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A BUILDER'S LESSON.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make,
As you gathered, you must lose
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must entwine, ere free we stand;
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember as we try,
Lighter every test goes by;
Wading in, the streams grow deep
Toward the centre's downward sweep;
Backward turn, each step ashore
Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
Leveling what we raised in haste:
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last!

—*John Boyle O'Reilley.*

The Teacher at Callihoon.

Three o'clock of a cold, rainy, dismal autumn day brought clanging up to the Callihoon station a little local train, consisting of two coaches and a baggage-car, but imposingly inscribed on its fresh-looking, yellow exterior with "Callihoon, Bolton City and Gowanus Express," in bold, black, newly painted letters.

A more marred and weather-beaten train—a train whose engine was less resplendent, and the uniform of whose conductor had not new-looking creases down the trousers—would have been out of place in the Callihoon station.

The station itself was a small, unfinished structure, half painted, half shingled, and redolent of freshly hewn pine; the road which wound away from it was newly cut, and bore the marks of deeply sunk hoofs and wagon-wheels; all down its jagged length the skeletons of houses rose high, and the noise of falling hammers and gruff commands mingled with the sound of the rain. Everything bespoke the crude, new settlement.

The 3 o'clock express puffed noisily out of the station, having deposited but one passenger on the wet, uncovered platform; and the aspect of the place promptly changed. A half-dozen loungers about the small stove in the waiting-room rose from their chairs simultaneously, hurried out, unmindful of the rain, and surrounded the new-comer; the station master emerged from his office and joined the group; the workmen engaged on the unfinished roof slid down their ladders and formed the edge of it.

There was at once eager welcome and hesitating awe in the faces turned toward the man in their midst—a tall and heavily-built fellow of thirty or thereabouts, good looking in spite of his careless dress and the floridness of his face, against which his closely cut blonde hair looked white. The same blooming tint, eloquent of a free indulgence of convivial tastes, characterized in a greater or less degree the group about him.

"Well, I don't see as you're any different, Vreeland," said the station master, humorously putting into words the apprehension which pervaded the circle. "The boys didn't know but what coming into that forty thousand would be the ruin of you—a thing of that sort's enough to spoil any man. But I told 'em I reckoned Vreeland wouldn't be coming back and putting on any airs over his old friends, if it was a hundred thousand—not him!"

Vreeland's reply to this appeal was brief and conclusive. He made a sweep in the air which included the circle, and ended with a jerk of his thumb toward the saloon across the street—one of Callihoon's many.

The rain pattered down a moment later upon an empty platform, and the saloon-keeper opened his door to a promising crowd—cold and damp, but in high spirits and a thirsty condition. The hero of the occasion was introduced to the new bartender, in accordance with Callihoon's customs; and then the chairs about the stove were seized upon, and trays were passed and glasses rattled, and the odor of the place grew stronger.

Vreeland's sudden prosperity was the common theme.

"Forty thousand!" said the little bald headed Chaunce McGill, in the mournful tone which his fourth glass always induced; "I've got an uncle, Vreeland, but he won't die."

"If it's old Farny you're waiting for," said the station master, jovially, "he hain't got enough to bury him when he does die."

The sally was met with loud applause, none of the gathering being in a state favorable to critical judgment of the brilliancy of the remark.

Vreeland himself did not join in the laugh. His face, grown somewhat purple with his repeated potations, wore an anxious look; his eyes roved uneasily among his companions' faces.

He set down his glass as the mirth subsided, and turned to little McGill.

"How's Sammy been getting on?" he said.

There was an immediate silence, which silence Mr. McGill did not see fit to break. He gazed at his questioner with an increased gloom.

The station master spoke at last, with an effort at lightness.

"Sammy?" he said. "Why, Sammy's doing fine. Sammy's getting an education. Started in at school, Sammy has."

His listener's flushed face grew a shade paler. He passed an unsteady hand across it, and half rose from his chair.

"Why, yes; reckoned you'd be glad to hear it," said the station-master, soothingly, faltering a little over the statement. "You see, it's a new teacher—a young woman from Gowanus. She opened up school the day you started off to take possession of your forty thousand. I don't know as I've got it straight, but the story is that Sammy was out chopping down the gatepost when she was going by one day, and she took him right along, and he's been ever since. They say Sammy's reforming; say he's let up on stoning everybody that goes by, and left off killing cats. I don't much believe it, but—"

The station master ceased with startled abruptness. Vreeland, with lowering eyes and set lips—with a face grown suddenly fierce—had risen to his feet. He settled with the bartender silently, and turned to the door. Little McGill covered his pink crown with his worn-out hat, and followed him waveringly, in bland unconsciousness of his sudden change of mood.

