

**The Railway Crossing.**  
There are some who die on mountains high,  
And some in war's commotion;  
Some outside and cross the tide  
To satisfy a notion.  
And some there be who death must see  
Against the tempter's sowing,  
But few the most give up the ghost  
On the railway crossing.

Somewhat looms jump from balloons  
And meet the fate that follows,  
Some lose their breath and choke to death  
Upon the balloon's fallows,  
But those who die, we lay away  
Beneath the headstones resting,  
Who try to beat the engine feet  
And die right at the crossing.

Oh, you may toy with buzz-saw coy  
When ever they're in a row,  
Or on a leather stormy weather,  
Attend to it as they go,  
And even jaw your mother-in-law,  
Who always does the best,  
But don't go near it if death you fear—  
The fatal railway crossing.

**The Candidate.**  
Who comes and grasps you by the hand,  
And welcomes you with greeting bland,  
And dastery you can't withstand?  
The candidate.  
Who asks you how the children do,  
And how the world is going,  
And hopes that you'll help him through?  
The candidate.  
Who says the country's going to smash,  
Unless you help him to smash,  
The other side, with vote and cash?  
The candidate.

Who begs you to give him your vote,  
And says your interests he'll promote,  
And tries to cut his rivals' throats?  
The candidate.  
Who, when his victory is won,  
Will straight forget you have done,  
And look out sharp for Number One?  
The candidate.

**MAKING A FIRE.**  
One of the Household Duties in Which Young Wives Are Deficient.  
When about to light a fire with paper and split wood for kindling, unfold and tear the paper and twist it lightly into coils of rope, like clothes wrung out by hand. Put on the bottom of the grate four or five such coils, about as long as the fire-box, and then stack the kindling wood around the coils, leaving air spaces between the sticks, and lay several larger pieces of wood across the top. A sprinkling of coal may be added, but unless the stove has an exceptionally good draft, disappointments will be obviated by leaving the wood set well ablaze before adding coal. Always attend to the campers and drafts before setting a match to the kindling. If the draft be too strong and the match goes out as soon as it is applied, close the oven damper until the lighter kindling has caught. It will save some delay to light a good-sized twist of paper and put it under the grate, and another on top of the fuel, and start the fire in that way. Never fill the stove or range with coal above the level of the fire box. It is not only extravagant and wasteful of fuel to do so, but it is ruinous to the top plates, which will be superheated unnecessarily. No good cooking can be done over a furnace fire on a red-hot stove. To fill the fire-box so that the coals must be crowded down is not the way to treat a stove. —Demorest's Magazine.

**Interesting Names of Fabrics.**  
Everything connected with one's business is of importance. Very few dry goods men know the origin of the names of many of the goods they handle. They may seem trivial points, but they are of interest to the man who seeks to be thoroughly familiar with the merchandise in which he deals. For the information of such we give the derivation of the names of the following goods: Damask is from the city of Damascus; satins from Zaytown, in India, formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth and where calico was also printed; Muslin is named from Mosulin Asia; alpaca from an animal in Peru, of the llama species, from whose wool the fabric is woven. Buckram takes its name from Fostat, a city of the Middle Ages, from which the modern Cairo is descended. Taffeta and taffy from a street in Baghdad, Cembra from Cembra. Gauze has its name from Gaza; baize from Bala; gingham from Damiatta and jeans from Jean, a French name derived from a city in Ireland, Drogheda. Duck comes from Torque, in Normandy. Blanket is called after Thomas Blanket, a famous clothier connected with the introduction of woollens into England about 1340. Serge derives its name from X-rs, a Spanish name for a peculiar woollen blanket. Diaper is not from D'Ypres, as it is sometimes stated, but from the Greek diaspiron, figured. Velvet is from the Italian vellus, woolly (Latin vellus—a hide or pelt). Shawl is the Sanscrit shal, floor, for shawls were first used as carpets and tapstry. Baidanna is from an Indian word and orie, because it is tied in knots before dyeing. Chintz is from the Indian chint, Delaine is the French of wool. —Trade Journal.

