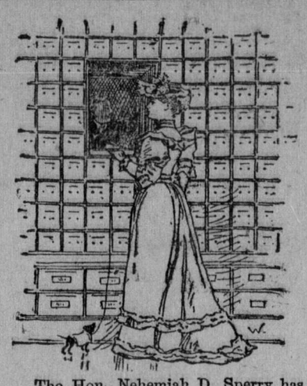
THE HERALD.

PART II—PAGES 9 TO 12.

LOS ANGELES: THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 25, 1893.



A Postmaster's Regard for Ath-lo-pho-ros.

The Hon. Nehemiah D. Sperry has been postmaster of New Haven, Conn., more than a quarter of a century, and has performed the duties of the office with conspicuous faithfulness and marked success. No man is better known or more highly esteemed in Connecticut social, financial or political circles.

Some time ago a person interested called on him to ask about his knowledge of Ath-lo-pho-ros as a cure for rheumatism.

Said Mr. Sperry: "Yes, indeed, I had rheumatism, and had it for some time. It was principally in my shoulder, and for a long time the pain was very severe. About two years ago I heard that Ath-lo-pho-ros had done much good to many who had suffered from rheumatism, and I concluded to try it. The result was exceedingly gratifying. It drove my rheumatism entirely away. Other medicines had only given me partial relief. But the relief afforded me by this was complete. Since that I have had no return of rheumatism worth mentioning.

"My daughter was laid up with rheumatism, and suffered much. Ath-lo-phoros did for her what other medicines seemed powerless to accomplish. I have a very high opinion of this remedy, and I hear it very highly spoken of among my friends."

Ath-lo-pho-ros, $1 per bottle. At all Druggists. Treatise on Rheumatism, Neuralgia, etc., to any address for 5c. in stamps.

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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713 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

醫良世壽 "Skilful cure increases longevity to the world."

妙藥精脈 "ing niously locating diseases through the pulse and excellent remedies are great blessings to the world."

For seven months I was treated by five different doctors, none of whom stated what my disease was. During that time I suffered terribly, and continued to fall until I became a skeleton. For the last three months I had to be dressed, fed and have my water drawn. Finally my feet, limbs, hands and face became swollen. I could not rise from a chair, and could scarcely walk and was obliged to have my water drawn from fifteen to twenty times a day. My friends considered I would not last many days. I then, three months ago—commenced treating with Dr. Wong. The first dose of medicine completely relieved me, and since I have not been obliged to resort to artificial means for relieving my bladder. In five days I was able to dress and feed myself; in ten days the swelling had left me and I could walk as well as for years before. I now weigh as much as I ever did, and feel better than I have felt for fifteen years. I am 75 years old and feel tiptop. Dr. Wong says I was afflicted with one of the fourteen kinds of kidney diseases.

Rivera, Cal., August 29, 1890. W. W. CHENEY.

Hundreds of other testimonials are on file in the doctor's office which he has received from his numerous American patients, whom he has cured from all manner of diseases.

Large and commodious rooms for the accommodation of patients. Consultation Free.

C. H. A. Last

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BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

MANHOOD RESTORED!

"NERVE SEEDS." This wonderful remedy guaranteed to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, all drains and loss of power in Generative Organs of either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants, which lead to Infirmity, Consumption or Insanity. Can be carried in vest pocket. $1 per box, 6 for $5, by mail prepaid. With a $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Sold by all druggists. Ask for it, take no other. Address NERVE SEED CO., Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

For Sale in Los Angeles, Cal., by GODFREY & MOORE, Druggists, 108 South Spring street.

A GOLD BRICK TRICK.

IN THE ASSAY OFFICE THE PEOPLE HAD LOADS OF FUN.

An Interesting and Mirth Producing Encounter of an Innocent Looking Jayhawker With a Lot of Exceedingly Smart Bank Clerks Who Knew It All.

