

WHAT HE REMEMBERS.

Interesting Incidents in the Life of a Pioneer in the H. B. Co.'s Service.

An Indian's Terrible Revenge—A Woman Prays for a Looking-glass in Exchange for Her Child.

Going up in the train to Goldstream, recently, I sat in the seat behind a very old man, who was watching the scenery, as the carriage flew along, with evident enjoyment. There being very few other people in the car, we soon got into conversation, that is, to say my fellow traveller told me the whole time in delight and interest to him speak about old adventures and early days in Canada. We had not been speaking above a couple of minutes when I found out that he was a pioneer of the old time, and that, though physically old and feeble, his mental capabilities were as

BRIGHT AND ACTIVE

as ever. So I sat still and let him go ahead, switching him off occasionally by a judicious word or two into the subject more particularly wished him to speak of. It would be impossible to crowd into such a short sketch, as this is intended to be, half of what my companion said, nor could I, however much I tried, give an idea of the manner in which each anecdote told of his lips, nor of the animated gestures and powerful word pictures with which he garnished his remarks.

"I was a raw Scotch lad in the days, as said, when we broke up home in Wick and came, on the London ship, to the Hudson Bay company's ship Prince of Wales. I was apprenticed for the usual number of years, and on the 2nd of March, 1851, we sailed away, down past the docks, into the Channel, and off to sea. I don't speak of the voyage now, beyond saying that, as in all the H. B. Co.'s ships at that time, the apprentices were treated with the greatest kindness, and the vessels belonging to the corporation were always splendidly manned, on account of their reputation. Our chief officer was the father-in-law of Senator Macdonald, and our captain one of the best known skippers sailing out of England. We arrived in Hudson's Straits at the latter end of the year, and sailed up them before entering the Bay, staying at several small native trading posts on the way. At one of these, our ship sailed up through

SMOOTH ICE-BODY WATER.

I happened to be cold in the ice chains, and when we swung round, our anchor chains a long skin canoe hauled in right alongside me, and hooked on to the chains on which I was standing. In the bow of the canoe was a young woman, with a child in her arms, and as they got underneath me, I pulled out from my pocket a small, cracked piece of looking-glass that I had bought for a penny before I left Wick, and held it right over her face. She looked into it, screamed with delight, and then offered me her baby for the precious treasure. She cried and screamed alternately until I gave her the glass, when she handed me the child in return. I put it back in her arms and waved her away. She could not believe that she was to have possession of both for several minutes, and when our interpreter explained it to her she passed up, out of the boat, four ivory tusks, which I took, and afterwards sold in Montreal for six hundred dollars. So that my penny investment had made thirty thousand per cent. That would have satisfied Jay Gould, wouldn't it?" asked the old man, as he plunged into his second tale.

"When the 'Prince of Wales' reached the upper waters of Hudson's Bay, I was told by the old hands aboard, who had been in these parts before, that they would show me some

WONDERFUL ESQUIMAUX SHOOTING

before we got up much further. They then proceeded to attach to some fine string some big ship's biscuits, and tied them, with about a hang of three feet, to the extremity of every yard of the vessel. When we reached James Bay, which was our next point of call, the water was rather rough, and, as we let go the anchor, the biscuits were shaking and tumbling about not a little. The Esquimaux, did not deter the natives from crowding around us in their skin boats, and a shout went up as they recognized the biscuits, for they knew what they meant. And in a minute a man, fantastically clothed got up in the bow of the largest canoe with a bow and arrow in his hands, and as he was steering round the ship, fired, clean in two, and caught in his hands three out of the four biscuits. I have never since seen or heard of such accurate shooting, even when men were armed with the best invented rifles.

