

In 1400 there was scarcely a book in Rome but missals.

THE home of Audobon, the naturalist, on Twelfth avenue, New York, is to be sold.

KING OTTO of Bavaria is sinking fast, his fits of insanity having become much more frequent.

THE organ was invented by one Cleobius, a barber of Alexandria, about 100 B. C.

JAMES CABELLE, brother of Thomas, is the only surviving member of the Carlyle family now in England.

THE earliest prints that are known are a set of the seven planets, in an almanac, by way of frontispiece.

THE Cyclopaen masonry was not limited to Greece. Two fine specimens occur in Italy, at Ausidonia and Saturnia, towns anterior to Rome.

THE Perseus, ancient fire-worshipers expelled from Persia, are the factors, capitalists, and leading merchants of Bombay, where there are 9,000.

THE lyre was invented by Zanteus, and improved by Orpheus, Linus and Thamyris. It had eleven strings, and was played on by a stick or the fingers.

TURKISH roads were first established in the reign of Queen Ann; till then all roads were repaired by the parishes. Turkeys were so called from poles or bars swung on a staple, and turned either when dues were paid.

MRS. VANDERBILT'S arrival in London has placed Mrs. Mackay somewhat in a back seat socially. Mrs. Vanderbilt is regarded as a better specimen of an American society woman than the bonanza king's wife, and Mrs. Mackay is not on Mrs. Vanderbilt's visiting list.

THE grave of Wendell Phillips, at Milton, Mass., is still unmarked. But a monument is soon to be erected by Mrs. Green, the sister of the dead orator. It will be a rough, weather-stained granite boulder about five feet in height, and in the front center will be placed a sunken tablet bearing an inscription. The stone will be placed in the rear of the lot and in view of the path.

THE Smithsonian Institution at Washington has sent an expedition to Nova Scotia and secured fac-similes of the "fairy rocks," on which are curious hieroglyphic characters evidently very old, which may throw some light on the history of the early discoveries of America. The markings are cut in upon a rock of highly-polished slate, and the intaglio is about a sixteenth of an inch deep.

FIRING is only done properly when the fuel is consumed in the best possible way, that is, when no more is burned than is necessary to produce the amount of steam required and to keep the pressure uniform. To obtain this end, complete combustion must be obtained in the furnace, and this is going on when the fuel is burning with a bright flame evenly all over the grate. Blue flames, dark spots and smoke are evidences of incomplete combustion, due to lack of air.

ACCORDING to the British Medical Journal, half of all who live die before seventeen. Only one person in 10,000 lives to be 100 years old, and but one in 100 reaches sixty. The married live longer than the single, but out of every 1,000 born only 190 are ever married. Of 1,000 persons who have reached seventy there are of clergy-men, orators and public speakers, forty-three; farmers, forty; workmen, thirty-three; soldiers, thirty-two; lawyers, twenty-nine; professors, twenty-seven; doctors, twenty-four.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square; use good brick and lay instead of lime up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams and rafters; there is where the cracks in your chimneys come, and where most of the fires originate, as the chimney sometime gets red hot. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous than one hung on the wall. Don't get your stovepipe hole too close to the ceiling, eighteen inches from it.

At a recent meeting of the Wellington Philosophical Society of England the question was asked whether the chief use of the antlers of the deer was not for facilitating the progress of the animal through the dense woods. Sir James Hector, who made the inquiry, said that he had had considerable experience with the wapiti in North America, and that he had thrown up the head, thereby placing the horns along the back, the animals were able to go forward with great rapidity and follow the winds. He asked the question, because at a previous meeting of the society it had been stated that the antlers tended to entangle the deer. Mr. Fortesque, who has made a careful study of the habits of deer, said that the statement was quite correct that the antlers assisted the stag in penetrating dense forests.