What a jay he looked! The hayseed was dropping out of his pockets, and his unkempt whiskers were sporting with the wind as he marched into the United States assay office in Wall street and deposited upon a desk a big carpet bag, which he set down with a resounding bang. All the clerks stood around and grinned. It was the old story.

"Mr Assay Man," he said, "I have here a gold brick that I"——

But he was interrupted with a roar of laughter. A young man in a corner nearly rolled on the floor with merriment. A banker's clerk who had come in to inquire about a gold shipment giggled till he was crimson.

"Sucker born every minute," he said. "Same old yarn. You jayhawkers wouldn't get taken in so often if you read the papers. Oh, Lord, what a fool you must be!"

The old man looked puzzled. "If you will kindly talk English," he remarked, "you and I will be able to understand each other better. What do you mean by calling me a fool?"

"Precisely what I say," spoke up the banker's clerk. "You've been taken in by the gold brick swindle."

"Swindle, eh?"

"Yes, swindle. You met a man from California, didn't you, who had a gold brick tied up in a red handkerchief and an Indian with him? Man said the brick was worth $9,000, and he'd sell it for $3,000, didn't he?"

"He did."

"Oh, what a lark!" laughed the banker's clerk, and every one in the office was on a broad grin at the mystification of the jayhawker. "The Californian said the Indian knew where there were a lot more gold bricks and they've gone to get them. And then they sold you a lump of lead covered with gold paint that is worth about $4.65, and you've come down here to the United States assay office to have the lead analyzed and get told what a monkey you've made of yourself." And every one howled with mirth.

"Not so fast, young man," objected the jayhawker. "You were right about the Californian and the redskin selling me the gold brick, but there your information ceased. 'Tain't no bit of lead they worked off on me. I had a chip of it analyzed. No, sir. I wa'n't born yesterday if I am from the country."

"You had it assayed!" burst out the banker's clerk, almost exploding with the intensity of his grin. "You knocked a corner off the brick, and then they changed it on you, substituting a piece of real gold cut from a $5 goldpiece. That of course was found to be all right and they handed you like an old guy high and dry." [Laughter.]

"No, they didn't," protested the jayhawker. "I've got the genuine thing. I'll bet you $500 it's a real gold brick." And he pulled out the sum of money named and threw it on the table.

There were cries of "Don't take the poor old chump's money. He's been done once," and, "'Tain't fair to bet on a sure thing." The jayhawker, however, protested.

"I'm rich," he said. "I've got a lot more money I'm going to spend on gold bricks, and if any one can fool me I want to know it. I'd like to take a flier on it anyway."

The banker's clerk hardly liked to cheat the jayhawker, but all the rest said that the lesson would be worth $500 to the old fellow.

"I'll make the bet without looking at the brick," said the banker's clerk. "The terms of it are that you've been fooled and that you've bought a lump of lead or something. Money talks. Here's mine." and he threw $500 on the table. There were some moral scruples in the minds of the crowd about "doing" the old man up in that way, but the majority view was that he deserved it for being so fresh.

The money being deposited, the jayhawker slowly unpacked his carpet bag in the presence of a broad grin. There were derisive cheers as he took the gold brick from the many coverings he had wound around it and handed it to the assayer.

That official accepted it, and a look of amazement came over his face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this brick will not need any assaying. It was made in this building, and it has the government stamp upon it. It is worth $10,000."

The jayhawker reached for the stake money and transferred it to his pocket. The grin on the face of the know it all clerk changed to an expression of pain as he turned to the man nearest to him and politely requested that he kick him to the foot of Wall street and off into the East river.

The only person in the crown who was smiling now was the jayhawker. Turning to the assayer, who had taken no part in the proceedings, he said:

"I had business here, but I have transacted it. My business is exclusively with smart young alecks who know it all and want to enlighten the old suckers. Good day, gentlemen." He beamed upon them for a moment and was gone.

Outside the assay office he was joined by a young man who likely enough "capped" his game when occasion required.

