FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—A Paris chiropodist says seventy-five per cent. of the French people have deformed feet.

—The new railway station at Birmingham, England, cost nearly $2,000,000, and is the largest in the world.

—The poor authorities of Paris ask for $8,000,000 for the coming year. They say they will be compelled to give assistance to 406,000 people.

—The bread now baked at Naples is of precisely the same shape as the loaves found at Pompeii that were put in the oven 2,000 years ago.

—For a vacant situation in one of the Parisian banks—a place worth about $250 a year—there have been, it is said, no fewer than 6,000 applications.

—In an address recently delivered Professor Tyndall says that a high German authority told him that the cry of German soldiers in entering a battle during 1870-71 was not "We must conquer," but "We must do our duty."

—An umbrella loan society has been organized in Berlin. Offices will soon be opened in various parts of the city, where members of the society, "for a moderate deposit and a trifling fee," may procure an umbrella at any time.

—A tunnel 5,000 feet in length has been discovered on the Island of Samos. It was constructed about nine centuries before the Christian era, and Herodotus says it served the purpose of providing the old seaport with drinking water.

—That must have been an interesting scene in Fleet Street, London, not long ago, when a man, having seven or eight wheelbarrows loaded with copies of Dickens' "Sketches," sold them rapidly for a penny each to the passers-by, who crowded about him.

—In Paris is being established a fund to provide pensions for physicians when they reach the age of sixty. By paying "a small yearly subscription" physicians entitle themselves to an annual allowance of 1,200 francs on reaching that age. The wives of physicians may also participate in the benefits of the society.

—A committee has been formed at Lucerne with a view of erecting what is called a "universal column." It is to measure 300 feet in height, and is to contain in its interior relief portraits of all the celebrated men and women of the present era on bronze tablets. Another project of the committee is the building of a "museum of the nineteenth century," to be dedicated to art, science, inventions, commerce and industry, and to contain the busts and statues of all distinguished persons of these domains. The cost is estimated at 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 francs, and is to be met by subscription, lotteries, etc.

—It is stated by an English paper that General Arantschejeff, the confidential adviser of the Russian Emperor Alexander I., deposited fifty years ago, in the Imperial Bank of Russia, fifty thousand roubles, which were to be allowed to accumulate in interest until 1925, when the entire sum, less one-fifth for the cost of publication, should be awarded to the author who should write the best work on the life and reign of Alexander, the award to be made by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. The prize will be about $1,200,000.

OVER-MENTAL WORK.

People Who Wear Themselves Out by Undue Exertion of the Brain.

Any person, who has moved in the usual circles of society, must have noticed that children rarely reach the growth and stature of their parents. They possess poorer health, and so are less able to endure the wear and tear of life. The parents may have led lives not exactly in harmony with the laws of health. They may have had no regard to ventilation, nor cleanliness, yet are stout and firm, and duly reach old age. Their children were well bred, and faithfully observed the laws of health and growth. They were careful to obtain a full supply of fresh and invigorating air, and yet were less able to endure the cares and toils of life than their parents. The generation of girls coming upon the stage of life at the present period are likely to be less healthy, less robust, less able to endure the activities of life than their mothers. Many causes exist for this condition of our girls. But a leading one is that they have less physical exercise, and more mental than the mothers. One hundred years ago girls were limited in their studies to reading, writing and arithmetic as far as the Rule of Three. They were allowed to run and scream; to rest and sleep, to spend their days cheerfully, and their nights quietly. But now girls spend ten years of their time in school, urged forward and compelled to exert their minds more and more. Every hour of the day and evening is occupied in studying music, the languages, history, and the various branches of mathematics. Some have no time for proper sleep, their minds are so full of thoughts that are useless and even harmful. So much brain force is consumed in mind work that they have but little left for exercising the functions of the body. Their appetite often fails, or if they consume a small amount of food, it does not easily digest or nourish them. One cause, then, is that our girls now-a-days are subject to a greater mental strain than were their mothers. So many of them really break down physically, and even mentally long before they reach their growth.

The proper purpose of education is to develop the intellectual powers—to cultivate them in such a way as to give them strength and to store them with a certain amount of knowledge. Now the general law in all nature is that moderate exercise of mind or body promotes their growth and strength, while excessive exercise debilitates them. Our girls, very often, are compelled to keep their minds in excessive exercise, and so, instead of strengthening and enlarging them, actually weaken and belittle them. The most distinguished scholars in our seminaries for females are not usually those who are the most useful in the ordinary walks of life. We may find among the graduates of these seminaries many illustrations of this fact. We have known professionally many girls who were nearly, if not quite, ruined by over-straining of the mind, and we have rarely known them entirely to recover. The usual result of over-tasking the intellectual powers is, ordinarily, a chronic disturbance of the brain and general feebleness. We have known some girls who were completely ruined for this world by over-exertion of the mind and under-feeding of the body. School girls rarely consume food enough, if over-tasked in mind, to sustain the functions of the body.