A curious experiment consists in taking a water flask or other wide-mouthed bottle and placing a small cork in the neck while holding it in a horizontal position. It will seem an easy matter to blow the cork into the bottle, but upon trial it will be found almost impossible to do so. The harder one blows the more forcibly is the cork ejected out of the bottle. The explanation is that the bottle is already full of air, so that no more can be blown into it, and the only effect produced by blowing is to compress the air already inside. When the pressure is removed, the air, being elastic, expands again quickly, and, in so doing, forces the cork out of the neck, apparently in a reverse direction to the current from the lungs of the experimenter. The neck of the bottle must be perfectly dry, or the cork will adhere to it, and interfere with the success of the experiment.

BLUE, OR CRIMSON?

From Harper's Bazar.

It was a momentous question, far more so than the reader, glancing at the title of this story, imagines. The young lady standing by the window in street costume, gazing at the blooming squares in the E. de garden below, was no longer deciding if that she had been three days ago; yet it must be settled that afternoon, and the hands of the clock were pointing ten minutes to five. "Blue, or crimson?"

"The words began to adjust themselves with amazing pertinacity to the monotonous tinging on the mantle—'blue, or crimson—' 'Yale, or Harvard?' and then this further affix, containing the kernel of the difficulty, 'It is, or Mars-ton? Rolfe, or Mars-ton?' Which should it be? The clock dropped preliminaries and struck to the telling clause with persistency so aggravating that the young lady knitted her pretty brows and finally stopped her ears. She must think—she must think. Here were only five minutes in which to balance for perhaps the thousandth time, the merits of two rival and declared suitors for her hand, represented by the colors of the rival colleges. Which should it be?"

How it was that, though neither of these suitors had yet been accepted, each believed himself favored, and expected his supposed lady-love to wear his colors that evening, is a mystery which only an accomplished coquette could explain. This particular coquette did penance for much previous flirtation during the much previous quart p'henre at the window, trying to make up her mind whether to purchase blue or crimson ribbon for Elmer Vance's party.

She had put off purchasing either as long as possible, and had had immense trouble to prevent being presented with both. But for this unfortunate party, which had given each admirer an excuse to request a proof of favor, she need not have decided quite yet whether to accept Roger Marston, whose dark eyes and charming manners had turned the heads of half the girls in her "set," who was handsome, aristocratic, and—oh, most potent word—rich, or Walter Rolfe, the "little lover" of her childhood, her playmate and teacher at once, her loyal champion always, and the hero of her earliest day-dreams.

"Why, Lou, what in the world are you standing there for with your fingers in your ears? So you're going out?"—with a disappointed accent.

"Yes, m. Why?" "Oh, I've just got a note from your Aunt Maria. She's sick, and nothing'll do but I must go up there this evening. And I thought perhaps you'd make the biscuit for supper. I can't trust Inga, you know." Inga was the Swedish "help," majestic, snow fair, picturesque, serene, and as yet innocent of the least details of cooking. "Can't you be back in half an hour? It don't take long to make a cream-tartar biscuit."

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Of course it ought to be blue. Walter and she seemed to belong to each other—always. She had stanchly believed him, till lately, the dearest, best and handsomest boy in the world. He might be—yes, she was afraid he was—a little common-place, but he was as much a part of her past as her brother Jeremy, and seemed as much a part of her future. To eliminate Walter—

"You see, Mr. Batchelder," was the saucy response. "I couldn't endure the separation any longer. And how fortunate I am to find you at liberty to attend me!" "What! You're going to ignore the claims of friendship, are you, and purchase some sordid trifle or other?"

"Ribbon! Ah, yes, yes; now I see. Why couldn't you have spared my feelings and gone to Mr. Ellard's? He would have sold you a ribbon with a blue and pink, wouldn't he? The very thought I feel quite sanguinary." He had selected, while speaking, a loop of crimson, and was dexterously looping it as he held it before his customer, who surveyed it and him with astonishment not-unmixed with anger. It has passed to a proverb that nothing should be taken for granted where a woman is concerned. Miss Jennings remarked coolly, as she turned to the case. "Perhaps some other color would make you feel less sanguinary. This straw color, for instance."

"You have an excellent opinion of yourself."

"Well, I'm no Solomon, Miss Lou—no Solomon. But then it doesn't require the wisdom of Solomon to know that you want a crimson ribbon. Any Yankee could tell that."

