There Might be Two.

This one is sick; his wayward fate cries out
Against the leech, the calomel, the bed.
Oh! inconsiderate person, cease to pout—
You might be dead!

And this one has the mitten; he has wooed;
Vainly, alack, his wooing has sped.
Well—even in this there's comfort, rightly viewed—
He might be wed!

And here is one who whines; his all is swept
Away in panic, he has had to "fail."
He should, I think, be cheerful, that he's kept
Safe out of jail.

But late I lost a twenty-dollar-bill—
And did I wring my hands that I had blundered?
Not I, indeed! I'm very thankful still
'Twas not a hundred.

Sooth, should I e'er capsize when walks are bad,
And my good clavicle involve in wreck,
Serenely, I should say—How very glad
It's not my neck.

Oh! trust me—better not to make ado
At the few miseries of our common lot.
There's millions of 'em—if we only knew!—
We haven't got.

An Adorable Crew.

Lazily, slowly drifting
Down with the quiet stream,
It seemed to me in my gladness
That it all must be a dream.

For Mabel—my darling Mabel—
Was trying to steer the canoe,
And as I lay there watching
I fell in love with the crew.

I thought how pleasant it would be
To—Thunder! Where are we now?
The canoe had gone down to the bottom,
With a hole a foot long in the bow.

MORE MOTHER THAN WIFE.

Some Unpleasant Phases of Excessive Maternal Love.

There are two distinct kinds of women in the home—the one more wife than mother, the other more mother than wife. We all know houses where the woman either sacrifices the husband to the children or the children to the husband. Sometimes she sacrifices both to herself, and sometimes the husband joins hands with her in her "philoprogenitiveness" and makes the nursery the Delos of the house and the school-room the Mecca of the life. In which case unfortunately the chances are that the children are spoiled by being made too much of—whereby they become selfish and self-considering—while the interests of the parents, narrowed down to the dimensions of the home only, cause their intellects to suffer from the rust of disuse and the mildew of stagnation. They become socially dull, and tiresome as companions. They are unable to talk of books or pictures, of politics or music, of science or travel—in short, of things of any general interest. They can talk only of their children; and the smallest events connected with them take the dimensions of imperial interests on which hangs the fate of thousands. As infants you hear of their maladies, or, it may be, while still unable to guide their hands to their mouths, of their sharpness and intelligence. Grown older and able to talk in that mysterious tongue which no one not initiated understands, you hear of profound remarks proving a depth of philosophy which promises a future Plato, to say the least of it. Grown older still, their prowess in the cricket field, their successes at school, their superior attainments generally form the staple of parental conversation—of all the life of the father and mother—and when the last of the nestlings' plumage has been shed—the last chip of the egg-shell has fallen off—and the children have become the young people of their generation, that parental interest increases rather than diminishes, and the absorption is even greater. When the husband does not join hands with a wife who is more mother than wife, he has a bad time of it. To the ordinary man children are delightful playthings while they are little—leeches to be fed with the blood of gold, when, grown older, they need much and demand more. But for the most part they occupy a subordinate place in real life, and are included in the mass rather than made the apex of the whole. To such a man as this their advent often proves but a questionable kind of blessing if his wife is one with whom the children eclipse the husband. He married for personal companionship, for sympathy of tastes and pursuits, for general pleasantness of association; and for the first few months he seemed to have found all that he desired. His wife was sweet and complaisant; ever ready to walk with him, ride with him, read with him, listen to him, talk to him—ever ready to be the companion he had pictured to himself as the summit of human happiness. The first child destroyed the whole scheme and broke up the plan of his life—dispelling forever the rainbow-colored dreams which youth and love had woven for him. The woman he had married was more mother than wife; and, from the moment of its birth, "baby" became the centre of her existence, and the nursery was the throne-room of the house. Henceforward the husband was but as a dead planet revolving in its place, giving no joy, and of use only as a part of the general order, not as the great radiating sun of the whole system. Nothing now can be done as heretofore. With the nervousness of a young mother, baby's existence seems to her to be daily and hourly threatened, and death is warded off only by incessant care. So far from feeling that nature is strong and the forces of conservation more powerful than those of destruction—given the most ordinary wisdom of management—the young mother thinks that on her unsleeping vigilance alone hangs the frail thread of life, and that if she relaxes for a moment the enemy will be upon her darling and the great thief will have stolen her treasure. The dinner has to wait if baby has not gone to sleep—who knows what direful mischance may not ensue on this irregularity of the little creature's repose? There can be no music in the evening because the piano might awake the baby—who would sleep like a top in the midst of a battle or in the heart of a storm. Even voices must not be raised too high, laughter must not be too loud, doors must not be slammed with too brusque a motion—nothing must be done void of the one thought—not to awake baby. The husband's whole home life is revolutionized. His cigar is taken away from him—smoke is bad for baby: and to kiss baby with a tobacco-tainted breath is to poison it. Did not a certain American mother write her experiences in this direction? Was not her child continually poisoned by its father who smoked and played with it afterwards? And did he not give up his pernicious nicotine for the sake of the more precious life? So it goes on, and the husband sinks into insignificance—going farther and farther down in the heaven, where once he had been the vertical sun, till finally he passes out of sight below the horizon, and the wife cares for him no more than for a pair of hands capable of writing cheques which keep the house going. As time goes on and the olive branches increase the mother becomes more and more absorbed in her children, and the wife dies daily more entirely to her husband. She keeps her sons at home as long as she can, and coddles them out of all reason and manliness. She dresses them esthetically, and takes care that their hair shall be long and curling. When the time finally comes for the day school—which dreaded time she cannot longer postpone—she keeps them at home on the slightest pretense and makes the master's life a burden to him by reason of her remonstrances against the length of their tasks and the severity of his impositions. When they have finally to leave her for a more vigorous state of things she prejudices their standing in the school by the absurd precautions which she takes for their isolation from all chances of evil, and the spirit of exclusiveness of superiority, of stand-offishness that she has so diligently fostered in them. If her sons escape the pits she has dug for them and turn out passable men, then are they to be congratulated on a good fortune not granted to all. It is the same with her daughters. When grown up and introduced, their pleasures count for more than her husband's wishes, health, happiness and very life—and she would rather he went bare of necessaries than that they should want superfluities.—*London Queen.*