The group about the stove stared at each other in feeble dismay as the door closed upon the two.

"He's bound for that school-house," said the saloon keeper, solemnly.

"He's very unreasonable, Vreeland is," the station master; "that boy of his is going on ten, and it's time he knew something beside devilry."

"Young to have a boy that age, ain't he?" said the new bartender, who had looked on uncomprehendingly, and was thirsting for enlightenment.

"He wa'n't more than twenty when he married Beth Lambert; Callihoon was just backwoods then," the station master responded, his tone implying that Callihoon was a metropolis at the present moment. "She wa'n't much good, Beth Lambert wa'n't—shiftless and kind o' flighty; nobody reckoned Vreeland lost much when she died—died when Sammy was born. Well, Vreeland hadn't nothing left but that baby, and the store he set by it was wonderful. Took care of it himself—wouldn't let anybody else come near it; and that's the way it's been ever since. He's got old Robbin's widow keeping house for him, but she don't have a word to say to Sammy. He's come up wild, that young one has, and he shows it; but Vreeland won't have it no other way. The minister's wife offered to take him and bring him up, but Vreeland wouldn't hear of it. He's never let him go to school for fear he'll get weaned away from him. Thrashed one teacher for proposing it as polite as he knew how. Well, I don't know," the station master concluded, drowsily, "but I kind o' reckon that young woman from Gowanus 'ill drop Sammy like a hot coal after Vreeland has tackled her."

The same conviction was forming itself in the muddled mind of little McGill at the same moment. He stood under a year-old maple, half a mile up the road—the sole ornament of the bare little schoolyard—happy in the belief that he was keeping dry. His eyes were fixed upon Vreeland's tall form looming up against the unpainted door of the schoolhouse. He had an indistinct idea that he himself should have undertaken the duty, he was persuaded that Vreeland was not in a proper condition for interviewing a lady. And so thinking, he fell into a light and comfortable doze, with the puddle at his feet slowly deepening.

Vreeland's heavy bang at the door brought no response. He pushed it open with his powerful hands, and planted a muddy foot upon the sill.

A hot fire in the square stove filled the room with a soft warmth; a bunch of autumn flowers in a tumbler on the desk made a bright spot in the dimness. But the round clock, hung high on its nail, pointed to half-past four; the benches were empty.

All save one. A small figure huddled together in a corner, with its chin on its knees and its hands clasping them, turned at the sound of the opening door, and said, sharply:

"Stay out if you're muddy. We've just been sweeping."

Vreeland stamped his feet on the outer step, and closed the door behind him. He knew the tiny figure, and the odd, crouching posture; he knew the querulous voice, and the sharp-featured, unattractive little face turned toward him.

"It's me, Sammy," he said, half imploringly.

"Well, I know that," was the impatient response; "what you here for?"

"Ain't you glad to see me, Sammy?" He had come across the room with long strides and gathered the small form into his arms.

The displeased frown on the child's face relaxed. Two weeks had been a long time to him—long enough to know a new affection and to half forget the old. But now the sight of the flushed face bending over him, the familiar fumes of the hot breath, brought it back to his childish heart. He reached up to rub his hand over the stubby chin—his old form of caress. The clock seemed to tick more softly for a moment.

"Ain't you coming home with me, Sammy?" said his father, breaking the silence gently.

"I'm waiting for her," said Sammy, pointing to a door in the corner. "That's where we hang our hats and things, in there, and she's putting her's on. I've been helping her sweep," he added, proudly. "I always help her sweep; and help her bring in wood. And I always wait for her. I'm waiting for her now," he repeated, looking up in surprise at his father's silence.

"Sammy," said Vreeland, hoarsely, "don't wait any longer; don't Sammy. Come home with me; I'll carry you home on my back. And don't come here no more, Sammy."

The child stared into the beseeching face above his own. Then he stiffened his slight body, and slid from his father's arms.

"Sammy," said Vreeland, half wildly, "I'm rich now, Sammy; I've got a pile 'o money, and I'll get you everything you want. I'll buy anything you say, Sammy, if you'll come."

Sammy's coldness returned. There was annoyance and determination in his face.

"I ain't coming," he said firmly; "I'm waiting for her."

Vreeland turned away, standing helpless for a moment. Then he took a step toward the little cloak room. All his despairing love for the small creature changed in into a blind fury against her who had taken him from him. His large hand clinched itself.

"There!" said Sammy, eagerly. "Now she's ready; now we're going!"

