mand is made for them.

In many other places in the world trees are found underground in a very fair state of preservation. In Vermont certain meadows, which now are cultivated every year, are known to be underlaid with great masses of logs which were brought down and deposited in great jams in floods within the recollection of living men, and left where they were. In the course of time the interstices between the logs filled up with earth and all were covered over evenly with more earth and vegetable growth.

Whenever any of those buried logs are dug up they are found to be in a surprisingly good state of preservation; but the business of "mining" them has not yet become an industry.

STORY OF THROCKMORTON.

How He Obtained a Verdict for a Client in a Texas Court.

The late Gov. Throckmorton, of Texas, was once engaged in the defense of a man accused of murder. The evidence against his client, says Kate Field's Washington, was too strong to be overcome by any plea except that of self defense; but the man killed was in his shirt sleeves at the time, and no one had seen him with a weapon exposed. Mr. Throckmorton at the proper juncture of affairs suddenly pulled off his coat and waistcoat and, turning around so that the jury could see every side of him, inquired whether, in their judgment, he was armed or not. The answer in the negative was unanimous. With a knowing smile Mr. Throckmorton proceeded to draw from under his left arm one pistol, another from under his right, one from each of his boots, and, finally, a huge bowie-knife from under his shirt at the back of his neck. As he laid the weapons in a row on the table, he said: "You, see, gentlemen, although in my shirtsleeves, it was not safe to consider me unarmed." The counsel for the prosecution knew from that moment that their case was gone.

His Striking Feature.

A certain judge who is blessed with a tremendous head of hair, which is generally in a state of wild disorder, was questioning a youthful witness, to make sure that he comprehended the character and importance of the oath he was about to take. "Boy," he said, with his severest and most magisterial manner, "do you feel sure that you could identify *me* after six months. Now be careful. Think before you speak." "Well, your honor," replied the boy, after a prolonged survey of the judge's portly figure and rugged features, "I ain't *sure*, but I think I could if you wasn't to comb your hair."

A Confusing Clause.

A famous London will bequeathed "all my black and white horses" to a certain devisee. After the lawyers had wrangled to determine whether all the black horses and all the white ones were meant, or only the piebald, or black-and-white ones, a witness testified that all the horses of the dead man were mares, and the confusion was worse confounded.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

It Is a Sign, for One Thing, of the Approaching Old Age.

Dr. Chalmers went to preach for Edward Irving, the erratic genius who asked the privilege of making a few preliminary remarks and spoke an hour or so in a crowded building, says the Christian Advocate. Chalmers, referring to it afterward, said: "What could I do in an exhausted receiver?" There are many cases justifying sleeping in church; the mother who has been watching two or three nights with a sick child; the father who has been thoroughly overworked, and invalids, are not to be condemned if they doze in the sanctuary unwillingly. The carbonic acid gas resulting from crowds, and especially from gas jets, old air heated by steampipes, the effects of furnaces with red hot firepots, through which not only carbonic acid gas, but a far more dangerous gas, can percolate, make the most devout and attentive drowsy.

Sometimes the first signs of old age are a tendency to sleep in church. The philosophy of the nod and of the attitudes of the head is this: Unconsciously we hold our heads in position by an effort of the will. When sleep begins that is relaxed: gravity takes charge of the head and also of the under jaw, but as the head slips back it produces an uncomfortable feeling that slightly awakens the sleeper, who spasmodically exercises his will and straightens himself up, and relaxes it immediately afterward. This may continue in some cases, putting the man in the attitude apparently of bowing assent to every succeeding sentence. No woman will voluntarily sleep in church if she has the ordinary desire to appear well. It must, however, be conceded that in many instances the minister is to blame. If he succumbs to depressing influences, and especially if he drones or is prolix, or preaches only "words, words, words," or has a canting tone, so that on whatever he says the same stress is laid at regular intervals; if he turns his face to the wall and does not look at the audience, or fixes his eye upon a point and never removes it, or is very long, or makes the same gestures frequently, he may lull the people. Some preachers have to preach half an hour or so to become interesting. It was well said to one of them: "If you had delivered the first thirty minutes of your discourse in the adjoining graveyard before entering the church the effect upon the living would have been greater."

NAPOLEON'S DAINTY TOILET.

After His Morning Shave His Valet Scoured Him with Eau De Cologne.

One of the most interesting articles found among the recent numerous essays upon the private life of Napoleon is on the toilet of the emperor, which, it appears, was a most important matter and regulated down to the smallest details with mathematical precision. When awakened it was Napoleon's custom to glance over the paper while the fires were lit. He was sensitive to cold, and a fire was prepared in every room even in midsummer. Then of distinguished people awaiting an audience he would designate those whom he wished to see, after which he would rise and take a hot bath, lasting about an hour. The daily shaving was the next duty. Ordinarily his physician, Corvisart, would be present, chatting and securing favors for his friends. Napoleon's greeting was usually some badinage, such as: "Ah, charlatan! How many patients have you killed this morning?" And the physician would reply in kind. Two valets were necessary for shaving, one holding the basin and another the mirror. The emperor, in a flannel robe, de chamber, then covered his face with soap and began to shave. Throwing off his robe, Napoleon was next deluged with eau de cologne and subjected to a thorough scrubbing with a rough brush. The valet then rubbed the whole body with linen rolls saturated with eau de cologne—a custom that Napoleon had acquired in the east. The scrubbing was none of the lightest, either, for he would call out from time to time: "Harder—rub harder." When the scrubbing was over the emperor dressed himself. A curious detail of his custom was the religious care with which he kept hung around his neck the little leather envelope, shaped like a heart, which contained the poison that was to liberate him in case of irretrievable reverses of fortune. This poison was prepared after a recipe that Cabanis had given to Corvisart, and after the year 1808 the emperor never undertook a campaign without having his little packet of poison.

Origin of the Word Honeymoon.

It was formerly a custom among Teutonic nations to drink a liquor made of honey, and called hydromel, for a moving age (a month) after the wedding feast. Hence the name "honeymoon." The Teutons knew very little about treacle, as we learn that the name Teutoni was given, 230 B. C., to a race of people who had long been settled in the country, and in the provinces which are now known respectively as Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein, but which were then known collectively as the Chersonesus Cimbrica. The Teutons may even have brought the custom to England with them when they came over the Kimmerian Bosphorus about 380 B. C.

Japanese Soldiers.

A British officer, who apparently knows, says that it "would be as reasonable to charge brave men armed with pitchforks against brave men armed with rifles as to pit, man for man, the Chinese in their present condition against the Japanese. Of all native and colonial troops I have seen, and I have seen most of them," says he, "I would, next to Goorkhas, prefer a regiment of Japanese. They are brave, temperate, patient and energetic, and at this moment the Chinese, whatever might be done with them, are two hundred years behind." There is a gymnasium in every Japanese barracks.