SAFETY IN HOUSE DRAINAGE.

The Dangers Involved in Ignorance of Sanitary Principles.

In his census reports, Dr. Billings estimates that, in the United States, one hundred thousand deaths occur every year from strictly preventable diseases alone. This is unquestionably a very moderate estimate, and, if there are reckoned also twelve cases of serious illness for every death, we see what a great amount of suffering results from ignorance or sanitary principles. But how is this ignorance manifested? Are not our architects competent to deal with the problem of household sanitation? It will be said, perhaps, that it is the province of the architect to direct the entire work of house-building, and to arrange every detail of the fittings. But it should be considered that the science of sanitation is broad and comprehensive. Years of study and of experience in sanitary work are necessary for a proper understanding of the subject. It is perhaps unfortunate that there is so little in the severe and unpleasant details of this work to commend it to those whose tastes have led them to the study of the more attractive principles of artistic construction and the science of æsthetics. An architect should have the hand of an artist, but there are few men whose nature is so broad as to combine truly artistic tastes with a love for the details of difficult mechanical work, involving the necessity for undertaking comprehensive and scientific research. It is the province of the engineer to engage in an occupation of this kind. His natural inclinations and his rigid training in scientific pursuits fit him especially for the direction of matters relating to drainage and sewage disposal.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Moral Use of Wealth.

