Messages From the Sea.

A bottle dispatched from the steamship Guildhall on May 31, 1894, when in 46 degrees north, 31 degrees west, almost midway between Brest and Newfoundland, was picked up on Feb. 13, 1896, at Antigua, after a drift of about 4,500 miles. It had evidently passed close to the Azores, the Canary islands and the Cape Verdes on the way. Another, thrown overboard from the sloop Napolio on July 20, 1892, traveled eastward toward the Azores, and thence, as in the previous instance, until it was recovered near Turk's island, north of Haiti, on Feb. 8, 1896, after a drift of nearly 6,000 miles.

A bottle message from the sailing ship St. Enoch is probably the most interesting of the 82 drifts shown on the United States chart. It was sent off when some 700 miles west of Sierra Leone, under the influence of the well known Guinea current, setting eastward on to the African land. The master of this vessel noted on the message that she had experienced an easterly current of 26 miles during the previous day. Hence there is reason to suppose that this messenger was swept eastward until some incident occurred to transfer it to a current setting in a westerly direction. Once on the latter route, however, it passed leisurely along through the passages of the Windward isles, escaping contact with any land, followed the trend of the Atlantic coast of North America till clear of Newfoundland, and thence onward to Totabrough Walls, Shetland islands, where it was found on March 20, 1896, after having accomplished a record drift of nearly 8,000 miles in less than 1,000 days.—Chambers' Journal.

Wild Life and the Senses.

I made bold to say to Dr. Nansen that thousands upon thousands of men who were not specially interested in arctic work had read his book with delight, and that to me the marvel was not that he could do what he did in the field, but that he could write such a book about his experiences.

"The best thing in it, to my notion," I said, "is your description of your dramatic meeting with Jackson on Franz-Josef Land, and the best part of that was your reference to the manner in which the wild man's sharpened senses discovered the fragment of the soap which the civilized European has used in his morning ablutions."

"It is really true," replied Dr. Nansen, "that I could smell that soap as plainly as if it had been a strong perfume. Johansen noted the same thing when he came up. In fact, for several days our sense of smell was wonderfully acute. As I approached Jackson's hut I thought I could smell everything it contained and give a sort of inventory of its stores without entering. In a day or two this acuteness wore off, and we became quite normal in that as well as in other respects. But I wonder if a man were to live wild for a few years if his sense of smell would not become quite as keen as that of an animal?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Newspaper Bogy.

E. L. Godkin in The Atlantic claims that the advertiser rather than the subscriber is now the newspaper bogy. He is the person before whom the publisher cowers and tries to please, and the advertiser is very indifferent about the opinions of a newspaper. What interests him is the amount or quality of its circulation. What he wants to know is how many people see it, not how many people agree with it. The consequence is that the newspapers of largest circulation, published in the great centers of population where most votes are cast, are less and less organs of opinion, especially in America. In fact, in some cases the advertisers use their influence, which is great and which the increasing competition between newspapers makes all the greater, to prevent the expression in newspapers of what is probably the prevailing local view of men or events. There are not many newspapers which can afford to defy a large advertiser.

How It Felt.

A worthy old gentleman who had never wandered far from his native township before went to Boston one day in response to an invitation to visit a relative.

The Bostonian, in showing his friend about town, took him to the top of a tall office building. They took a look at the marvelous landscape spread out before them and prepared to descend. They entered the elevator. It began its swift journey downward.

"Don't be frightened, Uncle Silas," said the younger man, as his visitor grasped his arm, shut his eyes and held on for life. "There is no danger."

"I wasn't afraid, George," gasped Uncle Silas, after they had stepped out of the elevator, "but I—I left my stomach up there."—Youth's Companion.

Reynolds' Name.

As a proof of the appreciation of the work (portrait of Lady Cockburn and her children) by Sir Joshua's contemporaries, we are told that when this portrait was brought into the great room to be hung all the painters clapped their hands in salutation of its power, while the seal of the artist's own approval is to be found in his name, inscribed at full length on the hem of the lady's garment, the only two pictures thus honored by him being this one and his portrait of Mrs. Siddons.—Pall Mall Gazette.

There is no better known song in Scotland, and especially in Berwickshire, than that which refers to "Tibby Fowler o' the Glen." Tibby was a native of Berwickshire, in which county the glen is situated.

The average weight of a dozen eggs is about 21½ ounces. One-eighth of this entire weight may be regarded as nitrogenous and nutritious matter, a greater proportion than that of meat or of the oyster.

Balmoral is a greatly larger estate now than it was when first it became a royal residence. To the original 10,000 or 11,000 acres were soon added the 6,000 acres of the adjoining Birkhall estate. Then in 1878 the forest of Ballochoule was purchased—another 10,000 acres—and there have since been more recent acquisitions.

