

### A LULLABY.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Mother her watch is keeping;  
Slowly, slowly fades the light,  
Softly, softly falls the night,  
Sweetly, sweetly tender round us gleaming,  
Whisper that 'tis time for dreaming,  
Hush, my dear, the world is sleeping;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro,  
Oh to Slumberland we go,  
Where the fairies' mystic song  
Echoes sweetly all night long,  
Rocking—rocking to and fro,  
Oh to Slumberland we go,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Dreamland vapors are rising;  
Gently, gently flows the stream,  
Sweetly bright stars gleam;  
Silver dews are softly falling,  
Dreamland spirits are calling, calling;  
Visions sweet to those they're bringing;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Rocking—rocking to and fro,  
Oh to Slumberland we go,  
Down the stream we're floating now,  
Mother's kisses on my brow,  
Rocking—rocking to and fro,  
Oh to Slumberland we go,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Sweet, sunny eyes now closing,  
Gently, smiling in your sleep,  
At the fairies' secrets deep;  
Golden curls in wavy splendor  
Nay, he shall harm thy sweet repose;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Rocking—rocking to and fro,  
Oh to Slumberland we go,  
The entrancing fairies' song  
Floating round in all night long;  
Rocking—rocking to and fro,  
Oh to Slumberland we go,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—God's Housekeeping.

### DENNIS.

Dennis was a pig, but not by any means an ordinary, common porker. Ask any of the sailors who were acquainted with him on the U. S. S. Vanderbilt, and they would indignantly repel that idea. When you have finished the story of his life, perhaps you will agree with them in thinking him a rather remarkable pig.

Dennis was a very little fellow when he was first taken aboard his floating home, with a number of his companions, to serve as fresh meat for the officers and crew. One by one the members of the porcine tribe were slain and eaten; but Dennis, because of his diminutive size, was reserved until the last, and then missing his mates and not being confined to a sty, he began to hang about the men and to seek their acquaintance in his dumb fashion.

The sailors, having had their fill of fresh meat, were gratified by these marks of friendly feeling in an animal usually considered to be somewhat obtuse in such ways, and concluded that they would rather have the pig as a pet than as pork. So a petition was sent to the captain to that effect, and was readily granted.

Now Dennis became a privileged character on board ship. He took his meals with the crew, trotting from one man to another to get his portion of the viands, and you may be sure he was always generously served. What games of romps the tars used to have with him on the gun-deck in loading hours!

The pig would find a hiding-place behind one of the guns and ensconce himself there, his little eyes fairly twinkling with the fun of the proceeding, while the men pretended to hunt for him, carefully avoiding his place of concealment until at last, as they passed that particular gun, Dennis would rush out on them with a squeal of delight, and away they would all go in a race for the other end of the deck, the pig generally contriving to trip up one or two of his playmates on the way.

Another of his tricks was to secure a piece of rope and go about with it in his mouth, grunting, until some one was obliging enough to take hold of the other end, when he would enjoy a pulling match with his opponent quite as much as a dog ever does.

As the ship drew near the tropics Dennis, having grown decidedly fat with his good living, felt the heat very much, and his one solace was to climb into the water trough and lie down under the spout of the pump, making known his whereabouts with loud grunts, until one of the old captains of the forecabin, hearing him, would call out to the younger sailors: "The! two of you lazy lubbers, why don't you go and pump on Dennis? Don't you hear him calling you?"

Dennis was accordingly pumped on until he signified he had had enough of it by rising and waddling off. The ship touched at Valparaiso, a few sheep were taken on board, destined to the same end that Dennis had escaped. The pig had rare fun with these timid creatures, chasing them all about the deck, and delighting in seeing them fly before him.

He persisted in these tactics until but one lamb was left, and the sailors predicted that Dennis would save the butcher the trouble of killing that one by worrying it to death, since he was now free to concentrate all his energies upon it. Therefore, what was there surprise on turning out one morning to find the lamb and Dennis sleeping close together, the lamb's head pillowed on the pig's fat side. Who can say that Dennis did not remember his own former loneliness, and therefore took compassion on the forlorn little creature who was left in the same condition?

His actions afterward certainly seemed to point to that conclusion, for losing his character of persecutor, he became Billy's protector and friend, and every where that Dennis went the lamb was sure to go.

