

SUMMER NIGHT.

Oh, silent night!
Oh, smooth-as-stillness!
That's time down on drooping bough.
Thou lookest the earth in a breathless slumber.
Awake, but not.

Gray mists arise
From dew-wet flowers.
That lend it its fragrance to the night:
And languid float on breath of summer
An incense light.

A pale moon shines
On weary grasses.
That bend their heads with mournful grace;
Then sinks behind the white clouds floating,
And veils her face.

Heat quivers off
In lightning flashes
Along the soft gray northern sky.
And illuminates the grand old forest
In shades near by.

A bird sings out
In broken strains
From yew tall bush with blossoms fair.
Dream songs that, sung in drowsy snatches,
Arouse the air.

And echoes find
In hidden music,
That soft descend from regions high.
And wake the sleeping, sultry breezes
To softly sigh.

—[F. S. Ward, in New York Independent.

THE LOST BRIDE.

BY MATT LAMAR.

There was a great crowd in the hall. Everybody was talking in a high key, and the orchestra in the back parlor was fairly convulsing itself in the throes of a pot-pouri.

At the top of the stairs was the bride. She was a symphony in lavender. She was not a conventional girl, perhaps, but in the matter of wedding garments she had felt bound to follow precedent, and she looked so irresistibly charming that nobody who saw her could believe for the moment that a "going away" gown should be anything but lavender.

They made way for her on the stairs, and for the groom, with a tan-colored overcoat on his arm, behind her. The women began kissing the bride, who submitted with flushed cheeks and dancing eyes. One or two elderly men near the door came in for a kiss, too. The groom was shaking hands with everybody, and the young men all yelling "Good-bye, old fellow," as if the groom were 60 instead of 24.

For a time it was almost impossible to get the front door open in the crush; and when at last they got the couple out on the steps two handfuls of rice hailed upon the retreating figures. A fresh chorus of giggling and shouts of "Good-bye," and the coach door slammed and the Watterston wedding had begun to be a matter of history.

They reached the station at 10:45. In fifteen minutes they were rolling away in a drawing-room car. The bride could still feel the sting of the rice on her neck—a very pretty neck, encircled by a narrow ribbon of lavender velvet. When the groom took off his silk hat several white grains fell to the floor, and the groom covered scolded the cars to see whether the tell-tale sign had been detected.

Charming innocence! As if rice grains were required to advertise the obviously just-married condition of this radiant pair!

Most of the car had been made up as a sleeper, and only three human beings were visible in unmade-up sections. These charitably feigned to regard the new passengers as in no wise exceptional, and did not appear to be taking very much notice of them.

When the train conductor and after him the Pullman conductor had been over him to collect the tickets, and the groom had for the first time performed that interesting function of introducing to the world, as it were, himself and wife, the pair tried to settle back in the soft seat and appear indifferent. But the bride had 300 things she wished to say and so they got to talking in a low tone, until presently the white jacketed porter came along.

The sight of this functionary startled the groom in an inexplicable way.

"Make up the section, sir?" said the porter, with what might be called an invisible grin.

"No—no," said the groom, trying not to appear startled, "we are only going as far as Pittston."

The porter looked for a moment as if he were disappointed, but he said nothing. The bride looked for a moment as if he were disappointed, but he said nothing.

For half an hour their low talk kept in a sort of harmony with the solemn rumble of wheels. Her gloved hand had fallen into the nearest of his. The pressure he gave it contained the essence of a mighty embrace. There was nobody to see if their hands came very close together.

Suddenly the groom sat upright and darted at the inside pocket of his sack-coat.

"Great Scott!" he gasped; "I forgot to tell the baggage man about that satchel."

"Charlie!" She said no more, but there was a world of distress in the tone.

"I shall telegraph for it in the morning," he said.

"But, Charlie," she protested, "don't you know that we can't go anywhere without the satchel?"

A deep gloom began to settle about Charlie. The train slowed up at a station. "I will get off and get the satchel man to telegraph back and we can have it by the midnight train."