**The Human Ear.**  
Few people realize what a wonderfully delicate structure the human ear really is, that which we ordinarily designate so is, after all, only the mere outer porch of a series of winding passages, which, like the lobes of a great building, lead from the world without to the world within. Certain of these passages are full of liquid, and their membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridor at different places, and can be made to tremble like the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or with the fingers. Between two of these parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to vibrate or relax these membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all a row of white threads, called nerves stretch like the strings of a piano from the last point to which the tremblings or thrillings reach and pass inward to the brain. A wonderful piece of mechanism, indeed! —St. Louis Republic.

**Duluth Will Have Her.**  
"Do you think Chicago will have the World's Fair?" asked the Chicago girl.  
"No if you'll marry me and settle down in Duluth," replied Mr. Smarty.  
—Teacher, after reading aloud the story of Jonah and the whale—"And now my little men, can you tell me who fell into the sea?" The entire class to a man, interrupting—"McGinty!"

**SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND.**

Statistics of the Great Hunting Season in the Highlands.  
During the present shooting season it has been estimated that in all probability as many as half a million grouse and black game birds (blackcock, grayhen and grouse) weighing on the average two pounds, which give us 1,000,000 pounds of food as the product of the vast heather areas of Scotland. Even at the price of 2 shillings per pound, says the Glasgow Herald, the sum represented will amount to 100,000 pounds, which, large as this is, far below the amount of money actually expended in shooting rents and in other ways by the tenants of the moors, of whom it has been said that every brace of grouse they kill costs them a shilling.

Estimates of the number of partridges killed are somewhat difficult to form, as the land which provides the birds is not like the grouse moors, separately held and rented. In Great Britain, taking the average of recent shooting as a guide, it may be assumed that 400,000 partridges will be shot, and, counting them over-head at the modest price of a shilling each, the money value represented will reach 300,000 pounds. A dew to the pheasant supply is less difficult to obtain, on account of the fact that the bird is extensively bred on what may be called "artificial lines." In other words, tens of thousands of pheasants are hatched every year by barn-door fowls, the eggs being purchased from persons who make it their business to supply them in large quantities, having aviares for the purpose. On some estates there is also a very great number of wild birds, which, being carefully watched during the breeding season, yield a considerable crop of chicks. Taking it for granted, therefore, that half a million of these birds are annually consumed, at a cost of half a crown each, the total sum expended will amount to 62,500 pounds, and it is not too much to say that those who supply the birds will sell them to the wholesale dealers at considerably less than they cost.

To rear each pheasant that comes to the gun, it has been calculated, involves an expenditure in food and wages of a little less than 3 shillings. Summing up these figures, we have 500,000 grouse and black game of about the average weight of two pounds each; also 400,000 partridges, weighing each close on one pound. Every one of the half-million pheasants will weigh not less overhead than two pounds. So the birds supply us with 2,400,000 pounds of good, wholesome food every season, the breeding and purveying of which gives employment to large bodies of the people at fair wages. When the millions of rabbits and hares annually consumed are added the totals of both weight and value become, of course, much increased. These animals have, happily, this season been killed in larger number than usual.

