

Unwritten Music, We hear its low and dreamy tone Like come sweet angel spell, Among the wood-haunts wild and lone, Where the young violets dwell; Where the deep sunset flush hath thrown Its glory on the sea, We linger for its ceaseless moan-That wordless minstrelay!

The second of a second a list and a second of the

The primal world its echoes woke When first the ardent sun, In all his fresh'ning day-spring, broke, His regal race to run ; It floated through those lonely skies, Each immemorial hill, Where now such countless cities rise, The might of human will !

believed.

manuensis

around

man ?"

The cavern'd depths of the wild sea That gather in their lair Such shricks of mortal agony, Such pleadings of despair, Upon their turgid billows wreathed Such lulling strains have sped, As if their charnel waters breathed No requiem for the dead.

Oh I earth hath not a lonely plain Unblest by mystic song; The dispason of the main, Its anthem to prolong. The seaman, in his home-fraught dream Upon the moonlit waves, Hears, in its undulating stream, The chant of wat'ry caves.

Through Hippoerene's violet fount The haunting spirit rung ; To every old Thessalian mount Its storied legends clung. It filled the wild Bootian hills With fabled visions blent, And murmured through the Pythian rills-A melody unspent.

An incense-breath upon the wind, For morning's glorious dower ; A fairy spell, the heart to bind At noontide's tanguid hour ; A voice the forest-child hath sought By every glade and stream;

But most, at twilight's hour of thought, Half shadow and half dream. A song upon the summer prime,

Of gladness and of praise ; A voice that bids the vintage time Its choral tribute raise ; A tone ubiquitous and free, A deathless music given ; A strain of immortality, An attribute of heaven ! - William Huber, Jr., in Boston Fetto

## A FASCINATING GHOST.

W ANTED-A young gentleman who know how to shell, and who writes a good had to do copying in the country for two or thermouths. Most remain in employer's house Address in o - band, stating what salary i expected, X., Fe , 1400, this office.

I might not see much of Mabel, after Mabel laughed. "I don't suppose he low: "What are you saying? Who all. So much the better. Bread and is. But that isn't what I mean. I want butter was a necessity and I must go and make the best of it. to know if he is courageous enough to go there and see if it really is haunted." The next morning I caught the train, "Oh, I guess he's pretty brave; he but missed my breakfast, and by the time I reached the house I was decidsays he is, and Mr. Humpbreys thinks so too, I believe."

"Yes, papa is so enthusiastic over Mr. But-I mean Mr. Steele's kind edly hungry. Mr. Humphreys met me at the door, and I was pleased to see he did not seem to remember me at all. He put up his eyeglasses, and inspected me heart and religious feeling; he thinks he must be a good man, and not easily frightened." She looked at me squarely. from head to foot. 'And I want to know if he's a man "So you're James W. Wolcott, are fully to be trusted-" "With untold wealth ?" you, young man?"

I told him he was not mistaken. "No; to see a ghost." I always had that name-born with it, I "Ab! I see !"

"You're brave, too, aren't you, Mr. "And you think you're a gentle-Wolcott? "You're very kind to say so, but I I begged his pardon-didn't th nk sure you there never was a worse

anything about it; it was a self-evident coward than I am. I've no courage at all--I'm all brain ! Now there's the dif-The old fellow grinned. "Suppose ference between Mr. Steele and myyou come in and have some breakfast. self."

Mabel rose. "Yes, I see the differ-ence," she said. "I'm very much obliged You haven't had any, I suppose ?" I said I had not." "Well, come in and have some." to you, Mr. Wolcott, for your good ad-After breakfast Mr. Humphreys led vice. I wasn't sure whether he would the way into the library and motioned undertake it. Brain is a good thing, what my work was to be. He had been writing a history, or text book, of ferns -he was an enthusizette book, of ferns I never saw until afterward what a --he was an enthusiastic botanist-and comparison I had made-one all cour-age and no brain, and the other all wanted it copied for the press. The work of re-writing the whole thing legibly was more than he wished to unbrain and no courage. I had muddled dertake, so he had advertised for an things badly, that was evident, and the worst of it was that she never gave me After this had been explained to me, an opportunity to let her know I had Mr. Humphreys started up. "Get you not intended any disrespect to her hat, Mr. Wolcott. I want to show you All this time Sol. Humphreys never

night.

