

A MARRIAGE STRATAGEM

By RICHARD ASHE KING.



ICK, is it true that your father wants you to marry Miss Hackett?" asked Minnie Morris, looking up into her lover's face with eyes which expressed a life-and-death earnestness.

"Why, who on earth told you, pet?" "Never mind who told me, Dick. Is it true?"

"Well, he did make some suggestion of the kind; but I don't know that the lady would have me. Everyone isn't as easy to please as you, little one."

"Oh, Dick!" she groaned. "I-I couldn't give you up, I think, unless I was sure it was for your happiness."

"Could you give me up at all?" he asked, banteringly; but her reply was quite serious.

"Yes, I could, and would if I was convinced it was for your good," the little woman said, with such an expression of resolution in her face as convinced Dick that she was quite Quixotic enough to make the sacrifice.

"And how am I to convince you that I would be happier engaged to Miss Hackett?" Dick asked, scratching his head, with a droll expression of perplexity.

"Dick, dear, your father will never forgive you if he finds out not only that you won't take Miss Hackett, but that you will take me."

"I haven't broken it to him yet," Dick answered lightly. "I'm an unselfish fellow, and like to keep my little trouble to myself as long as I can."

As he spoke he lifted "his little trouble" clean off the ground with the arm which was round her waist, and set her then gently down. Her little-ness and lightness had for him a charm complementary to that which his great size and strength had for her.

"He'll hear of it and disinherit you, Dick."

"I don't think so. My father is not always like what you see of him. Before he fell in unexpectedly for the property he was the most generous of men; but his sudden riches, which 'made' him socially, ruined him morally. He became suspicious, cynical and miserly, with, however, the strangest occasional reversion to his old generous self. Now, if I caught him in one of these lucid intervals and confessed our engagement to him then, I believe he'd not only approve of it, but give me a lump sum down for our emigration plan."

"But he won't hear of it from you, Dick. Gilbert will tell him."

"Yes, he does; he told Miss Jackson of it."

"Phew! He'll certainly put a spoke in my wheel in that case!" Dick exclaimed with insupportable concern. "I'd better be beforehand with him, Minnie, and make a clean breast of it at once to my father," he added.

When, however, Dick hurried home to make this confession to his father he found that his brother Gilbert had been beforehand with him.

"So, sir," his father cried, the moment he entered the study, and before he could even open his lips. "So, sir, I'm to congratulate you upon your engagement to Miss Morris! Very good; very good! I shall be glad to make precisely the same settlement in her case that I promised to make if you had married Miss Hackett."

Here Dick stammered amazingly: "It's really exceedingly good of you, father."

"Not at all, sir; not at all. I promised to settle on you a fortune equal to Miss Hackett's, and now I promise to settle on you a fortune equal to Miss Morris'. That's fair, sir, I hope," he added, with a harsh, sardonic laugh.

"Hardly, sir," Dick replied, bitterly. "It is neither generous nor just to help only those who need no help."

"It's Christian, anyway, which is better than being generous or just. He that hath to him shall be given, and he that hath not from him shall be taken that which he seemeth to have." Eh?"

"It's hardly the moral of the parable of the prodigal, sir. Like him I came to ask you for a sum to start us—"

the more the more trouble I bring you. Good night, darling!"

But she made no reply, or he heard none. He walked away, thinking of the inexhaustible patience of her love, which answered to every demand upon it a thousand fold more than was asked for. It was not till toward morning after a sleepless night that he suddenly occurred to him to interpret last night's assurance that all would be well by her earlier assurance that she could and would give him up if she were convinced that it was for his good.

This thought no sooner struck him than he sprang out of bed, dressed himself hurriedly and made all haste as the gray winter dawn was breaking towards Minnie's house. He had a sickening misgiving from what he knew of the girl—or her resolute and self-sacrificing spirit—that she meant to avert his ruin by effacing herself. It was what she had done.

