A Modern Journalist.

He was up in mathematics, had a taste for hydrostatics, and could talk about astronomy down determinants above;
He could tell what kind of beans were devoured by the Chaldeans, and he knew the date of every joke made by a circus clown.

He was versed in evolution and would instance the monkey as a type of despotism in the modern age of man.
He could write a page of matter on the different kinds of bonnets in making Sissy giveaways on the modern coming plan.

He could revel in statistics, he was well up in the fashions, knew the pedigree of horses dating way back from the ark
For and wide his sign was quoted and his baseball nuff was noted in political predictions he would always hit the mark.

He could write upon the tariff, and he didn't seem to care if he was called off to review a book or stifled in them or two;
He could boil down stuff and edit, knew the value of a credit, and could hustle with the rest, though his style was excelled by few.

He could tell just how a fire should be handled; he was sure to exercise a wide discriminative taste;
He was mild and yet undaunted, and no matter what was wanted he was always sure to get it first, yet never was in haste.

But despite his reputation as a brainy aggregation, he was known to be deficient in a manner to provoke,
For no matter when you met him he would borrow if you let him, and he seemed to have the faculty of always being broke.
—*Journalist.*

Growing Old Together.

You do not love me, dear, so much,
As you did long ago,
When you used to praise my rosy cheek
And forehead white as snow.
You do not wish to be with me
With all your old time fire—
Perhaps, indeed, it is not now
The cheek that you admire.

You do not fold me in your arms
As often as of yore;
Your hand once dalliled with my curls—
It dallies there no more.
And if I did not know my hair
Was far past girlhood's day,
I will could read it in your glance,
That tells me I am gray.

Yet deem not, love, that I upbraid,
By your neglect appalled—
For I—I loved you better when
You were not wholly bald;
And were you as demonstrative
As when you first did woo—
I should despise such idiocy
In an aged gent like you.
—*Mrs. Yoosterums, in Christmas Puck.*

The Spelling Class.

Stand up, ye spellers, now and spell;
Spell phenakistoscope and knell;
Or take some simple word as chilly,
Or gauger, or the garden lily.
To spell such words as syllogism,
And anchoryoses and synchronism,
And Pentateuch and saccharine,
Apocryphal and chlorodyne,
Diabolical and cecity,
Jejune and homeopathy,
Paralysis and chlorodyne
Rhinoceros and pachyd-rm,
Metampsychosis, gherkins, basque,
Is certainly no easy task;
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamschatka and dispensary,
Diphthong and erysipelas,
And etiquette and assafras,
Infallible and ptyalism,
Allopathy and rheumatism,
And catacolysm and belesagner,
Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer,
And lots of other words all found
On English and on classic ground.
Thus Behring straits and Michaelmas,
Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
Suite, hemorrhage, jalap, Havana,
Cinquefoil and ipecacuanha,
And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
And Schuylkill, and a thousand more
Are words some prime good spellers miss
In dictionary inside the this.
Nor need one think himself a scroyle
If some of these his efforts foil,
Nor deem himself undone forever
To miss the name of either river,
The Dnieper, Seine or Guadalquivir.

The Melancholy Mule.

Oh, mule! Thou sad, neglected beast,
Abused by man throughout thy days.
No kind nor loving deed thou scest,
But hardships follow all thy ways.

Thou hast unjustly been accused
Of kicking people just for fun;
But hadst thou not been much abused
Thou wouldst not cruel things have done.

Thy heart with kindliness is rife,
Though thou hast very seldom heard
In all thy dreary, noisome life
A friendly, complimentary word.

But I to you will be a friend;
No wrong shall meet you from my hand;
Your grasses shall my tongue commend;
Not mine to judge or command.

And so upon your battered hide
I lay a hand of strong bereft—
Toe post's friends are notified
To sell and get what little's left.

SOMEOETHE "LET GO'S."

Words of Wisdom for Women of the Household.

It is rather strange, when you come to think of it, how many little things are "let go" in the house, that really fret the inmates and add friction to the household machinery, which should run smoothly. Most of these "let go's" are in the kitchen. I might philosophize about that fact, but I will not, just now. A dull vegetable knife is one of these. The kitchen which contains a sharp one is the exception, yet it is very exasperating to peel potatoes or apples; cut up beans, or slice turnips, with a knife as dull as a "hoe."

In the first place, one begrudges the money for a fine steel knife "just to pare potatoes with," never stopping to think that the better the knife the cheaper it is for this sort of work. A sharp knife will pare thinner and waste less than a dull one, and will last longer. A good, small whet-stone should accompany it, with instructions to use it, and not the stove-pipe, stove-edge or sole of the cook's shoe. There is an old saying that one of the few questions the devil cannot answer is: "What is a woman's whetstone?"

