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The committee of the International Typographical Union appointed to devise a plan whereby the munificent gift of Messrs. Childs and Drexel could be put to the best possible use will recommend that the $10,000 remain at interest for five years. On the next birthday of George W. Childs it is proposed that every union printer east of the Mississippi river shall set up 1,000 ems, the proceeds of which shall go into this fund. Next, when the birthday of Anthony Drexel dawns, every union printer west of the Mississippi shall in like manner contribute the pay of 1,000 ems to the fund. Thus for five years it is proposed to commemorate in this way the birthday of these two generous givers. At the end of the period it is expected a handsome sum, not far short of $50,000, will have been raised. With this it is in contemplation to erect in Philadelphia a beautiful hall, which shall be known as the home of the craft—the abiding place for all time to come of the International Typographical Union.

It is not an uncommon thing for Congress to sit as late as August, says "Carp" in the Cleveland *Leader and Herald*. The first session of the forty-seventh Congress did not adjourn till August 8, and that of the forty-fourth was here until August 14th. In 1856 Congress sat from December till August 18, while the thirty-second and thirty-third congresses each held nine months' sessions. In 1850 Congress sat as late as September 30th, spending the whole summer at Washington, and in 1842 the regular second session of the twenty-seven Congress did not adjourn till August 31st. Running further back the Congressional sessions were shorter. The longest sessions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first Congresses ended before the last of May, and those of the ninth, tenth and thirteenth came to a close in April. Since 1816 the regular sessions of Congress have begun in December, but before this they seemed to have had no fixed time. The first Congress met March 4, 1789, the second on the 24th of October, 1791, and the third on the 17th of October, 1793.

The New York *Evening Post* presents some interesting statistics, prepared by Superintendent Martin and H. R. Van Keuren, superintendent of tolls, showing the volume of travel across the Brooklyn bridge. A detailed statement of the number of persons actually crossing the bridge in a single day has never before been made, but a plan was conceived and carried out which enabled the gentlemen named to ascertain precisely how many travelers passed over on foot, in the cars or in other vehicles. The day chosen was when seemingly the travel was of average volume. From elaborate computations it appears that the number of foot passengers who crossed by the promenade was 4,925 from New York and 2,914 from Brooklyn, total 7,839; by the carriage-way 442 from New York and 446 from Brooklyn, total 888; by railroad 32,146 from New York and 38,091 from Brooklyn, total 70,237. The whole number coming from New York was 37,513, from Brooklyn 41,451, and the grand total for the day 78,964. The vehicles of all kinds coming from both ways numbered 3,581, and the total receipts for the day were $2,122.74. These figures indicate the capacity of the bridge as a public convenience. If the average be sustained they show that 28,821,860 persons cross the structure in a year, and put the annual receipts at $774,800.10.

A California Fruit Ranch.

The life on a large ranch is uneventful but pleasant, says a letter from Southern California to the New York *Post*. This of ours contains nearly 800 acres, and produces oranges, lemons, grapes, olives, and apricots. It extends up the Santa Paula Canon nearly a mile, and reaches southward to the edge of the country road that runs through the valley. Westward the property lies along the side of a gently sloping hill for a distance of nearly two miles. The original boundaries of the ranch were once much more extended than now. Then the property embraced all the land that at present is occupied by the village, and reached across the river to the opposite range of mountains. But there was too much land then, and the surplus was sold at different times, the money received for it being used in improving the acres that were retained. Parts of the ranch are still uncultivated, and are used for pasturing a few sheep and fancy cattle. The vineyard is small, and so is the olive patch; but the orange and lemon orchards cover 200 acres of ground, and are at present just in their prime. Wagon loads of the luscious fruits are sent off every day to Ventura, where they are sold or shipped, and the rounded trees add rich masses of deep green color to the landscape. The oranges hanging from the bending boughs gleam through the foliage like lumps of gold. In the morning before breakfast we visit the grove, and reaching up, pluck what fruit we want. There is no comparison between the taste of a freshly picked orange and that of one bought at a shop. We have been taught how to eat the orange too. Instead of peeling and quartering it, thus getting the pulp with the juice, we pare it as we do an apple and then eat around the core. In this way the pulp is not taken into the mouth, and we get nothing but tender particles. The best among us consume half-a-dozen oranges at a time in this manner, and the youngest can safely attack at least three. The trees are now in bloom, but with the blossoms there is always fruit. Each tree yields from 1,000 to 2,000 oranges.

