ON THE BRIDGE.

Perfection lies
In sweetheart's eyes;
Her cheeks would shame a rose.
I love her hair,
But I can't bear
The bridge on sweetheart's nose.

It indicates
Her noble traits,
And strength of purpose shows,
But rivals scorn
And others mourn
The bridge on sweetheart's nose.

If I should feign
A deep disdain
For her, do you suppose
That tears of hate
Would devastate
The bridge on sweetheart's nose?

I think instead
(You see I dread
To add to sweetheart's woes)
I'll venture this:
I'll fondly kiss
The bridge on sweetheart's nose

And warmly praise
Her gracious ways
And boast my scorn for those
Who worship not
That beauty spot—
The bridge on sweetheart's nose.
—New York Herald.

THE LOST WAS FOUND.

The House Number Looked Strange Because the Transom Was Tipped.

If any one had told him he was drunk, he would not have resented it, but would have made an effort to maintain his equilibrium and dignity long enough to explain that he was only a little oozy woozy. He realized that he lived at 206 Irvington street, and that his residence was on the right hand side as he wabbled along homeward. The uncertain light of early dawn, combined with the blear in his eyes, rendered it necessary for him to stop in front of every house and gravely brace himself against the railings until he could focus his eyesight on the number.

Finally he identified his house, but after arguing with himself for a couple of minutes he came to the conclusion that he was just woozy enough to make mistakes possible, so to be absolutely certain he balanced himself against the front fence and studied the number on the transom. Instead of 206 he saw 509. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but the number had not changed. It was still 509. Then he wondered how it happened that he had got on the wrong side of the street and three blocks too far out, made a zigzag across the street and started back, but before he had walked three blocks he came to the end of the street.

The weary pilgrim was bewildered. He couldn't understand it, but getting his directions shaped his course up the street on the right side and kept on until he came to 509 again. He studied it from every possible point of view, even trying to stand on his head to read it, but it perversely remained 509.

Utterly bewildered, he sat down on the steps and waited till a policeman came along.

"I'm losht," he explained. "I wanter go ter 206 Irvington street."

"This is the place, right here," declared the officer.

"Can't be. Thish is 509."

"No, it ain't. It's 206, but the transom is turned over."

The lost was found.—San Francisco Post.

Ben Wade on Davis.

When Ben Wade of Ohio was the presiding officer of the senate, he used occasionally to call some senator to take the chair and relieve himself by walking up and down in the lobby which runs back of the senate chamber. Once while thus walking he was overtaken by a certain carpetbag senator from one of the southern states, who occupied the identical chair that Jefferson Davis had used while a member of the senate. Walking along by the side of Wade, he rubbed his back wearily and said: "Wade, these senate chairs are the most uncomfortable things I ever saw. My back is positively blistered from sitting in mine." Wade looked at him for a moment, and, as he turned away, muttered, "Davis left enough brains in the seat of that chair to blister the backs of two or three such men as you are."—San Francisco Argonaut.

When They Began to Write.

It is astonishing the number of successful writers who were well on in years before they even thought of adopting literature as a profession. Thomas Hardy was 31 before he began to turn his attention to story telling. George Eliot was 40 before she wrote a line of fiction, having no faith in her powers as a story teller. Barry Cornwall was 35 before he thought of writing verse. Jules Verne was 35 before he wrote his first story. Rider Haggard started at 26; Mr. Barrie and Conan Doyle at 27; Grant Allen at 29, and Sir Walter Besant and Mr. G. Manville Fenn at 30. George Meredith was nearly 33 when he began to write stories in his own peculiar style.—New York World.

The Waning Honeymoon.

He—Why, we've got a cricket in the house. Isn't it cheerful?

She—Yes. And so intelligent. Hear him talking about the furniture. How distinctly he says, "Cheap, cheap!"

However, as she had been that day on a visit to her sister, whose husband was getting $18 a week, while her own dear new hubby got but $14, perhaps her discontent was excusable.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Indication.

If a chicken is served with dumplings, that settles it. It is at least a year old. No chicken can lay claim to having died young if it is served on the table with dumplings. Youth in a chicken is sufficient garnishment, as it is with a girl.—Atchison Globe.

A caveat is a notice given to the patent office under the caveator's claim that he believes himself entitled to the credit of an invention for which a patent has not yet been applied for.

The Princess Louise draws from the British treasury the modest allowance of £6,000 per year.