Another annoyance is leaking tins of various kinds, notably, quart measures, dippers, dripping-pans and sance-pans. Bits of rag drawn through the tiny holes, or flour-paste rubbed on the bottom to form a patch, are common devices for getting along with these let-go tins, instead of carrying them to the nearest tinshop, mending, scouring and getting them back whole and strong in the afternoon for a very small outlay of time and money. There is for sale, and I doubt not it is quite common, indeed, a certain kind of solder that the makers claim can easily be used at home. I think I bought some once, but was very unsuccessful in using it, probably from lack of skill. It is no way lessened my conviction that tins should not be allowed to continue leaky, when time or service has made them so.

A broken wringer that will not wring is another annoyance. Perhaps one of the rollers will not turn. We oil the gearing and fuss with it week after week, on wash-day, and forget in the other days, all the time vaguely hoping it will only a "connniption fit," and the slather will "right itself." If only we wait long enough. It does not "right itself," and so the annoyance continues, the clothes are half-wrung or wrung by hand, when it would be easy to drop a postal to the man who repairs wringers, and then have this cause to be a "let-go."

Dull scissors—how does most people "saw away" Day after day some people "saw away" with such a pair, working their jaws meanwhile, and getting a "pain in their tempers," all because this is one of the "let-go's" that has grown to be chronic. Can't it queer? Why is it so? I only know it is, and that I rarely have a friend who visits me and notices my scissors fail to say, "Why, how nice and sharp your scissors are!" Also, I never go anywhere, taking my work, without being very sure my scissors are with it, because I know what I will meet, nine times out of ten, if I borrow scissors.

Another "let go!" has a connection with tidies. Now, tidies were very nice things, and very saving to the furniture, if they are properly made and adjusted; but how few are! Most of them are "everlastingly falling off," and old bonnets are full of new little tapes for tying, or little tapes for pinning underneath. The mean or each one of the fifty times we pick them up and lay them on the sofa or chair; but somehow we let it go, and fret ourselves and others by so doing.

The weekly mending of garments is almost a religious duty in some few homes; but in how many are the little rents and rips, the lost buttons and hooks, unknown buttonholes and worn edges, and the tiny holes and thin places in hosiery not seen time to time until nothing remains to be done but throw away the garments. "The stitch in time saves nine" is a mark may be true, but it is just as good, as ever, and when I find a house where mending is one of the "let-go's" I feel very sure there is a well kept of thrift, and so of certain moral qualities that go with it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

A Lucky Prisoner.

Old Lawyer—I cannot take your case. Circumstantial evidence is so strong against you that it will be impossible to prove your innocence.

Prisoner—But I can tell somebody I am guilty.

"Oh! Then maybe I can clear you."

—A coquettish woman is usually as dangerous as a loaded elastic stick.

A VESSEL "HEAVING TO."

An Operation Rarely Resorted to and Fraught with Considerable Danger.

THE PERILS OF A STORM ON THE OCEAN.

The operation of "heaving to," performed by nearly every sailing vessel caught on the coast during the recent storm, is never resorted to by merchant vessels until it becomes absolutely necessary. The moment a vessel is "hove to," says the New York *Times*, she becomes practically stationary, the object being merely to keep her "head to the east." Among the many vessels caught outside during the gale was every type of craft to "keep water voyage." There were East India clippers, West Indian brigs, barques, barquentines and schooners, and a few steamers.

Many of the East Indian packets had been out over 120 days. For many days prior to the storm the sky had been overcast. Only occasionally would the sun appear, and then for so short a time as to render it a catch "sight" well nigh out of the question. In consequence many ships had been running by "dead reckoning," making the supposed position of the vessel a most uncertain one.

Under such conditions were vessels overtaken by the terrible northeaster. Wind and sea aided each other in making navigation perilous, the seas threatening at every moment to roll over on the decks of the fleeing vessels. Some craft, perhaps better able to stand the seas, held on, steering on a supposed true course for port, in laying off this course the base has been taken from a supposed true position of the ship. Instead of citing the entrance the lookout is heard calling: "Breakers ahead!" To one unacquainted with a seafaring life the horror which accompanies such a sound beggars description. Let it be night time and the horror is increased. There is but one thing to do, and that quickly—to call: "All hands save ship!"

The vessel is in a lee shore, the gale is blowing her right on, and unless she can be made to beat up in the wind, head off, and clear the coast, she will beach. Up comes everybody with a rush, half dressed, half dazed, but fully alive to the danger. The moment the seamen reach the deck the cutting wind makes wide awake all hands.

