

To a Cigar.

Thou smoked-out, half-inch's ump,
I'm loth to part with thee;
When others rail'd, thou ne'er hast failed
To cheer and comfort me.

And when the paper's censure came,
With maledictions free,
It is enough—I got a puff
When'er I called on thee.

When often life seemed hard to bear,
And care and sorrow reigned supreme,
The smoke from thee would bid them flee,
And bring some brighter, fairer dream.

So, old cigar, to you these lines
My friendship prove indeed,
And as you're out I'll turn about
And light another weed.

Telegraphing With Teeth and Eyelids.

J. T. Norris, of Springfield, Ohio, the detective, does a trick that probably no other man in the country can imitate. He takes a silver coin, usually a dollar, and places it on his tongue between his teeth. With his tongue he strikes it against the teeth with the sound of a telegraphing instrument, the opening and closing of the circuit being exactly imitated. Norris used to be an operator, and by means of the coin can telegraph words so distinctly that any telegrapher can easily read the message. In this manner he telegraphed fifty words a minute. A *Republican* reporter wrote out a message on a Western Union blank and handed it to the detective. The two operators in charge at the Southern took down the words as fast as Norris produced them with the coin. The message was rapidly sounded and written down, and all three copies coincided exactly. Mr. Norris can stand up before a telephone, and in this novel manner telegraph a message which any telegrapher can read with great facility. But the most wonderful thing is to see him telegraphing with his eyelids. In this manner he can converse with an expert without uttering a sound.—*St. Louis Republican*.

Durable Timber.

The durability of the framed timber of buildings is very considerable. The trusses of the old part of the roof of the basilica of St. Paul, at Rome, were framed in 816, and were sound and good in 1816, a space of nearly a thousand years. These trusses are of fir. The timber work of the external domes of the Church of St. Mark, at Venice, is more than 840 years old, and is still in a good state. Alberti observed the gates of cypress to the church of St. Peter, at Rome, to be whole and sound after being up nearly 600 years. The inner roof of the chapel of St. Nicholas, King's Lynn, Norfolk, is of oak, and was constructed upwards of 500 years ago. Daviller states, as an instance of the durability of fir, that the large dormitory of the Jacobins' convent, at Paris, was executed in fir and lasted 400 years.

The Wrong Direction.

"Am I on the right road to the village?" demanded a traveler of an old darkey who was working in a field.
"Yas, sah," said the darkey.
The traveler pursued his way but presently returned very mad.
"I say," he shouted to the old fellow, "what did you mean by telling me that I was on the right road to the village?"
"I tol' yo' de fruf, deed I did, boss, replied the darkey, "but yo' tuk de wrong direkshun, sah!"

"Latinisms."

A comparison of the best writers shows that about one word in every six in ordinary literary English is of classical origin and that we could no more "expel Latinisms" from the language than we could go back to the civilization of Anglo-Saxon England.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men deservingly still it out.

The Heads of Great Men.

It is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large, massive heads; but this theory is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, &c., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the early paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless, this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Cæsar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's work, receded greatly. Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small," as were those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici. Men of great genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary forehead; and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicurus, among many others, are mentioned as instances. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is "lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are represented with "ordinary if not low brows." Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads—in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as good time as an eight-day clock.

Railway News.

"How are you, old buffer?" said the tender to the railway car. "Do not couple me with any such language, you sooty little wretch; you have been drinking on the road again," replied the car. "Don't get off the track and break me up so; it was only a tender remark. You know you are always following me all over the country," retorted the other. "I have a great mind to speak to your tooter on the locomotive there," said the car. The locomotive had been quietly smoking, fired up at this as if it was about to join in the railery, but the belle of the train began to wag her tongue, and the engineer pulled them all out of the depot so suddenly that the locomotive felt its head light.—*London Commercial Bulletin*.

The Squirrel's Flea Exterminator.

Marion Cobb, a responsible gentleman of the Lusby's Mill precinct, Ky., says he saw a squirrel acting in a very peculiar manner up in the top of a tree, and it caused him to stop and watch its actions. Pretty soon it came down the tree bearing a bunch of something in its mouth, and went directly to the creek. When it got to the edge of the water it turned round and backed into the creek until the water covered it entirely, except the tip of its nose, when it let go the bunch, which floated off down the creek. To gratify his curiosity, Marion went down and got the bunch, and found, he says, that it had a million fleas on it.—*Oulton News*.

Eve's Side of the Apple Story.

To this day they are denouncing Eve in the Appel-late court with Adam. The story as told by Adam's friends is believed; but just wait till Eve gives her evidence in the case. The chances are that Adam got away with the best part of the fruit, and returned to Mrs. Adam a small piece of the core. If Adam possessed the same characteristics that most of the men of the present decade are the possessors of, the chances are seven to eight that he did. Eve was very fortunate in getting a nibble of the core, even if she never had an opportunity to give rebuttal testimony.—*Pretz's Weekly*.

A Queer Marauder in California.

The worthy citizens living in the suburban districts of San Francisco and Butchertown are greatly excited at present, but their excitement amounts to nothing when compared with their indignation. The peace of their homes has been suddenly shattered by the advent of a crank, and all efforts have thus far been unsuccessful in ferreting him out.

