THE LAFAYETTE GAZETTE.

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'TWAS THE OTHER MAN.

Love at First Sight and Love at Second Sight.

THE RIVER brawled a noisy tune that the bridge had listened to unmoved for some hundreds of years, and then, as if wearied with this profitless exertion, drew itself up with dignity and swept along with deep, rapid and noiseless current.

On a slender spit of turf which jutted out at the tail of the eddies stood a girl intently engaged with a fly-rod; lounging over the gray parapet of the bridge were a couple of men lazily watching her.

One of the men was tall and dark; he answered to the name of Duncan. The other was shorter built and had lighter hair, and him his companion addressed as Billy.

The pair of them were moving leisurely through the country, in company with a house on wheels, a yellow-painted caravan which was then resting just down the turn of the road.

The shorter man removed his pipe and spoke:

"Ah, see that cast? By Jove, it was a neat one. Couldn't have done it better—risen him again, and—no, not this time, my lady. But you'll go on, won't you? He's a fat two-pounder, and you're a keen sportsman, I can see that."

Three other casts were made without result, but at the third the fish rose again, and was snugly hooked in the dropper.

"That fly's a March Brown for a ten pound note," exclaimed Duncan with an access of interest as the trout shot off like a flash diagonally down stream.

"Ah, now she's giving him the butt, and that's checking the pace. He'd break her if he got tangled in the overfall among those stones. Faith, she's playing him like an old hand."

As he spoke the spring of the bending rod stopped the two-pounder's rush, and the fish began doggedly to return to the summons of the slowly turning reel.

The unrelenting tension of the line wore down his strength, and his captor felt blissfully sure of success. In another minute or so he would be gasping and showing silver beneath the bank at her feet.

She reached a hand round for the landing net, which hung from a ring in her creel-strap, and had partly drawn it out, when of a sudden the honeycombed turf beneath began to bend and break down.

She saw the danger and tried to step back; but the movement was not in time. She lost balance, slipped and fell, and the next moment had rolled off sideways with a splash into the shining water.

By the men on the bridge no words were spoken. They left the bridge at either end and raced down the rugged bank on different sides, Duncan crashing through hazel bushes, his companion stumbling madly over tumbled bowlders.

Reaching the bottom of the straggling fall, each left the bank and splashed into the deeper water dressed as he was. Duncan swimming with a side stroke, the other racing against him on the breast. The current was very rapid, but as to where it was taking them neither gave a thought.

Each was wholly intent upon being first to reach the form which was swirling on ahead, now half submerged, now wholly beneath the surface.

Then Billy got knocked out of the race. He fouled an island of weeds that was being swept along by the current and felt their slimy tendrils wrap

"SEE THAT CAST!"

around him and had to stop and fight for his own life.

By the time he had emerged panting and half choked from the conflict he turned to see the girl lying in a draggled heap on the bank and Duncan in the act of scrambling up alongside of her.

An hour afterwards the pair of wanderers reached their caravan again, patted the browsing horse and went inside to change.

Silence was well maintained for awhile, each being occupied with his own proper thoughts. Then Duncan spoke:

"You had a narrowish squeak with those weeds, old man. I saw you out of the tail of my eyes once or twice. You were fighting them under water, weren't you?"

"Yes, they wrapped round me like slimy ropes and pulled me down. I was nearly done for when I got my nose up again."

"Glad you got out of it so well. I'd hove her on to the bank and was just coming off to bear a hand when you bobbed up from below. I couldn't come earlier."

"Of course not, and besides—it didn't much matter."

"Eh, what's that?"

"Only I envy you your luck in pulling her out, Duncan, that's all. Heigh-ho. And now let's change the subject."

The tall man whistled.

"Dry up," said his companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter? Why, my dear goose, if you think it matters in the smallest degree, we'll say that it was you that hooked her inshore. We'd both got the will, and it was quite a toss up who actually did the finishing touch. If it hadn't been for the unlucky handicap of those weeds you'd have been there first."

"No, I shouldn't. You were ahead."

"Pooh, a yard or so maybe, but we were practically neck and neck. I say, old man, is this a case of that complaint one reads about in books, love at first sight?"

"I—I believe it is."