If "an Englishman's hell is not to be making money" as Carlyle so savagely asserted, the American people, under similar conditions, suffer the same torment. Every avenue of business is now overcrowded, and the race for money-getting goes on with unparallelled speed, while the higher educational, judicial and clerical professions, which are comparatively underpaid, are neglected. The fact that a business career is more easily entered upon than any other, that its higher prizes are so great and comparative wealth so easily won, and that social and political preferment are so largely conditioned upon the possession of a large fortune, attracts to a life of mere-money-making thousands of young men whose abilities are far more needed in the higher professions. While the pursuit of wealth is one of the conditions of the nation's prosperity, it is liable to the penalty of promoting materialistic views of life, inordinate love of gain among individuals, and a habit of meanness in the ordinary affairs of life. Avarice, greed of gain, and miserly hoarding or misuse of wealth are the penalties the race pays for its thrift. That these are very serious penalties, having a disastrous influence upon national as well as upon individual character, is sufficiently clear. Nature always avenges herself upon the miser by narrowing his vision of life, dulling his sensibilities, and usually by reducing his family to beggary at the end of three or four generations. In the wider sphere of national life the effect of avarice is seen in slow progress of art, literature and religion, and in what M. Renan and Matthew Arnold have both lamented as the condition of the middle classes of England and the United States, "their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence." Such national defects can only be removed by the voluntary enlistment of individual wealth in the cause of education and religion.—*Providence Journal (U. S.)*

Mrs. Langtry's new play for next season is called "A Love Story."

The genial autocrat is not appreciated by everybody in his own town. One day an American gentleman went into a barber's shop as Dr. Holmes was going out. "Do you know who that was that just went out?" asked the barber. Being curious to see what account of Dr. Holmes the barber would give, the visitor shook his head. "Why," said the barber, "that's old Dr. Holmes." "And who is Dr. Holmes?" "Oh, he's been a doctor here a great many years. I believe he ain't practicin' any more, but he's thought a good deal of."

Rev. John Jasper, the colored minister of Richmond whose views on the sun have made him celebrated, has been preaching since 1840. He was a slave when he professed Christianity, and his first religious labor was performed among his fellow workmen in a Richmond tobacco factory.

THE SCIENCE OF NAMES.

How to Bestow Graceful and Euphonic Names on Children.

Writers spend much time and thought in selecting a name for a play or novel, for they know that success is largely dependent on it. Parents, however, are strangely careless and unscientific in giving names to children. In the Harvard and Yale catalogues of last year I found but two or three really good combinations. Usually, when a new-comer arrives, some old family name is taken; or if the parents exercise an original choice, they are too much excited to be guided by any sound euphonic principles. They forget that not only from the social point of view it is very advantageous to have one's name remembered, but that from the business point of view notoriety is capital, and must be obtained by persistent and ingenious advertising. But if a certain amount of notoriety could be obtained for John Smith by an expenditure of time, money and ingenuity represented by x, and spread over a period of three years, it is safe to say that the same amount could be obtained for Hans Arrowsmith by $x \cdot 4$ in eighteen months. Nor is the saving of time or money on the part of the knocker at the gate of notoriety the only thing to be considered, for, from the altruistic point of view, the lessening of the effort of recollection on the part of the world is far more important. The economy of the public stock of energy wasted in innumerable unconscious efforts to remember a name without any corners for the memory to grasp, but persistently thrust before it, would result in an increase of available mental force applicable to settling the question of future probation, or to raising the ethical standard, or to reforming the tariff, or to disposing of the surplus. The importance of the subject leads me to suggest one or two of the chief fundamental principles of the science of naming children. The system is simple, and any provident parent can easily master and apply it.

1. Avoid odd, or eccentric, or poetic combinations, and be guided by euphonic quality only. It is true that an odd name may be remembered, but the associations with it will not be pleasing. The idea of oddity of affectation may attach to the shadowy personality built up in the mind of the public. Under this rule, hyphenated names, especially hyphenated Christian names, like Floyd-Jones Robinson, are to be avoided. Writing the first given name with an initial and the second in full is also evidently opposed to correct scientific principles.

2. The best form of name is a dactyl and a spondee, like "Jeremy Taylor." Every one has heard of the "Shakspeare of divines," and has a dim idea of an agreeable personality attached to the name. Had his name been Charles Taylor, it is far within bounds to say that his reputation would be about one-third of what it is now.

