

THE "DEAD" LANGUAGES.

A Princeton University Man Says They Are Not So Dead as Some Believe Them to Be.

At a special session held in Philadelphia, December, 1894, the American Philological association appointed its committee of 12 to investigate and report on the question of Latin and Greek in our secondary schools.

Accordingly, without asking a hearing for the report at this time, may I take enough space to present as a matter of news a few plain and important facts which have been furnished our committee by the United States commissioner of education?

The first fact is that the total enrollment of pupils in the secondary schools of the United States has risen from 297,894 in 1890 to 554,814 in 1897-98, a gain of 86 per cent.

The second fact is that this remarkable increase is found mainly in the public high schools, notably those of the middle west, while the increase of enrollment in private secondary schools differs very little from the rate of increase in population.

A third fact is that in the period mentioned marked progress has been made toward the concentration of school work on a few leading studies, in place of the tendency toward scattering, which was formerly manifest.

A fourth fact is one that will surprise many. It is that Latin is gaining faster than any other study in our secondary schools.

Enrollment Enrollment Per cent. in 1890-91 in 1897-98 increase.

Table with 3 columns: Studies, Enrollment in 1890-91, Enrollment in 1897-98, and Per cent. increase.

Latin heads the list with the enormous increase of 174 per cent., a rate double the 86 per cent. which represents the increase in the total enrollment of pupils in our secondary schools.

A fifth fact worthy of notice is that Greek has increased from 12,869 to 24,994, a gain of 94 per cent. In other words, the Greek enrollment was nearly doubled in eight years.

This again does history repeat itself. The two classical languages, so many times pronounced "dead" by certain educational doctors, and consequently "dying," are now seen to be more alive than ever before.

A sixth fact of interest is that of all the studies with statistics running through the eight years mentioned, physics and chemistry alone fall below the 86 per cent. of increase in the total enrollment.

The man who has no get-up about him will never succeed as a balloonist or hot carrier.—Chicago Daily News.

THE RICHEST INDIAN.

He Enjoys a \$10,000 Salary, and Lives Like a Gentleman of Leisure.

Oronhyatekha, a doctor of medicine, is the richest Indian on the American continent, and is without doubt the best educated.

This remarkable Indian was born at Brantford, Ont., in August, 1841, and his success in life dates from the visit of the prince of Wales to Canada in 1860.

When the prince reached Brantford a number of Indians appeared before him in aboriginal attire. Among them was Oronhyatekha, who by reason of being the brightest youth in the Indian district was selected to make the address to the prince on behalf of the young men of the country.

Dressed after the Indian fashion, with bead-embroidered buckskin hunting shirt, leggings, feathers, belt and wampum, tomahawk and a mantle of fur, Oronhyatekha presented an ideal picture of a brave attired for a ceremonial occasion.

The prince of Wales was so greatly impressed with the versatility of the Indian youth that he made him a member of his establishment, placing him in the care of Sir Henry Asland, regulus professor of medicine at Oxford university.

In the practice of his chosen profession Oronhyatekha was fully successful, but in 1881 he discovered a rapid road to fortune in the reorganization of the fraternal insurance society known as the Ancient Order of Foresters.

As the chief officer of the society, Dr. Oronhyatekha receives a salary of \$10,000 a year. He lives in the style of an English country gentleman.

RUSSIAN ALTRUISTS.

Queer Communist Colony That Has Recently Emigrated to England.

Perhaps the strangest communist settlement in the world is a colony of Russians who have recently emigrated to the little village of Shepcombe, in Gloucestershire, England.

The doctor of philosophy purchased the farm, but as the possession of land or any other material advantage is opposed to their doctrine that land and life should be free as air to all, the title deeds were destroyed.

Government Pawnshops.

Pawnshops in Germany had their origin in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and were chiefly public undertakings conducted by the state or community.

Yankee Thrift. A guest with an irascible temper at a hotel in a New England town found that the dinner was not to his liking and he had no hesitancy in telling down his knife and fork.

Not Particular. Brown—I hear Jones is looking around for new quarters.

Draws Less Interest. A government bond draws much less interest than a pawn ticket, but it is more profitable to the holder.—Chicago Daily News.

SURFMEN ARE GOOD COOKS.