**A Comparison of War Ships.**  
The British Government has just launched a formidable cruiser named the Blake. Our Government is, on the other hand, building a formidable vessel not a cruiser, but what Secretary Tracy calls a battle ship. These ships are types of their respective classes. Being such, it may be well to compare their respective dimensions. The Blake is 375 feet long by 65 beam. The Maine is 310 feet long by 57 feet beam. The Blake's displacement is 9,000 and the Maine's 6,848 tons. The Blake's horsepower is 13,000 for twelve consecutive hours, her speed 19 1/2 to 20 knots; the Maine's 8,750 horse power for four hours, her speed 17 knots. On the other hand, the Maine is an armored ship, to the extent of 180 feet of her respective sides, leaving 130 feet thereof exposed to fire; while the Blake has an oval steel roof of six inches thick running her extreme length. The Maine's armament consists of four 10 inch guns in turrets and six ordinary 6-inch guns, while the Blake's is comprised in two 9.2 inch guns and six quick-firing guns. But it is to the respective costs of these two vessels to which we desire to draw special attention. While, even to the ordinary observer, the superiority of the Blake as a fighting ship is evident, the difference in the cost of the two vessels is something marvelous. While the hull and machinery of the Blake cost a trifle over \$1,000,000 the hull and machinery of the Maine are estimated to run up to close upon \$2,500,000! And yet the Blake being able to out sail the Maine by three knots an hour, she can do her distance and destroy her at will. And so protection is thus operating, not only to drive our merchant marine from the seas, but to make it enormously expensive to protect the few indifferent which are still left in possession thereof. —Chicago News.

**The Clothing of Babies.**  
Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant, who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low-necked, short-sleeved, short-coated dress in the coldest weather. The two parts of the body—viz, the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen—which is most important to keep from variations of temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs and lung diseases on the one hand, and bowel complaints on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompanying such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I can not see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs, and would much rather behold them comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty lie in the shape of the leg, that shape will be displayed to as much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it lie in the coloring of the flesh, beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the leg bare; and, from the artistic point of view, a blue or red stocking is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg. —From "Mental and Physical Training of Children," by Jessie O. Waller, in the Popular Science Monthly for December.

Young lady (to editor)—I have such a pretty little story with me. Can you use it? Editor—Oh, certainly; we can use anything here. (To office boy)—Jimmy, put a few more manuscripts in the stove; the room is growing cold.

**LONG TUNNELS.**

Some of the Famous Shafts That Engineers Have Made.  
On the St. Gothard Railway, not far from the famous long tunnel, there is a remarkable tunnel on the plan of a cork-crow. In the descent of the mountain it was found impossible to lay out a safe incline on a straight line or ordinary curve, and the engineers got over the difficulty by driving a tunnel which enters the mountain high on the side, describing a circle through the solid rock, constantly descending as it does so reappears under itself on the mountain side some distance below then it circles until it emerges into daylight under itself, when the line resumes its course down hill in a more familiar way.

The making of a tunnel like this is as striking an example of engineering skill as the world can show, and many very skillful mechanics. The art of tunneling is an old one, but it is never attained such perfection as distinguishes it to-day.  
There is a wonderful tunnel at Chicago driven in 1866, two miles out under the bottom of the lake, so that the city may obtain a water supply free from the refuse of the city. This tunnel, which has now been doubled, has two shafts, one on land and one in the bed of the lake, rising through a crib, which crib is defended by a break-water, and serves as the foundation of a lighthouse. This was a difficult work to manage, owing to its being through clay and quicksand, but it is a mere nothing as to length. There is for instance, the (rotton) quoduct from Croton down to New York, which is driven through solid rock for 36 and a quarter miles. The Hoosac tunnel is four and three-quarter miles in length and is twenty-six feet wide and twenty-one and a half feet high.

When canals were introduced into Europe, tunnels became necessary to avoid excessive lockage, and with the railway tunnels became quite common. Of the older railway tunnels in England, the longest is the Woo head, on the Manchester & Leeds line, which is three miles long, and consists of two parallel tunnels, one for each track. —Boy's Own Paper.

**LOOKING FOR A WIFE.**

The Mistake a Man Makes is That He Usually Plucks Green Fruit.  
Love has a weakness for green peaches. I do not mean the real fruit; I speak metaphorically. When you go into the market you naturally pick up the ripe peach and buy that. But when a man goes looking for a wife it seems somehow to be human nature to look for the green and unripe girl, and leave the ripest spinster severely alone.