This devotion was irksome to the pig sometimes, and particularly so on those occasions when, coming out by the water-trough, he was taking his noonday bath, his two willing slaves at work at the pump-handles and the cooling steam of water trickling down his sides. Just then, in the height of his enjoyment, a mournful bleat would rise in the still air and denote that Billy had missed his companion and was lamenting his absence.

At first Dennis would pay no attention. He was so comfortable that he really could not afford to disturb himself; but as the beating became louder and more importunate he would become manifestly troubled, giving vent to his dissatisfaction with low noises until finally, no longer able to bear the lamb's pleading, he would with a mighty effort hoist himself to his legs, stick his head over the edge of the trough and grunt loudly at Billy, saying as plainly as possible in pig-language:

"There, you silly little thing! Now you see where I am, and can't you be good enough to leave me in peace and quiet for a while?"

The beating would thereupon cease, and Dennis would lie down and resume his bath with a serene sense of duty performed. It did seem as if Dennis had every prospect of living to a green old age, surrounded as he was with such devoted love and care but sad to say, his end was an untimely one, and this was the manner of it: The man who did the butcher's work on the Vanderbilt was a sour, surly fellow, with an inborn taste for his trade. His disposition was just ugly enough to afford his messmates pleasure in making him the butt of their jokes, and sore from one or two recent specimens of fun, he cast about in his mind for some suitable piece of revenge.

Having matured his plans, he went one day to Lieut. G., who was then caterer of the ward-room mess, and informing him that all the fresh meat had given out, inquired whether he should kill the pig. The officer nodded a careless assent, probably thinking, if he gave the matter any thought at all, that the animal referred to was the last one of several porkers that had been taken aboard not long before. The idea that such a question could apply to Dennis, the spoiled darling of the crew, never entered his head.

Words cannot describe the grief and commotion forward when Jackson, the butcher, was discovered dragging Dennis along the deck, and his intentions in regard to the pig were ascertained. He was quick to say that he had his orders from an officer, justly apprehending that some violence would be done him otherwise.

At first the sailors were so confused by this unexpected turn of affairs that they could only exclaim and wonder over it; but as Jackson calmly continued his preparations they took hasty council together, and finally a detachment of them went to the mast to ask Lieut. G. if it were really true that he had given such a command. The Lieutenant was greatly surprised when informed of the true state of the case, and told one of the men to run forward immediately and countermand the order. The message, alas! arrived too late. Poor Dennis had already received his death blow, and the sorrow of the crew knew no bounds. The men resolutely declined to have any of the meat served out to them, and one grizzled quarter-gunner expressed the general sentiment when he said, in a voice suspiciously husky, "Dye s'pose, lads, I'd touch a bit of that pig? Eat Dennis! I guess I'd just as soon eat one of my friends. Where'd be the difference? Might as well turn cannibal at once and be done with it!"

So bitter was the feeling against Jackson, the butcher, that when his death occurred later in the cruise the current opinion among the men was that a rightful retribution had overtaken him; and one thing is certain, that his mourners were by no means as numerous or as sincerely afflicted as those of Dennis, his victim.—Youth's Companion.

### The Colossus of Rhodes.

The famous Colossus of Rhodes, which was made of bronze and was 70 cubits (or about 105 feet) in height, was twelve years in making, and was said to have cost only 300 talents, or about £75,000, if we reckon the Attic talent, or £102,000, if we reckon the other talent, and probably the latter is to be reckoned in this case. At all events the so-called Colossus of the Sun, in the Capitol, which was a bronze of Apollo, only thirty cubits—or forty-five feet English—high, brought by Marcus Lucullus from Apollonia, in Pontus, cost 500 talents, which, if reckoned even as Attic talents, would be over £125,000, and it would hardly be probable that the Colossus of Rhodes, which was twice its height, could have been executed for so much less. But this is a trifle compared to the price paid for a colossal statue of Mercury, made for the city of Avernus, in Gaul, by Zenodoros. On this work he was engaged for twelve years, and the cost of it was £335,000. What the gold and ivory Athena of Phidias in the Parthenon or his Zeus at Olympia cost is not stated by any ancient author. For the famous statue of Diadumenos, which was a bronze figure of life size, representing a youth tying a fillet around his head, Polycleitus received 100 talents, or about £25,000.