"Hand down the helm! Let fly the head-sheets, lee head and main, and weather cross-jack braces! Spanker sheet!" To such words as syllogism, Anchoryoses and synchronism, And Pentateuch and saccharine, Apocryphal and chlorodyne, Diabolical and cecity, Jejune and homeopathy, Paralysis and chlorodyne Rhinoceros and pachyd-rm, Metampsychosis, gherkins, basque, is certainly no easy task; Kaleidoscope and Tennessee, Kamschatka and dispensary, Diphthong and erysipelas, And etiquette and assafras, Infallible and ptyalism, Allopathy and rheumatism, And catacolysm and belesagner, Twelfth, eighteenth, rendezvous, intriguer, And lots of other words all found On English and on classic ground. Thus Behring straits and Michaelmas, Thermopylæ, Cordilleras, Suite, hemorrhage, jalap, Havana, Cinquefoil and ipecacuanha, And Rappahannock, Shenandoah, And Schuylkill, and a thousand more Are words some prime good spellers miss In dictionary inside the this. Nor need one think himself a scroyle If some of these his efforts foil, Nor deem himself undone forever To miss the name of either river, The Dnieper, Seine or Guadalquivir.

"Lively! Sheet home! Let go the weather cross-jack braces!" Already the men are at their places, and up come the weather-yard arms into the wind. The vessel is now broadside to the seas. It is a question of life and death whether she will stop. If she but continues to come up all is well. A drag has been got over from forward. To it is bent a hawser leading through a quarter chock. The drag is well away from the ship. On to the hawser jump the crew. Away they go with a rush. The drag hawser is run right to the bows, and at the same time the bow comes up rapidly.

Not a moment too soon. A great sea the next instant lifts the ship high into the air. Had it caught her "broadside to" it would have plunged tons of green seas upon the decks. But the great craft's bow has met it. She rose as the wave advanced and plunged heavily forward as it rushed under her.

Now is the time to catch her. Sharp up go the yards from the head and main. The head sheets are hauled well aft, the helm carefully tended, the spanker eased up slightly; the ship feels the canvas, small as the amount on her is; she reaches forward, staggers for a moment, then slowly works her way off through sea after sea. As soon as she is far enough out to sea the vessel is brought up into the wind, off comes the foretopmast staysail, foresail, foretopsail and spanker. A close reefed maintopsail and main spencer alone hold her up, and all attempt to fall off is counteracted by the position of the rudder.

Should the wind still continue to increase in violence the topsail will be goose-winged. This latter sail is kept on as long as possible because of its being above the waves. Under a main spencer alone the ship has but little opportunity to feel the wind, the waves serving as a bulwark. Should, however, a goose-winged topsail and main spencer prove too much, tarpaulins placed in the lee mizzen rigging may hold her up.

If she still continues to heel over the crew will cut away the foremast by cutting the weather laniards. If this will not right her away will go the mizzen and main, and then trust to riding out to a sea anchor. This alone can save the vessel. Let her once fall off, get into the trough of the sea, and the consequences will be expressed in the one word of the seaman, "Foundered."

LOSING A DAY.

Why the Globe Trotter Gets Mixed up Following the Sun.

A fair lady writes: Can't you explain about gaining and losing a day when you go round the world? Jules Verne muddled me all up and could not find one that tries to explain it makes my head go round, too." Certainly, ma'am only you must fix your mind on one thing at a time and not let it go a-wandering like the little pigs that wouldn't stand still long enough to be counted. Well, then, there is no day lost or gained. When you will lose or gain if you go round the world (besides some pleasant company—wherefore, don't) is a date, not a day. In travelling westward, each date, commonly called a day, hides the fact that for each degree of longitude passed over you had added four minutes to the 24 hours. If at noon, when by custom you change your date, you find you have traversed 15 degrees, then your "day" has contained 25 hours instead of 24. In going to the eastward, the conditions would be reversed, and your date called a "day" would contain but 23 hours. But if you and your friend should stand back to back at New York, and starting at the same instant walk straight round the world, each walking exactly three miles an hour and never stopping for anything, you would both meet and pass half-way in exactly 3,500 hours, and you would again meet in New York in exactly 7,000 hours. State the time in hours and you will grasp it immediately.—*New York Tribune.*

To Render a Cellar Dry.

A problem which the builder, owner and architect has to deal with every day is to render a cellar dry. This may be done in a variety of ways, which will depend upon the circumstances surrounding the case. One of the most effective means of keeping a cellar dry is to build an area wall around the whole of the site, so that earth does not rest directly against the walls of the house. To form such area a four-inch wall is built parallel to the main walls, and about two inches from them. The bottom of the inclosed space is formed into a gutter, so that any water that finds its way through the outer casing may have an opportunity of running away to the drains. The top of the cavity is usually covered in just above the ground line with a row of ornamental bricks, or sometimes with bricks laid on edge. When these means are adopted it is desirable that openings in the main wall should be provided for ventilation.—*National Builder.*

A Possibility.