"When I left the 'Prince of Wales,' and after a series of adventures, reached the Fraser River, still in the service of the H. B. Co., I was sent up to posts on the river, and for some time was engaged in salting and pickling salmon. When the fish were brought up from us, we used to prepare the salt in the barrels, and it was outside round about the fort. One day, late in the season, we had about ten barrels outside, full of the clear, strong pickle, all ready for their fish, when about twenty ugly-looking Indians came down to the fort, with weapons reversed and all signs of subject submission on their faces. Mr. James Murray Yale happened to be in the fort at the time, and it was soon ascertained that they were all suffering from the worst sort of ophthalmia, their eyes being distended and bloodshot, and in a very bad condition. The tribes about us, whose members were our fishermen, were hostile to those who had come down, and some of the local chiefs determined, as they dared not fight at the fort, to wreak their vengeance upon them in some other manner. Accordingly, three of these warriors, prompted by the chiefs, approached the afflicted warriors and told them that some medicine had been just made for bad eyes, but it was to be distributed among the river Indians, and that none would be given them because they were hostile. "However," they went on, "if you are quick and will go to-night when the white men are asleep and dip your heads in those barrels for two minutes your eyes will be bright and good once more." That same evening everybody in the fort was aroused by a terrible screaming and yelling, and rushing out, headed by Mr. Yale, we found the 20 visitors in a terrible condition, their eyes and faces saturated with the strongest brine pickle ever made. They were at once ordered to plunge in the river, and for several hours behaved like madmen. Our doctor succeeded in allaying the torture of several of them, but it was soon ascertained that eight were blinded for life. Three years later, sometime after our post had been removed from that point, I heard incidentally that the Indians who had practiced the joke had been wiped out of existence by the tribe to which the blind men belong. So that justice sometimes gets even up among the Indians as well as white men. —Victoria (B. C.) Colonist.

QUEER THING ABOUT BANKS.

They Give the Depositor Very Slight Evidence of Their Debt to Him.

"Did you ever give any particular thought to how insignificant and trifling is the evidence of debt which a bank gives its regular depositors in return for the large sums of money the depositors leave with them?" asked the head of a big mercantile house, as he glanced at the entry just made in the firm's bank book, which a clerk had returned with.

"For the \$3,073 in gold and currency, to say nothing of the \$5,263.20 in drafts and silver, which we left with the bank just now, all we get in return were the six figures and the date; no promise to pay—not even an I. O. U. From the bank. Where in any other department or any other circumstances of mercantile life can one find this equalled?"

"Positively nowhere else! In many respects I consider this feature one of the seven wonders known of in connection with no other period of the world, so far as I know."

"Some day we will hear of a gigantic fraud of some sort or other as the result of the present deposit book system. Already many small ones have happened, but have been hushed up by the banks."

"It is a generally accepted fact in banking and mercantile circles that this is the one weakest spot in the business doing of to-day."

"Think of it a minute; no contract—not the touch of the pen or a line of printed matter acknowledging obligation on the part of the banks in return for the millions of money daily received by them from depositors! It is certainly remarkable that how and one which should be changed—but how?"

ASLEEP FOR NINE YEARS.

A Young Woman Who Dosed off in 1833 Still Sleeping.

A remarkable case of suspended animation, of scientific interest, is referred to in an issue of the *English Mechanic*. The sleeper is a young woman named Marguerite Boyenval, of the village of Thionville, in France, who fell into a cataleptic condition on May 29, 1833, since which day she has never shown the slightest sign of returning consciousness. When the actual nature of this profound sleep was realized by her medical attendants efforts to awaken the young woman, attention was given to sustaining life. As the jaws were rigidly fixed, it was found to be impossible to introduce food into the stomach, and injections of nourishment were resorted to.

"During these nine years she has been free from all cares of life, without thought or motion, consequently there has been no apparent waste of muscular or nervous tissue. The hand of time seems to have spared this unconscious sleeper, no change has taken place in her countenance, she appears no older to-day than when she fell asleep nine years ago at the age of twenty-five. During this time the growth of hair and nails has completely ceased; the joints have become quite stiff through disuse, to such an extent that the arms, if raised, will remain in that position for an indefinite period.

"The eyes are turned upward, so that the pupils are entirely out of sight on opening the eyelids. The lips, when moved, appear to lack the elasticity necessary to return spontaneously to their original position.

About Animals.

Spiders are seven times stronger in proportion than lions.

The pig has forty-four teeth, the dog has forty-two, and mankind only thirty-two.

A cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often yield a thread 1,000 yards long, and one has been produced which contained 1,205 yards.

At the other day killed a big alligator in Florida by jumping on its neck and biting through the tender hide until it reached a vital spot.

It is known that the hoofs of horses were protected by boots of leather at a very early period in the world's history—at a time which antedates Pliny and Aristotle, both of whom make mention of them.

Snails' eggs absorb moisture. The most singular thing about them, however, is their marvelous vitality. They may be burnt in a furnace and thus reduced to powder, yet on the application of moisture they swell and regain their vitality, hatching out as freely and successfully as if they had been left alone.

