to relieve the little one. "You see there," said the doctor; "we can't stop the time of that disease by one day. We may put the child to sleep and soften the cough a little, but the germ has put in his appearance and must run his course. The fact is that medical science is now employed not so much in finding remedies as in discovering preventives. And, indeed, in a truer sense than Sir Isaac Newton, 'we doctors are like children picking pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of truth lies unexplored before us.'" The strange part of the story is that although the lady of the house admired the doctor's candor, she determined in future to call in a physician who had more faith in his own medicines.—Chicago Journal.

Machinery in the Shoe Trade.

In leather manufacture, modern methods have reduced the necessary number of workers from 5 to 50 per cent.

In the manufacture of boots and shoes the work of 5,000 operatives is now done by 100, a displacement of wage-earners of 80 per cent. by aid of machinery.

In nailing on shoe heels one worker and a boy, with machinery, can heel 300 pairs of shoes per day. It would require five workers to do the same by hand.

The introduction of machinery in the manufacture of children's shoes, during the last thirty years, has displaced six times the manual labor now required, and the product of manufacture has been reduced 50 per cent. to the consumer.—Shoe and Leather Review.

Scotland's First Pheasants.

It is a curious fact that pheasants, which are now killed in Scotland by thousands, were first introduced into that country only about ninety years ago. The then Duke of Athole attempted to acclimatize them in his extensive woods around Dunkeld, but the Duke of Buccleuch was more successful in the border counties, as he introduced them (after a successful trial in Dalkeith Park) at Bowhill, in Selkirkshire, and in Dumfriesshire, both at Langholm and at Drumlanrig. The Fifeshire pheasants are now regarded as being the finest, just as Caithness yields the best grouse and East Lothian the best partridges. George IV. sent pheasants out of fashion for a long time by repeatedly announcing that he did not care for them, but infinitely preferred a good fowl.—Chambers' Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

—A fool can start a fire that the wisest man in the world can not put out.

—We sometimes teach others by our actions the very things we do not want them to know.

—A great many people are like the ordinary cur dog; too small for a watch dog, and too large for a pet.—Atchison Globe.

—Endurance is more valuable than cleverness. It is the patient, steady plodders who gain and keep fortunes.

—You can no more judge a man by his daily walk and conversation than you can an election day saloon by its front door.—Detroit Free Press.

—An unfair thing in this world is that we never know there is an ounce of prevention until after we have taken our pound of cure.

—It has been observed that the man with the fewest failings is the man most tolerant of those of his neighbors.—Boston Courier.

—They who are most weary of life, and yet the most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose; who have rather breathed than lived.—Clarendon.

—The doctor who cuts a man open after death and tells what is the matter with him has the advantage of the doctor who is compeled to guess what is the matter with the patient before death.

—It is every man's duty to do right. In order to do right deliberately, a man needs to know what is right. Finding out what is right is, therefore, an essential prerequisite of right-doing.—S. S. Times.

—A distinguished divine once said: "I wish that ministers and lecturers would be a little more generous of thought and more stingy of words. You don't want a yoke of oxen to drag a cartload of potatoes on a smooth road."

—When the energies pause, and the worker settles down, he may find comfort and ease, but the inspiration of the great struggle is no longer with him; his real life is finished unless he takes into some other field that energy which has secured him success.

—Steady work for the love of it, and for the satisfaction and peace which it brings, never breaks the worker down. On the contrary, it so weakens temptations from without, and so destroys inferior ambitions and desires, that it gives the whole nature steadiness and poise. It is the best cure for restlessness. The joy of life for strong natures lies in a noble activity; a work adequate to the aspirations of the soul; a work that brings calm by its magnitude, and by its very demands evokes the best and greatest in us.—Rural New Yorker.

MONTENEGRO'S CAPITAL.

Something About One of the Most Extraordinary Towns of Europe.

Cettinje is the most extraordinary capital in Europe. It consists of one long street, with four smaller ones crossing it, and ending vaguely in the fields. The whole town covers perhaps thirty or forty acres. The principal building is the hotel, which worthily blocks the end of the main street. It is a bare and ricketty-looking structure, but represents the acme of luxury at Cettinje. The other public places are the prison, the church and the school. The first of these lies on the right-hand side, and in front of the gates, on a lawn, the prisoners amuse themselves by playing various rude games—bowls, with pieces of rock for balls, leap-frog and so on. A few of them are engaged in odd building jobs about Cettinje, and other hew wood in the mountain. They are not chained, but appear seldom to dream of running away. When a case of evasion happens, one or two fellow-convicts are dispatched to catch the runaway and bring him back. The theory of setting a thief to catch a thief is here practiced most literally and methodically. The only distinction between a condemned convict and a free citizen is that the former is deprived of his arms. This is an equal degredation to the usual dress or brand elsewhere. Close to the hotel is the royal palace, a whitewashed house with green Venetian blinds, which is popularly supposed to have cost a million of francs owing to the expenses of transporting the materials. Over against it is a long, low red building, known as the "Bigliardo." It received this nickname from an English billiard table having been set up there. The carrying of this piece of furniture by fifty men over the mountain was considered—and undoubtedly was—a great feat. While the porters struggled manfully under the slate a pilot stood astride on high, and shouted his directions as to how to get round awkward corners. The "Bigliardo" is now used as offices for the different Ministries and a Parliament house. The church is very small, capable of holding, perhaps, one hundred and fifty people. On either side of the entrance are the tombs of Prince Danilo and his brother, Mirko Petrovitch, and in the chancel a sort of sarcophagus, which is opened on solemn occasions, containing the embalmed remains of the Bishop-Prince Peter I. The old monastery faces the palace. Fifty or sixty years ago this monastery and twenty of thirty cottages round it represented the town of Cettinje. Behind the monastery is the famous Tower of Skulls. In the old days no Montenegrin was entitled to be considered an able-bodied soldier until he had decorated the tower with a Turkish head. The last occasion on which it received its ghastly decorations was after the battle of Grahovo, which took place on the 13th of July, 1859. The Montenegrins lost 400 men and brought in 4,000 skulls, at least so says tradition. The account is more or less confirmed by independent witnesses, one of whom, an Austrain officer, counted 2,300 skeletons on the field several weeks after the famous fight. The custom has, however, now died out, having been abolished, together with the most practices of a similar nature, by the Draconian code and inflexible rule of Danilo I.—Saturday Review.