

## TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits amid the world's applause  
His share of justice, tolling day by day,  
All things will come now dim and far away,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness dear  
The morning cometh with refulgent light,  
Bringing assurance of a day more bright,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall,  
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer,  
All grief will end, and everything be fair,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits and reaches out his hands  
To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags,  
Success will come from every ill that flags,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits and struggles not in vain  
To overcome the evils that abound  
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits there comes a wily throng,  
Who sneer and scoff, and look with baleful eyes,  
But what of them, they are but gnats and flies,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits there must be recompense  
For useful work, whatever may be done,  
A compensation reaching far and wide,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits the stars are always friends,  
The restless ocean and the azure sky,  
All things in nature speak and prophesy,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come  
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine,  
Life will be love, and love will be divine,  
To him who waits.

To him who waits the world will someday cheer  
And sing his praise; Fame's mysterious gates  
Will open for him; heaven seems more near  
To him who waits.

—Moses G. Shirley, in Boston Globe.

## Ordeal of the Young Seigneur.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

His chief occupation in the day-time was to stand on the bench by the small barred window and watch the pigeons on the roof and in the eaves of the hospital opposite. For five years he had done this and it was the one thing in his whole life during that time which had a charm for him. Every change of weather and season was registered there as plainly as if he could see the surface of the world. In the summer the slates seemed to have a great fire beneath them, for a quivering hot air rose up from them and the pigeons never alighted on them save in the early morning or in the evening. Just over the peak of the roof could be seen the topmost branch of an oak, too slight to bear the weight of the pigeons, but the eaves under the projecting roof were dark and cool, and there his eyes rested when he was tired of the hard blue sky and the glare of the roof. He could also see the top of the hospital windows, barred up and down, but never anything within; for the windows were ever dusty, and all was dark beyond. But now and then he heard bitter cries coming through one open window in the summer time, and he listened to them grow fainter and fainter, till they sank to a low moaning, and then ceased altogether.

In winter the roof was covered for months by a blanket of snow, which looked like a shawl of impacted wool, white and restful, and the hospital windows were spread with frost. But the pigeons were the same—almost as gay, and walking on the ledges of the roof or crowding on the shelves of the lead pipes. He studied them much, but he loved them more. His prison was less a prison because of them, and in the long five years of expiation he found himself more in touch with them than with the wardens of the prison or any of his companions. With the former he was respectful, and he gave them no trouble at all; with the latter he had nothing in common, and the hospital criminals, and he—he had blundered when wild and mad with drink, so wild and mad that he had no remembrance, absolutely none, of the incident by which Jean Vigot lost his life. He remembered that they had played cards far into the night, that they had quarreled, then made their peace again; that the others had left, that they had begun playing cards and drinking again, and then all was blurred, save for a vague recollection that he had won all the money Vigot had and had pocketed it. Then came a blank. He wanted to find two officers of the law beside him, and the body of Jean Vigot, stark and dreadful, a few feet away.

When the officers put their hands upon him he shook them off. When they did it again he would have fought them to the death had it not been for his friend, tall Medallion, who laid a strong hand on his arm and said, "Steady, Converse, steady!" and he had yielded to the firm, friendly pressure.

Medallion had left no stone unturned to clear him at the trial, had himself played detective unceasingly, but the hard facts remained there, and on a chain of circumstantial evidence Louis Converse, the young Seigneur, was sent to prison for ten years for manslaughter. That was the compromise effected. Louis himself had said only that he didn't remember, but he could not believe he had committed the crime. Robbery? He shrugged his shoulders at that—he insisted that his lawyer should not reply to the insulting and foolish suggestion. But the evidence had shown that Vigot had all the winnings when the other members of the party left the two, and this very money had been found in Louis' pocket. There was only Louis' word

that they had played cards again. Anger? Possibly. Louis could not remember, though he knew they had quarreled. The judge himself, charging the jury, said that he never before saw a prisoner so frank and outwardly honest, but warned them that they must not lose sight of the crime itself, the taking of a human life, whereby a woman was made a widow and a child fatherless.

And so with the few remarks the judge sentenced the young Seigneur to ten years in prison, and then himself, shaken and pale, left the court room hurriedly, for Louis Converse's father had been his friend from boyhood.

