THAT BABY BOY OF MINE.

Those days they seem as yesterday,
Those days of long ago;
The winter of mine age is here,
My hair is white as snow,
Yet through the mists of lapsing years
One bright face seems to shine,
And in my arms I seem to hold
That baby boy of mine.

The memory of his youth is as
A story that is told;
I see his little rosebud mouth,
His fair hair bright with gold,
Aye! how his winning little ways
Did round my heartstrings 'twine,
I feel his arms about my neck,
That baby boy of mine.

I found some toys the other day,
I knew them all, of course,
A train of cars, an old rag doll,
A little rubber horse.
A nameless feeling filled my heart,
That I can scarce define,
They were my darling's treasures,
That baby boy of mine.

I mind how once the lad fell sick,
I'll ne'er forget the day,
I thought the angels sure would come
To bear our bairn away,
And John, he whispered Mary, we
Must trust in the divine,
And God—He gave him back to us,
That baby boy of mine.

It seems as yesterday, I say,
So fast the days run by,
I rocked him in his cradle bed
And sang his lullaby,
And as the evening shadows fell,
The stars began to shine,
I prayed to Him who rules the stars,
For that dear lad of mine.

My good man has gone home to rest,
While I still linger here,
And something seems to tell me that
My own hour draweth near.
A manly form is by my side,
He lays his hand in mine,
And whispers: "Mother, I am still
That baby boy of thine."

—Good Housekeeping.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Saved by the Superior Intelligence of My Horse, "Jeannie."

The winter of 1880-81 was of exceptional severity as felt in Michigan. It found me occupying the position of surgeon to a lumbering company, and I was stationed at a small hamlet on Lake Huron midway between Saginaw and Thunder bays. On either side of this hamlet there was no settlement nearer than thirty miles away, while at its back a primitive forest of pine, larch and hemlock stretched westward nearly to Lake Michigan.

A single highway following the sinuosities of the coast connected our settlement with the outer world, but this road was practically impassable in winter. In the season of which I write navigation closed the second week in November, a month earlier than common. Phenomenal snow-storms followed, and by Christmas-time the ground was hidden by snow nearly four feet deep.

The region was healthful—loggers are notoriously hardy and robust men—and my duties consequently were not onerous or exacting, but I had not anticipated so severe a season, and so had not made adequate provision for the amusement of my idle moments. Deprived of books, shooting rendered impossible by the depth of the snow and by the inroads of wolves that drove the game to the fastnesses of the interior forests, time soon hung heavily with me and my associates, and an incident that promised to relieve the monotony of our life was welcomed.

One morning about two months after our "shutting in" a fisherman, familiarly known as "The Commodore," entered the company's counting-room and offered for sale a magnificent specimen of the Mackinac salmon, or Great Amethystine trout—the *Na-ma-go-oes* of the Otchipwes, whence scientists derive the specific title of *namaycush, salmo namaycush.*

How this huge fish could have been obtained was something of a puzzle to me, since Lake Huron was frozen from shore to shore, and this great trout brought in by the fisherman could only have come from the deep waters of mid-lake.

Inquiry revealed the fact that the fish had been "snatched," or caught through the ice with a *snatch.* A "snatch" is—well, imagine sixty or seventy fathoms of cotton "clothes line" of nearly the diameter of one's little finger toggled to the ringed end of a huge hook of home manufacture, the hook's shank embraced by a spindle-shaped lead of three or four pounds' weight. Behold a "snatch."

The four resident representatives of the company, its "junior," "superintendent," "store-keeper" and "doctor," one and all, were ardent fishermen. The upshot of the Commodore's visit was that we engaged him to initiate us into the mysteries of "snatching." The company's warehouse and the skill of the local blacksmith supplied the necessary fishing-gear.

Fishing through the ice, whether by "snatching" or in other ways, is far from being a genial or entrancing pastime, though it *is* superior to *ennui.* When it comes to one's spending hour after hour in the midst of a frozen plain, where the thermometer persistently hugs the wrong side of zero, exposed to winds that chill the fisherman to the very marrow; when the least carelessness means *frostbite* to face, hands or feet, the situation is any thing but a "soft" one.

Trout became so plentiful at our table that they ceased to awaken appetite in us; but this circumstance in no way modified our enjoyment in fishing for them, and the "snatches" were in pretty constant use throughout the winter. The fish that we caught in excess of our immediate wants were given to the Commodore, who pickled them to sell.

Four or five fish was the usual reward of a day's fishing. The Commodore was our indispensable companion, owing to his superior knowledge and experience. He alone could locate in all this vast frozen wilderness the huge reef nine miles from shore near which large trout were wont to congregate—a reef that reared its jagged walls sixty fathoms above the lake-bed, yet did not come within a hundred feet of the surface.