She did not object in words, but she half-grasped his arm as he started for the door. In a moment she could see him crossing the dim platform. It came into her thoughts that it would be a real tragedy if he should get left at the station. Her impatience developed into agony when he began to appear that the train would soon start again. She knew it was silly, but she got up and went to the door. One or two passengers were getting on. Then the porter climbed up with the stool used as a mounting step. Plainly she thought Charlie was going to be left behind. She stepped out on the platform and caught the vestibule door.

"Excuse me, madame," said the porter, "but the train is going."

"I know it," gasped the girl, "and my husband is over there."

The situation was grotesquely terrible to her. With no satchel and no husband it seemed simply absurd to stay on the train. She would not stay on the train. The wheels were already moving when she eluded the porter and sprang to the platform. As she ran across the platform to where the station master's light was glaring, her husband, who had hurriedly mounted the steps at the other end of the car, was wandering in some perplexity through the aisle. Could he be in the wrong car? No, here was her little traveling fan.

The porter came over. "Did you see the lady, sir? She was afraid you would get left, sir?"

Charlie Merrill rushed for the platform. But the vestibule doors were locked and the train was under good headway. At that moment life began to seem like a melodrama to poor Merrill.

"When do we reach the next station?" he asked of the porter.

"At 12, sir," was the answer.

Merrill dropped into a seat in grotesque despair. The twenty-five minutes to Silver Hill seemed longer than the wait of a table d'hôte. Merrill occupied the time with more or less torturing speculations as to what the girl would do when she found that he had not been left behind, and that they had been separated by another ridiculous mistake. He did not blame her for her blunder, for he had been the result of a blunder of his own in forgetting certain necessary arrangements at the station from which they had started. He pictured her despair at the separation, and then he tried to think that the whole thing was comic, but did not succeed very well in the effort. He could come to no conclusion as to what she would do. She might have taken the midnight train and followed him if she had been supplied with the money to buy a ticket. As it was he did not see that she could do anything more than wait for him to come back for her, as she must know that he would.

Merrill found that there was a train from Silver Hill back to the station of the mishap a few minutes after 12. He could reach the girl, he calculated, soon after half-past 12. He sprang off the train at Silver Hill in a fever of impatience. The northern train was due in a quarter of an hour. Merrill hunted up the station master, without thinking it necessary to say anything about a wedding, yet he fancied that the station master took a degree of interest in the matter that might look as if he suspected a sentimental side of the case.

Presently the telegraph instrument in the station was ticking a message. "I think I can find out whether she is still there," said the station master. Merrill said nothing. He did not wish to delay for the space of a second the coming of the reply, if there should be one.

The answer was now coming over the wire. For a moment the operator's face was inscrutable. Then he looked up quickly.

"The station master down there," he said, "is up with the conductor of the midnight, and put her on that train."

"Good!" gasped Merrill, with a sense of relief that was abruptly terminated by something in the look of the station master at his side.

"The midnight does not stop here," said the station master.

Merrill was ready to faint. His bride would be carried through to Pittston without him. "How soon can I follow that train," he choked, as if with some expectation that the station master might have the decency to modify the time table.

The station master looked commiseratingly at him as he replied, "The next train stopping at Pittston is 5.30."

Merrill sat down on the nearest bench. He could not think. The situation had become absolutely stupefying. He would not be able to reach his wife for over six hours. What would become of her in that dreadful interval? And how could he live during such a ghastly period of waiting? Merrill made up his mind that he simply could not stand the torture of such protracted uncertainty. He would have liked to hire a special train. People had done such things. Perhaps all of his honeymoon money would hire an engine to carry him to Pittston. He fancied himself riding madly across the country in the cab of a snorting locomotive.

Pretty soon he abandoned his thought and began figuring on the distance to Pittston. They told him it was thirty-one miles. He asked to be directed to a public stable. They didn't know of anybody but Gibbs, and were very uncertain about him at that hour. After fifteen minutes' delay Gibbs was found in a barroom half a mile from the station. At first Gibbs wouldn't drive anybody anywhere for anything. Then he compromised by saying that he wouldn't drive anybody to Pittston, at which Merrill took hope.

"The fact is," said Gibbs, "that I haven't a horse that'll stand it. You will have to be driven like the devil."

"I will give you a dollar a mile," said Merrill.

Gibbs shook his head. Then he said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll drive you to Mandy's, that's twenty miles, and you can get something at Mandy's for the other ten miles. I'll do that for \$35."