Louis took his sentence calmly, looking the judge squarely in the eyes, and when the judge stopped he bowed to him, turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen, you have ruined my life. You don't know and I don't know who killed the man. You have guessed, and I take the penalty. Suppose I'm innocent, how will you feel when the truth comes out? You've known me more or less for twenty years, and you've said with no more knowledge than I've got that I did this miserable thing. I don't know but that one of you did it, but you are safe, and I take my ten years."

He turned from them, and as he did he saw a woman looking at him from a corner of the court room with a strange, wild expression. At the moment he saw no more than an excited, bewildered face, but afterward this face came and went before him, flashing in and out of dark places in a maddening sort of way. As he went from the court room another woman made her way to him in spite of the guards. It was the little chemist's wife who years before had been his father's housekeeper, who had been present when he first opened his eyes on the world.

"My poor boy! My poor boy!" she said, clasping his manacled hands. He kissed her on the cheek, without a word, and hurried on into his prison, and the good world was shut out. In prison he refused to see all visitors, even Medallion, the little chemist's wife, and the good Father Fabre. Letters, too, he refused to accept and read. He had no contact, wished no contact, with the outer world, but lived his hard, lonely life by himself, silent, brooding, studious—for now books were to him a pleasure. And he wrote, too, but never to any soul outside the prison. This life had nothing to do with the world from which he came, and he meant that it should not.

So perfect a prisoner was he that the wardens protected him from visitors, and he was never but once or twice stared at, and then he saw nothing, heard nothing. He had entered his prison a wild, excited, dissipated youth, and he had become a mature, quiet, cold, brooding man. Five years had done the work of twenty. He had lived the life of the prison, yet he was not a part of it, nor yet was he a part of the world without. And the face of the woman who looked at him so strangely in the court room haunted him now and then, so that at last it became a part of his real life, which was lived standing by the window, where he looked out at the pigeons on the roof of the hospital.

"She was sorry for me," he said many a time to himself. He was sorry for himself, and he was shaken with misery often, so that he rocked to and fro as he sat on his bed, and a single tear would cry out even in the last days of his imprisonment. "Oh, God, canst Thou do everything but speak?" And again: "That hour! the memory of that hour, in exchange for my ruined life!"

But there were times when he was very quiet and calm, and he spent hours in watching the ways of the pigeons. And he was doing this one day when the jailer came to him and said: "Monsieur Converse, you are free. The Governor has cut off five years from your sentence."

Then he was told that people were waiting without—Medallion, and the little chemist and wife, and others more important. But he would not go to meet them, and he stepped into the old world alone at dawn the next morning, and looked out upon a still, sleeping town. And there was no one stirring in the place, but suddenly there stood before him a woman, who had watched by the prison gates all night, and she put out a hand in entreaty, and said, with a breaking voice, "You are free at last!"

He remembered her—the woman who had looked at him so anxiously and sorrowfully in the court room. He looked at her kindly now, yet he was dazed, too, with his new advent to freedom and good earth.

"Why did you come to meet me?" he asked.

"I was sorry for you," she replied. "But that is no reason."

"Once committed a crime," she whispered, with shrinking bitterness. "That's bad," he said. "Were you punished?"

She shook her head and answered "No."

"That's worse," he added.

"I let some one else take my crime upon him and be punished for it," she answered in a agony in her eyes.

"Why was that?" he said, looking at her intently.

"I had a little child," was her reply.

"And the other?"

"He was alone in the world," she said.

A bitter smile crept to his lips and his eyes were all fire, for a strange thought came to him. Then he shut his eyes, and when he opened them again discovery was in them.

"I remember you now," he said, "a mother I loved and saw you looking at me that night. Who was the father of your child?" he asked eagerly.

"Jean Vigot," she replied. "He left me to starve."

"I am innocent of his death!" he said quietly and gladly.

And he turned away from her. "Won't you forgive me?" she asked, bitterly.

"Won't you give me back those five years?" he replied, meaningly.

"If the child did not need me I would give you my life," she answered. "I owe it to you." Her haggard, hunted face made him sorry. He, too, had suffered.

"It's all right," he answered, gently. "Take care of your child."

