

him some
ed man rose
s neighbour,
s; but just
the pro-
Sturvesant's
the entire
wind above
er, and had
unexpected
Whackem.
a small mob
been picked
another to
the path of
edgers cow-
as at once
community
refuge; but
chase with
erous, yell-
mass came
rout fence,
roperty and
ut into the
the animals
es, and the
r homes as
Mr. Dressel-
e the next
et life of a
it is a little

matrical pro-
der, and our
ed to find a
pleasure in
boy of nine
falbot, and
orth Main-
er delicate,
ool a great
etical feats
told about
bright, and
In com-
ers of the
ome of the
as marvel-
y question,
d 6 and 3,
"were an-
every time
low at hi-
n in hand.
7, divided
3, add 7,
ost before
he School

Inspectors and the newspaper man looked at each other in blank amazement. Then the other Inspector tried it:

"Multiply 5 by 13, add 19, subtract 39, divide by 2, add 7, multiply by 9, add 15, divide by 7, add 8, multiply by 3, less 13, add 9, multiply by 7, divide by 9, add 13, divide by 11—how many?"

"Ninety-six!" fairly yelled the delighted boy, clapping his hands with merriment at the amazement which crowned the countenances of his interviewers, and the Inspectors turned to the paper man and said, "Take him, Mr. Hawkeye."

Then we did our best to throw the boy. As fast as we could speak, and without punctuation, we rattled off this:

"Add 24 to $17\frac{1}{2}$, multiply by $9\frac{1}{2}$, divide by $\frac{1}{2}$, add 33 per cent, multiply by 16, extract square root, add 9, divide by 3.5 of 7.8, add 119, divide by $77\frac{1}{2}$, times $44\frac{1}{2}$, square the quotient and multiply by $17\frac{1}{2}$, add 77 and divide by 33, how ma—"

"But before we could say the last syllable the boy fairly screamed,

"127 $\frac{1}{2}$! Ask me a hard one!"

We had seen enough, and with feelings amounting almost to awe we left this wonderful boy. We talked about his marvellous powers all the way down. Finally it happened to occur to one of the Inspectors to ask the other Inspector,

"Did you follow my example through to notice whether the boy answered it correctly or not?"

The tone of amazement gradually passed away from the Inspector's face, as he faintly gasped,

"N-n-no, not exactly, did you?"

Then the first Inspector ceased to look mystified and began to look very much like Mr. Skinner did when he got the Nebraska fruit, and they both turned to the gentleman who represented the literary department of the expedition, and said lugubriously,

"Did you?"

But he only said:

"The Burlington & North-western narrow-gauge railroad will be owned, not by eastern capitalists, but by the people through whose country it passes."

Misapplied Science.

It was only a few years ago the New York *Journal of Information* published the statement that a man in New Hampshire, who had been unable to speak for five years, went to sleep, one night, with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and awoke the next morning with his voice perfectly strong and smooth and steady. Old Mr. Jarvis, who lives out on Vine Street, is sorely afflicted with an impediment in his speech, and often says he

would give a hundred dollars if he could only "t-t-t-t-taw-taw-talk f-f-f-fast enough t-t-t-to t-t-tell a gug-gug-gug-grocer what he w-w-wants bub-bub-bub-before he gug-gug-gets it measured out." He takes the *Journal*, and had taken it for twenty-three years, and he firmly believed every thing he ever read in it; Sylvanus Cobb's stories, Mr. Parton's Lives of Eminent Americans, the answers to correspondents—Mr. Jarvis had taken them all in and believed every word. He thought that probably this quid-of-tobacco treatment might help his voice a little, and he resolved to give it a good trial any how. The first trouble was that he didn't chew, and Mrs. Jarvis would never allow a bit of tobacco about the house. But he begged a big "chaw" of navy, and when he went to bed he tucked it snugly away in his cheek, and prepared to sleep in hope. He had his misgivings, and they grew in number and strength as the quid began to assert itself, and be sociable, and assimilate itself with its surroundings. Mrs. Jarvis asked him if he fastened the front gate.

"Um," said Mr. Jarvis, meaning that he had.

"And are you sure you locked the front door?" queried his restless spouse.

"Um," replied Mr. Jarvis, meaning that he had not, for he was by this time in no condition to open his mouth.

"Hey?" she replied.

"Um," persisted Mr. Jarvis.

"What?" she demanded.

"Um-m-m!" protested Mr. Jarvis.

"Well," said she, "you can't make me believe you are that near asleep this soon."

"Um-m-m!" said Mr. Jarvis; meaning that he would get up and bounce her out of that front door if she didn't hold her clench.

Presently she sat up in bed. Sniff, sniff! "John Jarvis," she exclaimed, "if I don't smell tobacco in this house, I'm a sinful woman. Don't you smell it?"

"M," replied Mr. Jarvis; which by interpretation is, that he didn't smell anything and was going to sleep.

"It's in this very room," she persisted, excitedly.

"Um," said Mr. Jarvis, meaning that she must be crazy.

"It's under the bed!" she screamed. "There's a burglar under the bed! Oh, help! fire! police! John Jarvis!!!" And she smote Mr. Jarvis a furious pelt in the stomach to waken him up.

It was a terrific thump, and its first effect was to knock all the atmosphere out of Mr. Jarvis's lungs so far that he could only re-