It is the present expectation that every species of fish and other aquatic animals will be enough to be seen, which is native to inland waters, and to the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, except, perhaps, a live whale will be exhibited in the fisheries department of the Exposition.

A GROUP OF DON'TS.

How to Avoid Incongruous Forms of Expression and Colloquialisms.

Do not say "He speaks bad grammar," but "He uses poor English."

Not "I am real ill," but "I'm really ill."

Not "I feel bad," but "I feel badly."

Not "Hedn't ought, but "Shouldn't have."

Do not begin all remarks with an exclamation such as "Well!" "Say!" "Oh!"

Do not say "I'm not going, I don't believe," but "I'm not going, I believe."

Not "new beginners," but "beginners;" not "elevated up," but "elevated."

Not "I am through dinner," but "I have finished dinner."

Not "It is too salty," but "It is too salt."

Not "It is tasty, but "It is tasteful."

Not "Light completed," but "Light complexioned."

Not "He don't come to see me," but "He doesn't come to see me."

Not "Who are you going with?" but "Whom are you going with?"

Not "I when you say correctly," but "She wrote to me." —[City and Country.

Often the Case.

Ted—"I feel dreadfully mean, old boy."

Ned—"So?"

Ted—"Yes. Dear Miss Oldgirl gave me the handsomest present I ever received and I sent her only a pair of gloves."

SAVED BY A MATCH.

island to the crossing-place and found what latterly we had too good reason to expect. The ice was gone. In its place the water was dashing upon the shore in foam-crested waves and roaring like a mill-dam.

We were too late. I was so overcome with cold and exhaustion that with this fresh disappointment I sank down powerless on the lee side of that little clump of cedars you see just to the right of that big rock, every spark of ambition gone. All I cared for now was rest and sleep. Joe knew the danger of allowing me to remain in this condition and tried to rouse me out of it. But I only begged him to let me alone and turned a deaf ear alike to his warnings and entreaties. I no longer felt the cold. I was comfortable now, entirely satisfied, and asked for nothing more. In fact I was fast sinking into that sleep which often passes into the eternal rest. My companion seeing that his efforts were unavailing to prevent for any length of time my dozing off into the fatal slumber now tried to rouse me by shouting with all his might across the narrow channel that had proven so treacherous in our hour of need. He could see lights still shining in the windows of those who had not retired for the night, and he pictured to himself how comfortably they were situated around their firesides while we were being frozen outside not more than a quarter of an hour ago. Again and again he shouted with all the energy of his soul, but the roar of wind and waters drowned his voice and his efforts were in vain. The louder he called the louder the noise of the elements seemed to mock him. The hour was late and unless some stranger happened to pass the street at the time it was very doubtful if all his shouting, even if it could be heard the distance, would attract any attention. Then he bethought him of building a fire. But, as you can plainly see, the island is almost totally bare of timber, the only thing that at all resembles wood being a quarter of a dozen cedars which you notice growing here and there in small clumps. Fortunately, however, Joe remembered that a small shelter had been built not more than ten rods from where we then were for the accommodation of a few sheep that had pastured on the island during the winter. He went to the boards of this sheep-pen, all of pitch-pine and when once set on fire would make a good conflagration. Joe took them and piled in a heap. Then with his long clasp-knife he quickly prepared an abundance of fine shavings, and when everything was ready put his hand into his pocket for a match. It was at this moment that the fact flashed upon his mind of his having used the last match to light his pipe. Could he have possibly overlooked one somewhere in a corner of his pocket? He made a thorough search but found nothing except a broken end of one, and that the match was lying on the white like a log entirely unconscious of what was happening around me,—but I had never been a smoker and had no occasion to carry matches, so he found none on me. Then he hunted his own pocket again in a persistent sort of way, as if he knew the person will do even after he has lost all hope of finding what he is looking for.

The future looked dark. One thing seemed certain, that if help did not come soon I would be past all help, for I was by this time completely overpowered by the stupor that had seized me. I was so overcome with myself, being inured to the fore of hardships, he could possibly have weathered the night out, but he could not bear the idea of seeing a fellow-being perish before his eyes.