A young lady of unusual strength and beauty, the daughter of robust parents, was nearly ruined years ago by this wicked process of over-tasking and under-feeding at a boarding-school. The principle may be true, but its application was false. The principle was, that a girl can not eat heartily and study well. The brain can not supply force at the same time to the mind and stomach. No person can think clearly, and at the same time, digest a proper dinner. The inference, the principal and manager of this seminary made was, that girls could study hard, or exercise their intellectual power only on a light and innutritious diet. In harmony with this thought, this girl was over-worked and under-fed. The result was what we should expect. After a few months from her entrance on this course of treatment, her sufferings began. She lost her appetite, had headache and vertigo. She had dreams about her studies; she was studying hardly less by night than by day. Finally her brain was so much disturbed, and her health was so seriously impaired, that she was compelled to forego her ambitious aspirations and retire to a quiet and peaceful life. A few years of good sleep, pure air, exposure to the genial influences of the sun, nutritious food and cheerful friends, gradually restored her to her former health and beauty. A few years passed away and she was married. Her four children inherited her enfeebled brain and could endure only a moderate amount of mental exercise without suffering headache, dizziness, or some other disturbance of the brain.

Such cases are often charged to constitutional delicacy. They retard the development of the body and create disorder of the brain, from which few ever entirely recover. The mature and tough may endure hard labors of mind and body, but not the young and growing. We often now-a-days meet with adults who are suffering from excessive mental toil expended in their youthful days. They were rendered feeble because when coming to maturity, they indulged in excessive exertions of their mental powers; had no proper or sufficient rest, and no opportunity to consume and digest food enough to keep their physical machinery in good order.—*C. Allen, M. D., in Western Review.*

IMPAIRED VISION.

The Causes That Induce Partial Blindness—Injudicious Reading.

"With the single exception of the insane, I don't think any class appeal more strongly to us for sympathy than the blind," said a well-known and philanthropic physician yesterday. "Truly they are deserving of pity. But despite their terrible and irreparable loss, it is a great mistake to imagine that they wander through the world as if they were shut up in an iron cage. True, while in the midst of light and air, and where laughter is heard and tears are shed, and where looks are interchanged the blind are shut out. But then blind men and women have much enjoyment in their own peculiar way. They can appreciate the glories of external nature and the sweetness of social intercourse as much as any one. I often think that when they feel the warmth of the sun a picture of exceeding brightness is formed in their minds. The different tones loved voices have for their ears betray to them often more quickly than the most careful study of a face will do what is going on in the hearts and minds of their friends."

"Do you come across many cases of blindness in your practice?"

"Well, I encounter many cases of impaired vision or partial blindness. I dare say two out of every three persons are troubled with some eye disease, which materially affects their vision. It is a terrible thing even to contemplate the number in this city who thus suffer. One of the most common complaints is short-sightedness. The people suffering from this could not be enumerated, for their name is legion. I tell you the American people do not take nearly enough care of their eyes. The unimpaired sense of sight is a priceless boon, and too much care can not really be bestowed in order to keep the delicate optic organs free from disease."

"What causes this impaired vision?"

"Mainly injudicious reading. Many people have had their eyes ruined at school; and teachers, I am bound to say, are largely responsible for this. Many instructors of youth permit the little ones to read with their books close up to their eyes. This is a grave mistake, and the practice is productive in the highest extent of short-sightedness. Then, again, some people contract disease by reading by dim and flickering lights. This practice can not be too strongly condemned. The use of tobacco in excess will also produce disease of the eye."

"Are there any intellectual fields of labor open to the blind?"

"Are there?" Yes; more than the casual thinker might suppose. A blind man or woman musically inclined can earn no inconsiderable income as an organist or teacher of music. Most of the schools for instructing the blind recognize this fact, and cultivate to the utmost their pupils' musical powers. I consider the study of languages, and especially the foreign tongues, a valuable accomplishment to the blind. It would afford them lucrative employment, and would also be comparatively easy of attainment."

"Any other field of labor?"