"Only see what a lovely hue! Your color, exactly. Brunettes should wear something rich and bright." Miss Jennings returned thanks for the advice, and allowed the giver to show her every crimson ribbon in the case. Finally, she said meditatively, "I suppose six yards will be enough." "Oh, quite, quite; yes, yes."

"And I'll guarantee the effect over white will be charming." "I'll take six yards of—"

"And here's a narrower width of the same shade, if you want it." The storekeeper had laid six handfuls of bright satin, and Miss Lou selected deftly. "Four—five—six. Six yards!"—lifting the scissors.

"Six yards—of this blue," the young lady concluded. "Eh?" Mr. Batchelder dropped the scissors and stared over his spectacles. The purchaser had hard work to repress a smile at the discomfiture of the voluble salesman, who uttered not another word till he handed the change over the counter. He had rallied then sufficiently to remark, "Varium est mutab."

"Don't put the blame on me, Mr. Batchelder. It would have taken the wisdom of Solomon to know that I wanted a blue ribbon, and you're only a Yankee. No wonder you made a mistake. Good afternoon."

Miss Jennings' satisfaction did not last long. No sooner was she on the street again than she repeated having bought the wrong color just for spite. Had she not determined on crimson? And now here was the decision reversed by a gossiping saleswoman. Now that she had the blue it quite lost its value in her eyes.

"And why not?"—this bright thought entered her mind when she was about half-way home—"why not buy the crimson ribbon, too? With both colors ready, choice could be made at the last minute."

Immensely relieved at this reprieve she hastened back to the village, made her second purchase at another store, and reached home, very hot and tired, at exactly a quarter of six. She tossed her hat, parasol, and party frock down on the hall table, and hurried into the kitchen. Appropriating at once the Swedish calico aprons, she set that serene domestic at work making up a hot fire.

Bob shook his head. His mouth was full of jam. "Didn't get it? Why not?" "I want my fault. Mr. Batchelder's account snapper and the clerk didn't know what color."

"Why, I told you blue." "No, you didn't neither. You said like what you got this afternoon." "I tell you I said blue," indignantly. "And after you've been snapper you can go back and get it."

"Huh! I can, can I? Don't the stores shut up at six Wednesdays?" "No, not all," Jeremy interposed, seeing signs of storm in his sister's face. "You are always open."

"He wants to sneak out of getting the ribbon. I declare!"—pushing away her chair, and taking refuge in the window recess to hide a few tears of vexation—"small boys are just up to such tricks. I suppose." Of course he'll go back.

"How about big boys?" Jeremy inquired, following his sister. "Oh, big ones—like you—are very nice indeed. I must be nice since you allow me to escort you to-night and turn your back on the comet and the fixed star." These were the nicknames Jeremy had bestowed on his sister's two chief admirers.

"Was it because I wanted to go with you. And you're very—"

"No, I'm not. I'm your humble servant. You know it's the first time you have wanted to go with me. I'm a little surprised, that's all. And I'm afraid Mr. Marston may lie in wait to assassinate, and that Walter may send a challenge round."

"Don't be nonsensical, Jeremy." "Well, I'm not nonsensical soberly, then. I'm glad it's blue, and not crimson, that Bob is going after. Very glad."

His sister flushed, thinking of the crimson in her pocket. But at that moment came a crash from the dining-room, and she hurried to investigate. She found fragments of crockery and a deluge of milk on the floor. The Swede was surveying the ruin with arms akimbo.

She was smiling. "I'm not nonsensical, Jeremy." "Well, I'm not nonsensical soberly, then. I'm glad it's blue, and not crimson, that Bob is going after. Very glad."

Meanwhile Lou, whose headache was no fiction, sat in the dark by her chamber window, resting her throbbing temples on her arms crossed on the sill. It was still oppressively hot. The scent of pinks and mignonette from the garden, mingled with the faint odor of Jeremy's cigar. She could occasionally hear the murmur of voices in the kitchen.

Happy Inga, who had only one lover! Oh, let lovers and the future take care of themselves! Miss Jennings was tired to death of the problem that had vexed her all day. What was the use of thinking about it? Both young men would go away the next day, and would not return for a week at least; so there was further respite. The heavy eyelids drooped. Worn out with worry and crying, my heroine drifted from actual to imaginary troubles, and dreamed that a crowd of maskers all in crimson were dancing around her, led by one in blue.

