NORMAL POISE OF THE BODY.

How to Acquire It In Six Positions Faithfully Practiced.

The maiden who desires above and beyond all things to acquire physical buoyancy and lithe movements should give her attention a moment to her center of gravity.

This, perhaps, she may not know should never be over her heels, but over the ball of her feet. When one first tries the experiment of balancing in the correct way, the sensation is very much that of tumbling over.

But ten days later, and one exclaims, "Oh, I feel so much lighter and younger than when my weight rested on my heels!"

It is indeed the easiest position possible and worth taking some trouble to acquire. The preliminary step in learning the art of true balancing is to practice heel elevation, or toe standing, as taught by the Swedish movements.

Exercise 1.—Raise the heels quickly from the ground and stand as high on tiptoe as possible, then lower the heels with moderate speed, without tipping the weight of the body backward. To increase the difficulty of balance, after one has become a little expert, go through the exercise with the arms raised upright.

Exercise 2.—Keep the heels on the ground and lift alternately the balls of the feet, and put them down with a slight pressure, one foot moving up as the other moves down. The speed should be about 70 movements per minute. Care must be taken not to move the shoulders from side to side, a common fault.

Exercise 3.—Lift the heels, bend the knees, straighten the body, then sink the heels. The knees must point in the direction of the feet and remain bent at right angles. This is a true balance movement, to be done with moderate speed.

Exercise 4.—Lift the heels, bend the knees again at right angles to the body and sit down with the body erect.

Exercise 5.—Bend the knee, lift the leg slowly upward and forward until hip and knee are bent at right angles. The instep should be stretched so that the toes point downward, the knee pointing sideways forward. Common faults in practicing this exercise are to incline the body backward, tip the shoulder to the opposite side and to bend the knee of the leg which holds the body.

It must be understood that these movements are to alternate, first with one foot and then with the other.

Exercise 6.—Standing with the hips firm, move first the right and then the left foot, parallel with itself, twice its own length forward, and place it on the ground with a gentle pressure on the ball of the foot, the weight of the body being carried equally by both feet. The movements should be taken backward as well.

These exercises bring into play all the muscles of the legs as well as those about the waist.

Walking on tiptoe is an excellent balance movement. The shoulders should be kept level throughout the exercise, which is then one of the best means of correcting the habit of tipping the shoulders from side to side when walking. In walking on tiptoe one lands on the ball of the foot, which is the point of the matter—the great desideratum—if a lithe, graceful gait is to be cultivated.—St. Louis Republic.

No Doubt of That.

A painter scaled the heights of a skyscraper and climbed the flagpole, pointing up like a thin line of black against the smoky blue of the sky. From the sidewalk below he seemed a toy man climbing a slender pencil. Strapped to his side was a pot of paint. Coolly, as if he were on the ground, or even down cellar, the painter took his brush and began to decorate the wavering rod.

On the sidewalk below the crowd, which a moment before had been intent on shop windows, paused a moment and looked up.

"Oh, dear me, wouldn't it be perfectly dreadful if he should fall?" said a horrified young lady.

Her escort merely observed, "Even if he should fall, he would come down with colors flying."

"Goodby forever!" returned the young lady icily.—Chicago Record.

The Aye Aye.

A very strange animal, related to the lemurs and peculiar to Madagascar, is the aye aye. It feeds on wood boring grubs that tunnel into the bark of trees. The beast cuts away the outer bark with its chisellike teeth, and as the worm retreats to the end of its hole pokes after it with a finger. This finger is a remarkable organ, evidently provided by nature for this purpose, being abnormally long and armed with a hook shaped claw for dragging out the grub.

Another Thing.

"Did you ever see liquid glass?"

"No, but I've often seen the flowing bowl."—London Judy.

MY LOVE.

My love, she is no longer young.
Her hair is ringed with gray.
The grace that to her figure clung
Does not remain today.

Her step is not so light as erst.
Her cheek is paler grown.
Her hand is thinner than when first
It lay within my own.

One slender finger holds in ward
Our union's token fair.
Then close it clung, but now a guard
Confines the circlet there.

Her eyes with tender love are lit.
They gaze upon me now.
The signature of care is writ
In wrinkles on her brow.

Four times has heaven enriched our goods
With treasure from the skies,
And thrice has grief unlocked its floods
And drowned her gentle eyes.

Her heart is an unfathomed spring
Whose depths all tears receive.
"She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve."

Her peaceful brow contains no trace
Of passion conflict striven.
A purer flame has filled her face—
The effluence of heaven.

