

Supposed to have been by Isaac Greenwood of Harvard. In a recent article referring to the death of Col. Nicholas Pike it was stated that "among the curious by-leave is a three-sheet autograph letter from Washington to his uncle, Nicholas Pike, commanding the first arithmetic published in the United States," says the Philadelphia Record.

But the author (Pike) and George Washington, the contrary notwithstanding, Pike's book was not the first arithmetic published in this country, either in Great Britain or in the United States. It was published at Newburyport, Mass., in 1788.

Hodder's arithmetic was reprinted at Boston, Mass., 1719; but that book was not by an American author. An arithmetic was published at Boston in 1729, the author, but supposed to be by, and is accredited to, Isaac Greenwood, a Harvard professor, which is believed to be the first arithmetic published in the United States. It antedates Pike fifty-nine years.

Several arithmetics by foreign authors were reprinted before the appearance of Pike's scholarly work. "The Youth's Assistant," by Alexander McLeod, was published at Norwich, Conn., 1785, three years before Pike's book.

"Elementary Principles of Arithmetic," by Thomas Barjant, was published at Philadelphia in 1788, the same year as Pike's book.

ODD PLAN OF ENGINEERS.

Bridge That Has Neither Footpath Nor Roadway.

An odd bridge has recently been completed across the River Mersey, connecting the towns of Widnes and Runcorn.

Its peculiarity lies in the fact that the bridge possesses neither footpath nor roadway for vehicular traffic. Instead, the bridge is provided with a car accommodating four wagons and 300 passengers at one time, and this car makes trips across the river as often as the traffic requires.

From steel towers, 110 feet high, stretches a track held up by the suspension principle, and the car makes the passage some eighty feet above the water level.

Once Beautiful Woman, with Her Son, at the Tomb of the Emperor—Noble in the World with Her Sad Memorial.

The most pathetic memorial that has been developed in my mind for many a day is revived by a brief article which describes the funeral of George Eugenie, once Empress of France, driving about Paris, unnoticed. She visited the Tuilleries gardens with her son, the young duke, prince often took the air. No doubt she glanced at the side door of the Louvre, facing the Rue de Rivoli, grave which she occupied when she was a servant and with the aid of Dentist Evans, an American.

Poor old woman! She understands that the people, not the "royal" born, own France. It was a hard lesson, but members of other dynasties besides Napoleon will learn it before long.

Never shall I forget the only time I saw the detroned Empress. It was in the fall of 1871, when, during a day's run down the London, Chichester & Dover railway to Rochester, when I intended to drive to Gad's Hill House, the home of the late Charles Dickens.

When the station "Chislehurst" was called by the guard I remembered that the home of the widow Empress and her son was near that place, and immediately left the train. Not a cab was to be had; and, obtaining directions to the park, I had to walk to get to the house. The way was about a mile, as I recall it, and the keeper of the lodge peremptorily refused to admit me to the park, but I pushed myself with a view of the red brick villa far among the trees. It comes back to my mind as a stack of chimneys and a decaying window—a beautiful place, no doubt.

Remembering that the deceased emperor had been buried at Chislehurst, I inquired the name of the house. It wasn't far, directly up the main road from the house. In a few minutes I stood before the curb.

The unfortunate prince was lying in a close carriage drove up to the grave and a young man helped out a slender woman in a deep black. She approached the grave and the young man brought from the interior of the carriage a large bundle of cut flowers. I recognized the face of the empress at that moment, and she turned to me, smiling, and I was glad to see her.

The secret chamber. In the secret chamber of my heart, I have a secret. It is a secret that I do not share with any other mortal. It is a secret that I do not share with any other mortal.

The Abhorred Widower. A Chicagoan who had the honor, while in India, of visiting Lord Curzon of Kedleston has come home with a number of stories of the young vicar's humor.

The Seven Ages of the Egg. The egg is the most interesting of all things. It is the most interesting of all things. It is the most interesting of all things.

Two story brick residence in the village of Woodstock, near the station, with a large front porch, and a small rear porch. The house has a large front porch, and a small rear porch. The house has a large front porch, and a small rear porch.

Large, roomy 10-story house in Woodstock, near the station, with a large front porch, and a small rear porch. The house has a large front porch, and a small rear porch. The house has a large front porch, and a small rear porch.

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