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**THEIR ARE VOICES, RUSSIA! CALLING.**  
Cries of all the Russian tribes!  
Justice wakens in the land,  
Kamchatka is near at hand;  
Hark! those voices, Russia! calling  
Through the mist of blood and tears,  
Hear those solemn accents falling,  
Listen! shuddering Europe hears:  
We are coming, "Little Father,"  
From the horrors of the past,  
Soon the eagles will foregather,  
Vengeance seizes thee at last.  
We are coming from the highways  
Of the lands of corn and wine,  
From each city's streets and by-ways,  
From the foul Siberian mine;  
From thy sterile shores, Kamchatka,  
From the rude and frozen north,  
From thy wooded slopes, Viatia,  
Exiled hearts are hurrying forth.  
We are coming, "Little Father,"  
From the horrors of the past,  
Soon the eagles will foregather,  
Vengeance seizes thee at last.  
Exiled fathers, knotted mothers,  
Doomed "by order of the Czar,"  
Outraged sisters, murdered brothers,  
Harsh Fate's wailing car;  
As great waters seeking ocean,  
Increase as they seaward flow,  
Swells the voice of our devotion,  
Listen! Cries to its woe.  
We are coming, "Little Father,"  
From the horrors of the past,  
Soon the eagles will foregather,  
Vengeance seizes thee at last.  
By Siberia's night of weeping,  
(O dark night! O useless tear!)  
By the broken hearts, now sleeping,  
(God of Justice! thou wast near.)  
By the woe that vain beseech thee,  
Dying monarch! living slave,  
By these signs we now witness thee,  
Tyrant! hear thy victim's cry.  
We are coming, "Little Father,"  
From the horrors of the past,  
Soon the eagles will foregather,  
Vengeance seizes thee at last.  
What! thought scepter slaves proscribe her  
Liberty revives again  
From the Seven Hills by Tiber  
To the islands of the main:  
Yea! though tyrants would betray her,  
Blind her 'neath the mitted van,  
Pope nor Kaiser can withstay her,  
God's fair gift to fallen man.  
And she's coming, "Little Father,"  
From the horrors of the past,  
Soon the eagles will foregather,  
Vengeance seizes thee at last.  
H. K. COCKIN.  
\*The Russian peasant usually alludes to the  
Czar as "Little Father."

**History of the Question.**  
Let me invite your attention to the history of the question. The shores of Alaska were discovered by Captain Behring in 1741. He was a Dane, but sailed in the service of the Czar. Russian navigators from time to time carried on their exploratory surveys, but more than 40 years elapsed before they had properly defined and mapped these coasts. In 1793 the country was placed by the Czar under the control of a fur company in imitation of the Northwest Fur Company of Canada. In the meantime English and American fur traders and fishermen had visited these shores. The better to protect the Russian company from these rivals, the Czar in 1821 issued a ukase in which he claimed the sovereignty of the northwest coast of this continent from Behring Straits to the 51st degree of north latitude and so much of the Pacific Ocean as lay north of a line drawn from the 51st degree on the American Continent to the 45th degree on the Asiatic side. The ocean on this line is nearly 1,000 miles wider than the Atlantic is between New York and Spain. He also laid claim to the Aleutian and Kurile Islands, and prohibited all nations from navigating or fishing in the islands, ports and gulfs within the above limits, nor were they to come within 100 miles of any of the Russian establishments on pain of confiscating their cargo. Russia based her claim on this part of North America on first discovery, first occupation and a peaceable and uncontested possession extending over half a century. John Quincy Adams was then Secretary of State for the United States. He denied that Russia had acquired any right south of the 55th degree of north latitude, and he ridiculed the pretension to the sovereignty of a sea which upon its southern margin was more than 4,000 miles wide. The contention of Mr. Adams on this point is clear and explicit. He says the suggestion that the Russian Government might justly exercise sovereignty over the Northern Pacific Ocean as a *mare clausum* because it claimed territories both on the Asiatic and American coasts of that ocean, though on the 51st parallel they were not less than 4,000 miles apart, was a pretension of such a character that he was persuaded the commerce of American citizens would remain unmolested and no effect would be given to a prohibition manifestly incompatible with their rights.—Hon. David Mills on the Behring Sea Question.