Now in the midst of his despair, as he still listlessly rummaged in his vest-pockets in an aimless sort of way, he happened to find his right hand found its way through a hole in the upper edge of his pocket. This was the entrance to a larger pocket, or rather the space between the lining and the cloth corner of the lining and finger encountered something that caused him to give a great start of surprise. For there where it had lain safely concealed for a long time, no doubt, was nothing more nor less than the piece of a match. But it was only one match, or rather only the piece of one match, and the result depended upon the success or failure of igniting it. Joe, however, was a cool-headed fellow with plenty of nerve. He redoubled his care with the shavings, made them so fine and light that a spark would almost set them off. Coarser kindling was placed around these; every stick and piece of wood was carefully examined, and he had a great deal of trouble to draw around in such a manner as to exclude every breath of air. Then with steady hand he drew forth the precious fragment of match upon which so much depended.

Even at that moment he was not sure that it would ignite, for it had been so long that it would be dampness all his pains would be useless. But another instant would decide everything. Life or death. With a quick motion he struck the match. It burned up brightly into a little flame. In an instant the shavings were on fire. In the next the heavy pieces were aflame and burning like torches. Every available plank and board and stick was piled upon the rapidly increasing blaze, and in five minutes a great roaring bon-fire was flashing through the night our signal of distress.

Joe now took his stand before the fire and the shavings were on fire. He was facing the village, and whenever the wind lulled tried the effect of a regular old-fashioned war-whoop, at the same time throwing his arms about in a wild, dramatic way. His efforts were not in vain this time, for soon after he heard faintly an answering call from the opposite shore. Shortly afterwards came the dip, dip of oars through the water.

But of all these things I knew nothing, and when I came to my senses I lay in bed and someone pouring stimulants down my throat. I could hear the buzz of talk in the room. In fact, I was safe beneath the parental roof with mother and father standing by the bedside. It was three weeks before we were able to board ship, but it had not been for that lucky piece of match, it is not likely I would ever have been on them again, or telling you now why it is that I remember "Little Current" so well.

Lynn, Mass. V. H. Mc—

About the Tongue.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak. Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater lord," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A long tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead, "Don't let your tongue out of your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab says this import, "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart,"

From Hebrew wit the maxim springs, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer counsels the whole, Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

EDISON

Was asked, "Can electricity be used in case of war?"

"That," said he, "I want to talk about. It is true I have invented an electric torpedo, the Sigsbee torpedo, which we have sold out to the Armstrong Co. in a way, as of course you understand, and moved by electricity. It can be run out two miles ahead of a man-of-war's bow and kept at that distance ready to blow up anything in its reach. It is a very pretty and destructive toy. But it is not in that kind of thing that I take pride. What I want to see is some foreign nation coming to this country to attack us on our own ground."

"That is what I want to see, and I think that electricity will play such a part in war when that time comes. It shall make gunpowder and dynamite go in the humblest of things, and call him brother. Every electrician, when that time comes, will have his plan for making the life of his enemy electrically uncomfortable. Here is one item of defense which I think I can make use of."

"It is simple as ABC. I have never spoken or written about it before. With twenty-five men in a fort I can make that fort absolutely impregnable so far as an assault is concerned, and I should only need twenty-five men in the fort to do it. This is not guessing, but a matter of absolutely scientific certainty. In fact, twenty-five men would be a very liberal garrison. Some years ago, when the wires loaded with heavy electric charges began to go up everywhere, I predicted that there would be danger of the firemen receiving deadly shock by the electricity running down the streams of water which might come from the clouds, or on a cat, and the cat and I found my theory to be true. That is to say I did, and the cat found it out if there is another world for cats. He never knew anything about it in this world."

In each foot I would put an alternating current of 20,000 volts capacity. One wire would be grounded. A man would have a stream of water of about four hundred pounds' pressure to the square inch, with which the 20,000 volts alternating current could be connected. The man would simply move this stream of water back and forth, advanced and retracted, as the enemy advanced and retracted, and he would have absolute precision. Every man touched by the water would complete the circuit, get the force of the alternating current, and never know what had happened to him. The men trying to take a fort by assault, with his hands might come by tens of thousands and die, and he would be out of the ground beyond any hope of escape. Foreign soldiers undertaking to whip America could walk around any such fort as mine, but they never could go through it. It would not be necessary to deal out absolute death. The operator would feel like it. He could modify the current gently, so as simply to stun everybody, then walk outside his fort, pick up the stunned generals and other worth prisoners for ransom or exchange, make his prisoners also of the others if convenient, or if not convenient turn on the full force of the current, and send them to the happy hunting grounds for good."