For there her fancies often roam,
And there she fain would be
What time her thoughts are of the home
Of those she longs to see.

I hear them in her voice, in truth.
I see them in her eyes.
My love, she wears, with fadeless youth,
The grace of paradise.

—Edward N. Pomeroy in Youth's Companion.

An Eccentric Spinster.

Old maids are proverbially particular about their banks. An acquaintance of mine, says a bank clerk, who died awhile ago, was of this class. Everybody knew she had a large store of cash, but nobody knew where her bank was situated or what was the name of her banker. It chanced that the house in which she lived was pulled down to make room for a more substantial modern building, so the lady removed, with all her goods and chattels, to the residence of a farmer in the neighborhood.

Among other queer matters, an old box containing bits of old iron and various trumpery odds and ends was transported to the temporary dwelling of the lady. At the owner's request it was placed, unlocked as it was, in one of the outhouses, and there it remained unheeded until the new house was completed.

Then the old box with its worthless contents was also removed, much to the amusement of bystanders, who laughed in their sleeves at the spinster's eccentric fancy for old iron. Only a few months after she died, however, beneath the worthless rubbish at the top of the box were found 3,000 guineas. This box was the old lady's bank.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Great Head For Figures.

A man of considerable fame, a mathematician, was present at a "function" where he was introduced to a man from Chicago, who expressed the keenest joy in meeting him, for mathematics, he said, had been always one of his greatest interests. Our great mathematician had been working for months on a problem, and at last he had solved it. Here was an opportunity to share his triumphs with another enthusiast. For the better part of an hour he explained the details of the problem, and the man from Chicago nodded his head approvingly and enjoyed himself. "Well," said he, when the explanation was over, "as I say, I do enjoy mathematics, but the thing that stumps me, sir, is that when you multiply a number by a fraction you make it smaller."—San Francisco Argonaut.

No Polar Bear For Him.

A Frenchman went to an American and said to him, "What a polar bear?" The American answered: "What does a polar bear do? I don't know. Why, he sits on the ice." "Sits on ze ice?" "Yes," said the American; "there is nothing else to sit on." "Vell, vat he do too?" "What does he also do? Why, he eats fish." "Eats fish—sits on ze ice and eats fish. Then I not accept." "Why, what do you mean? You don't accept? What do you mean?" "Oh, non, non, I does not accept. I was invite to be polar bear to a funeral!"—Bachelor of Arts.

Among the delicacies offered for sale to the promenaders on the Parisian boulevards recently were "micepies." The word was spelled in English, and what was indicated was the seasonable mince pie, out of the name of which the printers had dropped a letter.

Perhaps the most precious sword in existence is that of the gaekwar of Baroda. Its hilt and belt are incrusted with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and it is valued at $1,100,000.

The Buddhist monastery of Haine, in Tibet, is the loftiest inhabited point in the world. It is 17,000 feet above sea level.

The banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, ice and stone brought from the north by the icebergs.

At the point where the Mississippi river flows out of Lake Itasca it is only 10 feet wide and 18 inches deep.

FRANK M'LAUGHLIN'S START

A Story About the Late Publisher of the Philadelphia Times.

Upon one occasion in 1851—Frank McLaughlin was then only 23 years of age—it happened that the foreman and his first assistant were absent and that John McLaughlin was at home ill. Young Frank McLaughlin was then the fastest setter of type in the office. At the dinner hour on the day in question, and when every "stick" was lying at rest, Abraham Barker, the father of the well known Wharton Barker and himself then one of the very few brokers in this city, walked into The Ledger job printing office with a stock list—an enumeration of the figures of the financial market of the day—and expressed a desire to have it put in type and 50 copies struck off for immediate use.

By reason of the conditions described, there was no one in authority to attend him, and Frank McLaughlin stepped forward and received the order. The stock list of that time, unlike the complex and almost cumbersome affair of the present day, was an abbreviated statement, and two men could easily place it in type within one-quarter of an hour. When Mr. Barker asked the young printer if he would undertake the task, the latter answered with cheerful alacrity, "Certainly!" Cutting the list in two and turning to one of the oldest compositors in the office, he said, "Here, Jim, take one of these 'takes,' and I'll take the other, and we'll rush her through in a jiffy."

The man addressed walked forward with a frown on his face, and after he had taken the slip of paper and was moving back to his case he muttered some half understood words about "giving a fellow a chance to eat his dinner."

