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Poetry.

Write Them a Letter To-Night.

Don't go to the theatre, concert or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer—
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love, or otherwise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them, quite;
That you deem it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thought for you,
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they looked and longed
Be a day or an hour too late,

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

General Fremont's Impracticable Scheme.

According to recent demonstrations, we are not likely, for a new generations at least, to see steamers plowing through a sea where now lies the Colorado desert. General Fremont's plans might succeed with time enough, but they do not look so rosy after the figuring of General Stoneman. He says: "It would take a river 1,000 feet wide and ten feet deep, running at the rate of five miles per hour, 200 years to fill the basin; and after it was filled it would require a river 250 feet wide, ten feet deep, and running at the rate of five miles an hour, to compensate for evaporation."

The Little Sweep.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin for the purpose of education. Among the others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life sir."

"And who was your school master?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher then was another little sweep like himself, and his book the sign-boards on the houses. What may not be done by trying?—*Child's World.*

Justice.

Up north, across the line, an Indian who murdered a Chinaman has been tried for murder and sentenced to death. In the United States the proposal to institute an expensive criminal suit in such a case would likely lead to a comparison between the average value of Chinamen and the costs to be saddled on the county by the trial. The result would be that unless the Indian was a dangerous character, when Judge Lynch would likely be appealed to, the criminal would probably be handed over to his tribe for punishment, and nothing more be thought of the affair. But in the Dominion the Indian has precisely the same footing as his white brother before the criminal law. If a white man commits a crime at the expense of an Indian the law provides for his prosecution and punishment, as in the case of a similar crime committed on a white man. On the other hand, the Indian enjoys no such immunity as he does here from the operations of the white man's law. If he steals, or murders, the sheriff, not the armed volunteer, is the one who sets out in pursuit, and when arrested the evil-doer is held to a strict accountability before the law for his misdeeds. The consequence is that when they find themselves imposed on by the whites the Indians have confidence in the law as a means of redress, while fear of the punishment provided by that same law operates as a wholesome restraint whenever they fancy the diversion of scalp-taking.—*Butte Miner.*

Our Selected Story.

"TOO RICH TO AFFORD IT."

BY MARY GRACE HALPIN.

"I don't want to go to school any more, father."

Mr. Palmer raised his eyes in surprise to the face of his first-born, a lad about fifteen.

And a bright, intelligent face it was, though it was a little clouded now by a feeling of dubiousness as to how his words would be taken.

"Why don't you want to go to school any more?"

"Well, sir, I'm tired of studying, and—I don't see any use of it."

"Think you know enough, that you don't need to learn any more?"

The boy colored a little at that quizzical look and tone.

"I know as much as George Lyman does, and he left school three months ago. He says that he ain't going to drudge away at school when his father has got plenty of money.'"

Mr. Palmer turned upon his son's face a look of grave surprise.

"Did George Lyman say that, Walter? His father is a poorer man than I thought him."

"You are richer than Mr. Lyman is, ain't you, father?" cried the boy, eagerly.

"I hoped I was; but that remains to be seen."

"Mr. Lyman is rich, too, father; everybody says that he is."

"That remains to be seen, also. So you have quite made up your mind that you don't want to go to school any more, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't, then."

"Oh, thank you, father!" cried Walter, his face brightening.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Palmer, as the boy caught up his hat preparatory to making a dive through the open door. "Come back; I have something more to say to you. You have nothing to thank me for—except, perhaps, my good intentions. Considering it as the best gift I could bestow, it was my intention to give to you a thorough education. But there is a homely but true saying: 'One man can lead a horse to water, but ten can not make him drink.' So, though I have by no means changed my opinion as to the value of an education, I consent to your leaving school, because, if you feel as you say you do, it will be only time and money thrown away. But I want you to understand clearly one thing; that if you don't go to school you will have to go to work. I can't afford to have you idle."

Walter's countenance underwent a very perceptible change.

"Do you mean that I must go out at day's work like Dan Baker and Sam Blake?"

"I mean that you must have some steady employment; some trade or business, which will give you just so many hours' work, as surely as the sun rises."

"Why, father, George Lyman and Will Bromley don't have to work; and they say they don't mean to, either. George told me that he heard his father say that you were the richest man in the county."

"I might be the richest man in two counties, and yet not be rich enough to afford to have my boy idle."

Mr. Palmer smiled as he saw Walter's puzzled look.

