

Echoes and Etchings.

The Coliseum.

According to expert calculations the Coliseum of Rome seated 87,000 spectators, while 60,000 more could have found standing room. The external circumference of the Coliseum as it stands to-day is 1,728 feet, its long diameter 615 feet, its short diameter 510 feet. The arena is 297 by 296 feet. There is still standing four stories of the original structure. It was, in all probability, the largest building of auditorium arrangement ever known.

The Way We Write.

About the year 450 B.C. the Ionians introduced the present system of writing from left to right. Previous to that date the custom was to run from right to left. At the same time the method known as the boustrophedon (that is, alternately from right to left and from left to right) was somewhat extensively practiced. The ancient Hebrew and Greek languages were written from right to left until about the year 430 B.C., when the forms of the Greek letters were changed from uncial to the cursive, and the manner of writing was changed from right to left to left to right.

Child-Marriage in England.

Few folk have any idea that in Elizabethan times the custom of child-marriages prevailed in England, yet the dilapidated volume of depositions in the Ecclesiastical Court of Chester, A. D. 1561-66, proves that these marriages must have been frequent in Cheshire and Lancashire, and no doubt other like records in the rest of our dioceses will, when looked up, establish the fact that such marriages were common all over England. The birth of a child in the Berkeley family, when the father and mother were each 13½ years old, shows what was going on elsewhere a century earlier.—[The Alderney.

Calling a Pawnbroker "Uncle."

"Uncle," as applied to a pawnbroker, is a wretched pun on the Latin word *uncus*, a hook. Pawnbrokers employed a hook to lift articles pawned to upper shelves before spoils were adopted. "Gone to the uncus" is exactly tantamount to the modern phrase, "Up the spout." The pun was inserted to carry out the pun. The phrase, "a me tante," does not mean "to my aunt's," but "to the scoundrel's," the word tante, in French argot, being the most reproachful word they can use speaking of a man. "Gone to my uncle's," in French, "C'est chez ma tante," at the pawnbroker's. In French the concierge de prison is called "uncle" because the prisoners are "kept there in pawn" by the Government. In the seventh century a user was called "my uncle" in the Walloon provinces because of his near connection with spendthrifts, called in Latin "Nepotes," nephews.

The Editor's Mistake.

The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them safely over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchards from the myriads of grasshoppers. The editor framed his answer upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed their two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with the two twins, read, in reply to his query: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping about in the flames a few minutes, will speedily be settled." While No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "Give a little castor oil and rub their gums gently with a bone."

Love for the Zigzag.

The straight line is an abomination to the Chinese. They endeavor to avoid it in their streets and buildings, and have banished it completely where country field paths are concerned. They will always substitute a curve whenever possible, or they will torture it into a zigzag.

In districts not devastated by the Pings nor subject to the influence of the foreigner, the houses and temples are characterized by curved, often peaked, roofs, ornamented with fantastic modifications of the "myriad stroke" pattern. The inhabitants of such regions are soon found to have a mental world to correspond. The straight line is scouted. They think in curves and zigzags. To the Chinese mind the straight line is suggestive of death and demons. It belongs not to the heaven above nor the earth beneath. In a true horizon line are seen the "undulations of the dragon." Therefore, argue the Chinese, the straight line pertains to Hades.—[The Contemporary Review.

Curious Rocks in Mashonaland.

A characteristic feature of Mashonaland, the kopie, is frequently mentioned in the dispatches reporting the engagements with the Matabele. Some descriptions of the curious elevations

is given in a letter to Prof. Geikie, from Mr. J. B. Don, formerly one of his pupils. A uniform granite formation is, he says, by far the most prominent geological peculiarity of Mashonaland and, indeed, of most of the interior of South Africa. Sometimes it rises into mountains, but usually the general level is only broken by low kopies, and in those parts where the bed-rock and surface are flattest the kopies present the most singular appearance. The whole country seems dotted with huge curbstones, and in whichever direction you look they gradually close on the view, as the trunks of trees would in a forest. Some of these curbstones are 300 feet or more high, sheer all round, and of apparently smaller diameter than height. Sometimes the original mass has been so broken up as to form the most marvelous, steep-leaked structures springing out of the rich foliage that grows in all the crevices. Native huts are built on these kopies in the most inaccessible positions.

Hygienic Hints.

Hot Water and Indigestion.

A goblet of hot water taken just after rising, before breakfast, has cured thousands of indigestion, and no simple remedy is more widely recommended to dyspeptics.

Care of Old Tinctures.