Vreeland looked up. The door had opened, and a young girl—slenderly built and poorly clad—stood there. She gazed at him with startled eyes; one hand fluttered up to her parted lips, and she shrank back.

Vreeland stood stolidly motionless, But his hand unclinched itself slowly; the fierce light faded from his face, and left him dully staring.

It was not that her eyes, meeting his own with a shade of horror, were clear, and yet childishly soft; it was not that her head, turned half away, made a delicate outline against the dusky wall. Ten years of strangeness and indifference to womanly graces had rendered him wellnigh insensible to such influences.

It was her dismayed recoil from him—her instinctive terror. He realized, with an inward wincing, that the oder which pervaded him had filled the room; that his thick tones might have reached her. He read in her frightened face what he must seem to her—a drunken ruffian; and something like shame stirred in his heart.

Sammy had slipped from his seat and gone to the girl's side. He pulled her hands down gripping them in his own small, brown ones in a protecting way.

"You're scairt," he said. "You need'nt be. That's my dad, that is. He's got back. But I'm waiting for you," he added, reassuringly.

The girl's fair face flushed. She drew herself together hastily, and came across the room.

"I—I was expecting to see only Sammy," she said; "I was a little startled."

She held but her hand timidly, and Vreeland took it. He was filled with wonder at this gentle ignoring of the true cause of her fright, and he felt a quick thrill of gratitude.

"Sammy is doing wonderfully," the girl went on; "you come in when school is in session and hear him."

She had moved back to the stove, and lifted off its covers, and was trying to hoist a huge knot into it. Vreeland took it from her, and dropped it into the glowing bed within.

"I always do it; it makes coals to start the fire in the morning," said the girl, looking up with a smile.

She fastened a window, and took up her empty dinner pail; and the door closed upon the three.

Little McGill, startled from his drowsiness by the sound, stood looking after them as they went down the path—staring in dull bewilderment from Vreeland's broad shoulders to the slender form of the schoolmistress, and thence to the little figure which formed a connecting link between them.

Two theories were advanced in explanation of the remarkable occurrence which Mr. McGill related to a congenial gathering of representative Callihoonians, in the little saloon across from the station, the next evening.

One was that the schoolmistress had defended her principles, settled matters in her own favor, and reduced Vreeland to meek subjection by resorting to the prompt and spirited course of knocking him down. The second and more widely credited was, that Mr. McGill, not having been in a responsible condition at the time, had, observing Vreeland in the act of leaving the school-house after a successful bullying of the teacher, magnified his retreating figure into two, the second having gradually taken on the form of the schoolmistress, and Sammy having been thrown in as an afterthought by an effort of fertile imagination.

The representatives of Callihoon, having settled the point satisfactorily, were totally unprepared for the series of events which quietly ensued, and which, being duly reported, aroused successively, incredulity, amazement and alarm.

The reports, in their order, were: that Sammy's education was peacefully progressing; that Vreeland had visited the school; that he had taken to blacking his boots and wearing a hat with a narrow brim; that he had driven the schoolmistress home to Gowanus at the end of the term, and gone after her at the beginning of the next; and that he had consulted a Bolton City architect about the building of a new house. And these reports were unpleasantly substantiated by the fact of Vreeland's gradual withdrawal from his old haunts, and neglect of his old companions, who, having by sad degrees given up all hopes of him, resigned themselves to observing, with amazed and compassionate interest, the progress of his backsliding.

The climax was reached, when one mild spring day whose warm air and blue sky seemed to soften even Callihoon's ruggedness, the station master came across the street to announce solemnly that the "Callihoon, Bolton City and Gowanus Express" had that moment borne away a wedding party—Vreeland, the young woman from Gowanus, and Sammy.—*Emma A. Opper.*

Horseflesh as Food.

A writer in the New York *Sun* says: It will probably be news to many Americans who have lived in Paris that they may have unknowingly often eaten horseflesh at some of the minor restaurants. In 1883 over 12,000 horses, mules and donkeys were slaughtered for food there, and sold for about the price of beef. This accounts for the modest prices prevailing in the cheap bouillons. It is claimed that the custom tends to the improvement of the horse. One point may certainly be granted, that a worn-out jade is now got in condition for the meat market and is put to death in a much less cruel fashion than formerly. In former years the government made many efforts to stop the sale of horseflesh, and immense quantities of it were seized at different times, but it is now viewed as having become a necessity. In any case, there are eighty duly licensed horse butchers in Paris at the present moment. The first efforts to put a stop to the practice of eating horseflesh can be traced as far back as 1739. During the revolution, however, almost the whole of Paris lived on horseflesh, while during the last Franco-Prussian war horseflesh was considered a delicacy. The writer remembers having eaten once at the Quartier Latin a students' dinner entirely composed of horseflesh. The students tried it as an experiment, which, thanks to good seasoning and good appetite, proved a great success. It is no exaggeration to say that in almost all the cheaper restaurants horseflesh enters constantly into the preparation of soups and stews, and that in many of them roast beef is nothing but roast horse. Of course you cannot easily find out what you are eating in the potages and ragouts. But the horse roast beef always betrays itself as horseflesh when roasted, shows no fiber, and looks more like liver than like beef, and often has those little round holes which everybody knows who has ever eaten coarsely-baked and tough beef liver.