**Biblical Weights and Measures.**  
A shekel of gold was \$9. A firkin was seven pints. A talent of gold was \$13,809. A talent of silver was \$538 30. Ezekiel's reed was nearly 11 feet. A cubit was nearly 22 inches. A bin was 1 gallon and 2 pints. A mite was less than a quarter of a glass. A shekel of silver was about 50 cents. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents. A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile. An ephah, or bath, contains 7 gallons and 5 pints. A day's journey was about 23 1/2 miles. A hand's breadth is equal to 3 1/2 inches. A finger's breadth is equal to 1 inch. A farthing was 7 cents.—Servant to Truth.

**An Ill-Timed Interruption.**  
Visitor (affably)—Does your little girl take after you or after her father?  
Little girl (interrupting)—Oh, it ain't me that takes after father! It's ma.

**Exchanging Confidences.**  
Clara—I have such a horror of growing old.  
Maud (sweetly)—I should think you would have got over it by this time.

**Audible.**  
Customer—Is this woolen material new?  
Tailor—Yes, sir. It's so new you can almost hear it bleat.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian novelist, is said to write so poor a hand that his wife has to copy all his manuscript for him.  
There are more ducks in the Chinese Empire, says an authority, than in all the world outside of it. They are kept by the Celestials on every farm, on the private and public roads, on streets of cities, and on all the lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country.

**FOUL BROOD; Its Cause and Cure.**  
(By William McEvoy, of Woodburn.)

Foul brood is a disease that is caused by the rotting of uncured for brood. It usually originates in spring in weak colonies that have spring dwindled so badly that they have not bees enough left to cover or care for all the brood, and if the spring keeps raw and backward the bees will crowd together to keep each other warm, leaving the uncured for brood to die and rot in the cells. The brood covered by the bees in time hatches, which so increases the force of the colony that a wider circle of comb is covered by the bees taking in the space occupied by the decaying brood. Then the brood that is fed in these cells where brood lately rotted down will have to consume their food mixed with the remains of decayed brood; and that is the real and only cause of foul brood.

Some will say that many a time they have put combs with decayed brood in colonies and never saw any bad results. Very true, but they do such things in the honey season and put them in the strongest colonies, where the bees will clean them out as once. If we want our colonies to keep in a healthy state we must keep all decayed brood out of them.  
Foul brood will almost be a thing of the past when every bee-keeper knows the real cause of it, looks well after his bees in the spring, and sees that the brood is well cared for in every hive; and the bees that are not real strong must be crowded up on a few combs by using division boards. The young bee destroyed by foul brood first turns yellow; as it decays further it becomes brown, rotten, rosy matter, and many of the capped cells will be sunken a little in the capping, with a small hole in each. The disease is spread by the bees robbing foul brood colonies, and they carry the disease just in proportion to the amount of diseased honey they convey to their own hives.

In the honey season, when the bees are gathering honey freely, remove the combs and shake the bees into their own hives in the evening, give them comb foundation starters and let them build comb for four days. In the evening of the fourth day remove the comb and give the foundation to work out, and then the comb will be complete. Fill an empty two-story hive with the combs of foul brood that have been removed from two or more diseased colonies; close them up for two days; after that open the entrance, and when most of the sound brood is hatched remove those combs and give the bees starters of foundation in single hive and let them build combs for four days. Then in the evening of the fourth day take out those new combs and give them foundation to work out.

Let it be remembered that all of those operations should be performed in the honey season and done in the evenings, so that bees will become settled down nicely before morning. Before extracting from the diseased combs, all the frames or some of the decayed brood will be thrown out with the honey. Then after cutting out the unsealed comb, uncup the sealed honey, extract it, and bring it to a boil. All the foul combs and the new combs that were built in the four days must be made into wax, and the dross from the wax extractor must be buried, because what runs out with the wax would not be heated enough to kill the spores; and if it was thrown out where the bees could get it, it would start the disease again. When the diseased brood that was placed in the two-story hive is hatched and the bees are given full sheets of foundation, then they should at once be given a queen cell ready to hatch out, or a young queen. Then everything will be all right.