As may be supposed, our fishing expeditions were not unattended with adventures. Once when out of sight of land we were caught in a blinding snow-storm and wandered about until nightfall, when, happily, we made South Point, where there was the shanty of a "lone fisherman," who enacted the part of the Good Samaritan, drying us, feeding us and sending us on our way rejoicing.

Once, on turning a line of ice-hummocks about seven miles from shore, we were met face to face by five gaunt gray wolves, evidently just over from her Majesty's dominion. At the sight of us away they scurried, going down lake, with bodies fairly hugging the ice in mad anxiety to annihilate space. They were followed by a chorus of yells from us that served the double purpose of stimulating them to greater efforts and of recalling the forgotten courage that somehow had gone into retirement in the vicinity of our boots; but we had little to fear from the animals, for the American wolf is a sneaking and despicable brute at best, and any thing but the ferocious creature depicted in fiction and in the popular works of natural history.

Our final expedition was made on the twenty-sixth of March. For some days the weather had been balmy and mild, with bright skies and occasional warm showers. The bluff-sides back of the settlement were bare; the swamps were overflowed, the wealds and ridges inclosed ponds and miniature lakelets; our own highway was a watercourse half a yard deep. Though the sun had disappeared from the lake, the ice, to all appearances, was as solid and firm as in mid-January, and we ventured upon it in all confidence of its security.

As was our custom, we drove to the scene of operations in a pung drawn by a pet roan mare of mine, somewhat remarkable for speed and intelligence. She was especially chosen for this duty because of the docility and affection that induced her to remain in the immediate vicinity of her master.

This day every thing seemed to go wrong with us from the outset. The sleigh broke down when we were half a mile out, necessitating a return for repairs. "Jeannie" manifested a decided inclination to disobey her driver, and several times attempted to face back, shied, once or twice all but balked, and generally behaved in a most incomprehensible manner. The sky clouded over, the air became moist and heavy and a stiff breeze, accompanied by a drizzle, sprang up in our teeth.

Arrived at our destination, the customary blue of the waters of the lake was observed to be replaced by a dingy greenish hue in which the snatches were immediately lost to sight, though ordinarily they could be traced in their downward course for a dozen fathoms. After a lapse of six hours we had only two great blue-cats to show for our trouble—hideous monsters, for which no one had any use, since these fish are wholly unsuited to civilized stomachs.

Old and weather-wise fishermen are wont to prognosticate a rapidly-approaching storm when these creatures, whose proper home is along the bottom, are observed near the surface. The Commodore was imbued with all the superstitions peculiar to his calling, but he dared not raise his voice in warning, knowing the ridicule that he would incur by so doing. Finally the wind abruptly shifted out of the north-east to nor'-west, and blew a screeching gale.

Meanwhile nothing would satisfy the restless importunity of the roan, which continually stamped and shrilly whinnied. Petting, blanketing, food alike were of no avail; she even rejected the Commodore's proffered tobacco, an unheard-of bit of self-denial, as she was inordinately fond of the weed. At last, when for the second time she had seized my coat in her teeth as if to draw me away, I imagined that she was ill, and demanded that we eat lunch and then immediately depart for home.

As we sat along the pung-rail discussing sandwiches and "ill-luck," "Junior," who chanced for the moment to assume an upright position within the vehicle, suddenly dropped back with pallid face and working lips, and gasped: *"Heaven help us, fellows! We are all adrift!"*

"I knowed hit! I knowed all the time them catfish wa'n't snoopin' round fer nothin'!" shouted the Commodore, leaping to his feet, catching the mare by the bridle, and deftly whirling her between the thills. At the same instant I sprang to the sleigh floor, altogether incredulous of the truth of the alarm. That we could be afloat did not seem within the bounds of possibility. But, alas! it was too nearly true!

The numerous rivers and streams of the coast, swollen by rains and melting snows, had for days been pouring constantly-increasing volumes of warmer water into the lake, increasing its temperature and disintegrating and honeycombing the ice from beneath, until a gale was the one factor required to insure the disruption of the rotten mass.

I quickly realized our peril, for to the north and east all was open water, which had approached to within a hundred rods of our position. Its advance had been unobserved, owing to our preoccupation, the noise of the storm and a line of hummocks that obstructed our vision. Two miles away there had also opened between us and the shore a broad line of water, extending toward the south, terminating no one could tell how or where.

There was not a moment to lose. Once adrift in the lake hope must be abandoned. Apparently the field on which we were was yet stationary, but the broad channel moving southward was rapidly cutting us away from the inshore ice. There was a bare possibility of escape to the south if we could reach Sturgeon point nine miles away. This point is a spit that juts out into the lake for a league or more, and below the surface is prolonged as far again as a barely submerged reef.

