

lates and inspirits one all unconsciously while one converses. Children should be taught early in life to look fearlessly and soundly into the eyes of anyone who addresses them; the habit will be of good service to them in after years. The prevailing idea that shifty eyes betoken duplicity, however, while a steadfast regard shows an honest disposition, is not a correct one. Shyness is responsible in many cases for an averted glance, while the bold, bright eyes of many a young vagabond often serve only as an aid to deception and fraud, so that it is hardly fair to condemn a person who is unable, as the saying is, to "look one straight in the face," and it should be considered more of a misfortune than an evidence of untrustworthiness. People who are called mitchell almost always, it may be noticed, have a pronounced visual power. The interest that they feel, or profess to feel, in others: is intensified by a certain concentration in their regard, which seems to include alone the person addressed. It is flattering and attractive, and invariably affects the other person favourably.

While on the way to their studies, three young women pupils of a New York Art School came upon an especially picturesque old dandy. One of the young women, who had immediately perceived the artistic value of the old coloured man, stopped him and asked, "Would you like to make a little money?"

"Yes, indeed, miss!" eagerly exclaimed the old fellow. "Whatcher want me to do?"

"Just come with us. We'd like to paint you."

"The aged negro hesitated a moment. "Oh," said the young woman, "it's very easy, and it won't take long."

"I wasn't thinkin' 'bout dat, missy," finally replied the old man, "I was jest wonderin' how I gunner git de paint off!"

The Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet and Hecla copper mine, in Northern Michigan, U.S.A., is the deepest shaft in the world. It has taken nine years of day and night work to sink, and has cost \$500,000, says "Industries and Iron." This shaft is vertical, but all of the other shafts of the Calumet and Hecla follow the dip of the lode. Work on it was started in 1889, immediately after the last of the three great underground fires in the older workings of the mine, which did damage of more than \$200,000. Work has been continued upon it since that time, and the shaft stands without a parallel in mining. It is 4920 ft. in depth, or 300 feet less than a mile. It contains six compartments, each equal in size to an ordinary mining shaft, four of which are used for hoisting rock and lowering timber. One shaft is used for the ladders, and the sixth compartment carries the wires and pipes for telephones, light, power, water, and compressed air.

Mr J. Abercromby Alexander writes to the "London Times" from Johannesburg as follows: "I consider the time has arrived when the Young Women's Immigration Society in London should be informed that no more servants are required in the Transvaal. It is the voice of many here that their importation should be stopped for some time. It is very evident those girls are brought out here without a full knowledge of the position they are to fulfil. They are sent to situations 50 per cent. of which are to employers who have never before had a white servant in their houses—hybrid European and hybrid colonial families—they take them because they are cheaper than native servants, and also for once add a certain air of dignity to their establishments. It is degrading to think that the white are asked to work for £4 per month when the coloured races are paid from £6 to £10 per month. Can it be expected that those girls will long remain in such situations? Many have been in three situations within 12 months. Their next move is to go round the labour offices, asking for places in hotels, boarding-houses, or tea rooms. No more private service for us, is their cry. I have seen several batches arrive, and with confidence state that 50 per cent. of those girls should never have been sent out. More care should be exercised in selecting suitable useful women."

Some people like tall stories, and such should find this to their taste. The conversation in the smoke-room had turned upon fog, and the American commercial was naturally to the fore.

"Our Government," he said, "is very economical when we get a thick fog. They suck it into a big cistern, and turn it into paint for warships."

"Really?" said Jimson. "Well, that's pretty near as economical as a brother of mine. He invented a machine for compressing fog into bricks, and, if you'll believe me, out of the first two or three thick fogs we had he made enough bricks to build a house."

"Did he—really?" gulped the Yankee.

"He did. But, unfortunately, one pitch-black morning he found himself and his family lying out on the damp-cold ground, with his furniture. Those bricks had somehow gone back into fog again."

