THE ARGONAUTS.

An Ancient Story That Tells How the Old Greek Heroes Traveled.

Early in their voyage to Colchis the brave Argonauts came into places where high rocks narrowed the sea to the breadth of a river, and the stream ran swift, and the waves roared beneath the rocks, and the wet cliffs bellowed. Then Euphemus took the dove in his hands and set it free, and she flew straight at the pass where the rocks met, and sped right through, and the rocks smashed like gnashing teeth, but they caught only a feather from her tail. Then slowly the rocks opened again, like a wild beast's mouth that opens, and Tiphys, the helmsman, shouted, "Row on, hard all!" and he held the ship straight for the pass. And she leaped at the strokes, and the oars bent like bows in the hands of the men. Three strokes they pulled, and at each the ship leaped, and now they were within the black jaws of the rocks, the water boiling round them, and so dark it was that they could see the stars.

But the oarsmen could not see the daylight behind them, and the steersmen could not see the daylight in front. Then the great tide rushed in between the rocks like a rushing river, and lifted the ship as if it were lifted by a hand, and through the strait she passed like a bird, and the rocks clashed and only broke the carved wood of the ship's stern. And the ship rushed in the seething sea beyond, and all the men of Jason bowed their heads over their oars, half dead with fear from rowing.

Then they set all sail, and the ship sped merrily on, past the shores of the inner sea, past bays and towns and pine mounts and round green hills, the route of men slain long ago. And, behold, on the top of one rugged stone a tall man, clad in rusty armor, and with a broken sword in his hand, and on his head a helmet with a blood red crest. And thrice he waved his head, and thrice he shouted aloud, and was no more seen, for this was the ghost of Talaudus, Actor's son, whom an arrow had slain there long since, and he had come forth from his tomb to see men of his own blood, and to greet Jason and his company. So they anchored there, and slew sheep in sacrifice, and poured blood and wine on the grave of Talaudus. And there Orpheus left a harp that the wind might sing in the chords, and make music to Talaudus below the earth.—Andrew Lang in St. Nicholas.

A Technical Museum.

There are two large rooms occupying the entire fifth floor of the main building of Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, where all boys who like to see curious and instructive articles, and all girls who enjoy works of art and beauty, will wish to spend a long time. The askers, whose business it is to show people over the building, will tell you that of all the 10,000 visitors during the past year the greater part spent more than one half of the time allowed for seeing the entire series of buildings in this, the Technical museum. Its object is "to illustrate, by means of specimens properly classified and labeled, the consecutive stages through which materials of different kinds pass in their transition from the crude to the finished article."

A full illustration of the method is seen in the case devoted to iron, where the specimens of iron ore are shown; and following on in regular order pig iron, with a small model showing how it is made; then the three forms, cast iron, wrought iron and steel, with handsome specimens of articles made from each of these. Any one who examines this case carefully learns a useful and lasting lesson in the manufacture of iron and steel.—St. Nicholas.

Music and Business.

This happened at Caron Springs. There are scores of Thomas Nelson Page's quaint old negroes about the little Virginia watering place, sixteen miles from a railroad and high in the mountains. Aunt Mandy had been washing for the Mashys ever since they came to the springs. Their 2-year-old daughter died, and Aunt Mandy "mo'ned" so much that they took her into the room where the child lay in a tiny white coffin. The old woman wept. You could not doubt the genuineness of the tears that wet her deep furrowed black face. Of course she made her little speech. Proper courtesy to the dead always requires it.

"Yes, dyah's de po' little Bessie, daid and gone. Yes, dyah's de po' sweet little lamb fa' asleep. An' she's goister he buried in all dem fine white clo'es. Aunt Mandy done washt fo' huh po ass' ma to dress huh up in. Honey, was you's goes up to Ingin jus' you tell de Lawd how fine Aunt Mandy done washin' fo' seventy-five cents a dozen, an' ask him to put it inter mo' people's hearts dat dey better dave to git outen huh."—New York Herald.

The Lawyer and the Coal Dealer.

One of the Weybosset street lawyers, whose figure is a familiar one on the street, was talking with his coal dealer yesterday afternoon, said coal dealer having dropped in to get a little something on account. During the interview, in which he succeeded in getting $5, he asked a question of law.

"Aha!" exclaimed the counselor, "so you want to get legal advice, do you? Five dollars, please."

"Oh, only a little friendly advice," he replied.

"Well, send a little friendly coal up to the house then."—Providence Telegram.

Out of Hearing.

Heard on the steps of the station at Fifty-ninth street. Two young women were ascending in the wake of an elderly dame who weighed about as much as the two inside together.

"Why does she walk so awfully fast?" panted one of the pair.

"Oh, 'haste makes waist,' don't you know," murmured her friend, after a glance to make sure that the subject of her remark had passed the turn in the stairs and was out of hearing distance.—New York Times.

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