HAD I BUT KNOWN!

Had I but known that nothing is undone
From rising until setting of the sun,
That full-fledged words fly off beyond our reach,
That not a deed brought forth to life dies ever,
I would have measured out and weighed my speech;
To bear good deeds had been my sole endeavor,
Had I but known!

Had I but known how swiftly speed away
The living hours that make the living day,
That 'tis above delay's so dangerous slough
Is hung the luring wisp-light of to-morrow,
I would have seized time's evanescent Now!
I would be spared this unavailing sorrow,
Had I but known!

Had I but known to dread the dreadful fire
That lay in ambush at my heart's desire,
Wherefrom it sprang and smote my naked hand
And left a mark forever to remain,
I would not bear the fire's ignoble brand;
I would have weighed the pleasure with the pain,
Had I but known!

Had I but known we never can repeat
Life's springtime freshness or its summer heat,
Nor gather second harvest from life's field,
Nor aged winter change to youthful spring,
To me life's flowers their honey all would yield;
I would not feel one wasted moment's sting,
Had I but known!

—*Hunter MacCulloch, in Lippincott.*

MISS FORTUNE'S ROMANCE.

It was a hot day in May—one of those early hot days that are so exhausting—and Miss Fortune Wayland, tired with that provoking kind of shopping that consists in "matching things," turned into a fashionable ladies' restaurant for rest and refreshment. She was a calm, equable girl, not readily irritated, but it was a trifle annoying to have her quiet interrupted by the rustling, laughing, and chattering of the very two girls whose company at that hour she would most of all have deprecated.

For she was dusty and heated, and not in her freshest toilet, and Ida Vincent and Kate Croye had just stepped from their carriage in all the lustre and freshness of elegant spring costumes. They, of course, could afford to be pleasant; it was a much harder thing for Fortune to smile and say: "Is it really you? I am glad to see you."

They sat down together, and began to eat ices, and discuss toilets and summer plans. "We were going to Europe," said Ida, with a charming frankness, "but *some one* is going to the Branch, and of course we follow in his wake. Mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him."

"I know whom you mean, Ida; there is really no need for you to affect secrecy. It is Ray Symington. My mamma thinks he admires me, and I am under orders to captivate him also."

"And pray who is Ray Symington?"

"As if you did not know, Fortune! Why, your father is his lawyer. He has been back for a month, and was at the Nobles' and the Hilliards' and—"

"Now I know whom you mean," said Fortune. "He used to come a great deal to our house before he went abroad. That is six years since. I was only a school-girl then, but from what I remember of Ray Symington I think he will never fall in love with any woman except one made to order. However, he does not concern me; I have fringes on my mind at present. So I will say good-by, girls."

"Wait a quarter of an hour, and we will take you as far as Aitkin's."

"Thanks; I cannot wait; I am to meet mamma and Gertrude at Madame Decimer's. Adieu."

Fortune was walking down Broadway again, and this time without the least sense of heat or fatigue. She was calling to remembrance some autumn days six years ago, when she had first seen Ray Symington. What a happy September and October it had been! She had come into town early in order to enter school at the commencement of the session, and had been alone with her father. During these days Ray had been much with them, and she had sat listening happily to his travels by land and sea, and heard him discuss with Mr. Wayland scientific subjects in which both were interested. How often had she brought them tea or coffee while they sat talking, and what pleasant words and looks he had given her!

Nay, there had been something more than this. One night when Mr. Wayland had been called out on business, and they two sat alone by the little open fire that the chill October night made necessary, Ray had held her hand and said, sorrowfully: "Fortune, will you forget me when I go over the sea, and never remember the pleasant nights we three have had together?"