RUSSIAN LODGING HOUSES.

Wherein They Differ From Those of Other Countries.

In apartment houses in Russia the lodgings which open on the courtyard rent for a lower price, says a writer in Lippincott's, because the entrance is through a porte cochere, or, at night, through a wicket therein. This is an unobjectionable, rather an aristocratic, arrangement in a private house, but elsewhere the courtyard may contain too many stables, workshops or even a large number of cows to supply dairy shops, which profess to deal in Finnish—that is to say, in pure country—butter, cream and milk. In this case also the winter's supply of wood for the great house is sure to be stacked in piles a couple of stories high so close to the less desirable lodgings that the prefect of the town was obliged to issue an order protecting the poorer inhabitants and regulating the position of the wood piles at a proper distance from the building for light and air.

Our researches revealed the fact that very few "furnished" lodgings provided either towels, bed linen, coverlets or pillows, or anything, in fact, beyond the bare bedsteads and furniture. Of course we were aware theoretically that this is a reminiscence of the days when every landed proprietor traveled accompanied by an entire housekeeping outfit and staff of servants when he undertook those long carriage journeys which preceded the days of railways and which are still compulsory in some parts of the empire. Nevertheless, in practice, we were not prepared to accept this beyond towels, and we protested that no traveler should be obliged to drag such bulky objects about with him in these days of improved transit facilities. The logic of this argument was not very strong on our side, it is true, but most travelers will agree with us nevertheless. The Russian lodging house people, in return, seemed to regard us with amazement and pity because we did not possess these things and declined to purchase them. Their idea must have been that we were accustomed to sleep in our clothes, like their own peasants.

In some cases they were willing to provide the bed furnishings for a consideration, but they regarded one towel a week and one change of linen a month as ample.

ART IN ST. PETER'S.

There Are Few Pictures or Frescoes In the Great Cathedral.

Nothing perhaps is more striking as one becomes better acquainted with St. Peter's than the constant variety of detail. The vast building produces at first sight an impression of harmony, and there appears to be a remarkable uniformity of style in all the objects one sees.

There are no oil paintings to speak of in the church and but few frescoes. The great altar pieces are almost exclusively fine mosaic copies of famous pictures which are preserved elsewhere. Of these reproductions the best is generally considered to be that of Guercino's "St. Petronilla" at the end of the right aisle of the tribune. Desbrosses praises these mosaic altar pieces extravagantly, and even expresses the opinion that they are probably superior in point of color to the originals, from which they are copied. In execution they are certainly wonderful, and many a stranger looks at them and passes on believing them to be oil paintings.

They possess the quality of being imperishable and beyond all influence of climate or dampness, and they are masterpieces of mechanical workmanship. But many will think them hard and unsympathetic in outline and decidedly crude in color. Much wit has been manufactured by the critics at the expense of Guido Reni's "Michael," for instance, and as many sharp things could be said about a good many other works of the same kind in the church. Yet, on the whole, they do not destroy the general harmony. Big as they are, when they are seen from a little distance, they sink into mere insignificant patches of color, all but lost in the deep richness of the whole.—Marion Crawford in Century.

The Glacier of the Dead Plain.

The finest scenery in this part of our journey, at the west end of the famous Bernese oberland, was that of the glacier of the great Dead plain. We did not see it until we were on its edge and the white expanse spread before us. It fills a kind of elliptical hollow, some two miles long by a mile wide. Once on its smooth, large surface the external world is shut out by a ring of low mountain wall. Not a trace of human activity can be seen in any direction. The largeness, simplicity and seclusion of this strange snowfield make it unique. We traversed its longest diameter. The snow fortunately remained hard throughout the hour of our passage, thanks to a cool breeze and a veiled sun. The surface was beautifully rippled and perfectly clean.—"A Thousand Miles Through the Alps," by Sir W. M. Conway, in Scribner's.

"Bulls" Not Irish.

Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French cure, preaching about sudden death, said, "Thus it is with us—we go to bed well and get up stone dead!"

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died."

If oil is spilled upon a carpet, immediately scatter cornmeal over it and the oil will be absorbed. Oil that has soaked into a carpet may be taken out by laying a thick piece of blotting paper over it and pressing with a hot flatiron. Repeat the operation, using a fresh piece of paper each time.

POWDER FOR CANNON.

A Mixture That Will Burn Slowly Is Necessary For Big Ordnance.

