

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

WORKING IN A "TUBE"

Remarkable Experience in a Lock in Compressed Air.

AT FORTY POUNDS PRESSURE

The Way It Feels When the Valve is First Opened and the Chamber Fills With the Inrushing Air and Fog. Why You Don't Collapse or Explode.

As the lockkeeper turns the valve, writes A. W. Roker in Appleton's Magazine, there is a scaly raising screech as if your ear were next the safety valve of a locomotive blowing steam, and as the rushing air expands it fills the tiny chamber with fog so dense that you cannot see your hand before your eyes. Wider and wider the valve is opened, the fog becoming even denser and the racket increasing until the air fairly drowns and your eyes and ears are and your very scalp tremble with the air that is vibrating about you. For the first time in your life you realize that sound may inflict physical pain and that there is a possibility that it may kill.

No sooner is the big valve opened than you feel the pressure against your eardrums. A big wad of cotton seems thrust into each ear, and two big fingers seem to push the eardrums more and more firmly until each time when you swallow or blow into your nose the sensation disappears only to begin anew. Should you purposely delay swallowing, within twenty seconds the pain becomes intense and finally excruciating, as if a pair of knitting needles were being pushed deep into your ears.

Nothing short of the faith that others successfully withstand these sensations prevents you from becoming unduly excited, for actually you are in the throes of about as disagreeable a situation as you care to meet. For the sterility of half a minute the racket and fog and ear pain continue. Then the noise ceases as suddenly as it began. Out of the fog comes the voice of your guide.

"Feeling all right? Ears all right? No trouble to breathe? Oh, you'll be all right! Again the valve screeches and the air drowns you and your head throbs, and you are shaken with in and without.

Gradually, after the lapse of ten minutes, when the pressure in the heading and the lock become more equalized, the din begins to slacken; then it falls more and more and fades to nothing, after which the lockman opens the heading door and you gaze upon another length of "tube" like that you left behind.

How does it feel to be under forty pounds pressure? There is no sensation to it—none whatever—which is the trouble, for in case your heart is going to give out there is no warning symptom until too late. Against every square foot of the surface of your body is a pressure of 1700 pounds, and the only thing that prevents you from being squashed is the 5,700 pounds per square foot pressure inside of you, yet you do not feel this.

The pressure from without is so great that were it not for the pressure within you would be smashed flat as a toad run over by a steam roller, and the pressure within you is so great that were it not counterbalanced by the pressure from without you would explode to atoms like the shell of a dynamite cartridge.

Yet you have no means of realizing this. You feel perfectly normal. You breathe normally and without effort. You move about without being conscious of exertion. Only a feeling as of water left in the ears after bathing remains.

The noise of rumbling cars and screeching wheels from ahead sounds natural. So does the voice of your guide. Only your own voice seems strange in your own ears—far deeper in pitch than you ever have heard it and far off, not as if it came from your own mouth, but as if from ten feet behind; also, and this strikes you queerly until you have found the cause, all sounds are chopped off short, for in this heavy atmosphere there is little echo and carrying power. Even the explosion of a dynamite cartridge sounds as if it were a shotgun fired above in daylight.

In this dense atmosphere where you try to whistle with your lips or to blow a cornet or a fife you might blow your lungs out without producing a sound, for the pressure would resist any sound waves of which your lungs were capable. Owing to the excessive supply of oxygen, were you to light a match it would burn with the rapidity of tinder, amid volutes of smoke.

For the same reason an oil lamp or a lantern would burn itself out within a few minutes, emitting volutes of soot that would completely hide the flames. And for the same reason a light pipe or cigar will burn of itself without suction, and a single mouthful of smoke is all you would be able to get out of a cigarette. Were you to bring an empty corked bottle into this pressure from the outside, the pressure would burst it, and a single mouthful of smoke is all you would be able to get out of a cigarette.

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WHY IS IT?

When your stocks are daily slumping and your finances are slim, all the magazines have stories with a poorhouse ending grim? When your skeleton is stalking from its closet home so neat, all the magazines have stories which the safe man problem treat? When the big fish that feeds in the fish pond of your boy and name, all the magazines have stories of the very same disease? When, in short, you turn to reading as an inner world of bliss when you search for stuff to cheer you, you will read a wall like this?—Melanburgh Wilson in Judge.



Aftermath.

Clare—How did you make out at Yehard?

Ben—Oh, ripper! Colored five meerschmann pipes and have enough tobacco coupons for another—Bohemian.