Upon reaching the house he found her already gone—no one knew whither—leaving a farewell letter for her aunt, with whom she lived, and a line also for Dick:

"DEAR OLD DICK: I love you too much to ruin you. Do not try to find me. You cannot; and it would make no difference if you could. I do not go away because I fear myself—because I doubt my power to keep my resolution—but because I wish to spare you and myself all the pain I can. Won't you now believe that I love you better than myself—oh! a thousand times better! Ever, my own dearest Dick, yours, MIMMIE."

"I do not think your father will press you to marry Miss Hackett now; I could not bear that."

Upon reading this Dick rushed off in a frenzy to the station to find that she had gone an hour earlier to Liverpool. He took the next train thither and spent a week in that city seeking and with the help of every possible agency and in every possible place—in the city or at the shipping offices—without coming upon the faintest trace of her.

After a week's exhaustive search for her in vain he returned home to vent all the fury of his despair upon his father. This week, during which he hardly slept by night, or rested for a single moment by day, had upset him almost to the point and pitch of insanity; and the reproaches he poured out in full flood upon his father were nothing less than frenzied. Imagine his amazement when the old man merely and meekly replied to them: "Well, well, Dick, I was wrong about the girl; but it's not too late to set matters right."

"I'm sorry I spoke so unbecomingly to you, father," Dick stammered, amazed and abashed.

"You had some provocation, Dick, but I'll make you amends by finding the girl."

"You think not? I promise you to hear from her in a week if she's in England; and within a month if she's in America."

"Do you mean by addressing an advertisement to her in all the papers, sir?"

"No, no; that wouldn't answer at all. She'd never believe that I had come round, and would be sure it was only a trap of yours."

"But how?" gasped Dick, in breathless hope.

"You'll see," chuckled the old man, and nothing more could he be induced to say on the subject.

Dick was perplexed to bewilderment by his father's change of mind and mood, and sudden and zealous interest in the match which a week since he had opposed so vehemently and vindictively. Was his conversion due to his conviction of Minnie's chivalrous love for Dick, appealing to him in a generous fit—one of those odd relapses into the generosity of his youth, of which Dick had spoken? It was due in part to this in part to Miss Hackett's haste in announcing her engagement to the curate—upon finding that Mrs. Grundy raved with her name as that of the rival who drove Minnie from the field—and in part—in great part—in the deepest feeling in the old man's heart, his love for Dick. The haggard change which a week's misery had made in his son's face—aging it by years—helped his father to realize the unreasonableness of the sacrifice he had demanded of him so peremptorily. Besides and above all this, Minnie's nobleness appealed to him powerfully in his present mood. Hence his undertaking to find her, which he did without quitting his study.

Within a week Dick did hear from her. She wrote from London (whither she had gone via Liverpool as a blind), a letter of condolence upon his father's sudden death.

With characteristic cynicism the old man had advertised in all the leading English, American and Canadian papers his sudden death.

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THE POST OFFICE CORRIDOR.

The Same Scenes May be Witnessed in Almost Any Federal Building.

"A pen, please?" "Just over there, lady."

This unending question and tireless response is heard daily at the post-office stamp window. No better place to study human nature in its various phases can be found than the waiting-room of a large depot or the corridor of a first-class or presidential postoffice. Everybody patronizes the postoffice; it has no opposition and does not advertise its wares. The Italian digger buys the same class of goods that the rich lady in costly silks, who is driven to the entrance of the office in her coupe, purchases. On an average only two persons out of every twenty-five pass the Utica post office without entering it. As a lounging place the long corridor is an immense success. In the winter several large radiators manage to keep the corridor comfortably warm; men and boys with more time on their hands than money in their pockets, stand by the hour in the corridor looking at vacancy through the windows. In the summer the attendance is even better than during the cold weather.