"Yes; that beautiful and wonderful machine, the American type-writer. It promises to open a new gate in the world's vast workshop for the blind to enter at. The simple expedient of the letters and the numbers being carved upon the keys, instead of being printed, as is ordinarily the case, makes this accomplishment easily learned by a blind person, with but moderate application."—*Albany Express.*

Sophie's Kiss.

The following is given as a true story, and the little comedy was played in the night "Pullman" bound from Scotland to London recently: "The car was full, and, as the ladies' compartment was occupied, the next berths to it were partitioned off with curtains from the rest of the car for a married couple, who had taken their places late. About an hour after every one had retired, and when everything was quiet a low voice was heard from behind the curtains: "Sophie, Sophie, give me a kiss and say you forgive me." Then a little louder: "Sophie, I can't sleep unless you say you forgive me; give me a kiss and say you forgive me." Still no response. At last the voice of the evidently penitent husband (he was quite regardless of the tittering and smothered laughter from the neighboring berths) pleaded again: "Sophie, Sophie, just one kiss, one, and say you forgive me." Unable to stand this sort of thing any longer, a choleric old Indian officer popped his head out of his berth and shouted: "Sophie, for Heaven's sake, give him a kiss and let us get some sleep."—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE COMING HUMORIST.

He States His Case to Bill Nye, and Asks for Advice, Which He Freely Gives.

The following letter has been received, and as it incloses no unsmirched postage-stamp to insure a private reply, I take great pleasure in answering it through the columns of *Puck:*

CHRISTIAN KAS., Sept. 22, '84.

DEAR SIR: I am studying for a Humorist. Could you help me to some of the JOLIEST Books that are written? With some of the best Jokes of the Day &c &c &c.

Also what it would be best for me to do to become an Humorist

I am said to be a Natural Born Humorist by my friends and all I need is Cultivation to make my mark

Please reply by return mail.

Kindly Yours

HERMAN A. H.

For some time I have been grieving over the dearth of humor in America, and wondering who the great coming humorist was to be. Several papers have already deplored the lack of humor in our land, but they have not been able to put their finger on the approaching humorist of the age. Just as we had begun to despair, however, here he comes, quietly and unostentatiously, modestly and ungrammatically. Unheralded and silently, like Maud S. or any other eminent man, he slowly rises above the Kansas horizon, and tells us that it will be impossible to conceal his identity any longer. He is the approaching humorist of the nineteenth century.

It is a serious matter, Herman, to prescribe a course of study that will be exactly what you need to bring you out. Perhaps you might do well to take a Kindergarten course in spelling and the rudiments of grammar; still, that is not absolutely necessary. A friend of mine named Billings has done well as a humorist, though his knowledge of spelling seems to be pitiably deficient. Grammar is convenient where a humorist desires to put on style or show off before the crowned heads, but it is not absolutely indispensable.

Regarding the "Joliest Books" necessary for your perusal in order to chisel your name on the eternal tablets of fame, tastes will certainly differ, I am almost sorry that you wrote me, because we might not agree. You write like one of these "Joly" humorists such as people employ to go along with a picnic and be the life of the party, and whose presence throughout the country has been so depressing. If one may be allowed to judge of your genius by the few autograph lines forwarded, you belong to that class of brain-workers upon whom devolves the solemn duty of pounding sand. If you are really a brain-worker, will you kindly inform the writer whose brain you are working now, and how you like it as far as you have gone?

American humor has burst forth from all kinds of places nearly. The various professions have done their share. One has risen from a tramp until he is wealthy and dyspeptic, and another was blown up on a steamboat before he knew that he was a humorist.

Suppose you try that, Herman. M. Quad, one of the very successful humorists of the day, both in a literary and a financial way, was blown up by a steamboat before he bloomed forth into the full flush and flower of success. Try that, Herman. It is a severe test, but it is bound to be a success. Even if it should be disastrous to you, it will be rich in its beneficial results to those who escape.

Prepare a few dying words and forward them to me, so that in case of accident we might be prepared for the worst, then excurt up and down the Great Parent of Waters on its father's side until the boiler bursts. Then will our morbid curiosity be gratified.

You will either come down one of America's most grotesque humorists, or you will land in such a diversified and concussed condition that it will be no great disappointment to you, anyway. Try this, Herman, and, if you desire, I will procure the signatures of a large mass of people throughout the United States who would be perfectly willing that you should try the experiment.—*Bill Nye, in Puck.*

BEAUTY SPOTS.

How Girls Made Themselves Look Pretty Two Hundred Years Ago.