ceased talking about buying the stone house. At last Mabel made the propo-All through the house and all over the place he took me, and when he got to the farther extremity of the grounds sition that some night we three, Ned, Butter-Scotch and myself, should go he paused, and pointing to a huge stone house beyond, said: "I'm trying there and stay until morning, and if our report was "no ghosts," she would not to buy that house; I'm very anxious to say any more against the purchasing scheme; but if anything diabolical or mysterious happened, that her father get it, but my daughter objects." I asked him why she objected. "Well, you see it hasn't been occuwas to give up the idea. Our consent pied lately, and she says it's gloomy; being asked we cheerfully gave it, and

says it's haunted, and she wouldn't like to live in it. "Miss Humphreys can't really believe that to be true," I answered.

"I don't know whether she does or not. She's away now, but she'll be home to-morrow, and perhaps she'll be more reasonable.<sup>1</sup>

The next day Mabel arrived. She met me politely, went through the introduction gracefully, and acted as if she had never seen me before. There was not the slightest half-glance of recognition-she evidently intended to consider me a recent acquaintunce. With curious inconsistency I could not help being a little disappointed, while at the same time I was immensely reieved. I don't know what I had exsected-a start, a blush, just the shy, pleased look of a girl toward an old

sent you?" "Why, my darling ghost," I said, "the lady that's going to be Mrs. Butter-Scotch "How do you know she is?"

"Oh, I know well enough. You mus be a smart ghost not to know that !" "She doesn't love him."

"Oh, yes she does. My sweet little tern, if that insane booby hasn't smashed it all to pieces in getting out."

"Let me go, please," the ghost begged, in a very polite manner, and as it spoke the words sounded to me very much as from a human voice disguised, and yet I couldn't see for the life of me how anything human could have got into the house after the came in, or how anything human could have made such an everlasting row, and rattled its bones so unpleasantly. But the ghost's hands had flesh on them. My curiosity was aroused, so I said: "No, I cannot let

you go." "It's wrong-hugging me, when you

love another. "Whom do I love ?"

"Mrs. Butter-Scotch, of course. I know all about it."

"You do, ch? Then I suppose you know how it all happened?" "Yes, of course I do."

"Do you know why I stopped ?" "Because you hadn't money enough

to ask her to marry you." "You're perfectly right, my dear little ghost, but neither you nor I know whether she'd have married me even if I had happened to have plenty of money. I wish you'd tell me that."

"I won't do anything of the kind. I'm perfectly surprised at myself for talking to a mortal so long. Good-bye, man. Go back to the Humphreys and tell them what you have seen. If the old man buys this house won't I make it hot for him! Good bye, mortal."

But I wouldn't let go of the ghost's "Please let me go now," the phantom

beseeched. as one time was as good as another, we A bright idea came to me. I said: decided to make the experiment that 'Can I trust you? Is a ghost's word Armed each with a stout stick and

ood for anything ?" With great dignity it answered: Yes: I never lie."