The Boy. "I suppose I am past what my mother calls the first flush of youth," said the bachelor girl, "but I think I shall never feel older than I did one summer evening five years ago. And now the girl I was in those days seems absurdly young to the woman I am now," and she sighed and was silent a moment under the burden of her years.

It was that summer at Lake George," she went on presently, "and we were at the Greenes' cottage for a couple of weeks. Jack Greene was home from college, of course, and as he was the only man and I the only girl we naturally were thrown together constantly. He was just at the age to feel himself vastly superior, somewhere about nineteen. He had been growing sentimental in a patronizing sort of way, and one evening after a semitrivial passage or two he abruptly asked me, 'I told him twenty-three. He seemed stunned for a moment, and, looking up, he studied me carefully in the lamplight, then, shaking his head sadly, pronounced his verdict: "My, but you are well preserved!"—Harper's Weekly.

Not Pursue Proud. "They accuse us of being pure proud," said Mr. Cumrox. "How very unjust!" replied his wife. "Anybody knows that the amount which could be put into a purse or even into a suit case would cut no figure with us whatever."—Washington Star.

Suggestive. "Every one in a while," said Jiggins, "I notice us of the papers. I wonder what she does with them?" "Probably," suggested Hempeck, "she gives them in a scrapbook."—Philadelphia Press.

For Three Reasons. "Teeth," pronounced the man with the aching molar, "are like money." "What's the answer?" queried the drug clerk. "I had to get hard to keep and hard to lose," answered the sufferer.—Pueblo Chieftain.

Substitution. Clifford had prayed heartily for a little sister, and now a brother was born. "That night he knelt by the bedside and said kindly, but firmly, "No, thank you, God! I want what I asked for."—Puck.

One Who Had Found It. "Where shall the weary find rest?" exclaimed the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, with dramatic emphasis. A soft note from the pew occupied by Deacon Hardisty was the only response.—Minneapolis Journal.

Not Always. Mrs. Gumbasta—Willford, you must never say "can't," but always say "cannot." Willford—Then if I want a muskoiner, must I ask for a "cannotoleoupe"?—Judge.

An Insinuation. Hewitt—That girl is trying to catch me. Jewett—She is liable to get into trouble for usurping the powers of the official dog catcher.—New York Press.

Two Sines. Hostess—You seemed embarrassed at meeting Mr. Snoyke, Mrs. Thavnoo. Guest—I thought you knew, Mrs. Longshore. He's my—my antepenultimate husband.—Houston Post.

Sudden Hint. Freddy—Lo darling, is a disease. Dolly—Yes, and with some it appears to be a lingering disease. N. B.—And then he called for his hat and cane.—Denver News.

Inconsistency. "I see where a noted culinary expert has gone into bankruptcy." "That's odd. Cooking experts ought to know how to manage the dough."—Chicago Tribune.

RARE COPPER CENTS.

Coin Collectors' Theory to Account For Their Scarcity. That some of the rarest and most valuable of the United States cents, particularly those dated 1793 and 1804, owe their scarcity to the fact that Fulton built the steamboat Clermont in the theory held by some coin collectors. They believe that thousands of the old time large copper cents went toward making the copper boiler for the pioneer steamboat.

This theory would explain the mystery that has long puzzled coin collectors as to the reason for the almost total disappearance of the cents of the dates mentioned. The first cents struck at the United States mint at Philadelphia were of large size. The copper blanks, or planchets, were imported from England, being sent over in kegs.

Copper at this period, said a scarce article in the country. With the exception of the small quantity produced at the only copper mines then known in the United States, those at Granby, Conn., nearly all the metal used here came from England.

Builders of steam engines in those days were of the opinion that boilers constructed of iron were unsafe and impracticable, and as a consequence boilers were made of copper, and the boilers that came from England being, it is said, constructed of that metal. Fulton was likewise of the belief that copper was the only metal to be used in boilers.

It is therefore possible that, finding a scarcity of metal with which to construct the boiler of the Clermont, he finally resorted to the most convenient source of supply, which happened to be the large United States copper cents. Of course the cost of such a boiler would represent a large sum, but it is on the records that the steam frigate Fulton, launched in 1815, the year of the inventor's death, had a boiler entirely constructed of copper, which alone cost the large sum of \$23,000.

That the supply of cents of this period was large enough to meet such a demand is also likely enough. From 1793 to and including 1799, 1,000,000 cents were coined and in 1796 974,000 were struck.