### Could Make Use of It.

A farmer, whose practical mind was altogether superior to any regard for things beautiful, had the good or bad fortune to marry a wife who brought with her a wooden substitute for one of her nether limbs.

He was at once remonstrated with on such an exercise of his choice, but he answered the objector in a manner that undoubtedly showed he had the shrewd utilitarian character of a Scotsman.

"Heh, sir," said he, "it's maybe no' a verra bonnie thing to marry a woman wi' a wooden leg; but, mon, she'll be awfully useful at settin' time when I'm puttin' doon my cabbages, turnips, and tatties. She can gang on in front an' make a hole wi' her stump, while I come behind and put in the seed."

### THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

EXPUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

Use the Truth—Persistent Misconception Characteristic of Some People—Teach Your Child the Value of Time—Notes and Comments.



Economy of Time.

ONE of the first things that should be taught a child is the economy of time. There is probably nothing that we waste so much of during our whole life, and which is really a part of our life, as time. Although it is not necessary to become purely automatic, we should regulate our lives

so as to do things in a systematic manner. It will really seem strange to one to see how quickly one will do everything, and do just what one wants to do, by laying out one's work and duty. We often hear people say that they have no time to do anything, and on investigation we find that they have spent more time on frivolous things than upon actual duties. By the word duties we do not mean to lay out a regular course to be followed day by day for every hour and minute of the day, but to have certain times for doing things, and certain places. Where one divides up the time in this way, he will find that he leads a much pleasanter life, and will accomplish more in the long run. Many men who have been hard workers all their lives, being occupied in business all day, when retired from active labor find their time hanging heavily upon their hands. They have been used all their lives to the regular routine of business, and are not accustomed to the polite way of living, doing nothing. People who are fortunate enough in not having anything to do in this sense will find fashionable crazes or hobbies very pleasant if pursued in a systematic manner. The collecting of engravings, the hunt after first editions, the accumulation of a cabinet of coins, the adventures in searching for insects, and similar occupations, will be found to make life more enjoyable and to economize time which might be spent in yawning over that awfully hard thing, trying to kill time.

### Wrongheaded People.

Among the most unpleasant people one is compelled to rub shoulders with on life's highway are the class whose minds take hold of everything, as it were, the wrong end foremost. They are usually as obstinate as perverse, and the false inferences they draw from misapprehended premises they adhere to with as much tenacity as if they were gospel truths. One knows not how to deal with such incorrigibles. Good-humored railing they are as likely as not to mistake for studied insult, kind words for humbug, endeavors to instruct and convince for airs of superiority; and whatever one may do or say with a view of benefiting them, they mistake for insidious attempts to get on their blind side. Their field of moral vision is filled with a mist of suspicion which distorts everything; and it is in vain to reason with them; for you can no more do away with their absurd impressions than you can wipe out graven letters with a sponge. Error, we suppose, is to them what truth is to right-headed men and women, and they cling to it because they believe in it. They are objects of commiseration; yet, being unattractive nuisances, it is prudent to give them a wide berth.

It is really a sad thing to be predisposed by nature to misconceive and misconstrue; but it is equally unpleasant to be misunderstood and misconstrued. We, therefore, make it a rule to have as little as possible to do with inveterately wrongheaded people.

### Christian Truth.

Emerson says: "The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it." Yes, but we can never use the truth as it ought to be used until it is grafted in us by a divine hand, becoming a living, expansive principle. Too many use the truth at arm's end, as something quite outside of themselves. There may be homage in this, but it is not the highest kind of homage. And then, too, not all truth is of equal character and quality. All truth is to be loved, revered, and obeyed, yet not equally as strongly and tenaciously as that which is due to specifically Bible truth or Christian truth. The greatest homage that we can pay to the truth of Christ is to use it, not merely as a doctrine, but as the life of the soul. Christ is the truth, but mere homage to Him as such gives comparatively little advantage to any man. He must be used by us and we must be used by Him if we would be heaven's freemen and friends.

### The Value of the Sabbath.

There is in India a society called the Lord's Day Union. Its object is to further in every possible way the observance of Sunday as a day of rest. To this end it seeks to prevent all unnecessary labor on that day. It is a singular fact that non-Christian natives are applying for membership in such large numbers that the society is at a loss what to do. It is desirous of aiding men of any and every faith in the prevention of unnecessary toil on the Sabbath. Yet cannot afford to forfeit its distinctive Christian character in basing the observance of the day upon divine authority. But it is a significant fact, that, even aside from the religious

part of it, Hindoos and Mahometans and Parsees recognize the value of the Christian Sabbath.