Great care should be taken in administering remedies in the form of tinctures which have stood for a long time in small vials in the family medicine closet. When the bottles happen to be loosely corked the alcohol readily evaporates, leaving the drug in the form of a concentrated tincture, the pharmacopoeial dose of which might produce very serious, if not fatal results.

The Scratch of a Nail.

It is sometimes said that the scratch of a nail is poisonous. There is no reason to suspect the nail-tissue; it is more likely the germs laid in a wound from a bacterial nest under the nail. Children are very apt to neglect to purify their nails when washing hands; and this matter is not always sufficiently attended to among surgical patients. Personal cleanliness is a part of civic duty, and should be taught not only at home but at school, and insisted on in practice.

One or Two in a Bed?

The question is often asked, "Is it healthful for two persons to sleep in the same bed?" It is always unhealthy for two persons to sleep together in the same bed and under the same covers. The air under the bed-covers immediately surrounding the body of the sleeper, is exceedingly impure, becoming more and more impregnated with poisonous substances, escaping through the excretory glands of the skin, from the moment a person retires until he arises. The odor of the bedclothing, after having been occupied for a night, is often positively offensive to the nostrils of a person with an unimpaired sense of smell, especially one who has just come in from outdoors, where the fresh, pure air has been breathed.

Position for Healthy Sleep.

Many people sleep on the left side, and this is the most common cause of the unpleasant taste in the mouth in the morning, which is generally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal has been taken within two or three hours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which is difficult in the extreme to perform. The student of anatomy knows that all food leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive of sound repose. The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably, and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few persons can rest easily so, and hence it is best to cultivate the habit of sleeping on the right side.

Medicinal Uses of Eggs.

For burns and scalds there is nothing more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and, being always at hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary incidents of this kind, and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the best thing to be at once applied.

The egg is also considered one of the very best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and, by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable nature to assume her healthful sway over the diseased body.

With the sinking of high human trust the dignity of life sinks too; we cease to believe in our own better self, since that also is part of the common nature which is degraded in our thought; and all the finer impulses of the soul are dulled.—[George Eliot.

IN THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Doleful Neighbor.

"Do you know the doleful person?" She is always a good neighbor in health, and tries to be neighborly in sickness, but she makes a miserable failure at the latter. Don't you remember the last time the baby was sick? After you had watched by the little one's bed day after day and night after night, seen the roses fade from the loved one's cheek, and the little form waste away, just at the time when you had given up all hope, the doleful neighbor came in, and don't you remember how she tried to cheer you up with a one-sided conversation like this:

"Why, Mrs. B., how much worse the baby looks this morning! She looks just like Sarah Jones' baby did the night before it died."

"Gracious! I never saw a child so wasted away as Sarah's was, except yours. We just done everything for the child, but it wasn't no use."

"I never will forget how Sarah took on at the funeral."

And the doleful neighbor suddenly remembers that she has to run back home to "set a sponge," and when she goes you hope she will never return. You look again at the suffering babe and listen to its rapid breathing, feeling that your heart must surely break.

But suddenly there is a knock at the door, and in comes the well, the sunbeam neighbor as good a name as any. She was over the evening before, and quietly and unobtrusively helped to do so many needful things, and when she left she dropped a word of cheer. And when she comes this time, she says something like this:

"Why, how much better the baby looks this morning!"

And don't you remember what a bright gleam of hope crossed your mind?

"I never saw a child improve so much in so short a time. I am sure the baby will soon be well."

And then the sunbeam neighbor rearranges the bed, adjusts the blinds, tells you she will call again in a few hours, and hurries home.

Honest, now, didn't she leave a confident feeling behind her? You felt better and more hopeful. Baby, even, seemed to rally under her words; and when at last the little one was playing around your knee again, didn't you think of the words of the sunbeam neighbor?

The doleful neighbor has frightened more mothers to death, buried more babies and caused more tears than all the plagues combined.

Clothes Make the Woman.

There is nothing that men of society dislike so much or criticize so freely as untidiness in a woman. Slovenly details in the way of shoes, gloves, ties, etc., are always noticed and commented upon, and to say a woman is "smart" and "well turned out" is to give the highest meed of praise in their vocabulary. Very expensive clothes are not at all necessary to insure masculine approbation; on the contrary, the simplest toilets are admired if the fit and style are good, and if the accessories are carefully considered—and, above all, if the gown is fresh and unsoiled. There is something quite fascinating about a daintily shod foot peeping in and out among the "frills of her petticoat," and nowadays expense need be no obstacle, as the pretty suede shoes, black and white, and tan, and gray, are very reasonable in price. Even a girl who is far from wealthy can easily afford several pairs to wear on special occasions, while her leathers, tan and black, can so easily be kept brilliantly clean by the right sort of polish. A man, also, is more apt to admire style than beauty.

