

there are so few left now. He was beloved by every one, and his influence in the little town was great, so great and so active was he.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

'My dear boy,' Father Graham said, 'take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace. An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little till he and you are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now it will only be to quarrel.' It is very pleasant to be able to add that the young man took the old man's advice; and before the next day was done, the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.

IT WASN'T ART

One of the best stories concerning the late George du Maurier is that about a pavement artist who some years ago was a familiar object to frequenters of the Hampstead Road. Du Maurier often dropped a coin into the poor man's hat. One cold day the author of 'Trilby' told him to leave his 'pitch' and go to the model soup kitchen in Euston Road to get some food. Du Maurier, for fun, said he would take charge of his hat. When the man was out of sight he rubbed out the pictures of dogs, soldiers, etc., and commenced sketching portraits in chalks of the society people he used to draw for 'Punch.' Passers-by stopped to look and gave pence. When the man returned he was pleased to find so much in his hat, but was sorry that his work had been destroyed. 'This may attract some people, but it ain't art,' he said to the amused Du Maurier, as he commenced wiping out the society ladies and gentlemen. 'Now, this pleases every one,' he continued, drawing the picture of a soldier.

ODDS AND ENDS

'Why do you date your letters a week ahead?'
'I give them to my husband to mail.'

'Have you thanked your uncle for your nice new pocket-knife, Willie?' 'Not yet, mother; but I dare say I shall. I'm waiting to see if the blade is good steel.'

Musical Manager—'Now, candidly talking of the performance of Wagnerian opera, what do you think of our company's execution?' Candid critic—'It is not execution, my friend; it is assassination.'

'If ye please, mum,' said the ancient hero, in an appealing voice, as he stood at the back door of the cottage on wash-day. 'I've lost my leg.'

'Well, I ain't got it,' snapped the woman fiercely. And the door closed with a bang.

While giving a geography lesson, a teacher called upon a precocious youngster named Johnny to tell what he could about 'zones.'

Johnny responded as follows: 'There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine zones are temperate and intemperate, while the feminine zones are both horrid and frigid.'

FAMILY FUN

The Game of Touch and Smell.—This is a game that will largely help to train the senses of touch and smell, and be at the same time good fun. Each player is blindfolded in turn, and given different articles to feel and smell, and guess what it is. Flowers, fruit, tea, coffee, and soap, and any of the ordinary articles to be found in any room can be collected together, and put on a large tray, and must not be seen by any of the players before they are blindfolded. After all have guessed as many as they can blindfolded, they are given pencil and paper, and allowed to look at the trayful of articles for five minutes, when the tray is taken away and they must write down as many as they can remember. This will be a capital memory test, for it is not so easy as it sounds.

How to Write on Glass.—To write on glass moisten the surface with strong vinegar and write with an aluminum point. Small particles of the soft metal are left adhering to the glass, and the writing is fairly permanent. Or take one to two parts of silicate of soda mixed with eleven parts of liquid ink, using a steel pen. The pen should be wiped after using.

All Sorts

The Caspian Sea is the lowest body of water on the globe. Its level has been growing gradually lower for centuries, and now it is eighty-five feet below the level of the neighboring Black Sea.

'Rising like the phoenix from its ashes' is a temperate phrase when applied to San Francisco. Since the earthquake and the fires of two years past, about £20,000,000 have been invested in new buildings.

Burglars (says an Australian back-blocks' editor) entered our home the night before last. To the everlasting shame of the community, for whose welfare we have labored during eight-and-twenty years, be it said they got nothing.

Mrs. Bizzey—I noticed you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might throw your rubbish out on the back lot. We don't do that sort of thing here.

Mrs. Newcome—I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning, Mrs. Bizzey, including a book on 'Etiquette' which I might have saved for you.

Family Physician—'Now, there is nothing wrong organically with your father. He needs rest, that's all. As for occupation, let him do something which will neither tax his mind nor carry with it any responsibility.'

Son of the Patient—'I understand, doc. I'll get him on the board of directors of some trust company.'

A North of England clergyman who recently preached against ill-natured gossiping, and spoke pretty plainly to his congregation on the subject, relates his experience in the 'Church Family Newspaper.' One of the members of the congregation to whom he was especially alluding, came up to him after the service. The vicar thought he had touched her, and that she was about to express contrition; but she said—'Ah, vicar, I am so glad you spoke out; and what a good thing it was the Misses—were there to hear you.'

Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht 'Shamrock IV.' easily won the Maiden Race from Southend to Harwick, beating 'White Heather' and 'Nyria.' Sir Thomas Lipton had the 'Shamrock IV.' built with the intention of making another effort to wrest the America Cup from America. In September last he forwarded a challenge which was, however, declined by the New York Yacht Club on grounds which in yachting circles were regarded as merely technical and trivial. The three attempts which Sir Thomas Lipton made to win the America Cup cost him, for yachts alone, £100,000. 'Shamrock IV.', which was built at the Clyde, cost him £16,000.

It is strange that the use of points for purposes of punctuation should be such a comparatively modern invention. Of the four generally-used points only the period (.) dates earlier than the fifteenth century. The colon (:) is said to have been first introduced about 1485, the comma (,) some thirty-five years later, and the semicolon (;) about 1570. It is difficult to understand how the literary world dispensed for so many centuries with the useful points, and their lack must have added to the toil of the decipherer of written documents. When we remember what curious inversions of meaning may be caused by the misplacing of a comma, we marvel how early authors contrived to escape the strange misreadings of their works, in which no points guided the students.

Down in the skyscraper commercial district of New York the buildings have doubled in height an average of every 50 years for the last two centuries. They are ten or fifteen times as high now as they were at the beginning of the eighteenth century. At Broad street and Exchange place, on the east side of Broad, in 1707, stood wooden and brick buildings averaging no more than 20 feet in height. To-day, 200 years later, the buildings on the site of these ancient pigmies are giants 500 feet tall. From an old cut of the street corner in 1707 the outlines of its ancient buildings are shown. Already, with another century beginning, the 40-storey building is built to succeed the 20-storey edifice, the wonder of ten years ago. The picture presents a curious history of growth—of increasing wealth and architectural daring.

MOUNTAIN KING ASTHMA POWDER

Gives remarkably quick relief to all sufferers from asthma. Burn a little on the tin lid and inhale freely the rising fumes. The most violent attack will be cut short, and restful sleep supplied to the patient.