Not all the people in this city have their mail delivered by the carrier, but purposely have it left at the office; for reasons of their own. How frequently is heard the remark: "I've got to go to the post office to see if there's any mail for me." Many persons call at the office for mail when they do not expect a letter than they expect the delivery clerk to hand them a gold bond. The attitudes of the post office person furnish quite a study for the observer. A lady with a long embroidered wrap reaching to and trailing on the floor approaches the desk; the large square envelope of Irish linen paper denotes that the letter was written at home, but brought to the post office to be addressed and mailed. She reads the contents just once more, after which she seals it and drops it in the box. The same lady a moment ago was held by the fair white hand of the lady just mentioned, is now grabbed by a stout, stocky-built young man. His coat and hair are short; he has had the smallpox, and he chews tobacco. It is hard work for him to write. A peep over his shoulder discloses the first paragraph of his letter, which has taken him seven minutes to write: "Dear bill, here I am busted. This town is no good for us people on—"

A man with high-water pants, a chin-whisker and a general get up of strict economy next comes to the desk. He is writing on a postal-card, for he has just learned that it costs as much to send a letter to Deerfield as it does to send one to Oregon, so he buys a card. A thick-set Italian comes next to the desk; he glances at the ink well and pens, then he writes; it's too much for him, he can't write; so he goes to the delivery window and asks one of the clerks to write the address for him. He is bluntly told: "No; go out and get someone else to write it."

After he has stuck a five-cent stamp on his letter, it being intended for Italy, he pockets the letter and goes out to find somebody who will write the superscription for him. Curiously enough, a Hebrew comes in a few minutes later with a letter which he, too, couldn't address; he puts the same question to the clerk at the window, gets the same answer and goes the same way that the Italian did—to find someone who would write the address on his letter.

Another of the characters in the daily post office drama, is the man who after he has seen the carrier go by his house or store goes to the office and inquires if there isn't any mail for him on carrier so-and-so's desk? The clerk tells him that the carriers when they leave the office take all their mail with them unless it is a package too large to carry, in which case they leave a notice to the person for whom the package is intended to come to the office and get it. For the benefit of those who are in the habit of using the large size postal cards with a one-cent stamp affixed thereto, to send to foreign countries, it may be said such cards are not forwarded. They are too large. The postal regulations say that no card over six inches in length and three inches in width can be sent to European countries. For this purpose an international card is provided, which costs two cents. The smaller size postal card, with a one-cent stamp affixed, are also available. The Italians send more foreign letters than any other nationality, the English follow next, then the Germans. The Welsh send the least of all.—Utica Observer.

EVERY-DAY ETIQUETTE.

Formality to be Observed Between Husband and Wife.

Husbands and wives in speaking of each other to friends and acquaintances should observe a certain formality. Vulgarly touches bottom when the personal pronoun "he" or "she" is used without the name for which these stand, and this usage, to be sure, being confined to out-of-the-way and primitive portions of the country, is never general enough to be worth noticing.

With the straight skirt reaching to her soft calf-skin shoes and the marks of life-long toil and exposure in her hardened hands allude to her backwoods partner as "he" or "as 'Tim," never as "my husband," or "my Smith."

At in those rippled circles, where people know and observe the requirements of etiquette, a woman does not use her husband's Christian name, much less any abbreviation of the name, inside the narrow confines of her domestic common kindred. He is "Jack" only among his own kind, and sisters or to very intimate friends. When his wife has occasion for the light, she says "my dear," or "my Jones," doing the latter as a matter of course which is not economical of nouns.

The two values her husband's dignified regard is as of little moment, she upholds this by severely speaking of him with respect, as well as addressing him with courtesy, his position in the social world being helped or hindered by her practice in this regard.

If the man have an official title, as colonel, judge, or governor, doctor or professor, his wife will use that title in mentioning him in places and on occasions and in the presence of persons whenever or to whom this usage will be in good taste.

Equally a husband invariably speaks of "my wife," or "Mrs. Brown," when quoting his better half, as good husbands so frequently do.

She is not Mary or Jennie or Margaret to anybody except her own people, and it is bad form to make the outside world familiar with her sacred home name. To children a father naturally speaks of his wife as your "mother," and in affectionate families it is quite common and by no means improper for parents to address one another in the hearing of the little ones as "mamma" and "papa."