"Never mind, Jim," said young McLaughlin, walking quickly after him and taking the copy from his hands. "I'll do the job myself." During these proceedings Abraham Barker never left the office, nor did he until the work had been completed. He leaned quietly against a make up table, and, reading a copy of the New York Tribune he carried, was apparently oblivious to all that was going on about him. Young McLaughlin's fingers flew as he picked up the little pieces of metal. In less than half an hour he had the stock list in type, revised and 50 copies struck off. He handed them to Mr. Barker with an apology for keeping him waiting. "What! Done already?" said the broker, and, with a simple "Thank you!" he left the office.

The following morning the young printer was surprised by receiving a note from the customer of the day before requesting him to call at his office. He did so. "I heard everything that took place in The Ledger office yesterday," said the financier, "and fully appreciate your conduct. I would like you to print the stock list for me every day for one month, and I'll pay you $500 for the work."

"But it is not worth that much," answered the printer.

"It is worth that much to me to have it done as you did it yesterday," was the reply. That was Frank McLaughlin's first work for himself—his first from an employer who paid him a weekly wage. At the expiration of the month the contract was extended to three times that period, and then to 12 months, with an annual recompense of $6,000. Bear in mind that this was accomplished by a young man at a time when journeymen printers were receiving about $10 weekly, and only in extraordinary instances earning $1 or $2 beyond that sum.—Philadelphia Times.

Osprey Plumes.

Speaking of osprey plumes an English tourist says: "I have seen the ground covered with these white plumes round many inland lakes in India at certain seasons, and picked up handfuls and sometimes found them lying in quantities under trees on which the birds have built. All over India this is the case I believe. My experience was in the Punjab, but I could show a bunch of ospreys picked up under a tree in a Rajputana by my daughter. All over India every bit of water is covered with these white aigrets.

Hindoo Birth Customs.

When a Hindoo child is born, many ceremonies are gone through with priests and astrologers, and then "in the first, third, fifth or any odd year they (the parents) generally go to a certain fair, and in an auspicious time and near a temple of a god have the child shaved for the first time." On reaching man's estate most Hindoos keep only a cue on the top of their heads and shave the rest of it.

Splitting a Bank Note.

"Splitting" a bank note consists of dividing the bill in two so that one-half consists of the face of the bill and the other half of the back only. This sounds like an impossible feat, but secret service officers say that it can be done, although the method is a government secret.

THE SULTAN'S SUBJECTS.

Extraordinary Variety of Races Over Which the Sultan Rules.

There are no fewer than seven main divisions of races in the European and Asian provinces. In Europe both the Greeks and Albanians are as numerous as the Ottoman Turks, each contingent numbering about 1,300,000, according to the best authorities. Constantinople itself has just as diversified a mixture as the kingdom generally, and only 385,000 of its 875,000 inhabitants are Mussulmans, the Greeks numbering 153,000, but in Asia there are twice as many Ottomans as all other races put together. The Turks proper consist of Ottomans, Yurouks and Turcomans. The names have something terrible in their very sound to us, but travelers unite in describing the Ottomans as honorable and humane men, although they can fight when it comes to blows. The Turcomans live a pastoral life, while the Yurouks are nomadic and therefore not easily subjected to law.

Although the Greeks and the Albanians are regarded as belonging to the same Greco-Latin race, the latter are for the most part Mussulmans. Some of the Albanians are Roman Catholics, and others are of the Greek church, and the two slightly divergent sects hate each other. But, whatever the form of faith, they prefer robbery as a means of livelihood to any other industry. At the same time they are of a fine physical type and make splendid soldiers, but they treat their women like oxen, and, although they dress in rich clothes of the fashion of the Scottish highlands, they have a horror of soap. In fact, it is said that they put on their clothes once for all and never take them off. The Greeks have not penetrated very far inland, but have scattered themselves along the coast of both European and Asiatic Turkey, where they are always on the lookout to put money in their purse. Together with the Jews and the Armenians, they do nearly all the trading and banking of the country and make a very good thing out of it.

Armenians and their exterminators, the Kurds, are both sprung from a Persian stock. The Kurds live in the mountains and are not precisely the kind of people one would care to set about reforming. Some say there are an even million of them; others say there are over 2,000,000. They keep the sultan in perpetual hot water, being very bad Moslems, but they are very enterprising, chiefly in slaying Armenians and stealing their neighbors' goods. When not thus engaged, they rear cattle, sheep and goats, and they differ in no way from their ancestors as described by Xenophon. Armenia was a portion of western Asia, between the Caspian sea and Asia Minor, but it has suffered the fate of Poland, and the Armenians are now almost as scattered as the Jews. They number about 2,500,000 and are intelligent people, with a particular talent for trade and banking.