By this name were designated certain black patches which were placed upon their features by the belles of the seventeenth century and early in the eighteenth. Usually a black patch of court plaster was cut out and stuck on any portion of the countenance, either to hide a blemish, to divert attention from certain details considered objectionable, or to fix the eye upon some point which the wearer wished to be particularly noticed. It was regarded as a foolish custom and was never an acceptable fashion. Most writers on dress and manners have more or less to say about the patch or beauty spot, and, of course, allusions to it are frequent in the pages of the poets, dramatists, satirists and moralists. From all these an entertaining collection could be made of passages bearing upon that subject, and perhaps the following specimens may not be useless. The four first will be found in "Dr. Johnson's Dictionary," and the remainder are from a variety of sources, which have been carefully indicated.

The poet Cleaveland says:

"Then Madam nature wears black patches, too."

Sir John Suckling writes:

"If to every common funeral
By your eyes martyred, such grace were allowed,
Your face would wear, not patches, but a cloud."

Pope makes one of his ladies say:

"This the morning omens seem to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch box fell."

The patch box was almost like a snuff box and often had a small mirror inside the lid for use when alterations or additions were required, and so forth.

Addison, when speaking of certain lady partisans, says: "They patched differently, and cast hostile glances upon one another, and their patches were placed in different situations as party signals to distinguish friends from foes." Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," tells us that "the whig belles wore patches of court plaster on the right, and the tories on the left side of their face or foreheads."

Ordinary writers upon the subject follow one another so closely that a quotation from a book which is now but little known may furnish an agreeable variation. Mrs. Hannah Woolley has a long tirade against patches in "The Gentlewoman's Companion; or, a Guide to the Female Sex," a third edition of which appeared in London in 1662. The whole of the passage can not be given here, so I content myself with citing the essential portions of it. Mrs. Woolley says: "I know not how to excuse the vain custom, now so much in fashion, to deform the face with black patches under a pretense to make it appear more beautiful. It is a riddle to me that a blemish should appear a grace, a deformity be esteemed a beauty. I am confident were any of them born with those half-moons, stars, coach horses and such like trumpery by which a lady becomes a stranger to herself as well as others, she would give more money to be freed from them than a seven years' costly expense in following the fashion would amount to." And again: "I can not imagine whence our ladies borrowed that monstrous and prodigious custom of patching their faces; if they did borrow it from the French, they will do ill to imitate such who, it may be, made use of the fashion out of pure necessity and not novelty." She goes on to suggest pimples, and so forth, and then proceeds: "By the impertinent pains of this face-spoiling mender the exchanges (for now we have three great arsenals of choice varieties) are furnished with a daily supply and variety of beauty spots," "and these patches are cut out into little moons, suns, stars, castles, birds, beasts, and fishes of all sorts, so that their faces may properly be termed a landscape of living creatures. The vanity and pride of these gentlewomen hath in a manner abstracted Noah's ark, and expressed a compendium of the creation in their front and cheeks." The notion of a daily supply is amusing, and, as regards the patterns, it is evident that no pains were spared to diversify and multiply them.

Many other writers could be quoted, but for the most part they add little to the information afforded by Mrs. Woolley, so far as the ladies are concerned. Swift refers to this custom:

"We begged her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place."

According to Addison, "Wherever you place a patch you destroy a beauty." Butler's allusion in his Hudibras is well known:

"Black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns and moons and stars."

That patches were not unknown to Shakespeare, for gentlemen at least, is evident from his words in "All's Well" (iv., 5), where the clown says: "Oh, madam, yonder's my lord, your son, with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under it or no the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet."—*N. Y. Herald.*

FUR GARMENTS.

All About Fichus and Pelerines, Muffs and Collars, With a Word About Brown Furs.

The novelty in small seal capes is called a fichu, and consists of a scarf mantle that merely reaches to the waist line behind, and has half-long pointed fronts. It is edged with seal-skin fringe, and has a high standing collar fastened by a fanciful clasp. The new seal pelerines so popular with young ladies, to give needed warmth over closely fitted velvet or cloth redingotes or sacques, are now made with the high-shouldered effects, and are of even length all around, barely escaping the waist line. These are by all means confined to seal-skin, but are especially liked in otter and beaver to match trimmings on fur garments. Mink pelerines are also in fashion, and are especially valuable when made of the dark tails of the animal. Russian sable pelerines of great beauty are shown made of tails entirely, and costing $650, though others of lighter sable are sold for $400. The general choice in these capes is for seal, beaver, Astrakhan, or mink, and in these inexpensive furs they cost from $40 upward, and afford great comfort, as they cover admirably the delicate chest and shoulder-blades, and are of very light weight.