"This is a hard thing for you to understand, my son; and I might talk to you from this time until sunset and not make it any more clear to you. To-morrow is Saturday, and you know I always take you somewhere that day. This time it shall be to Plainfield, where an old schoolmate of mine is living. A visit to him, and the place where he lives, will serve better to explain my meaning than anything I can say."

The next morning Walter and his father started out, bright and early, in the open phaeton, drawn by a pair of well-matched, mettlesome bays, which bore them swiftly along the smooth, hard road.

Plainfield was fifteen miles distant, and the way thither through such a beautiful country, and so entirely new to Walter that he forgot all about what his father had said the day before, until the carriage stopped in front of a gloomy stone building.

"Are you going to stop here, father? Why, it looks like a prison!"

"It is a prison!" said Mr. Palmer, who had been unusually grave and silent during their ride, as Walter remembered afterwards.

"But I thought we were going to see an old schoolmate of yours?"

"Here is where he lives."

Walter followed his father silently up the steps which led to the heavy, massive door of the main entrance.

"Did you ever think that any one of *your* schoolmates might find a home in some such place as this?—or that even you might?" said Mr. Palmer, as he pulled a bell, whose clangor broke harshly upon the strange silence that reigned around.

Before Walter could reply, the heavy door swung back, and they were ushered into the warden's office.

He was a heavily-bearded man, of stern, almost forbidding countenance; but he shook hands with Mr. Palmer, whom he had met before, bestowing on Walter a pleasant word and smile, the latter giving his face quite another aspect.

"I came to inquire about John Jackson, the forger," said Mr. Palmer, after a few preliminary words. "He is an old schoolmate of mine. I remember him as a high-spirited boy, rather headstrong, and fonder of play than study, but with many genial and pleasant traits of character. How is he getting along?"

"Very well. Had he been competent, I should have given him a place as book-keeper, made vacant by a convict whose time was up. As it was, I had to put him in the shoe-shop. He is quiet; but he takes it pretty hard, as such chaps are apt to, who have always had plenty of money and nothing to do. It is not in strict accordance with the rules, but if you would like to see him I'll have him sent out."

Mr. Palmer assented; and in a few minutes a grave, quiet man entered, whose closely-cut hair and peculiar dress gave him a very strange look to Walter, who had never seen anything like it before.

He seemed glad to see Mr. Palmer, tho' there was a visible constraint in his manner, which showed that he felt keenly his changed position and surroundings.

Of the two, Mr. Palmer seemed the most affected. His voice broke a little as he said:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Jackson; but sorry, very sorry to find you here."

"You can't be more sorry than I am to find myself here," said the man, with a forced smile.

Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he turned to Walter.

"I needn't ask whose boy this is?"

"It is my oldest son, Walter. He is just about the same age that we were when we used to go to school together, in dear old Bridgeville. Have you forgotten all about those days, John?"

Whether it was these words, or the sight of that fresh, innocent face, for a few moments Jackson struggled silently with the tender and subduing recollections that rushed over him; then breaking down utterly, he covered his face with his hands.

Walter had never seen a man weep before, and those sobs and moans were something that he never forgot.

"I wish I could!" said the wretched man, lifting up his pale, tear-stained face. "I wish I could forget what I once was, all that I might have been, and what I am! I sometimes think that it is a horrible dream; that I shall some day awake and find it so!"

"How did it happen?" inquired Mr. Palmer, as soon as his companion was calmer. "When I last saw you, your prospects were bright—apparently brighter than mine."

"It can be summed up in two words," was the gloomy response: "*Idleness and bad company.* If my father had trained me to habits of industry and self-reliance, I had not come to this. But he loved me; and glad am I that the grave has hidden from him all knowledge of the shame and misery of the son, whom his ill-judged, short-sighted kindness ruined. As you know, I would not study; I thought that there was no need for me—a rich man's son—to do that. I can remember how I despised the dull, plodding fellows, who are honored men to-day. My father's death put me into the possession of wealth of which I had never earned a dollar, and of whose use and worth I knew nothing. How it went I hardly knew; but I awoke one morning to find myself poorer than the lowest clerk in the establishment that my father built up with so much care and labor, but which had now passed into the hands of strangers. My fair-weather friends, who had helped spend my money, urging me to every conceivable folly and extravagance, left as soon as they found that there was no more to spend. I knew nothing about getting money by honest work, but money I must have; so I turned my attention to the various ways of getting money without work. The rest needs no telling."