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What was to be done? There was no use in pursuing, no use in getting angry. Every minute against the clock for the reason, if for no other, my heroine made up her mind to have it even if she had to go for it herself. There was no time for thought that, however, and she did not like to ask Jeremy, who was enjoying himself so much in his dressing. But there was Inga; she could go.

The Swede was not perceptibly astonished at her mistress' sudden change of tone when she came back to ask her to leave the dishes and go on an errand.

"Yes, and was ready in two minutes. Thinking to be quite sure this time, Lou wrote what she wanted on a slip of paper. The Swede departed, holding this in one hand and the money and key in the other. Having seen her on her way, Lou was at liberty to commence her toilet. It was already past seven, and dark because of impending storm. There was ominous muttering of thunder, going through the piazza, and the mechanically and hastily, my heroine in half an hour stood before the mirror fully arrayed. Now indeed the time for decision had come. Inga would be back soon, and there would be plenty of time to knock up a note and send it by the messenger.

Or, she might begin now on the crimson lying on the bureau. Which should it be? How foolish! How like the traditional donkey between two stacks of hay! She laughed at her eyes were heavy and her cheeks as white as her dress.

"I shall never do," she soliloquized. "I shall have to try the crimson to light myself up. I'll make the knots anyway."

Fate surely favored crimson. She Jennings turned upon her bows, but Inga had not returned when they were finished. So, just to see the effect, she pinned them in place on breast and hair and belt, and then stood looking at herself with pardonable pride in her own beauty. What was she thinking, as she gazed at her reflection with that light in her eyes and that flush on her cheek? She saw herself, in fancy, Roger Marston's saved and congratulated fiancée. She saw an eager, dark, triumphant hero and then she turned away and put up her hands to shut out another vision, a vision that caused the flush to fade and the gaze to waver. Only a pair of blue eyes that suddenly seemed to look from the mirror, reproach, despair, and finally—yes, finally in scorn, scorn of the girl who was about to make the most brilliant match of the season.

The gate fell together. Inga was at last coming, and the noise of voices told that she had brought with her her "man" Carl, who usually spent his evenings in the Jennings kitchen. Lou hastily unpinned the crimson ribbon and threw them on the table. Inga forgot to shut up her borrowed ribbon's vivid color as she answered the Swede's tap at the door and eagerly extended her hand for the little parcel the latter tendered.

"I'm so very much obliged, Inga."

"No matter about change. Keep it for your trouble."

Lou had opened the package. Suddenly, with an exclamation, she retreated to the gas jet to examine what she had bought. "Why—why, this ribbon—this ribbon is still, it is—it's green! Even the stupid Swede recoiled a little before the indignant glance that accompanied the next words. "How could you make such a mistake?"

She got no further in her speech. Her young mistress—this was worthy of record as being the only time Inga was ever astonished in her life—the young mistress threw the ribbon into the middle of the hall, slammed the door in her face and locked it. Then, careless of the lace

bonnets she was ruining and quite indifferent to the fact that she had eight, she threw herself on the bed and gave way to a perfect tempest of passionate tears. She cried until she was completely exhausted, not when Jeremy—

Jeremy was puzzled. The unsteadyness of his sister's voice, and the sight of the crumpled ribbon, which he took to be a blue one, on the floor, made him guess that something was wrong, but in apparent good faith he came to see her, and moralized on life's chances.

Next morning his sister did not appear at breakfast, but he found her shortly after in the kitchen, where she had gone to secure the violet. Those unfortunate blossoms had been thrust heads down into a pail of water. The roses had received the same treatment, but they were left to her fate, and the owner ran away from Jeremy's congratulatory smile. The latter rescued the Jacques, and a day later they fell to pieces on his mantle; but the violets were hoarded as Lou's dearest possession long after scent and color had passed away.

