

To Perment.
"You know, Elsie, that 'ferment' means 'to work,'" said the teacher. "Now you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word 'ferment.'"
After a moment's thought Elsie wrote as follows: "In summer I love to ferment among the flowers in our garden."—Chicago News.

The Real Object.
Indulgent Papa—Why, my dear, you had a party last month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends?
She—This one is not to entertain my friends, papa, but to snub my enemies.—Life.

He Struggles in Vain.
The cynical bachelor rises to remark that when a girl makes up her mind to marry a struggling young man all his struggles are useless.—Philadelphia Record.

Man must always in some sense cling to the belief that the unknowable is knowable.—Goethe.

In a Dilemma.
"A necklace of diamonds has been stolen from me!" said Mrs. Gumrox.
"Aren't you going to notify the police?"
"I don't know what to do. It does seem rather chancy to be robbed of jewelry, and yet I hate to have people think that I'd ever miss a little thing like a necklace."—Washington Star.

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PERILS OF EXPLORERS.

A Tragic Journey Across a Desert of Central Asia.

One of the most trying of the central Asian adventures of Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, was this: In February, 1895, Sven Hedin started eastward, exploring the country between the Kashgar and Yarkand rivers, proceeding in April to cross the Takla Makan desert, between the Yarkand and Khotan rivers. Never before had any known traveler attempted to exploit a course amid the eternal sea of shifting sand hills from river to river. The tale of that little, travel worn, bedraggled group, far beyond the last watering place, enveloped in dust, stumbling along through the dreary but agitated desert sea by crooks and roundabout ways, with desolation spread around and every trace of life departed, was a weird and pathetic one. "Not even a fly was to be heard in the air, not even a yellow leaf broke the monotony."

And ever at their head was the sturdy figure of the Swedish explorer, compass in hand, still enthusiastic, guiding them as best he could through the death shrouded wilderness. At length the camels had to eat their straw saddles, and the last of the bread was gone. Horrors followed. As men and camels dropped out of the line they were immediately enveloped in the whirling sand shroud and never seen again.
The end came on May 5, when Sven Hedin, crawling on all fours, dragged himself across the dry bed of the Khotan river. "All of a sudden a duck flew into the air and water splashed," he wrote. Two of his followers were all that survived, and it is doubtful whether even those two would have lived to tell the tale had not Sven Hedin carried back water for them in his boots.

MARKED THEIR TRAIL.

Two Brave Women Who Outwitted a Band of Indians.

One summer afternoon in 1776 Jemima Boone and two sisters named Callaway while boating on the Kentucky allowed their canoe to drift close to the opposite bank. Here, behind a bush, five Shawnee warriors were in hiding, and, although the spot was not more than a quarter of a mile from Boonesborough, one of the Shawnees struck boldly out into the water, seized the canoe and dragged it to shore with its screaming occupants.

Once in the power of the Indians, however, these youthful daughters of the wilderness betrayed a wonderful self possession and resourcefulness. They knew enough of Indian customs to realize that if their strength failed them and they should prove unequal to the long march to the Shawnee towns on the Ohio they would be slaughtered mercilessly. So they stifled sobs and calmly accompanied their captors without protest or struggle. At every opportunity, though, they secretly tore little pieces from their clothing and attached them to bushes on the trail. Nothing more was needed to inform Boone and his fellow settlers, who had quickly started in pursuit, that they were on the right track, and on the second day of the captivity they caught up with the Indians. A volley laid two Shawnees low, the rest fled, and by the close of another day the girls were safe in the arms of their thankful mothers.—H. Addington Bruce in Smith's Magazine.

Stories of W. S. Gilbert.

When Sir Henry Irving and Edwin Booth were acting together in London at doubled prices, the story goes that Mr. Hornum Vein, meeting W. S. Gilbert in the street, asked him whether he had been to this quite exceptional show. "No," said Mr. Gilbert; "I have sometimes paid half a guinea to see one bad actor, but I will not pay a guinea to see two."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree was playing the part of Falstaff at the London Haymarket, and the indispensable stuffing made him perspire profusely. Mr. Gilbert, who was in the theater, went behind the scenes to see the actor, who may well have been expected to be congratulated on the excellence of his impersonation.

"How well your skin acts!" said Mr. Gilbert.—London Graphic.