"No one saw the girl fished out of the water, and when the brother and all that crowd of domestics turned up from the house and saw us pumping up and down her arms and getting the breath into her again nothing was asked as to how the thing was done. They thanked the pair of us collectively and trooped off.

"When we dine there to-night, and they've got their nerves quieted down and ask for details, I shall just pitch the yarn in my own fashion, and picture myself tied up in the weeds and you doing the rescue business."

The scene changes from the yellow-painted caravan to luxurious bachelor chambers in town, and time has spun by to the extent of six months.

Duncan is seated in a great cider-stuffed chair: the man they called Billy is stumping restlessly over the soft carpet.

"You'd better tell me what's happened, chapter and verse," suggested he of the arm-chair.

"Oh, nothing except what you've heard."

"But I've heard nothing. I met you and her at dinner on the night after our mutual bath, and I haven't clapped eyes on either of you since. I

DUNCAN LAID A HAND ON HIS COMPANION'S SHOULDER.

—I didn't want to interfere in any way whatever. So I took a steamer and went to New Zealand and back, just for my health, y' know."

"You're rather puzzling, Duncan, but if you insist I can only repeat that there's remarkably little to tell. She was civil to me, and grateful, and all that, and we could have been the best of friends if I had wished it so. But I couldn't stick at friendship, and of late she has seen it."

"Well?"

"She can't give me more than friendship. I asked her, and she said she couldn't. I told her I would wait any amount of time if that would do any good, but she refused to give me the least hope."

"And didn't she vouchsafe anything further, Billy?"

"Yes, she did."

"What was it? Don't tell me, of course, if you'd rather not."

"It's a hardish mouthful, Duncan, old man, but I'll out with it. She told me she was fond of another man, and—"

"And what?"

"And he had shown conclusively he cared nothing for her, and consequently she should never marry."

"What a scoundrel the other man must be!"

"Yes, I said that, but she promptly denied it. It seems he had hardly spoken half a dozen words to her. She said he had once tried to render some great service to her and failed. But the intention was clear enough. By dint of pleading I got the name out of her—"

He paused.

"And it was?" asked a strained voice from the depths of the chair.

"Great heavens, man! can't you see that it was you?"

Duncan leaned forward with his chin in the heel of his fist, and his face turned away towards the fireglow.

"And you don't care a pin for her?"

"No, of course not."

Duncan turned swiftly round.

"You mean that?" he demanded.

"Yes, or else I shouldn't have said it. Why, whatever is the matter with you?"

Duncan came across the room and laid a hand on his companion's shoulder.

"Billy, d'you know what I cleared out of England for? No? Then I'll tell you. You fell in love with that girl at first sight; I did the same when I met her for the second time.

"We've always been good chums, you and I, old chap, and I couldn't bear to run counter to you. So I went away on the out trail. I thought the sea air and the fresh scenes would blow the nonsense out of my head.

"But it didn't. I love her more than ever now."

"Then no one stands in your way, and I congratulate you with all my heart. Go in and win, old man.

"No, don't say anything. I'm going to leave this for a bit. My brother's got an orange ranch in Florida, and I think I'll run over to him for a year or so. I'll go now, if you don't mind. Good night, old chap, and God bless you."—Boston Globe.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Cream Cookies: One teacupful each of sour cream and maple sirup, one egg, one teaspoonful each of soda and caraway seeds, and flour enough to roll out thinly. Then bake quickly.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Marlborough Pudding: Six large apples, stewed and strained; stir into it six ounces of butter, the grated rind of one lemon and six tablespoonfuls of wine. Beat up six eggs and six ounces of sugar, and stir it all together. Bake in deep plates, with a rich puff paste and a pretty thick edging.—Boston Budget.

—Fried Oysters: Take large, fresh oysters and drain. Have ready a plate of sifted cracker crumbs, in which mix a teaspoonful of salt; take one oyster at a time, roll in the cracker crumbs, and lay on a board; let remain ten minutes; dip in beaten egg, roll in the cracker crumbs again, and let stand fifteen minutes. Drop in boiling fat and fry brown. Serve very hot.—Harper's Bazar.

—Marbled Cake: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, yolks of six eggs, one cup of milk and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. When the cake is mixed take out one cupful of batter and stir into it a large spoonful of grated chocolate, wet with milk. Fill the pan one inch thick with yellow and drop in the dark. A little lemon added to the yellow improves it.