I think myself—although I don't know anything at all about it—that girls should be left to ripen on the parent tree and plucked in the proper season. A plump, fair, mature spinster should most certainly be more easily disposed of than the green girl. But it is not so. Man, unthinking man, takes the bloom on the cheek for a fast color, and the naive of youth for an everlasting charm.  
Women are like nuts, not fruit. They are soft and tasteless when they are unripe, and they harden with age. Marriage is simply a process of canning, and they keep their flavor for all their life if they are properly canned. If this thing were more distinctly understood parents would have less difficulty with their children, and a great deal of anxiety and labor would be spared.

In Europe the affectionate mother only lets one of her daughters out at a time, and conceals the others until that one has been taken. It is an excellent plan, but it does not always work well. It sometimes gives the girl the flattering aspect of an only child, and if the father is rich that is a very effective deception.  
In America they are so proud of them all that they put them all on view as soon as possible, and say: "Let the best girl win." The result is a percentage of old maids, although no woman in America ever misses her last chance. It is somehow a knack they have of getting in time. —San Francisco Chronicle.

**Don't Jeer at La Grippe.**  
Those who have escaped from La Grippe, and are inclined to jeer at sufferers are referred to as follows by one of our exchanges: "All that we have to say is, we wish they may get it. Then they will know whether it is the grip or not. When their head aches as if it would split; when they have raging fever; when their appetite flies and they do not want anything to eat or drink or smoke; when they grow as weak as babies in less than twelve hours, when every one of the 204 bones in their anatomy aches each on its own account and conjointly with the rest, and every muscle feels as if it had been pounded with a club, drawn through a key-hole, tied into a hard knot and then used as a snubbar; when finally every mucous membrane in their bodies is in a state of greater or less inflammation, and all their serous membranes are dried up and their joints creak; when every in coming breath is likely to produce a stitch in the side and every outgoing breath turns into a sneeze on the slightest provocation then, perhaps, they will be willing to acknowledge that la grippe is here and has got them."

**Wanted to be Friendly.**  
He—I am awfully sorry, Miss Marjorie, but your lips were so near—the temptation—forgive me, I promise never to do so again.  
She (tearfully anxious)—Never again?  
He (constritely)—Never.  
She (with conviction not born of experience)—Then I am afraid we cannot be friends. —Scranton Cricket.

**A Cabinet Question.**  
"Have you a pain in your chest?" asked the doctor of the man with the influenza.  
"Don't call this a chest, do you?" said the patient, with a wheeze. "Seems to me more like a gripe-sac."

Mrs. Pender Cudlip, an English lady novelist, has been offered the task of composing a three-volume romance, with a happy ending, which will draw colonists to New Zealand as irresistibly as Mrs. Stowe's earlier work precipitated the late civil war. For this service Mrs. Cudlip is to be paid £1,000.

**HYDROPHOBIA IN ENGLAND.**

Some Very Curious Statistics Relating to this Terrible Disease.  
About hydrophobia, the Registrar-General has, in his report just issued, made an important deduction from his mortality returns, says the London Daily News. By death rates from hydrophobia in the districts that map out during the years 1869-1888, he finds that the disease has two great centres in this country. The death rate diminishes according to the distance from these centres. Lancashire is the head and front of the offending as regards hydrophobia. From that dreaded disease the annual deaths per million of the population are in Lancashire 3.39. This is far in excess of the death rate from the same cause in any other part of the kingdom. The figures most nearly approaching to it are 2.41 in Cheshire and 2.43 in the West Riding, contiguous districts. The other centre is said to be London, because here the deaths are 1.59 per million, diminishing to 1.45 in the extra metropolitan portions of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent. These are high figures in comparison with the low death rate in other southern counties. The Registrar-General is apparently confirmed by the Agricultural Department's account of the geographical distribution of rabies in animals. Naturally, the next thing the Registrar-General wants to know is whether these two centres of rabies and hydrophobia can be distinguished from the rest of the country as to the numbers and character of the dogs inhabiting them. This is an inquiry worth making. Meanwhile, the facts already ascertained justify the muzzling order in London. The precise number of deaths from hydrophobia in 1888 was 14. There were 5 in Lancashire, 6 in London or adjoining counties, 1 in Wiltshire, 1 in Cumberland and 1 in Glamorganshire.