"It's a bargain," said Merrill, "if you'll jump yourself and hump that horse."

The "midnight" went shrieking by as the horse was getting down to a stiff trot. Merrill stared gloomily at the muffled "sleepers," knowing that his heroine was being carried away from him by the thundering train. Gibbs' horse was a good stepper, but Gibbs did not seem to be pressing him. After they were fairly barred Gibbs admitted that the horse had been driven rather hard the day before, and that he couldn't afford to be harsh with him. As it was he did not intend to bring him back from Mandy's until daylight.

When about half the distance had been accomplished Gibbs suddenly said: "I guess you had better let me have some of that money. Of course I don't know you, and this is a pretty heavy job. For horse is acting mighty queer, and I'm not sure this racket won't do him up."

To Merrill there didn't seem to be much danger. "Are you afraid you won't get me there?" he asked.

"I'll get you there," returned Gibbs.

Merrill gave him ten dollars. "The fifteen when we get there," he added. Then the horse began to lunge. Gibbs muttered an oath, stopped the horse and got out. Merrill saw that he was looking at the hoofs for a stone. Evidently he didn't find anything of the kind. The limp continued and Gibbs kept the beast at a walk, a pace that made the sweat start on Merrill's temples.

Merrill wondered if ever a bridegroom was in such a predicament. He had read of such a thing in a book he would have impatiently condemned the exaggeration of the author. It began to be a comfort that the Gibbs' contract only extended to Mandy's. At the sickening rate of the Gibbs' horse the bridegroom calculated that he would reach the bride at about 6 A. M., which seemed like a preposterous thought. There could not be a worse horse than Mandy's.

Merrill twice asked Gibbs how much further they had to go, but as Gibbs each time seemed to allow the horse to walk at a still slower pace, Merrill concluded that it would be unsafe to say another word.

At the foot of a long hill the horse stopped. It was a quarter to three. Gibbs was willing to let him go. Gibbs said, "If we ever want to get there." At the top of the hill Gibbs told Merrill to get in, but he himself continued walking at the head of the horse. The sky had become overcast. "Going to be a bad

night," growled Gibbs. Merrill mentally remarked that the night had already been pretty bad for him.

They reached Mandy's at four o'clock. The rain was falling. Gibbs called up a man who lived in a white house, after having made Merrill wait until he had bestowed the horse and buggy in the barn back of the village store. "Giles," said Gibbs, to the head that appeared at a window, "this gentleman wants to get to Pittston. Have you got a horse?"

"Can't let him have?"

"Waal, I dunno," responded Giles. "Got to go south with my mare at six."

"Hain't y' got that bay?"

"Th' bay ain't fit," said Giles. He added, "What's it with?"

"Ten," said Merrill, "if you'll drive me over in a hurry."

Gibbs disappeared after getting the balance of his money. It was twenty-eight minutes later by Merrill's watch when the second start was made, and it was at the end of the first mile that the second horse stumbled in the wet morning twilight and splintered the shaft of the buggy.

Merrill sprang into the road. "Good morning!" he shouted, striding off through the soft sleet. But when he heard a protesting snort from Giles he turned about for a moment and shoved a \$5 bill into the man's hand. For an hour he struggled on through the dim road, which grew but little lighter during that time, and became increasingly wet. At the fork of the road he had to delay for ten minutes until he could find a sleepy man with red whiskers who gave him instructions to keep to the left all the way. Merrill looked at his watch. A quarter past 5. He kept to the left with a persistence born of a lover's faithfulness and expectancy, until he came against a huge barn. When he appeared brokenly to a solitary woman at a well she yelled back at him that he would have to go back about three-quarters of a mile to where the quarry was, and then take the road just beyond the tobacco barn.

Poor Merrill, who pitifully timed every turn, reached the tobacco barn at twenty minutes to six. He then put in a straight half-hour on the right road, and at the end of this very long period he heard the low whistle of a locomotive. It was the train he might have comfortably taken if he had kept out of the Gibbs' contract.

At seven o'clock he reached the outskirts of a town.

"Is this Pittston?" Merrill asked of a boy with a pail.

"East Pittston," said the boy.