The picture raised by Mr. Edison is certainly a most beautiful and attractive one. It is nice to think of all the fine descriptive matter that could be written. Such a fort and such a warfare as Mr. Edison has planned would make old-fashioned generals and M. Detaille of battle scenes fame, turn in their graves. We should have infantry moving on forts at a quickstep, dressed all in rubber, with chilled glass soles to their shoes and non-conductor handles to their swords and guns. Generals would look at their watches more than a picture from Punch, charging at the head of their armies riding on horses shod with rubber arched, the generals themselves carrying large rubber umbrellas, with gutta-percha handles, over their heads.

The world owes a great deal to Mr. Edison for the things he invents, and for the ease with which he gets out of the common place and makes life worth living. This fact was pointed out to Mr. Edison, and then this question was put to him:

"The world owes you a great deal. How much has it paid you for the work you did?"

"Oh," Edison laughed, "probably as much as the world thought it was worth."

"Mr. Edison, some people think you have made untold millions. Incidentally they are glad if you have. Others say you have not made much anything. That most of the money you have gotten out of the common place and other gentlemen fat and happy. Could you take the trouble to go carefully over with me all your inventions, make an estimate of the amount of money which they produce, and give me some idea as to what you have got out of that wealth."

Mr. Edison then gave the following list of his inventions, which, as he said, were his commercial inventions; that is to say, those which by returning a profit had proved their own success.

"He made the list he made comments on the various inventions, and that list is interesting, because, written in his own handwriting, it gives his own estimate of his personal share in the various electrical inventions with which his name is connected.

District Telegraph.—"Of that I am one-half inventor."

Quadruplex System of Telegraphy.—"That is my invention."

Stock Ticker.—"Of that I am one-half inventor."

Telephone.—"One-half my invention."

Electric Pen and Mimeograph.—"My invention."

Incandescent Lighting System.—"My invention."

Electric Railroad.—"I am one of the inventors of that."

Photograph.—"My invention."

"The district messenger service is in use in 600 cities and towns in the United States. The investment amounts to about \$4,800,000 paying about thirty thousand persons, averaging \$1 a day salary."

"The quadruplex system of telegraphy is in use on 72,000 miles of Western Union wire. Eleven years ago the Western Union reports stated that the quadruplex system saved \$500,000 in interest and repairs. Inasmuch as every mile of wire actually saves does the work of four miles of wire, the quadruplex system represents 216,000 miles of phantom wire, worth \$10,800,000."

"On these \$10,000,000 worth of wires there is no repairing to be done. The value of the wires themselves is, therefore, represented by a saving of \$860,000 in repairs at \$4 a mile annually, besides the interest on the \$10,800,000 which it would have taken to build them. Three thousand men work on my duplex instruments."

"Mr. Edison, how many millions do you make out of the millions which that invention of yours creates?"

"Not many. I sold the system to the

Western Union sixteen years ago for \$30,000, and spent the whole of it in experimenting in trying to get a wire carry six messages instead of four. I didn't succeed. So that financially I am worse off than I would have been had I never invented the quadruplex system."

"How about the stock ticker?"

"That employs about five hundred men at work and represents an investment of \$8,000,000, paying about 5 per cent. a year. From that invention I have received at different times \$30,000. I spent \$60,000 in getting the thing up. That again was a loss."

"Now for the telephone, Mr. Edison. Everybody supposes that you and Prof. Bell have millions stowed away, made on your telephone inventions."

"Bell invented the receiver. That is the end of the telephone which you put to your ear. He was trying to use that simultaneously as a transmitter, but could not make it go. The thing, therefore, did not pay. I invented the carbon transmitter, which made the telephone a financial success by making it commercially available. Here are the financial figures on the telephone, which really stagger me now that I come to look them up. Throughout the world there are at least one million telephones in use. They pay \$50,000,000 a year rental. They represent an actual investment of \$100,000,000 at least, capitalized at twice that sum, and paying about \$10,000,000 a year profit. That invention of mine was a very good thing for the girls, which is a gratifying thought. It employs 20,000 people, mostly young women. I got for the telephone about \$102,000 in all. Taking out what I expended in experiments I probably realized \$25,000 in clear profit. Bell made about half a million. Many people imagine that he made an enormous fortune, but he didn't. It was his father-in-law who made a vast fortune by getting control of much stock."