Here the warden entered; and with his heart somewhat cheered and strengthened by Mr. Palmer's whispered words of encouragement and sympathy, Jackson returned to his dreary task.

The warden now took them around through the various work-shops, cells, etc., kindly explaining to Walter all that he did not understand.

When they visited the shoe-shop, Walter saw Jackson sitting there among the rows of busy, silent men, not one of whom dared to lift his eyes as they passed by.

"How many of these men," inquired Mr. Palmer, as they returned to the office, "have ever been trained to any useful trade or business?"

"Not one in ten."

The spirited bays, in their glittering harness, were champing their bits and tossing their heads impatiently outside the high walls; and Walter experienced a feeling of relief as he found himself once more out in the pure, sweet air and bright sunshine.

"How dreadful it must be to have to live in such a place as that!" he said, as, reaching an eminence, he gave a backward glance at the building which looked so grim and solitary in the distance.

"It is the necessity that is dreadful, my son. Miserable as these men are, they are happier there, where they are obliged to be orderly and industrious, though only through the fear of punishment, than if they were allowed to follow unrestrainedly, the devices of their foolish and evil hearts."

There was silence for some minutes. When Mr. Palmer said:

"You asked me a question, yesterday, Walter, and this is my answer; a better answer than any words can frame. The world calls me a rich man, and so I am. I am able to afford you many advantages, the opportunity you can ask for moral and mental culture, but I am not. I never shall be rich enough to afford to have you idle. Strange as it may sound, I am too rich to afford it. I have a mill filled with industrious operatives, whose living from week to week depends on its skillful and prudent management. I have houses, full of tenants, whose health and comfort depend largely upon whether their landlord is a just and faithful man. These and other interests may some day be intrusted to you. Many a father has learned, to his sorrow, that to have his boys idle is something that rich men cannot afford to do."

"I think I will go to school Monday, father," was Walter's only response to this.

"Better the Day, Better the Deed."

The Newburgh *Register* says a girl's class in a Sunday school in that city lately in a lull in the exercises clubbed together and with two dollars thus collected, sent off and purchased a lottery ticket in one of the State lotteries. At the drawing the ticket won $25, which was fairly divided among the subscribers. The young ladies are members of some of the best families of the city.

Man's Better-Half.

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

A woman with a shabby pair of shoes can never be convinced that short dresses are not vulgar.

"Julia, there is no moon; will you meet me at the gas-light corner?" "No, John, I am no gas-meter."

It is claimed that American women eat more candy than all the other women of the world put together.

A girl in Louisville, Ky., has been married twice to the same man, and separated from him twice, and still she is but sixteen.

In reckoning up her weekly expenses, in a suit for alimony, a New York lady put down $1 per week for cosmetics, and the court allowed the item.

A Virginia judge holds that a husband cannot be slandered by his wife. They are one in the eyes of the law, and she has a right to slander either half.

The facetious young lady, whose best young man had just "smothered her with kisses," said, as he was leaving, that she would just "kiss him for his s-mother."

"Poor man!" said the old lady, "and so he's really gone at last? Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that it he'd lived two years more he'd have been a centurion!"

An exchange hastens to inform us that Queen Victoria drinks her tea from a saucer. Glad to hear it; always supposed she took up the tea-pot and drank out of the "nose."—*Rome Sentinel.*

Grace Greenwood says that "among its other admirable manufactures, New England produces the best educated girls, the truest wives, the noblest mothers, and the most glorious old maids in the world."

A girl in town sat down on her lover's hat and kept him three hours over time. Our advice: The next time that young man goes to see his girl, he should hang his hat on a nail instead of holding it in his lap.

Never marry a man on a small salary.—*Ex.* Now, there is good advice to you, girls. Always wait until you have laid up enough money to furnish the house and keep the dear fellow in cigars and other lollipops. Man is a delicate creature, and needs tender rearing.

Bright Boy.—Governess (desirious of explaining the word "enough")—"Now, suppose, Freddy, that you gave pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, and all the sweetcake she cares for, what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity)—"Kittens."

A widow, whose husband, a mechanic, had been killed in a railway accident, obtains a judgment of $5,000 damages against the railway company. The same court gives a verdict for $15,000 to a man who has lost his leg in the same smash-up. The widow of the mechanic thereupon goes to the judge, and protests against the injustice of his decision. "Is a leg," she asks, "worth three times as much as a whole man's life?" And the judge responds: "The decision is perfectly equitable. A man who has lost his leg cannot replace it with another as good, even for $15,000. But a woman with $5,000 can easily get a new husband."