Sham Mushrooms.

"You notice on the bill of fare that your turtle soup is but ten cents more per plate than mock turtle soup, said a stranger in a great, gilded eating house. Calipash and calipee, green fat, an historic delicacy, famed in the history of the world's metropolis as the acme of epicurean delight, for ten cents more than a fried meat ball. But the age likes to think it is eating turtle soup. It sounds rich—therefore the veally counterfeit. I am going to eat a Spanish omelette," continued the stranger, changing the subject. The stranger gave his order to a colored waiter, who yawned and twisted his mustache, and the omelette was brought. The stranger investigated the ingredients of the savory mess with his fork and on the end of the utensil produced a mushroom. "Look at this," he said. Then he picked at the appetizing vegetable with his knife, scraped off the covering of sauce and began paring the stem. It crumbled under the operation in a decidedly unvegetable way. The reporter's eyes popped out on his cheeks.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Dough," replied the stranger. "It is an old trick. Mushrooms are scarce and high. Still the patrons like to have the sensation of ordering mushrooms in that composition. If prices were put up to the mushroom market they would abandon the restaurant. So they use dough. It is harmless. I would advise the proprietor to stick to dough, and not indulge in toadstools, which might work injury."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Oculists predict that we shall become a spectacled nation in fifty years more.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Old Cruikshank Didn't Stay.

"Tommy, is your sister Clarinda in?"

"Mebby she is and mebby she ain't. What's your name?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Waal, ye see, she said if Mr. Tompkins called she'd be in, but if old Cruikshank came she'd be out. Which be you? Mr. Cruikshank departed.—*Chicago News.*

She Answered.

The dude was visiting a charming young society lady, and as they sat on either side of an open grate fire his heart was full of a burning desire to say something not only complimentary, but brilliantly suggestive. So, after revolving the matter in his mind during a ten minutes' burst of silence, he said:

"Ah, Miss Lillie, why are those firetongs so like Frederick?" [He meant her to guess, or him to tell her "because they glowed in her service, or were prostrate at her feet," or something of that kind.]

Miss Lillie, looking so solemnly demure that the clock stopped, said she didn't know unless it was because they had two thin legs and a brass head. He was groping blindly for the front door before she had recovered from the shock of her own volley.—*Goodall's Sun.*

Obedience to the Letter.

Not long ago a young man in Carson got married, and started for California with his young wife. As he boarded the train his father bade him good-by, and gave him his blessing.

"My son," said the aged sire, shaking with emotion, etc., "remember these words if you never see me again: Never go into a place where you would not take your wife!"

The couple settled down in Mariposa county, and recently the old man went down to visit them. He proposed a bear hunt, and they were fortunate enough to track a grizzly to his lair, among some of the bowlders in the chaparral. As they approached, the bear roused up and sent a growl of defiance which shook the trees.

"Go in there and kill him!" said the old man, excitedly.

The son held back, further acquaintance with the bear seeming in some respects undesirable.

"Count me out," he said.

"Have I crossed the sea and settled in America to raise a coward!" shouted the father.

"I but recollect your advice when I left Carson," was the reply. "How can I forget your sage precepts? Didn't you tell me never to go where I could not take my wife? Now, how would Sally look in there with that bear?"

The old man clasped his dutiful son to his bosom, and as the bear issued from his lair, exclaimed:

"Speaking of Sally, let us hasten home. Our long absence might cause her needless alarm."

In about fifteen minutes they had reached the ranch, the old man a little ahead.

Ben and the Bunco Man.

If there is any man who looks more like a broad-shouldered, deep chested agriculturist than Ben Magginley, we would like to see him. There is a story told of a bunco man touching him on the shoulder on Broadway, one day last summer, with a "Why, my dear old friend, how do you do?"

"I haven't felt better in twenty years," replied Ben, taking in the situation at a glance.

"I'm real glad to hear it. How are all the folks?"

"All right, except Bill."

"Why, is William sick?"