Upon this point is a Government light-house of the life-saving service, and we had a faint hope that from there we might receive some aid, though we knew that both the light and the station were abandoned, save for two caretakers. Even the life-boat was away for repairs.

As we tumbled into the sleigh "Jeannie" sprang away without waiting the word of command, going down the lake at the top of her speed, as if animated by the thoughts and fears of the men behind her.

On we sped, a pale and silent group. The tall, white tower of the light-house rose but slowly to our vision, and still more laggardly lifted its bulk against the gray of the southern horizon; and to our excited imaginations minutes were transformed into hours, and a brief half hour became an age.

The tortures of that ride defy description. The events of a lifetime forced themselves for review before our mental vision. Tightly compressed lips, blanched cheeks and staring eyes told of the doubts and fears each would fain have concealed even from his own consciousness; and a form of paralysis supervened — the peculiar numbness that in dire and prolonged extremity induces outward calm without in the least mitigating the agony of the soul.

Every instant we expected that the ice-field would open and engulf us or bar our progress. Already the little mare had dragged us over numerous cracks and rents that a moment later would have proved our destruction. Ears preternaturally sharpened by fear, in spite of the roaring of the gale, took note of the crashing and grinding that was going on behind us.

A backward glance revealed a scene to appal the stoutest heart as the angry waves drove the loose ice furiously forward, tossing and piling up, only to disappear again instantly, carrying with it new masses, broken from the field. The work of disintegration and destruction was advancing with a speed that rivaled our own; and beneath our runners we could feel the heaving, swaying and throbbing of the imprisoned waters.

As the line of hummocks that marked the reef prolongation of the Point came in view, we discovered that the long, narrow floe upon which we were—the vanishing ice-sheet, washed on the one hand by the breaking waves of a vast expanse of lake, and on the other by the waters of the *crevasse* that all along had cut us off from shore—was continuous, with ice immovably anchored among the outlying rocks of the shallows. Only a few rods more, and our safety was assured.

The wind, which was blowing in fierce and fitful gusts, now veered more to the north, and, concentrating its energies, swept down in a squall of unusual violence, shrouding us in a dash of rain that obscured all about, catching the sleigh and whirling it round, thereby nearly throwing the mare from her feet and bringing her to a full stop. At the same instant a loud report rent the air; the ice beneath shook and trembled; a flock of gulls, appearing from some unknown quarter, swept overhead in noisy and discordant flight that seemed ominous; and as the *thick* cleared away it was seen that the floe had parted near the head of the *crevasse,* and was already several yards out in the lake.

Hearts that a little before had been beating high with hope now sank utterly. The Commodore threw off his coat as if to make a plunge and swim for it, but the hopelessness and folly of such a procedure caused him to replace it. Our fate seemed sealed except as aid could be had from the Point. But just then a grinding sensation told that the floe had met a temporary check, and its direct movement changed to a circular motion as it pivoted upon its lower extremity, caught probably by some great rock.

Another gust of the squall still further reduced the area of our ice-raft, leaving us upon a portion scarce half an acre in extent; but it also set in motion vast quantities of loose cakes, sending them dancing and swirling down the *crevasse.* Just opposite us, where the lane was narrowest, they jammed and piled up, momentarily bridging the chasm. Here offered a chance—a bare chance—that we might escape by abandoning the pung, and risking our lives on foot.

But before such thought could be acted upon, "Jeannie" darted forward with such abruptness that the pung was nearly overturned, and the next instant was in the midst of the heaving, swaying mass, over which we were dragged with furious bangs and jolts. Not once did she miss her footing; but with unabated speed, leaping from one unstable foundation to another, on she went, the occupants of the pung clinging to its sides with all the energy of fear. A strip of water, several feet across, gaped suddenly in her path, but she took it with a bound that landed her in safety on the opposite brink.

Not so fortunate was the pung, however. Down it went with a great splash, filled, half turned over, then righted as it rose to the ice again with a terrible crash, and went to pieces after the manner of the "Wonderful One Hoss Shay:"

"All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst."

Little remains to be told. The last leap took us into the midst of rocks and bowlders where the ice was in a measure secure from the effects of the gale. Three minutes' walk brought us to the line of hummocks that marked the strand, over which we scrambled, none the worse for the experience except for a good wetting, some bruises, shaky knees and irregularly accelerated heart-beats.

We stormed the station to the unbounded amazement of its guardian, who kindled a rousing fire in the berth-room for our benefit, supplied us with hot coffee and provided us with a change of garments until our own proper apparel could be dried. "Jeannie," in the meantime, found snug quarters in the boat-room below.

Three hours later we set out for home, wading half-leg deep in slush and melted snow. Though the hour was close on to midnight when we arrived the settlement was yet awake, and our arrival was the cause of great rejoicing and jubilation, for we were supposed to be dead or dying somewhere in mid-lake.—Dr. G. Archie Stockwell, in Youth's Companion.