And again he moved away from her and went down the little hill with a cloud gone from his face that had rested there five years. Once he turned around. The woman was gone, but over the prison a flock of pigeons were flying. He took off his hat to them. Then he went through the town, looking neither to the right nor left, and came to his own house, where the summer morning was already entering the open windows, though he had looked to find the place closed and dark. The little chemist's wife met him in the doorway. She could not speak, nor could he, but he kissed her, as he had done when he passed on to his prison. Then he passed on to his own room, and, entering, sat down before the open window and peacefully drank in the glory of a new world. But more than once he choked down a sob that rose in his throat.

## HOW A PIANO IS TUNED.

Simplest Thing in the World When You Know How.

"Plunk—plunk—kerchug—twang—twang—bang!"

You have heard these sounds before, though they look a little unfamiliar when reproduced on paper. They represent the performance of a piano tuner from an outside and tympanic standpoint. They are the tangible and disagreeable part of the necessary business of putting in tune an instrument which, alas! too many people spend a deplorably large portion of their lives in putting out of tune.

This business of tuning pianos, which certainly looks rather mysterious as you watch the manner in which the operator pries up first one string and then another, sounding meanwhile a confused jargon of notes, until the puzzled listener does not know an octave from a fifth is not, however, as difficult and as mysterious as at first it appears.

All that is required is an exact ear and a few simple tools, viz.: a tuning fork (usually a C fork), a long, hammer-like key, and a wedge or mallet.

The accuracy of the tuner's ear is partly a natural gift, partly the result of long practice.

Even the most unpracticed ear can readily distinguish sound from noise; sound is produced by regular vibrations, while noise is a mixture of sounds thrown together without reference to any law. High notes have a large number of vibrations per second, while low notes have a small number. The highest A is calculated to have 3,480 vibrations per second, while the lowest A has only 27 1/2.

The majority of tuners have adopted a method of tuning which includes but two intervals—the octave and the fifth. The ordinary square piano has three strings to each note, except in the lower octave. The pitch of one of these strings is tuned in the relation of octave or fifth to some previous note. The remaining strings are then tuned in unison with the first string. As the strings approach unison, a number of strong and rapid beats or pulsations are perceptible to the ear; as they come still closer, the beats become slower, till finally they are no longer to be heard. Then the unison is perfect.

The ear in tuning is guided by progression from a confused sound to strong beats, and then from smooth waves to one continuous sound. Unisons and octaves are always tuned perfect—that is, the beats must entirely disappear. In the fifths, when perfectly tuned, there will be neither wave nor beat.

It takes generally about three years to learn the business, and a good workman will make from \$18 to \$35 a week. A few women have been employed as tuners with great success.

## Romance of the Billiard Ball.

Interesting as is the natural history of the billiard ball, its romance is no less attractive. A product of the most intelligent of animals, grown in the wilds of a tropical forest, taken by the wily devices of savage men, transported many hundreds of miles on the shoulders of hapless slaves, the object for which battle and murder are done, carried round the globe by sea and steam, manufactured into proper shape by the labor of skilled mechanics, the means by which professional players gain their livelihood, by which amateurs pass a social hour in the billiard hall, on the private table, often at some period of its career in the pawn shop, finally, when its usefulness as a billiard ball is ended, to be cut up into toys, there are few articles of ordinary use, even in the midst of our extraordinary civilization, that can show a more varied history.

## Poison in Its Spur.

Ornithorhynchus paradoxus, the unique Australian duck billed water mole, has lost its character for harmlessness, but has an added peculiarity, a sting like a bee. The male has on its hind leg a powerful spur connected with a gland. When attacked it does not scratch with the spur, but digs it in; and now an Australian naturalist has discovered that a virulent poison is ejected from the spur. He has found two men who were poisoned in handling the animal, and a number of dogs, four of the latter dying.

## Remarkable Mimetic Power.

Dr. Moffatt, the distinguished missionary and father in law of Dr. Livingstone, once preached a long sermon to a tribe in the interior of Africa. Shortly after he had finished he saw that the crowds were gathering around a very common looking savage. To his surprise, however, the lad mounted a stone and repeated every word of the sermon that had just been preached.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A REPORT from Russia states that it has been found that "strychnine can cure" the appetite for drink. It cures them in this country also if they take enough of it.