In a Steel Dungeon.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The most uncomfortable bed in Philadelphia one night was that occupied by Joseph Cannon, a young bartender, employed at Peter McGillian's saloon. Cannon slept in the new vault that is being put in the Keystone National Bank Building at Chestnut and Juniper Streets.

Cannon, who is 22 years old, was roaming through the building with young McGillian late in the afternoon when they came upon the immense vault that is being built in the banking room. The vault is made of steel and is about sixteen feet high. It walls are made of plates and fully a foot thick. It had not been quite finished, the lock had not been put on nor had all the delicate machinery for moving the door been adjusted. Cannon, who was looking at the heavy steel finishing of the interior when suddenly the door swung to and he found himself in darkness. Outside he could hear his companion, young McGillian, laughing merrily as he came to the door. Cannon was a trifle scared. He pushed with all his strength against the heavy door, but his weight had no effect whatever upon the ton of steel before him.

He cried out in alarm, and McGillian came to the door, and called while his friend pushed; but they could not budge the door by a hair's breadth. Then the watchman was called in, and his strength was added to the exertion of the other two, but with no more success.

By this time everybody was pretty thoroughly scared. The policeman on the corner was notified and he summoned two or three of his comrades. Several men who heard of Cannon's peculiar situation gathered at his job, but Cannon was a trifle scared. He pushed with all his strength against the heavy door, but his weight had no effect whatever upon the ton of steel before him.

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The Love of Bull-Fighting.

From the London Telegraph.

Cervantes, in his immortal romance, literally and definitely "laughed Spain chivalry away;" and his mordant irony effectually and irrevocably shattered such faith as had grown up in the apocryphal legends of Bernardo del Carpio, Amadis de Gaul, Palmerin of England, and the giant Morgante, and the rest of the progeny of the old Spanish chroniclers. In fact, the chivalry to which he dealt the death stroke was more than three parts dead before he smote it.

Nothing, replied the colored lady. "Yes, you have," said the white lady, not in an undertone, but in a voice that attracted the attention of all in the carriage. She how young and crumpled and your bonnet smashed.

Jane, poor colored beauty, hung her head for a moment, the "observed of all observers," and then, turning round to the lieutenant, replied, "This man kissed me in the carriage, and long was the laugh that followed among the passengers. The white lady enjoyed the joke amazingly. Lieutenant looked like a sheep-stealing dog, left the carriage at the next station and was seen no more.—Atlanta Constitution.

Hold Brain by a Hind Leg. Brockwayville, Pennsylvania, letter in the Pittsburg Times is as follows: One of the most successful hunters in East Jefferson is Darius Hetrick, who lives at "Blowtown," a settlement at the headwaters of the North Fork, in Polk township, containing of a store, board mill and half a dozen houses.

He killed his first deer when 11 years old. As a partner who hunts with him, Tom Carnahan. On one occasion, two years ago, bear had been quite plenty around his settlement, and Mr. Hetrick had followed one about the hills near his home for some distance, and he says himself: "I got up in the morning and told my wife to make me some cakes to carry with me, for I had decided the bear should die that day."

He hunted up his companion, Carnahan, and they set forth. The track was fresh in the snow and was easily followed. The bear was soon overtaken. It was snugly doing under a big log. Hetrick saw it and fired his gun at it. The bullet struck it up, and it was in no friendly mood. The bear was not in a humor to be worried by dogs, so it rolled over on its back, and, with four feet in the air, it sent the dog off in the snow drifts of the first round. Then it crawled back under the log, and Hetrick, afraid his bear was about to escape him, having but an old single-barreled rifle, dropped his gun and rushed for his meat. He grabbed the retreating bear by the hind leg and pulled it off, and he was willing to turn around to see who wanted him.

The bear was no sooner out from under the log than Hetrick was in the condition of the darkey who wanted somebody to help him go of a bear and get \$25 than they did in their reckless attempt to catch it alive by the hind leg.

Why am I like a pin?" asked Mr. Wittyman triumphantly of his wife. He expected she was going to say: "Because you are so sharp," and he was simply paralyzed when she responded: "Because if you should get lost it wouldn't be worth while to spend time looking for you, and because 200 of you would go in a bundle wouldn't be worth 10 cents."

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