An Extinguisher.

"They say that was a brilliant match of Bullion and Miss Goldly."

"Yes, but it seems to have gone out when they were married."—Detroit Free Press.

THE DEACON'S PIETY.

IT WAS EQUAL TO ALL OCCASIONS AND LASTED OVER EIGHTY YEARS.

Suspended Religious Services Indefinitely to Nurse the Victims of a Smallpox Epidemic—An Example In This as He Was In Devotion to the Flag.

Deacon William Trowbridge was a small farmer living near Sheboygan Falls. He went there over 50 years ago. Besides tilling a little patch of ground the deacon, who was indeed the very soul of honor and ever had the respect and confidence of all in that community, was in the habit, before regular preachers were sent there, of reading a sermon or exhorting. There was no sham about Deacon Trowbridge's piety. He was sincerity itself.

Fifty years ago the little village was visited by a smallpox epidemic—an old fashioned, widespread and spreading epidemic—and they didn't know how to scotch it as well as they do now.

The first Sunday after the dreaded disease made its appearance the deacon's congregation was quite large. At the end of the services he made an announcement in about these words:

"These services will be postponed until after the smallpox disappears from the community. From this on I shall give my services to the stricken families. I shall minister to their wants, help to nurse them, and when they die follow them to the grave. It may be a long term or it may be a short term, but, however long or however short, it is my plain duty to help my distressed neighbors."

The word was well suited to the action which followed. The good old deacon hurried to his home, changed his clothes, bade his family goodby and at once began his work of mercy. What a work it was! The epidemic lasted nearly all winter. Large numbers died. Few in the village escaped the disease. The deacon's example was followed by others. Men went to their homes, told their wives and children what the deacon had said and was doing, arranged their business, provided fuel and provisions, kissed their dear ones and went to the aid of the unfortunate. Like the deacon they went without reward or hope of reward. Like him they spent weeks and some of them months in that service without daring to go home lest their dear ones catch the disease.

The strangest of all this strange experience is the fact that neither the deacon, the good souls who imitated his example nor their families were overtaken by the malady, notwithstanding the fact that the watchers, helpers and nurses were almost constantly in the presence of the suffering patients and notwithstanding the fact that they laid out and helped to bury the dead.

Nearly half of the deacon's congregation had disappeared when, the next spring, he resumed services in the schoolhouse. It was a sorrowful Sunday. Those in the audience who had not lost members of their family had lost neighbors and dear friends. When the good old Christian had read a chapter, prayed and talked a practical sermon, he referred feelingly to the scenes through which the community had passed. I think every man, woman and child in the room, including the deacon, wept. At the close of the talk he asked all present to join him on their knees in asking that the community might escape such visitations for all time to come. It was a most earnest appeal. I believe that that prayer has been answered. There may have been a few cases of smallpox there since then, but there has never been an epidemic.

The Sunday after Sumter was fired upon, and while Deacon Trowbridge was conducting services in the Baptist church, the denomination to which he belonged for over 80 years, he and his congregation were disturbed by a great commotion in the street right in front of the church. There were beating of drums and sounds of fife much out of tune. It was so uncommon a thing that most of the congregation walked or ran out of the church. Fidally the deacon closed the Bible and slowly followed his fleeing flock. When outside, he asked the cause of "this unseemly disturbance on the Lord's day." Some one told him that the president had called for soldiers to uphold the honor and the flag of the nation and that they were going to raise a company right then and there.

The old deacon's eyes flashed as he walked out into the street, where a young fellow was irregularly pounding a bass drum, and said: "Nathan, I know it is Sunday and that all but the Lord's work should be abandoned, but the saving of our country and the shielding of its flag from dishonor is the Lord's work. Give me that drum." And that model of piety strapped on the big drum and went to pounding, greatly outdoing Nathan in two respects—he made more noise and kept perfect time. He drummed as no one before had never drummed in the little village. As if it had gone on lightning wings, word flew through the community that Deacon Trowbridge had left his pulpit to beat a drum, and on Sunday too.

Within half an hour nearly every one in town and many from the outskirts had gathered around the old drummer, all cheering him, and on Sunday too. That night Nathan Cole, who had been relieved as drummer by the deacon, went to Sheboygan with enough men to make up what became Company C of the Fourth Wisconsin.—J. A. Watrous in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Great Find.

Lady of the House (to servant girl applying for a situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K. Why were you sent away?

Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors.

Lady—Ah, then I will take you, only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—London Fun.

Daguerreotypes.

A Boston man is still taking daguerreotypes and has been doing so over half a century. He insists that in spite of all modern processes in photography they remain the most correct likenesses ever produced.—Philadelphia Press.

Beginning to Take Notice.

