

SOME CURIOUS CHURCHES.

Congregations Which Meet in Inns, Windmills and Boats.

A public house is one of the last places one would expect to be used as a place of worship. The inhabitants of Twyford, a village near Winchester, would not consider this at all a novelty, because for several years past the Phoenix inn has been used Sunday for religious purposes. The room in which the religious services are held will comfortably hold about 200 people and opens at the back on to a pretty tea garden. The most remarkable feature of the services is that they are often conducted while the public house is open for business purposes, and the customers can join in the singing if they are so disposed.

There are two or three instances of public houses which have been converted into churches, and there are also two or three theaters which are now places of worship. The Fen district possesses a canalboat church. There are a large number of people who live some distance away from any church, and the canalboat church travels from place to place for the benefit of such folk. The boat will seat a congregation of about 100.

The old chapel of ease at Tunbridge Wells has a unique situation. It stands in two counties and three parishes. When the clergyman leaves the vestry, he comes out of the parish of Frant of Sussex. If he is going to officiate at the altar, he walks into the parish of Tunbridge, in Kent. If, on the other hand, he is going to preach the sermon, he walks from the parish of Frant to the parish of Speldhurst on his way to the pulpit.

The chapel at Milton Bryant is situated in the village pond. The reason for the selection of this strange site was because no landowner would would grant any other position.

The "windmill" church near Relgate is familiar to London cyclists. Not so familiar is the underground church at Brighton. Owing to some "ancient lights" difficulty, the authorities could not "build up," and as the site was a good one they decided to "build down."—London Mail.

USING HIS WITS.

Showing How People May Be Guided by Inference.

"You see," said the man with the bulging forehead and prominent nose, "if people would only be guided more by inference it would save lots of useless trouble."

"I don't understand you," said the man who had been tickling a pimple on his chin.

"Why, for instance, I passed a frozen pond one winter day. On the ice I saw a pair of skates, a boy's cap and a mitten. Out in the middle of the pond the ice was broken. Did I jump to the conclusion that a boy had been drowned and raise a great hullabaloo about it?"

"Of course you did, or else you ought to be prosecuted. You don't mean to say you passed on and said nothing?"

"I do," calmly replied the man of the forehead. "I inferred instead of jumping to a false conclusion."

"But you had to infer that the boy was under the ice," protested the other.

"Not a bit of it. If the boy had fallen in, the skates and cap and mittens would have gone with him. I simply inferred that he had seen a rabbit and given chase. I was right too. In the course of five minutes I met him on the road."

"Oh, you did! And maybe you inferred something else?"

"Of course I did. As he had the nose-bleed, I inferred that he had fallen over a log in the chase and got left, and he admitted that such was the case."

"Then you ought to have wound up the performance by inferring whether it was a male or female rabbit."

"It wasn't necessary, my captious friend. As I passed on I found the rabbit dead from overexertion, and it was a male."—Washington Post.

Historical Divisions of Time.

For convenience time is, by historians, usually divided into three great eras—ancient, mediæval (or middle) and modern. The ancient period is considered to extend from the earliest times down to the fall of the Roman empire in the west in A. D. 476; the mediæval from that date to the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492 and the modern from that time to the present. Some historians prefer to put the end of the mediæval period at the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, about 40 years earlier than the Columbus event. The dark ages are often held to be coeval with the mediæval era, but some authorities think that the term should be applied only to the part of the era extending from the downfall of the empire of Charlemagne, in the ninth century, onward.

An Absurd Superstition.

A popular belief is that the sound produced by a little insect known as a "death watch" portends the death of some relative or friend. That the noise made by this little creature resembles the ticking of a watch is undisputed, but that it in anywise foretells the dissolution of a human being is absurd. Observation has established the fact that these little insects infest decaying timber and posts, and that the peculiar noise is caused by them in gnawing and boring through the rotten wood fibers in quest of food.

Then and Now.

In these days of cheap literature, when the masterpieces of English writers can be had for 6d., it is interesting to note that just 1,000 years ago the Countess of Anjou gave 200 sheep, one load of wheat, one load of rye and one load of millet for a volume of sermons written by a German monk.—London Standard.

LULLABY.

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
We've watched the rabbits at their play,
But now good night, goodnight to soaring swallows,
Now good night, goodnight, dear day.

