The Pressman's Artistic Work.

You have often heard the expression "artist's proof," in alluding to pictures, and there are many curio collectors who make a specialty of them. When a reproduction is made either in lithography, photogravure or steel engraving, the stone or plate is inked or colored; a fine piece of paper laid upon this. Then the engraver rubs his hand or a brush carefully over every bit of surface until all the shadows and outlines are rubbed in. It is run through a press slowly, and after being allowed to remain the proof is carefully pulled off the plate. This is the artist's proof, and is supposed to be perfect. Other proofs taken after that are not so carefully taken, and for that reason the artist's proof is considered preferable.

The fine work on cuts that claim artistic merit is not known to the public generally. The artist may draw beautifully and the engraver do his work handsomely, but the foreman of the pressroom, who does not appear in the case, is the one who must make or spoil the picture. The time he spends in hunting for the lights and shades, bringing up or lowering the impression before the plate goes to press, is not recognized by those who look at the picture when it goes forth in its perfect condition. With a rough press proof before him and the artist's proof, he cuts little strips out here and pastes on little bits there that make the press proof look like a section of crazy patchwork. His work is laborious and he has to be a careful man to realize the artist's idea.—Globe-Democrat.

An Angry Monkey's Fury.

A worthy "mynheer," resident at the Hague, had a favorite monkey whom he had taught to drink every day a small glass of the national beverage—gin. Some time ago he decided that he would get rid of his pet, and gave him to a friend. But Jocko was not a willing exile from his master's roof. Three times he returned, as if to inform the latter that he had not the slightest wish to change owners.

The affair having become tiresome, the burgher determined to have recourse to treachery to rid himself of his too faithful friend. He accordingly, in preparing the animal's daily ration of gin, slipped in a stiff dose of powerful poison. Not counting on the delicacy of Jocko's palate, he probably made the mixture needlessly strong. At any rate this singular scene took place:

Before raising the liquid the monkey smelt of it, and not being pleased with the odor threw the glass from him in a sudden fury. He then sprang at the hand that had held the glass and bit it until the blood came. The man had the wound at once cauterized, but has since died from its effects.—New York Graphic.

A Strait Laced Tithing Man.

The story is now being told of a conscientious tithing man in a New England town years ago. Gen. H., the big man of the town, had a daughter who was educated in Boston. Once she brought home with her a lover, a Boston man, now a merchant of this city. He went to church with her, sat in the same pew, and when the first hymn was given out found it and handed the hymn book to her. She bowed, and took it. Second hymn, the same. The old tithing man looked and frowned, but did not quite like to offend Gen. H. But he thought it over and over, and his conscience accused him of being a "respecter" of persons. He took his seat in the afternoon resolved to do his duty fearlessly. The hymn was given out. The young man found it, and handed the book to Miss H.; she bowed, and took it. Rap, rap, rap, went the old man's stick. Then pointing to Gen. H.'s pew, "You, you—I mean Gen. H.'s gal and her Boston beau! None of your carryings on here, I say."—New York Sun.

The Cooks of Europe.

After complimenting one of the chefs on his consummate skill in preparing a whole turkey in such transparent jelly that it seemed under a glass case, I ventured to ask him how the cooks of other countries compared with the French. With a smile of indulgence, he replied that a French cook was at the head of every foreign kitchen of distinction, and reminded me, beginning with the name of the queen of England, that every crowned head in Europe possessed one of those artists. "However," he added, "in England one may have a roast well turned by a native, in Germany a potage may be intrusted to a medium German cook, and in Italy I will go so far as to say it would be presumptuous to attempt the preparation of pastes against an Italian chef. After that you can draw the ladder."—Whitehall Review.

Difficulties of Science.

Even the most learned men, from the humble one shirted savant to the great scientists among the crowned heads and cracked heads, have never been able to tell what causes the wonderful northern lights, yet to solve that great problem is a mere bagatelle when compared to the task of prescribing a formula that will cause the mild rabbit of Kansas to eschew the succulent bark of the young and tender apple tree.—St. Paul Herald.

New Features Added.