Muffs are sold to match the capes just described, and when made round are not larger than those of last year. Flat muffs are now commended, and are slightly curved to hold the hands nicely. Sometimes these have close short fur in the back, with a different long fleece in all the part seen in front, thus the front will be silver-fox, and the back of seal-skin, or else a chinchilla muff will have merely a silk back. The long chasuble and scarf-like collars remain in vogue, and with a muff complete the set of fur; but it is now more usual to trim the outer garment with fur around the neck. There are, however, pretty little collars of fur with square lappets in front made of natural beaver, and costing only $4 or $5; seal-skin, krimmer, coon, leopard, and the black Persian lamb are also used for these small collars, for the large collarettes, for echarpes or scarfs, and the long chasubles; among black furs those of the Russian hare are chosen for inexpensiveness, of the monkey-skin for oddity, of Persian lamb for those wearing mourning, and of the luxurious black fox for richness. Satchel muffs that are useful shopping bags with a handle are shown in seal, otter, and Astrakhan furs.

From what has already been said it will be seen that brown furs are again in favor, and those who have taken care of their royal sables and useful mink now find their reward. The pelerine cape and muff of Russian sable is one of the luxuries of the winter, and those who can afford it delight in wide borders of sable, and even in a lining of this valuable fur, some of the costliest wraps of the year being made of black velvet in the shape of the Russian circular, and lined throughout with Russian sable. The mink trimmings are also very effective on cloth and other wool garments, especially when the material is brown, as it is doubtless the fancy for golden brown that has revived the use of these furs. The rare sea-otter is one of the fashionable brown furs, but the brown trimming in most general use is natural beaver, and the plucked beavers, some of which are only partly plucked, and also the colored brown beavers.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A letter has been received at the *Call* office which relates the interesting fact that Clay Belmont Clarke, infant son of Fred W. and Mabel A. Clarke, exists under the happy and unusual good fortune of being the grandson of seven women, or, as the entertaining communication tersely puts it, the infant has seven grandmothers. This, indeed, is a matter of peculiar domestic and genealogical interest. The infant who is thus plurally blessed has two great-great-grandmothers, three great-grandmothers and two plain, simple grandmothers. Six of these singularly fortunate grandparents live in this city and the seventh lives in Cambridge, Mass.—*San Francisco Call.*

—Twenty-four years ago the United States had in them only 30,000,000 people. Now we are grown to over 54,000,000. In 1860 we only had 141 cities of over 8,000 inhabitants, now there are over 300 such cities. The total population of this class of cities was 5,000,000, now it is over 14,000,000.—*Chicago Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A man who brings suit against a young woman and wins her for his wife sometimes gets heavy damages.

"Do not marry a widower," said the old lady; "a ready-made family is like a plate of cold potatoes." "Oh, I'll soon warm them," replied the damsel.

—A little town in New York has a skating-rink they call the "Niagara." It is supposed that they call it that because the people go there to see the "falls."

—The mania for eloping with coachmen is rapidly subsiding, and the old folks are again keeping a watchful eye on the eldest son and the family cook. —*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—A Colorado man, in boasting of that State, said: "Why, even our winds out here beat all creation. If a man loses his hat in what's an ordinary breeze anywhere in Colorado, he has to telegraph to the next station to have some one stop it!"

—"Did you take me for a fool when you married me?" cried an angry husband in the thick of a domestic quarrel, to which the wife meekly responded: "No, James, I did not; but then you always said I was no judge of character, don't you know?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"Johnny, do you know the tenth commandment?" "Yes'm." "Say it." "Can't." "But you just said you knew it, Johnny." "Yes'm, I know it when I see it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"My son, what is this?" asked a fond parent. "Your school report of last month said: 'Conduct—exemplary,' while for this month it reads: 'Conduct—execrable.' What did you do?" "Just what I did the month before, only the master happened to notice me this time."