BECAUSE the Reichstag was spiteful against Bismarck, conservative Germany is roaring against universal suffrage. But it is well to remember that only a few years ago the Emperor himself was spiteful against Bismarck.

A PHILADELPHIA street railroad now operated by electricity saves \$3,915 a month as compared with the cost of coal and that of horse feed. It is said that this is only one of numerous items in which the trolley system has greatly cut down operating expenses.

ORDINARY vigilance would prevent nine-tenths of the bank defalcations. But the vigilance which does not see anything suspicious in the personal deposits of a \$1,200 clerk reaching \$10,000 in a recent case, is not ordinary; it's extraordinary, in the opinion of the Hartford Journal.

THERE are a great many medical missionaries, but Dr. Jennie M. Taylor is the first person to go to a foreign land as a dental missionary. She is the daughter of the Rev. A. E. Taylor, a Methodist minister of Martinsville, Pa., and is working in Africa as a missionary and dentist.

A NEW YORK woman, whose name is held secret, has endowed the chair of history in the National University to be built at Washington, with \$107,250. The intimation of the offer was made on an old postal card, and within twenty-four hours the head of the university was leaving New York with securities to the required amount in his possession. For expedition this surpasses the deed of a miser. When the woman was asked why she selected the chair of history she said: "Men give for bricks and mortar, I'll give for brains."

THRIFT is not an extinct trait in the original home of the thrifty, New England. A young woman writes to a Boston paper to tell how well a family of three can live on \$10 a week.

"My mother," she says, "is an invalid. My father is foreman in a factory and earns \$21 a week, and I stay home and do the work. Every week we put \$12 away. I dress well and can play the piano. I attend the theater twice a week, but the 25 cent seats are good enough for me. Saturday I cook a quart of beans and a loaf of brown bread and one-half pound of salmon, and that does us until Tuesday. Tuesday a pint of oysters is sufficient for dinner. Wednesday I buy a chicken or a small piece of lamb, which does until Saturday with a little fish. We use a small quantity of pastry and bread and cake and vegetables. We run two fires, burn gas; we use matches 10 cents a week for pleasure. When my company stays to see Sunday we have five extras. I do all my dress making, and average four dresses a year." But the poor father's 10 cents' worth of "pleasure!"

The power of hypnotism has been made responsible for almost everything, and now a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch attempts to show that sleeping in church is often due to this subtle force. The conditions under which the phenomenon is most frequently observed are described as follows: "There is a dim and subdued light in the room; the atmosphere is somewhat close, the temperature is high; somewhat behind the speaker, in a position which compels the eyes of the congregation, is a jet of gas or a sharp gleam of electricity, into which they look as the sermon proceeds; and the preacher goes on and on, in a gentle and monotonous voice, and down and up, like a mother's lullaby, and behold, our eyelids are pressed down and everything is deliciously vague and far away." This, the writer would have his readers believe, is hypnotic sleep. Most people, however, will be inclined to think that poor ventilation in the churches, or natural fatigue on the part of the sleepers, is responsible for more of this kind of somnolence than can be traced to any mysterious power.

The importation of beans at the ports of New York, Boston and Philadelphia last year was 244,776 bags of 200 pounds each, and yet this country is admirably adapted for bean culture. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:

"Where the crop is grown on a large scale so that machinery can be largely used the cost of growing should not be materially greater than that of growing an equal area of wheat. They may be planted by machinery, harvested by machinery, threshed by machinery, and the large buyers in bean growing districts use machinery largely in picking over the product. The yield will probably, on the average, equal that of wheat. Then look at the price per bushel compared with that of wheat. It is too, is a valuable food for sheep, as well as for other live stock, far exceeding wheat straw in this respect. Bean prices, usually high, are likely to be higher this year. The domestic demand always exceeds the home grown supply, and large quantities are annually imported. It is not creditable to the farmers of this country that these large importations are permitted to continue."