3. If the surname is not one that can be treated according to the above rule, it should be fitted with a given name, such as to bring the combination as nearly as possible to the above length and cadence, as Sidney Dobell, Ellery Vane, Henry Ward Beecher, Dante Rossetti, Theodore Watts and the like; or, otherwise, to two long syllables, like Mark Twain or Bret Harte. The subdivisions of this branch of the subject are too numerous to be given, but all rest on principle No. 2. The phonic value of the surname is, under our system, the controlling element in practically applying the science of names.

The great value of names beginning with Mac or O is evident, because thay so readily combine with the ordinary Christian names. Any one would be favorably disposed to Arthur O'Connor, for instance. A boy pervades our quiet neighborhood simply because his name is Johnny MacWorter. He is not in any respect a remarkable boy, but his name forces him into prominence by its phonic value. There are some ten or twelve boys who are comrades, but he and another dactyl-spondee boy, Emory Watson, are the only ones ever spoken of. No doubt there are others who do as much mischief and make more noise, but these two reap all the fame.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Reporter's Silence.

The Duke of Cambridge was through Liverpool lately, and his presence there recalled to an old newspaper man, who was there when the Duke visited it last, a rather amusing story. The Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Cardwell and several other distinguished men were to dine with the Mayor at the Town Hall. Their speeches were expected to be of European importance, and great interest attached to the occasion. Owing to the great attendance the Mayor could find room for only one reporter. There was much protest on the part of the press, but it was of no avail. An expert reporter named Murphy was selected for the work, and arrangements were made to supply all England with his report, which he was to dictate, when the banquet was over, to a dozen stenographers; but Mr. Murphy had been treated with the utmost discourtesy by the Town Hall officials. He was placed apart from the guests, and was either supplied with a seat among the pots and pans of the waiters, or in an orchestra occupied by the fiddlers. However, he took his revenge as well as his notes. When he returned to his office, where a dozen reporters were awaiting him with breathless anxiety, he smiled benignantly upon them and told them to go home. "Go home," gasped a celebrated editor, "what do you mean? Have you not got the report?" "I have taken down every syllable," said the redoubtable Murphy, "here are my notes," slapping his pocketbook, "and there they remain. I have been grossly insulted and not a line of the speeches shall ever see print." He was as good as his word, and so far as England and the world were concerned the great men at the Town Hall might have uttered their words of wisdom, congratulation and warning in a thunderstorm from the top of Snowdon.—*Liverpool Post.*

A Heroine.

At Punxatawny, Pa., last week, a little lad not 3 years old somehow got in front of the railway train, and, while other onlookers held their breath in horror, Miss Chanler, young and pretty, rushed up and at imminent risk caught him from almost beneath the wheels and fainted amid the cheers evoked by the heroic act.

LANGUAGES NEEDING NO TONGUE.

Articulate Whistling, the Drum Method and Finger Speech.

At the last meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society Lieutenant Quedenfeldt, a German officer who has lived on Gomero Island, one of the Canary group, described a whistling language which is used by the inhabitants. The language does not consist of any arbitrary series of signals or sounds. It is described as ordinary speech translated into articulate whistling, each syllable having its own appropriate tone. The Gomero uses both fingers and lips when whistling, and Lieutenant Quedenfeldt asserts that he can carry on a conversation with a neighbor a mile off, who perfectly understands all he is saying. The practice is confined to Gomero Island, and is quite unknown to the other islands of the archipelago. The adoption of the whistling language is said to be due to the peculiar geological construction of Gomero Island. It is traversed by numerous gullies and deep ravines running out in all directions from the central plateau. As they are not bridged they can only be crossed with great difficulty. Hence a man living within a stone's throw of another in a straight line has often to go many miles when he wishes to see and speak to his neighbor. This, it is conjectured, led to the adoption of whistling as a useful means of communication, which has gradually assumed the proportions of a true substitute for speech. It is described as being anything but unpleasing to the ear.

This reminds one, says the *St. James' Gazette*, of the drum language of the natives of the Cameroons, mentioned in Bucholz's book on West Africa, by means of which the most complicated messages can be conveyed to villages at a distance when occasion necessitates it. For this purpose a peculiar shaped drum is employed. By dividing the surface into uneven halves that instrument, on being struck, may be made to yield two distinct notes. By these, and shortening and lengthening the interval between each note, a code is established with a regular sequence of taps, strokes and intervals, capable of expressing every syllable in the language. All the natives understand this code, and so highly elaborated is it that a chief can, by its means, summon to his presence any villager whom he desires to see, intimating to the latter at the same time the purpose for which he is required. In this way, too, messages can be sent from village to village over wide stretches of country, the drummer in one hamlet transmitting to the next the signals he hears, and with extraordinary rapidity.