"How do you get to the Pittston station?"

"There's a horse car down there," the boy said, pointing through a side road.

Merrill found the track. The car was not so easy to find. The bob-tail car with a sad horse hove in sight at the end of seven minutes. That this car could actually be going direct to the station seemed to Merrill too good to be true. He twice asked the driver about the station, and was twice assured that the station was at the end of the route.

Merrill was on the platform of the car when the station became visible. He rushed almost madly into the waiting room. No bride was in sight. Nor could he see any welcome figure in the ladies' waiting room.

He was almost running across the station to the inquiry window when the violent tapping of a pencil on the ledge of the telegraph office attracted his attention. The pretty girl behind the grating was beckoning to him.

As he paused there the pretty telegrapher was asking: "Are you the gentleman—that is looking for the lady who—who was waiting for the gentleman?"

"Yes, I am," gasped Merrill.

"Well, she is in here."

Merrill found her sleeping on a sofa. Her eyelids were red. As the bridegroom well wet and splattered with mud, he knelt down beside the sofa and took hold of one of her hands the bride awoke with a start and the pretty telegrapher turned her face away.—[Philadelphia Press.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

LESSONS IN POLITENESS—Adamantine—Her Preference—Umbrellas, Too—New at the Business, etc., etc.

LESSONS IN POLITENESS.

Mrs. Wickwire—"Don't you think you might take off your hat when you are addressing a lady?"

Hungry Higgins—"Don't you think, mum, when a gent calls on you that you might invite him in and offer him a cheer?"—[Indianapolis Journal.

ADAMANTINE.

"I never saw any one so set and obstinate as John is."

You surprise me."

"Yes, indeed. Why, only this very morning we had a dispute, but I stood firm and told him he might move the pyramids, but he couldn't budge me when my mind was made up."

"And he admitted he was wrong?"

"Well, about the same thing. He said: 'Have your own way, Maria.'"

"Of course. What was it about?"

"I declare I've forgotten; but it was the principle, you know."—[Truth.

HER PREFERENCE.

"Now, which kind of music do you wish to become proficient in?" said the professor to the new pupil.

"Oh, classical, by all means," replied the young woman.

"I am very glad to hear you express this preference."

"Yes. When you play classical music hardly anybody knows whether you make a mistake or not."—[Washington Star.

UMBRELLAS, TOO.

Gus De Smith—"Balloons are very unfortunate pieces of mechanism."

McGinnis—"How so?"

Gus De Smith—"They are always used up."—[Texas Siftings.

NEW AT THE BUSINESS.

Nurse—"Baby has cut two of his teeth and—"

Mother—"Oh, dear! Do you think he has spoiled the fit of them."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

SUBTLE METHODS.

"Do you feel sure, Tom, that you can win Nellie's love?"

"No, not a doubt of it. Why, I proposed last night to Alice."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NO ACCIDENT THERE.

"How'd the barbecue come off?"

"Jes' middlin'."

"Any accidents?"

"No; three men killed in a row, an' two more dropped fer pastime, but no accidents."—[Atlanta Constitution.

A NEW IDEA AT LAST.

"That poet is a genius."

"Why?"

"He rhymes raiment with payment. Tailors will tell you that really is a new idea; the two go together so seldom."—[Truth.

A WOMAN'S TASTE.

Kate—"I don't believe this fountain was designed by a woman, do you?"

"Why?"

"Well, I think it would have been far ice cream soda instead of water."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

LOVE AND FINANCE.

Alonso (twanging the lyre)—"I si-log to thee-ee, my love."

Araminta—"Yes, it's very pretty, Alonso, and it pleases me; but papa says you can't sing a 'pretty tune' enough to please him. Please try it on the dog, or let us talk about something else."—[Vogue.

SEEMS REASONABLE.

"I don't see what claim you have to this accident insurance," said the agent.

"You were thrown out of a wagon, I admit, but, on your own statement, you were not hurt."

"Well, wasn't it by the merest accident I escaped injury?" suggested the claimant.—[Puck.

A WOFUL FLIGHT.

She met twenty men at a summer resort. At a summer resort on the shore of the sea, And nineteen of these were enslaved by her charms, And low to fair Adelaide bended the bow.