Men in the Government Life-Saving Stations Along the Atlantic Coast Live Well.

The retired surfman was inclined to be talkative, and after filling his pipe with a liberal supply of "rough and ready" and applying a match to it he said:

"I often read about these chefs who do the cooking for the millionaires and get enormous salaries. In my opinion they get more than they are really worth, for there are so many Americans who could do the work as well.

"At present there are seven surfmen at each life-saving station, in addition to the captain or keeper. Every man has to take his turn as cook except the captain.

THE CHINESE AMBITION.

It Is to Save Money Earned in This Country to Spend When They Go to China.

A somewhat superfluous law of this country shuts out John Chinaman from citizenship. That is no grief to John. He doesn't yearn for the enlightenment of western civilization typified by foreign devils who attempt to restrict his use of opium and even go so far as to deny him the right of gambling.

A BOER COURTSHIP.

The Manner in Which a Young Man of the Transvaal Chooses His Lady Love.

A traveler recently returned from the Transvaal tells the following amusing story of a Boer courtship:

"Early one evening a young man on horseback dashed up to the door of his sweetheart's home. He wore a new suit of clothes, and a long ostrich plume which would have given the envy of an American girl decorated his hat.

"Having consigned his horse to one of the Hottentots, he walked up and down before the window of the house, knowing that no action would be lost upon his lady love, who was sure to be peering through the blinds.

"Suddenly the suitor arose and handed the 'lachergoot' (confections) to the one of his choice. She received it with a bashful laugh and a rosy blush.

"The furniture of the house was of uncarved yellow wood. The chairs were upholstered with leather, and the floors were covered with goat skin rugs.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Horse's Memory. A correspondent tells a curious story of a mare which was accustomed, while feeding in a field, to stand under a low-spreading branch of an elm tree which just touched her back, and to sway her body to and fro in order to enjoy the brushing.

The Main Difference. Fuddy—Some folks hold that plated ware is as good as solid silver, while others will have only the real article. Duddy—I know. The main difference between plated ware and solid silver is that one is made for use and the other to be handed down to one's heirs.—Boston Transcript.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

About ten persons commit suicide every day in Paris.

Brazil produces on an average 360,000 tons of coffee per annum—that is, about four-fifths of the whole amount consumed in the world.

There are five "tasters" in the sultan's kitchen at Constantinople. They taste every dish before it is placed before their royal master.

Gigamists in Hungary are compelled to submit to a queer punishment. The man who has been foolish enough to marry two wives is obliged by law to live with both of them in the same house.

The London & North-Western railway spends £92 to get £100 from first-class passengers, the Great Northern railway, £94, and the Brighton railway, £76.

The czar of Russia has far fewer subjects than the queen. The British empire is, roughly, 9,000,000 square miles, with 350,000,000 inhabitants. The entire population of Russia in Europe and Siberia is just under 135,000,000, distributed over 5,500,000 square miles.

A unique stringed musical instrument from Paraguay was sold by Mr. Stevens, of King street, Covent Garden, the other week. It was shaped like a fiddle, and was made from a human skull (of an enemy), the upper part of which is cut away; the skin which covers the instrument and the hair ornamentation round it are from the victim.

MEXICO AND THE STATES.

There Is No Cause for Jealousy Between the Peoples of the Two Countries.

This paper would gladly head a subscription for a fund to take a few carping clerical and Spanish critics of Mexico on a compulsory trip of education through the big northern republic.

Americans are seeking trade with Mexico more and more every year and are watching this country's development and are gratified at the progress that is made every year toward the full enjoyment of republican institutions.

"Speaking of nerve," said one of the detectives at headquarters, "reminds me of Chief McClaughry of Chicago. He used to be warden down at the state penitentiary, down in Joliet, and he had the reputation of being the coolest man in Illinois.

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

Warden McClaughry's Experience With a Murderous Prisoner Shows Rare Nerve and Resource.

"One day McClaughry was sitting in his office at just about the time men were being marched back to their cells from work. He was alone. There was a sound behind him, and whirling round he saw a convict who had passed the guard, in some way creeping behind him with an ugly-looking iron bar in his hand.

"Don't you stir, the man whispered. 'I'm going to get out of this if I have to kill you to do it.'"