"Did it work, uncle?" inquired the latter anxiously.

"Work! Did it ever fail? Let's go up to one of the Broadway banks, and you can start a crowd guessing and betting as to whether it's real gold. Work!"

They sauntered west. The old man looked so guileless and innocent that every second citizen they met had a mind to sell him green goods or pick his pocket.—New York Herald.

The largest Gothic church in the world is Cologne cathedral. Its foundation stones were laid in 1248, and the edifice was completed in 1880.

No More Yarns About Indians.

There is an advertising man in Detroit, well known for his hustle, who has a pretty pair of children that come honestly by a desire to get all the fun obtainable as they pass through this probationary state. It is the habit of the father to regale the little ones with blood curdling Indian stories, for which they have the same insatiable desire as the nickle novel fiend for his choice style of literature. The moral of each of these wonderful relations by the head of the family is that the Indian, with all his warwhooping and ghost dancing, cares for good little children and scalps those who are bad. This bothered Teddy, the 3-year-old, considerably, and he finally determined on a council of war with his little sister. From all the evidence that their wise little heads could get together, they concluded that they were bad children and decided to anticipate any old Indian that might come stalking around after them by doing their own scalping.

Teddy promptly went at sister's golden locks with the family shears, sacrificed her bangs and waded ruthlessly through her hair. Then she reciprocated, and nobody ever saw two such heads, scarred over with nicks, ridges, "X's" and tufts that suggested the joint efforts of a Feejee barber and a modern knife thrower. The mother simply sat down on the floor and wept scalding tears. The father kicked himself around the mile circuit, and the precious little youngsters insisted that they were only playing Indian. That household now draws the line on Indian yarns.—Detroit Free Press.

Historical Names of Kings.

Some of the early kings of France ruled over Germany at one time when there was no division, but when there was a separate German nation the rulers gained many curious titles. "Fat" was one and "Blind" another. Also the "Child," the "Fowler." Then "Blood," "Red," "Black," "Superb" and "Sharp," while one king is particularly described as the "Holy and Lame."

The rulers of the provinces that now make up Spain had a number of kings called Great and Catholic. Then they also had the Monk and Gouty and included others who were infirm—Bad, Noble, Strong, Valiant, Gracious, Sickly, Impotent, Beneficent and Ceremonious. Ferdinand III of Leon and Castile was the Saint and Holy.

Hungary has her rulers described as Saint, German, Thunder, Venetian, Great and a King Mary who was probably the only woman who held a like title. Over Portugal reigned the Fat, Idle, African and Great and Perfect.

The people of Russia have generally had a hard time of it. We realize this today, and the names given to their kings show the reason therefor. None was good, wise or just, though there was Peter the Great, who did all he could to help his country. But how could a nation progress with rulers who gained the title of Terrible, Impostor, Proud, Lightfoot, Grim, Fierce and Lion.—Chicago Tribune.

The Science of Nose Study.

Not the least charm of the science of "nasology" is the chance which it offers to the historian of testing the characters of eminent men by its rigid and unbending standard.

The historical value of gems and engravings cannot fail to be enhanced by their bearing on this most interesting subject, and the moral value of axioms and actions whose spring has long been doubtful may be solved by reference to the nasal developments of their authors. Apologists for the money making impulse which it pleased Adam Smith to ascribe to human action will, for instance, no longer be able to urge that some such theory was necessary to a logical system of political economy.

Adam Smith possessed the Jewish nose in its highest development. The nose is the reflex of character, and the "nasological" political economist will brush aside apologies and estimate the bias of the father of the science not by the necessities of a theory, but by the hard facts of his Semitic profile.—London Spectator.

Modern Education of Children.

To bring the child into contact with facts, to guide him in classifying and labeling these facts for himself, becomes the teacher's first and chief duty, in obedience to the sound principle that development of powers is gained by their exercise only. From this point of view education is conceived of as a natural process extending from the cradle to the grave, with nature as the chief teacher and the mother as the first assistant whose work is carried on by the schools and the experiences of life.