"Bless you, no! Didn't you hear that he collided with that red bull of old Jones'?"

"That is very sad; a man should be careful when he's fooling around cattle."

"Ha! ha!" roared Ben. "Bill isn't a man; he's our old white bull," and his laugh occupied more of Broadway than a healthy fog-horn would have done. If the bunco man wanted any more to prove to him that he had caught a greenhorn, Ben's hillside laugh settled the question.

"Now," said he, "I have a friend in New York who has shown me all the sights worth seeing; so I can start right in and show them to you. What do you say?"

"Why," said Ben, "I'm here to see everything you've got worth seeing; but, young man," and he took a most tender hold of the lappel of the steerer's coat, "I have been telling stories to presidents and princes for the last forty years, and a tear wells up into my eye as I think of how sad a thing it is to have to correct the impression you have formed of me. I need say no more than that, like my illustrious brother, Forrest, I served the first part of my apprentice hip in a circus." And with a trip and a box under the ear, the bunco-steerer was tangling himself in the gutter in the middle of Broadway, while Ben moved quietly down the street whistling "I Am a Pirate King."—*New York Dramatic Mirror.*

His Ear Pierced with a Fish-hook.

"Wall, wall," remarked an ancient and honorable Lake Ontario oarsman, who, on the retired list, as it were, was a trifle over critical of the younger and rising members of the profession: "This 'ere's a world of improvement, sure enough. When I was a-pullin'—and I tell you I hefted the ash for some big men in my time—Secretary Edmunds, President Arthur—and what a fly he kin cast! And there was Gen.—what's his name?—he that fought the duel with Col.—. Names kinder slips on me these muggy days, but he was a caster too, and I've seen him put an old fashioned hackle fly eighty-five feet with one hand tied behind him.

"See this ear-ring," he continued, pointing a gouty finger at a gold hoop that hung from his left ear. "The general bored that himself. One day we was out and the two men got into a wrangle, they was always a doin' it, about their castin', and at last they got me to stand fifty foot off on a p'int—down at Pitch Pine p'int—and hold out a tin mug. The general he bet that he could take the mug out of my hand in three tries by puttin' the fly through the handle.

"I was gettin' paid well, and so, as I though i couldn't lose more than an eye or so I stood up, and the first cast the old man took me right through this 'ere ear. I tell ye, I dropped that cup quick, but the general ups and hauls a $20 shiner and tosses it at me and says: 'Jack, lemme reel ye in and it's yours.' 'Go in,' says I. So he began to reel in, p'ayin' me for all I was wuth, the colonel standin' ready with gaff, and when the general got the line in he hooked the gaff in the slack of my trousers and give me a sling of about ten foot and yells out: 'It's wuth $10 to land a two hundred pound sucker.' He paid it, too. They hooked me and landed me, and it cost 'em $30. When they cut the hook out the colonel said he'd pay for a gold earring to go in, and said I'd never have sore eyes, and I never have, so help me. That's how I come to wear one earring. I lost the money, though. When the old woman heard on't she allowed we was all drunk, and so took the $30 for her share."—*Philadelphia Times.*

What Boys and Girls Cost.

Two fond parents, well fixed in life, who live adjoining each other on Park avenue, were discussing the relative cost of keeping a boy and a girl. Both spoke from practical experience. Said one: "I believe it costs more to keep a boy."

"And I believe it costs more to keep the girl," replied the other.

So they began to figure it up.

"Now let us take the case of our own children," said the former. "Take my son Charley, for example. He's going into his nineteenth year. He is not extravagant in his dress, nor does he do any work to particularly wear out his clothing. During the past year the items of expense have been about as follows, as near as I can come without referring to the bills:

One heavy winter overcoat	$40.00
One pair custom-made Waukenphasts	9.00
One pair sharp-toed Sunday gaiters	8.00
One white satin dress cravat	1.50
Two every day silk cravats	2.00
Six good custom-made white shirts	9.00
Two suits red flannel underclothing	9.00
Two dress shirts	5.00
One silver-headed cane	3.00
One pair heavy winter gloves	2.50
Two pairs kid gloves	2.50
One pair cuff buttons	3.00
One dozen collars	2.00
Four pairs of cuffs	1.00
Two derby hats and one straw hat	10.00
One pair overshoes, one umbrella	6.00
Two winter suits of clothing	60.00
Two summer suits of clothing	35.00
One dozen pair of socks	3.00
Two light suits underclothing	6.00
One dozen hankerchiefs	4.00
One spring and fall overcoat	30.00
One ring for his little finger	8.00
Pocket money—$3 per week—(this includes barber's bills	150.00
Tuition at university	200.00
School books, etc	25.00
Annual dues at gymnasium	20.00
Dancing lessons	60.00
Dues at bicycle school	50.00
Total	$814.50