A Philanthropist. An earnest east side worker says that not long ago she was approached by an old gentleman who has the reputation of being something of a philanthropist with the request that he be permitted to accompany her on one of her rounds of visiting the sick and the worker consented. The destitute condition in which many families were found elicited expressions of deep sympathy from the old gentleman, but to his companion's surprise and regret nothing more material. Presently they came upon a small girl weeping bitterly.

"What is it, my dear?" the old gentleman inquired. "The child raised a tear stained face and pointed into a dark alleyway. "Me madder sent me to buy some bread, an' I lost my dime in there, an' I'll get it back if you can help me." "For dear!" he remarked in a tender voice, at the same time putting his hand into his vest pocket. "Don't cry. Here is a match. Perhaps you will be able to find it!"—Harper's.

Misled by Stationery. "I wrote a note to my washerwoman about a week or two ago asking her please to bring my clothes home," said the woman. "I needed them. I happened to be in a religious concern at the time and used its paper to write the note on. Bertin came yesterday. "I've a great notion to discharge you, Bertin," I told her. "Why didn't you bring me my clothes? Must I get enough things to wear a year without having them washed on your account?" "To tell you the truth," she wrote on that thank religious paper, and I didn't like to know it was your letter, miss, till yesterday mornin', when I got tired of seein' it around and opened it, so that was why I didn't get 'em home with your clothes!"

Moody on the Cards. One evening in San Francisco Evangelist Moody sat in his room at the hotel playing a game of cards with Mrs. Moody and two friends when a messenger came in with a dispatch. As the boy stood waiting for a reply Mr. Moody suddenly asked, "Won't you sit down, my lad, and have a game of solitaire with us?" "The boy declined and soon left the room. "Hardly had the door closed when Mrs. Moody said, "Why, Dwight, what made you think of inviting that boy to sit down and play with us?" "My dear," replied Moody, "don't you see, if I had not called the boy's attention to the fact that we were playing solitaire all the morning papers would certainly have announced under my headlines that B. L. Moody had been discovered in a San Francisco hotel engaged in a game of cards!"

The Brute. "Such an angel of a hat," chirped the vain woman as she twirled before the mirror. "Yellow and white. What does it remind you of, my dear?" "The big man in the embroidered slippers looked up from his paper. "Yellow and white," he repeated. "Well, now, on the level, it reminds me of a fried egg."

Transformation. "She—I hear Jack Gable christened his new boat the Lobster. He—Yes, but it's no longer a Lobster. She—Why?" "—Because it turned turtle."

STATE PAWNSHOPS.

French Rate Is 7 Per Cent—Sometimes No Interest Is Charged. With none of the timidity or hesitation of the shamed aspect of our user of pawns shops does the Parisian perform his journey to the money lender. Far from feeling after the door has closed behind him, that he is in the country of the enemy, the Frenchman can have his patriotic ardor at its highest, for over the pawnshop files the tricolor of France instead of the gilded balls, and the guard at the door is a helmeted, white gloved republican guard. The customary whistling as the borrower exchanges goods for cash is unknown. Borrowing is a business transaction with the government.

It is not out of appreciation of these conditions, of course, that 7,000 people daily visit the municipal pawnshops, but the business is so conducted that knowledge of the fact that whatever profits will accrue to the establishments will finally go back to the people.

There is no huzzing, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. On jewelry four-fifths of the value of the object has been consumed and the articles two-thirds. The interest is 7 per cent per annum. Should a borrower be in the unfortunate position of having paid interest for many years without being able to release the article the authorities will return it. When interest has not been paid the object in question goes to the auction, and then the righteousness of Paris pawnbroking is decidedly in evidence, for after the sale has been consummated and the original loan and interest are deducted from the money secured by the sale the surplus goes to the borrower. Should the money remain unpaid being able to release the article the authorities will return it. When interest has not been paid the object in question goes to the auction, and then the righteousness of Paris pawnbroking is decidedly in evidence, for after the sale has been consummated and the original loan and interest are deducted from the money secured by the sale the surplus goes to the borrower.

When one has made a study of French pawnbroking laws it is easily seen that the first object served by these laws is to protect people who want immediate money advantages. France (and we may say France, for municipal pawnshops to be found in every corner of the country) carries little that many transactions are carried on at a loss. In one year of some 2,000,000 pawnshop articles were 1,000,000 were effected at a loss, since no auction will bring a complete return on small objects. Of course this is offset by the return from loans on the other million articles, but should there be a deficiency the municipality has no hesitation in going down in its pocket and thus has an indirect mode of taxing the wealthy to support the needy. Since no country has raised a more equitable system, this form of it, can be passed without criticism.