dwelling about 9 o'clock, and were "All right. If you'll promise to meet admitted by the man in charge, whose me to-morrow evening under the old headquarter were in an adjoining buildapple tree on Mr. Humphrey's place at 10 o'clock, ...'ll let you go." And as I re-leased my hold the ghost seemed to ing, which communicated with the house by a long entry, at the end of which was an iron door. This door was closed vanish away, and I opened the door and and bolted after us, and we were left to went out. My senses were dazed in the make our explorations in our own way. open air; the evening had been so strange, so almost suspicious, that I I for one did not expect to see anything supernatural, but Mabel's stories could not fathom it all at once. Bewere very vivid, and I would have liked sides, I had allowed the ghost to go beto oblige her by seeing something unfore it had given the promise to meet me again. I remembered my canny. We had brought a lantern with us, and Butter-Scotch had very selfstupidity with regret, but somehow I sacrificingly taken charge of it. So we felt the ghost would consider the prom- 11,068 establishments, employing 262, scended the stairs, and made a tour of ise as having been given, and be at the trysting-place. At the house they had given me up for lost, and were discussing all manner of plans for my rescue. Of these hands 133,998 were males above and Ned was on the point of coming for sixteen, 63,482 females above fifteer me alone, as Mr. Steele could not be and 1,393 children and youth, and this persuaded to enter that house again enumeration of help does not include until daylight. However, the thing was roprietors or firm members, superinsettled, and Mr. Humphreys accepted endents, bookkeepers or salesmenour report unquestionably, but with great regret, and the next morning Maone, in short, connected with the merantile department, but only those workel was informed of the result. At last ng for wages as producers. It will b he evening came, and we were on the once observed that, adding these ex piazza. Mabel had retired with a headeptions, we would greatly swell the che, and the rest of us smoked our number of those who find employment igars and followed our own thoughts in the several branches of business silence. As it neared 10 I arose although the latter would largely be eisurely and strolled off to the old apple tree. I had been there but a few usiness. Taking the materials usedminutes when I saw a white figure ap-8267,043,236-plus the wages paid, from the value of the products, we have proaching as if from the adjoining place, and it came straight to me and \$78,864,832, for the payment of these others engaged and the interest on topped at my side. I lifted my hat. "Good evening," I capital. Among the important items not in

"But why did you play such a prank on us all ?" "I knew you still loved me, but It must be great fun to attend a ball in Algiers. The Algerian Watchman would never say so, and, besides, I wanted a little fun." reports a grand affair of that kind lately

given by the governor, M. Grevy. In "Bless yon, it was fun, but you might civilized society, the reporter says, people attend balls in order to dance, flirt and chat, but in Algiers they simhave been hurt." "Oh, no," she laughed; "I wasn't

"Yes."

afraid. The others were so brave, and phantom, you're entirely mistaken. Come, I'll see if I can't light the lan-no courage, you know." no courage, you know." to stuff themselves. At 9 o'clock on

A month later I was a clerk on a good the memorable evening men stood ten salary, and six months later Mabel and I were married. But the secret of our and so kicked and scuffled that his exwooing in the stone house and under the apple tree was never told, and from that time forth I had no fear of ghosts -my own particular precious little ghost was my shield and my protection. Harper's Bazar.

# THE INDUSTRIES OF NEW YORK

Figures Which Show the Immense Amount of Business Done by the Metropolis.

with thirst, could the hostess succeed That New York is an important manuin obtaining a glass of wine, which she shared with her preserver in a corner. facturing center, as well as the commercial metropolis of the country, is generally little thought of, yet it is this Big feasted till they were like to die of a productive industry which has princisurfeit, and then sauntered through the pally caused its astonishing growth in gorgeous saloon, covered with jellies plates and the debris of all edible things population, and by which the most of One gentleman belonging to the highthose who live here find their support. est circles-of Algiers-lay stretched, Its vast commerce requires many workthe whole evening on a row of chairs in ers, and supports a large class who do the saloon enjoying a siesta, and playlittle or no work, simply living on the ing a tune upon his nose which might interest of former accumulations; but the productive industry here, aside from have been heard half way to France he mere handling of the products of Toward midnight M. Grevy visited his the industry of others, distributes, sleeping-room, where he found one of his guests sleeping the sleep of the just through the countless channels which in his bed, while the chamber was in reach the family and the individual, the means of living, which have caused our thoroughfares to be so crowded, and the most shocking disorder, suggestive of a notorious triplet in Thackeray's "White Squal'." Meantime in the par which have necessitated so many miles lor all the men were smoking furiously of street railways, elevated railroads, ferries and bridges. The total of im-ports and exports of New York city for and in the gush of their tipsiness filling the pianofortes with wine and breaking he last calendar year was \$896,189,814 glasses over each other's heads, no less than 700 (glasses, unfortunately, not heads) being thus demolished. "M. a little more than half of that of the whole United States-but the produc-Grevy was enchanted with the success tions of the workshops and factories of he city, whereby the raw or half-fin-shed materials were brought into shape of his ball."

for practical use, amount to more than one half the value of the exports and Bustles are longer and more bouffant imports. All mitts are long and loose in the

The statistics showing the extent of hese manufacturing industries have reently been forwarded to the census bureau at Washington, by Charles E. Hill, who has been the chief special agent here supervising their collection. They include the business of the year from June, 1879, to June, 1880, and do not cover a few special lines of industry, which have only been made subjects of investigation by general agents for the whole United States. For 189 different branches of business, as specified, the capital employed was \$157,581,749, in oy hands, using 1.312 bottlers, and 1.12

of slaughtering and meat packing were

duction of this common center.