Bucholz had proof on one occasion of the utility of this drum language and its capabilities as a medium of communication. The negro who had charge of his canoe obtained leave one morning to attend some private business of his own, which took him to the other side of the river. The man remained away an unreasonable time and Bucholz got angry, as he was waiting to leave the place. Another negro suggested that they should drum for him. The drummer was sent for and instructed to inform the missing servant that his master was angry with him and that he was to return at once. In a few minutes the man returned with the inevitable apologies for the length he had been away. He had perfectly understood the message drummed out to him, as Bucholz ascertained by inquiring of him.

Equally curious is the so-called sign language or finger speech of Oriental traders, largely employed on the east coast of Africa in the direction of Zanzibar. Walking through a market place in this region of the world the traveller will often witness a strange sight. A couple of grave, long-bearded Arabs will step aside, each will put his hand up the other's sleeve, and they will then begin apparently to pinch each other's fingers for a few minutes. Often the performance will be varied. One will unroll his long turban cloth, or perhaps lift up his long mantle and then cover his hand, and concealed beneath this the pinching of the fingers will proceed as before.

A River of Hot Water.

The great Sutro Tunnel, cut to relieve the celebrated Comstock mines at Virginia City, Nevada, of the vast quantities of hot water which are encountered in them affords an outlet to 12,000,000 tons every 24 hours, or about 3,000,000,000 gallons Some of the water, as it finds its way into the mines, has a temperature of 195 degrees, while four miles from the mouth of the tunnel the temperature ranges from 130 degrees to 135 degrees. To obviate the inconvenience which would arise from the vapour such a vast quantity of water would give off, the flow is conducted through the entire tunnel, four miles, in a light flume of pine. At the point of exit the water has lost but seven degrees of heat. Sixty feet below the mouth of the tunnel the hot water is used for turning machinery belonging to the company, from whence it is carried off by a tunnel eleven hundred feet in length, which serves as a waterway. Leaving the wasteway tunnel, the water flows to the Carson River, a mile and a half distant. This hot water is being utilized for many purposes. The boys have arranged several pools where they indulge in hot baths. The miners and others use it for laundry purposes, and arrangements are being made whereby a thousand acres belonging to the company are being irrigated. It is proposed to conduct the hot water through iron pipes, beneath the surface of the soil near the roots of thousands of fruit trees which are to be planted, and in a similar manner give the necessary warmth to a number of hot houses to be used for the propagation of early fruits and vegetables

Stately Under Difficulties.

St. Louis man (witnessing "Julius Cæsar")—Do you notice, my dear, with what stately grace Brutus moves about?

Wife—Yes; and he is in his nightgown, too. It's wonderful!—*Harper's Bazar.*

That Dreadful Noise.

Sunday morning—Little Minnie—Oh, mamma, what is that dreadful noise upstairs? Mamma—Hush, darling; t's papa trying to save the price of a shave.

The monument of Sir Bartle Frere on the Victoria embankment, London, consists of a heroic sized statue on a granite pedestal 14 feet high. The pedestal bears the words "India" and "Africa," each within a wreath of oak leaves.

THE KING OF MOTORS.

It Still Holds the Throne Against All Competitors.