But a cloud now hangs over her beautiful brow And pale are the cheeks that bloomed like a rose; Her soul is consumed with vexation—because One man of the twenty had failed to propose. —[New York Herald.

SOME LITTLE EXPERIENCE.

She—"You are the first one who ever kissed me that way."

He—"You mean you never before felt a lover's kiss."

She—"No, I mean that no one before ever missed my mouth, and hit my nose three times out of five."—[Good News.

BREAD AND BUTTER.

The poet had brought his poem in to sell to the theatre-looking gent, who sat in judgment on poems for the magazines with which he was connected.

"I hope," said the poet, trembling, "that you will be able to accept this for I sorely need what it will bring."

"I am sorry," he replied, "that I cannot accept it. You see, we have certain rules to observe which are not met in this, and it is not meet for me."

"Meet for you?" exclaimed the poet frantically. "What do I care for that? It is bread and butter for me and I must have it," and the editor asked him out to lunch.—[Detroit Free Press.

A BONANZA.

Parent—"Now, what are you going to charge me to cure this boy of the measles?"

Physician—"Nothing at all, my dear sir, as it is an original case; and you get your ten per cent. commission for every child that catches them from him."—[Puck.

IT DID NOT WORK.

Little Brother—"Grown folks don't know as much as they think they do!"

Little Sister—"Why?"

Little Brother—"Mamma whipped me yesterday and said she guessed that I didn't know a lesson; and to-day I missed every lesson just the same as before."—[Good News.

BALLAST.

"Why do you lug that big cane with you?"

"For protection. If I didn't mind a broad-brimmed straw hat might catch a breeze and throw me into the lake by the string."—[Chicago Record.

GREAT SCHEME.

Briggs—"The thermometer in my room is ninety degrees."

Griggs—"Don't you want to borrow the one in my room? It's only eighty-six degrees."—[Truth.

THE GRAMMAR CLASS.

Teacher—"John returned the book."

In what case is book?

Dull Boy (after long thought)—Book-case.

A DIFFERENCE.

City Editor—"You've got the account of that woman's suffrage meeting, have you? What's that big roll of paper under your arm?"

Reporter—"What they said at the meeting."

City Editor—"And that slip of paper you are twirling in your fingers?"

Reporter—"What they did."—[Buffalo Courier.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Along the sands with her he strays,
When softly falls the summer eve,
And many tender things he says,
Which she feigns to believe.

But though the youth may press her hand,
The period's short of love's young dream
For him if he neglects to stand
The soda and ice cream.

—[New York Press.

A SUGGESTION.

"Dear me," cried Mr. Barlow, on the evening of the fireworks display, "the stick on our finest and largest rocket is broken, and we can't replace it."

There was a moment's silence, and then a voice from the dark piazza suggested: "Use Cholly."—[Harper's Bazar.

AMPLY QUALIFIED.

Recruiting Officer—"I'm afraid you are not heavy enough for a cavalryman. We want men who can ride right over everything, if necessary."

Applicant—"That's all right, Cap. I've been a New York truck driver for seven years."—[Puck.

THE LANDLORD'S OX WAS GORED.

Cumback—"I was a guest of the Colorado Resort Hotel which was held up and robbed by a lone bandit, not long ago."

Stayhome—"What did the landlord do about it?"

Cumback—"He roared unceasingly for two days about its being the worst breach of professional courtesy he had ever heard of."—[Puck.

ANTIDOTE FOR TRAGEDY.

Winks—"Come along, old boy, I've got two complimentary tickets for a dramatic performance."

Jinks—"Tragedy or comedy?"

"Tragedy."

"I don't like tragedies. They appeal so strongly to one's sympathies that I always feel blue for a week."

"This one won't. You'll come home as jolly as if you'd been to a circus. It's by an amateur company."—[New York Weekly.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The fat man in the side-show is lying in wait for his victims.—[Galveston News.

Perhaps if a pneumatic tire were put on the dollar of the dads it would circulate better.—[Johnstown Democrat.

A man never discovers how hard his lot really is until he tries to put a spade into it and make a garden.—[Washington Star.

A man will get mad quicker at being called a fool than at any other term you may use. It is probably because the allegation is so easy to prove.—[Chester News.