A girl who is "chic" and dresses effectively is generally much more of a belle than her more beautiful sister, who perhaps relies too much on her prettiness for her attractions. After all is said and done, clothes are, and will remain, one of the chief factors of our existence, the tailor making the man, and the dressmaker making the woman, as far as externals go. Humiliating as it may seem, a becoming or an unbecoming gown often influences destiny more than women, much as they love clothes, dream of.

Empty Lives.

It is most surprising the way women of means waste their time and money. Their dresses are made to order; so are their hats and wraps. They send their washing to the laundry and their gloves and laces to the cleaners. The maid who does the bedroom work darts the stockings and sews on buttons. Once a week a manicure comes by appointment and spends two hours treating fingers and feet; another specialist is engaged by the month and calls at least once a week to shampoo and dress the hair. Now this is what might be regarded as the luxury of living from the standpoint of a busy woman, overburdened with the cares of domestic or professional life. Such caretaking should leave ample time for some great work. Instead of that it does little more than give industrious women the means of a livelihood.

The waking hours of those childless women are idled away in novel-reading, gossiping visits, matinee-going or lounging. No attention whatever is given to study or the uplifting of the helpless classes. The number who

lead these empty lives is on the increase, as everyone knows who is familiar with hotel or boarding-house life.

A Word for the Mature.

Haggard made a daring step aside when he gave the world a heroine 2,000 years old; but intelligence is the fad and wisdom is an eye-opener. It's hard to be very intelligent at 18, and we need only to look about to be certain that half the girls are marrying with their eyes shut tight. All through the centuries the world has been merrily turning for the young women. Hurrah for anything that gives the women on the down slope a chance!—[Sara Spy in Boston Traveller.

A New Tea Set.

A new English invention is the Princess Beatrice set—viz., a silver tea caddy, three inches high, to hold two ounces of tea, accompanied by a silver tea-making spoon, which does away with the necessity of a teapot. The spoon, perforated, and filled with tea, is put into the cup, and the water poured on it. The holes are so small that the leaves cannot come through. These can be had together, in a silver case, or separately—the price including the engraved monogram of the owner.

With Melancholy Seeming.

A Japanese wedding has a most mournful tone.

It is not good form for the bride in that country to admit that she is glad to get married. When she is told of the prospect she is expected to howl loudly and long. Also she must keep it up by day and night until the ceremony takes place.

After she has been richly dressed for the event she must renew her shrieks and hang back until one of the attendants throws a veil over her face. Then somebody carries her to a sedan chair. When she arrives at the bridegroom's house she is a wife, the simple ride in the flowery chair being the only legal ceremony required, though profuse entertainment and congratulations from assembled guests follow her arrival.

Sewing in Public Schools.

The course of study in sewing in the Boston public schools is interesting for an amateur of sewing to consider. To read of "thimble, emery, scissors," set off neatly as articles of study, and to gaze upon a printed curriculum of "basting, backstitching, overcasting, half-backstitching and combination of one running and one-half backstitch," is to realize most intensely the advantages Boston offers to her daughters. In the fourth year are taught, among other things, stocking darning, straight and bias felling, whipping and sewing on ruffles, hemstitching, blind stitching, tucking if not taught previously, gathers overhanded to a band, sewing on hooks and eyes and buttons, eyelets, loops, and in the fifth year there is a system of dress cutting by which girls are taught to take measures, draught, cut and fit a dress waist.

Talk of To-Day.

The Order of Foresters has a feminine annex in the north of London. The Queen is patroness and the Marchioness of Lorne is vice-patroness. The formation of such courts is regarded as a help to the "further independence of women, and as a check upon early marriages."

The Japanese Gazette, of Yokohama, has been run by a woman until lately, but she has been deposed. She implies that her sex was the cause and writes a poem to her "Editorial Chair" in her last edition. It runs:

I leave thee not with vain regret,
Nor yet with vow to thee forget;
A man I might have filled thee yet,
My Editorial Chair!

This is the time of the year when the hair dealers send their agents about Europe to buy the country maidens' hair. They meet them at the fairs, and pay for the privilege of clipping off their locks. Belgium sends out about 1,000 pounds of fair hair every year; Italy, 12,000 pounds of black hair; the Argentine Republic, 2,000 pounds; British India, 18,000 pounds, and China, 140,000.