In this natural process of education ideas come before expressions, whether the idea be the child's first conception of color and form or the profoundest abstraction of a philosopher, and its principles are therefore applicable to education in all grades from the kindergarten to the university.—Professor William M Aber in Popular Science Monthly.

The Horse Knew What Was Needed.

A remarkable exhibition of instinct was exhibited by a horse at Oil City one day last week. Sunday night the horse was brought into the stable lame, and the stablemen thought it was from a sprain. They were rubbing the leg with liniment Monday morning, when the horse broke away from them and ran into a blacksmith's shop in the neighborhood. Here he wheeled up to the horseshoer and lifted up his lame leg. The man examined the leg and foot and found that an improperly driven nail had penetrated into the quick of the foot. The shoe was reset, and the horse returned to the barn.—Chicago Herald.

New York Women Who Love Jewels.

Mrs. Grosvenor Lowery has a passion for the Spanish topaz, while Mrs. George Kidd is equally fond of yellow amethysts. Mme. Roda, formerly the well known Mme. Barrios, has a collar of pearls and diamonds which is unique in its way. She has also a stomacher of opals and diamonds.—New York Recorder.

IN THE WHITE WOODS.

When winds are wild o'er steep and plain
And Nature's beauty seems to wane,
The winter woods are still as fair
As when the summer lingered there.
All is white and chaste and hushed
When Nature, tired and summer flushed,
Lays her down where snows are deep
And sinks into her beauty sleep.

And Nature's lovers love her best
Sleeping through her winter's rest.
—Francis S. Palmer in Harper's Weekly.

THAT CLOCK.

It was a rarely pretty thing, formed of bronze, with a couple of Cupids in attitudes of charming abandon, the neatest of carved flowers and various other decorations, all calculated to attract attention and please the eye.

It stood under a glass globe in a conspicuous position in the show window of a well known Broadway jeweler, and as pretty Mrs. Mayblossom, the wife of a month, passing by with her young husband, caught sight of it, she abruptly paused and gushingly exclaimed:

"Oh, George, what a lovely clock!"

"Yes, Annie, dear," replied he, "it is really beautiful."

"How I wish," said she wistfully, "that you could afford to buy it. It would make such a splendid ornament for the parlor mantelpiece."

"I would be only too happy to do so, but you know, Annie, I'm a young merchant, and whatever resources I have must be strictly devoted to business."

She gave a little sigh of regret, but urged the purchase no further, and the newly married couple shortly afterward arriving at Mr. Mayblossom's place of business he, after a tender parting from his wife, entered his store, while she continued on her way to buy some few necessary things for their recently established household.

In spite of his economic resolutions the young husband felt strongly inclined to gratify his pretty wife's wish, and when therefore he found lying on his his desk a letter containing a sum of money and was informed by the writer that it was the repayment of a loan which Mr. Mayblossom had made to a friend in his bachelor days and long looked upon as hopeless he determined to invest the money, which was as good as found, to the purchase of that clock.

It did not take him long to return to the jeweler's to strike a bargain, the money he had so opportunely received being just a little more than the price asked, and the clock and globe were carefully done up in a parcel.

"To what address shall I send it?" asked the polite storekeeper.

"There is my card," replied Mr. Mayblossom, taking the bit of pasteboard out of his cardcase. "I wish you would send it at once, as my wife is out, and I desire to surprise her by having her see the clock on her return home."

"I am sorry that it is impossible for me to do so. My delivery clerk is absent and will not return for an hour or so."

"No matter, then. Give me the parcel."

He took the clock, and having reached the sidewalk hailed a commissionaire, who happened to pass by.

"You will take this clock to this address," he said, handing him the parcel and a card from the cardcase which he still held in his hand, "and here's the money for your service. Now be off and see that you execute your errand promptly and don't you dare to demand any pay from the lady."

"All right, sir," said the commissionaire. "I'll do the job in a jiffy."