The boarding-house keeper often complains of the effort it costs to get up a meal, and her boarders maintain that it is more of an effort to get it down.—[Yonkers Statesman.

Robbins—"I'm just back from Chicago and—"

Dobbins—"Really, old fellow, I'm sorry, but I'm so tied up financially that I can't lend you a cent."—[Philadelphia Record.

Late revellers singing "There's no place like home" always stop their melody just before they get there, and creep upstairs in their stocking feet.—[Boston Transcript.

The Diamond Cutting Business.

It was in 1453 that the cutting of diamonds into regular forms first began to be practiced. The business is now most extensively carried on in Amsterdam, although in this country, at the present time, are many excellent diamond cutters whose services are highly valued. Of more than 30,000 Jews now living in Amsterdam it is estimated that at least 12,000 are directly or indirectly dependent upon the trade of diamond cutting. In that city such labor is poorly paid, although the greatest skill and severest honesty is requisite. Diamonds are cut in three forms, namely, the table, the rose and the brilliant. The last has superseded the first two except for inferior stones. The brilliant is a double pyramid or cone, cut off at the top to a large plane or table, and at the bottom to a small one, called the collet. As for the weight of diamonds, it is calculated as follows: Four grains equal one carat, 141 grains equal one ounce troy. From this it may be seen that a diamond grain is less than an ordinary troy grain—five diamond grains are equal to four troy grains.—[Philadelphia Times.

The Alexandrian Codex.

The "Alexandrian Codex," often referred to in Scriptural studies, is one of the most valuable and important manuscripts of sacred writ known to be in existence. It is written in Greek on parchment in finely formed uncial letters, and is without accents, marks of aspiration, and spaces between the words. Its probable date is the latter part of the Sixth Century. As early as 1093 it is known to have been in the library of the Patriarch of Alexandria. It was sent to England as a present to Charles I. by Cyril Lycaris in 1628, and is now in the British Museum.—[St. Louis Republican.

Ocean Oddities.

The ocean at the depth of a mile has a pressure of one ton on every square inch. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are never felt.

If a box six feet deep of any size were filled with sea water and the same left to evaporate, there would be a layer of salt two inches thick left on the bottom of the box.

Taking the average depth of all oceans to be three miles, there would be a salt stratum 230 feet thick over all the surface now occupied by oceans should the same evaporate.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

PROLONGING LIFE.—A correspondent writes for some information concerning Dr. William Kincaid's recently published articles in one of the monthlies touching the question of prolonging life. The pith of Dr. Kincaid's article is this: "Paradoxical as it may sound, certain foods which we put into our mouths to preserve our lives help at the same time to hurry us to the inevitable gate of the cemetery. Earth salts abound in the cereals, and bread itself, though seemingly the most innocent of edibles, greatly assists in the deposition of calcareous matter in our bodies. Nitrogenous food abounds in this element. Hence a diet made up of fruit principally is best for people advancing in years, for the reason that being deficient in nitrogen the ossific deposits so much to be dreaded are more likely to be suspended. Moderate eaters have in all cases a much better chance of long life than those addicted to excesses of the table. Hence, to sum up: The most rational modes of keeping physical decay or deterioration at bay, and thus retarding the approach of old age, are avoiding all foods rich in the earth salts, using much fruit, especially juicy uncooked apples, and by taking daily two or three tumblerfuls of distilled water with about five or ten drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glass."

SEASIDE OR MOUNTAINS?—Dr. George F. Shady writes of the relative values of seaside and mountains in connection with the summer vacation. "At this season those who have not made up their minds where to pass July and August are in a quandary, especially if they do not happen to enjoy the pleasures of a permanent country home. The oft-repeated question, Where shall I go? Shall I go to the seashore, where I may bathe in the surf, or shall I go to a mountainous region, where the air is entirely opposite to that to which I have been accustomed? Constitution should enter largely into the question. If one is subjected to bronchial affections, mountain air or spots where pine forests are obtainable, is not only beneficial but in many cases necessary to the maintenance of health. During the middle hours of the day at times when the sun is very hot, the seashore is not an agreeable place to be. It is much more pleasant in the early morning or the late afternoon hours, and only these hours should be selected for bathing. Considered from every side, however, it is more healthful for the city resident, living as near the ocean as we do, to pass his vacation far away from salt water. In this way he secures a complete change of air, and often the first is as important to the tired city man as the second. May and June and September and October are the most healthful months at the seaside. During these months the heat is not so intense, and a really hot day at the seashore is a day to be dreaded. July and August are the most pleasant months of the summer in the mountains, or in the interior for that matter, and those who can would do well to take their rest at this time. If it is only convenient for one to take a vacation of a week or so, he had best pass it in the mountains. Vacations are necessary to the well being of all of us, and especially to those who work with their brains."