"If they were pleasant, why do you go away?" she asked, softly.

"You almost tempt me to ask to stay; but you are so young it would be unfair. I am an old man, child, traveled and disillusioned; it would be unfair. You must see the world first, Fortune; and then—and then if you remember me, ah, how happy I shall be! Give me the rose at your belt, dear child. Perhaps you will think of me till it withers."

"I shall never forget you."

But Ray either misdoubted the young, inexperienced heart, or he feared to trust the future with it. He only kissed the rose, and kissed the hand that gave it, and in an hour there was an end of Fortune's young romance.

Perhaps just in this very hour her good fate had turned toward her, for what she had failed to find and failed to do all morning now came easily to her hand; and even such straws as finding the exact trimming wanted may show that the contrary wind has changed and a favoring gale sprung up. She was not conscious of reasoning in this way, but she felt a change, and under its influence looked so bright and happy that, when she met her mother and sister at Madame Decimers, Mrs. Wayland chose to feel irritated at it.

"You are so contradictious, Fortune!" she said. "Here you are, looking as fresh and happy as possible, while poor Gertrude and I are worried to death. It is too aggravating!"

"What is the matter, mamma?"

"Your father is so provoking. He came home early to-day, just because he knew we had an appointment with madame; and he talked such nonsense about not being able to afford this and that, and I really took all interest out of our spring costumes. Beside, he actually wanted me to stay at home this summer, and send you and Gertrude with your aunt Lucy—and it's Gertrude's first season! He never has a particle of consideration."

"Mamma, I do not care about going away. I have had six seasons, and, as you say, done nothing with them. Spend what money you have on Gerty."

"But what will people say?"

"Never mind people. Papa is far from well—say that I am staying to take care of him. I am sure some one ought to do it, especially as he cannot possibly leave the city."

Fortune was quite reconciled to the lot she had proposed for herself when she saw how happy the plan made her father.

"I have not forgot, Fortune," he said, "what a splendid little house-keeper you made six years ago."

So Mrs. Wayland and her younger daughter went to the Branch, and Fortune and her father lived together in a regular quiet fashion that was the greatest luxury to the overworked lawyer. Twice Mr. Symington had called before the ladies left, and both times Fortune missed him. The call seemed to have made little impression on the family. Mrs. Wayland said he had aged a great deal, and Gertrude said he was ugly and cross and old.

"He asked after you, Fortune," said Gertrude, carelessly, as she was examining her new riding hat, "and mamma told him you were absorbed in toilets at present. So he said: 'Pray do not disturb the young lady; I dare say she has forgotten me.'"

In about two weeks Gertrude's letters began to name Mr. Symington very frequently. He and his cousin, Colonel Hill, had called on them, and Gertrude thought both gentlemen "very nice." Pretty soon every letter was full of the two names. They were the key-note to which all Gertrude's life seemed to be set, and Fortune noticed that Ray Symington was the prevailing refrain.

Even Mr. Wayland began to speculate on the probabilities of so intimate an acquaintance. "I do not think it would do, Fortune," he said one evening, after he had read and re-read a letter from his wife. "Gerty and Symington I mean. She is so fond of society, and he never cared for it. It would not do; all the money in the world would not make them happy. Mr. Symington is—"

"*Here*, my dear old friend. The servant told me where you were, and I took the liberty of coming without announcement—as I used to do."

He had taken Fortune's hand, and stood looking in her face. Then he drew a chair between father and daughter, and sat down. He had come on business, he said, but it would keep till next day; there was plenty else to talk about, and it must have been very interesting matter, for the three sat together chatting happily until the church clocks were striking midnight all around.

It was about the alteration of some property that Mr. Symington had returned. There were dwelling-houses to be turned into stores, and he decided to stay in the city until the architect had finished the plans. It was very hot weather, and the architect could not be hurried, and Ray was in no mood to hurry him. So the days came and went in a slow, dreamy monotony that every one seemed perfectly happy with.