Every-day etiquette is trampled under foot in grim and undemocratic households, where the pleasant custom of daily greetings is unfortunately much of the time in abeyance. Where a grunt does duty for a genial good-morning, or an inaudible murmur all that is heard when there should be a tender good-night, politeness is a plant of slow growth.—Harper's Bazar.

SAVINGS BANKS IN THE HOME.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter and Their Experience with Hoarding Up Their Money.

Mrs. Porter is not a strong woman; she has nerves and also has a tendency to semi-fainting spells, when she becomes helpless and often thinks she is going to die. Mr. Porter works all night, and often seven nights a week, so his better half is often lonely in their north side flat. They expect company this summer, and are preparing to entertain people as well as a man on a salary can do it. So Mrs. Porter is saving money, or rather she was doing it, all unknown to her husband, to whom his salary seems inadequate to meet the demands of the season.

One night lately Mrs. Porter retired after a busy day, and as she had thoroughly tired herself could not sleep at once, and was seized with severe pains. She was almost fainting, and became convinced that she would die. How it disturbed her to think of dying alone; but more than that was the thought of her little hoard, hidden in a corner where no one would think of looking for it. She saw his home-coming in that darkest hour before the dawn; his sorrow at her death; the sending of the news to his friends; and finally the hustling about to borrow money enough to bury her properly, while all the time there was more than one hundred dollars in that corner beneath the carpet. So she suffered, and then the pain grew less and she slept, to be awakened later by her husband's entrance.

She told him of the suffering which had not yet passed, and then he brought remedies and she grew better and brighter. Finally she told the story of how she had saved and her fear that she would die and he would have no money. Before she would sleep again she bade him turn down the carpet and take out her little hoard.

Then, with a peculiar smile, her husband walked right over her hiding-place into a closet, took down a discarded vest, drew from its pocket a roll which developed into over fifty dollars. Then both laughed, and she felt better and slept well.

There is a bank book in Porter's pocket now and it shows nearly two hundred dollars on deposit. He is not as much afraid of the bank bursting as he is of the hiding-place proving insecure.—Chicago Tribune.

A New Scandal.

The old lady was reading her newspaper when she looked up inquiringly at her daughter.

"Well," said the young woman.

"I've just been reading here about the patent office scandal at Washington."

"What of it?"

"Nothing, I suppose, only—" and the old lady looked troubled—"it seems to me there are enough office scandals already without getting up patent ones," and she continued her reading.—Detroit Free Press.

She Thought She Was Right.

"Perhaps an eating jacket won't be becoming to you," said a very genteel and languid salesman in one of the large shops to a customer who was looking at spring costumes.

"A what?" exclaimed the lady, not realizing at once that it was an "Eton jacket" that was referred to.

"An eating jacket," repeated the salesman, "they are all the fashion now, and are cut just like the white linen jackets the waiters wear at a restaurant."—N. Y. Tribune.

Simpkins Safe.

"If that young spirit of a Simpkins comes here again," angrily exclaimed Pap Muggins, "by jocks, I'll read the riot act to him!"

"No you won't, dad," replied his buxom, red-cheeked daughter, taking another look at herself in the glass. "You won't do anything of the kind."

"Why won't?" stormed the old man, bringing his fist down on the table.

"Because, dad," said the maiden, giving her frizzes another dexterous jab with her taper fingers, "you can't read, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

New Field.

Briggs—"I thought you said Miss Poplin was such a great talker? She has scarcely said a word the whole evening."

"Griggs—"You wait until some night when she is your partner at what?"—Judge.

A block of coal believed to be the largest ever mined in this country was taken out of a mine at Reslay, Wash., several days ago. It is 24 feet long, 7 feet 6 inches wide, 4 feet 2 inches high, and weighs 41,000 pounds. It is, perhaps, the largest lump ever mined in the world, as it is larger than the blocks England is sending to the Chicago fair as a prize specimen.—N. Y. Sun.