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

A new glass for thermometers is unaffected by a heat of 1,000 degrees, the ordinary glass being unreliable above 750 degrees on account of its tendency to soften.

A pneumatic tube connects Paris with Berlin. It is used for postal purposes, and makes it possible for a letter mailed in Paris to be delivered in Berlin in thirty-five minutes.

TAKING ELECTRICITY FROM THE AIR.—Mr. Palmieri, in La Lumiere, describes an apparatus for collecting atmospheric electricity. It consists essentially of a revolving wheel having eight spokes, but no rim; each spoke is made of a conductor insulated from the hub and having a small metallic cross-arm at its further end; near the hub are arranged two brushes, one above and one below the center of these brushes is always in contact with the spokes pointing vertically upward and vertically downward respectively, during the revolution, and therefore lead off from them the electric charges collected from the atmosphere at the top and at the bottom of the wheel; the brushes are connected by wires to two Leyden jars and to sparking knobs as usual.

A BURNING GLASS MADE OF ICE.—A few years ago an English professor caused quite a little excitement among a party of skaters on Serpentine River by making a lens of ice and lighting his pipe with it. This reminds the writer of this curious experiment was first brought before the public by the great Dr. Scoresby, who, when in the polar regions, to the great astonishment of his companions, who did not understand why the ice did not freeze the solar rays, performed a similar feat. It may also be worthy of remark that Professor Tyndall, who is a teacher in the Royal Institution, on several occasions set fire to little heaps of powder with rays from an electric arc concentrated by a lens of ice. His explanation was this: although ice absorbs rays of certain waves of light and is gradually melted thereby, there are other kinds of waves which it does not absorb, and it is these that produce heat at the focus of the lens. In short, it is wholly a question of the relative motions of the molecules of frozen water and those of the waves of the more penetrating rays of light.

Train Calculations.

Fast train calculations are the favorite pastimes with those who are mathematically inclined nowadays. It has been figured, for instance, that the force of propulsion which a train of four cars with a sixty-ton locomotive, running at fifty miles an hour, develops, is equivalent to a blow delivered by a hammer weighing 50,000 tons, and that is almost exactly the force of the blow of the ram upon the Campden stone as estimated when that warship struck the Victoria.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Lamb Among the Tenements.

One of the curious inhabitants of the far east side tenement district is a lamb, which disports itself upon the low roofs in the vicinity. It capers about apparently at home and at ease, though there is nothing green in sight save some of the distant streets of Brooklyn. The lamb was apparently once white, but it is now a dingy gray, and east side associations promise to transform it into a veritable black sheep.—[New York Sun.

The first coining machine was invented by Brueher in 1553.

FARRAGUT'S FIRST FIGHT.

He Was But 13 When He Took Part in a Desperate Battle.

Farragut obtained a midshipman's commission before he was 9 years old, which case has probably no parallel in the history of the American navy. He was 10 years and 1 month old when he joined the Essex, a brave and self-reliant, adventurous, but dutiful boy, afterward eminently fitted to command, because early accustomed to obey.

The Essex was built at Salem, and paid for by the patriotic contributions of the citizens of that place. Capt. Porter took command of her in August, 1811, young Farragut being with him, and the frigate was then lying at Norfolk, Va.

On the 18th of June, 1812, only about eleven months afterward, the Congress of the United States declared war against Great Britain, and his declaration was read to the crew of the Essex on three successive days, so that no British subject on board if there chance to be one, should be required to serve against his flag.