John—So you really think you have some chance of winning her, do you?

Henry—Oh, yes! I feel quite encouraged. She has begun to find fault with my looks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Animal Colonists.

During the last few years the demand for pedigree English cattle for Argentina has been enormous. Shorthorns, Herefords and Devons have been imported weekly, and a crossbred English stock now fills the "corrals" of the great beef and bovril companies of the Rio de la Plata. In North America this Anglicizing process has spread to all the states of the Union. Half bred Herefords and Shorthorns are taking the place of the common cattle of the States on nearly all the ranches of the beef producing districts, and the colonizing capacity of different English breeds is recommending them for special districts. Thus the Devon bulls are purchased for ranches where the search for pasture and water needs special activity and endurance, and red "polled" or hornless Suffolks are used where cattle are being bred for transit by rail or ship because the absence of horns is then convenient. Even tropical Brazil follows the fashion, and English Jersey cows are seen demurely walking through the forest paths by the coffee plantations and English terriers and pug dogs sit on the laps of Brazilian ladies.

Whether the Jersey cattle will multiply on the planters' estates time will show, but the spread of our colonizing animals, which are now invading simultaneously the plains of Patagonia and the north Canadian territory, does not limit its progress to the direction of the poles. In India the English horse becomes a colonist by second intention, in the form of the "waler," a sounder and stronger animal than the majority of British hackneys. His value, as compared with the native breeds of Asia, is still undetermined, but we must accept his presence and survival as a fact.—London Spectator.

Soap.

The first distinct mention of soap now extant is by Pliny, who speaks of it as an invention of the Gauls; but be that as it may, the use of soap for washing purposes is of great antiquity. In the ruins of Pompeii a complete soap manufactory was found, and the utensils and some soap were in a tolerable state of preservation. The Gallic soap of eighteen centuries ago was prepared from fat and wood ashes, particularly the ashes from beech wood, which wood was very common in France as well as in England. Soap is spoken of by writers from the second century, but the Saracens were the first people to bring it into general use as an external cleansing medium. The use of soap is thus described: "When examined chemically, the skin is found to be composed of a substance analogous to dried white of egg; in a word, albumen. Now, albumen is soluble in the alkalies, and when soap is used for washing the skin the excess of alkali combines with the oily fluid with which the skin is naturally bedewed, removes it in the form of an emulsion, and with a portion of the dirt. Another portion of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the skin, and when this is rubbed off the rest of the dirt disappears. So that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the skin and leaves a new one, and were the process repeated to excess the latter would become attenuated."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Famous Paris Garret.

There are few persons interested in things literary who being in Paris within the last 10 or 15 years can have failed to hear of the garret of M. de Goncourt. M. de Goncourt himself would perhaps have preferred people to say the garret of "the brothers Goncourt," although, as is well known, the institution was originated and flourished only after the death of the younger brother. The "garret" specifically was a charming room, half hall, half library, on the third floor of the little Louis XVI hotel at Auteuil which M. Edmond de Goncourt occupied during the whole latter part of his life; generically it was the meeting together of kindred spirits, of disciples and admirers and friends of the old maitre, the germ of the academy which it was Edmond de Goncourt's dream to establish in opposition to the academy of the 40 immortals, and the nursery, as it were, where talents were grown to ripeness for the honor of admission to that same especial academy. —Aline Gorren in Scribner's.

Speculation Stopped.

Governor Stephens of Missouri the other day commuted the sentence of a negro who had been condemned to death for murder to imprisonment for 50 years. When she heard of it, the negro's mother was so happy that she began to smoke a corncob pipe. Some one having suggested to her that after all 50 years' imprisonment was a pretty heavy punishment, she exclaimed:

"Wot's 50 years? Pshaw, wot's de penitentiary to Willie? Ain t he a young man? Wot's 50 years to him? Anyways he ain't goin to hang. I dean have to stay up nights an go cryin about an speculatin myself to death. I done stop speculatin. I done stop bit."—New York Tribune.

Man's Ruling Wish.

There is one wish ruling over mankind, and it is a wish which is never in a single instance granted—each man wishes to be his own master. It is a boy's beatific vision, and it remains the grown up man's ruling passion to the last. But the fact is life is a service. The only question is, Whom shall we serve?—W. F. Faber.

The Bulldog a Good Dog.

No member of the canine family has been more persistently maligned than the bulldog. Writers who have no intimate knowledge of the dog and his attributes have described him as stupidly ferocious, and illustrators have pictured him as a sort of semiwild beast, till the general public has come to look upon him as dangerous.

"Give a dog a bad name," is an old saw, and perhaps a true one, but when it is applied to the bulldog it is manifestly unjust. Writers, too, have fallen into grave error in claiming that the bulldog is deficient not only in affection, but in intelligence.