THE MONKEY'S THUMBS.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning These Useful Members.

The hands, the fingers, and, above all, the thumbs belonging to Chico attracted my particular attention. Now you must know that it is because man has a thumb, and for the reason that his thumb is so beautifully jointed, supple and adjustable, that he has been able to overcome all difficulties. The other fingers are all very well in their way, but it is the thumb that controls the real movement of the hand. Without a thumb you never could wield a heavy sledge-hammer or the most delicate of watch-maker's tools. It is not out of the way to say that man is the master, holding every other living thing "under his thumb."

Here is a little bit of natural history which must be remembered about monkeys. All the monkeys of the old world have some kind of thumb. As Mr. St. George Mivart, a great zoologist writes, "Any old-world monkey with a rudimentary thumb (that is, a thumb even if imperfect) is superior in that respect to an American monkey."

In fact, the American monkey has no thumb at all. Nature compensates, in a measure, for this defect in our new-world monkey by giving him a wonderful tail. This American monkey tail is prehensile. It answers almost the purpose of a fifth limb. A South American monkey gives his tail a single hitch around the limb of a tree, and there he hangs quite comfortably, independent of hands or feet.

Chico's thumbs are superb, being fully four and one-half inches long. The ordinary length of the human thumb is about two and one-half inches. Chico's middle finger was a trifle over five inches long. Mine is three and one-half inches. The orang-outang's hand was narrow apparently, but I think about the width of that of a human being, only the sense of proportion was lost, owing to the extreme length of the fingers. The knuckles were small and perfectly in line. The stretch of such a hand as Chico's would be enormous, fully thirteen inches. The octave on the piano measures seven inches. If Chico were a pianist he could, with little effort, cover two octaves, and would leave Paderewski quite in the shade. If Chico had a taste for the double bass, once that those long fingers of his were wound around the neck of a big fiddle, what a wonderful performer he would be, providing the instrument would stand the strain!—Barnet Phillips, in Harper's Young People.

MICROBIC ORIGIN OF DISEASE.

A Theory Which is in Danger of Being Carried Too Far.

The microbic origin of infectious diseases was one of the greatest discoveries in medical history. It has largely revolutionized medical science.

There was a further advance when it was proved that the harm done by the microbes was not direct, but due to a violent poison they produced, somewhat analogous to the poisons normally thrown off by the cells of our tissues; and these are innocuous so long as they are duly carried out of the system by the eliminating organs.

It was at first thought that the discovery would cause a revolution in medical practice, and enable physicians to cure patients with medicines which would destroy the parasitic microbes. What may be done in this direction is still among the problems of the future.

The chief advantages of the discovery are that it emphasizes the supreme importance of general sanitation, and that it may lead to extending the principle of vaccination to most infectious diseases. But according to Dr. Tronca, of Paris—we quote from the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal—we are in danger of carrying the microbe pathology too far, and of overlooking the part that belongs to the organism.

He affirms that it will be impossible to explain all pathology by microbes, and emphasizes the fact that the functions of the living cells themselves may be perverted or destroyed by other agents than micro-organisms. When the functions of cells are perverted, the excesses of secreted or excreted matter become real poisons, similar in their effects to those produced by microbes.

The fact is the cells of the tissues have an organization and properties similar to those of the microbe, and when their functions are diseased become veritable parasites, which the organism hastens to eliminate by the well-known process of inflammation.

All poisons, whatever their origin, must be eliminated by the kidneys, the intestine or the skin. The fact that the cells and microbes are so similar in constitution and properties indicates that it is unsafe to administer remedies that would be effective against the microbes.—Youth's Companion.

The Chimney Swallow.