STATISTICS OF DIVORCE.

The Average Length of Married Life Before Separation.

Out of the total of 328,716 divorces granted in the United States in the twenty years from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, 289,546 were granted to couples who had been married in this country, and only 7,730 were from marriages celebrated in foreign countries. The place of the marriage of 31,389 is unknown. One-fourth of these latter are reported from Connecticut, as that State does not require a disclosure of the place of marriage in its libels for divorce. Now the report shows that out of the 289,546 divorces whose place of marriage was in this country and was ascertained, 231,867, or 80.1 per cent., took place in the same State where the persons divorced had been married, and 57,679 couples, or 19.9 per cent., obtained divorce in some other State. The migration from State to State to obtain divorce must therefore be included within this 19.9 per cent. But it can not be even any thing the whole of it. For in 1870 there were 23.2 per cent., and in 1880, 22.1 per cent. of the native-born population of this country living in States where they were not born. Of course this last class comprises persons of all ages, while that under special consideration is made up of those who migrated between the date of marriage and that of divorce. The length of married life before divorce in the United States averages 9.17 years, which, I think, is from one-third to one-half the average continuation of a marriage in those instances where divorce does not occur. Careful study may lead to a reasonably correct approximation to the proper reduction from the 19.9 per cent., and thus give the probable percentage of cases of migration to obtain divorce, but at present I would not venture an opinion on the point. It certainly is a very small part of all the divorces of the country, though varying in different States. But the necessity of such investigation is the point it illustrates. The discovery of these facts alone justifies the cost of the invaluable report of the Department of Labor. It can hardly fail to compel the study of the problem of uniformity from almost entirely new points of view as to its real nature and place in the general question.—Rev. Samuel W. Dike, in Century.

FEMININE CHARMS.

A New York Society Leader Tells How She Preserves Her Beauty.

A well known New York society woman, sister of one of last season's beauties and herself noted for her fresh youthfulness, says, that the way in which she preserves her charms and escape wrinkles is by going to bed when things grow unpleasant. "When I get overworked with my social duties, when things go wrong generally, and when I get into that mood with which every woman is familiar, when life doesn't seem worth living and one hates one's best friends, I simply go to bed and stay there till things come straight and I begin to feel a new zest of life. I come back into the world in the most beatific state of mind, with all my incipient wrinkles gone and everybody glad to see me. They always say: 'Why, my dear Annetta! You only seem to look fresher and younger for having been ill,' and they say the truth. That frame of mind is just as serious and unpleasant a disease as a severe cold, and it needs the same remedy. If women would just try it they would be surprised to find how it lengthened their youth, soothed their nerves, and made them far more agreeable companions and friends." An anxious mother who had a young daughter out for her first season, and who feared bad results from her not very strong constitution being subjected to the strain of a madly gay season, took this suggestion to heart and insisted that no engagements of any kind should be made for Sundays and that her daughter should remain in bed all day, only getting up for tea and then going to bed again early. The result was that she brought her through the winter without so much as a cold, and when she left town for the summer she looked as fresh and rosy as when the autumn began. Lady Londonderry, the most beautiful woman in England, with a proud rose and white loveliness that time seems not to have the heart to blemish, has always followed this prescription. She spends one out of every ten days in bed. She sleeps until she wakens naturally, takes a warm bath, and goes back to bed, where she has a light breakfast, and then tries to go to sleep, or else lays quietly doing nothing, with the room kept dark. She sleeps as much as she can, and if she gets bored her maid reads her a few chapters from some light and frivolous novel. At six she rises and puts on a dressing-gown, and has her dinner in her dressing-room while her bed is arranged for the night, and remains on a sofa by the fire till about ten o'clock. She will not allow any thing to interfere with this programme, and certainly the result seems admirable. A literary woman said the other day, when the people around her were telling each other what they would like best to do, that her ideal of happiness was to go to bed, in a large, quiet room in the country, in a tall four-poster hung around with curtains, have the place kept dark, and only a light-footed maid to come in once in a while with a little food, and stay there a week.

CHANCE FOR CAPITALISTS.

Let Them Contract to Deflect the Gulf Stream Toward Our Coast.

It is said that the Gulf Stream is flowing nearer the coast of our Atlantic seaboard, and this is the reason that has been assigned for the milder winters of recent years.

If this is so, the question naturally arises, what is the good of having a Gulf Stream, any way, if you can't have it where you want it? If we are to have a Gulf Stream, let us put it where it will do the most good.

Competent engineers have announced that if capital enough is assured—a bigger sum than is required for a world's fair—they will contract to deflect the Gulf Stream toward the coast, and so change the climate of all the Northern Atlantic States.

It seems that here is a new way to settle the problem of the deserted farms in New Hampshire and Vermont. How long will they remain deserted when bananas and pine-apples, oranges, sweet potatoes and cotton grow spontaneously upon their granite hillsides?

