### The Incomes of Great Singers.

Jean de Reszke calls for his salary every night after the performance. He is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Indeed all the chief opera singers are wealthy. M. de Reszke's income is $16,000 a month, that of Melba is about $12,000 a month, and Nordica earns $50,000 a year. But when Henry E. Abbey first took hold of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York he lost $250,000 during the first season.

The impresario is the only one who loses. The singers are protected by strong contracts. They sign agreements to sing for so much a season, and, whether they are successes or failures, their salaries must be paid. Last winter the Metropolitan introduced a new tenor who made such a failure on his debut that he was never allowed to appear again. He had a contract to receive $6,000 for the season, and he collected that amount of money for a single performance. This artist remains on dismal record as the highest priced singer that ever went on the operatic stage.

### Sustenance.

"Why do you not write on beautiful snow?"

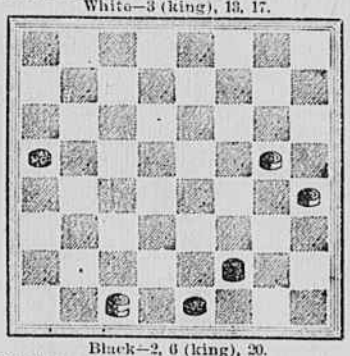
The poet smiled.

"I find," he answered, "that corned beef and cabbage are more sustaining."

He was far enough ahead of the cuspidor which hurtled down the stairs to laugh nervously.—Detroit Tribune.

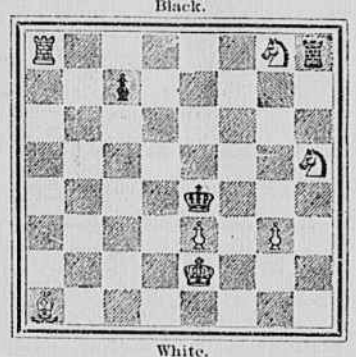
## CHECKERS AND CHESS.

Checker Problem No. 356.
White—3 (king), 13, 17.



Black—2, 6 (king), 20.
Black to move and win.

Chess Problem No. 356.—By J. B. Munoz.
Black.



White.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Checker problem No. 355:

| Black. | White. |
|---|---|
| 1..15 to 19 | 1..12 to 8 |
| 2..19 to 24 | 2..28 to 19 |
| 3..14 to 17 | 3..21 to 14 |
| 4..10 to 17 | 4.. 3 to 10 |
| 5.. 6 to 31, and wins | |

Chess problem No. 355:

| White. | Black. |
|---|---|
| 1..Kt to Kt 5 | 1..K x Kt |
| 2..Kt x P | 2..K x Kt |
| 3..P to B 4 mate | |

## LETTERS COST $1 APIECE.

**California Miners Lined Up For the Mail, and Places Were Worth $300.**

A well known patent attorney in this city, who was in California in the early mining days, apropos the publication in The Post of the cost of carrying mails on the Yukon, makes some interesting statements about similar service on the Pacific coast in 1849-50:

"We had to pay $1 for every letter sent or received," he states, "besides the government postage. We were in the mines and had to send a messenger, with an order for the postmaster to deliver to him our mail at Sacramento, a distance of from 75 to 100 miles, according to the location of the camps. Parties made a business of carrying the mail and had regular routes around through the mining camps.

"At that time mail went by way of the isthmus, there being but one steamer every three weeks. As a result, at San Francisco and at Sacramento, the two main offices and supply points for the state, there would be a large crowd waiting every time a mail arrived. They finally adopted a rule among themselves requiring all to form in line and take their turn, and hundreds stood or laid in line day and night to keep their places, sometimes several days before they could be served, the line being formed days before the steamer arrived. Resident speculators would take position in the line, and when they had advanced near the door would sell their place to others from the mines, who were waiting, frequently getting from $100 to $300.

"Such a thing can hardly be believed by those who have never had any such experience, but in the fall of 1849 an ox team driver got $10 per day and board, Sundays being counted the same as other days, while carpenters got from an ounce ($16) to an ounce and a half per day, everything else costing in proportion, and hence the mail carriers for the mines could better afford to pay for the position in line than to wait on expense and lose the time, they sometimes being kept waiting for a week before they could get all their mail for the several camps.

"One of the curious sights was the sale of the New York papers. As soon as the steamer arrived a man or boy with a lot of papers would rush ashore, mount a box and just as fast as he could hand out the papers and make change dispose of them at $1 each. Of course in time all this changed, but communication with the States was then so slow and the time required so great that to us, isolated as we were from home and friends and the whole outside world, it seemed almost an eternity."—Exchange.

### A Misfit.

"Yes," he answered, as he seemed to huddle himself in a heap. "I've done some odd things in my time. I've jumped from a train running at a speed of 48 miles an hour, and I can't say as I want to repeat the experiment."

"What was the occasion?"

"Three years ago. I did it for a bet of 20 shillings. The bet was that I daren't walk out on the platform and take the jump without picking out my ground. As it happened the ground was pretty clear, but £1,000,000 wouldn't get me to try it again."

"How did you come out?"