The fact is, money is lost on all loans under 20 francs. The real capital of the pawnshops consists of legacies, gifts and subventions of the state, department or the commune. Occasionally, as at Grenoble and Montpellier, the establishments are so well endowed that no interest is charged. Paris, for unfortunates reasons, does the largest pawnbroking business on the continent, \$4,000,000 francs being the average yearly pledges and 30,000,000 francs redeemed. The total revenue is 4,000,000 francs, the expense of management 1,500,000 francs, the interest on capital about 1,500,000 francs and the net profits 1,000,000 francs.

A Resourceful Legislator. "It will be impossible for us to transact any public business tonight," said the president of the city council, "because of the lack of a quorum." "Mr. Chairman," said the new member arising quickly, "I have been elected on a pledge to my constituency that I shall work untiringly and unceasingly for the upbuilding and uplifting of our city, and I now and here move that a committee be appointed to consider the immediate purchase of as good a quorum as the market affords." The president of the council was instructed to secure the quorum and had it properly installed by the next meeting.

"And furthermore," he said, with a fine patriotic touch, "let us obtain a fine American quorum and not one of those ancient Roman things!"

In the Swim. A nervous accident happened at the supper table. Somebody—it's always "somebody" who is to blame—upset a pitcher of water over the cloth. There was a general scurrying and a calling for somebody to remedy the mischief. "How could you be so careless, Tom?" cried Peckish indignantly. "I was minding my boy," replied Tom, in his airy way. "It's all right. We're all in the swim now."

Maybe It Didn't. Tommy—I did wash my face. Mother—How dare you tell me that? Why, it's just as dirty as ever. Tommy—Well, I washed it, but maybe it didn't take. You know my vaccination didn't take the first time.

A Case of Disbelief. Bill—You look bad, Jim. Been laid up? Jim—Today's the first time out of doors for three months. Bill—What was the matter with you? Jim—Nothing, but the magistrate would not believe in London Telegraph.

The Easy Part. "The doctor says you must stop eating meat and drinking whisky." "Well," replied the major, "meat never did agree with me."

The Best Farming Lands in Siberia. The saddest man I have ever seen.

DINING IN WALL STREET.

What Lunch Hour Means to New York's Financial District. When one descends upon Wall street, either from the Broadway slope of Trinity church or from the Nassau street hill, at noon-time any week day the air is fraught with many conflicting odors of the kitchen. From over the roams of the clamoring curb folk way down in the valley of broad street there arises from a score of cookeries and "handouts" a decided smell of the steptop blended with the ever glorious onion. From the eaves of the New York Stock Exchange come the more pretentious fragrance of spiced meats and strong coffee. From the basement and attic alike, from cloud tickler and antiquated frame house as well, come all sorts of fuming evidences that the men of affairs are eating. To realize what this luncheon hour means to Wall street one must stop to think of the thousands of persons who are in it at that district of the city at this particular part of the day. Hundreds of restaurants meet the rush with their doors flung wide, and their keepers have grown rich upon pickets and dimes that fall into their tills like a mighty rattaplan during those brief hours of midday. Men have grown rich and retired to palatial mansions in the suburbs selling cup custards and "sinkers" to millionsaires, stenographers, clerks and bankers alike during the busy hour or two at noon. Thousands of pounds of meat, countless oysters and clams, barrels of gravy, unaccountable gallons of coffee and tea and tons of bread are consumed every day in a very brief period of time, and here, at all other places, the foreigner has found justification for his criticism of Americans for fast eating.

Major Cooper was out to meet them, and the rest of the tribe, the potential hostiles, were gathered on the hills to see fair play. The agent rode out into the open and slipped off his horse, using it for cover and shooting across the saddle.

The two young Indians galloped up within shooting distance and commenced circling, landing on the side of their ponies and shooting under their necks and across their heads. The next understanding was that if they were killed it was all right, but if they got the agent they would pull out into the hills and wait for some other challenger. The fight did not last long. Cooper had a heavy buffalo gun and killed one Indian, shooting him through the body of his horse. The other kept on circling and several shots were exchanged till the Indian was shot through the body. He knew it would be all up with him in a few minutes and charged, shooting as he came. But the agent's luck held good, and he was dropped within fifty yards. The law was satisfied, and the agent was able to report officially to Washington that the Indians had been executed.