**Paying for a Bean for a Day.**  
London servant girls pay British soldiers from 75 cents to \$1, according to rank, to walk out with them for Sunday, drinks included. This is perfectly true. There are hundreds of poor little "slaves" in the London boarding-houses, inns and hotels who are perfectly content to work their finger to the bone week after week if they can only manage to save enough to pay their pet soldier for his Sunday out and march him across the common in Hyde Park, the admiration and envy of numberless other little "slaves" who have not been so fortunate. The girls go down in shoals in the front of Wellington Barracks on Sunday, when the soldiers come out for parade, select their men and arrange with them for a day's escort on a purely commercial basis. As a rule this means nothing immoral. The servant girl simply hires the smart-looking soldier with his cane to parade her about the park from 2 in the afternoon till 9 at night and see her safely to her mistress's door.

**Pretty Long Hair.**  
There is a lady of this city whose hair is eight feet three inches long. Occasionally she has some curious experiences with it, and hears some strange things said of it. "When having my picture taken not long ago," she said recently in telling about it, "the photographer told some one who was present in the studio the length of my hair. 'Why, really, is it?' exclaimed the young lady informed, 'over eight feet long!' and then in all seriousness added, 'why, it must touch the ground!' This," was the laughing conclusion of the anecdote, "shows what a ridiculously poor idea or estimate some people have of dimensions in feet and inches."

**How Hailstones Are Formed.**  
The manufacture of hailstones is conducted at a high altitude. When a storm comes on there is a rush of cold air upward which catches falling raindrops and bears them heavenward. Then the drops pass through a cold cloud and get congealed; they become heavy and fall back into the rain cloud, where a coat of water adheres to them. Caught up again, they are carried into the snow, and take on another jacket; and so the process goes on until a large sized stone is formed, which, with its companions, escapes from the current of air and comes tumbling to the ground.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mrs. Brown—I had a piece of cake for you, Johnnie, but you didn't come when I called you. Little Johnnie—That was because I didn't hear you. If you'd wanted to lick me you'd have called me a dozen times.

**LIFE'S LITTLE WONDERS.**  
Remarkable Discoveries of the Scientist With the Microscope.

The polygynous life from the fabled hydra, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it, says the New York Telegram. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eyes of a drone. To effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen veins and three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, etc., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of holes (imperceptible to the naked eye) each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all of the threads, to the amount of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 4,000 threads united. Leuwenhook, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand which spun threads so fine that it took 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair. The fly spider, it is known, lays an egg as large as itself.

**Birth of an Iceberg.**  
The dynamical law by which the glaciers abutting on the sea generate their bergs is still somewhat vague. In earlier days it was held that the glacial tongue broke off by its own weight. To this has succeeded the following explanation, perhaps more popularly than scientifically accepted. Moving down the flanks to the ocean the glacier's front enters the waves, at first ploughing up the sea-bottom into a deep furrow. But as the ice prow pushes over the sloping ocean floor, the weight resting upon the bottom steadily diminishes. The floating power of the water tends constantly to lift the ice, which is held down by the rigidity of the glacial sheet below its normal sea line. Moving on, the glacier's front reaches the point in deeper waters where it is lifted from the bottom altogether. Still it remains unbroken, the strength of the sheet, hundreds of feet in thickness, holding it. But as it proceeds, the awful leverage on the unsupported tongue waxes. It is like the van of an army drawn waxen, and farther away from its main body, and encountering increasing attacks of the foe. Each surge of the tide, every onset of storm, racks its structure. At last comes the point where the hardly sustained equilibrium of forces ends, and the glacial tip breaks away into the floating berg. Finally we have a third and more recent hypothesis based on the differential movement of the upper and lower parts of the glacier. This latest theory asserts that the glacial front is thrust over from above by the swifter descent of its upper portion—movement which may be roughly likened to the breaking comb of a sea wave sweeping to the shore. But whatever the specific direction of the force which expels the berg from the glacier, the grandeur of the phenomenon which often attend it is without question. Constantly the brow of the glacier over the sea is shaking off with sharp explosions smaller masses of ice, which drop to the water in cloudlets of spray. Suddenly there comes a set of louder and deeper blasts that blend into a subterranean roar. A great section of the figured front of the glacier bends, with water-falls pouring from its sides, and obscured in clouds of vapor from the cold surfaces newly exposed to the air. As these clear away, the forcing up a wave of water dangerous to near vessels, to boats or men at the water's edge. Up and down the new-born berg sways, moving, meanwhile, slowly away from the glacier and on to sea. It has been born amid the tranquility of the elements to begin its life journey, that is to be long or short, according to its own size and the places to which the currents of air and water are to bear it.—Clarence Deming, in Harper's Weekly.