Mrs. Gotham—Bobby, you bad boy, have you been fighting with Tommy Stimson again? Dear, dear! I shall have to get you a new suit.

Bobby—That's nothing, ma. You ought to see Tommy Stimson. His ma may have to get him a new boy.

Why the Young Man Went.

Paterfamilias (from the head of the stairs at 2 a.m.)—Fanny, tell you ask that young man to step into the hall a moment?

Young Man (timidly)—W-well, sir?

"I just wanted to ask you where you wanted your trunk put when it comes!"

Cost of Paint.

First cost of paint—How long have you been here? Second cost of paint—I came to-day. First cost of paint—I thought you looked fresh.

—W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, entitled his new book "The Gondoliers" is a concern, has started for India with his wife.

The best paid magazine editor in New York is probably Editor Gilder, of the *Century*, who is said to have a salary of $10,000 a year, besides an interest in the magazine.

Mr. Stickney—I have come, Mr. Henpeck, to ask for the hand of your daughter. Mr. Henpeck—Sissy you, my boy, take her; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul.

INCREASE OF WEALTH.

What Part of Property Does the Enormous Increase Go Into?

At the end of every year there comes the question: "What has become of the results of the year's productions?" It is said that the nation is adding to its wealth a thousand millions yearly; in what form? It is not in monetary circulation. It is not in claims against other countries or ownership of property there. The hoops of the year we shall presently consume, or if part is to be sold abroad, the goods received in exchange will presently be consumed. Where is the additional wealth of which we boast? Is it only in a higher valuation of lands and buildings and other fixed property—a valuation which may be lost with the next turn of the wheel?

These questions are not so childish as to many they may seem. It is of no small importance to discover what form the added wealth of the nation takes, so that we may judge how far it is solid and lasting and capable of reproduction. For if all the lands of the country were worth 10,000 millions a year ago and 11,000 millions now, but can produce no more than before, the added wealth is imaginary. Or if there has been added within a few years 2,000 millions to the nominal value of railroad property, without any increase in the yearly earning power, what actual gain in wealth is there?

The foundation of prosperity is the land, and every year witnesses an actual increase in the number of acres reduced to cultivation and productiveness. That change means increased wealth. From 1870 to 1880 there were added of improved land about 96,000,000 acres, or more than 50 per cent., and there is every reason to believe that the progress in that respect has been even more rapid during the past decade. But the addition of 15,000,000 acres of improved land every year involves permanent investment of labor in clearing, fencing, breaking and road building, in the erection of houses and barns, and the procurement of stock and implements and machinery. The new railroad, which may not pay a single dollar to owners as yet, may nevertheless have made possible and profitable this enormous expenditure of labor in the creation of new farms, and if the 15,000,000 acres yearly were worth no more than the average of land in 1880, that alone would represent an addition of 400 millions or more to the national wealth each year, even though nothing had been added to the price of land previously cultivated. But the completion of roads and railroads, the settlement of other lands near by, and the gradual development of a community, also add largely to the actual as well as the nominal value of all farm property within the circle of influence.

So it is with the dwellings and other structures in cities and towns. The country is not worse but better supplied with all such structures than it was ten years ago. But that means an increase more than proportionate to population, and the yearly addition of 1,700,000 inhabitants, even if there were no improvement in the condition and accommodations of the people, would by itself require additional investment yearly of $40 millions or more in building. Property of that kind contributes as much as any other to the wealth producing power of the country; dwellings no less than stores, or warehouses or factories. But in addition there has been each year an enormous addition to the manufacturing plant, apart from the buildings otherwise estimated; to the machinery in use and its productive capacity. It is not so easy to form even an approximate of the value of these additions, but every one realizes that they must be large. Moreover, new mines are constantly opened which add millions every year to the production; the new mines in the Lake Superior district alone, which have been added within the past five years, have increased the production more than 4,000,000 tons each year, in value, $20,000,000.

Not least among the properties of permanent value is the fruit of inventive genius. New ideas are the nation's most valuable capital, and the 25,000 patents which may be issued in a year, and may prove of real value, cannot be omitted. A single telephone patent is supposed to be worth more than $50,000,000. Is not only has stocks selling at about that rate, and not only earns a liberal return on such a valuation, but earns it by rendering the people a service. With the fairness or unfairness of the division of benefits between the company and the public we here have nothing to do. The aggregate value to the whole country includes all that an invention is worth to the public, and all that it is worth to the owners. But in each year's record of inventions there are many which, if not equally valuable, have in the same sense a real and large value, and add permanently to the producing power of the nation.—*New York Daily Commercial Bulletin.*

"A Doll's House."