—"Industry am sartin to bring plenty, an' economy neber goes b'arfut in winter." "Between sayin' nuffin' an' talkin' too much de world leans to de man who holds his tongue." "Our opinion of ourselves makes us all great men."—*Proceedings of the Lime Kiln Club, in Detroit Free Press.*

—"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spilkins, who was reading a paper. "Why so?" "I read in the paper that after the fire was under control, the firemen played all night on the ruins. Why didn't they go home and go to bed like sensible men, instead of romping about like children?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

—"What are you doing, Mary?" asked a Somerville husband addressing his wife. "I am sewing on a crazy quilt," she replied. "Are there any buttons on it?" "No." "I thought not," he said; "it wouldn't be like you to be sewing on anything that needed buttons," and drawing a deep sigh he proceeded to fasten his suspenders with a half-burned match.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Says a correspondent: "I am reminded by seeing an advertisement in this morning's paper of the following incident: While in the office of a White Mountain hotel talking to a group of elegant and wealthy women, one of them inquired for a laundress. Just then a villager passed by and the clerk referred to her for the required information. On being questioned she calmly surveyed the group and at length answered: 'I think I know of a lady that will wash for you women.'" —*Boston Transcript.*

A DRY TIME.

The Day is Coming When the Earth Will Drink Up All the Sea.

Most of the planets have probably cooled down by radiation to a solid under crust like the earth. The sun, owing to his greater mass, is still a fiery globe not yet cooled down so as to have a solid crust. But our moon being a body of small mass, only about one-eightieth of the earth's mass, is supposed to have had time to cool down to a solid globe all the way from its surface to its center. Its internal heat is supposed to have been all radiated away into the surrounding cold space. Now the hot interior mass of the earth can, of course, contain no water, and little or none of the free gases that constitute an atmosphere. They would be boiled off, expanded and driven to the surface where are found now the great bulk of our oceans and our atmosphere. But when the earth shall have parted with all its internal heat, having thrown it into the surrounding cold space as the moon has done, then the cold, solid but porous mass within its present crust, which is now incapable of absorbing water or air, on account of the present high temperature, will begin to drink up the water and air just as the parched soil after a summer's drought drinks up the rain, and the ground is dry in a few minutes after the shower. But you may well ask, could the solid porous mass within the present crust of the earth thus drink up the whole of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and cause all the waters of our globe to disappear? Let us examine this more closely.

While the interior of the earth remains as hot as it is at present it is no more possible for the water and air of our globe to penetrate to these fiery regions than it is for a drop of water to remain on a hot stone. But the earth is losing its heat day by day and year by year, radiating it out into the surrounding cold space. I know it has been computed that the earth receives from the sun annually just as much heat as it loses in a year by radiation into the surrounding space. Grant that it be so for the present and for many thousands of years to come. But the trouble is that the sun himself is cooling off, and, therefore, will not be always able to send us as much heat as he does at present. The time will, therefore, surely come when we shall lose more heat by radiation into space than the sun will be able to return to us. Then it will be only a question of time for the earth gradually to cool down, as the moon has already done, from surface to the center. When that time comes will not the dry but solid and porous core of our globe drink up the oceans and atmosphere, causing them to disappear, not into large cavernous pockets, but into the minute pores of its substance?

The proposition appears to be established by strict calculation that the interior of the earth when cold will be able to absorb more than four times, possibly more than thirty times, the amount of water now on its surface. Now, it seems certain that in the manner first explained the earth will continue to lose both its superficial water and its atmosphere. The earth, the other planets, and even the sun himself, are regarded as doomed at some future day to the same fate. Melancholy fate! some will say. But why complain of the general law of nature? Everything in nature has its morning of life, its high meridian of glory and strength, its evening decline and its midnight of blackness and death. Is the case of a world—is that the last term of a series?——*Prof. Cookley.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A DEAR LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

With her funny little glasses you'd have thought her very wise
If it wasn't for the laughter that was peeping from her eyes;
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was certainly her own.

"I give my brightest pupil," in a pleasant tone she said,
"A little corner by himself to show that he is head,"
And to spare the tender feelings of the dullest boy, I put
All the others in a circle so you can't tell which is foot.

"Whenever any pupil in his lessons doesn't miss,
I encourage his endeavors with a penny sugar-kiss;
And, since this slight upon the rest might too severely fall,
I take the box of kisses and hand them round to all.

"I've asked them what they'd like to be a dozen times or more,
And each, I find, intends when grown to keep a candy store;
So, thinking that they ought to have some knowledge of their trade,
I've put a little stove in, just to show them how it's made.

"Enthusiastic? Bless you, it is wonderful to see
How interested in such things a little child can be;
And, from their tempting taffy and their luscious lollipops,
I'm sure they'll do me credit when they come to open shops."

And with a nod that firmly showed how free she was from doubt,
She deftly smoothed the wrinkles from her snowy apron out—
Just the queerest and the dearest little school-ma'am ever known,
Whose way of teaching boys and girls was really all her own!

Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.

THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

Two Incidents Illustrating the Truth of an Old Adage.