The other fond father scratched his head when he saw his neighbor's memorandum. "I think mine will beat it," he said confidently, and he put down the following items one by one. It must be remembered that the young lady in question is eighteen years of age, and is a modest and charming bud in society:

One black silk dress (just too lovely for anything)	$40
One gingham wrapper	3
One cloth street dress	17
Two other street costumes	35
Three party dresses	200
One sealskin coat	190
One cloth redingote	35
Socks, underclothing, collars, cuffs	35
One pair satin slippers for party at New Year's	7
Three other pairs slippers, five pairs shoes	45
One flannel jersey, two other jerseys	12
Two house dresses	15
One fine black silk dress, for church	70
Flowers for theatre, theatre wrap, opera glasses	100
Tuition in music and dancing	100
Tuition in French, needlework, painting	100
Three white and light summer dresses	60
Gloves, perfumery, (paint and powder), smelling bottle, etc	10
One pet dog, also a brass collar	10
One canary and a cage	10
Two winter hats	30
Opera bonnet, two summer hats	35
Bustles, fangs, bandoline, garters, bracelets	25
Miscellaneous items	50
Total	$1,274

When the fond parent of the charming young lady showed his list to the fond parent of the promising young man, the latter likewise thoughtfully scratched his head. After a short pause he said, slowly and solemnly: "Boy is good enough for me."—*Baltimore Herald.*

Liliputian Tribes.

Mrs. Alice Le Plongeon writes a curious account, published in the *Scientific American*, of some villages of pigmies discovered by her husband and herself on the eastern coast of Yucatan. It is singular that recent ethnological discoveries in various parts of the world have related to dwarf tribes, and Mrs. Le Plongeon, before describing the Liliputian towns of Yucatan, reminds us that a number of stone tombs were found a few years ago on the banks of what the printed account calls the river Merrimac, containing adult human skeletons only three feet long, and it is probable that the colonization of Central Africa will show the existence of many tribes of little men. In Mexico, particularly in the south, the dwarfs play a large part in the traditions of the natives, who attribute to them the construction of the ruined buildings found there, and sometimes profess to have seen them, or to have been disturbed by the sound of their hammering at night. The place most frequented by the dwarfs seems to have been Cozumel Island, a low, flat reef, about twenty-four miles in length, off the east shore of Yucatan. On this island still exist the ruins of pigmy cities of considerable importance, with temples built of carefully-hewn stone, the largest of which is fourteen feet long and nine feet high, and has a doorway three feet high and eighteen inches wide; and near by are well constructed triumphal arches nine feet high. On the neighboring coast are still to be seen the remains of villages, all the houses in which are of stone, but so small that no one larger than an ordinary child of two years could comfortably get into them. There is some reason to suppose that the little race still survives. According to the Indian guide who led Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon to the ruins, and who professed to have seen the drwarfs frequently, they are very small and quite shy, appearing only at night, with large hats on their heads, and never speaking to those whom they meet. Many of our readers are old enough to have seen the "Aztec children;" the diminutive specimens of a race supposed to be extinct, which were exhibited about the country twenty-five years ago; and it is not impossible that the remnant of tribes which occupied the country long before the Toltec conquest may be found in the valleys of the Cordilleras, just as representatives of nearly all the ancient European races are found still existing in the remoter Alpine valleys.—*American Architect.*

We never regret the kind words we have spoken, nor the retorts we have left unsaid; but bitterly do we recall sharp words spoken angrily, and unkind actions that may have caused tears to come to the eyes that will never shed them more.

The perfumery man may be termed a man of dollars and scents.—*Blizzard.*

TIMELY TOPICS

A twelve-year-old Dakota girl, taken up into the air by a cyclone, carried out of sight, and brought easily down in a field a quarter of a mile away, describes her sensation while in transit as that of being rapid and constantly pricked by thousands of needles. Since her experience she has been affected similar to a person with St. Vitus' dance.

The experiment of raising buffaloes is at present engaging the attention of some of the Western ranchmen, who are paying $50 apiece for calves with which to start their herd. Buffalo hides are now worth from $15 to $20 each, and as these animals are much more hardy than cattle, losses from severe winter weather will be light in comparison with that of a herd of Shorthorns.

It is said that the nations of the earth speak about ninety different dialects. But these dialects can be traced to a much smaller number of languages. All these languages are divided into three classes, namely, the Indo-Germanic, which embraces the ancient classical languages and those of modern Europe; the Sanscrit, which embraces all the various languages of India, and the Semitic, which embraces the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, etc.