—Ring Jumbles: One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, four eggs, one pound of flour or enough to make a soft dough, three teaspoonfuls of extract of red rose. Mix all together, adding the well-beaten whites of eggs last. Line shallow tins with buttered paper. Bake quickly and sift fine sugar over them as soon as you take them from the oven. With a teaspoon form rings of the dough.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Fig Pudding: Get half a pound of the best figs; chop them fine; add quarter of a pound of suet, finely minced; half pound of stale bread crumbs; two ounces flour, six ounces sugar and quarter of a nutmeg grated. Mix these well together. Moisten with two eggs, well beaten, mixed with half a cupful of milk. Put the mixture in a buttered mold (with a tight-fitting lid), tied up in a stout cloth. Plunge into boiling water and keep steadily boiling four hours.—Home Queen.

—The "Louisiana Rice Exhibit" gives the following recipe for boiling rice: "Pick your rice clean and wash it in two cold waters, not draining off the last water until you are ready to put the rice on the fire. Prepare a saucepan with water and a little salt. When it boils sprinkle in the rice gradually, so as not to stop the boiling. Boil hard for twenty minutes, keeping the pot covered. Then take it from the back of the fire and pour off the water, after which set the pot on the back of the stove to allow the rice to dry and the grains to separate. Remember to boil rapidly from the time you cover the pot until you take it off; this allows each grain to swell to three times its normal size, and the motion prevents the grains from sticking together. Don't stir it, as this will cause it to fall to the bottom and burn. When properly boiled rice should be snowy-white, perfectly dry, soft and every grain separate."

Fancy Odd Waists.

Silk and woolen skirts are worn with velvet or silk waists for dressy, house, theater, or evening wear. An old black silk skirt that is still presentable is excellent for this purpose, as is a new dotted black satin, a fine silk-warp Henrietta, or serge. The velvet waists are round, with a crush belt or collar, and large puffed sleeves close-fitting at the wrists. Another style has belt, collar and sleeve puffs of the soft English satin, now sent to this country for dress accessories. In color the waists are of the fashionable red, brown, green, heliotrope and blue shades, that may be plain or changeable. The satin is three dollars a yard, while duchesse satin would be from a dollar; velvet at a dollar and fifty cents up to any price is selected. For an odd silk waist the changeable figured satin surah, at eighty-five cents to two dollars, is liked on account of its good wearing qualities. The former price given is very cheap, and the material is not always to be picked up at such a bargain. It comes in all mixtures, red and green now being much in demand.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Drawing-Room Screen.

A lovely screen may be made for the drawing-room by covering three panels with pale pink plush, and appliqueing large artificial blush roses in the following manner: Buy as pretty roses as you can get and of any color that goes well with the plush. Press them in a heavy book just as you would press a natural flower. When considerably flattened arrange them with their buds and leaves in the panels and with heavy floss silk to match, cover the edges of the leaves that lie flat on the material, fastening the rest down in their place with a few stitches. The leaves may be covered in the same way, and the stems as well, so that when finished the effect is of an embroidered bass-relief and is exceedingly effective. Any other artificial flowers that will lend themselves to this method of treatment may be used in lieu of roses and will look equally well. These floral screens make a particularly pretty background if a low chair is placed in front of one of them.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Lieut. Said Rute, recently dispatched by the German government as military attache to the German consulate at Beyrout (Syria), is a cousin of the present sultan of Zanzibar. His mother, a sister of the late sultan, fell in love with a commercial agent from Hamburg, married him despite the protests of her family, and returned with him to Germany, where her husband was killed by a street car running over him. The kindly old emperor made provision for the exiled princess, whom her family would not recognize, and had her son, the Said Rute, educated at his expense.

SYMPATHY'S GREAT POWER.

Historic Mental Delusions Recalled by a Recent Case.

The recent outbreak of a nervous malady in a tenement in the Italian quarter in a western city, by which a large portion of the persons living in the house seemed to become suddenly afflicted with a mild kind of St. Vitus' dance, suggests the wonderful power of sympathy and imitation upon certain temperaments, of which all medical men are well aware. History abounds with such instances, although it is now many years since any such outbreak obtained any very wide prevalence.