There is a quaint old saying: "The boy's the father of the man." It sounds funny, don't it? But there is a great deal of truth in it. It means that any boy can make himself pretty much such a man as he wants to be, if he has grit enough. And if he has not grit and pluck as a boy, he won't amount to much when he grows up. It is not height or weight or a beard that makes a man, but a manly character. Let me tell you about two boys, one of whom made a man, and the other didn't:

Charlie Jones was the saddest and shabbiest little fellow that came to our school. His folks were very poor. But worse than that, his father was a drunkard and a gambler. Nobody would trust Charlie. They said that he had bad blood in him, and that it would be sure to show itself sooner or later. People would even quote Scripture against him, saying: "Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles." But a new lawyer came to our town when Charlie was about fourteen. He wanted an office boy, and, contrary to the advice of some of the folks who thought that no good thing could come out of Nazareth, i. e., old drunken Jones' hovel, he employed Charlie. He soon saw that the boy had good stuff in him, and he said to him one day: "Charlie, I wish that you had a better father. You start in life with the odds heavy against you. But don't be discouraged. There is an old saying: 'The boy is the father of the man.' Determine to be your own father in that sense. Make a man of yourself, and I will help you."

Charlie's eyes flashed, showing that he had grit. The words of Mr. Bills, the lawyer, were like steel. They struck flint, and the sparks flew. From that day there was a change in Charlie Jones. He went to work like a hero. He was the most active and persevering fellow that I ever knew. He was as honest, too, as the day. Mr. Bills trusted him and helped him. He made collections; he copied law papers, he read and studied every leisure moment. His motto seemed to be, always earning something or learning something. He understood that success in life was like climbing a ladder. He could not expect to jump from the bottom to the top. But he meant to climb as high as he could by grasping round after round. And he did climb so far up that years ago he stood where the whole Nation could see him. And there he stands to-day. If I should tell you his real name you would cry out at once. "I have often heard father talk about that man. He says that he is one of the greatest lawyers in the land. Is it possible that he was once a poor boy, the despised and discouraged child of a drunkard?"

I had another schoolmate whose father was rich. The boy was smart enough, but he wouldn't study. He used to say: "The old man is going to leave me lots of money. I won't have to work to earn my living like you boys whose fathers are poor. My way in the world is made for me beforehand, so I am going to take things easy and enjoy myself." This boy's name was Johnnie. His father, Mr. Rich, lived in a large house and in elegant style. They had wine on the table at dinner every day, and Johnnie was permitted to drink just one glass. His father would not drink more than that himself or allow his children to. But that one glass did not satisfy Johnnie. It only kindled a burning thirst. Soon he found his way to the saloon and spent there all his pocket money. Once he got so drunk that he had to be carried home. This was disgraceful. It made Mr. Rich very angry. He cut off Johnnie's pocket money and threatened to turn him out of doors if he ever got drunk again. This frightened the boy and he tried hard to reform. But that one glass of wine at dinner would excite him so he was crazy for more. At length one day he slipped the desert spoons under his napkin while at the table, transferred them slyly to his pocket, went out into the yard and battered the handles so that his father's name engraved on them could not be read. He sold the spoons and spent the money at a saloon. He got so drunk that he was rolled out into the gutter, where his friends found him in the morning and took him home.

Mr. Rich was furious, and determined, as he said, that the boy should reform or die. He took him to New York and put him on a whaling ship. He went as a common sailor. How hard this life was for a young man who had never learned to work and been indulged in every way, you can imagine. But a still harder fate awaited poor Johnnie. The vessel was wrecked on the Pacific Ocean. He escaped with a portion of the crew in an open boat. They drifted about for weeks with nothing to eat but raw beans. They landed at last on a desolate desert island and there they lived for months on roots and clams. After a long time they were rescued by a passing vessel. Johnnie was brought home broken in health and spirits. He never got to be a man, but faded away into the grave before he was old enough to vote. Poor, poor, Johnnie! I shall never forget the day he was taken in his coffin out of that home of wealth and luxury of which he had been the idol.

Now, I know a few lazy and shiftless boys who changed as they grew, and became pretty good men. But they are the rare exceptions. The old adage tells what the rule is. Let me go into your home and see what kind of a boy you are; let me watch you on the playground and see if you play fair; let me watch you in the school-room, and see if you improve your opportunities or shirk your lessons, and I will tell you your fortune without looking at the lines in your hand, as the gypsies do.