Poopy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home
at last;
Sleep, liechen, sleep, the bats are calling;
Panaces never raise the light, but sweet babes
must sleep at night;
Sleep, liechen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even wind among the quiet willows
Rears, and the sea is silent too.
See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows
Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little chicks are still; now the moon peeps
down the hill;
Sleep, liechen, sleep, the owls are hooting,
Ships have hung their lanterns out; little mice
dare creep about;
Sleep, liechen, sleep, the stars are shooting.
—Ford M. Hueffer in Little's Living Age.

THE OCEAN SCORCHER.

He Who Brags About How Many Times He Has "Crossed."

The ocean scorcher, the woman or man who was forever bragging about how many times he had "crossed," is, thank heaven, on the decrease. Fashion has at last set the seal of her disapproval on him, and he is rapidly becoming obsolete. The fashion is now never to mention the number of times one has been to Europe. "The last time I was over" is the way to refer to an over the water experience if you wish to be in the vogue. Of course you may, if you truthfully can, say "the time before last I was over" or "the tenth time I crossed" or "during my seventh trip through Europe," but a great majority, you will find, say "the last time I was over." It is safer—when one has been over but once.

Pin many of these travelers so fond of relating their European experiences down to the figures, and you will find that "the last time I was over" bears a close relation to the little boy who said he was next to the head of his class, to have it transpire later that the class consisted of himself and a little girl. "The last time I was over" may, like as not, have been the first. Still anything is better than the ocean scorcher and his bragging. To him it didn't matter where he hadn't been or what he hadn't seen or anything, but simply how many times he had crossed.

The one time on record that any one was known to get ahead of these scorcher was when a lot of them were sitting swapping lies on a certain steamship deck and a nonscorcher, having learned that the star scorcher's record was 188 runs, remarked, "There's a man on board who has crossed 536 times." Then, as the excitement caused by the news somewhat subsided: "He's never been anywhere except to the two ports Liverpool and New York. He's never seen anything, he's never done anything, but just cross the ocean 536 times—he's the ship's barber."—New York Sun.

He Backed Off His Leg.

Caught in a bear trap on the banks of the Athabasca, near Milford, Me., John McLeod, a lumber scaler, was obliged to take out his jackknife and cut off his leg. The trap was too heavy to move and was sprung in such a way that he could not reach over and release it. He was far from any human being, and the only way out of it seemed to be to cut off the leg.

That was done easily, because the leg upon which he operated was of wood. But when he stumped back to camp it made him mad to hear the jeers of the French-Canadian cook of the lumber crew.

"Why you no take off you whole wood leg, ah? You get out um trap and no spile you wood leg 'tall, ah?"

Such a way out of his difficulty had not occurred to McLeod before.

Skill in Throwing Of Mail Bags.

The busiest clerk in any crew or car is the one who is detailed to receive and throw off the sacks and pouches. To lift a heavy mail sack and throw it from a car moving at the rate of a mile a minute is a matter of good target shooting. "Looks easy enough," commented one of the veteran clerks at the letter case, "and it does seem as if a man should be able to hit a station platform without much difficulty, but you see that station is passed and gone in about one second. Then, the suction of a train running at this speed is something terrific, and until the knack of throwing a pouch is learned a man is liable to feed the wheels with a few letters."—Saturday Evening Post.

Origin of the Word Sterling.

The origin of the word "sterling" is very curious. Among the early mints of coin in northern Europe were the dwellers of eastern Germany. They were so skillful in their calling that numbers of them were invited to England to manufacture the metal money of the kingdom. The strangers were known as "esterlings." After a time the word became "sterling," and in this abbreviated form it has come to imply what is genuine in money, plate or character.

Quits.

He—You women have such a ridiculous habit of screaming "Oh!" on every occasion.

She—And you men have such a ridiculous habit of saying "I!" on every occasion.—Indianapolis Press.

Other Allurements.

Mr. Goodman—Why don't you take the pledge, my good fellow?

Jaggsy—Because there are too many other things to take.—Denver Times.

The worst mosquito infested neighborhood in the world is the coast of Borneo. The streams of that region are at certain seasons unnavigable because of the clouds of mosquitoes.

The horseshoe in China as well as in other countries is looked upon as a harbinger of good luck. For that reason Chinese mandarins when buried have horseshoe graves.

ENGLAND'S FIRST SHIP.