"Oh, McClaughry said, 'I thought you were going to-morrow.' The man stared at McClaughry and grunted: 'Wot?' McClaughry simply looked at him as though he didn't care much and said: 'They sent up your dismissal papers this afternoon, that's all. You've been such a model prisoner all the time that they decided to commute your sentence. You can go all right enough, if you want to. You're not my prisoner any more. If you want to see your papers—why, I think—they're in here—in the drawer—' and before the poor fool could lift the bar to strike McClaughry had snapped a revolver out of the desk and leveled it at his head.—N. Y. Sun.

A Social Formality. "What do you propose to do with this man?" asked the stranger in Crimson Gules.

"We ain't goin' to do nothin' to him," said Rattlesnake Pete. "Only jes' show him that we don't feel under no obligations whatsoever. We're going to take him out an' stand him up in a wagon under a tree with a rope around his neck. An' then we're goin' to drive off an' not wash any more sociability with him."—Washington Star.

UNIQUE INDIAN BIBLES.

They Reveal the Religious Beliefs of the Yaqui Indians of Mexico.

Two of the most peculiar volumes ever compiled in the name of religion have passed from Indian possession into the keeping of a San Francisco man, Mr. Luis Louisa. They were taken from the dead body of a Yaqui Indian, an unordained priest, or "maestro," who was shot by Mexican regulars during the last insurrection of his tribe.

These sacred books reveal the religious beliefs and ceremonies of the Yaquis. The maestro to whom they belonged was one of a band of Indian marauders that had been devastating the country as they passed through it and committing all kinds of atrocities while on their way to join the remainder of the tribe.

The maestro was an artist of considerable imagination and a technique all his own, as his conception of Christ on the cross, St. Gregory and the Deity show. His idealization of the ascension, the victory of the cross over sin and doomsday is pathetic in its crudity.

Father Demasini, of the Jesuit church, to whom these books were submitted for inspection, says that such drawings were never authorized by the head of the church, and that unless one knew the Latin mass by heart it would be almost impossible to attempt a translation or interpretation of the book containing it.

Both volumes are put together with infinite neatness and painstaking care, are written and printed with a pen, every stroke of which evidences a labor of love and reverence for the task.

The Spanish book is a little better, but occasionally a word occurs which is known only to the understanding of the Yaquis.

WATCHED PINS FOR HOURS. The Detective Found Out It Was Only a Little Deception of the Watchman's Age.

"It was all of ten years ago," said an old detective the other day, "that I was walking down Magruder street very early one winter morning when I happened to notice a pal stuck in the corner casing of a store, another pin stuck in the edge of the door itself, with a bit of thread connecting the two. The thread was tied to each pin, just behind the head, and, of course, if anybody had opened the door, the little contrivance would have been pulled out. 'Now, what's the meaning of all that?' I said to myself, and the next minute the explanation came to me as plain as print. You see, somebody evidently was out to find out whether anyone went into the place between closing time in the evening and opening time in the morning, and instead of sitting up all night to watch, had put that simple little indicator on the door. I argued to myself that the only sort of person who could possibly value information of that kind was a burglar, and it dawned on me that I had made a very interesting discovery. It seemed no more than right that I should reap the reward of my sagacity so I quickly made arrangements to be on hand when the crib was cracked. Early next evening I planted myself in a big box across the way and glued my eyes on the door. The hours went by and nothing happened, and toward morning it occurred to me all of a sudden that the people I was looking for had probably broken in at the rear. I rushed around in the alley and found everything quiet and, moreover, I could see a watchman through a window sitting by a stove smoking a pipe. I rattled the door and he got up and opened it. 'Everything all right?' said I. 'Sure,' said he, 'why?' 'Oh, I just wanted to know,' said I, and with that he invited me in to warm and have a nip of whiskey. I was cold and glad to accept, and while I was thawing out by the stove I told him confidentially about the two pins. He heard me through and then fell back in his chair and howled. I never heard a man laugh so. 'Oh, that's too bad! too bad!' he gasped, when he was able to talk, and then he owned up that he had slipped off to a ball the night before and had put on the pins himself to see whether anyone of the bosses had looked in while he was gone.—N. O. News-Democrat.