Italy was the scene of one of the most famous of these, where for some centuries there was an epidemic of dancing, which was supposed to be the only remedy for a mania of disease induced by the alleged poisonous sting of the tarantula, or spider. So widespread was this that it passed into history under the specific name "tarantism," and the dance which was thought to be the cure for it has ever since been known as the "tarantella."

The intelligent and learned men of those days were wont to deride the notion of any but the ignorant superstitious being susceptible to the mania until one of them, the bishop of Foligno, found that what he had believed to be a mere delusion or fraud in others, has proved to be a grave reality. Having allowed himself, by way of a joke, to be bitten by a tarantula, he could obtain no other cure than by being compeled to dance, through the influence of the music of the tarantella.

It was fully ascertained that the bite of the tarantula was not at all poisonous, and the bishop was persuaded of this when he undertook the joke. Still, the idea having at length taken possession of his mind that possibly it might be poisonous after all, he became a victim of this imaginary poison. From the state of public opinion in that age it has been recorded that even the most decided sceptics, incapable of guarding themselves against the recollections of what had been presented to the eye, which had been ridiculed, and which was in itself inert in its effects.

Against the imaginary effect produced by the tarantula's bite or by the bite of the sufferers, neither youth nor old age afforded any protection, so that even old men of ninety threw aside their crutches at the sound of the tarantella, and, as if some magic potion restorative of youth and vigor were flowing through their veins, joined the most extravagant dancers.

Fernandino, an eminent medical authority of the time, recorded the case of a boy five years old who was seized with the dancing mania in consequence of the bite of the tarantula, and what is almost past belief were it not supported by the testimony of so credible an eye witness, even deaf people were not exempt from the disorder, so potent in its effects was the very sight of those affected, even without the exhilaration caused by music.

The powers of sympathy were also strikingly manifested in 1787 at Hodden bridge, in Lancashire, where a girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl, who had a great dread of mice. The girl was instantly thrown into a fit, and continued to suffer from the most violent convulsions for twenty-four hours. On the following day three girls were seized in the same manner, and on the second day six more were attacked.

The alarm became so great that the whole works, where from two hundred to three hundred hands were employed, were totally stopped, and the idea prevailed that the plague had been introduced among them from opening a bag of cotton. Fourteen more were seized on the two following days, making in all twenty-four actual victims of this excitement of terror in sport. Of this number twenty-one were young women, two girls less than ten years of age, and one man, who had been much fatigued by holding the girls.

The symptoms were so violent that it required from four the five persons to hold patients to prevent them from tearing out their hair or from dashing their heads against the walls or floor. But when the public became assured that the complaint was merely a nervous disorder, not introduced by any poison from the cotton bale and easily cured, no other person was affected, although previous to that several persons had been so afflicted even when several miles from the scene of excitement, merely from hearing reports of the symptoms manifested in others. Dancing was found to be the most efficacious remedy.

The effects of sympathy and imitation and excessive excitement manifested at camp meetings in this country show that with all our boasted advancement in civilization beyond those who inhabited Europe during the middle ages, the human mind is still susceptible to these strange mental delusions and physical manifestations, excited entirely through the power of sympathy and imitation in those who place themselves in circumstances favorable for their development.—N. Y. Herald.

—The other day I was told of a little girl who attended a distribution of prizes given by the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. She had won, you must know, a book as a reward for writing the best essay on the subject given, and, with the other successful children, was undergoing a viva voce examination. "Well, my dear," said the gentleman who had given away the prizes, "can you tell me why it is cruel to dock horses' tails and trim dogs' ears?" "Because," answered the little girl, "what God had joined together let no man put asunder."—Leisure Hour.

—Wee Hung Pen, who was reported to have left Arizona a year ago with his pretty American wife, after losing a fortune, is now reported from Africa as having a good claim in the Matabele country that will more than replace his vanished million.

SHE CAN'T FALL FAR.

In Vienna They Value Servant Girls Too Highly to Break Them.

Whether it is that the parlor maids of Vienna suffer more from vertigo than those in any other city, whether they've lighter heads and heavier heels than the servant girls of other places, or whether it is that window cleaning is more dangerous in Vienna than elsewhere, certain it is that the lady window cleanser is better protected there than in any other quarter of the globe. The servant girl in the capital of Austria has an attachment—not necessarily of the amatory kind—but compulsorily of the cordage kind. She must not mount the window sill without her belt and a rope connection with the building, so that should she be overcome by any feeling whatsoever while cleaning the window and lose her head—that is to say, her balance—she can't fall only the short length of the rope, and will remain suspended between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin—only a much more attractive object—until succor arrives.