Nancy Rose is the name of the woman, who, for 35 years has been the lighthouse keeper at Stony Point, on the Hudson. Her husband was appointed to that position in 1853, but died five years later, leaving her with a family of young children to support. Her friends used their influence to have her appointed in his place, and succeeded. No serious accidents have occurred there during the whole term of Nancy Rose's tenure of office.

Mrs. Molesworth, whose children's stories are widely read, is an English woman. She has been a teller of children's stories ever since she was a little girl and used to amuse her brothers and sisters by the exercise of her art. When she was grown up and married she continued to write and tell stories for the benefit of her own children, but did not think of a larger audience. But eighteen years ago she was induced to send one of her stories to a publisher and since then has published constantly.

Mme. Tolstoi, wife of Count Tolstoi, received a diploma from the Moscow University at the age of 17, and was

married when she was 18, her husband being 20 years older, and she is now, after 31 years of married life, the mother of nine living children, and her husband's potent aid in his literary labors. Harper's Bazar says she copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task of which the difficulty is increased by the self-invented shorthand in which Count Tolstoi sets down his compositions.

Mrs. Colon Campbell conducts a novel business in Rochester, N. Y. She is the proprietor of a "cricket farm." She rears only the black crickets known as field crickets, keeping them in large glass jars ranged about the room. She sells the little insects to the superstitious, who believe in the luck that crickets bring. They do not seem to have brought much to the Campbells, who, twelve years ago, were moderately well-off New York people, worth \$30,000 or so, and who, by sickness, fire and the like, have been reduced almost to want.

My Neighbor.

My neighbor was a widder, an' she hed a rundown farm,
An' her cows an' pigs an' chickens done a might lot o' harm
To my fields ajinin', an' I stood it quite awhile,
Till I wouldn't be imposed on in no such kind o' style.

So I looked my very maddest, es I walked up to her door,
Till she looked up at me smilin', while a-washin' up the floor;
An' her cheeks was red es roses, an' her hair as black es night—
I forgot to scold an' sass her, fer she seemed so sweet an' bright.

But my hand was to the plow now, an' it wouldn't never do
To forget them deperditions jes' by lookin' at her shoe;
So I gathered up my anger, an' I said, "Now, Mrs. Brown!"
An' my tone put out her eyes' light, an' the lashes they fell down.

But I ain't no man for foolin', an' I went right on to say
How her pigs eat all my melons, and her cows eat tons of hay—
How her chickens scratched my corn out, an' I wouldn't hev it so.
Gittin' harder all the time, like a mad-man will you know.

Then the widder she looked up, with a tear drop on her cheek,
An' a somethin' in her throat that wouldn't let her speak;
But she sobbed an' cried out, in a kind o' teary tone,
Thet she hed no one to help her, an' was poor an' all alone.

An' my hand was off the plow then, an' a-reachin' out for hern.
I hed learnt a sudden lesson that I never thought I'd learn.
Well, my scoldin' was a failure, secin' what I thought to do,
For her pigs an' cows are all here, an' the widder's with 'em, too.

—Will F. McSparran in the Yankee Blade.

Signs of the Times.

[Canada Presbyterian.]

The commission on the liquor question has served at least one good purpose. It has been made clear by the evidence that the temperance sentiment of the Dominion, and especially of Ontario, has made marvellous strides forward during the last few years. Prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists, temperance men and brewers, experts and ordinary citizens—witnesses of all kinds agree on that point. There was another point on which they all agreed, and that was that the influence of the churches was one of the principal factors in bringing about the change in public sentiment. Had it not been for the steady Gospel work done for years in the churches, whisky would be flowing in every corner of Canada to-day as freely as it flowed 30 years ago.

Some English Evidence.

[From the Methodist Recorder, English.] Under the heading "Fruits of the Traffic" the Alliance News publishes weekly an account taken from various newspapers of proceedings in police and coroners' courts that are directly the product of strong drink. They are simply reprinted without comment. I have analysed the contents of four numbers taken at random with this result:

Deaths thirteen, all due to excessive drinking, five of which were of women.
Three drowned when drunk.
Four suicides through drink.
One death from alcoholic poisoning.
Six cases of cruelty to children.
Two cases of manslaughter.
One setting fire to house.
Perhaps the worst case was a lad of 15 summoned for assaulting his mother, the excuse being he was drunk. Among the deaths was a man who had been drunk for eleven weeks, and a woman who had not been sober for eight weeks. A child of 3 years obtained whisky from his father's bedroom cupboard, and died without regaining consciousness. And yet people wonder abstainers sometimes speak strongly. In view of such a record the wonder would be if they did not.