Peter the Great as a Drinker.

There is preserved in the Bodleian library, Oxford, an innkeeper's bill for breakfast eaten in England by Peter the Great of Russia. The czar and his twenty companions managed to dispose of half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. Peter was always a hard drinker. He would drink a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draft; after dinner he managed eight bottles of sack, "and so to the playhouse." But his favorite drink was hot pepper and brandy.

He Had the Bill.

Tom (in restaurant)—Excuse me, old man, but would you mind paying my check? I haven't anything but a forty dollar bill. Jack—A forty dollar bill! Why, I never heard of a bill of that denomination. Tom—Here it is—a bill from my tailor!—Chicago News.

To Fresh Eyes.

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail!"—Christian Register.

There is nothing so utterly hollow as a kind word that should have been spoken yesterday.—Evangel.

ANSWERED THE LETTER.

The Way a Brooklyn Politician Once Won a Bet.

There is, or was a few years ago, a neatly framed letter hanging in the consulting room of a Brooklyn doctor which he found in his mail one winter morning. It ran as follows:

Princeton, Jan. 12, 1858.
Dear Sir—I cheerfully accede to your request and acknowledge the compliment paid to my wife and daughter by bestowing their names upon your own twin daughters, and I hope these children may be spared to be of constant comfort to their parents.
Sincerely yours,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

The young doctor's brain whirled. Being a bachelor and having no acquaintance with the former president, he could not understand it at all.

The mystery was solved when a friend of the doctor's, a Brooklyn politician, met him. The politician had made a bet with a cynical acquaintance that any American statesman would personally reply to a courteous letter from the humblest of his countrymen. The cynic took him up and named Grover Cleveland. The terms of the bet were that the answer to a letter mailed on Jan. 3 must be received before Jan. 25. Signing the young doctor's name, the politician wrote of how his marriage had been blessed by twin daughters. Would it be asking too much for an autograph letter to frame which the sweet twins could look upon and read when they grew up and cherish ever afterward?

Mr. Cleveland courteously and promptly answered the letter, and the politician won his bet.—New York Tribune.

CORRECT SPELLING.

There Was a Time When It Was Not Considered Important.

The art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent reputation. Time was when men and women did not care, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Mme. de Sevigne, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name, while it was remarked by Mme. de Maintenon that at the College of St. Cyr much precious time was wasted in learning how to spell.

It remained, however, for the Empress Eugenie in 1808 at Compiene to put to a practical test the spelling standard which obtained even among the highest literary authorities. Thus under the pretext of a theme proposed to them for an examination a number of French academicians took down from dictation a composition by Prosper Merimee. Not one "immortal" wrote without mistake.

As to the empress, she could not understand so many faults being made until it was conveyed to her that she herself from the same dictation was responsible for no less than ninety. The emperor, again, made sixty. It is but fair to add, however, that the dictation was compiled expressly with a view to focusing the difficulties not only of spelling, but grammar.—Harper's Weekly.

A Versatile Parisian.

A quaint Parisian character was Mile. Montansier, an actress, who, while on the stage one night, heard Marie Antoinette say, "How good that cabbage soup they are eating smells!" The actress took a bowl round to the royal box and that night supped with Marie Antoinette, an honor to which the highest nobles in France dared not aspire, thence in due course becoming manager of the fetes at Versailles. Later she was a sort of queen of the Palais Royal and sent to the war a band of actors who performed farces between two battles. She obtained \$800,000 francs from the revolutionary government, almost married Napoleon—or so Barras said—and had her last love affair when she was eighty-five. When she died she bequeathed all her creditors to the king of France.

A Heroic Slave.

There was a humble slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The caliph had in his audience chamber twenty rare vases, and it was written in the laws of Bagdad that he who should have the misfortune to break one of these would pay the penalty with his life. This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than the slave turned, and, walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arm destroyed them all.

"Wretch," the caliph thundered, "why have you done that barbarous deed?"

"To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow countrymen," the doomed slave replied.

Munich an Artistic Leader.

Munich is in great part a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how artfully and lovingly she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years and why such geniuses as Leubach, von Uhde, Schwanhauler, Orlandi Lasso and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.—Robert Haven Schauflier in Century.

The Desire for Appearance.