"Had they—really?" said the American, fanning himself with his hat. "Waal, I reckon your relative ought to have glazed those bricks!"

A pretty story is told by one of Joaquin Miller's friends of a meeting between the "Poet of the Sierras" and Mrs Langtry. She was stopping at the home of a mutual friend in San Francisco, who was anxious to bring the two celebrities together. Invitations were issued not only to Mr Miller, but to a number of other literary lights as well. The hour came, the guests assembled, all but the poet himself. At last he was discerned approaching, dressed as usual in overalls, the red flannel shirt which he affects, and the immense grey sbrorro which he invariably wears, and which he has to have made to order. The servant opened the door. The poet entered, but without removing his hat. This he kept on until directly in front of Mrs Langtry, who stood at her hostess' side. Then with a courtly gesture he doffed his hat, flinging a perfect shower of rose petals at the beauty's feet, accompanying the action with the words, "California showers red roses on the Jersey Lily."

The Stuart and Jacobite collection of arms, armour, and relics belonging to the late Mr J. N. Durrant Stewart was recently sold in Edinburgh. The harp known as Queen Mary's was sold for 850 guineas to the Antiquarian Museum of Edinburgh. Bidding for the Lamont, or Caledonian, harp started at 30 guineas, and rose to 500 guineas, at which price it became the property of Messrs Mackay and Chisholm, Princes-street, Edinburgh. Prince Charles Edward's sword realised 75 guineas. Two fine old Highland targets fetched 50 guineas and 58 guineas respectively. A number of old Highland dirks were sold, the highest price being 16 guineas; two ancient Highland sporrans fetched the same price, and the best price got for a Ferrar blade was 24 guineas. Eight old Japanese plates brought 88 guineas. A lock of Prince Charles Edward's hair, and another of his wife's, Princess Louisa of Stolberg were run up to 32 guineas. An old oak Scottish elbow chair, with carved back, and the inscription "A.R. 1663," was sold for 58 guineas.

Mr Seton, the well-known American author-naturalist, has very original ideas on the bringing up of children, and his small daughter, little Ann, is to be brought up as an "outdoor" child, Indian fashion. She will sleep out of doors, except when the weather is very severe. She will go barefooted and bareheaded—at all events, in the summer—and as far as possible live entirely in the open air. She is to learn woodcraft, and all the mysteries of handling an Indian canoe, to swim and to skate, and to follow a trail. She will be taught to love animals and birds and flowers, and to take an intelligent interest in them all. She will learn to tell when the rain is coming, and the direction of the wind, and how to build a fire with Nature's appliances only. In short, she will be brought up after an entirely original method so far as the civilised world is concerned. Her father has spent the last twenty years of his life in studying animals in their native haunts, and knows them as well as most men know their intimate friends, and he is thoroughly convinced of the beneficial results of living in the open air.

While so many stories of official corruption in America are coming out, here is one from "Collier's Weekly" worthy of attention. George Bishop, of Buffalo, was a sailor. In summer he made his living on the Great Lakes. In winter his occupation was that of a professional prisoner at county and village gaols. This was his method, as related by himself:—"I got into a town, and I goes for a cop, and says, 'How are you fixed for a little time?' And he says, 'How much do you want?' I say, 'Oh, about five or ten days.' Then him and me fixes it up. He takes me before the Justice and I pleads guilty, and down I goes. Time up, I get a tip, and skip over to other parts where the officers are all right, get a little time off them, and back I comes under a new name, then down again, and so on." In most of the rural parts of New York, as in other States, police officers are paid by fees for each arrest made, and sheriffs and gaolers are given an allowance for the board of each prisoner while in custody. This explanation is sufficient to show the full meaning of the sailor-tramp's story.

"What is your idea of happiness?" was asked.

Said the millionaire: I should be happy if I could spend my money where it would be of some real benefit. This, and a good digestion.

Said the poor man: Happiness is having enough money to spend without anxiety.