FORMOSA, which Japan will claim and probably get as a part of her indemnity, lies about 100 miles off the Chinese coast, between the 20th and 21st degrees of latitude, almost within hailing distance of the cities of Canton, Amoy and Tientsin, and will be surrendered by China with more reluctance than any amount of money she is obliged to pay over. The island is about 400 miles long and 50 wide, inhabited by a mixture of races, some of them not yet emerged from their primal barbarism, and Japan gets it her first duty will be to give it a civilized administration and bring its warring tribes into subjection, which the Chinese have never been able to do. It is in the main a mountainous and rugged territory, not very fertile nor otherwise valuable, but of great strategic importance, lying between

the China and Eastern seas, and will give important naval advantage to the country that possesses it. France has interests in those regions, and may have something to say about the transfer, and perhaps other countries will be interested in the discussion. But Japan has earned it; it is important to her, and she will probably get it.

The great battleship Indiana, which has cost the government over \$3,250,000, is nearly in trim to leave the ways, but in all our navy yards and splendid harbors there is no drydock that can float the new vessel. If anything should happen to the bottom of the Indiana it would be necessary to take her elsewhere or else drop anchor and allow the ship's sides to gather barnacles while the half completed docks at the Brooklyn yard, at Port Royal and at Port Orchard are being finished. The last named will probably be ready for use within a year, and each of those now in process of construction will be able to float the Indiana or any one of the monsters in the new fleet. Following the launching of the Indiana, it is expected that the Massachusetts, Iowa and Oregon, battleships of nearly the same size and cost, will speedily be completed and set afloat, and then the need of more capacious docks will be imperative. The three which are being built are of timber, it is surprising to learn, and the reason is to be found in the fact that the stone docks are easily disjunct by the action of the frost, while the timber docks are more enduring and less expensive. The construction of timber docks, however, requires thorough workmanship and not a little experience on the part of the contractor. One which was attempted at Portland, Ore., and which swallowed up \$240,000 without disgorging a penny in profits, was finally abandoned, and remains to-day a costly ruin. It leaks like a sieve, and is in no way fit for the purpose for which it was designed.

The Neighborhood Club which has been organized recently at Newton, Mass., will be watched with interest, for it promises to supply a social want without infringing upon the privileges and duties of home life. Its plan is to bring together a considerable number of families, including men, women and children, and to provide evenings of social pleasure for their common enjoyment. It is not proposed to allow church and party lines or social caste to keep out any respectable family, and no accomplishment in literature or art is required for membership. The meetings are made as informal as possible, and mutual acquaintance and friendship are promoted. The business man who joins such a club has a place where he and his wife and his grown children may meet the families who live in the neighborhood, without going to the trouble and expense of a special reception or dinner with the attending annoyances. The average resident in the suburb does not desire to entertain all his neighbors in his house many times during the winter, although he is usually glad to meet them there. It is just in that connection that the Neighborhood Club proves useful and convenient. Among the enthusiastic advocates of this new social movement is Dr. Edward Eggleston, who takes the ground that the highest intellectual satisfaction is to be derived in assemblies in which men and women come together. If a gathering is made up wholly of men there is apt to be a lack of restraint that wars against the best mental results. If women meet by themselves, they grow opinionated. But the meeting of men and women together at a Neighborhood Club is subject to none of these objections.

## A Stinging Retort.

Speaking of the late Mrs. Paron Stevens, the New York society leader, The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette says: "One story is repeated of her credit, although it was not long since it was told in print. An opulent woman who had got into society, as it were, by climbing over the fence when the policeman's back was turned, once asked Mrs. Stevens in a supercilious way about a young lady she was introducing. 'Who is your friend, Miss —?' she said.

"Miss — is a charming girl," replied Mrs. Stevens, "well bred, as you see, accomplished, entertaining."

"Yes, I know," persisted the snob, "you dear Mrs. Stevens, of course you know what I mean—who is she?"

"My dear woman," retorted Mrs. Stevens, "I can no more tell you who Miss — is than I could have told those who asked me who you were when you first came to Newport."

## Largest Flashlight Photograph.

The very remarkable photographic feat of taking the instantaneous picture of an audience in a theater at night was successfully performed at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York city, on the evening of March 31st, at an interval in the performance of Wagner's "Siegfried." Only one minute was allowed by the management for taking the picture. Preparations had previously been made, and extraordinary charge of magnesium for the flashlight was suitably arranged, the camera was placed in position, the focus was adjusted, the signal was given and the magnesium was fired by electricity. It is estimated that the flash was one-fifth of a second in duration. The picture has been reproduced as a two page cut in Harper's Weekly.