The Village Grocer (peevishly)—Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples in the top of the bar? The Honest Farmer (cheerily)—What makes you comb that long scalp lock over your bald spot?—Puck.

Paid.

Mrs. Belle (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why didn't you?—Life.

IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

The Most Common Ways in Which the Heart is Affected.

Dr. I. N. Hall, writing in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, says that the dangers to the heart in high altitudes are the same as in other places, but are greatly exaggerated in some directions. The troubles most common and serious, he says, relate to inflammation of the heart muscle, hardening of the arteries and dilation of the heart.

The principle applied is this: The heart and lungs have an increase of functional work with each added degree of elevation and the consequent decrease in atmospheric pressure. To meet the increased demand on the circulation the heart must enlarge if the usual amount of exercise is taken. It is not unusual for acute dilation of the heart to occur after slight effort on the part of those whose arteries have begun to harden and who long have been accustomed to atmospheric pressure at the sea level. The trouble with those who suffer in high altitude, the writer declares, is that they try to do too much at first when they feel invigorated by the bracing atmosphere.

Dr. Hall adds that even an ascent in a railway train may be fatal to those who have but a narrow margin of heart strength, or the slightest exertion at such a time may produce angina pectoris. The average case of well compensated valvular disease will do as well at a high altitude as anywhere else if the patient observes proper precautions. In such a climate he is less susceptible to acute rheumatism.

A LUCKY SHOT.

Exciting Incident of a Lion Hunt in East Africa.

In the Wide World Magazine there is an exciting account of a lion hunt in British East Africa. The party consisted of Walter Cooper, Captain H. and his sister. The young lady captured four lions, while the men slew five between them. The tenth lion was killed through its desire to capture a native carrier who, realizing that things were becoming too warm for him, had bolted. The following is the account of the misfortune which befell the lion through his attempt to stay the haste of the native:

The lioness, attracted by the sight of the fleeing man, swerved off suddenly and made after the fugitive. The man had not more than twenty yards start, and the great brute rapidly overtook him. Miss H. fired again, and we men both fired as well, but we were not near enough to make a good running shot. The wretched man, with a courage born of desperation, turned at the last moment and hit at the lioness with his rifle. The blow fell a bit short, and the enraged brute, snapping at what came nearest, caught the weapon in her mouth at the muzzle. The pace at which she was traveling was so great that Hassan was hurried backward, and in falling his finger caught the triggers, letting off both barrels. By the most extraordinary piece of luck the rifle was pointing straight down the beast's throat at the moment, and down she went, with her head nearly shot away, right on top of him.

Notorious Women Gamblers.

One of the most notorious female gamblers of the eighteenth century was Miss Pelham, the daughter of the English prime minister. She not only ruined herself at cards, but would have beggared her sister Mary as well had not their friends intervened and insisted on the sisters separating. Horace Walpole gives a pitiful account of "poor Miss Pelham sitting up all night at the club without a woman, losing hundreds a night and her temper, beating her head and making a scene before the young men and the waiters." Another writer says that the unhappy woman often played cards with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Lady Mary Compton, an old maiden lady, a contemporary of Miss Pelham and, like her, addicted to gambling, had the same propensity to tears. When she lost, we are told, she wept bitterly—"not for the loss itself," she was careful to explain, "but for the unkindness of the cards."

A Bank of Brides.

Simla, the summer capital of the Indian empire, is a pretty pine treed place well up in the foothills of the Himalayas. A feature of Simla life is the annual fair held by the native hill people, an attractive item of which is a "bank of brides" in an amphitheater, where sit numbers of young women who thus calmly announce that they are candidates for hyemal honors. Some of these aspirants to matrimony so patiently awaiting a choosing are quite pretty and have intelligent faces, but those of Mongol caste must linger long for a partner if personal beauty enters into the equation.

Love in a Flat.

"May I kiss you?"
The girl hastily consulted a document.
"You may," she said.
"Why did you consult that paper?"
"To see if there is anything in our lease prohibiting it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nice Discrimination.

"Stop!" cried an author to a maid servant. "What papers are you burning there?"
"It's all right, sir," was the reply.
"These are only the old sheets covered with writing. I haven't touched the clean ones!"

Although vanity is supposed to be a feminine trait, one doesn't have to scratch very deep to find it in a man.—Chicago News.

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