Said the Society woman: Happiness is rest.

Said the washwoman: To be able to dance all night, and lie abed as long as I wanted to the next morning.

Said the soldier: To live peacefully all the rest of my life.

The sailor: To feel the solid earth under my feet for the rest of my days.

The artist: To paint a picture to please myself and not the public.

The author: To have time enough to think.

The diplomat: To be myself.

The journalist: To tell the truth.

The wise man: To be a fool.

The fool: To be a wise man.

"Health" says: "The habits of people in general do not seem so bad when one considers the average individual's limitations as to knowledge and thought. The fact is that most people don't know, don't think, and, hence, don't care. Let them read more science, think more sensibly, and act more seriously, and then their habits will be more satisfactory. The alimentary receptacle—the stomach, or vat, in which foods and liquids are received and mixed—is habitually converted by many persons into a chemical retort of all sorts of drugs and remedies, with a view of reaching and relieving the ills of the various organs of the body, from dandruff to corns. The writer believes that he can give no more and better reasons for his confidence in the therapeutic value of remedies than most other physicians, but he wishes to emphasise here the transcendent element of common sense in their administration.

Before and above all things, however, what is wanted is a clean gastro-intestinal canal, and his claim is that water, properly used, is the best agent to effect that cleansing. On a par with this canal in importance are eliminative tissues and organs of the system, the kidneys, the

mucous membrane, and the skin. What therapeutic agent, properly used, is better than water? After all the assimilative and eliminative organs and tissues have been thoroughly rinsed with pure, soft water, then, if it be still necessary to administer a chemical agent, one may be selected, that will, with these organs and tissues in better condition, work wonders. If you are so foolish as to allow yourself to become foul from head to foot, cleanse yourself with water before resorting to chemical aids.

A practised Parliamentary speaker was talking one day to some reporters about the efficacy of mildness in debate.

"One can't be too mild," he said; "and one gets on especially well if, along with one's mildness there goes some rare and unexpected quality. To be mild and at the same time unexpected is, usually, to succeed. Here is an instance of what I mean: At the end of a theatrical performance one man turned to another and cried in a harsh, grating voice:

"Look here, you have sat on my hat! It is ruined."

"The other looked at the hat! It was indeed a wreck. He said:

"I am sorry. This is too bad. But," he added, "it might have been worse."


"How might it have been worse?" exclaimed the first man, with an oath.

"The answer then given was an excellent example of mildness coupled with unexpectedness. It was:

"I might have sat on my own hat."

We regret to announce that the MS. of the first book of Milton's "Paradise Lost" has been purchased by a well-known American collector, and is now on its way to the United States, remarks the "London Times." Neither the name of the purchaser nor the price of the purchase has been divulged; although it is scarcely likely that either the one or the other will long remain a secret. We believe, however, that the "well-known American collector" is not Mr. J. P. Morgan. The MS. was bought in for the vendor on January 25 at £5000, and so it may be reasonably assumed that it has changed hands at about that sum. It is true the MS. is not in Milton's autograph, but it is the next best possible thing—it is the "copy" from which the printer "set up" this portion of the great poem. Its literary interest and value, therefore, cannot be denied. It is one, and perhaps quite the most important, of the many literary relics which have passed out of England into American collections. We believe that a feeble effort was made on the part of a syndicate to purchase the MS. for the British Museum, but the effort did not get much beyond the initial stage, although there was ample time in which to have secured it for one of our public institutions. While we naturally deplore the almost entire want of public-spirited enterprise which has been exhibited in England in connexion with this manuscript, we may not unreasonably congratulate our American friends on their success. The price paid is doubtless a big one for a thin quarto-sized volume of 34 leaves, but these things nowadays are not measured by bulk, but by intrinsic interest, and from this point of view, the "well-known American collector" has been fortunate in making an uncommonly good bargain. Such another opportunity, is not likely to occur again, in his lifetime at all events.

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