There have been no appalling accidents of this kind in New York city, but it seems that in London the window-cleaning maids will persist in tumbling into the street. On this subject a correspondent writes from Vienna as follows:

"I notice that Londoners are concerned at present over the dangers incurred in window cleaning. As a rule the Vienna Stuben-maedl—I will not call her Mary Ann—possesses a neat little figure, and oftener than otherwise a pretty face; but I do not believe it is for these reasons alone that the policemen have so interested themselves in her welfare as to compel every householder to possess a sicherheitsguertel or safety girdle for her use when window cleaning. A few months ago a parlor maid fell from a fourth-floor window sill, and from her hard pavement bed she was removed to our big general hospital. She recovered sufficiently to show that she would never be of use again for hard service, and, as it was proved by the police authorities that the lady of the house had provided no safety girdle, a heavy fine was imposed. An allowance—if I mistake not—of ten shillings weekly during the lifetime of the injured parlor maid has also to be paid."

AN HONEST BRITISH SEA DOG.

Spins a Yarn of How the Lightning Left the Sky to Bite a Sailor's Ear.

The skipper of the Abama, just in from far Dundee, has a hat it of observing very curious things at sea. On a voyage he completed several months ago, he can very nearly through the middle of a sea leviathan. This time the truthful skipper struck, when only two days out, a storm that knocked the stach old ship just like a cork about. Seas reared across her weather side and smashed her starboard rail and sent her ventilators off a-flying down the gale. But that was not the worst of it. When off the George's banks rain fell as if J. Pluvius had emptied all his tanks, and from the darkness and the flood there came a thunder bolt the like of which no man has seen since Pegasus was a colt. It burst upon the skipper, so he rhythmically tells, like a flaming concentration of forty thousand hells. It lit upon the foremost truck, then scooted down the spar and leaped aft to the flying bridge, much like a drunken star. The second mate saw its approach and crouched in deadly fear. It hissed so close to him, he says, it scorched his star-board ear. Then down into the middle hatch he saw the bolt cavort, and, like a flaming snake, squirm in and out of every port, and finally it hovered o'er the quarter deck and sped away in the direction of the quartermaster's head. He dodged it very cleverly, and, with an awful whoop, it killed off every rooster in the empty chicken coop You may believe this or you mayn't, but that fine old sea dog, the steamship's skipper, says it's so, and he's got it in in his log.

This skipper's name is Forcman. When he has a yarn he'll spin it in a way that makes you certain that Clark Russell isn't in it.—N. Y. Sun.

A Doubtful Case.

The garrulous young man's chin hadn't been still for three hours. The last half hour had been devoted to caution in speech.

"It is a very difficult thing," he said, "for any person to say nothing."

"I don't know as to that," dissented the young woman very gently. "You have been talking all evening."—Detroit Free Press.

He Had Seen Them.

He had been talking to the pretty girl from Boston about his observations and experiences in the west.

"Did you," she inquired, "ever see any of the Indians known as 'Excavators'?"

"As which—oh—er, yes," and he hastened to assure her that he had seen any number of "Diggers."—Washington Star.

A Chain of Sundays.

It is a strange fact, but one said to be true, that every one of the week days is for some nation a Sunday, or day of rest. Monday is the Greek Sunday; Tuesday is the day of rest among the Persians; Wednesday among the Assyrians; Thursday among the Egyptians; Friday is the Sabbath day with the Turks, and among the Jews Saturday is kept.—Boston Herald.

Learning From Experience.

"Do you believe," he said, as he tenderly stroked her hair. "Do you believe that a deep, abiding love like ours can ever die out?"

"Not now, George, I don't," she responded. "But it always did in my previous engagements."—Chicago Record.

A Sensible Youth.

"How do you begin to shave, Chappie?"

"Ah—I follow the good old rule, deah boy, yonah know; first catch yonah hairah."—Truth.

TRUTH-TELLING MUSIC.

Folk Songs Show the Habits, Beliefs and Feelings of Many Ages.