A New Theory About Food.

A German physician has started a new theory with regard to food. He maintains that both the vegetarians and the meat eaters are on the wrong track. Vegetables are not more wholesome than meat, nor meat than vegetables, and nothing is gained by consuming a compound of both. Whatever nutritive qualities they may possess, he says, are destroyed in a great measure, and often by the process of cooking. All food should be eaten raw. If this practice were adopted, there would be little or no illness among human beings. They would live their apportioned time and simply fade away, like animals in a wild state, from old age. Let those affected with gout, rheumatism, and indigestion, try for a time the effect of a simple, uncooked diet, such as oysters and fruit, for instance, and they will find all medicine unnecessary and such a rapid improvement of their health that they will forswear all cooked articles of food at once and forever. Intemperance would also, it is urged, no longer be the curse of civilized communities. The yearning for drink is caused by the unnatural abstraction from what are termed "solids" of the aqueous element they contain—uncooked beef, for example, containing from 70 to 80 per cent., and some vegetables even a larger proportion of water. There would be less thirst, and consequently less desire to drink, if our food were consumed in its natural state, without first being subjected to the action of fire.

Fifty Years Ago.

A half century ago, a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted and unplastered, and utterly devoid of adornment. A well-fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave part of warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side, while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clapboarded, painted, blinded, and comfortably warmed. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To day few are the houses, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago, the kitchen "dresser," were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handled knife, and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knives and forks have given place to nickle or plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven and frying-pan; to-day there is no end to kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip," now, in city and village their apartments are bright with flame of the gas jet or the soft radiance of kerosene. Then if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearth-stone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fireworks in the match safe, at a cost of one hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon-mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? and for clocks, you may purchase them by wholesale, by the cart-load, at sixty-two cents a piece.

Fifty years ago, how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830, the Bible, the almanac, and a few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The directory was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the county villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the Sunday-school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! *Of* Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it having been said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.

The Ways of the West.

A Maine boy, J. S. Wallace, arrived at the Sheridan House last fall with seventy-five cents to meet his expenses and nothing to do. The next day he went out to the Seventeenth Siding and saw a piece of land that was offered him when he left home for one dollar per acre. He saw it was good, came into town with the proposition to sell it for one dollar and a half an acre. He found a buyer. The deed was sent for and the transfer made. The young man made a three hundred dollar margin and left for the Hills. With that three hundred dollars he bought a mining interest and now he is worth thirty thousand dollars. No big money but a good six months' salary.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Which Knew Best?

Of thanksgiving proclamations, the *Advance* tells this good story: "Soon after Chief Justice Chase became Governor of Ohio, he issued his proclamation appointing a thanksgiving day. To make sure of being orthodox, he composed his proclamation almost exclusively of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognize them and admire the fitness of the words as well as his taste in their selection. The proclamation meeting the eyes of a democratic editor, he pounced at once upon it—declared that he had read it before—couldn't exactly say where—but would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end? *That* would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the republican editor came out valiantly in defence of the governor, and pronounced the charge false and libelous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had ever appeared in print before."

Spelling Reform.—Mr. Medill's New Method in Full Operation.

Chicago Evening News.

Readers of the *Tribune* have been surprised for a day or two past to find in that paper, which, as a rule, is eminently correct in its orthography, what they have supposed to be the most gross and inexcusable typographical errors. The readers are, however, mistaken. The *Tribune* has fired the first gun in a revolution which will create consternation throughout the length and breadth of the land, and hold all mankind spell-bound, as it were. The *Tribune* hereafter will spell in its own sweet way, and according to the following rules, laid down by Mr. Medill, its managing editor. These rules are now in the hands of the editorial and reportorial force, also in the hands of printers and proof-readers, and no deviation from them will be tolerated under any circumstances. Here are the changes:

CORRECTED SPELLINGS.

Hereafter spell certain words appearing in the *Tribune*, as follows:

Omit *ue* in demagog, catalog, pedagog, synagog, dialog, decalog, and other words ending in logue and gogue.

Omit the superfluous *me* in program.

Omit the second *m* in dilemma (dilema).