The Semitic race has many families in Turkey. There are the Jews who, persecuted everywhere, took refuge in Turkey; the Greek church Maronites, who are the deadly foes of their neighbors, the Druses; the Druses of the Mohammedan faith, brave and temperate men, who take neither wine nor tobacco and who detest the Maronites; the Chaldeans, who are Christians of a sort; the Arabs, of whom there are 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 and who, though holding the same religious views as the sultan, are his inveterate enemies, and the Syrians.

Then there is the fine race of Circassians, who are differentiated from most of the other inhabitants by the fact that they work for a living; the Lazes, and the gypsies.—New York Ledger.

Long Ago.

The Count St. Germain, who appeared in Paris in the reign of Louis XV and pretended to be possessed of the elixir of life, had a valet who was almost as great as his master in the art of lying. Once, when the count was describing at a dinner party a circumstance which occurred at the court of "his friend King Richard I of England," he appealed to his servant for the confirmation of his story, who, with the greatest composure, replied, "You forget, sir, I have only been 500 years in your service." "True," said his master musingly, "it was a little before your time."—Household Words.

The Cravat.

The cravat was once the name of a great military nation, the Croats, or Cravates, of the Balkans. It was their fashion to wrap large shawls or pieces of cloth around their necks and shoulders. About the middle of the reign of Louis XIV he uniformed several regiments in the Croat fashion, with huge shawls about their necks. The fashion took, and the shawl diminished in size to the slight strip of cloth we still have with us.

HARBOR DEFENSE.

What a Submarine Boat Can Do In This Line of Warfare.

When engaged in harbor defense duty, the submarine boat's position will be outside the outer line of harbor defense—that is, beyond the range of the guns defending the entrance. While performing this duty it will lie awash—that is, with only the top of its turret over the surface of the water. On the approach of an enemy's vessel the smokestack will be shipped, and the aperture on top of the turret through which it passed will be quickly closed water tight. She will then run in a direction to intercept the enemy's ship, still remaining in the awash condition until she comes near enough to be discovered by the lookouts on the ship, when she will go from the awash to the entirely submerged condition. The distance from the ship at which she must dive will depend on the weather. In rough weather she can come quite close without being observed.

Having come within a distance that the operator estimates at 200 or 300 yards from the ship, the diving rudders are manipulated so as to cause the top of the turret to come for a few seconds above the surface of the water. During this short exposure of the turret—much too short to give the enemy a chance to find its distance and train a gun on it capable of inflicting any injury—the pilot ascertains the bearing of the enemy's ship, alters his course or makes another dive, if necessary. If he finds that the submarine boat is within safe striking distance, say 100 yards, a Whitehead torpedo is discharged at the ship. A heavy explosion within six seconds after the torpedo is expelled will notify the operator that his attack has been successful, and he may then devote his attention to the next enemy's ship that may be within reach.

When the boat is running on the surface of the water, with full steam power, and it becomes necessary to dive quickly, the pilot gives the order, "Prepare to dive!" The oil fuel is instantly shut off from the furnace, the valves are opened to admit water to the water ballast tanks, an electric engine draws down the smokestack and airshaft into the superstructure and moves a large, massive sliding valve over the aperture on the turret through which the smokestack passes. These operations will be completed in about 30 seconds, when the boat is in the awash condition and prepared to dive. In 20 seconds more it will be running horizontally at a depth of 20 feet below the surface of the water and quite beyond the reach of the enemy's projectiles.—John P. Holland in Cassier's Magazine.

Practical Use of Water.

In certain portions of the west where water is used for purposes of irrigation experiments have been tried in first utilizing the water for power. Suitable pumps carry it to high reservoirs, where it is used to generate electricity. It acquires an enormous power by its weight and is in no wise injured for irrigating purposes. An ordinary spring constantly drawn from furnishes a very valuable power in this way, and after the water has done its work either in the electrical plant or in the turning of wheels it goes on its way to refresh vegetation and make the ground productive. In this way it performs more than a double office without detriment to itself or its original mission.—New York Ledger.

Brains Sleep In Sections.

Sir James Crichton Browne, the expert on brain diseases, holds that insomnia is not attended with such disastrous consequences as is commonly supposed. It is not as dangerous as the solicitude of the sufferer. He suggests that the brains of literary men, who are the most frequent victims, acquire the trick of the heart, which takes a doze of a fraction of a second after each beat, and so manages to get six hours' rest in 24. Some brains, in cases of insomnia, sleep in sections, different brain centers going off duty in turn.—Phrenological Journal.