The gold and scarlet of the sun is rivaled in the cupolas of St. Peter's cathedral, just finished at Moscow. There are five of the cupolas, and no less than nine hundred pounds of gold were used in overlaying them. The doors of the temple cost $310,000, and upon the marble floors was expended $1,590,000. Ten thousand worshippers can be comfortable if their souls will let them within this twelve million five hundred thousand dollar temple.

One curious revelation made by recent censuses is found in the growth of the female population of large cities. New York contains about 25,000 more women than men; Boston has a surplus of 18,000 women; in Baltimore there are 17,000 more women than men, and so on in several others of the large eastern cities. Fifty years ago it was the men who came to the cities to pursue their careers, while the women stayed at home; but more recently women, both in this country and in Europe, have been crowding to the business centers.

A statistician has been studying the effect of comfort on longevity. His tables show that the richest people have an average life of fifty-two years, the middling forty-six, and the poor only forty-one and a half. A well-to-do man is as liable to infectious disease as a pauper, while diphtheria, croup, whooping cough, and scarlet fever are more prevalent among the rich. Consumption and pneumonia claim the poor, who are comparatively free from brain fever. There is apparently some advantage in being rich.

The people of the Sandwich islands were a good many years ago reclaimed from their old style of heathenism. The work among them was done by some of the earliest of the missionaries. A modern missionary who lives in Honolulu says that the present danger with these islanders is not that they will relapse into the ancient heathenism of idolatry, but that such heathenish practices as they learn from modern civilization will be too much for them. The islanders are physically running down. Disease and drunkenness have made grievous havoc among them.

The size of elephants is commonly over-estimated. Their stature is almost always exaggerated in those countries where they are found wild. Even European travelers of scientific training have made notable mistakes in this respect. African elephants which Major Denham, one of the early explorers, supposed to be sixteen feet high proved to be less than ten feet when killed. In Ceylon the native elephant, which was formerly thought to be larger than the African animal, is rarely taller than nine feet; and Sir Emerson Tennent says the largest specimens on that island do not average more than eight feet. Out of 1,100 elephants from which the tallest were selected and measured with care on one occasion in India, there was not one whose height equaled eleven feet.

A German writer estimates the number of blind persons in the world at about 1,000,000. This is not a mere guess, but is based on accurate statistics, which show that, on the average, there is one blind person among every 1,400; hence, as this planet has about 1,400,000,000 inhabitants, this would make 1,000,000 blind folks. The European countries differ somewhat in the proportion of blind inhabitants. In Austria one person is blind of every 1,785; in Sweden, of every 1,418; in France, of 1,191; in Prussia, of 1,111; in England, of 1,037. Then follow with a still larger percentage Russia, Norway and Finnland. The largest number of blind persons is to be found in Egypt. At Cairo one person among twenty is blind, and Dr. Franke, of Vienna, once encountered in one morning's ramble almost 1,000 blind men and women. Many are also found in China and Japan. Germany has the largest number of asylums for the blind, namely, thirty-five; then follows England with twenty-six, France thirteen, Austria-Hungary ten, Italy nine, Belgium six, etc. America, Asia and Africa together have only six asylums.

A commission appointed by the German government last fall on the subject of vaccination and its effects as a preventive of smallpox reports that since 1874, when revaccination began to be strictly and generally enforced, not one death from smallpox has occurred in the German army, while in those of Austria and France, where revaccination is neglected and where the soldiers mix with an imperfectly protected population, the mortality has been high, ranging from ten to twenty-five per 100,000 in the Austrian army and from seventeen to twenty-nine in the French. Comparison of the ravages of the disease in the large cities of Europe is also made, in all cases the results being largely in favor of Germany. These facts are held to show that revaccination confers almost complete immunity from smallpox, and justify the enforcement of the ordinance by the German health authorities. This testimony accords with the third proposition of the Illinois State board of health in its exhaustive report on this subject, to wit: "That not only may epidemic outbreaks be prevented with absolute certainty by vaccination universally and properly performed, but disease itself might be entirely [illegible] and its reproduction be [illegible] cally impossible if e[illegible] operation repeated at proper intervals of time."

Cure of Stammering.

Many years ago a famous professor came to our town and announced that he could "cure the worst case of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate stammerer, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at my office talking as straight as a railroad track.

I was astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so suddenly relieved of his lifelong trouble. He informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases—ladies; and, calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away elated, raised the hundred dollars, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes" without hesitating.