## Threatened to Let Him Go.

It is well known that certain vagabonds desire nothing better, especially when the cold weather comes on, than to be arrested and locked up, in order that they may be taken care of for a while. One of this fraternity succeeded in getting himself arrested for vagrancy, and on the way to the lockup he was so much overjoyed by the prospect of not having to sleep in the open air that he behaved somewhat boisterously.

"Keep quiet!" threatened the policeman; "if you don't, I'll let you go!"

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WATT.

Little Jimmie Watt watched the cover of a pot  
Dancing up and down like a dandy;  
Then he went and learned a trade,  
And the first steam engine made,  
And the whole world found it very handy.

## COURTESY AT HOME.

No pleasanter sight is there than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention toward their elders. The placing of the big armchair in a warm place for mamma, running for a footstool for aunt, hunting up papa's spectacles, and scores of little deeds, show unexpressed and loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you, dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So, if when the mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap the father stoops to pick it up bright eyes will see the act and quick minds make a note of it. By example, a thousand times more quickly than by precept, can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward pride of their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their own young sisters; the girls, imitating their mother, will be gentle and patient, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless. In the home where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet you on every threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No angry voices are heard upstairs. No splintered orders are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of housekeeping or servants. A delightful atmosphere pervades the house—unmistakable, yet indescribable.

## THE ALLIGATOR'S SMALL COUSIN.

The iguana is a very little fellow who belongs, like his cousins, the gcko and the chameleon, to a very big family. This family includes such large animals as alligators, crocodiles, lizards and many other strange creatures.

The iguana has a long, slender body, tapering in a curious way into a long tail which in turn tapers into a point. He has a queer crest running from his head to the end of this tail, and his body is covered with small scales. A soft pouch or bag hangs from below his chin, but for what purpose it is used naturalists seem to be divided in opinion.

Some iguanas live in trees, others dig themselves holes in the ground, and some varieties live upon the seashore and are quite fond of swimming about in the water. The eggs of the iguana are usually laid in the sand and are not hard like a hen's egg, but soft, like leather, and yellow in color. The iguana's tail, like that of most of his cousins, is very useful. He uses it for a weapon, slapping and inflicting severe wounds upon his enemies by means of his sharp notches. In the water he uses his tail like a snake, drawing his legs closely to his side and projecting himself along by means of the tail alone.

The iguana is a fierce looking little reptile when attacked. He raises himself upon his forelegs, looking very savage, but he is not really brave, and if you should come across an iguana nodding his head at you and trying to frighten you to death by wagging his tail, just stamp your foot at him and he will quickly lower his crest and scurry off into his hole.

## THE TALKING DOG.

There was once a ventriloquist so poor that he was obliged to travel on foot from town to town to save expense, much after the manner of the gentleman of adventure in Grimm's tales. One day he was joined on the road by a dog as forsaken as himself, but who seemed desirous of becoming his companion.

They journeyed together to the next town and entered the cavern tired, hungry, and penniless. Not being troubled with the inconvenient refinement which comes from a long line of gentle ancestors, the man had developed the quality known as cheek, so he and the dog sat down to eat a supper for which they could not pay.

The room was full of loungers, and the stranger took a conspicuous seat. "What will you have?" asked the only waiter the place employed; and the order embraced nearly everything on the bill of fare.

"But I want something for my dog, too," he added. "Ask him what he will have." The waiter muttered something about "Whatever giving us," so the stranger said, "What, don't you like to? Well, Bruno, you have beef or fish?"

"Beef, every time," said Bruno, looking with mild brown eyes at the waiter.

"And what to drink?"

"Water, thank you," said Bruno. By this time the landlord and every one in the place were eager with suppressed wonder, and gathered about to hear a dog talk.

The ventriloquist feigned indifference by eating with avidity, while the landlord was evidently considering something. His cogitation resulted in his offering the stranger three hundred dollars for his wonderful talking dog.

The ventriloquist appeared to hesitate a moment, then said, abruptly, "Yes, you may have him for three hundred dollars."