**Sang Too Loudly.**  
Harry Haines, a blind man who has been a regular attendant at St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church on Locust street above Sixteenth, claims that he has been requested to stop singing by the rector, Rev. Dr. Isaac L. Nicholson. Haines is very musical, and his mother says he is an excellent performer on both the organ and piano, and that for a long time he played regularly at the Mothers' meetings. She says her son is familiar with all the old hymns, and can very readily pick up any new tune. The trouble, she says, is due to jealousy on the part of the organist, Dr. Nicholson is in Europe, but his assistant, Rev. F. A. Sanborn, said it was very probable that the doctor had spoken to Harry on the subject, as his singing was really a great annoyance. "On Easter Sunday," said Mr. Sanborn, "the choir sang a new and elaborate mass, and Harry improvised a bass and accompanied them. I have received many complaints about him, and as the church spends about \$10,000 a year for its music, it does not care to have it spoiled in that manner. Harry does not know the words, but just sings 'la-la-la.'"  
—Philadelphia Record.

**Training Institute Studies.**  
In accordance with arrangements just completed by the Minister of Education, the professional training of High School assistant masters and first-class Public School teachers will hereafter consist of two courses:  
1. A course of instruction at Toronto in history, psychology, and methods of education, reading and elocution, drill, gymnastics and calisthenics, hygiene, writing and penmanship, and such other subjects as the Minister of Education may determine from time to time.  
2. A course at a Training Institute, consisting of systematic observation of High School work, and practice in the organization and management of High Schools, and in teaching the High School courses.  
The Training Institutes are conducted in connection with the Collegiate Institutes at Guelph, Hamilton, Owen Sound, Kingston, and Stratford, and the course in each will be, with some modifications, that hitherto pursued therein.

Apiarists maintain that bees do not injure growing or fair fruit. The juice of the sound fruit is inimical to their welfare; but though they will not attack sound fruit, they will settle upon bruised and blighted fruit.

**OH! FRANK.**  
The County Judge Stopped in Mistake for Frank.

Wednesday night about 10.30 o'clock the county judge was actually hugged by a young woman, who in her amorous haste, and in the darkness of the night, made a terrible mistake, and twined her arms in loving embrace round the neck of the senior representative of the judiciary of Elgin, instead of around her own and only Frank. The mistake occurred in this wise: Late in the evening there was a ring at the door in which the young woman in question is employed as a domestic. She being in bed the bell was answered by the mistress, who found a young man at the door who asked to see the domestic, calling her by name. The young man wanted to see her real bad, and asked the lady of the house to tell the young woman that "Frank" wanted to see her, but he was told that she was in bed, and it was impossible to see her. "Frank" then, with a sad heart, doubtless, started off, and had hardly reached the sidewalk before the young woman, who had heard the conversation, donned a wrapper and rushed out of the front door. The county judge was walking along Wellington just at this time, and the young woman mistaking him for Frank, rushed upon him, and exclaiming "Oh! Frank!" twined her arms around him and clung to him with as much tenacity as the vine clings to a tree. "Go away, young woman, I'm not Frank," the judge is reported to have gasped out, and the young woman released the brakes even quicker than they had been set. The girl then went in, dressed herself, left the house, and has not since returned, evidently going off with Frank.—St. Thomas Journal.

**RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.**  
How a Californian Fooled an Obstinate Bovine.

Harry Weiss, of San Francisco, was enjoying one of his occasional hunting trips in the wooded hills back of San Leandro last Saturday, says the Reporter of that city, when he suddenly found himself confronted by a large, gentlemanly looking cow, which gazed at him with ill-concealed vexation and unveiled contempt. Mr. Weiss hastily apologized for his intrusion, and was about to retrace his steps, when the boorish animal rushed toward him as if to assault and batter him. At this juncture Mr. Weiss was struck violently by a happy thought, which he immediately put into execution. When the animal reached him he sat down firmly on his horns, and as it raised its head he suffered himself, like Elijah, to ascend upward, until he reached one of the highest limbs of a venerable tree that was standing idly by, where he remained until his new-found acquaintance stole away to supper, which occurred some hours later. Had it not been for his rare presence of mind Mr. Weiss might have had trouble with the beastily beast.

**No Inane Asylums.**  
China has no asylums for the insane. The unfortunate victims of mental derangement in that country receive little or no care. Many commit suicide; some, though not many, are murdered—the fear that their spirits will return after death to plague their murderers preventing that method of disposing of them—while others are chained or caged and left to suffer, receiving no care except a bowl of rice twice a day.

Professor E. W. Thwing, an alienist, has just returned from a year's investigation of the condition of the insane in that country. The project of establishing an asylum was approved at the recent conference of Chinese physicians in Shanghai, but the people of China are too apathetic or even hostile to the scheme to warrant much hope of success. The plan of making the project an international one, therefore, has been adopted, and it is hoped that \$20,000 can be raised in the United States to help carry it out. The thought of the sufferings to which thousands of demented human beings must be exposed in China under the conditions described above will appeal strongly to the hearts of philanthropists throughout Christendom.—Rochester Herald.

**The Census in India.**  
The preparations for the approaching census in India are reported to be far more complete and efficient than they were ten years ago, and as a result returns of a much more trustworthy character are expected. In Bombay, owing to the omission to number the tenements in the various blocks or groups of buildings, there was practically no check on the enumerators. The ignorance and opposition of the populace were also great obstacles. In the native quarters it was believed that the people of India of both sexes were wanted to recruit the forces beyond the frontier. The different way, for the census-taking unlookingly coincided in date with the great festival when many thousands of Mussulmans go on pilgrimages to the tomb of Bhaw Mulung, on a mountain peak in that district, where they remain for several days. These and many other difficulties will be avoided or mitigated on the forthcoming occasion. The Parsees of Bombay give, it is said, little or no trouble, while, as regards the Mussulman community, the choice of Mussulman enumerators has been found to have an excellent effect.—London Daily News.

The Brazilian constitution recently completed says that citizens of that country shall be those who are born in Brazil, those born in foreign countries of Brazilian parents, those foreigners who were in Brazil November 15th, 1889, and who have been rejected the offer of citizenship, and those foreigners who own real estate in Brazil and have Brazilian wives and children and who do not intend to formally declare their intention of remaining citizens of their native country.

Experiments made in Austria show that the addition of soda to Portland cement enables it to withstand the action of frost.  
Professor Langley told the National Academy of Science that it was possible to provide artificial light with the expenditure of much less heat. He thinks we shall find a way to utilize the phosphorescent or firefly system.

**WHAT HYDROPHOBIA IS.**  
Many Persons Fall Victims to a Fatal Disease Caused by Fear.

It may be laid down in the very beginning of our consideration of the subject that the victim of false hydrophobia can only have those symptoms of which he has knowledge. Unfortunately, the real disease has received so much notice from newspapers and other popular publications that a tolerably correct knowledge of its phenomena has been acquired by the laity. Hence, we find that the picture ordinarily presented by the unscientific simulator is, at least to cursory observation, not unlike the real affection. There are, however, great differences which the educated physician will not fail to detect, and which will enable him to do what has never been yet done with real hydrophobia—cure the patient.