Mr. Mayblossom returned to his store in a very blissful state of mind, while the man glanced at the card for the direction.

"Hello, what's this?" exclaimed he in some surprise, reading the address, "Miss Priscilla Dusenbury, dressmaker, 340 —— street." "Well, now, who'd think that such a fine gentleman would be sending clocks to dressmakers? No matter; that's none of my business. I've got my pay in advance, and I'll take her the clock."

Now, Miss Priscilla was a charming, red cheeked, blue eyed damsel of 18 or 19 years of age, possessed of a fair patronage, good health and a beau who gloried in the name of Augustus Tomkins, and was indeed a clerk in the identical jewelry store where the clock had been bought.

She was sitting stitching a robe, humming a song, and with her thoughts centered on her devoted Augustus, speculating whether he would make his customary noonday visit, when a knock sounded on the door, and opening it she saw the commissionaire with his parcel.

"A present for you, miss," said he, placing the clock on the table before the astonished girl. "And such a fine gentleman too. He's paid me already. I congratulate you, miss. Good morning."

And before she could even say "Thank you" he was gone.

In great surprise Priscilla untied the parcel, and an exclamation of joy escaped her lips when she beheld its contents.

"The very clock I was speaking to Augustus about. The dear, delightful fellow has bought it from his employer and sent it to me. Oh, don't I wish he'd come today, so that I could tell him how much obliged I am to him for his splendid gift."

She arranged the clock on her tiny mantelpiece and had hardly finished doing so when there was a second knock on the door, and in answer to the "Come in" in stalked Mrs. Mayblossom.

She was one of Priscilla's customers and had come to see about a dress upon which the latter was just then engaged.

Her first glance naturally took in the clock.

"Oh, Mrs. Mayblossom," exclaimed Priscilla, noting the direction of her eyes, "isn't it lovely? And it was just sent to me as a present by a gentleman who loves me ever so much."

"Oh, he loves you, does he?" said the young wife in tones so cold and metallic that Priscilla looked at her in surprise.

"Of course he does," said she, "and I'm devoted to him. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no matter," replied Mrs. Mayblossom, too proud to reveal to her dressmaker the doubts and suspicions which had entered her mind from the moment she beheld the clock; "but you will please return my dress in its unfinished state. I shall require your services no longer."

With which words she flounced out of the little room, leaving Priscilla more than ever astonished and mystified.

"What can have been the matter with her?" thought the dressmaker. "Can she know my Augustus, and could he have been paying her any addresses? I must ask him when he comes."

It was already near noon, and but a short time elapsed after Mrs. Mayblossom's departure before the fascinating Augustus put in an appearance.

He, too, caught sight of the clock, and his manner, which had been ardent and loving at his entrance, suddenly changed to one of fierce rage and wild jealousy.

"False, fickle woman!" cried he in a melodramatic air. "Is it thus you betray the fond faith which my too trusting heart has reposed in you?"

"Augustus," exclaimed she, terrified at his excited manner and tragic tones, "what do you mean?"

"That clock," cried he, pointing to the innocent cause of all these complications.

"Why—why," stammered she. "Did you not send me that?"

"I send you a hundred dollar clock!" exclaimed he in tones of bitter scorn. "I, with a salary of $15 a week! You cannot deceive me. You know that Mr. Mayblossom bought that clock at our store this morning. You know that he sent it to you, and you received it. You took this costly present from a married man. Oh, Priscilla, I thought more of you, but now all is over with us. My love is dead, and I live but for revenge."

He clapped his hat over his eyes and rushed out of the room, leaving Priscilla nearly frantic with fear and grief.

Meanwhile Mr. Mayblossom had quietly spent the morning attending to his business, and now, during the noonday recess, was slowly wending his way home, full of blissful anticipations of a loving welcome from his wife and utterly unconscious of the storm that was gathering on his domestic horizon.