In England, as late as the Reforma

Scientific American.

with the pillory.

FOR THE LADIES. A Ball in Algeria.

deep around the governor's sideboard

cellency was forced to station two

policemen at the door of his supper

burly giant to force his way for her to

the sideboard, and only at 3 o'clock in

the morning, when she was half dead

chasseurs and bearded Arab

It may not be our lot to wield The sickle in the ripened field; Nor ours to bear on summer eves The resports song among the sheaves.

It May Not Be,

Yet where our duty's task is wrought In unison with God's great thought, The near and future blend in one, And whatso'er is willed is done.

An I ours the grateful service whence Comes day by day the recompense; The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed, The fountain and the noonday shade. -John G. Whittier

### HUMOR OF THE DAY

room, while his twenty-six cooks even could not supply the demand. Pres-ently the policemen were overwhelmed "I love thy rocks and drills," as the young fellow sang to the rich miner's daughter.-Salem Sunbeam. in the rush and were fain to make their escape. If a lady wished a glass of champagne she had to impress some

Rocking-chairs would be more comfortable if they were less tidy .- Chaff When we see a man with oceans of oil on his hair, it always suggests to us a head-light .- Statesman.

"That butter is too fresh," as the man remarked when the goat lifted him over the garden fence.-Lowell Citizen.

The hen now sits on the garden fence

But can no mischief hatch, lecture the seeds have all come up; Plants are too big too scratch. — Wit and Wisdom.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but one that sticks in the same place continually gets so covered with moss that it can't see its way out .- St. Louis Spirit.

It is the easiest thing in the world to write fun. All you've got to do is to sit down and think of it and then write it. We could write columns of it-if we could think of it .- Middletown Transcript.

At a session of the Teachers' associa-tion recently held at Saratoga, a report was read showing a large percentage of defect in sight among scholars, which would seem very naturally to arise from the disorder of the pupils .- Statesman.

One can't be too careful with firearms. A Marathon boy carried a pistol in his coat pocket, and one day last week while he was in swimming the pistol unexpectedly went off. He has no suspicions as to who took it .- Marathon Independent.

Danbury has a baseball nine called the Aquenuckaquewank club. When a member is seen with his jaw tied up it is not known whether he stopped a " hot ball" with his check or simply attempted to pronounce the name of his club .--Norristonen Herald.

piece of old faded tapestry on the wall. Annoyances of Editors, Showy colors in showy contrasts ap-pear in the composition of fashionable Not editors alone but nearly all business men daily receive communications from individuals in whom they have not the slightest interest, but who, neverthe-White and gold braid trim yachting suits of blue, gray or cream white flanless, feel terribly aggrieved if the most senseless inquiry is not immediately an-

This was an edvertisement I cut out of the Er ning Post one spring after noon.

In the old days I had been book keeper for the late concern of Skinflint Starvehimout & Co., and while with them I had been getting a good salary and, to my sorr w be it said, live pretty well up to it; so as I made noth ing by the failure of the concern, and lost my place as well, I had to comdown very low. I had saved a little more by good luck than from for thought, and this little used with the strictest economy, and added to by few dollars made here and there in odd ways, was all that had kept me alive for eighteen months. However, I didn't feel quite disposed to go to the dogs vet, for there was always a chance of something turning up in a great city like New York.

As I looked around my room that evening I realized how bare it was of either furniture or adornments; how unlike- Ah, well, there was my paper; and I unfolded it with all the glee of a child over a new story-book. There was, of course, the usual political news, the usual number of railroad accidents and criminal proceedings; there were items of interest to investors and theater-goers and travelers; but nothing for me. I had no money to invest, or for theaters, or traveling. So I skipped all that and went on to the advertisements, and the only one of them all worth reading twice was the advertisement quoted above.