Hydrophobia never originates, in the human subject at least, except by inoculation from a rabid animal, and death always occurs four or five days after the development of the disease. A case of so-called hydrophobia came under my notice in which it was stated that the patient had been bitten some three months previously by a dog undoubtedly hydrophobic. Inquired as to what had become of the dog, and was informed that he was still living, having recovered. It was not necessary to examine any further into the particulars of this case, for if the dog had really been the subject of hydrophobia, he would have been dead very shortly after biting his patient.

Again, it often happens that a person easily affected by suggestion has what he conceives to be the symptoms of hydrophobia developed very soon after having been bitten by a supposed rabid animal, whereas the real disease rarely supervenes until after a month has elapsed from the time of inoculation. It is true there are cases on record in which the period of incubation was less than that, but they are exceedingly rare. In my own cases the time has varied from twenty-five days to four months and a half. Cases in which the disease is said to have supervened many years after an alleged inoculation ought to be received with doubt. The interval probably never exceeds two years or is less than ten days.—Dr. W. A. Hammond.

**COSTLY VISITING CARDS.**  
While Thousands Lack Bread the Few Riot in Luxury.

Five hundred thousand visiting cards have been engraved in Washington this season, says the Paper World. One stationery firm has turned out 300,000 in the last two months, and the money spent on pasteboard during a season amounts to tens of thousands of dollars. The most ordinary card costs a cent apiece after the plate is made, and some of the dinner invitations sent out cost \$10 a dozen. A prominent item of the expense account of a Washington belle is her engraving and printing, and society ladies who give dinners spend at times hundreds of dollars upon the stationery for a feast.  
Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid \$85 for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The map of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards, and the drawings and engravings were exquisite. At the dinner which General Breckinridge gave the cards cost \$1 apiece, and Mrs. Justice Blatchford gave not long ago a luncheon, the cards for which were engraved by hand at a cost of \$18 a dozen. Some of the cards are in raised silver and gold. They look as though the gold and silver had been melted and poured into letters on the card, and cost 75 cents apiece.

**A Remarkable Surgical Case.**  
On Monday, 4th August, a remarkable surgical case occurred in St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago. A gentleman, about 36 years of age, was placed under the effect of chloroform for a simple operation on an ankylosed elbow joint. The curious point was regarding the chloroforming. Writing to a friend in this city a few days after the operation he gives the following particulars: "I did not think my heart would stand the chloroform. I spoke of this several days before to the house surgeon. He said there would be no danger as chloroform is now administered. Well, I was put to sleep. When the senior surgeon had been operating on me for a few minutes, suddenly I ceased to breathe. I afterwards heard that the surgeon operating said, 'My God, he's dead!' They tried artificial respiration. No use! They let loose the electric batteries at me. Still no go. I was as dead as Lazarus. Finally, MacArthur, the surgeon, said, 'There is only one chance, whereupon he drove a needle down into my heart, and lo! the old machine began to jog again. Just as a clock not run down will stop, and may be set going by shaking it, so my stopped heart was made to run when shaken by the needle. It is a curious experience to have had, isn't it?'  
It is said that this is only the second case of the kind on record.

**How to Keep Bouquets Fresh.**  
Frank Angelo tells the Globe-Democrat: I always have a nice, fresh bouquet, sometimes the same one for several days, in a vase in front of the mirror. A great many people ask me how we keep the flowers so nice and fresh. I tell them how, but I don't understand just why it is that the flowers are kept so fresh by this means. In the first place I put a little salt, a tablespoonful or more, in the bottom of the vase. Then I fill the vase with ice broken into pieces the size of a walnut. On this I put the bouquet, the same as you put the stems into a glass of water. I never put any water in the vase, however. Enough comes from the melting ice and salt. I don't know just where I first heard of this. It is one of those things that seem so old that one cannot remember just how long he has known it.

Stout party, to life savor—You have saved my only child. What can I do for you? Name your reward. Hero, joyfully—Well—if you insist on it, why then just break in a new pair of shoes for me.

A complete addition of Matthew Arnold's poetry is soon to appear in a single volume in England. The edition will contain everything that is in the last three-volume edition.  
In a recent speech Mr. Gladstone read off a sentence containing 214 words, requiring twenty-four lines of type in the London News.