

THE TELESCOPE.

Its Present Powers and Some of Its Possibilities.

The question was recently asked the writer: Is it likely that a telescope can ever be made which shall be powerful enough to show the disc of a star? Everyone who has ever looked through a telescope is aware that the appearance of a star is not changed by the instrument, except as it is rendered brighter. Even when examined through the most powerful telescopes the stars retain the appearance which they have to the naked eye. They are practically mathematical points—sources of light, having no appreciable size, even when viewed with the highest magnifying power that can be applied to them. Can astronomers hope ever to have telescopes powerful enough to exhibit them with true discs, as a very ordinary instrument will exhibit the moons of Jupiter?

A little rough calculation, designed as the basis of an answer to this question, will serve the double purpose of showing how limited the powers of even our largest telescopes really are, and of adding another illustration to the many that have been given of the enormous remoteness of the fixed stars.

If with a fine cambric needle one will puncture a minute hole in a slip of tinfoil, or if this is not at hand, in a sheet of paper, and will hold it before his eyes toward a strong light, he will have a perfect artificial star. By varying the size of the hole and the intensity of the light he will be able to determine experimentally the size of the smallest puncture that may be perceived distinctly as a round hole, and not merely as a star-like point of light. It will be found that it is a stock subject, but it is no longer even matter of gossip.

Her majesty may be considered penurious in comparison with the extravagance of other sovereigns. She has always shown a full appreciation of the value of money, and, at the same time an equal appreciation of its usefulness.

In financial transactions as well as in official affairs she has shown herself to be an honorable, shrewd, prudent and far-sighted person, and while it is true, as frivolous people say, that she never wasted a shilling, she has never failed to pay an honest debt. She loses no opportunity to express her displeasure at useless extravagance, and the purpose of her economy is to furnish an example for her subjects. She regards the neglect of financial obligations as one of the most heinous of sins, and spendthrift peers and extravagant women have no places at her table, and need not expect favors at her hands. When she bestows a gift she desires to express a sentiment, and not to make an ostentatious display of generosity.—William E. Curtis, in Chautauquan.

A STRATEGIST.

A Detroit Man's Ruse for Overcoming His Sweetheart's Refusal.

"Strategy, me boy, strategy," was the exclamation of one of Detroit's club men and bachelors who is soon to become a bachelorette. "Seven times she refused me, but I flattered myself that I'm something of a Dewey in my way, and I kept right at her till I won out."

"How in the world did you manage?" eagerly asked an old crony, who is also on the list of eligibles.

"Strategy, I tell you. Simplest thing in the world when you know how," and the prospective bridegroom swelled up like a toad in a vacuum. "In the outset I made the same mistake that all of us chumps do when we fall in love after we're turning gray. I was anxious and pleading and crying and all that sort of thing. They don't like it and won't have it. You've got to be masterful and strong, or at least pretend you are. Then that clinging disposition in woman asserts itself, don't you know. You've got lots to learn, my boy, lots to learn."

"After she had refused me the seventh time I got my senses and took the right tack. First I pretended to be getting letters from an old flame down east. Yes, sir! and used to read her extracts that made her look uneasy. Then I decided to go to war. All a bluff, you know. Declared that I hadn't much to live for, anyhow. Told her I would go east, say good-bye to the old sweetheart of my youth and then enlist. Say, she sobbed and wept salt tears and called me cruel. I was more reckless than ever in my determination to fight Spaniards, and then we compromised on an engagement. She asks me every time we meet now whether I'm sure I'll not go to war."—Detroit Free Press.

A Matter of Equilibrium.

He was making a hollow pretense of being hungry at breakfast.

"Had to stay at the office to balance the books last night, my dear," he remarked.

She was gazing gloomily out of the window, and upon the lawn there were divans tracks.

"Well, hardly," said the old man, "there was only one drink left and I wanted it myself."—Baltimore News.

I Was Remarkable.

"There goes Dr. Keene in his coach, isn't he killing?"

"Yes, and he hasn't any practice to speak of, either."—Detroit Journal.

VICTORIA AS A GIFT-MAKER.

She Gives to Express a Sentiment and Not to Display Her Generosity.

There is a popular impression that her majesty Queen Victoria is parsimonious, and many anecdotes are told to illustrate this phase of her character. It is true she never gives a valuable present, but usually articles that have been presented to her by other people. It is court gossip that the princess send her bales of camel's hair shawls every year because they know that her majesty uses them to advantage where she is required to make presents. It is also understood about court that a useless present to her majesty is worse than none, and people who desire to please her send gifts of money. When she dismissed a maid of honor, or when one of her ladies in waiting gets married or a faithful servant retires from her service, she always gives them a testimonial, usually of small value, a Bible, a copy of her "Journal in the Highlands," "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," perhaps a lace collar, a brooch containing her miniature, an inexpensive bracelet, a piece of silk or embroidery that has been sent her from India, or a shawl. The people around the court have ceased to expect expensive gifts from her majesty, and this peculiarity is so well understood that it ceased to be a jest among the other sovereigns of Europe a quarter of a century ago. For years the caricaturists and the paragraphs of the comic papers found it a stock subject, but it is no longer even matter of gossip.