Another problem will also be settled—the negro question. This troublesome factor will be eliminated from Southern politics, when the negroes inaugurate a new exodus to the cotton plantations of Maine, and the real—not the wooden—nutmeg groves of Connecticut.

Where is the accommodating syndicate of millionaires who will furnish the money for this much-needed improvement? We hope they will not allow that syndicate of English capitalists, which we hear so much about of late, to take hold of this project. Keep it away from them; for who knows but the minute they get possession of the Gulf Stream they will take it and tote it over to England, and leave us with nothing but the ice crop on which to depend for support. The American millionaire should keep his eye peeled. If he wants the Gulf Stream, he must take it before it is everlastingly too late.—Yankee Blade.

A FEW SUPERSTITIONS.

Some of the Charms Formerly Used to Prevent Sickness.

To allay hemorrhage, a toad, well-dried in the sun and put into a bag, was hung roung the neck by a string sufficiently low to touch the region of the heart; and a preparation of garlic and honey smeared on the person was said to act as a charm against the bites of dogs and reptiles, or the sting of numerous insects, likewise effecting their cure. Toothache could be charmed away by a few leaves of the "shepherd's purse," placed in the sole of the shoe on the reverse side of the body to that in which the tooth was aching. An excellent recipe for weak or sore eyes was the expressed juice of the calyx of the red honey-suckle; provided always that the flowers were gathered kneeling, repeating nine paternosters in honor of the trinity, nine more "to greet Our Ladye," and a creed. Rest and sleep were required after application.

Another prescription for the eyes much in favor with the Anglo-Saxons was a paste of the strawberry plant and pepper, diluted with sweet wine. Children were passed through the split stem of a tree for the cure of the rickets, but the fracture must be afterwards bound up sufficiently tight to insure cohesion. For ague a very well salted herring, split open, was applied, as hot as possible, to the soles of the feet. It might also be mitigated by the habitual wearing round the neck of an emerald—a gem equally potent in epilepsy. Precious stones were accredited with marvelous powers over the moral qualities and affections, as well as physical disease—hence the origin of their being set in rings and worn. The teeth of old age were fixed firmly in the gums by an infusion of powdered jet, while water in which the beryl had been steeped afforded a valuable wash for strengthen the eyes, besides insuring the mutual love of a wedded couple.—Hospital.

WOMEN AT TWENTY-ODD.

The Age at Which They Are Said to Be Most Entertaining.

Time was when to be sixteen was the best thing that could happen to a young girl. It was the age of dewey freshness, of innocent impressibility, and of all the other delightful but rather verdant virtues which have won the heart of the poet to song and wooed the mind of the sage to something better than his philosophy. But sweet sixteen is in short dresses to-day, and still under the rule of her governess. Her affections have not yet departed from her dolls, and she treats the few young men of her acquaintance with the simplicity of a child. It was a good thing once to be sixteen; it is a good thing now to be twenty; to be twenty-five is better still, but to be twenty-eight is to be blest!

"There is no time in a woman's life when she is so delightful (married or unmarried, but particularly the latter)," said an observing man yesterday, "as she is from twenty-five to thirty. She still has the enthusiasm of youth, and much of the tolerant sense of middle life. Her judgment is mature, and her opinions carry weight. The shyness and timidity of her girlhood have passed into a poise of manner and a gracious dignity that places her friends at once at their easy best. She has had experience, and that experience has given her a clear understanding of the world as it really is and of herself without illusions. Therefore her estimates and criticisms of life are sharp and sure and usually to be trusted, because she has no theories to bolster up and illusions to perpetuate."

"But there is something to be said on the other side," said a woman of twenty-six who heard him. "It may look very smooth sailing from the outside, but one can have little idea how much tact it takes to steer straight in the narrow path of the five years that lie between twenty-five and thirty. In the first place, a woman at that age hardly knows where to place herself. She is neither young nor old. She is what Julian Hawthorne calls 'still young,' and the little adjective adds ten years at a stroke. If a woman who is only 'still young' takes the coy and kittenish role, she makes herself immortally ridiculous, and deservedly so. She has something even to fear letting herself be spontaneous and natural, lest some one shall dub her the 'girlish old girl.' To be older than her years makes a prig of her at once, and men and gods will shun her.

"To the very young man she must be grandmotherly without hurting his dear little vanity by superior wisdom and patronage. To the middle-aged man she must respond with a maturity of judgment that matches his own, and yet she must continually suggest the innocence of sixteen. To the man between the two she may perhaps be nearest her natural self, and yet even with him she has continually to remember that she must never assume the equality of knowledge or experience or judgment which she is sure she really possesses. She is often truer in her judgment and wiser in her conclusions than he is; he must never suspect it. She may be cleverer than he, but she must be clever enough to conceal it. She must follow him always, but, like little Julus, it must be with unequal footsteps or his vanity is wounded. From twenty-five to thirty a woman has the most difficult part of her life to live. She has to dissemble in the present, remember from the past and borrow from the future. She may be delightful, but she is far from being delighted. Do you begin to realize it?"—N. Y. Sun.