Ray generally strolled in to Mr. Wayland's as they were taking breakfast, and Fortune gave him a cup of coffee. He sipped it, and talked over the news in the morning newspapers. Then the two gentlemen went down town together, and Fortune took her sewing into the coolest room, and found her own thoughts pleasant enough company until afternoon. Before dinner she went with her father to drive in the Park; and they generally met Ray before they returned home. Sometimes he rode home at their side, sometimes he gave his horse to his servant and took a seat beside Fortune in Mr. Wayland's carriage. When he did so he stayed to dinner, and when he stayed to dinner he stayed until midnight.

They did not even talk together; he had fallen into the habit of asking her assent to any of his opinions by a look, which she generally answered by a bright, intelligent little nod of acquiescence; and when he had received this he went on with his argument.

But perhaps this silent understanding of each other was more dangerous than words; at any rate, Fortune felt it to be so. She could not disguise from herself that Ray Symington usurped more exculsively than ever all her thoughts and hopes, and yet she was forced to admit that he seemed unconscous of his power over her. She noticed that Gertrude had never named him since he left the Branch, and she wondered what this apparent indifference could mean. It must be one of two things—either Gertrude cared nothing at all for him, or she cared a great deal.

One morning, as she was handing Ray a cup of coffee, he had a number of letters in his hand, and in his effort to relieve her speedily, he let them drop. They scattered sufficiently to allow her to see that two of them were directed by Gertrude. There was no mistaking her small, running, insignificant writing.

After this discovery she withdrew more and more from the conversation of the gentlemen, and the bright, intelligent looks with which she had used to answer Ray's inquiring glances were more and more at fault. He saw and felt the change, but failed to draw the proper inference.

Things had indeed come to a position in which it seemed to Fortune folly to nurse longer a sentiment which it was evident Ray had not the slightest desire to reciprocate. She would at once give up everything that encouraged so barren a love. Letters to destroy she had none, and as for tokens or souvenirs, she had only one ancient brooch of a dead world to give up. It was not a pretty ornament, and she had never worn it; but Ray had told her that it was very precious to him, and valued above gold and silver. Yet he had made no inquiries about its welfare, and no remarks about her not wearing it. If he valued it so much, he should have it back; it was the only link between them, and it should be broken at once.

She walked to her desk and took it out of the little box in which it had lain for years. She laid it upon her palm, and it seemed to glow and burn and reflect a thousand lights. It was lovely. It was very dear to her. She kissed it with passionate fervor. She threw herself on the sofa and wept some very bitter tears for the death of a dream so tender and so lovely, and she felt that all of the sweetness and dew of her youth went with it.

But as she lay weeping, Ray stepped quietly up to her side. He took her in his arms, and tenderly kissed away the sad, large tears. "Darling," he said, "I have seen all. You have kept my token; you were weeping over it. You love me, Fortune—you love me. Oh, beloved, do not now deny it?"

"How dare I love you, Ray?"

"How dare you not love me? Have I not carried your image in my heart for six years? I won't have my token back, and I won't leave you until you say that you will be my wife. Think of it a moment."

"It is enough, Ray. I have thought only of you for six years."

"Then, sweet Fortune, let us be married to-morrow—to-day. Why delay longer?"

"One thing, Ray, I must ask you. I saw two letters from Gertrude among the papers you dropped one morning?"

"Gertrude has written me in all six letters."

"Oh!"

"About my cousin Hill. Hill loves her desperately, and Gertrude has been teasing him to the point of distraction. I have written and given her some good advice; she needed it."

There are no advocates like lovers. They speak with the tongues of men and angels, and Ray won his case—in a manner. There was a hurried visit of Mrs. Wayland and Miss Gertrude to New York, and the next day all the fashionable world knew that Ray Symington had been married in the most unfashionable season and in the most unfashionable manner to Miss Fortune Wayland.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Suicides by Monarchs.

There have been comparatively few instances of suicide among the occupants of the thrones of modern times. The most recent case was that of Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, who killed himself in June, 1876, by opening the veins of his arm with a pair of scissors. His subjects had rebelled against him, and the Council and Ministers had determined to remove him and appoint his nephew Murad as Sultan in his stead.