"My electric pen and mimeograph duplicating apparatus is used very largely here and in Europe. Three hundred men make a living out of it. The profits on that are not large."

"My incandescent light system is the most satisfactory to contemplate regarding the employment it gives to great numbers of men. Throughout the world 38,000 men make a living out of that invention. In my shops at Schenectady I employ 3,800 hands; at my Harrison lamp works, 1,000 in the New York works, 150. About four million lights are burning. These represent an investment of cold cash of a hundred millions. I can count up eighty-seven millions. In addition to that customers have paid twelve millions more for the installation of wires. The thing is capitalized, taking all of the companies together, need about two hundred millions, paying for 4 to 20 per cent. a year. My patents on incandescent lights netted me about \$140,000. I spent about \$400,000 in experimenting."

"The electric railway is, of course, not such a big enterprise. I built the first in the United States at Menlo Park in 1879. It was three miles long, and on it I obtained a speed of forty miles an hour. I sold it out long ago. I did not get my money back on it."

"The phonograph is a new thing. It will take four or five years to pioneer it. It will be greater than the telephone. To pioneer a thing is to get it on its feet. It took twelve years to pioneer the typewriter. Yes, I might invent an electric typewriter, a noiseless one, but the thing is not pressing, as it is in very good condition now. I have sold the phonograph out, but about that there is a complicated story, which need not be told. I have made no money out of it, but there is one thing which I am now working on out of which I shall make money and of which nobody can get any share except the boys here who own the thing with me. That is the magnetic concentration of iron ore. It is the latest commercial thing I have got up. I have a mill at Ogden, N. J. with a capacity of 2,000 tons in twenty hours. This is the idea briefly. Iron ore is not Bessemer ore unless it contains as little as a fifty thousandth part of one per cent. of phosphorus. If it has more phosphorus than that, it is brittle and cannot be used in making Bessemer steel. We are obliged for our Eastern manufacturing interests to import Bessemer ore from Algiers, Cuba, Spain, etc., as the freight from Michigan is too expensive. We import about 1,600,000 tons per year. New Jersey contains the largest strip of area of primal rock containing ore in the United States. There is probably more ore in this State in the prime rock than in all the rest of the States put together. The magnetic concentration of that ore would produce enough to supply the United States for centuries. The process of concentration—that is, of extracting magnetically the small particles of ore from the rock in which it is scattered—makes it Bessemer ore of the highest quality by destroying the phosphorus in it. I have been for three years leasing all the available deposits of ore in New Jersey."

"From my various patents, so far as the patents themselves go, I have stood an actual loss in experimenting and in lawsuits of \$800,000. I should be better off if I had not taken out any patents. I do not mean to say that I am a pauper, as you might think from my tale. But my money has not been made out of patents, or out of any protection that the Patent Office has given me. I have made it all out of manufacturing, and I have made quite enough to pay for my experiments and to get a good living which is all that I care about."

"Mr. Edison, Chaney Depew in his speech at the World's Fair dinner commented on the fact that whereas in the exposition in Philadelphia there were only a few overhead wires to tell the tale of electrical inventions, the Chicago exposition will contain a building of great size, devoted exclusively to the progress of electricity, and filled with machines, nearly all of them the work of one man. If you were to try, regardless of space, how big an exposition of your own work do you think you could get up? How many machines have you worked on in your life?"

"Well, it would be hard to say. I have worked on as many as forty machines at one time. An exhibition of all the machines that I have worked at and experimented on if I had kept them would cover about twenty-five acres." —N. Y. World.

The Height of His Ambition.

A teacher had devised a scheme to prevent idleness in the school-room. She had a corner of the blackboard ruled off and inscribed over it the well-known proverb that begins with "Get up to the ant." Whenever she caught any young or idling downer went his name under that motto. One day a small boy was paying attention to anything but his books, and the teacher spoke up.

"Johnny, if you don't go to work I shall have to put your name down in the slug-gard list."

"Well," responded John. "I wouldn't mind being a slugger, 'cause t'n when I got in a fight, I'd always lick."

The British and French Governments have agreed to prolong the modus vivendi in regard to the Newfoundland fisheries.