I read it two or three times, and then decided it was worth trying. So I hunted up a sheet of paper and addressed X- as follows:

" My Dear Me., Mrs., or Miss X.: I notice your advertisement in to-day's issue of the Evening Post. My handwriting you can see for yourself. My spelling, I think, is usually correct, and there is no doubt I am a gentleman. As to salary, I don't know what to say-I don't wish to value my services at more than they're worth. Should you 'remain in employer's mean by house,' that I would be boarded and lodged at your expense, my price-that is, asking price-is five dollars a week. "Yours respectfully, "JAMES W. WOLCOTT."

The next afternoon I heard from my friend X., who proved to be a man. His letter ran thus:

"JAMES W. WOLCOTT, ESQ.: "My dear Sir-You may be a gentle-

man, write a good hand, and know how to spell, but you're a fool. I inclose sixty-three cents, the fare to --– You will take the 7 A. M. train to-morrow morning from Grand Central depot, and when you arrive at ----, ask for my carriage, as it will be there to meet you. "Yours, etc.,

### "Sol. HUMPHREYS."

Sol. Humphreys !- the last man in the world I would voluntarily have written to, and for employment, too! Two years before I had a very nice little flirtation with pretty Mabel Humphreys, and it had gone so far that if the crash in my affairs had not occurred, I believe there might have been an understanding, if not an engagement. But as it was I put away all thoughts of love and lovemaking and dropped pretty Mabel very suddenly, without any kind of an understanding, and I had not seen her since. And now to think I had fairly got myself into it again! But, I reflected,

friend not yet forgotten; or was it baughtivess, hardly veiled anger, discust? Whatever I had expected, I got othing at all but pleasant, meaningess words, great politeness, great civilty. 1 had nothing whatever to do with, and could have no interest in, the ntin acy that formerly existed between Mabel Humphreys and James W. Wolott; he was one man, and I was another, And so the days went on. and she was always friendly with her ather's copyist. Toward the end of July Ned Hum

shreys came home, and brought Mr. Butter-Scotch Steele with him, Mr. Steele's baptismal name was William. but he had been rechristened by his friends Butter-Scotch, on account of his fondness for that particular kind of andy.

Ned was quite a boy, and a capital fellow at that, and he and I soon became firm friends ; but Butter-Scotch loathed. I really don't know why I loathed him so much, unless becaus there was a rumor afloat that Mabel was making up her mind to renounce the bangs and bangles of a single life. and henceforth stick to Butter-Scotch. Of course this of itself was enough to make me contemplate placing an extraordinarily bent pin on his chair, or converting his overcoat pocket into a repository for a litter of baby kittens. But independently of this rumor, I had a distinct and positive impression that I loathed the man just as he was, whether

he ever succeeded in marrying Mabel or not. Of course it was none of my business, but it did seem a pity to stand by and see her become the missing rib. thereby completing the anatomy, of such a molly-coddle. One morning I was standing on the

piazza-just finishing a very nice cigar Mr. Humphreys had presented me with the day before, with the remark that he didn't mind a man smoking once in while, if he smoked tobacco, but he abominated cabbage"-when Mabel came out. "Mr. Wolcott," she said, "are you

going to be busy for a few minutes ? "I think not," I replied. " Mr. Humphreys doesn't want to begin for was a crash and a rush, and before I half an hour yet."

"Then will you come to the croquet ground and finish your cigar there?" darkness in the hall, with the knowl-"Certainly," I answered; " with

pleasure." Over to the croquet ground we strolled, and Mabel sat down on one of the rustic seats. Without preamble of any kind, she began:

"I know you have a friendly feeling for us all, Mr. Wolcott, and I want to ask your opinion and advice."

I bowed, for she was unquestionably right about my friendly feeling, but I wondered what was coming.

She went on: "What do you think of Mr. Steele?"

Well, that was a poser! What did I think of Butter-Scotch ? That he was a fool, of course; but I reflected it wouldn't do to tell her so, particularly if she was going to- Oh, no! it wouldn't do at all

"Why do you ask, Miss Humphreys?" "I will tell you frankly. There is a very strong inclination on papa's part to buy the stone house."