In 1868 Theodore, Emperor of Abyssinia, is said by some authorities to have shot himself, while others assert that he was killed in battle by the British invaders.

On Oct. 8, 1820, Henry Christophe, King of Hayti, in order to prevent himself being taken prisoner by the insurgents, who had gained ascendancy in the island, shot himself through the heart.

Charles VII., King of France, probably inherited a taint of insanity from his father, and the latter part of his life was embittered by monomania, manifesting itself in the apprehension that his children had conspired to poison him. Under this apprehention he refused food for seven days, and died of starvation near Bourges, July 22, 1461.

Concerning the death of Richard II., King of England, there were at the time various conflicting reports, and there has continued to be a difference of opinion among historians. Walsingham, Otterbourne and Peter of Blois say that he also starved himself to death. There is a certain parallel between the case of Richard II. and that of Ludwig II. Both were weak characters, both were deposed in behalf of stronger aspirants to power, both were shut up in a castle for safe-keeping, and both were reported to have committed suicide. In the case of the English king, however, the weight of the evidence perhaps favors the theory that some interested persons assisted in his taking off.

Among the ancients it appears that suicide was rather a popular form of death. Many of the philosophers advocated it as an honorable and convenient method of ending existence, and gave a certain pertinence to their teaching by putting it in practice themselves.

Among the long list of the rulers of antiquity who died by their own hand are Nero, Cleopatra, Dido, Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni in Britain; Otho, of Rome; Ptolemy, of Cyprus; Mithridates, of Pontus; Saul, of Israel; Rameses the Great, and Sardanapalus, of Assyria, whoburned himself in his palace with his wives.—*New York World.*

The suicide of the deposed King Ludwig, of Bavaria, on June 13, 1886, is the latest instance of a ruler's self murder.—ED.

Chinese Paper Makers.

Eighteen hundred years ago the Chinese made paper from fibrous matter reduced to a pulp. Now, each province makes its own peculiar variety. The celebrated Chinese rice paper, that so resembles woolen and silk fabrics, and on which are painted quaint birds and flowers, is manufactured from compressed pith, which is cut spirally by a keen knife into slices six inches wide and twice as long. Funeral papers, or paper imitations of earthly things which they desire to bestow on departed friends, are burned over their graves. They use paper window frames, paper sliding doors, and paper visiting cards a yard long. It is related that when a distinguished representative of the British government visited Pekin several servants brought him a huge roll, which, when spread out on the floor, proved to be the visiting card of the Emperor.

The English Royal Family.

It costs a good deal to support Queen Victoria and her family. Here is a list of the amounts as near as they can be got at in dollars: The Queen receives annually about $3,100,000; the Prince of Wales, $600,000; Prince Alfred, $130,000; Prince Arthur, $145,000; Princess Royal, $50,000; Princess Helena, $30,000; Princess Louise, $30,000; Princess Beatrice, $30,000; Duchess of Albany, $30,000; Duchess of Cambridge, $30,000; Princess Augusta, $15,000; Duke of Cambridge, $110,000; Duke of Edinburgh, $130,000; Princess Mary, $25,000; Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, $16,000; Prince Leiningen, $3,000; Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, $10,000.

A PUEBLO SNAKE DANCE.

A CURIOUS ANNUAL CUSTOM OF NEW MEXICO INDIANS.

Costumes of the Dancers—Details of the Rite—Its Probable Meaning to the Worshippers.