Omit the superfluous *te* in cigaret, etiquet, parquet, coquet, and all similar words, except Gazette when it is used as the name of a newspaper.

Spell definit in all its forms without the final *e*; thus, definit—ly—ness, indefinit—ly—ness.

Spell infinit without a final *e*, also, infinit—ly—ness.

Omit final *e* in hypocrit, favorit; also, opposit—ly—ness, appositly—ness.

In words ending in "llessness," drop one *s* from "less," viz: Carelessness, thanklessness, etc.

Omit the fourth *s* in assassin (assasin), and other forms of the word.

Spell somerset, not somersault.

Spell canon with a Spanish *n*, or spell it canyon.

Change *ph* to *f* in fantom, fantasm, and all forms of the word; also, in fonic, fonetic—s—al, fonography, orthografy, alfabet, digraf, difthong.

Wit and Humor.

The wasp is a stem-winder.

A judge's position is a trying one.

A corn on the ear is worth two on the toe.

What a lonesome home without children or flies.

You can tell a young man raising a moustache as fuzz you can see.

There is a wide difference between "printing" a kiss and "publishing" it.

The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to a young man with a new watch.

The funniest river in New England is said to be the William-antic. Its jokes are current ones.

A wag who had lent a minister a horse that had run away and thrown the clergyman, claimed credit for spreading the gospel.

"Principles, not men," is what actuates a Chinese washee man to plunge the shirt of a State Senator into the same tub with a laborer's socks.

How much tastes differ. One dropped into his seat at the restaurant and uttered "Hot weather," and his neighbor said "Cold mutton."

A certain Congressman boasts that he is a "self-made man." Those who know him best say he never did undertake to make anything without botching it.

Although kings may possess almost as much virtue and sobriety as newspaper men, yet we cannot let this providential opportunity pass without stating that they are total rex.

In New York it is one month in prison and $50 fine to attempt to kiss a lady against her will. Out here we kiss 'em for nothing, but we don't go fooling round the wrong one.—*Seymour Times.*

A New York doctor says that men catch cold through their ankles; but the Chicago *Tribune* thinks they would not if they looked after their own as anxiously as they look after a pretty girl's.

A man who was following his wife's hearse, and was somewhat corpulent, called out to the coachman, "Drive a little slower, Johnny, you need not be in such a hurry. Why should we make a toil of a pleasure?"

An editor having read in another paper that there is a tobacco which, if a man smokes or chews it, "will make him forget that he owes a dollar in the world," innocently concludes that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

The relationship of a man and woman in rainy weather, according to the Albany *Journal*, is easily discovered. If they are lovers the woman will have all the umbrella, and the man won't care a fig how wet he gets. But if they are married it's just the opposite.

"Mother, I should not be surprised if our Susan got choked some day." "Why, my son?" "Because her beau twisted his arm around her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed him he would have strangled her; besides, mother, he sits by her, and whispers to her, and hugs her."

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine man speaks for itself: "Dear Sir—Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she cant speak at all. Please send me two bottles more. I wouldn't be without it."

Mr. Bledsoe, late returning from ye lodge, in merrie plight, waked ye still nyght with fell alarmes and rude, and crept him his house into ye open window thro' and, seeking for a chair to reach, his wayling wife's new summer bonnet sat upon, full heavie, and with certain harmes thereto. Loud skricked the belye fayre, but Bledsoe, he with well attempted cheerfulness, his voice uplifted, and with whatever musicke that mote be that man on lodge-nyght most do warble with, "I'm sitting on the style, Mary!" Loud offen he, but she, lamenting her mickle plight, wept loud, and yet the whyles she wayld the more he did rejoyce.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

Honor the Scissors.

Newspaper Union.

Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on any paper. If they see the editor, with scissors in his hand, they are sure to say: "Eh, that's the way you get up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new and witty questions with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety and usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon its selected matter, and few men are capable of the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.

How To Swim.

The editor of the London *Truth*, after observing that probably not one in twenty of the persons who indulge in boating on a holiday can swim, proceeds to tell his readers how to acquire this accomplishment. "Nothing," he says, "is more easy. When the air is out of a body it sinks; when the air is in the body it floats. Let any one slowly draw his breath as he draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it while he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go through his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides and his legs stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downward. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim is because swimming professors either do not know, or do not choose to teach the philosophy of breathing, so as to render the body buoyant. I would engage to make any one a tolerable swimmer in an hour, unless he be a congenital idiot."