I was soon made acquainted with several other cures quite as remarkable, and resolved to turn on my sharpest wits and wait upon the wonderful magacian.

He seemed an honest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay him a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever I could. Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased. And now I propose to give my readers a simple art which has enabled me to make happy many a unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated, the cure has been complete.

The secret is this: The stammerer is made to mark the time of his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. He begins by reading one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, by simply hitting the thumb against the forefinger or by moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering can continue long if the victim will read an hour every day with thorough practice of this art. I take great pleasure in publishing it to the world.—*Dio Lewis.*

A Gigantic Meat Business.

The largest and most perfectly appointed abbatoir in the world is in New York, at the foot of West Fifty-ninth street, the property of T. C. Eastman, who is known both in this country and in Europe as "The Cattle King." One thousand cattle, killed and dressed completely for the market, is the daily working capacity of the establishement. Sometimes, however, not more than 500 are disposed of in a day, and during the past summer the average weekly killing here has not been over 4,000 heads. To such a perfection has science brought the ordering of this formerly most offensive business, that there is, in all that vast amount of slaughtering absolutely no waste, and from it not the slightest offensive odor that ever gets outside the building. Mr. Eastman has huge refrigerators on board a number of the swiftest ocean steamers and sends to England all, or very nearly all, the meat he kills. That meat he sells in his own shops, of which he has one or more in nearly every important city or town in the United Kingdom. In Mr. Eastman's abbatoir he uses no natural ice, refrigeration being attained very much more perfectly and cheaply by means of two refrigerating machines. Each of these machines produces as much cold daily as would result from the most direct and non-wasteful use of 110 tons of ice, and is infinitely better than ice, since it gives as low a degree of refrigeration without humidity, as may be desired with great economy of space and convenience of application. The cost of operation of these machines, including interest upon investment in the plant, etc., is—figured in dollars and cents—equal to supplying the quantity of ice that would be requisite to do their work at seventy five cents per ton. Natural ice costs $2.50 to $4.00 per ton. So the machines effect a money saving of at least $385 per diem, and from that up to $715.—*New York Cook.*

A Wonderful Plague of Rats.

Ahmednugger, in Bombay, is a place famous in the wars between the Nizam and the Mahrattas, and also as the scene of the death of Aurungzeb, the last of the great mogul rulers. Ahmednugger is a district very irregular in shape lying on the northwest frontier of the Hyderabad state, and having to its southwest the district of Poonah. It has an area of 6,669 square miles, and a population of 751,228. This district is subject to visitations of famine and other calamities, of which the most striking and singular is the plague of rats. Generally the rain fall in June suffices by filling the holes and fissures in destroying them in large numbers, and in preventing a plague. But when the rain is late or does not come then the number of rats is always excessive. In the last sixty years three have been known as rat years. These were 1826, 1835 and 1870. On the last occasion fields of grain were eaten up in a few hours as if by a flight of locusts.

A reward of one rupee, reduced at a later period to half a rupee, was offered for every hundred dead rats, and it was estimated that not fewer than 1,763,036 rats were killed and paid for. Although the people were the sufferers, popular superstition does not seem to have approved of this slaughter, for reports were spread that the rats were the spirits of those who died in the famine of 1876-7, and the people refused at last to participate in the efforts made for their extermination.—*London Times.*

The World's Wheat.

From one exhaustive comparison of the wheat crops of the world it is figured that the deficiency in Great Britain and Europe, to be supplied from other sources, is 280,000,000 bushels. The estimate of surplus in other countries and its distribution is as follows: In the United States and Canada, 72,000,000 bushels; Austria-Hungary, 8,000,000; Russia and Roumania, 52,000,000; India, 52,000,000; Chili and Australia, 16,000,000; and Egypt and sundries, 8,000,000 bushels; a total of 208,000,000, showing a deficiency of 72,000,000 between the supplies of the producing countries and the requirements of the importing coun[illegible] about [illegible] serve [illegible] be drawn

IN AUTUMN.

The flowers
Of summer fair,
The blooms we loved so well,
Which made so redolent the air,
Clothed the wide vales with tapestry most rare,
Have yielded their pure lives to autumn's spell;
Yet, nodding everywhere,
Are blossoms debonair,
Which summer's glare
And hours

Knew not;
Gay asters nod
In breezes cool, and swing;
And rocks the graceful golden rod;
The milkweed's hidden silk escapes the pod,
Climbs the blue sky like a winged thing,
Then seeks again the sod;
O'er ledges grey and broad,
Held by frail cord,
Doth rock

And ring
The harebell blue;
The maple trees are red,
As are the clouds the sun sets through;
The sum