Writing about the annual snake dance of the isolated Pueblo Indians, of New Mexico, a writer in *Science* says: The leader of the dance, or high priest, carried a buzzing-stick, which failed to work properly, however, and was soon discarded. The antelope men, some ten in number, came in first. They entered in single file and marched around four times in an irregular circle, approaching the hut from the north. Then they took up their positions on either side of the hut, facing out. The snake men, about fifteen in number, then entered the court, marching in the same direction as the others had. As they passed the hut, they scattered some sacred meal and stamped on a concealed board in front of the door. This board is buried in the ground immediately in front of the door of the hut, and a hollow scooped out under the middle of it. Each performer, as he passes, scatters some sacred meal (which is a form of prayer), and stamps on this board, producing a loud, hollow sound. The object is to call the attention of the gods to the zeal of the performer, that he may be properly rewarded. By another version, if the dancer succeeds in breaking this board, which is nearly two inches thick, any wish that he may make for two succeeding years will be granted. As the same board is used continuously until it wears out, it must be occasionally broken. It is possible, however, that the man who gave me this version invented it.

After this stamping had been repeated four times, the snake men formed a line, facing the antelopes, and about six feet distant from them. The antelopes then commenced a low chant, in which the snake men joined. Occasionally the measure was changed for a few moments, and they made a gesture with the feather wands which each man carried in his right hand. The chant was kept up without intermission during the entire dance, and was accompanied by a peculiar rhythmical, swaying motion of the body. When the feather-shaking had been repeated four times, the snake men broke their line, and grouped themselves in front of the door of the hut. A moment later the group parted, and one of the performers appeared, holding in his mouth a snake. A companion (also a snake man) joined him, passing his left arm over the first man's shoulder; and the pair passed around on the line previously pursued, with the peculiar step, which, for want of a better name, is called a dance. The companion carried in his right hand one of the feather wands before referred to, consisting of two large feathers (said to be those of the wild turkey), mounted in a short wooden handle, with a small red feather dangling from the end. This wand was constantly and very skillfully used by the companion to distract the attention of the snake held in the mouth of the other, and to keep its head forward. The man who carried the snake carried nothing in his hands. I have been told that the men who took this part kept their eyes tightly closed during the whole performance. This, however, I did not notice myself, though these dancers were always led back to the hut when it was desired to procure more snakes. The snake is held in the mouth between the lips, not between the teeth; and the mouth is filled with some substance, resembling meal in appearance, to avoid biting the snake when the dancer becomes excited. When a snake becomes unmanageable, the dancer simply opens his mouth, letting it fall to the ground.

Each of the couples described was followed by a single man or boy, whose duty it was to pick up the snakes as they were dropped. These also carried feather wands. I shall hereafter refer to these as collectors. As the snakes were dropped haphazard, at any place, and at any time, and as they manifested a lively disposition to get out of the way as soon as possible, the position was hardly a sinecure.

This second figure of the dance occupied about twenty minutes; though, after the first round, the order became somewhat broken, the collectors being grouped in the centre, and darting here and there after snakes, while the dancers pranced around in an irregular circle. Each performer, as he dropped his snake, was led back to the hut by the companion for a new one; and this continued until the supply was exhausted. The low chant of the antelopes, the dismal though rhythmical clank of the tortoise-shell rattles, the peculiar motion of the dancers, the breathless attention of the spectators, all gave this part of the performance a weird character.

The latter part of the figure, when the snakes had accumulated in the hands of the collectors, and the dancers became excited, was very interesting. One of the collectors had a dozen or more snakes in his hands and arms. When the number became too great for proper management, part of them were turned over to the antelope men, who remained in line on either side of the hut, and were held in their hands until the final figure.

The final figure was the most exciting. One of the performers going a little to one side, drew in sacred meal a circle about thirteen feet in circumference. Two diameters at right angles were drawn, and another line passing obliquely through their intersection, representing the cardinal points and the zenith and nadir. The latter are expressed by the line drawn from Northwest to Southeast.

The chant suddenly ceased and all those holding snakes made a rush for this circle and dropped them into it. The snakes formed a writhing mass, nearly filling the circle longitudinally and about six inches in height, as nearly as could be distinguished, as the whole figure lasted but a few seconds. The snake men then literally threw themselves into the circle. Each man seized as many of the repties as he could and made off with them at full speed, through the passage by which the procession entered and through the other opening, and the public part of the performance was finished. The snakes thus carried off were taken down to the foot of the mesa, and there released.