When the money was paid and the ventriloquist was about to leave, he turned to the dog, patted him affectionately and said, "Good boy, follow you've been a good friend to me."

"You are no friend of mine," returned the dog, "to sell me to another master. As you were mean enough to serve me such a trick, I'll have revenge. I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

The ventriloquist then made off with all possible haste.

## THE BACHELOR.

Treatment He Once Received at the Law's Hands.

When a proposal was made not so long ago to tax the bachelors of France, as they were taxed in the days of the First Republic, the fact was recalled that republicans generally have been hard upon the celibates. The wise Plato condemned the single men to a fine, and in Sparta they were driven at stated times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who there drilled and castigated them in true military style.

The ancient Romans, too, were severe with their bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines; and, worse than that, for after the siege of Veil Camillus is recorded to have compelled them to marry the widows of the soldiers who had fallen in the war.

Again, in the time of Augustus, the married men, all other things being equal, were preferred to the single men for the public offices. Then the Roman who had three children was exempted from personal taxes, and the bachelors not only had to pay them, but were prevented from inheriting the property of any one not a Roman citizen.

Coming to more recent times, we have several instances of a like kind recorded for us by a recent writer on the subject. In the French settlement of Canada, for example, the single men, they might be forced to marry, were subjected to heavy taxation and to restrictions on their trade and movements generally.

Those who married were dealt with, on the other hand, in a generous spirit. Not only were they provided with a good wife and a comfortable home, but they were rewarded according to the number of their offspring. The father of ten children, for instance, was pensioned for life at the rate of 800 livres a year. If he had twelve children he had 100 livres a year more, and the amount ran up to 1,200 livres a year when fifteen children blessed the nest.

About the close of the seventeenth century the local authorities in Eastham, in Massachusetts, voted that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds or three cows yearly as long as he remained single, producing the scalps in proof; and as a penalty for not obeying the order he was forbidden to marry until he had made up all arrears. The requirements here were almost nominal; but it was somewhat different in Maryland, where half a century later the colonial Assembly imposed a tax of five shillings yearly upon all bachelors over thirty, as well as upon widowers without children—who were possessed with \$200.

At home we were not quite so severe when William III. chose to single out the bachelors for special enactments. In those days a commoner who remained single at twenty-five had to pay a shilling fine yearly, and the amount was increased with rank or title. A duke was supposed to be a special offender in not taking a wife, and had to pay for his whim to the extent of twelve pounds ten shillings per annum. It was thus evident that the fact was recognized that the prosperity of a country depends upon its married citizens.

## A Large Book.

In one of the recent numbers of Harper's Young People a short sketch appeared describing the smallest book probably in existence.

As an offset to this it will doubtless interest the reader to know of a certain famous copy of the Koran, or bible of the Moslems. This book's enormous size has given it a great reputation. It is something like five feet long by three feet wide.

The letters or characters average three inches in height, and the book itself is about a foot in thickness. It is jealously guarded, and although religious book still it would be rather amusing to watch the efforts of a couple of full grown men opening it, for all the world like one would open the flap doors of a cellar, the binding being, literally, in boards. The labor of preparing such a work covered a period of six years.

## A Devoted Cow.

A Mr. Wood, who lives near Hood's Mill, owns a very peculiar milch cow. She is just an ordinary black cow, but is so much attached to Mr. Wood's children that she does not like to be separated from them. If the children are at home the cow will stay in a pasture with fence three feet high; but if the children are taken away she will throw down even very high fences in order to follow them. At different times when the cow would be in the pasture Mr. Wood has slipped the children away from home, but when she came up and missed them she would get out and track them as a dog would do until she found them.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

## The Virtue of Oyster Shells.

Ground oyster shells were prescribed by empirics in the olden time for gorbous, ricketty and scrofulous children. In a communication to the Academy of Medicine in Paris Drs. Muntz and Chatin say they were right. Oyster shells were long ago known to contain lime, nitrogen, iron and sulphur. Beside these constituents they hold manganese, magnesia, fluor bromine, phosphoric acid and iodine—all excellent for feeble children. The bromine taken from the oyster shell is a strong antiseptic. Teeth, they say, would be much improved were pulverized oyster shells given in food to growing children and to