The costliest doll's house probably in the world is that made by a Chicago man for his 4-year old daughter at a cost of $3,500. It is built of brick, with a tower and cupola like an ancient castle, and looks for all the world like a miniature reproduction of the great modern residences of some millionaire. It has a little flight of steps leading up to the solid oak front door and an electric push bell for the convenience of the baby visitors of the happy mistress of the house. On this door, which, by the way, is four feet high, in the name of the proprietor on a silver plate. There is a hallway lighted by a miniature gas lamp suspended from the ceiling, and it is finished in the choicest of hard woods. There are unicolin and hat racks of appropriate dimensions. Elegant draperies cover the parlor doors, and the parlor is fitted up in grand style. The furniture is all of white enamelled wood, covered with white brocaded silk. There is an elegant mantel filled with bric-a-brac of the choicest kind, and little image of the choicest patterns. A beautiful chandelier, furnished with real gas, hangs from the centre of the room. Centre tables, divans, easy chairs, sofas, etc., fill up the apartments.

A Serious Man Now.

"Where is the dashing boarder who used to be the life of the table when I was here before, Mrs. Livermore?" asked an old patron of the house, addressing the landlady.

"I married him," was the quiet reply.

"Indeed! He was one of the sprightliest fellows I ever met, always bubbling over with spirits and chock-full of stories. He's away from home, I suppose; I haven't seen him since I returned."

"He's at home; he has never been away."

"Indeed! where is he, then?"

"He's in the kitchen washing dishes."—*Boston Courier.*

Medals for the Burma Troops.

The Queen has ordered that the grant of India medal of 1854 with clasp inscribed "Burma 1887 9," shall be extended to all troops engaged in the military operations in Upper Burma, and those actually engaged in the field of service in Lower Burma between the 1st of May, 1887, and the 31st of March, 1889. A bronze medal and clasp of similar pattern is to be issued to all authorized Government followers who accompanied the troops so engaged. Officers and men who already wear the India medal, including those having the clasp "Burma 1885-7," will receive the new clasp only.

Mistaken.

Daisy Popinjay—Sister says she would like to be excused this evening. She isn't feeling well.

Mr. Pocketboy—Come now. Daisy, you know that won't do! Tell me the real reason and I'll give you half a pound of candy.

"And you won't tell that I told—honest, now?"

"No, Daisy, I won't tell."

"Well, then, she can't find her hair."

How She Vanished.

A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming, "Oh, darling, how did you fall?" "Vertical," replied the child without a second's hesitation.

As Pigeons.

Old Mr. Testy (returning to his room after laying his hotel bill)—Don't touch me! I'm not sure about my installation, and I've just been so terribly charged that I'm dangerous!

—"I don't believe you love me any longer," sobbed a loving young wife to her husband a year after marriage. "Love you, my dear; why, don't I eat all your pies without questioning the contents?" And she was convinced of his faithfulness.

FOR REVENUE ONLY.

The women who sell for sanitary purposes
Make the dry goods merchants laugh heartily,
For they are in fashion, which is frequently not the
Of a tax-off for revenue only.

—Bull bouquets for the dinner table have entirely gone out.

CLERGYMEN'S SALARIES.

Ministers Poorly Paid, in Comparison With Other Professional Men.

No man who adopts a ministerial career can be justly charged with mercenary motives, for in no other profession is the monetary reward so small. There are, to be sure, a few instances of preachers who are paid large salaries for their services, but the rank and file of the clergy receive hardly enough to maintain themselves respectably, writes John P. Ritter in "Frank Leslie's Weekly." The average salary paid to ministers in Protestant churches is less than $1,000 per annum. Prominent lawyers like Joseph H. Choate, Robert J. Ingersoll and Benjamin F. Butler make all the way from $20,000 to $125,000 each year. Among physicians, Dr. Loomis earns from $50,000 to $60,000; Dr. Polk from $40,000 to $50,000; Dr. Sayre about $50,000, and a dozen more might be named who earn over $25,000 annually. Compared to the salaries paid the managers of large financial institutions, the reward of the greatest preachers is the merest pittance in paltry. The salary paid a clergyman in New York is $20,000, and Dr. John Hall is the fortunate individual. There are, perhaps, a half dozen other preachers who get from $10,000 to $15,000, but is should be remembered that they represent the wealthiest parishes in the city, and that they assume a much greater responsibility as that devolving upon the heads of great moneyed institutions. This will be apparent when we regard the churches under their direction from a purely financial standpoint. Trinity Church corporation owns millions upon millions in real estate, and its annual income is nearly $800,000. The bulk of this vast sum is paid out in church work each year, and Dr. Morgan Dix, the rector, presides over its distribution. Dr. Hall's church has a plant—if this term may be allowed—valued at $2,000,000. The income from pew rents and contributions amounts to nearly $250,000 per annum. Most of this is spent in missionary work. Last year the congregational expenses, including the pastor's salary, the music and all incidental items, footed up $35,681. The balance of over $200,000 was applied to domestic and foreign missions, the relief fund of the Presbyterian Church and to miscellaneous charities. In view of this remarkable showing, it cannot be doubted that Dr. Hall earns his salary.