He reached home and was greatly astonished to learn from the cook that, though dinner was ready, there was no wife in the house to share it with him. She had come home in a terrible rage, had gone directly to her room, remained there a few minutes and then left the house.

What could it mean? He went to his wife's room. It was empty. There was no clock on the mantelpiece. Ah, what was that? A letter addressed to him and in his wife's handwriting. He hastily opened it and read:

Forever farewell. By the time you read this letter I shall have returned to my parents. Your deceit is discovered. I have learned all. First, I went to the dressmaker's and saw the clock there, and then I went to the jeweler's and made sure that you bought it and sent it to her. Do not seek me, for I am forever lost to you. Your heartbroken ANNIE.

Sensible, good natured George burst into a fit of merry laughter as he read this epistle.

"Here's a fine mix up," muttered he, "and all because my wife happened to place her dressmaker's card among mine when she was arranging my cardcase yesterday. Well, I suppose I'll have to go after her and explain."

He went into the library below preparatory to leaving the house and discovered lying on the table another letter addressed to him.

"Hello!" exclaimed he as he opened and glanced at the epistle. "More complications, and all on account of that clock. Let me see:

"MR. GEORGE MAYBLOSSOM—I need only state that Miss Priscilla Dusenbury is, or rather was, my affianced wife to prove my right to call you to account for your infamous conduct of today. No man, and a married man at that, shall give presents to one I love, or rather have loved, and deny me the satisfaction due to a gentleman. By designating a gentleman to confer with Mr. Clark, a friend of mine, in regard to the necessary arrangements, you will confer a favor on yours, etc.,

AUGUSTUS TOMKINS.

"Hoity, toity," cried Mr. Mayblossom, fairly convulsed with laughter. "A duel, as I live! Hang that clock anyway! I wonder what will turn up next?"

"I will," exclaimed a voice melodramatically.

He looked up from the challenge he was reading and beheld Priscilla standing before him, wrathful as a Nemesis and holding the unlucky clock in a threatening attitude.

"Mr. Mayblossom," said she, "I have come here to tell you that I want none of your presents. If I had known that you sent me that clock, I wouldn't have received it. It has already robbed me of my lover, and you can take your infamous gift back again."

With that she hurled the poor clock to the floor, and the glass globe was shattered into a thousand fragments, the pretty Cupids lost their arms and heads, the carved flowers were broken, and nothing remained of the beautiful but unlucky timepiece save a mass of ruins.

"You giddy, headstrong girl!" exclaimed he angrily. "Now you've done the damage without listening to a word of explanation."

"I want no explanations from you, sir," retorted she haughtily, leaving the room.

As she descended the staircase she encountered Mrs. Mayblossom with her mother, a sensible, practical woman, who had induced her daughter to return and seek an explanation of the apparently suspicious circumstances from Mr. Mayblossom.

A fistic encounter between the wife and the dressmaker seemed imminent when the front door opened and Augustus entered.

The young man had tracked his sweetheart to the very house and had come to drag her away by force if necessary.

Fortunately at this moment Mr. Mayblossom descended from the room above, and after some difficulty managed to give the necessary explanation. The result of all was a repentant wife, two contrite and crestfallen lovers, and—a ruined clock.—London Tit-Bits.

LOVE'S SERVICE.

Love called to a young man winningly,
"Come; join the ranks of my company
And take the field in my service."

But the young man said: "There are other things
Than blushes and kisses and flowers and rings,
Of far more worth than your service.

"There's business and sport and pleasure and art;
Your war is mere folly, your weapon a dart;
I've no time to spare for your service."

Love turned lightly away when he heard the rebuff.
Of young volunteers there were more than enough
To fill up the ranks of his service.

But time, passing by, made clear to the man
That they are the wisest who join when they can
The worshipful ranks of Love's service.

So he offered to Love his jewels and coin;
Forgetting his age, he thought he would join
The throng who pressed to Love's service.

But Love answered lightly: "The day has gone by.
A sere autumn leaf is too old and too dry
For a garland worn in my service.