The panorama of the battle of Atlanta in a neighboring city was recently closed and new features added. It seems that the artist had been reading the magazine articles since he finished it and wanted to paint in the picture of two generals, each sixteen feet high, slashing at each other with broadswords a rod long. That's his idea of war now.—Dakota Bell.

Antidote for Snake Bites.

In a letter from a German physician, who is a resident of Brazil, it is stated that permanganate of potash is as infallible an antidote for snake bites in that country as in India, and that every farmer keeps some of it in his dwelling.

LIFE IN THE STEERAGE.

A Man Who Has Had Experience Says It Is No "Sea Picnic."

A writer in Outing puts in a plea for the steerage, and advises individuals or families to whom "expenditure is in any important degree a consideration" to travel by that means, as they can get to their destination at the rate of $3 a day instead of at $10 a day. "The romance of travel, like the romance of life, is the rough side of it," this writer says. "Why not regard an experience in the steerage as a sea picnic or a bit of marine rustication?"

A gentleman who made a trip in the steerage of an ocean steamship "just for fun" read the article in Outing with much interest. "I wonder if the writer ever tried a steerage passage?" he said to a reporter for this paper. "I think not. The chances are that he has merely stood on the 'bridge' and watched the steerage victims in their pleasanter odd moments, when they are allowed on deck, and are joyous in their temporary release from their dark imprisonment below. Certainly no man who had ever been a steerage passenger in reality would recommend such an experiment to any but a lost soul who had only that means of escape from some dread calamity. 'A steerage passage! Great heavens! Does the writer realize the full meaning of his advice? Now let me tell you what a steerage is like. A long, low, dark room, dimly illuminated during the day by straggling rays through the thick 'head lights,' against which the waters swash continually, and at night by a smoky lantern whose cheerless rays only add to the cheerless gloom. A long board table, a few round stools constitute the only furniture. Along the sides are ranged two or three tiers of open bunks against the damp ship timbers, for the room is mostly below the water line.

"Here are gathered promiscuously men, women and children, herded together like animals rather than human beings in their miserable quarters, and in their forced confinement modesty is soon forgotten. The ventilation at best is but scant, and the exhalations from the perspiring bodies and their not overclean garments, together with the reeking timbers, the odor of pitch, the musty bedding, the steam from the food and the fumes from old tobacco pipes, render the atmosphere foul, stifling, and nauseating in the extreme, which is by no means clarified in case of violent weather when seasickness is common. The only escape from the uninviting pen is when the victims are allowed on deck. In pleasant weather life on deck is enjoyable and full of interest.

"The menu of the steerage usually includes soups in tin kettles, coarse meats, hash, ill boiled potatoes and broken bread from the cabin table. This food is served in tin dishpans. Tea and coffee are passed around in buckets, the principal difference between them being that the tea is less thick and muddy than the coffee. The whole mess is slung pell mell on the table and the passengers make a dive and grab. The number of tin plates and cups, iron knives and forks and tin spoons is limited. He or she who fails to secure a supply of dishes at the first grab must simply wait till some luckier individual finishes. There being no possible opportunity to wash the utensils, they must be used as they are, except such cleaning as could be done by scraping off with the knife.

"Then there is another matter that claims attention. No facilities are provided for bathing. The steerage passenger may wash his hands and face in the common tin wash dish on deck, but that's all. Under such conditions bugs and vermin thrive apace, and the less one is inclined to tolerate them the more they are determined to grow intimate, and their increase is only determined by the length of the voyage."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cinderella's Real Name.

There is no fairy tale that is better knewn or more loved by young readers than the story of the little cinder wench, who was so ill treated by her cruel sisters, had such a delightful godmother, with a magic wand, and was so lucky as to lose her pretty glass slipper only to gain a prince and become a princess thereby.

Looking over an old book we came upon an anecdote that is said to have been the origin of this favorite little tale. Cinderella's real name, it seems, was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 670 years before the birth of Christ, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and, mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird then unwittingly played the part of the fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined on knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messenger finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of King Psammeticus and the foundation of the fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls 2,400 years later.—American Agriculturist.

The Earthquakes in Italy.

The recent earthquakes and other violent disturbances in Italy are attributed to the influence of the sun and moon on the earth. A German scientist predicts further disturbances from the same cause this year.