In the folk songs of the different nations of the world men of science will one day recognize a body of evidence of great value in the study of popular origins, facial relations, primitive modes of thought, ancient customs, antique religions and many other things which make up the study of ethnology.

These folk songs are the echoes of the heart beats of the vast, vague, irresistible people. In them are crystalized habits, beliefs and feelings of unspeakable antiquity; yet not in the words of the songs alone. Study of folk song text is only half study; indeed, it is a study of the lesser half of the subject in respect of truthfulness. The words of the people's songs are a record of externals chiefly, and very often they are only half truths. If we would know the whole story which their creators put into them, consciously or unconsciously, we must hear also the music.

As the term implies, the folk song is the product of a people, and a people do not lie. Music is an essential element of it, and music not only does not—it can not lie. The things which are at the bottom of music, without which it could not be, are unconscious human products. We all act on a recognition of this fact when we judge of the sentiments of another, not so much by what he says to us as by his manner of saying it. The feelings which sway us publish themselves in the pitch, dynamic intensity and timber of our voices. Try as we may, if we are powerfully moved we can not conceal the fact if we open our mouths for utterance.

Involuntarily the muscles of the vocal organs become tense or ralax in obedience to the emotional stimulus, and the drama which is playing on the hidden stage of our hearts is disclosed by the tones which we utter. I do not say in the words, mind, but in the tones. The former may be false, but the tones are endowed with the elements already enumerated, of pitch, intensity and timbre, and the modulation of these elements makes expressive melody. Silenus has recognized this law and Herbert Spencer has formulated it: "Variations of the voice are the physiological results of variations of feelings;" and "feelings are muscular stimuli." Thus simple is the explanation of the inherent truthfulness and expressiveness of the people's music.—Musical Herald.

WHAT IS GEOLOGY.

The Science One That Has Been Very Happily Named.

The science of geology is happily named, for freely rendered from the Greek into the English mode of speech it is earthlore. To those who are familiar with the many meanings of the Greek logos which makes the latter part of the word, the sense goes yet further, and includes the explanation of the phenomena pertaining to the planet.

As is the case with the other sciences, the limits of geology require some consideration. When we consider this sphere as one of that celestial family which constitutes the solar system, we inevitably touch upon astronomy. Very often the geologist deals with questions which lie within the domain of physics, or of chemistry. Again, in tracing the successive periods, he finds that his problems lead him into the domains of the botanist or the zoologist. When he deals with the last stages of the development of life he finds himself in contact with human remains, so that the history of mankind and of human customs, the sciences of anthropology and ethnology must be called on to lend their aid to his researches. In fact, every branch of physical and biological science has to enter into the logos, or explanation of the earth. Thus we see that the earth-lore is not to be regarded as a separate branch of learning, but should rather be considered as an accumulation of knowledge, the separate parts being bound together by the fact that they all pertain to the history of this majestic orb, and serve to give us an account of its order and its history.—Prof. N. S. Shaler, in Chautauquan.

Sacred Numbers.

All of the general oddity writers in the United States have taken turns at proving the seven to be a "sacred number," and even the great Talmage has preached a sermon with that number as his theme. The three, however, and its surprising number of recurrences in sacred literature have seldom been mentioned. That a singular significance is attached to that number can be easily proven. Noah had three sons; Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly; there were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day; three persons, Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego, were rescued from the fiery furnace; Job had three true friends; the commandments were delivered on the third day; the dreams of Pharaoh's baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; the sacred letters on the cross were three in number—I. H. S.; the three conditions of man are earth, hell, and Heaven, and lastly we have the Holy Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost.—St. Louis Republic.

She Wanted to See It.

"Do you like to look at the hogs?" said Farmer Richland to his little niece from the city.

"Yes, indeed, uncle," replied the intelligent child, "but I can't make out yet which pig it is which gives the boneless bacon."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—She—"Dearest, suppose you didn't love me nearly as much as you do now, would you marry me?" He—"You bet I would. You don't know how much I think of your father."—N. Y. Herald.

—"What is the correct English of it? Do you collect a bill or collect a debt?" "The English of it is you can't do either just now."—N. Y. Press.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The principal Protestant missions in South America are those of the Presbyterian church, north and south, the Southern Baptist church, the Methodist Episcopal church, north and south, and the South American Missionary society.