"You can buy if you like a friendly regard,
And perhaps it may seem if you try very hard
As if you were in my service.

"But the raw recruits for my household guard
I take from the young; the old are debarred
From taking the oaths of my service.

"The countersign's 'Youth.' Can you give it?" "Ah, no."
"Then right about face. You're too old and too slow
To learn the details of my service."

—C. F. Johnson in Temple Bar.

The Decay of Winter Sports In Canada.

The average inhabitant of the "States" in going to Canada in the winter time expects, I have no doubt, to see the streets and hillsides covered with snowshoes and toboggans. He may be surprised to learn that there is but one really good toboggan slide in Canada, and that is at Montreal, while snowshoers are numbered now by tens where formerly they were counted by hundreds. It is simple enough to understand what has brought about this change in what is usually accepted as the typical Canadian winter sport.

A few years ago, when tobogganing and snow shoeing flourished purely for the great sport furnished, the professional impresario, aided by the hotel proprietor, conceived the idea of booming Montreal and incidentally enriching themselves by holding winter carnivals, the main expenses of which were borne by Montreal merchants. For a time they drew largely, and Canada was literally alive with snowshoes and toboggans, but anon they palled, and the last much advertised "carnival" was highly uninteresting from a spectator's point of view.—Harper's Weekly.

Mr. Gladstone as a Poet.

An "Ode" which Mr. Gladstone composed when he was a younger man than he now is has been printed in London. It is full of truisms, a fair specimen of which is the remark at the opening of the eleventh section:

We are amid the tumult and the stress
Of a fierce eddying fight,
And to our mortal sight
Our fate is trembling in the balances.

This statement is truthful, obviously true. It is a standing truth, and when properly regarded it is not discouraging to a man of the derring do kind. The last line of the stanza ought to prompt and impel all men to do their best amid the tumult, as we must trust Mr. Gladstone himself is doing. As mere poetry the "Ode" is open to criticism upon four sides. Its thought is feeble, its wording poor, its figures incongruous and its rhyme bad. Gladstone does not seem to be much of a poet.—New York Sun.

The Art of Working In Gold.

The Romans copied the Greek and Etruscan goldsmiths' work, though they also often used the ornaments themselves taken from the ancient tombs. Much of the art of the ancients in working gold was lost until early in the present century, when Signor Castellani found some of the Etruscan methods still being employed by workmen in a village in a remote corner of the Apennines.—London Times.

Sailors as Astronomers.

It was a happy thought to enlist the sea captains in the service of science. While for obvious reasons the solid land is better for the accurate observations there seems good cause to hope that hereafter large additions to astronomical knowledge may be made by the masters of vessels happening to be in the path of eclipses.—Youth's Companion.

The First Women on the Stage.

It is now ascertained beyond doubt that women first appeared upon the stage between November, 1660, and January, 1661. On Jan. 3 Pepys, that inveterate playgoer, tells us that he saw "The Beggar's Bush," "it being well done, and here the first time that I ever saw women come upon the stage."—Cornhill Magazine.

She Did Not "Phase" Him.

Young Woman (in car, to Fogg, who offers to sit beside her)—This seat is engaged for a gentleman, sir.

Fogg (sitting down with easy assurance)—Thanks; very kind in you, and very flattering besides.—Boston Transcript.

For those in whom baldness has already begun, through no weakness of the general system, thorough brushing of the hair several times a day will be beneficial. The hair should be brushed from the summit in all directions.

Fishes are without eyelids, properly so called, and as the eye is at all times washed by the surrounding water the gland which supplies moisture to the eye is not required and therefore does not exist.

There are 20,000 Swiss residents in the chief cities of the United States—5,000 of them in New York. They are numerous in St. Louis and San Francisco. Few are in Baltimore and Boston.

The women of the old dramas and the old novels are not more womanly women than the tax paying, self supporting women of modern life.—G. W. Curtis.