**ABOUT MAKING MONEY.**

A Problem Which Should Be as Carefully Considered as Higher Things.  
In the rush and whirl of life in the cities it seems as if the old, slow ways of building up a comfortable fortune would be forgotten. But, though everything else changes, human nature remains about the same, says the Country Gentleman. Radical differences of disposition and habit will never be wiped out. However severely we may be shaken up together, we shall never be all alike. Forethought and care and responsibility will still govern some natures, be their capacities more or less developed; in others self-assertion, self-indulgence, immediate enjoyment will be the chief objects, even when many admirable acquisitions are at their command. No one who has any experience can doubt that money is one of the great practical forces of all organized society. The poor boy who resolves to "make money" is not necessarily mercenary in his spirit or love in his aims. To gain a foothold by the ownership of property is simply one step on the road to success. That gained, he has gained a great lever. Every energetic, aspiring American boy may rightly and naturally look forward to the accumulation of property. But to wish for money, to seek it, or to use it in a selfish, base spirit, to make it in itself the first and most important object of life, is contemptible and degraded manhood. Think about making money then; think about it earnestly and with a fixed determination to do it; but think of it as seriously of other and higher things to be done.

**How He Paid the Lawyer.**

"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilcox to a reporter, "was the defence of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court, because the prisoner said he had no money.  
"The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and the defendant was leaving the courtroom I called him back, and, just as a joke, handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first \$50 he got.  
"Next day he walked into my office and planted down two \$20's and a \$10.  
"Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak.  
"Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out."

**Suicide in the French Way.**  
Mrs. Cumsio—I hear that poor Mr. Dumberly has committed suicide.  
Mrs. Tangle—Yes, but he did it by the French method. He was always a great man for style.  
Mrs. Cumsio—The French method of suicide! What is that?  
Mrs. Tangle—He took Paris green.

**He Looked Up the Address.**  
"Can I see Santa Claus?" asked the small boy, entering Fogg's toy store.  
"He's not here, sonny," returned the old man, kindly. "Why do you look for him in my place?"  
"Why, I saw your name on the wagon he sent me, and I thought I might get him to trade it for a pair of skates." —Puck.

**Returning the Compliment.**  
Old Gentleman (to small boy)—I wish you a happy New Year, my son, and hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge and virtue.  
Small Boy (politely and innocently)—Thank you, sir; the same to you.

**It Looked That Way.**  
Walls—Did Black win the lawsuit he had over that large sum of money?  
Wallace—I suppose he did. He told me he lacked only \$450 of having enough to pay the lawyer, after it was over.

**A Successful Business Man.**  
Country bride (taking in the sights)—What a big printin' business this Mr. Job must do, John.  
Country Bridgroom—Yes, he's got printin' offices all over the city.

**She Wanted to be Sure.**  
Old Gentleman (to little girl on the horse car)—How old are you, little girl?  
Little Girl—Are you the conductor?  
Old Gentleman—Why, no; I have nothing to do with the railroad.  
Then I'm 7 years old.  
(Collapse of little girl's mother.)

**A STORY OF THE DAY.**

Sir Walter Scott's Delight in the Antics of the New Year's Eve "Guisers."  
Sir Walter Scott loved all the old customs of Scotland and sought to perpetuate them. Among those in which he took especial delight was that of having the "guisers," or maskers, perform before his family on New Year's Eve. The guisers were generally boys who were able to sing and act. They donned old shirts belonging to their fathers, put mittre-shaped caps of brown paper on their heads, with sheets of the same paper covering the whole face except the eyes and mouth. Each guiser, like a knight of old, was attended by a sort of squire, who assumed the dress of a girl, with an old woman's cap and broomstick, and was called "Bessie." Thus attired they went from house to house, singing, performing rude and grotesque dramas, and playing all sorts of antics, in return for which they expected a small gratuity. When they attempted anything in the theatrical line they were generally from three to six in number. The kitchen was usually chosen as the arena for their sports, and thither the whole family would resort to witness them. Sir Walter Scott made it a rule to have a set of these maskers entertain his family on every New Year's evening, and he never thought it beneath his dignity to manifest his delight in their performances. The custom still prevails in some parts of Scotland.