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SCHOOLBOY COMPOSITIONS.

Two Novel Specimens of the English Article.

Schoolboy humor seems inexhaustible, and there are some rather novel specimens of the English article in a book lately published by A. J. Barker, "The Comic Side of School Life." It includes several school compositions, of which we subjoin two:

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Of all the animals in this world, the Zoological Gardens is the most.

You go in by a gate, and when you have got a bit way down there they are all round you. Ameriky can't be nothin' to it.

The lion, which is the king of all the animals wot ever lived, was so

little that I shouldn't have noen it

wot him, only I have seen picters, and my mother said: "Look Tom, now

you can say as you've seen a lion."

Why, he isn't quarter as big as a elephant, and he hasn't got no trunk.

I think the elephent could master him if he liked; but the big silly won't try,

coz he's so kind, and doesn't want to be king. The lion is yellor, but not so yellow as in the picters what the Board gev me. He looks at yer through the bars like as wot he was saying: "You think as you can fight, don't yer, little boy, just coz you no I can't get out all coz of this bloom' kage. If I could only skueez through, I'd swallow you and yer mother too."

I said to my mother: "I should like to hear the lion roarin," when she said:

"Why, that was roarin just now when the keeper lookedin at him."

Then I nearly cried, I was so wild;

why, it wasn't like thunder and lightnin' at all. It just opened its mouth wide, like as yer seed men sittin' at their doors and a gaping on Sunday afternoons, and it yoped no louder than a apple cart man does.

THE CAT.

The house cat is four-legged quadruped, the legs as usual being at the corners. It is sometimes what is called a tame animal, though it feeds on mice and birds of prey.

When it is happy it does not bark, but breathes through its nose instead of its mouth, but I can't remember the name they call the noise. It is a little word, but I can't think of it, and it is wrong to copy. Cats also mow, which you have all heard. When you stroke this tame quadruped by drawing yer hand along its back, it cocks up its tail like a ruler, so as you can't get no further. Never stroke the hairs acrost, as it makes all cats scratch like mad. Its tail is about two foot long, and its legs about one each.

Never stroke cat under the belly, as it is very unhealthy. Don't teese cats, for, firstly, it is wrong so to do, and second, cast have clauses which is longer than people think. Cats have nine lives, but which is seldom required in this country coz of Christianity. Men cats are allass called Tom, and girl cats, Puss or Tiss; but queer as you may think, all little cats are called kittens, which is a wrong name which oughter be changed.

This tame quadruped can see in the dark, so rats stand no chance, much less mice. Girls fears rats, even mice. Last Tuesday I drew our cat on some white tea paper, and I sold it to a boy who has a father for 20 pence and some coffee drops.

HE WOULDN'T TRADE.

A Big Price Offered for a Drink, But It Was Refused.

An old man with a weather-beaten face and a mustache that stuck out into space like an agitated cactus plant stood watching the Wild West parade as it moved along Baltimore street.

"Injuns certainlly do love whisky," said the old man to a bystander. "Years ago when I was out among 'em I met a Cheyenne on his pony. Then he proceeded with a story which Joe Blackburn used to tell in Washington years ago, as an experience of his own. Anyhow, the story went this way:

"Give um drink firewater," said the Injun.

"No," said I.

"Give um drink me, me give um bridle," said the Injun.

"No," said I.

"Give um drink me, me give um pony," said the Indian.

"No," said I.

"Give um drink me, me give um blanket and bride," said the Injun.

"No," said I.

"Give um drink me, me give um saddle and bridle," said the Injun.

"No," said I.

"Give um drink me, me give um pony," said the Indian.

"No," said I.

"And you can believe me or not, that thirty Injuns offered me

to buy at stay at the office to balance the books last night, my dear," he remarked.

She was gazing gloomily out of the window, and upon the lawn there were divans tracks.

"Well, hardly," said the old man, "there was only one drink left and I wanted it myself."—Baltimore News.

A Trying Situation.

Mr. Household—Please, sir, take it back.

Jeweler—Does it wake the cook?

Mr. Household—That's it, sir. She threatens to leave.—Jeweler's Weekly.

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"There goes Dr. Keene in his coach, isn't he killing?"

"Yes, and he hasn't any practice to speak of, either."—Detroit Journal.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Est très répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre donc au commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année: Edition quotidienne, \$12 00; Edition hebdomadaire, \$8 00

CANARY BIRDS.

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When she dismissed a maid of honor, or when one of her ladies in waiting gets married, and her mother said: "Look Tom, now

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