"Yes, I know there is." "And I don't want he to." " May I ask why not?" "Because it's haunted."

"I don't see how that affects Mr. Steele-he isn't haunted."

he upper floor, then descended, and made another tour of the ground floor and cellar, and Butter-Scotch considered the exploration so thorough that he strongly advocated going home and to ed, and bringing in a sealed verdict. 'No ghosts." But we wouldn't hear of it. So, having made sure that the front door was unlocked on the inside and could be opened instantaneously i the proposed ghost were disposed to be violent, or use language unfit for "ears olite," we made ourselves as comfort-

pillow, we advanced upon the haunted

ble in the hall as the circumstances of to bed and an indefinite ghost would illow. Ten o'clock-no ghost. Eleven-not

sound. Eleven-thirty-" Ned, you're snoring." "Oh no ; I was thinking how-" Suddenly there was a crash some where in the house,

"By George !" gasped Ned, "we're in for it, boys, and don't you forget it !" I don't know how long we waited, but then it began again-first a sneeze.

then a hissing sound, then a pail rolling downstairs, followed by an assortment of dust-pans and fire-irons, This was first-class. After the storm

ceased Butter-Scotch, in a committee of one, proposed that we should alter the verdict to "ghosts emphatically, and go home. It was entertaining, but, to tell the truth, he was sleepy.

In a few minutes there was another rash, and we saw something white on the stairs, slowly and solemnly approaching. As it neared the bottom, it raised an arm; a low moan came from it, and a rasping sound of a by no means cheerful character.

Butter-Scotch made for the door, and in his excitement pushed against it instead of pulling, so he couldn't get out. The ghost, seeing our fright, uttered a shriek, and came swiftly toward us This was too much for flesh and blood to bear, and Butter-Scotch yelled,

"Murder ! thieves ! fire !" frantic with horror, and we all three pulled and pushed, beside ourselves with fear.

Just as the ghost had nearly reached us Ned pulled the door open, and there knew what had happened the door was shut to with a bang, and I was left in

edge that the beastly ghost was where it could touch me if it wanted to. A second of silence, and then a voice hissed, "Cowards!" I indorsed that opinion heartily, but the others were

greater cowards than I was; I wouldn't have kicked the light out of the lantern, or shut the door on them. There was a yawn, and then the thing

said, "Oh, my!" I plucked up my spirits a little. The ghost had sense enough to be sleepy,

and I thought I could stand a little talk, if it would only keep hands off. Possibly it wanted to find the door, for it came

straight toward me. But the knob wasn't where the phantom thought it ought to be, and the seeking hand rested for about two seconds on my nose.

The touch gave me courage; it was warm, soft and pleasant as a woman's I stretched out my arms and grasped the phantom. It shricked and started. but I was strong, and the ghost was solid, so it didn't get away. I didn't

feel afraid of it then; on the contrary, it seemed afraid of me. "Dear ghost, sweet ghost," I said, 'I won't hurt you."

The answer came tremblingly and

The phantom responded with a neat cluded in this list is the manufacture of little ghostly conrtesy. "Mortal, J never tell a lie," it said. silk goods (which was \$7,842,515), gas \$5,199,979), shipbuilding, and brewing "Will you shake hands? Truly and distilling, with several minor in chost's word can be believed." dustries, for which the statistics have The phantom gave me its hand, but not yet been completed. The whole, it after I had held it a decent length of is estimated, will bring the total very nearly up to \$500,000,000.

ime, tried to regain possession of it "Does the old gentleman believe?" asked the ghost. "Yes; it's all right-he won't buy the

house now. You can remain alone in i in undisturbed possession." "I don't want to stay alone in it.

Well, my sweet phantom, I don't see how you're going to fix it. Haven't you any relatives to come and help you be gay?"

"No, none."

"That's bad. I know the dust-pan and fire-iron business is jolly, and then it does sound awfully cheerful to have pails rolling downstairs; but it's like valued at \$29,297,527, including 244,275 playing billiards-gets monotonous if beeves, 122,500 calves, and 662,600 you haven't any one to play with." sheep. The ghost sighed.