Atlanta is planning to issue bonds for a new courthouse and a city hall to cost \$900,000. Fifty per cent of Missouri's total revenue and 35 per cent of the taxes on property of various kinds are paid by the city of St. Louis. The next understanding was that if they were killed it was all right, but if they got the agent they would pull out into the hills and wait for some other challenger. The fight did not last long. Cooper had a heavy buffalo gun and killed one Indian, shooting him through the body of his horse. The other kept on circling and several shots were exchanged till the Indian was shot through the body. He knew it would be all up with him in a few minutes and charged, shooting as he came. But the agent's luck held good, and he was dropped within fifty yards. The law was satisfied, and the agent was able to report officially to Washington that the Indians had been executed.

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What is a Midshipman? By luck I for the first time in my life have found a plausible derivation for a midshipman. It would appear in the days immediately after the end of the vessels were very high at the ends, between which there was a deep "waist," giving no ready means of passing from one to the other. To meet this difficulty there were employed a class of men, usually young and called midship men, to carry messages which were not subject for the trumpet about. If this explanation holds water, it, like forecastle and after-guard and knightships, gives another instance of survival of nomenclature from conditions which have long since ceased.

Whatever the origin of his title, it well expressed the anomalous and undefined position of the midshipman. He belonged, so to say, to both ends of the ship as well as to the middle, and his duties and privileges alike fell within the broad saying that what was nobody's business was a midshipman's. When appointed as such in later days he came in "with the boys" in his hat and went out fit for a lieutenant's charge, but from first to last, whatever his personal progress, he continued as a midshipman, a handily-billy—Captain A. T. Mahan in Harper's.

The World's Gypsies. The gypsies have passed under a variety of names, arising either from their supposed original country or the callings and characteristics of the race. The old English Egyptian, the Spanish Gitanos and the Magyar Pharus nepek (Pharusi's people) all point to an Egyptian origin. The Scandinavian Tatars identify them with the Moa-golian hordes which terrorized early Europe, while the French Bohemian suggests yet another country as their cradle.

As to the names bestowed by their supposed character, the Arab badly calls them harari (a villager), the Dutchman heyden, or heathens, and the Persian takes his name from their complexion and dubs them karnachi, or swarthy. A charter of William the Lion, as early as the twelfth century, mentions their Scotch name of tinklers, which is commonly supposed to be a corruption of tinkler, although possibly the substitution of "tink" for "tin" has produced this form of the Italian Zingaro, one of the most widespread of gypsy appellations.—London Chronicle.

Regular Caller. Pearl—What ever became of that young man you used to like so much, the one you called "spin," every day Mr. Brown? Ruby—Oh, he is "plain, every night Mr. Brown" now. Pearl—Indeed! How is that? Ruby—Why, we are engaged.—Chicago News.

A General Wall. Of all and words that men can jar, The saddest are those "I tried my best."

A SINGULAR DUEL.

How the Death Penalty Was Administered to Two Indians. The following story illustrates, very well one of the characteristics of the Indian, as it shows that Indiana, as a rule, did not mind dying so much as they were particular about the method. It was a good many years ago at the Ridge, when there was trouble with the Cheyennes. Major Cooper was there as agent, and there were two young Cheyennes who were badly wanted for murder. They had waylaid and killed a prospector. They were not caught, and the chances were that they would not be unless the soldiers were called in. If this were done it was likely to precipitate trouble with the whole tribe, and Major Cooper laid the case before the headmen. They were told that if the soldiers were sent for there would surely be trouble and were requested politely to ask the two erring bucks to come in and be hanged.

Word was sent to the two young Indians, Head Chief and Young Mule, who were out in the hills. They sent word back that they had no objection to dying if it would keep the rest of the tribe out of trouble, but that if they had to die they preferred to die fighting and they wanted it distinctly understood that they would not be hanged. It was entirely against the customs of the government, but rules did not go for much in those days. Results were the chief thing, and Major Cooper went to them that if they wanted a fight he would risk accommodating them. A date was set and early in the morning they rode toward the agency, fully armed. Major Cooper was out to meet them, and the rest of the tribe, the potential hostiles, were gathered on the hills to see fair play. The agent rode out into the open and slipped off his horse, using it for cover and shooting across the saddle.

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