### At Home and Abroad.

THE Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions reports the collections for the month of November \$57,570 as against \$49,458 for the same month in 1892, and for seven months \$239,089 as against \$206,424 for the corresponding period of the preceding year.

The Rev. Dr. J. J. Moore, senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church, and probably the oldest Bishop of any denomination in the world, died December 9, at Greensboro, N. C., aged 99 years. He received the degree of S. T. D. from English colleges.

THE New York Presbytery has adopted a resolution requesting students for the Presbyterian ministry not to pursue their theological course in any seminary disapproved by the General Assembly. This is aimed at the Union Theological Seminary and Prof. Briggs.

A VICAR in North Wales is said to be also a hotel proprietor, cab proprietor, furniture remover, proprietor of saw mills, joiner, blacksmith, wheelwright, painter, paper-hanger, miller, grocer, baker, miner, and toll-keeper. He also runs brakes and is manager of some mineral springs.

THE Brotherhood of St. Andrew was organized in the vestry of St. James' Church, Chicago, in 1883, and has just completed its first decade of existence. There are now about 1,000 chapters and 11,000 members in the United States. The movement has spread to Canada, Australia and Scotland.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S habit of attending the communion at Crathie Presbyterian Church has met with disapproval from successive Archbishops and from other dignitaries. The late Archbishop Longly went so far as to remonstrate, but her Majesty met him with such Elizabethan plainness that none have ventured to resume the topic.

THE Endeavorers of the Central Christian Church of Cleveland, Ohio, collected twenty-one barrels of provisions, which they distributed to the unemployed of the city. For several months they have been conducting a very successful mission Sunday-school, which has now been enlarged by the addition of a reading-room to be in charge of the Endeavorers.

AN Odessa correspondent says that the Russian orthodox missionaries have so failed in their proselyting efforts among the Khirgese that the mission will probably be shortly withdrawn. Nearly the whole of the steppe tribe, described as "heathens," are now adopting, almost en masse, the Mohammedan faith, which is spread among them chiefly by Tartar teachers.

THESE figures of gifts of women for missions last year are interesting reports: Presbyterians (North), \$309,818; Methodists (North), \$265,342; Congregationalists, \$229,701; Baptists (North), \$155,552; Union Missionary Society, \$51,223; Episcopal, \$35,484; Reformed Church, \$25,655. Total, \$1,076,754. There are other denominations not included in the above, which would increase the total considerably.

ENDEAVORERS of Dr. Gordon's Baptist Church, in Boston, are making good use of the report of the Montreal convention. It has passed to each committee in turn, and the committee is to prepare for the church paper, the Clarendon Light, a synopsis of the plans and suggestions in the report that are most helpful along the line of its special work. This plan could be adopted by any society with or without a church paper.

### Why He was an Exception.

"It makes me tired to see the manner in which these newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking car as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees.

The man who sat next to him had one lock of hair—an oasis in a desert of scalp—which he spent most of his time in smoothing reflectively.

"I s'pose," he said slowly, "that you could give 'em all points?" he said deliberately.

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?" "No, I don't think I could."

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed the kicker in a tone that had absolute dismay in it.

"I no indeed," replied the man with the oasis, earnestly.

"Well—I must say, there are not many like you."

"I know it. I used to be like you are. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I tell you, my friend, I'm not sayin' a word. Not a word."—Washington Star.

### Avenging Intellect.

Mental culture cruelly avenges itself on woman for neglect of its claims. While the freshness of beautiful youth remains all is well, for the sensuous charms are so fascinating that the intellectual development can be ignored, but when youth begins to grow treacherous and the freshness fades, then it is that the features commence to show a lack of soul. Intellectual apathy masks the face and gives it an expression of vacuity; indolence combined with indulgence in fattening foods destroys the lovely lines of the figure, and the fairy-like gait gives way to waddling or ponderous steps.