**Courtsnip in Peterstown.**

(With Apologies to Mr. Howells.)  
"Now, you Bob Simpson?"  
"What'm I doing?"  
"Oh, you know!"  
"I don't either."  
"Oh, you big story-teller—stop!"  
"Stop what?"  
"You know very well."  
"No, I don't."  
"Oh, Bob Simpson, ain't you afraid you'll go to the bad place for telling such awful stories? Stop now!"  
"I ain't doing anything."  
"Aw—w—w!"  
"Ain't it?"  
"Where you got your arm?"  
"Where I want it."  
"You ought to be so ashamed—a—med!"  
"Poo! What of?"  
"Oh, you know—now take your arm right away!"  
"I shan't!"  
"What if I call paw and maw?"  
"Huh! No danger of that."  
"I will, too!"  
"Let's hear you."  
"Aw! what if somebody should see you with your arm there?"  
"Poo! I wouldn't care."  
"I'd be so ashamed—a—med!"  
"Humph! What's the matter of me putting my arm around you if I want to?"  
"It ain't nice, and you just shan't, so there!"  
"Can't help yourself."  
"I'll call paw."  
"You said that once."  
"Go 'way, you dreadful thing! Quit that, now!"  
"Quit what?"  
"Aw, you know."  
"No I don't."  
"Trying to kiss me!"  
"I wasn't either, but I will now."  
"No, you shan't!"  
"Well see—here goes!"  
"Aw—oh—go 'way!—stop!—quit that—aw!—tee hee!—quit!—aw, you!"  
"Ah, hee—kissed you nine times."  
"You dreadful, horrid thing! Now, I'll never speak to you again!" —Zenias Dans in Fock.

**A Police Inspector's "Don'ts."**

FOR WOMEN.  
Don't carry a pocket-book in your hand.  
Don't carry a pocket-book in a very loose pocket which hangs away from the person.  
Don't lay your hand bag, containing your pocket-book, on the counter of a store while you walk across the room to examine goods.  
Don't wear a watch in a pocket on outside of dress.  
Don't wear chateleine watches.  
Don't stand strangers by their dress.  
Don't stand long in the same spot in a crowd.  
FOR MEN.  
Don't go into a crowd with your outer coat unbuttoned.  
Don't carry valuables in your outer coat.  
Don't make too great a display of your jewelry.  
Don't carry money in the pocket on the right hand side of your trousers. Pickpockets expect to find money there.  
Don't forget that you are just as likely as anybody else to be a victim of pickpockets. —Boston Transcript.

**Do the Dying Suffer Pain?**

The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. A natural death is not more painful than birth. Painlessly we come; whence we know not. Nature kindly provides an anæsthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment, and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspirations, and short, sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble, and often irregular pulse. As this process goes on the blood is not only driven to the head in diminished force and in less quantity, but what flows there is loaded with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anæsthetic, the same as derived from charcoal. Subjected to the influence of this gas the nerve centres lose consciousness and sensibility, apparent sleep creeps over the system; then comes stupor and then the end. —St. Louis Republic.

Robert Carter, founder of the well-known New York publishing house, who died last Saturday at the age of 82, was a Scotchman. He came to America when a young man and was a tutor in Columbia college, and afterwards founded a private school. At the time of his death he was a director of the American Bible society.

The only measure of a newspaper's circulation is the number of copies printed. What becomes of these copies is a question in fixing—not the amount of the circulation; but—the value of it.