"The essence of all beauty I call love,
The attitude, the evidence, and end;
The consummation to the inward sense
Of beauty apprehended from without,
I still call love."
—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Humor in the Schoolroom.

J. L. Hughes, public school inspector, Toronto, has put together in the Canadian Magazine a number of stories of school life which are good enough to keep, although many readers have doubtless heard some of them told by Mr. Hughes on the lecture platform. The following extracts are from the paper: "Who made you?" asked a primary teacher. The little girl addressed evidently wished to be accurate in her reply: "God made me so long"—indicating the length of a short baby—"and I grewed the rest." "Who were the foolish virgins?" brought the answer from a wise little girl—"Them as didn't get married." "Boys," said a teacher, "can any of you quote a verse of Scripture to prove that it is wrong for a man to have two wives?" He paused, and after a moment a bright boy raised his hand. "Well, Thomas," said the teacher encouragingly. Thomas stood up and said solemnly: "No man can serve two masters." The questioning ended there.

The words "His Satanic Majesty" occurred in a story read in one of the Toronto public schools. "How many know who his Satanic Majesty is?" said the teacher. Several hands were raised, and the first pupil named promptly replied, "The Inspector." It is encouraging to know that she was a very young child.

History and scripture were never more thoroughly mixed than by the boy who wrote: "Titus was a Roman Emperor—supposed to have written the epistle to the Hebrews; his other name was Oates."

Here are a few answers culled at random:

"The food passes through your wind-pipe to the pores, and thus passes off your body by evaporation through a lot of little holes in the skin called capillaries." "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle." "Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else." "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrian feathers." "The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah." "Climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days." "Columbus knew the earth was round because he balanced an egg on the table." "Mrs. Browning wrote poetry to the pottery gress." This was not complimentary to the Portuguese nor to the teacher's method of teaching literature. "The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

A poor boy was asked, "What is a gentleman?" "A fellow that has a watch and chain," he replied, adding, when he saw his answer was not perfectly satisfactory, "and loves Jesus." "Medieval is a wicked man who has been tempted." "A demagogue is a vessel containing beer and other liquids." "Tom, use a sentence with responsibility in it." Tom said: "When one suspender button is gone there is a great deal of responsibility on the other one." "What is a lad?" inquired the teacher. A very small girl answered, "A thing for courting with."

"Give me the future of drink." "Present, he drinks; future, he will be drunk." "The plural for pillow?" "Bolster." "Compare ill." "Ill, worse, dead." This recalls the answer of the boy who said: "Masculine, man; feminine, woman; neuter, corpse." "Who was the first man?" asked a Chicago teacher. "Washington," promptly answered the young American. "No," said the teacher, "Adam was the first man." "Oh, well, I suppose you are right," replied the undaunted patriot, "if you refer to furiners." "How did that blot come on your copy book, Sam?" "I think it is a tear, Miss Wallace. It must have been a colored boy who dropped it," suggested the reflective Samuel. "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" "The famine in the land." "Now, children," said the teacher, "we have gone through the history of England. Tell me in whose reign would you live if you could choose for yourself." "In the reign of King James," said philosophic Alec, "because I read that education was very much neglected in his time." "Count twenty when you are angry before you strike," said the teacher. "Please, I think it is better to count 40 if you can't lick the other fellow," wisely added the cautious Harold. "Susan, if I were a little girl I would study my lessons," said the teacher reprovingly. "Then I guess you are glad you ain't a little girl," shrewdly answered Susan. "If you wish to be good-looking when you grow up you should go to bed early," was the advice of a lady teacher to her class in hygiene. Isabel rather rudely ventured to say in reply: "I 'spect you sat up late when you was a girl."

Mr. Hughes concludes his paper by the following suggestion:

The humor of the schoolroom is too valuable to be lost. Every teacher should record the humorous answers and amusing incidents in connection with her class. Teachers' associations should appoint recorders of humor, to whom all teachers should send the merry sketches of their schoolrooms. An hour spent in reading these stories in conventions would be profitably spent. The publication of a volume of such stories periodically would enrich the literature of humor. The best collection of extraordinary answers yet issued is that prepared by Miss Caroline B. LeRoy, of Brooklyn, N. Y.