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

How an Edinburgh Professor Illustrated Their Utility.

For centuries suspension bridges have been built, sometimes of chains, sometimes of ropes, these latter often made from the bark of trees; although iron suspensions are of comparatively recent times. One of the highest engineering authorities of the United States thus briefly states that "the economy of metal in a suspension bridge, under the average circumstances of its attainable depth, is from one-fourth to one-half of that in a tubular or simple girder-bridge of equal strength and rigidity." The simple rope bridges in Peru and in Central Asia are merely two ropes hung side by side across some space sought to be spanned; then a kind of platform is laid on these ropes, and the inverted bow or dip is such that man or beast may cross. The suspension bridge, as we have it, is composed of two or more chains, and from these chains a level platform is hung by suspension rods; the chains are generally secured to either side of the chasm crossed by what is known as anchorage, by passing over piers. The chains used to construct these suspension bridges are wire ropes or chains composed of links. As already intimated, the cost of the suspension bridge is much less than that of many other kinds of large bridges, because of the amount of material required. The late Prof Jenkin, of the University of Edinburgh, thus clearly illustrates this: A man might cross a chasm of 100 feet hanging to a steel wire 0.21 inches in diameter dipping 10 feet; the weight of the wire would be 12.75 pounds. A wrought-iron beam of rectangular section, three times as deep as it is broad, would have to be about 27 inches deep and 9 inches broad to carry him and its own weight. It would weigh 87,500 pounds." Trains do not as a rule cross suspension bridges at a high rate of speed, and unless otherwise strongly fastened so as to overcome lateral and other oscillation, the dangers are considerable. Engineers have, however, so thoroughly studied these and all other matters in connection with bridge-building that these great structures are now made with a view of meeting all such strains and contingencies. Some of the best-known suspension bridges in the world have been the Brooklyn bridge, the bridge over the Ohio at Cincinnati, the Suspension at Niagara, the chain suspension at Menai Strait, at Fribourg, Switzerland, and at Pesth over the Danube.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—In York County, Pa., a party of tramps recently emptied a water tank and converted it into a bedroom.

—The American Bible Society reports that Bible distribution was 50 per cent. larger last year in South America than during any preceding year. The number of Bibles, New Testaments or parts disposed of was 51,862. During the past ten years 264,542 copies have been circulated, of which 90,484 belong to the first half of the decade and 174,058 to the last half. These figures are exclusive of the work of the Valparaiso (Chili) Bible Society, which sold during the past year 4,563 copies and during its existence of twenty-eight years has distributed 54,417 copies in the republic of Chili.

A NOTABLE CRACKSMAN.

One Leaf from the Memoirs of Billy Porter, Bank Burglar.

The Anglo-Saxon race produces all the eminent burglars. The daring of American burglars and of their brethren in the allied profession of train-robbing has a world-wide fame. Englishmen, in their slow, conservative way, show but little less ability, though perhaps less brilliancy. Whenever on the continent mail bags are stolen, banks or great jewelers robbed, Englishmen do the work. The famous robbery of French mails which took place about a year ago was a joint effort of Englishmen and Americans.

In many cases these artists are Anglo-Americans. Every now and then a theft, usually successful, is made of postal packages passing between the diamond merchants of Hatton garden, London, and the diamond cutters of Amsterdam. Dutchmen are the losers by the theft, and some Dutchmen doubtless profit by it, but Englishmen carry out the effective part of the work. The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that only members of the great, world-enveloping, Anglo-Saxon race possess the resourceful courage required in this method of gaining wealth.

Probably the most perfect type of the modern burglar is Billy Porter, who has been engaged in bank-robbing in every part of this country. He has several other names of course. His American record is too well known to need repeating. He made a very interesting appearance in London some time ago, however, about which people may not have read so much. Billy and an accomplice entered the premises of a rich jeweler at Munich, and carefully secured all the stones and jewels of unusual size and value. What they took was worth 80,000 marks at the lowest estimate. Entrance to the jeweler's premises was effected in the most ingenious manner, and the thoughtful burglars left ropes, displaced flooring, etc., just as they used them, so as to provide an invaluable object-lesson for any of the German youth who might wish to emulate them. Then they calmly traveled back to England in first-class carriages and berths. The English detectives succeeded in tracing them and found Porter living with his wife, baby and mother-in-law in a nice house in a quiet suburb of London. They found the booty there, too. Porter and his accomplice were accordingly taken to the Bow street police court and their extradition to Germany demanded.