Grace Church has an endowment of $250,000. Its property is worth close to $2,000,000, and its annual income from pew rents and contributions averages $100,000. The property of Ascension Church, Fifth avenue and Tenth street, represents an investment of $350,000. Its revenue is about $50,000 each year. St. Thomas' Church and property is valued at $750,000. Its pews alone rent for $50,000 each year, and the contributions amount to from $30,000 to $40,000 more. St. George's Church is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. All the pews are free. Dr. Rainsford, the rector, gets a nominal salary of $10,000 per annum. He is possessed of private means, however, and returns his salary to the treasury of his church. The property is valued at over $500,000, and the yearly revenue is between $40,000 and $50,000. A large proportion of this sum is spent in parish charities. Calvary Church and property is worth at least $300,000. Its contributions are very large, averaging from $70,000 to $80,000. The total income of the parish is not far short of $90,000 a year, and fully one-third of it goes to general charities.

The University Place Presbyterian Church is among the wealthiest of that denomination. Its church and property is valued at about $250,000. Last year its revenue was not far from $70,000. Of this amount only $15,792 went toward congregational expenses. This certainly indicates economical management in its domestic concerns.

The Madison Square Presbyterian Church, where Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst presides, has an income of between $50,000 and $60,000. Its plant is probably worth $850,000.

Dr. Paxton's West Presbyterian Church derived an income last year of over $52,000. The value of its plant has not been estimated.

Ten large church organizations have been instanced here, representing a combined property worth millions upon millions, from which a total yearly income is derived from pew rents and contributions of about $1,600,000, yet the average salaries the pastors receive is only a trifle over $11,000. When it is considered that they must keep up a style of living in accordance with the dignity of the pulpits they occupy, beside answering substantially innumerable private calls on their charity, it is not to be supposed that they can lay much money against the time when old age will deprive them of their usefulness.

Nothing has been said so far as to the personal value of a clergyman to the parish under his charge. Experience has proved that the income of a pastorate depends mainly upon the qualities displayed by the pastor; so that in nearly every instance he may be said to earn, personally, the revenue of his church.

Thoughts.

Enjoy what you have; hope for what you lack.—*Levis.*

Let us make no vows, but let us act as if we had.—*Rochepedre.*

Our earthly blessings are but shadows of blessings.—*Dr. Fulford.*

The more honest a man is the less he affects the air of a saint.—*Lavater.*

We are never as happy, nor as unhappy, as we fancy.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.—*T. Gautier.*

A philosopher is a fool who torments himself during life, to be spoken of when dead.—*D'Alembert.*

That happiness may enter into the soul we must first sweep it clean of all imaginary evils.—*Fontenelle.*

There is in us more of the appearance of sense and of virtue than of the reality.—*Marguerite de Valois.*

From Paris to Peru, from Japan to Rome, the most foolish animal, in my estimation, is man.—*Boileau.*

Promises retain men better than services. For them, hope is a chain, and gratitude a thread.—*J. Petit-Senn.*

Morsels of Gastronomy.

A proof of the pudding is the eating and of the mince pie the depth thereof.

"Shall I help you to a shoroughbred?" is the new invitation to partake of sausage.

One head of lettuce is guaranteed to cure another head of a case of insomnia.

There is not as much heard as there was about the efficacy of celery for nervousness.

Imported English plum pudding in tins is at best a poor substitute for the real thing.

Some of the caterers are introducing a new kind of water-ice, said to be the thing among the British colony in India and Africa.

In England the consumption of American canned food is represented to be continually on the increase, especially among the middle classes, who have a special fondness for the canned tomatoes.—*New York Mail and Express.*

Full Grown.

Briggs—Well, we had an addition to our family yesterday.

Braggs—You don't say so! Boy or girl?

Briggs—Neither. It was my wife's mother.

A Successful Business Man.

Country bride (taking in the sights)—What a big printin' business this Mr. Job must do, John.

Country Bridegroom—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.

(Colleges of little girl's mother.)

She Knew It Was Coming.

He (in the hall)—Do you know I have doubled never to get married?

She (hastily)—Let us go into the connecting story.

—The Buffalo *Courier* says a man will take anything for a holiday present that a woman wants to give him—anything except a necktie, because "not one woman in ten can pick out for a man a necktie that he will dare to wear in a place where he is known."