—Now that the rod is practically out of date as an educational implement, it surprises and pleases people of middle age to observe the friendliness that their children often show for their teachers. The younsters go to school willingly and stay after hours to chat with the teachers.

—In the free night-schools of Cooper Union, New York, there are two sections, the scientific and the art, each having a course of five years. A student may enter for any length of time he pleases, but if he or she is absent three times without satisfactory excuse, the privileges of the school are withdrawn. In some classes the number of applicants is greatly in excess of the accommodation.

—The Maryland Episcopalians are talking of dividing the diocese, making the city of Washington one diocese and the state of Maryland the other. Some, however, object to this, on the ground that the future bishop of Washington ought to have some outside missionary territory to keep him from being puffed up. They say he might get to calling himself "Washington," after the English fashion; and if his front name should happen to be George the result would be awkward.

—At the annual meeting of the board of trustees of the American university in Washington, the chancellor, Bishop Hurst, announced a gift of $100,000. The site is valued at $300,000, and pledges towards buildings and endowments amounting to $300,000 had been received before the last donation of 1100,00 was received. The university, therefore, has, in property and pledges, $700,000. No department of the university has yet been organized and opened. When sufficient funds are secured to warrant it, buildings will be erected, and the work of organizing the teaching of the university will begin.

—Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, recently gave interesting testimony to the decline of drinking among the students of Harvard university. He used in his younger years to see students reeling down North avenue, in Cambridge, from Porter's tavern, where they had indulged in the potent "flip," which nowhere else was made so strong, and instances of intoxicated students careering through the college yard were not uncommon, "while nowadays," says the colonel, "I am sure no student would willingly be seen staggering across Harvard square. It would be considered poor form, and any man who did such a thing would lose caste."

—An Odessa correspondent says that the Russian orthodox missionaries have so failed in their proselytizing efforts among the Khirgese that the missions will probably be shortly withdrawn. Nearly the whole of the steppe tribes, generally described as "heathens," are now adopting, almost en masse, the Mohammedan faith, which is spread among them chiefly by Tartar teachers. The Mohammedan Tartars have always enjoyed the right of free proselytism among the natives of the Kirghese steppes. According to a report just issued by the All-Russian Orthodox Missions society, during the last 25 years its missionaries, have made 85 converts among the heathens of Asiatic and European Russia and Japan. The cost of these missions during the quarter of a century amounts to 3,146,763 rubles.

WORSHIP HUMAN BEINGS.

A Sect in India Whose Chief Divinity Is Queen Victoria.

There is a sect in Orissa, in the Bengal presidency, who worship Queen Victoria as their chief divinity. Col. Graham also discovered that her majesty was an object of worship in the temple of Phodongo-Lama, at Tumlong, in Thibet.

A sect in the Punjab worship a deity whom they call Nikkal Sen. This Nikkal Sen was none other than the redoubted Gen. Nicholson, and nothing that the general could say or do dampened the enthusiasm of his adorers. M. du Chaillu tells that some of the African savages looked upon him as a superior being, and the South sea islanders worshiped Capt. Cook as a deity. Even when they had killed him and cut him up into small pieces the inhabitants of Owyhee fully expected him to reappear and frequently asked what he would do to them on his return.

Lander, in his Niger expedition, says that in most African towns and villages he was treated as a demigod. Lord John Lawrence has been worshiped among the Silks in northwest India. Three years ago a man named Jurjung Tain, a district commissioner for the Russian government at Garhigivsk, in the northwest point of Siberia, imagined he was a god. Subsequently he declared himself to be the chief divinity in the Yakutskan pantheon. Divine honors were paid to him, and he was carried through the settlement daily. On special occasions he was accompanied by a wonderful procession, when he was carried by eight richly-dressed men, seated in a richly-ornamented chair, which was adorned by the wings of partridges, bells, horses' tails and ribbons, while before him was a band of dancers. His career, however, was a short one, for he was arrested by the military authorities and sent to Vladivistock, where he is now confined in a lunatic asylum.—Chicago Times.

Exciting Reading.

Young Reporter—I have been sent out here to report this game of polo, and I don't know a thing about the game.

Polo Player—I'll give you the names of all the players and spectators, and my sister will tell you how each lady is dressed. Never mind about the game. —N. Y. Weekly