Shortly after midnight a few weeks ago a gentleman living with his family near the slaughter house, was awakened from his sleep by the piercing shrieks of his daughter, a young miss of sixteen summers. He grabbed his revolver and hurriedly ran to her room, in the expectation of meeting a burglar. The girl was almost dead from fright, and in broken accents she narrated to her father the cause of the outcry. She had been rudely awakened by a tickling sensation in the soles of her feet. When she opened her eyes she saw by the aid of the pale moonlight, which was struggling through the bedroom window, a masked man standing at the foot of her bed. She shrieked, and the intruder sprang through the window out into the yard, and made his escape. Scarcely a night passes now but that some female is awakened by the fiend tickling her feet. As soon as the victim wakes up the man makes his escape either through an open window or door. In every case the prowler opens all the doors and windows in the house before he proceeds. The man wears a wide-brimmed hat, carries a dark-lantern, and has the lower portion of his face concealed by a towel or cloth. A few nights ago a married lady felt the prowler tickling her feet. She quickly lit a candle, which the intruder as promptly blew out, and then jumped through an open window.—*San Francisco Call*.

The One-Wheeled Men in the World.

"Look at my watch, my boy, and you will realize that all the wheels and springs and shafts and jewels go to make up the perfect time-piece. Just so with a man. There are lots of one-wheeled men in this world. They can sell goods, make boots, run an engine or keep a butcher shop, but outside of that they are all at sea. It is the handy man who is helping this world along—the man who is full of wheels and springs. Don't be afraid because you have planned to study law to read up on philosophy and science, and to learn how to handle tools, to analyze steam, to post yourself on whatever is worth knowing. You will discover as you grow up that the man who knows the least is the greatest bigot to argue with, and the meanest man with whom to transact business.
"Ah! boy, if you only realized how much this country will depend upon you in twenty years hence, you wouldn't waste your time. You will sooner or later have to take hold as the rest of us did. There will be the same strife for place and fame and riches as you see today, and the boy who has wasted his time will be the man who is pushed here and jostled there, because he is in the way of the busy, money-making world."—*M. Quid in Detroit Free*

Mexican Indian Servants.

Like the Chinese, the Mexican Indian servants learn by imitation, and seldom need more than one lesson, doing the same thing over and in the same way until they are commanded to stop. When taught a new method they learn it at once and discard the old way as completely as if they had forgotten it forever.

Bread Fruit.

From a single tree 192 bread fruits have been gathered, the average weight of each fruit being over two pounds.

A Tramp Who is Chuck Full of Human Nature.

A tramp struck Detroit the other day who will grow rich where others of his class freeze and starve. It has long been a wonder that none of these men seemed to know how to take human nature, but here is a man at last. He was yesterday working several streets in the northern part of the city. He made his calls at the front door. Selecting his house, and when his ring was answered he would remove his hat and inquire:

"Beg pardon, but is this place for sale?"
"No, sir."
"Ah! excuse me. I was told that it was for sale, although I could not understand why you should want to part with such fine property. This is one of the prettiest streets in Detroit."

"Yes, I think so."
"The air must be sweet and pure here?"

"Oh, yes."
"How nice everything around your house is kept up! Any stranger could at once see that the family had taste and culture. Sorry the place is not for sale."

"Do you wish to buy?"
"Not exactly, but I know a gentleman who is looking for just such a place, and I volunteered to run about a little for him. I presume you would want at least \$20,000?"

"Oh my, no! my husband values the place at about \$9,000."

"Only \$9,000! Beg pardon, but I hope he won't be foolish enough to think of selling at that figure. He might just as well get \$16,000. I see that your neighbors try to imitate your curtains. Ha! ha! Poor imitations! This is a grand flower vase you have there. I priced one in New York the other day, and it was \$600."

"Ye-s," she replied, pleased and smiling.

"If I was an art connoisseur I should like to look over your house. Everything betokens that you have made art a study, and travelled extensively in Europe. By the way, I'll stop to the side entrance for a glass of water, and if the girl can spare a bit of bread and meat I'll be thankful. My long walk has made me faint. Beautiful front view here—taste and culture apparent even in the way this matting is nailed down on the steps. Sorry your residence is not for sale, and I'll just step to the kitchen door.

He not only got a square meal, but she hunted him up a coat, hat and a pair of boots and then felt that she was in his debt.—*Detroit Free Press*.

An Unchangeable Law.

There was a heated discussion in a Third Ward hotel the other night.

"I tell you, sir," said one of the disputants, "there is no law made but what people can change."

"Yes there is," said a new comer, "there is one law that no man, no people can change."

"What is that?"
"Mother's law."

London's Shop-Girls.

The London shop-girls suffered in such an undue proportion to their number during a recent small-pox epidemic that there is great indignation about it and a corresponding sympathy for the girls. Many better-class women propose to boycott shops where girls are not provided with seats.

Renan's Appearance.

Ernest Renan is "bulky, short, fat, rosy, with large features, long gray hair, a large nose, small eyes, a well-shaped mouth," and his manner as a lecturer is "gay, very gay, and his gayety is rather comical."

Whitehall Times: Lying is often a barricade for moral cowards.