—King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is a handsome man, rotund and well-proportioned, nearly six feet in hight and nearly 300 pounds in weight. He stands erect and has a stately and dignified appearance. His complexion is dark mahogany, but clear and soft. His hair is black and silky, and he wears side-whiskers, mustache and imperial.

WHEREIN MAN CAN'T DO.

He Has Accomplished Wonders, no Doubt, But Here's Where he Stumbles.

There is always something comical about a man's attempt to do a woman's work. And the fun of the thing is that a man never realizes that he cannot do it properly. There isn't a man on this footstool who does not privately entertain the opinion that, if he should only set himself about it, he could do anything better than any woman. But he can't and all the women know it.

He means well, no doubt, but somehow he doesn't seem to have the faculty.

His wife goes on a visit to her mother, and he keeps house. Now, he will tell Brown that he can cook a meal as well as the best woman that ever lived; but if he should see Brown and some of the boys coming up to his house to dinner, he would bolt the door and lie low till they went away.

He never can touch a kettle without getting soiled. He can't handle the fire irons without burning his fingers. He never thinks to hang up any towels; he keeps them on the floor, where they will be handy. A man cannot do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak, and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch the cat that she does not upset the mustard of meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give orders to the butcher, and witness the way her neighbor across the street is hanging out her clothes—and she can do it all at once and not lose her temper. There is no man living who can hold fifteen pins in his mouth, and fit a dress waist, and talk over the scandal about the minister at the same time? Of course there is not, and yet a woman can do it easily, and enjoy it, too.

A man will work diligently half the forenoon to find a shirt button, and when he has found it, it will be three sizes too large for the buttonhole, and then he will begin to thread his needle. And he will squint, and take aim, and sweat, and swear, and the thread will slip right by the needle every time, and if ever he does get the needle threaded it will be such a big needle that it will split the button clean in two and he will find himself exactly where he started from.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning and made it pull street cars and light the great cities of the world. Oh, yes, we are willing to admit that man has done his part, but he couldn't pour castor oil into a colicky baby without spilling it all over the baby's clothes, to save his life!

He can't find a spool of red thread in his wife's sewing machine drawer—no, he can't; and after he searches half an hour, and manfully keeps his temper meanwhile, he will appear with a spool of blue silk, and vow that such a thing as red thread has no existence in that house.

A man cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right end up. He cannot hold clothes pins in his mouth while he is doing it, either.

He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He would never think of kissing his rival when he met him, as a woman will kiss her rival. He can't chew gum. He can't sit in a rocking chair without banging the rockers into the base boards. He can't put the tidy on the sofa pillow right side out. He can't wear No. 3 boots on No. 5 feet. He'd die with corsets on! He'd get his death of cold with bare arms and neck.

And yet people who do not know call women the weaker sex!—*Kate Thorn in New York Weekly.*

Is the Soul Material?

Rev. Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston, who lectured here some months ago, preached in Talmage's Brooklyn Church on Sunday. Among other things he is credited with saying:

"Louisa May Alcott, watching with her mother by the deathbed of a dying and dearly loved sister, says, when she and came, she distinctly saw a delicate mist rising from the dead body. Her mother, too, saw this strange thing. When they asked the physician about it he said, 'You saw life departing visibly from the physical form.' This was at Concord, remember, where there is no superstition.

"Professor Hitchcock says he was present at the bedside of a dying friend. The eyes closed; the last breath came; he was dead. Suddenly the eyes opened, light came back to them, then a look of surprise, admiration, inexpressible bliss; then suddenly passed away.

"Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the preface to a book on visions, says, with all a scientist's conservatism, that once, watching by a deathbed, the impression was conveyed to him that something—that is the word he uses—passed from the body into space.

"I am citing from our own times—a scientific, unsuperstitious age, not as in the time of Christ, when, as Mrs. Ward says, there was an omnipresent belief in the miraculous.

"Physicians say that somambulism is a state in which the soul is partly separated from the body. Your soul will soon go hence. You are not at home here to-day. Will you be at ease then?

"'After some more wakings and sleepings,' says Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'I shall lie on this couch asleep, then dead, and through my gay entry men shall carry these bones. Where shall I be then?'"

Care of the Teeth.

At the meeting in Berlin last spring of the German Association of American Dentists, the best means of preserving the teeth were discussed, and Dr. Richter, of Breslau, said: "We know that the whole method of correctly caring for the teeth can be expressed in two words—brush, soap. In these two there are all that is needful for the preservation of the teeth. All the preparations not containing soap are not to be recommended, and if they contain soap all other ingredients are useless except for the purpose of making their taste agreeable. Among the soaps the white castile soap of the English market is especially to be recommended. A number of tooth preparations has been thrown on the market, but very few of which are to be recommended. Testing the composition of them, we find that about 90 per cent. are not only unsuitable for their purpose, but that the greater part are actually harmful. All the preparations containing salicylic acid are, as the investigations of Fernier have shown, destructive of the teeth. He who will unceasingly preach to his patients to brush their teeth carefully shortly before bedtime, or a cleansing material to use castile soap, as a mouth wash a solution of oil of peppermint in water, and to cleanse the spaces between the teeth by careful use of a silken thread, will help them in preserving their teeth, and will win the gratitude and good words of the public."