"Well, it's hard to describe the sensation. As I sprang from the step I seemed to fly. I sailed along in the air until my wings grew tired, and then I dropped down to see the country. Sometimes I beat the professionals all hollow, and again I made a mess of it. It was my intention to skip all the mud puddles and avoid all the stumps, but you can't always have your own way in this world. By and by I came up with a bang in a ditch corner, and waited for a first class hospital to visit me."

"Much hurt?"

"Might have been worse. Broke an arm, two ribs and had over 100 cuts and bruises, and it was seven weeks before I could walk a yard."

"But you won the 20 shillings?"

"Y-e-s, but there is where I always grow sad. The stakeholder forwarded it to me from his town in the shape of a coffin, and it didn't fit my length by seven inches. I had to sell the confounded thing as a misfit at half price."—Strand Magazine.

### Was It Fate?

Those who hold that no man can avoid his fate may find support for their doctrine in the experience of Charles J. Weller of Elkhart, Ind. He was employed at grinding at an emery wheel, but regarding the position as dangerous handed in his resignation. Five minutes before the time for ending his last day at the work the wheel burst and killed him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.—Horace Mann.



## OLD SUPERSTITION.

### What the Curfew Bell Meant in Olden Time.

**And What it Should Mean To-day to Millions of People—To Persons of Sense This Has Great Weight.**

The curfew bell was no myth. It was a summons to the people to put out the fires, stop all labor and retire to sleep. It was a summons, also, which none dare disobey, for heavy penalties followed disobedience.

O, for a curfew bell at the present day! A bell whose ringing tones should summons us to rest from work! To rest from the intense, mad rush which hurries us on in the weakening, wearying, nerve-tearing, brain destroying struggle of life.

Do you know what this means?

You professional and business men, how severe is the strain of thought and mind is plainly evidenced in your weakened nerves, your trembling in excitement, your sleepless, restless nights, your utterly relaxed nervous condition after mental work.

You clerks and mechanics, who work all day, how weak you grow, how pale, lifeless, spiritless you become, how dull and tired headed.

You women, sales-girls, and those confined in mills and factories, how heavy is your drudgery, how wearing upon your life, how enervating to your feelings, how exhausting to your strength, how blighting to your beauty. You are often nervous, generally weak and always tired.

Alas, no curfew bell can call a halt in the world's work, but a warning voice can direct you how best to overcome the nervous and physical weakness which such work entails. You who would be strong in nerve and brain, who would gain physical and mental strength to continue your work successfully, use as the vital restorative, the strengthener of brain and nerve, the giver of renewed life and vigor, that greatest of all medicines, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Nothing on earth will so quickly and surely restore your strength.

Just see what it did for Mr. John Connors, of 323 Rivington street, New York city, who says:

"I cheerfully recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It has acted like a charm. Six months ago I became restless, weak and all broken up from unrefreshing sleep. My rest did me no good. I thought more harm than good. I had lost my appetite day by day.

"I saw my doctor and I tried different remedies recommended by the people I came in contact with as keeper in the Tombs, but of no avail, until one morning my wife got me a bottle of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I tried that bottle and it did me a world of good. I took five bottles in all but could have dropped off at three.

"My sleep is now of the most refreshing kind. I never remember in my 36 years feeling as well as I do to day. My wife and two boys, five and three years old, are taking their first bottle, and they already show the benefit of it.

"I hope this will reach those unfortunates who are suffering as I suffered from loss of appetite, loss of sleep, unstrung nerves, melancholy feeling and general weakness, all of which I suffered from six months ago, and from which that valuable medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, relieved me forever, I hope and believe."

Use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy to conquer your weakness and debility. Use it and get yourself strong, vigorous and well.

This remarkable discovery should not be classed with the ordinary patent medicines. It is the prescription of the most successful specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Green, of 35 West 14th St., New York City, and he can be consulted by all without charge, personally or by letter.

## THEY WERE BEARS.

**How a Hunter Bagged a Ton of Them In Thirty Seconds.**

"I believe I got as big a bag of bears in as short a time as any man ever did," said Doc Stadley, the ex-sheriff and bear hunter of Mendocino.

"A bag of bears?" exclaimed the young man who had just been telling about a bag of snipe he had once killed. "What were they—little fellows? What is it you call them—kittens? No, cubs; that's it."

"No, sir. They were not kittens or cubs. They were bears," declared Doc. "I think I piled up about a ton of bear meat in about 30 seconds. I was out hunting in the southern part of Trinity county about 17 or 18 years ago. We had killed about 40 deer and 3 panthers and a bear or two in a couple of weeks, and were pretty near ready to break camp when I thought I would go out and kill another deer to take home fresh. It was late in the afternoon, and I was creeping along in the brush, when suddenly I came out into a little opening. I stopped to see if there was any sign of deer, and while I stood looking about a big black bear climbed up on the trunk of a big fir tree that had been uprooted. He wasn't 30 yards away, and I plugged him in the ear. He rolled off the log and down the hill toward me, but before I had time to see if he was dead another bear climbed up on that same log to see what the row was about. I shot it in the head, and it rolled down the same way the other had gone. Up climbed a big 2-year-old to take its place, and after I had shot it two big yearlings, one after the other, climbed up on the log to be shot.