Porter is a typical gentlemanly burglar of melodrama, only a little less flashy. He came into court dressed in a black cutaway coat, trousers of dark material, patent-leather boots and a dark red scarf. His chin was shaven, and he wore a carefully-trimmed mustache. He carried a silk hat in his right hand and a pair of gloves in his left. Although he was repeatedly remanded from week to week, and passed the intervals in prison, he always came into court with the hat and gloves. He is short, rosy-faced and of medium height, and he looked like an every-day middle-class Englishman.

He answered questions in a quiet, unconcerned manner, never growing angry or excited. When the various implements of burglary were held up to view he smiled sweetly.

The case ended in Porter's discharge because he was a British subject, and the British Government does not extradite its own subjects for burglary. Porter was born in Canada. The jeweler got his stock back, which was lucky for him.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—North Carolina has 800,000 acres of swamp land to sell for the benefit of her education fund.

—Within the last four years Florida has increased her school expenditures from $132,200 to $449,296.

—The kindergarten schools of San Francisco, under the patronage of Mrs. Leland Stanford, now number twenty, with 6,000 children.

—It is stated in the Russian papers that new professorships in the Japanese, Corean and Hindustani languages have been founded at the University of St. Petersburg.

—Religion is life, philosophy is thought; religion looks up, friendship looks in. We need both thought and life, and we need that the two shall be in harmony.—James Freeman Clarke.

—Missionaries among the Jews in all the countries of Continental Europe report an increasing interest in Christianity among that people. They are affected by the movement inaugurated by Mr. Rabinowitz, of Kircheneff, Russia.

—One hundred and nine thousand orphans have been supported and educated at Mr. George Muller's famous orphanage at Bristol, England. Five large houses, capable of affording homes for 2,050 orphans have been built, and sixty-six schools are now maintained.—Spirit of Missions.

—About $35,000 has been spent the past year by the American Seaman's Friend Society in missionary work, publications, loan libraries, and other aids. Altogether 9,221 new libraries have been given out to vessels; over 10,000 have been reshipped, making 500,000 books which have been put within reach of about 350,000 men.

The March of Civilization.

Perhaps no more significant evidence of the onward march of civilization could be afforded than the lighting by electricity of the palace of the guikwar of Barola, in India, and that, too, on a scale of unstinting splendor. The interior is lit with 215 sixteen-candle-power incandescent lights. The large hall is illuminated with two large twelve-light electroliers, made in bronze and lacquered work, while the light is softened and diffused by dioptric shades. Single lights are also pendent from the ends of the columns of the gallery. In the numerous rooms are three and four light electroliers, made in a variety of designs to suit the surroundings. In the bedrooms the mirrors have been specially fitted with brackets, which will admit of their being shifted from one room to another, and an electric hand-lamp is also provided, which can be moved about at pleasure. An important feature of the installation is the complete arrangement of switches and safety fuses, thus the overheating of wires and conseqnent danger from fire are rendered impossible.—Chicago Herald.

"Pray, my lord," queried a gentleman of a judge, "what is the difference between common law and equity?" "Very little in the end," responded his lordship. "At common law you are more quickly disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter an angler's hook, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid: equity is laudanum."—N. Y. Ledger.

HOUSE AMUSEMENTS.

How to Make Children, Aged Three, Four, Contented and Happy.

At the age of three and four chil[dren] want guiding in their play more th[an at] any other time during childhood, [be]cause they are then changing thei[r lit]tle habits—leaving babyhood be[hind] and taking up childish ways, which [will] remain with them many years. [To] make such little ones happy and [keep] them amused is not so difficult a ma[tter,] but much patience is required and [a] little ingenuity. It is well alwa[ys to] aim at teaching them from their inf[ancy] to amuse themselves. By that m[eans] the mother is laying a good founda[tion] in the child's character on which [the] greatest happiness will be built.