The Length of the Day.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one-half hours in length. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest is nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Torneo, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours in length. At Christiana one hour than three hours long. At Warbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 23, without interruption, that is to say the sun is never set in that time, and in Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

At Philadelphia the longest day is nearly what less than fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen.—*Nature.*

Good Advice.

"I'm dreadfully upset," said the spilled milk.

"You can't be half so agitated as I am," retorted the Irish question.

"Do as I do," said the door, as he shut himself up.

Returning the Compliment.

Old Gentleman (to small boy)—I wish you a happy New Year, my son, and hope you will increase in wisdom, knowledge and virtue.

Small Boy (politely and innocently)—Thank you, sir; the same to you.

It Looked that Way.

Wells—Did Binch win the lottery he had over that large sum of money?

Wallace—I suppose he did. He told me he loaned only $500 of it to pay the lottery, after it was over.

—Bristle—I want to look at some shirts. Clerk—Yes, sir. You're a stranger in town, are you not? Bristle (proudly)—Yes, sir, I am. My home, sir, is in Chicago. Clerk—Ah, yes, what kind of flannel do you prefer?

HOW A CHROMO IS MADE.

An Interesting Process with Which Few People Are Familiar.

We see tens of thousands of chromos, which are given away by every enterprising business man, yet I venture the assertion that very few know how they are produced. To properly produce a chromo the lithographer must have rapport with the artist. He must analyze the picture, fully realize the combinations of colors and the spirit of the work. Having determined just how many basic colors enter into the picture, the artist commences his work by preparing a lithographic stone for each separate color. The artist commences his work by making a delicate and elaborate ink-tracing of the picture; not only its general outlines, but the minute and intricate touches and shades of color of which it is composed. The tracing paper is chemically prepared, so that the lines upon it can be readily transferred to stone. A press is employed to transfer the impressions on the paper to the stone, considerable pressure being used. Thousands of impressions can then be taken from the stone by simply running an ink roller over it.

The tracing thus transferred forms what is known as the key stone. Suppose there are twenty colors in the chromo. This number of impressions is taken from the key stone and each carefully dusted with red chalk. A dim offset of the entire tracing is then pressed on each one of these stones.

The drawing then begins, and often occupies many months. Each stone is to be printed in a separate color, and therefore must contain not only all that is necessary of that color of the picture, to the minutest detail, but all of the compound colors, made by printing one or more over others. A variety of gradations of color from its full strength to the faintest tinting can be produced on each stone, just as in using an ordinary pencil or crayon on drawing paper. These various colors are, of course, worked up in black by the artist, and it is the printer who applies the colors. The lines on each separate stone are etched with the weak of nitric acid and gum arabic, and are ready for the presses.

The printer must be as skilful as the artist in applying his colors, and must fully realize the blending and effect of each color. As fast as each color is printed it is submitted to the artist, who has thus a progressive proof of the work.

It has been probably noticed that lines cross each other on the margin of a chromo. These are the registering marks, and enable the printer to place the sheet in the same relative position every time a new stone is used and a new color applied. These lines are drawn in the original tracing and appear on each stone. When the first color is printed very small holes are punctured in each sheet at the intersection of these lines, very fine holes are also drilled in corresponding positions on each of the subsequent stones, and the holes in the paper are to correspond precisely with the holes in the stone, and thus as each additional color is put on a perfect register is secured and each color falls just where it belongs.

The next process is to make the chromo have a rough surface like an oil painting. A stone is now prepared which has a rough surface, similar to canvas. The chromo is then laid upon it and passed through a press with heavy pressure. When it comes forth it is an exact imitation of the painting. It is then varnished, and thus you have the chromo ready for the market.

The world is yet practically dependent on one quarry in Bavaria for its lithographic stone. Stones have been found in France, England, Canada and the United States, but none possess the qualities of the best German stones. A bed of lithographic stone has been found in Sequatchie valley, not far from Chattanooga, and the investigations so far indicate that it will yield stone of a very fine quality. If it should prove so, it will be literally a gold mine. The finer quality of stone is to-day worth 13 cents per pound, and is very scarce.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Times.*

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 chatelaine watches.

Don't judge strangers by their dress.

Don't stand long in the same spot in a crowd.

FOR MEN.

Don't go into a