Great Harry Was the Country's Premier Fighting Machine.

Of the first ship, properly speaking, of the British navy, known as the Great Harry, the following particulars are given in an old number of the Mechanic's Magazine, dated Oct. 25, 1823:

The Great Harry was built by King Henry VII at a cost of £14,000, and was burned at Woolwich, through accident, in 1558.

Though King Henry, as well as other princes, hired many ships, exclusive of those which the different seaports were obliged to furnish, he seems thus to have been the first king who thought of avoiding this inconvenience by raising such a force as might be at all times sufficient for the service of the state. Historians tell us that he caused his navy, which had been neglected in the preceding reign, to be put in a condition to protect the British coasts against all foreign invasions, and that in the midst of profound peace he always kept up a fleet ready to act.

In August, 1512, the Regent, a ship of 1,000 tons, which was at that time the largest vessel in the British navy, was burned, and to replace it the Great Harry, or, as it was also known, the Henry Grace de Dieu, was built in 1515.

The vessel, of about 1,000 tons burthen, was manned by 349 soldiers, 301 marines and 50 gunners. She had four masts and portholes on both decks and in other parts.

Before the time of her construction the cannon were placed above deck and on the prow and poop. One Decharges, a French builder at Brest, is said to have invented portholes.

In a list of the British navy, as it stood on Jan. 5, 1548, the Great Harry is said to have carried 19 brass and 103 iron pieces of ordnance.

The name of the ship is supposed to have been changed in the reign of Edward VI to Edward, which, on Aug. 26, 1552, was reported to be still "in good case to serve," and was ordered "to be grounded and calked once a year to keep it tight."—Cassier's Magazine.

BILLIARD CUES.

How They Are Made—America Furnishes the Best.

"Most billiard cues," said a New York manufacturer the other day, "are made in two pieces—the cue proper and the handle. The cue is made generally of maple, and the butt, which is wedge shaped, is inserted into a handle of rosewood, snakewood, ebony, mahogany, walnut or some other fancy dark wood, which is cut to dovetail with the long part.

"The maple wood used in making the handles is sawed into suitable lengths and seasoned. The logs are then split into pieces from which the handles are made. These pieces are called bolts. The bolts are saved approximately to the shape of the handle to be finally made, and in this shape they are handle blocks. The handle block is turned to the shape of the handle in a lathe, and when the butt has been fitted it is finished and polished.

"The finest and best cues are fitted to the handle or butt by means of a double wedge. At the top of the cue is a ferrule of ivory, of horn or bone, in which the leather tip is fitted. While the ivory ferrule is the most expensive, of course it is less durable than the horn or bone ferrules, which are less liable to crack. The extra workman ship on cues is put in on the butts, some of which are elaborately inlaid and carved in beautiful patterns.

"There are a number of billiard players who will not permit another person to use their cues, and for the use of these particular players cues are turned out from which the tips may be unscrewed, leaving the cue with unfinished points and useless.

"American billiard cues are the lightest, strongest and neatest made anywhere in the world. They are made in all weights and lengths and rank in price from 30 cents to \$25 and more each, according to the quality and finish of the article.—Washington Star.

The Lesson He Wanted.

In his autobiography, "Up From Slavery," Booker T. Washington tells an amusing anecdote of an old colored man who during the days of slavery wanted to learn how to play on the guitar. In his desire to take guitar lessons he applied to one of his young masters to teach him. But the young man, not having much faith in the ability of the slave to master the guitar at his age, sought to discourage him by telling him: "Uncle Jake, I will give you guitar lessons. But Jake, I will have to charge you \$3 for the first lesson, \$2 for the second lesson and \$1 for the third lesson. But I will charge you only 25 cents for the last lesson."

Uncle Jake answered: "All right, boss, I hires you on dem terms. But, boss, I wants yer to be sure an give me dat las' lesson first."

A Startler.

A gentleman whose hearing is defective is the owner of a dog that is the terror of the neighborhood in which he lives.

The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said:

"Good morning, Mr. H. Your wife made a very pleasant call on us last evening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startling reply. "I'll see that it don't occur again, for I'm going to chain her up in future."—London Telegraph.

Why She Wore It.

He (to the young widow)—Why do you wear such a heavy veil? I thought that you had an objection to ostentatious mourning.

She—Oh, it is only to hide my smiles.—New York Sun.

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