There were none who were not liable to duty, the Essex sailed on her memorable cruise in the Pacific Ocean. She was the first American man-of-war to pass around Cape Horn, as she had been the first to double the Cape of Good Hope and her experience was a rough one; but it was followed by a series of almost uninterrupted successes and victories, until she finally encountered the British frigate Phoebe and the British sloop-of-war Cherub on February 1814, off Valparaiso, Chile.

A combined attack was made upon her by these two vessels while half the men belonging to the Essex were on shore (but upon a signal being given, the men were all aboard the Essex in fifteen minutes, and all but one prepared for duty).

After one of the most desperate battles ever fought upon the ocean, under the adverse conditions of contending with two vessels of the enemy of greater superior force, herself disabled by a furious storm, and after one of her own killed and the Essex on fire, she surrendered in a defeat, like that on land at Bunker Hill, which was more glorious than the victory.

The commander of the British forces, Capt. Hillyar, was wounded and died before the engagement ended.

In his book young Farragut says: "During the action I performed the duties of a first lieutenant, gunner, powder boy, and, in fact, did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrid impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. He was a boatswain's mate, and was fearfully mutilated. It staggered and sickened me at first; but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it all appeared like a dream, and produced no effect upon my nerves."

"I can remember well," he continues, "while I was standing near the Captain, just about the mainmast, a shot came through the waterways and glanced upward, killing four men who were standing beside the gun, taking the last one in the head and scattering his brains over both of us. But this awful sight did not affect me half as much as the death of the first poor fellow. I neither thought of nor noticed anything but the working of the guns."

Such was the liberal baptism of fire and blood of the young midshipman and future Admiral, as if fate or that Divine Providence which he always reverently recognized, intended thus signally to forecast his illustrious destiny.

Later on in his journal young Farragut wrote: "After the battle had ceased, when on going below I saw the mangled bodies of my shipmates, dead and dying, groaning and expiring, with the most patriotic sentiments on their lips, I became faint and sick, my sympathies were all aroused; among the badly wounded was one of my best friends, Lieut. Sewell. When I spoke to him he said: 'O, Davy, I fear it is all up with me; but when it was proposed to drop another patient I said, 'I saw the mangled bodies. No, doctor, none of that fair play is a jewel. One man's life is as good as another's; I would not cheat any poor fellow out of his turn.' Thus said," continues the journal, "one of the best and bravest men among us."

Funeral Ceremonies Over a Crow.

One of the most unique pages in Pliny's "Natural History" is that which tells of the funeral rites performed over the remains of a crow (raven) at Rome during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius. The crow, or raven, thus honored by being "funerally burnt" or cremated was one of the brood hatched on the temple of Castor. A shoemaker whose shop was near by was frequently visited by the bird, which soon learned to speak and write with it. This reminds the writer of this curious experiment was first brought before the public by the great Dr. Scoresby, who, when in the polar regions, to the great astonishment of his companions, who did not understand why the ice did not freeze the solar rays, performed a similar feat. It may also be worthy of remark that Professor Tyndall, who is a teacher in the Royal Institution, on several occasions set fire to little heaps of powder with rays from an electric arc concentrated by a lens of ice. His explanation was this: although ice absorbs rays of certain waves of light and is gradually melted thereby, there are other kinds of waves which it does not absorb, and it is these that produce heat at the focus of the lens. In short, it is wholly a question of the relative motions of the molecules of frozen water and those of the waves of the more penetrating rays of light.

After giving an account of this queer ceremony, Pliny adds: "This happened in a city in which no such crowds had ever escorted the funeral of any one out of the whole number of its distinguished men."—[St. Louis Republic.

Throat Disease.

Doctor Thomas Weipham, who has charge of throat diseases in St. George's Hospital, says that the disease is caused by the habit of hanging the head. The orator who directs his remarks to the bottom button of his waistcoat is almost certain to have a sore throat. The sailor looks up to the bench; barristers seldom have clergymen's sore throat. But the clergyman in reading the prayers looks down upon his book; his chin is upon his chest. When he preaches his eyes are still upon his manuscript. Let him lift his eyes, praying with diligent observation of the roof, and preaching in a physical sense to the gallery, and he will escape the great clerical malady.—[New England Journal of Education.

It is singular that so many Western banks should be swamped when the people have so thoroughly drained them.—[Lowell Courier.