Stonehenge, who is considered one of the greatest of canine scientists, claims that the bulldog's brain is relatively larger than that of the spaniel, which dog is generally considered to be the most intelligent of the canine race, while the bulldog's affection is never to be doubted.—Outing.

A Pertinent Query.

"Ah, yes" said the star, "I have been married for eight years!"

"Continuously?" asked the critical one, but the query was deemed unworthy of reply.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Pards."

"I will not go into the details of why I was there," said the hale old capitalist, "except to say that I was acting for a large eastern concern and trying to find a man who had betrayed an important trust.

"There was a big snowstorm raging in the Sierras when I reached the little town near them and put up at the primitive hotel that offered food, lodging, drink and a proper care for my horse. Conventionalities did not obtain out there, and during the evening I became acquainted with a woman who was just from the east. With her was a very sick little boy, and her one anxiety was to have her husband with them as soon as he could be brought. He was in the mountains among the miners, and every one in the settlement said it would be impossible to reach him until the storm had subsided.

"My sympathy for the woman was so great that I determined to relieve her painful anxiety if it were possible. All efforts to dissuade me were useless, and they looked at me as I left the hotel as though they never expected to see me again. I will not attempt to describe the trip. Thirty-six hours after I started I stumbled into the camp through sheer intervention of Providence. With men and mules we made our way back, and a happier reunion you never saw. The boy grew better, and the big, rough miner burdened me with his thanks.

"Christmas morning he got me into a little room back of the bar and said: 'Pard, I hain't no talker. Here's a Chris'mas gif'.'

"It was a half interest in one of the richest mines ever developed out there. He and I have been 'pards' ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

Wells In Sahara.

Artesian wells sunk in the Sahara desert appear to find an abundant supply of water without going very deep for it, and this fact may in time put a new face on desert conditions, involving important political, climatic and economical consequences. The English have begun sinking them along the Berber-Suakin road, finding water there as abundant as it was in the regions near the Nile when their first experimental wells were put down. Flowing under the Saharan sands there may be water enough to fertilize cases all over its sterile expanse and rescue it in a measure from its historic barrenness and desolation. Some years ago a French engineer proposed to cut a canal from the Mediterranean to the lower desert levels, thus creating a new inland sea, or, rather, restoring an old one, but for some reason the project was abandoned.

Local irrigation by means of artesian borings is a more judicious expedient, and, the English having pointed the way in this direction, the French are quite likely to follow it. Only a narrow desert belt separates their possessions in north and middle Africa, reaching from the Mediterranean to the Niger, and it is quite worth their while to fertilize it and plant it with palm groves and date orchards if possible, at any rate to provide water enough to supply their present caravans and perhaps their future locomotives.—New York Tribune.

French Secret Police Methods.

I once spent an afternoon in a pleasant little villa on the banks of the river Marne with the former chief of police in the time of Napoleon III up to the proclamation of the republic. No one would have thought, to look at the peaceful figure of the proprietor, a little man in sabots, with gray beard a la Millet, absorbed in cultivating the magnificent hortensias that covered his terraces, reaching to the water's edge, that his head had been a storehouse for all the machinations and turpitudes of that period of decadence which ended in a disastrous war and revolution. It was on that afternoon that I learned how the fatal Ollivier ministry was decided upon by M. Thiers and his political friends one evening in the conservatorio of a beautiful Frenchwoman living not far from the opera. Two brothers, well known in the best Paris society, meanwhile distracted the attention of the guests in the salon by sleight of hand tricks and gymnastic feats on a Persian rug, and when I asked the old man how he knew all this with such precision, "From a femme de chambre," he answered tranquilly. "All personages of importance at that time, at their own request, took their servants only from my hand."—Harper's Weekly.

More Than He Could Stand.

"Hold up yer hands!"

The citizen thus addressed suddenly shot out his right fist. It caught the murderous footpad squarely on the nose and stretched him motionless on the frozen ground.

"That was a nervy thing to do," said the policeman who happened by some mysterious dispensation to be in the neighborhood and had come running to the scene.

"It was a pretty nervy thing for the scoundrel to do," replied the citizen, scowling at his damaged hand. "He didn't know he was tackling a desperate man. I had just paid a gas bill."—Chicago Tribune.

Ignorance.

Two country men went into a hatter's to buy a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking glass.

"What is the glass for?" said one of the men.

The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, said: "What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits."—Pick Me Up.

How to Keep Cattails.

Cattails will keep for several years if they are hung by the stems, head down, until thoroughly dry. They may be dipped as soon as picked in a weak solution of carbolic acid to prevent insects from destroying them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from rapid sale in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of Winners in Competitors district will be forwarded to Competitors in about 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., New York.

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