### Realism.

Dobbins, Jr.—What yer readin'? Domino, Jr.—Dare Devil Dan; or, De Dangerous Dago. Dobbins, Jr.—Is he any use? Domino, Jr.—Well, s-a-y! It takes ninety-eight chapters ter kill 'im an' he comes near 'gittin' soaked fer keeps most every chapter! —Judge

### ONLY YEARLY PAPER.

Printed by the Hektograph Process Within the Arctic Circle.

The Eskimo Bulletin is the most unique newspaper in the world, and is the only journal published within the Arctic circle. It is printed at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, in latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes, and is issued only once a year.

The Bulletin is a small sheet, 12x8 inches, printed on one side only, of stiff, white paper. It is printed by the hektograph process, which is simply a method of multiplying copies of writing. The writing is first made on paper with prepared ink, and is then impressed upon gelatine. As there is practically but one mail to and from Cape Prince of Wales during the year, one issue of the paper during the year is quite sufficient.

This curious little paper contains a variety of news, arranged under different heads. In mirifical imitation of the daily papers in other localities, it triumphantly carries at the head of its columns the legend, "Largest circulation in the Arctic," and also the additional boast of "Only yearly paper in the world."

The headings are "Local items," "Rural Notes," "Society," "Fashion," "Marriage Notices," "Whiskey in the Arctic" is the heading over an editorial. Every scrap of news is like a breath from the far North. As space is scanty, condensation is a fine art with the editor. He displays quite a fund of humor, too, and there is a strain of gentle playfulness in nearly everything he writes.

A few lines tell of a feat that must have been both dangerous and difficult. A midwinter mail was carried from Point Hope to St. Michael's, a distance of 700 miles, on dog and deer sled. The name of the hardy mail-carrier is not even mentioned. Think of traveling 700 miles over the ice and snow of an Arctic winter merely to carry the mail! Those people must hunger for news.

In his solitary editorial the editor makes a spirited protest against the sale of liquor to Indians. Directly underneath this vigorous passage are the following significant items of news:

"Eluk-suh shot and killed Teguzins-yabok last fall. Both were drunk."

The Bulletin has two illustrations, one of the school-house and the other of a scene on Behring Strait. The heading is also decorated with a drawing of an Eskimo's head.

Mr. Thornton, the missionary teacher at Cape Prince of Wales, has made a profound study of the Eskimo language, and is engaged in compiling a dictionary of the Aleut tongue. During the progress of his studies he has made a singular discovery. The Greek and Sanskrit were the only languages heretofore known to have three numbers—singular, plural and dual. Mr. Thornton has discovered that the Aleut language also has three numbers. This he regards a discovery of which philosophers may well take note, as the origin of the Eskimo has been the subject of much discussion and speculation.—Boston Journal.

### The Nuggar Tank.

One of the innumerable curious sights of India is the Nuggar tank of Kurachi. In former times the crocodiles which inhabit it roamed the neighborhood at their will, seeking whom they might devour, but so great were their depredations that the authorities were forced to build a wall around their haunt. This is a swamp, caused by hot springs, the medicinal virtues of which have been known from early times, and are attributed to the sanctity of a Mohammedan whose tomb is close by, and to whom the crocodiles are sacred.

The tank, as it is called, is about 150 feet long by about half that distance in breadth. In this space, one observer counted over 200 reptiles, from eight to fifteen feet long, and smaller ones innumerable. They are so tame, in a sense, that it is necessary to poke them with a stick before they will move. Buffaloes are always standing in the water, and are not attacked, but any other animal is instantly seized.

One writer says: The whole appearance of the place, with its green, slimy, stagnant water, and so many of these huge uncouth monsters moving sluggishly about, is disgusting in the extreme, and it will long be remembered by me as the most loathsome spot I ever beheld.

### Which?

A young and newly-married couple were entertaining their friends, and amongst the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct, although almost unbearable, was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humor, he looked round and remarked—"Is this pig?" which immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet-looking individual sitting at the other end of the table—

"Which end of the fork do you refer to?"

### Saw Everything Worth Seeing.

Some one has said that the world has progressed as much between 1820 and the present day as it did between 1-20 and the days of Abraham. If this notion is to be accepted James Morris, who has just died at Lyons, N. Y., at the age of 121, has had an opportunity of witnessing as many changes as if he were born just after the flood and lived until the discovery of America.—Boston Globe.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned woman who knit wristlets for Christmas presents?