The steam engine is first, last and all the time the king of motors, and holds the throne against all comers. Now, why should not those who live by attending to it learn something of the master they serve? No doubt many are desirous of doing so, and the very first step toward gaining a knowledge of steam and steam engines is to read what others have discovered about it. Young men, especially, must remember that the day of squirt-can engineering has gone by, and the demand is for men who can run engines understandingly, or with some knowledge of the principles involved. The demand may be less in some sections than in others, but the day is not far off when engineers will have to be such in fact, not in name. Men will not be tolerated who cannot show a better record than: "This certifies that John Smith is a sober man, etc. Now, there are no books which teach engineering pure and simple. There never was a book and there never will be one which can make an engineer out of a tramp or a handy man who happens along. An engineer is the product of time, experience and study—that covers him in all lines. It takes time to get an experience, and when one gets it he must get that of others also; he must get his facts correctly from the fountain head, and not from gadabouts around a threshing machine engine. The place to get facts about steam engines is in a common philosophy, for the steam engine is controlled by laws written in every book on physics. There are no chapters on it therein; there is no part which says one must turn this cock or open that valve; nothing in common philosophy tells one when a boiler is going to burst so in many words; but in the laws of heat, of atmospheric action, in the behavior of water under certain conditions, the engineer finds instruction which he cannot do without, and which enable him to get over difficulties which floor others.—*Milling Engineer.*

Children's Lunches.

A child at play from morning until night, in the open air, will make away with an incredible amount of food, and be healthier for so doing; but let it rely upon the ragular hours for taking it. It will then enjoy the blessing of coming to the table hungry, for that certainly is a blessing, as those deprived of an appetite can heartily testify. Nor is it any sign of distress that they are clamorous for their meal to be served, their keen appetites only assuring you that there is not much probability of complaints being made of the dishes set before them, provided there is always enough. A prominent physician and surgeon once said of his three children, who were then well-grown young men, and the picture of health: "We never allowed our children to lunch between meals, and they were all good eaters; we never allowed them tea or coffee, and they were all good sleepers." All those same children have since graduated from college and are holding high positions to-day in the professional world, robust and of excellent habits, though inheriting a frail constitution from a mother who died young. The annoyances and discomforts arising from the habits of lunching must be innumerable; the interruptions of your time for reading, sewing or social calls by a hungry child demanding attention that must not be set aside; the untidiness that must follow the preparations of even plain bread and butter for one, two or three children; the extra steps required from either servant or parent, these alone make a strong plea against such a habit; but when we consider the violation of the whole dietary system, and all the evils that stand waiting to give them a grip of their punishment for their indulgence, we cannot help crying out against the evil and urge a better understanding of all laws of digestion, and what is quite as important, of indigestion.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Photography in Criminal Courts.

Photography is gaining prominence in criminal courts. With its help a Berlin merchant was recently convicted of crooked ways in keeping his accounts. The slightest differences in color and shade of inks are made manifest in the photographic copy. Blue inks appear nearly white; brown inks, on the contrary, almost black. The books of the accused were submitted to a photographer, who took off the pages concerned and brought into court the most undoubted ocular proofs of the illegitimate after-entry of some of the accounts. A subsequent chemical test substantiated this evidence. The photographic is to be preferred to the chemical test, because it brings its proofs into the courts and submits them to inspection, at the same time leaving the document under examination unharmed, while the results of a chemical test must be taken on the evidence of the chemist alone, and the writing examined is perhaps destroyed. In another case similar to the above the changing of the date of a note by an insignificant erasure and addition was proved by means of photography.

Oriental Dentistry.

I had slept little, as I was suffering greatly from a toothache. The sheik declared that there was a skillful dentist in the encampment, and as the pain was almost unbearable I made up my mind to put myself in his hands rather than endure it any longer. He was accordingly sent for. He was a tall, muscular Arab. His instruments consisted of a short knife or razor and a kind of iron awl. He bade me sit on the ground, and then took my head firmly between his knees. After cutting away the gums he applied the awl to the roots of the tooth, and, striking the other end of it with all his might, expected to see the tooth fly into the air. But it was a double one, and not to be removed by such means from the jaw. The awl slipped and made a severe wound in my palate. He insisted on a second trial, declaring that he could not but succeed. But the only result was that he broke off a large piece of the tooth, and I had suffered sufficient agony to decline a third experiment.—*Early Adventures in Persia, Susiand and Babylonia: Sir Henry Layard.*

Edison's girl baby is said to have the privilege of expressing her views to the phonograph once in every three months and the record is to be kept for her so that when she becomes a woman she will know what kind of a child she was.