His Woe.

The minister entered the cottage of one of his parishioners, whence proceeded sounds of woe. Within a man sat sobbing over the fire.

"What's the matter, Donald?" asked the sympathetic clergyman.

"Oh, sir"—amid sobs—"Duncan McTavish's wife's died!"

"Well, but I did not know she was any relative of yours, Donald?"

"No, she's no"—more sobs; "she's no, but it just seems as if everybody was gettin a change but me!"—London Answers.

Deceitful.

Maizie—So Ethel has married her duke, eh?

Daisie—Yes, but he married her under false pretenses.

Maizie—How so?

Daisie—He imitated the consumptive cough right up to the marriage ceremony and then dropped it, the brute!—London Fun.

THE NEBULÆ.

Not an Aggregation of Stars, but a Luminous Gas.

On the evening of the 29th of August, 1864, I directed the telescope for the first time to a planetary nebula in Draco. The reader may now be able to picture to himself to some extent the feeling of excited suspense, mingled with a degree of awe, with which, after a few moments of hesitation, I put my eye to the spectroscope. Was I not about to look into a secret place of creation?

I looked into the sprectroscope. No spectrum such as I expected! A single bright line only! At first I suspected some displacement of the prism and that I was looking at a reflection of the illuminated slit from one of its faces. This thought was scarcely more than momentary. Then the true interpretation flashed upon me. The light of the nebula was monochromatic, and so, unlike any other light I had as yet subjected to prismatic examination, could not be extended out to form a complete spectrum. After passing through the two prisms it remained concentrated into a single bright line having a width corresponding to the width of the slit and occupying in the instrument a position at that part of the spectrum to which its light belongs in refragibility. A little closer looking showed two other bright lines on the side toward the blue, all the three lines being separated by intervals relatively dark.

The riddle of the nebulæ was solved. The answer, which had come to us in the light itself, read: Not an aggregation of stars, but a luminous gas. Stars after the order of our own sun and of the brighter stars would give a different spectrum. The light of this nebula had clearly been emitted by a luminous gas. With an excess of caution, at the moment I did not venture to go further than to point out that we had here to do with bodies of an order quite different from that of the stars. Further observations soon convinced me that, though the short span of human life is far too minute, relatively, to cosmical events for us to expect to see in succession any distinct steps in so august a process, the probability is indeed overwhelmingly favorable of an evolution in the past, and still going on, of the heavenly hosts. A time surely existed when the matter now condensed into the sun and planets filled the whole space occupied by the solar system, in the condition of gas, which then appeared as a glowing nebula, after the order, it may be, of some now existing in the heavens. There remained no room for doubt that the nebulæ which our telescopes reveal to us are the early stages of long processions of cosmical events which correspond broadly to those required by the nebular hypothesis in one or other of its forms.—William Huggins in Nineteenth Century.

Greetings.

The Arabians shake hands six or eight times. Once is not enough. If, however, they be persons of distinction, they embrace and kiss one another several times, and also kiss their own hands. In Turkey the salute is to place the hand upon the breast and bow, which is both graceful and appropriate.

In Burma when a man meets a woman he puts his nose and his mouth close to her cheek and draws a long breath, as if inhaling a delicious perfume. He does not kiss her cheek, strange to say. A man is greeted in exactly the same way.

In the greater part of Germany it is considered an act of politeness, not of gallantry, for a man to kiss a woman's hand. In Italy that privilege is allowed only to near relatives, while in Russia it is extended to kissing the forehead.

The men of continental Europe have a custom that would seem queer, not to say laughable, here. They greet one another with a kiss, if they be friends, not on the cheek, but right on the lips.—Harper's Round Table.

The Flagman's Excuse.

A flagman of a German railway was recently told that he would be fined if his wife was again seen flagging a train. The man said she had never done so, and explained as follows: Being ill, she asked her husband to milk the goat. This animal was, however, unused to any one but the woman herself, and the flagman, to save trouble, dressed in his wife's clothes to deceive the goat. A shrill whistle reminded him of his duties, and he saluted the passing express in skirts.

Grenadiers.

The term grenadier was originally bestowed on a soldier whose duty it was to throw hand grenades. As the duty was excessively dangerous, and they were always first in the assault, only veteran soldiers were selected for this service, and thus they formed a kind of elite. When hand grenades went out of use, the name grenadier was continued.