### CUNNING OF CROCODILES.

Burrowing Deep in the Mud in Order to Escape a Dragon.

The following is a fair sample of how cunningly crocodiles, in common with all other wild animals, can conceal themselves in moments of danger, says a writer in the Westminster Gazette. After a happy week spent in the jungle with a friend of mine we halted for breakfast, before making the last stage for headquarters and home, at a place called Poonarhy—Anglic, garden of flowers—and while at breakfast were amused by watching a number of crocodiles, about eight or ten, sunning themselves on the surface of a small lake, or tank, as it is there called, of about an acre in extent. A sudden thought struck me.

"I say, Murray, what fun it would be to try to catch some of these beggars in a net."

"Bravo!" said he. "Let us try it presently. Appu, send the horse-keeper to the village and tell him to bring up all the men he can find and some long fishing nets. We will give a good santosum (present)."

The village scented some fun, and without further stimulus of a santosum very soon turned up to the number of thirty. It was now 11 o'clock and scorching hot, the air quivering over the bare, sandy plain in which the pond was situated. It was breast deep, as we knew, including about one foot or eighteen inches of heavy mud. We tied two nets together so as to make one long enough to reach across the tank, about thirty yards, and this was heavily weighted along the bottom and arranged to be drawn with long ropes from each shore. Immediately behind the net came a line, and men about a yard apart, with long, pointed poles with which to prod the mud along the bottom of the net, and so drive the malingering gentlemen into the proper position in front of the net. My friend and his servant (for all entered into the sport) followed close up to the second line. At it we all now went, splashing, shouting, stamping, and hauling—but a big but—not a sign did we find of a single one of the brutes that we had seen before us when we came to the edge of the water. We dragged that water backward and forward more than once, but our only reward was a deadly thirst that lasted us till late that night. They had burrowed deeper into the mud than we could reach them; for nothing—I doubt if even a rat—could have escaped unscathed out of the water.

### Saturn and His Rings.

Everyone who has given even the least attention possible to astronomical curiosities, says the St. Louis Republic, knows that Saturn presents a phenomenon to which there is nothing analogous in the whole of the solar system—two broad, flat, and very thin rings being his constant attendants in his trips around the sun. Galileo first noticed a peculiarity in the appearance of this ringed planet, which he said "appeared like a large body placed between two smaller ones." Huygens first described the rings, and figured them for the benefit of those not fortunate enough to own a telescope. The breadth of these rings from the outer diameter of the larger to the inner edge of the smaller has been computed at 20,000 miles; total diameter of the outer ring, 161,000 miles, and a space of 10,000 miles is supposed to intervene between the inner edge of the small ring and the surface of the planet itself. The composition of these rings, or rather this system of rings (some authors mention three and even four, although two seems to be the number accorded by the majority of writers) is simply a matter of conjecture. Some astronomers claim that they are composed of material similar to that of the planet itself, while others are sure that "they are composed of numerous satellites (moons) mingled with vaporous matter traveling in planes." Maxwell says: "The rings must be formed of separate particles moving around the planet as independent satellites." According to Mr. Struve, observations on the ring for a period of over 200 years prove beyond a doubt that they are widening, and that the lower edge of the inner one is slowly but certainly approaching the body of the planet.

### The Alaskan Climate.

Prof. J. J. Stevenson, in the Scottish Geographical Magazine, says the climate of southern Alaska is a source of constant surprise to visitors from the Atlantic slope. Although on the same parallel with bleak and dismal Labrador and Cape York of Hudson Bay, where the summer heat penetrates only a few feet below the surface, there is a growth of 3,000 feet above the sea at Wrangell, and up to the mountain tops at Juneau. The rainfall is great, and the variation of temperature is not; the mercury rarely falls below 10 degrees above zero at Sitka, and is seldom above 75 degrees. Of course the extremes are much greater on the mainland beyond the mountains, where the summer heat and winter cold are much more intense than on the coast.—Railroad Review.

### A Hint to Ladies.

A woman, who has given the subject consideration, says: "Always choose a dressmaker in your own style. If you are thin, choose one who is spare and maregic; if you are stout, choose one who is well covered. It is she alone who can enter into your feelings, realize your difficulties, and needs and clothe you not only fashionably, but with that sympathy which should always exist between woman and her clothes."

THE real business of every man is to keep the pot boiling.