Give the busy fingers something t[o do] —you may call it play or work. [The] latter pleases them most, and by enc[our]aging them in the belief that they [are] really helping mother you will m[ake] them happy. Give them some stri[ps of] soft woolly stuff and tell them you w[ill] them all picked to threads to fi[ll a] cushion or a muff. Cut some paper [in] strips and coax their chubby li[ttle] fingers to make spills for lighting [can]dles, etc. Give them a piece of ca[rd] and a needle into which you have ti[ed a] pretty colored cotton thread and [sug]gest that they make a doll's frock. [Al]though quite unable to make two e[ven] stitches, the idea will fill a little g[irl's] heart with pleasure. Let a slate [and] pencil be used every day—th[ere] is endless amusement in th[is.] Draw something—no matter how cr[ude] or funny—and get the little [one] to try and do the same. Man[y a] merry peal of laughter will glad[den] mother's heart at the queer fig[ures] which will appear on the slate. S[ave] all pieces of paper with pictures on th[em,] advertising sheets and such things—[and] let them have an old blunt pair of s[is]sors and try their hands at cutting [out] pictures. It is not an easy, but a v[ery] interesting thing to do, and if enco[ur]aged to persevere they will, later [on,] become quite expert, and might then [be] allowed to paste them into a book [or] upon a screen—that would make th[em] very proud. Don't mind if they mak[e a] litter of their amusements; it is imp[os]sible to avoid that, but always te[ach] them to clear up their bits when th[ey] have finished. They will do it w[illi]ngly—with a little coaxing—and so [one] day will, in consequence, be more ca[re]ful. Then teach them some sim[ple] songs, with marching step and ha[nd] clapping introduced, for exercises [on] wet days. Get a book of tiny tales [for] children and read one, at least every [day] aloud to them. You will be repaid [for] the enjoyment they will get from [it.] Give them odd buttons, beads, or ev[en] dried beans will do, and teach them [to] count and play at having sweet-sh[op] with them. Do not buy many toys; [but] what they have allow them to play w[ith] at any reasonable time. And, if th[ey] have no other companions, mother m[ust] sometimes play too, just to show th[em] how to use their dolls and balls—[or] whatever toys they may have—for it [is] not natural for all children to pl[ay] nicely without help or guidance. Th[ey] often require to be started right. —H[el]riet Lamb, in Detroit Free Press.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

How the Proportions of the First Wom[an] Were Reduced by a Red Adam.

The early Indian tribes who inhabit[ed] the hills of Mount Desert, Maine, b[e]lieved that the Garden of Eden was s[it]uated on that spot at one time. At t[he] present day a portion of the island [is] called Eden. The Adam of these simp[le-]red men, the primeval father of all t[he] red men in America, according to t[he] beliefs of these Mount Desert abori[gi]nes, was a man with golden hair a[nd] eyes like the hazel berries; he was ta[ll] and of great beauty. The Mother Ev[e,] who came to him just when his lone[li]ness was becoming insupportable, fir[st] appeared coming through the cloud[s.] Her first exclamation at seeing him w[as] the Indian for "O dear!" She at on[ce] cut off his golden locks and began [to] weave them into a strong or[e,] which grew larger as she proceede[d.] After she had finished the cor[d,] which was more of a rope than a cor[d,] she was confronted by Monicho, the go[d] of evil designs, who tried to catch he[r] and to hold her, but could not. In he[r] headlong flight from the man of evi[l] she dropped the cord of hair, whic[h] Monicho picked up and carried back [to] the one from whose hair it had bee[n] woven. In delivering up the cord h[e] commanded the man to take it and bin[d] the woman, lest she keep growing an[d] exceed in size all other creatures. Thi[s] red Adam, quite human-like, coaxed th[e] woman to his side and bound her wit[h] his own hair as commanded by Monicho. Still she grew and exceeded both Adam and Monicho in height and weight. A[t] last, however, her fast-growing propo[r]tions were reduced by niggardly wor[k] and starvation. While being put throug[h] a strict course to reduce her size to tha[t] becoming a woman, she was made t[o] search for a bread grain, and in th[e] course of her explorations discovere[d] maize, the common corn of to-day.

Since that time all Indian wome[n] have been made to toil, lest they grov[e] up to be giant Amazonians and wres[t] the power from their self-styled lord[s] and masters.—St. Louis Republic.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Borax, ammonia and oatmeal wil[l] soften hard water, which dries the skin when washed in.

—Celery Stew: Cut the stalks an[d] root into small pieces and stew till ten[]der in as little water as will suffice. Then add a little milk and butter an[d] thicken with flour to make a nice sauce.

—Foamy Sauce: One half cupful o[f] sugar and piece of butter the size of a walnut, beaten well together with one tablespoonful of flour. Pour over this a cupful of boiling water; while it is boiling add the yelks of two eggs wel[l] beaten, a little lemon, then the white[s] of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Take immediately from the stove.—Yankee Blade.

—Make carving-cloths from red-and-white checked linen toweling, fringe al[l] around and place over the tablecloth at the carver's place; also one opposite, where the mistress sits. They help to save the wear of the cloth at the edge of the table. Three-quarters of a yard is none too long. This toweling also makes good every-day napkins, cut in squares and hemmed.—American Agriculturist.

—To serve oysters on toast, strain the liquor off of a quart of oysters. Put one cupful of cream or rich milk and one cupful of butter in a porcelain kettle. Let this come to a boil and add one teaspoonful of flour wet with a little cold water. Drop in the oysters, adding salt and pepper, and let them boil up. Lay slices of bread, nicely toasted, in a dish, and pour the oysters over them. Serve immediately.—N. Y. World.