They have come far to rear their broods in this northern clime; farther, perhaps, than almost any of the birds now here, for they come from the sunshine of the far Central America and are part of the world's kitchen, always warmed by the kitchen fire—and these happy birds leave it for their chosen breeding places in the green spring fields of the far north, on the borders of the world's refrigerator. Only they do not seek the green fields for their nesting; they build their queer nests in unused chimneys. All the joy, all the life of these remarkable birds is in the air, and in flight. All their vital functions are performed "on the wing"; even the dead twigs of which their strangely-built nests are constructed are snipped off from the tree without the slightest pause in their flight. Their happy chirruping voices are heard in the pleasant evening twilight of May and June, as they dash forward in their zigzagging flight in pursuit of the swarms of minute insects in the air. In several respects they are peculiar and interesting birds.—Hartford Times.

Mrs. Curtis, the widow of George William Curtis, has established a free scholarship fund to the Staten Island academy and Latin school.

THE COST OF REVOLUTION.

How New York Suffered in the War for Independence.

New York suffered greater hardships during the fight for Independence than fell to the lot of any other American city. It lost more than half of its population; it lost the whole of its commerce; the great fire of 1776, followed by the fire of 1778, laid a full fourth of it in ashes; it was occupied by the enemy uninterruptedly from almost the beginning of hostilities until after peace was declared.

Until the actual outbreak of hostilities, the prosperous expansion of trade and the growth of the city continued without interruption; and then, as suddenly as the coming of the tropical night—with the arrival of the British army of occupation, September 15, 1776—a blight settled over everything and was not lifted for more than seven years. Only four days after Gen. Howe's entry came the calamity of the great fire, which swept over the region between Whitehall and Broad streets as far north as Beaver; thence, sparing the western side of Bowling Green, over both sides of Broadway to and including Trinity church; and thence, sparing the western side of Broadway but burning down to the river, to and including the southern side of Vesey street—leaving behind it a broad furrow of desolation three-quarters of a mile long. Two years later, another fire reduced to wreck almost the whole of the block south of Pearl street between Coenties and Old slips. Through all the dreary time of English occupation these many blocks of ruins remained as the fire had left them. No reason existed for rebuilding, and no matter how strong a reason there might have been, no money visible material wreck fittingly represented the wreck which had overtaken the city's most vital interests. Trade with the interior and coastwise practically was cut off, and with the destruction of these, its natural feeders, the foreign commerce of the port was dead.

When New York was evacuated by the British troops, November 25, 1783, the condition of the city was miserable to the last degree. Streets which had been opened and partly graded before the war began had been suffered to lapse again to idle wastes; the wharves, to which for so long awhile no ships had come, had crumbled through neglect; public and private buildings, taken possession of by the military and used as barracks, as hospitals and as prisons, had fallen into semi-ruin; along all the western side of the town was the wreck left by the fire. In this dismal period the population had dwindled from upwards of twenty thousand to less than ten thousand; the revenues of the city, long uncollected, had shrunk almost to the vanishing-point; the machinery of civil government had been practically destroyed. In a word, without the honorable glory of having suffered in honorable battle, the city was left a wreck by war.—Thomas A. Janvier, in Harper's Magazine.

Combustibility of Sawdust.

Among the results brought to light, through modern chemical investigation of the sources and causes of spontaneous combustion, attention has recently been specially called to the fact that sawdust should never be used to collect drippings or leakages. It is said that dry vegetable or animal oil is found to inevitably take fire when saturating cotton waste at 180 deg. F., and spontaneous combustion occurs more quickly when the cotton is soaked with its own weight of oil. Danger is involved in patent "driers," from leakage into sawdust, etc.; in oily waste, too, of any kind, or waste cloths of silk or cotton, saturated with oil, varnish or turpentine; also in lined oil drippings into sponges, glycerine or of any kind leading into sawdust; bituminous coal in large heaps of pit coal, hastened by wet, and especially when pyrites are present in the coal—the larger the greater the liability. Oil on flour, or water on flour, is productive of spontaneous combustion. In fact, all organic structures, being largely composed of carbon and hydrogen, are readily excited, because of the affinity of the hydrogen for oxygen.—N. Y. Sun.

An Indian's Rise in Life.