The great trouble with powder in cannon was soon found to be that it exerted all its force too suddenly, so that all the strain came on one end of the gun. When gunpowder is set on fire, it turns suddenly into gas, and the gas needs about 800 times the space that the solid powder occupied. The explosion of ordinary gunpowder is so sudden that for a moment that part of the gun around the powder charge has to hold the big volume of gas squeezed down under enormous pressure until the shot can make a start to get out of the gun and make room for the gas. If, therefore, gunpowder could be made which would burn a little slower, so that it would not all be burned until the shot reached the muzzle, the gas would be more gradually formed and the strain be distributed all along the gun. Such a powder was first made in Germany and was first called cocoa powder, because it resembled in color and general appearance a cake of chocolate. Its method of manufacture was kept secret, but other countries analyzed the grains and soon learned to make it even better than Germany. It is made partly by changing the proportions of the ingredients, making them about 79 per cent saltpeter, 3 per cent sulphur and 18 per cent charcoal, but mainly by using an underburned charcoal, thus giving the powder its peculiar color. Thus there arose a division of gunpowder into quick and slow burning powders.

It was not alone necessary to make a powder which would burn more slowly, but if possible to make one burn so that more gas would be forming when the shot got near the muzzle than was forming when it started from the breech, because there is more room behind the shot when it nears the muzzle, and it therefore takes more gas to keep up the same pressure against its base.

To accomplish this and to make the grains lie so that there should be spaces evenly distributed among them to allow the flame to reach every grain at once, causing all of them to begin running together, grains were made of regular shapes, and each shape was tried to see how nearly it gave the desired results. Thus there have been used round grains, square grains, spherohexagonal grains, cylindrical grains and prismatic grains. Of course it is impossible to make a grain which will have more and more surface to burn the smaller it gets, so the best result which has thus far been obtained is only an approach to it, and this is obtained with a hexagonal prismatic grain about 1 inch high and 1½ inches in diameter, with a hole or several holes through it.—Lieutenant John M. Ellicott in St. Nicholas.

Surgery In the Middle Ages.

In the middle of the twelfth century priests were the only doctors. By an edict of the council of Tours surgery was separated from medicine and the practice of the former forbidden to the clergy. The latter then employed their barbers to perform surgical operations. This arose from the fact of the monks having their heads shaved frequently and observing the dexterity acquired by the barbers in the use of edge tools. The knights of the razor, from cupping and bleeding, passed on to tooth drawing and finally to other operations requiring skill and deftness, if not much knowledge. They knew practically nothing of anatomy. It is said surgery was denied to the clergy by a canon of the church which forbade them to shed blood. This was considered the dark age of medicine, and somber indeed it must have been to the worthy citoyen who, perhaps, placing himself in the hands of his barber for relief, might, at the same time that he was getting rid of a tumor, also part company with his head.—Exchange.

The Pull of a Fish.

"What I want," said an angler, "is a rigging of some sort to measure the pull of a fish. If a pound fish pulls 3 pounds 3 ounces, I want to know it, and if a 3 pound fish pulls only 3 pounds 6 ounces I want to know that too. A joker wrote to a sportsman's paper the other day to tell of an invention to measure the size of the fish that are lost. That is where this pull measure machine would be good too. It would have to be self registering, of course.

"Everybody laughs when any one says he lost a big one. I've lost fish of a size I never dared tell of just because of the bad name a fellow gets for telling of such things. I could tell of 6 and 7 pound trout in Canochogola lake up in the Adirondacks, but what's the use? Why, say, I've seen a trout"— Just then he remembered himself and began to talk about a grizzly king fly with a yellow tail.—New York Sun.

Controlled by Watches.

Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer, tells how he once controlled a race of savage cannibals while he was on the dark continent. He had a number of Waterbury watches, whose ticking completely nonplused the savages and caused them to regard him as a spirit. He made a practice of leaving one of these watches in a village where he had stopped. After awhile the watch, of course, ran down and stopped, and the cannibals said that the spirits had gone to overtake their master. When Du Chaillu returned to these villages, he always got the watch that he had left behind him and, unobserved, wound it up again. The natives heard the ticking continue, swore again that the explorer was a spirit and did their utmost to please him.

Taking Two Weeks Off.

Teacher—How many weeks in the year, Tommy Timkins?

Tommy—Only 50 this year.

Teacher—You know very well that there are 52.

Tommy—No'm; not this year. Pa says he's going to take two weeks off.—Roxbury Gazette.