The object of this part of the ceremony, as nearly as could be made out from the various descriptions which we received, was this: The snakes were released at the four quarters of the earth in order that they might find a rain-god (whose form is that of a gigantic serpent), wherever he might be, and tell him of the honor which his children had done him, and of the urgent need of rain among them. This is symbolized in the circle and cross lines before mentioned. The part of the heavens from which rain came indicated the region where the god was at the time that he received the message. This helps somewhat to explain the reverence, we might almost say fondness, which the Moki feels for the snakes. The released snakes act not only as messengers, but also as ambassadors, to the rain-god; and a snake which has been well treated would present the Moki's prayer much more forcibly than one which had been roughly handled.

Snakes of all varieties procurable were used, including the rattlesnake, about 20 per cent. of the latter. Many of them were numbed from long confinement and frequent handling, though when given a chance to escape, as they were dropped on the ground, they showed decided signs of life.

Fish in the Pacific.

The excitement about the Canadian fisheries gives a hint as to the prospective value of one of the undeveloped resources of the Northwest. The shore fishing of the Provinces, on the Atlantic side, is of sufficient importance to bring the United States and its neighbors to the verge of a quarrel, but it is a small matter compared with the opportunities open in the Northwestern waters on this side of the continent. The mackerel fishing, which is the present matter of dispute, is of less importance than the Banks codfishing, yet the whole extent of the Newfoundland Banks is only about 70,000 square miles, while in the Pacific and Okhotsk we have 300,000 square miles, in Behring Sea almost as much more, and around the Choumagin Islands 80,000; altogether nearly ten times the area of the Atlantic Banks. The total money value per annum of the fisheries on the Banks and off the east coast of the British North American Provinces is in the neighborhood of $25,000,000, which embraces the catch of the vessels of all nations resorting there. When the fisheries of the North Pacific are developed to anything like the extent of those of the North Atlantic they will form one of the great industries of this coast.—*San Francisco Call.*

Growing Old.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midday between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up-hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Minute Writing.

It was thought a wonderful achievement, when Paris was besieged by the Germans, to photograph one side of a newspaper on tissue paper small enough to be enclosed in a tiny quill. A carrier pigeon conveyed the quill out of the beleaguered city to those who read its contents through a magnifying glass. But neither photography nor the microscope was known in the days of Cicero, yet he mentions that the whole of Homer's Iliad had been written on a piece of parchment so small as to be enclosed in a nut-shell. A Frenchman, after years of practising, wrote the four canonical prayers of the Roman Church on one of his finger nails. He was proud of his exploit, but a poet is mentioned by Pliny, who excelled him in the art of minute penmanship. He wrote a couplet in letters of gold, but so minute was the writing that the bit of paper on which it was inscribed was enclosed in the husk of a grain of wheat.—*Paper World.*

Rainy.

Many amusing stories are told of the sayings and doings of the astonished backwoodsmen when the first lines of railroad began operations in America. When the first Maine railroad was built the conductor, Mr. Pitman, left Waterville on his morning train. It was raining hard.

When he arrived at North Belgrade, a flag-station, not seeing any flag, he ran by the station. As the train passed the red flag was hurriedly run out.

Mr. Pitman stopped his train, and backing up to the station, called out to the agent:

"Why didn't you put up the flag sooner?"

"Why," was the reply, "be you a-goin' to run trains in rainy weather?"

"Of course."

"I didn't reckon so."

The Mice and the Cat.

A number of Mice once held a convention for the purpose of adopting means of defense against a Cat that was making herself very pervasive in the neighborhood, and finally decided to put a bell on the monster. A committee appointed for the purpose straightway put a brass bell on the Cat while she was taking an evening nap. But thereafter the sound of the bell was so terrifying that no mouse could sleep when the cat was anywhere in the vicinity, even when there was no real danger; and, finally, the alarm became so general that the neighborhood was entirely cleared of mice, and the Cat held possession of the field.

Moral—This Fable teaches that an inventor in devising a new kind of cannon, should make allowance for recoil and back-action.—*Life.*

Cyclone insurance is almost as common as fire insurance in the West.