"Every one rolled down the hill toward me and was kicking and thrashing around not ten steps away. By that time I came to the conclusion that I was in a bear country, and I didn't lose any time climbing a sapling. When I got well braced up among the limbs, I sat and pumped lead into that pile of bears. Every time one kicked I gave him a bullet, till they all stopped kicking. I had five bears in one pile, and I think they must have weighed over a ton altogether."—San Francisco Post.

## CURFEW TIDE.

The thrushes sing in every tree;
The shadows long and longer grow;
Broad sunbeams lie athwart the lea;
The oxen low;
Round roof and tower the swallows slide;
And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

Sweet sleep, the nighttime's fairest child,
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;
Each flower beneath her influence mild
Fresh fragrance sheds;
The owls, on silent wings and wide,
Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

No more clanging the rookery rings
With voice of many a noisy bird;
The startled wood dove's clattering wings
No more are heard;
With sound like whispers faintly sighed,
Soft breezes through the treetops run,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

So may it be when life is spent,
When ne'er another sun can rise,
Nor light one other joy present
To dying eyes;
Then softly may the spirit glide
To realms of rest, disturbed by none,
At curfew tide,
When day is done.

—S. Cornish Watkins in Chambers' Journal.

## THE UNDERTAKER'S SONG.

**The Consumptive Man Failed to Appreciate the Old Melody.**

On North Clark street there is an undertaker whose face and bearing are peculiarly adapted to his business—tall, thin, with a countenance habitually thoughtful, almost melancholy, and in addition his shoulders stoop, which aids in giving him the air of a man who is burdened with his own or other people's sorrows. But behind the mournful exterior there lies a quiet humor, a little grewsome perhaps, but humor nevertheless.

This undertaker boards at a hotel just across the street, and not long since as he walked into the office one evening about dinner time he observed leaning against the end of the desk a cadaverous looking man whom his experienced eyes informed him was rapidly approaching the last stages of consumption. As he passed the desk he remarked in an undertone to the clerk, "I'll get that fellow pretty soon."

Having finished his dinner, he returned to the office, and seating himself in one of the chairs where he could watch the door of his establishment he fell into a dreamy mood. Perhaps it was memories of younger days made him sentimental. At all events he began humming some old ballads. The tune of the old song, "I'm Waiting, My Darling, For Thee," came to his mind. He hummed it over again and again, trying to recall the words. A man seated in front of him seemed to be growing restless.

Suddenly the words came to him, and in a louder tone he sang the first measure, "I'm waiting, my darling, for thee." That was as far as he got. The man in front turned round—it was the consumptive—his bright eyes flashing as in husky but angry tones he said, "I can take a joke as well as any man, but when an undertaker sits behind me and sings 'I'm Waiting, My Darling, For Thee,' it's altogether too much." The undertaker arose slowly, and his face resumed its mournful expression as he walked out of the door and toward his place of business.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Blackie's Student Days.

He wandered in the Harz and the Black forest, clad in wagoner's smock, mixing with the people—especially the miners—geologizing as he went, and making intellectual pilgrimages to Weimar and Wurtzburg. At Gottingen Ottfried Muller and Heeren, the historian, seem to have influenced him most. At Berlin, whither he next went, he studied under Schleiermacher and Neander, to the latter of whom he was much attracted, and whose teaching appears to have had much to do with broadening views that were of themselves already stretching far beyond their originally restricted confines.

Neander once startled his disciple by remarking, "You have some Jewish notions in Scotland with regard to the observance of the Lord's day." Blackie, who still considered that "Scottish theology and Christianity were convertible terms," was staggered by the assertion "that one of the most significant observances of Scottish religiousness was not Christian, but Jewish." But the fourth commandment was too deeply imbedded in Blackie for him to be swayed by such reasoning. He continued to spend his Sundays after the Scotch fashion, and, says he, "I never had cause to regret my conscientiousness—'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.'"—Blackwood's Magazine.

### Falling From the Sun to the Earth.

The philosophers have figured out some queer problems since the time of Horatio, but none of them is more curious than that relating to the amount of time it would take for an object to fall from the sun or moon to our earth. It has been decided, after an immense amount of figuring, that if a bowlder weighing a ton should fall from the sun it would take it 99 years, 9 months, 7 days and 2 hours to reach the earth. The same bowlder could make the trip from the moon to the earth in 4½ days.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Ætolian League.

The Ætolian league was a confederacy of Greek states formed B. C. 323. An annual assembly was held in the autumn at Thermum, and this conference was called the Panætolicon. The league was dissolved on the conquest of the Ætolian states by the Romans, B. C. 189. The original purpose of the league was to free Greece from the rule of the Macedonian kings.

Our soldiers, considering the fact that their clothing, rations and quarters are furnished, are better paid than the laboring men of most European countries.

With a woman it is a struggle to provide something for the inner man, and with a man it is an effort to provide something for the outer woman.