What's that for ?" I inquired. "Don't you like being a ghost?" "No, not a bit."

"Dear me! Would you like to be an ordinary common mortal person ?" 4 Yes

"My? And get married?" "Yes, I guess so-I don't know."

"Well, I'm very fond of you, dear and chemicals, \$3,138,178. little ghost."

"I don't believe you. You're fond of somebody else." "Well, well; you told me that before, and I don't deny it; but, my sweet little location, whereby a population of some

phantom, she don't care two cents for me now.

"How do you know?" "Oh, I know it very well."

"You're wrong. Why don't you go and ask her?" 'I'm not going to insult her."

"Do you call that an insult ?"

"Yes-from one in my position. Sweet ghost," I said, coming nearer, "let's make believe you're my angel,' putting my arms around her, and draw-

ing her to me. 'Then you don't love her?" tions, the grand total will show an ag-"On the contrary, it's because I love her so much that I want to make believe you're Miss Mabel."

The ghost submitted with a good grace, but forgot her assumed ghostli-ness. "James !" she said, and the voice

carried me back two years, and my darling was revealed to me. "Mabel, Mabel," I said, "what is tion, eating flesh in Lent was rewarded

this? Does it mean you love me?"

engines of 41,951 horse power, and pro tennis costumes. ducing goods valued at \$435,422,102.

Fashion Notes.

Squares of white dotted mull are used

Lace and muslin fichus grow larger

It is the height of fashion to hang a

wrists.

or fichus.

and larger.

caside suits.

nel serge beautifully.

Puffs of mull and tulle illusion in the leck bid fair to take the place of plaitings and fichus.

Yachting suits of dark or porcelain blue, gray or green flannel serge are vice from themselves," said "advice" made bright and gray with Turkey red generally coming in a badly spelled, sashes and trimmings. Mull and batiste dresses in pale tints

of color, trimmed with imitation Valenciennes and Flemish point and Vermicelli laces, make lovely afternoon and evening watering-place toilets.

Some exquisite white, black, rose-colored and pale blue Manila grass lace, aid according to the profits of the ong scarfs, and squares, enriched with gold threads or bright colored ones, are at very low prices.

Longitudinal stripes in bright colors, with gold and silver hair line effects, rossed diagonally with stripes, formed n the weaving of the fabric, make one of the features of the fall goods.

Artistic parasols have sprays of eglantine, daisies, golden rod, straggling insects, and sometimes birds painted

as if falling or flying, au naturel, over the gores on the outside, sometimes encroaching on the lace border, or fringe. while the linings show shaded effects in full, delicate tints of blue, green, rose, The most important industry in the

cream, pearl, and pure white. list is the manufacture of men's clothing, a branch of business which has White dresses of every description, including Swiss, French, nainsook, jacgrown wonderfully since the introduc tion of power for cutting as well as onet, lawn, organdie, dotted

sewing. The production in this line is sprigged Swiss and Indian mull musvalued at \$59,798,697, employing 64,lins, and white chuddahs, pongees, 056 hands, while women's clothing fignun's veiling, cashmere, and Frenchand ures for \$18,599,487, employing 17,20 American bunting are worn to excess at hands. In boots and shoes, 123 facto all hours of the day, while white surah, ries make goods to the value of \$4,799, satin and damasse, with tulle and crape 371, and 716 custom shoemaking shops lisse and white Spanish lace, are reproduce \$2,863,620 worth. The products served for full evening toilets and bridal

occasions.

Products of the Laboratory.

In machinery the product was Several very valuable products have \$5,077,046; and in engines and boilers, ome from the laboratory of late years \$3,213,371; car building and repairing, which it is well enough to call to mind. \$547,037; metal goods and metal spin-Cosmoline, a product of coal oil, occuning, \$445,473; steam fitting and steam pies a place midway between the oils heating, \$1,289,259; iron casting and and solid fats. It is doubtless the best finishing, \$5,489,251; tin, copper, and dressing in the world, having the penesheet iron ware, \$2,347,182; furniture, tration of kerosene, but not a particle 89,605,779; wood brackets, molding of its smell or solvent properties. It turning, etc., \$1,371,083; and drugs will be as painless upon the eye as upon the hand. Medicinal fluid may be But any notice of the business and mingled with it by stirring it until the manufacturing industry of New York cosmoline is whitened. Glycerine is an city would be incomplete without taking older product. It is midway between into account the circumstances of its oils and water. Either water, oil or alcohol will dissolve it. In turn, it is a 800,000, just across the East and North solvent for a great many substances. It rivers, whose shores are fringed with is also a useful preservative for the the factories and warehouses of city naturalist. Its medical uses are innumerable, and it may be taken in tea in