When the prince of Wales opened the bridge at Montreal, in 1861, a young Mohawk Indian, who had a knowledge of English, was selected to read an address setting forth the loyalty of his people to the great White Queen. On the recommendation of Sir Henry Acland, the prince gave him an invitation to Oxford university, where he exhibited high powers, both mental and athletic. Practising as a physician in Canada, he studied the question of assurance as connected with friendly societies, and came to the conclusion that it could be safely carried out at half the usual premiums. This deduction in the amount to have been verified in the Independent Order of Foresters of Canada, and the system having been introduced into England, Dr. Oronhyatekha, at the Memorial hall, yesterday, instituted the high court of England and the high court of London, to rule the many subordinate courts already formed here, and explained the merits of his plan.—London Telegraph.

Discriminating Grief.

He—A widow? When did her husband die?

She—Last week.

He—But she is in half-mourning.

She—Yes; it has come to light that he had another wife in Chicago.—Life.

How to Save.—"Let me see, was it not Emerson who said 'Hitch your wagon to a star'?" "Yes, I believe so."

"What a beautiful thought!" "Yes, and how much cheaper it would be than buying car tickets."—Texas Siftings.

Evened Up.—She (crying)—"No doubt you think you would have been happier if you had married some one else?" He—"Yes; but you'd have been happier, too, so I am revenged."—Truth.

CLIMATE AND LANGUAGE.

Harsh-Sounding Names in the North and Liquid Sounds in the South.

In looking over the aboriginal names upon a map of the United States it is curious and interesting to note that consonants predominate in the higher and vowels in the lower latitudes. In Maine, for example, are found such harsh-sounding names as Pamedmcook, Androscooggin, Mattawaukeug, Pongokwaken, while in Florida are Tallahassee, Suwanee, Kissimmee and Apalachee, with vowels and liquid sounds in a majority. The same peculiarity may be noted on scanning a map of Europe. Gutturals predominate in Norway and Russia, whereas far to the southward, in sunny Italy, there is a profusion of such euphonious names as Palermo, Verona, Campobello, etc. Even in the British islands, covering so few degrees of latitude, there is a marked difference between the "burr" of the Highlander and the soft speech of the native of southern England. A close observer may detect a similar difference between the speech of the dwellers in the upper region of the Susquehanna, in New York state, and that of the inhabitants of the eastern shore of Maryland. The influence of climate on language is particularly noticeable in the speech of those who have lived but a comparatively short time in the southern states of the union. The tendency to introduce a vowel sound to round out a word is noted in the southern pronunciation of such words as "electoral" and "Texan," which are frequently changed to "electorial" and "Texian." Thackeray was amused at the insistence of servants in "Southern hotels" in addressing him as Mr. "Thackery."

A theory which may partly account for these climatic effects is based upon the contrast of the stillness which usually pervades southern lands with the stormy inquietude of northern countries. Cloudless skies, for months at a time, characterize the climates of Italy and Texas, while a firmament entirely free from clouds is rare in Maine or in Norway. It requires, of course, greater effort to be heard in regions which are swept by winds and storms than in quiet southern latitudes, and to be heard distinctly amid the noise and confusion of the elements words must be used which contain many consonants. Among the inhabitants of more tropical climes the tendency is toward soft and musical cadences, and travelers relate that in regions of South America, such as Peru and Venezuela, where atmospheric disturbances are rare, the natives almost chant the phrases of salutation.—Philadelphia Record.

PHONOGRAPHIC MUSIC.

Some of the Results That May Follow the Machine's Use.

Some persons have expressed a fear lest the wide distribution of an apparatus capable of echoing all sorts of music, in a more perfect fashion than any music-box, might lead to the gradual extinction of piano-playing or violin-playing, except for purposes of public exhibition, the phonographic echo of some great performer's work being so much superior to what most people could hope to accomplish. It seems to me that the contrary would be the result. Cheap phonographs, giving more or less perfect echoes of music, might make superfluous the painful attempts—painful to others as well as to herself—of the unmusical young woman