Most boys are impatient to grow up and be men. They have marvelous notions as to what they will do and be when they are their own masters. But they will learn some day the lesson that Bobby Smith learned at the Central Bank. He went there with his father, who was a depositor, and wanted to draw some money. The father gave his check to the paying teller, who promptly handed over a handful of gold. Bobby watched the operation with great interest, and as they came out he said: "Oh, pa, I wish that I was a man." "Why so?" "'Cause, if I was, I could go to that fellow in the bank, as you did, and just hand him a piece of paper, and he would give me all the money I wanted. Poor Bobby was taken aback when his father told him that men had to put money into a bank before they could draw it out.

Life all through is like the bank. We can get from it only what we put into it. If you boys want to be men, not merely six feet high and legal voters, but wise, brave, pure, earnest, honorable, useful men, you must begin now. It is slow, hard work. It requires time, faith and energy; but it will pay. —*"Uncle Edwin," in Chicago Interior.*

ABOUT MAKING A FUSS.

A Bad Habit, Which May Be Acquired or Avoided in Early Life.

There are people who never do the least thing without such a fuss, so many words and questions, and so much needless bother, that they tire out themselves and everybody else. If they have a ferry to cross, you would think they were going to Europe. If a pin pricks them, you would fancy from the outcry that they had been cut by a knife. They keep the house in a sort of hubbub from morning till night.

There are others who contrive to go through the days and weeks quietly. They bear illness and pain very gently and patiently. When they have a task to learn or a little work to do, they set about it quickly and silently, and keep at it till they have finished it. It is a real comfort to be with them.

There are very few things, my dears, about which it is worth while to make a fuss. Please remember that. Not long since I found Julius in a state of great vexation because he thought his name had been left out on the programme for the school exhibition, at which he was to perform on the violin. He had spent months in the study of his piece, and now the Professor intended to rob him of the honor which belonged to him, and give the place to Sidney.

Julius talked and fretted and fumed, and I listened and knitted, and tried to calm him. Presently the programmes arrived, and there was Julius announced as the first violinist of the occasion, and Sidney as the second. All his annoyance had been about nothing.

I sometimes have a great deal of fun all by myself watching the ways of the sparrows. They fly about, and chatter, and quarrel, and seem to be playing "Much Ado About Nothing" from morning to night. The robins I watched last summer in a maple-tree were much steadier, better-behaved birdies, and their songs were twice as sweet as the sparrows' vulgar chirping.

There is a long word which I like, and which I know you will let me use if I tell you what it means. Efficient. An efficient person is a person whose work amounts to something worth doing.

A young friend of mine, named May, is shut into the house much of the time through illness. But when I go to see her, she never frowns, or laments that she can not go about as other girls do. On the contrary, she always has a flower or a picture to show me. Sometimes, when quite well, she has learned a new tune, and plays it very sweetly, and the last time I paid her a visit she had just set the last stitches in a dress for her sister. May is efficient, not fussy.

Some people are often in a state of mind about their crimps, or their frizzes, or their dress. If the hat is a little out of style, they fancy that all the world gazes on it in wonder. If their dress does not precisely satisfy them, they can think of nothing else. Poor things! The truth is that in this busy world very few of us are so important that our dress, if neat and in order, needs give us much concern.

You have heard the homely saying about men who spend all day "running round in a half-bushel." That is the way with fussy, fidgety men and women. All men and women, of course, were once boys and girls, and they then began to be what they now are. So mind beginnings.—*Harper's Young People.*

Italian Scenery.

There is an education needed for the appreciation of nature as well as of art. Many people scorn this notion, and as there undoubtedly are some with so fine an innate perception and discrimination of the beautiful that they instinctively recognize it, anybody may belive himself to be one of those chosen few. But the rest of us know that without the native gift, which nothing can wholly replace, the eye and taste require experience and training to comprehend and analyze the beauties of the outer world. There was a time when I resented as hotly as most other Americans the idea that any scenery could surpass our own; I knew that the Alps were higher than the Alleghanies, but, beyond that, I thought that where there are mountains, valleys, a lake, a waterfall, there must of necessity be a view of the utmost beauty, without regard to degree. It would be as rational to maintain that a human being is necessarily beautiful because possessed of eyes, nose, mouth and chin; almost everything depends upon the outline and the relative proportion and disposition of the features. The Italian landscape has a classic form and profile; its glowing complexion is due to the light—that heavenly effulgence which can transfigure any scene. —*Atlantic Monthly.*

—Each man of the Canal Corps which has been formed in Egypt needs a native camel driver to direct the movements of the animal. The animal will carry the two men, their necessary baggage, and a twelve-and-a-half gallon tank of water.