firms, all contribute to swell the pro-The place of sugar. Nitrate of Amyl is a industries thus carried on are not at all curious chemical, which only physicians considered in these statistics, which should use. It is a light corn colored cover only the establishments within the fluid, of a faint but extremely penetracity lines; when, however, the work of ting fruit odor. It is an arterial stimuthe census bureau shall be so far comlant of most wonderful power, it being pleted that it will be possible to collate too powerful for inward application. A the figures touching the productive indrop on the end of the finger applied to dustry of these intimately related secthe nostrils and withdrawn as its effects

become visible, is the safest method. In gregate of exchangeable commodities asphyxia or syncope, sinking from conwhich will, in money value, bear no gestive chill, faintness of women with mean proportion to the total exports and prolapsus, or in heart disease, it fills an imports of the port of New York .-entirely new place in medical treatment. -Hour-Glass.

his cows in 1880 were \$60.

A Kossuth County (Iowa) farmer, who runs a small butter and cheese factory of his own, says his profits from each

Fantastic figures are embroidered in wered by the long bright colors on artistic and fancy lawn humanity whose trials Job himself could uffering portion scarcely have borne with patience.

Some persons seem to have a mistaken impression that the business of other people couldn't be carried on at all without "valuable suggestions and adhorribly written missive, informing the delighted recipient that "he's an idiot, and that the writer always knew he was." Of course all dissatisfied correspondents don't express their opinions in the above straightforward manner, but say what, in the end, really amounts to about the same thing. As a rule, editors are not unwilling o answer respectful queries, or those that can in any way benefit the questioner or the public; but when, during

a political campaign, somebody wants o know if the aspirant for gubernatorial honors really did throw his mother-inlaw over a mammoth two-inch boulder into a roaring, rushing, foaming, fathomless washtub below, or why it isn't grammatical to say "them ink bottles is mine," the average editor is apt to

pine for a "lodge in some vast wilderness; Another a moyance is caused by as pirants to literary honors, who begin by saying: "I now take my pen in hand,

and asking why they can't write lengthwise and crosswise, and diagonally across the paper when they send a article for publication. If some such and original genius didn't take special pains to say he took the pen in his hand, almost any editor would be just foolish enough to imagine that the writer shoved it up under his left optic, or tied it to a lock of his auburn hair, but the positive statement that he holds the pen in his hand precludes the possibility of any conjecture on the subject, thus saving the editor's valuable time, as he

might otherwise spend several precious

minutes speculating on the matter. Then there are the "chronic grumblers" who never were satisfied with anything, and never will be, and who send delightful autograph letters to the unfortunate publisher of some paper, complaining that he "prints too much trash, and too little sense, or too much sense, and too little trash," anything in fact that will do to growl about, and make people think the sun is under a permanent eclipse, Then, too, the 'sweet affection" that exists between the editors of rival papers must be a source of intense gratification to all concerned, and be accused of conducting any publication simply from mercenary motives, when everybody knows that editors are dead-heads, and povertystricken beings anyhow, must soon cause regret for the vanished days of happy childhood, when they could play 'mumblety-peg" with the tolerable certainty of hitting somebody with the deadly weapon used in that delightfel game. These are but a few of the daily trials to which editors are subjected although "life is not all dark" to them anymore than individuals who follow some other profession. Most people have as many friends as they deserve, and doubtless the delight of occupying a conspicuous position at circuses and public entertainments more than coun-terbalance any trifling annoyance like the few herein mentioned .- Ina S. Hud-

son, in Detroit Free Press.

A fruitful place-A canning estab lishment.