NO. 29.

out informing the publisher, and the news-papers are sent to the former place of resi-dence, they are then responsible. ADVERTISING RATES: | 1 wk, 1 mo, 8mos. 6 mos. 1 yea | 81 00 | \$ 2 00 | \$ 3 00 | \$ 4 00 | \$ 6 0 | 3 00 | 4 00 | 6 00 | 10 00 | 15 00 | 5 00 | 8 00 | 12 00 | 20 00 | 35 00 | 8 00 | 12 00 | 20 00 | 35 00 | 60 00

Beyond the Mountains. Beyond the mountains-ah! beyond How tair in fancy gleams The valley with its spreading fields, The glint of winding streams! Beyond the purple mountain's hight Stray all our happy dreams.

We sit beneath the moaning pine, By waves that pass our door; We say, this scene is fair, and yet We sigh for something more; And long to pass with eager feet The tar-off mountains o'er.

At eve the night bird faintly sings, In murmurs sweet and low; The new moon's siender crescent gives The sky a tender glow. How fair the stars, how warm the wind. How soft the river's flow!

But there, where longing fancy flies, And wayward hearts still turn, A desper music charms the soul, The red stars brighter burn; And laughing streams go leaping down From nooks o'erhang with fern. When heavy clouds above us roll,

Blue skies are over there. When storm-winds fret around our eaves, There zephyrs whisper fair. Beyond the mountains-ah! beyond Love fills the sunny air.

-Overland Monthly.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Squire Packenham was very angry. Being a member of the church he didn't swear. But he sammed the kitchen door so violently when he came in that Keturah, his wife, comprehended at once that something was wrong.

"Dear me, Abram," said she, mildly, looking up from the apples she was slicing for pan-dowdy, "there ain't no occasion to take the door off its hinges-What's the trouble now?"

"It's Betsev Briggs," answered the squire, seating himself, with some vehemence, on a cushioned chair: "The airs that creetur gives herself exceed everything."

"Airs?" said Mrs. Packenham. "I didn't know as them was Betsey Briggs' weaknesses.'

"I dunno what you'll call it," said the squire. "She was out in the garden pickin' peas, an' I jest hollered to her, as I come by, to see if she'd be willin' to entertain the sewin' society at her house next Thursday. And, if you'll believe me, she didn't say a word. Neither yes nor no!"

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Packenpam. "But," with a gentle desire for extenuation, "you mustn't forget, Abram, that Betsev Briggs is near sighted."

"That don't prevent her hearin," does it?" sharply demanded the squire. "I didn't think o' that," said meek Mrs. Packenham, rejecting a golden, summer apple, which had a bruise on its mellowest side. "But I'm quite sure Betsey didn't mean no harm. Betsey never does!"

"I dunno how that may be," said the squire, moresely. "But I do know I shan't put myself out to speak to her ag'in, unless she sees fit to apologize.

"I can't make it out at all," said Mrs. Packenham, slowly shaking her head. Miss Carter was the next person who stopped at the Packenham house. She was a spare female, whose exact age, like that of the obelisk, was wrapped in mystery, and she was a deadly execution.

"P'raps you'd like to subscribe to the 'Housekeeper's Weekly Visitor,' Mis' Packenham," said she, rounding off her sentences with a prodigious sniff.

"Wal, no!" said Mrs. Packenham. "We aren't much o' readers here."

"Or maybe your husband would like to take a copy of the 'Ten Leading American Patriots?" suggested Miss Carter, still struggling with her catarrhal difficulty.

"Abram don't read nothin' but the newspapers," said Mrs. Packenham. His eyesight ain't what it was and-"

"Who's your neighbor down under the hill?" sharply interrupted Miss

the bridge is so out of repair?" "Her name is Briggs," said Mrs. Packenham-"Betsey Briggs!"

"Well, whoever she is," snorted Miss Carter, "she hasn't no more manners than a mooly cow. Not to notice me, even, and me standin' there talkin' myher head to look at me!"

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Packenham, "that's very strange! Betsey's a dreadful sociable creetur. That don't seem like her a bit."

"Well, that don't signify," said Miss her leather packet. "But I'd just like | hand. you to look at a few recent publications I've got here."

me!" said Mrs. Packenham, apprehen- eyes like watery moons; the squire insects and swallow small pebblessively. "I hain't no money to buy nor stared; Captain Gilliloe held out his The father and mother do not help their time to read; and the churnin's behindhand, this mornin', and I've got soft-

soap to make." "It won't take a minute," persua-

sively argued Miss Carter.

Weekly Visitor,' for a term of three house? I thought you was comin' to

years, before she departed. "Betsey Briggs managed her the best way," groaned Mrs. Packenham, as she looked into the recesses of her

The clergyman, a slender, dyspeptic man of six-and-twenty, stopped at the garden-gate to give Sister Briggs a friendly good-afternoon, that day, but she did not return his polite greeting. and new silk hat.

"I hope I haven't offended her in any way," said Mr. Sweetlands to himself; and he tried to think back to the sentences of his last sermon about gos. sips and meddlers. "I don't think I For, as true as you live and breathe. said anything which she could by any Farmer Pond's Bowse has trampled possibility apply to herself. Miss her to death by this time." Briggs-Miss Briggs, I say!"

He waited a minute or so for a reply mildly, and walked on.

"These single sisters are perhaps a trifle difficult to manage," said he But doubtless experience will smooth my pathway in time."

And, naturally enough, the Rev. Mr. Sweetlands stepped in at Sister Packenham's to ask her how she thought he could possibly have offended Miss the more heartily as their folly became Betsey Briggs.

And just as he was detailing in Mrs. Packenham's puzzled ears the tale of his perplexity, a stout, elderly man, with a sea faring aspect, rapped at the door with the knobby handle of his mild Mr. Sweetlands, rubbing his ragged stick.

"Ahov, there!" said Captain Giles Gilliloe. "I hope I ain't intrudin', but these is all strange waters to me. I've just hailed a neighbor'n' craft Betsev Briggs by name, and she don't lower no signals. P'raps I've sighted the wrong coast."

"Miss Briggs lives at the next house!" enough."

"I'm her cousin," said Captain Giles Gilliloe. "She has invited me to moor | wife my craft in these parts for a while, but I ain't used to heave anchor along side o' them as don't speak to me civil. And I hope I've made my log-book ag'in."-Saturday Night.

"I really can't account for it," said Mrs Packenham, with a troubled expression of countenance. "Set down, Cap'en Gilliloe. I've often heard her speak of you, and I'm sure she wouldn't intend any incivility. Set down and itself upon its breast bone, it scratches have a chat with Mr. Sweetlands, our minister, and I'll step over to Betsey's at once and see what all this means."

The sun had gone down in the crimson blaze which belongs only to July skies-a soft purpling twilight was brooding over the swamp meadow, and the orange lilies glowed mystically in the apple orchard, as Mrs. Packenham hurried toward the old Brigg's homestead, whose chimney stack rose out of a wilderness of tall lilac bushes. There sure enough, was Miss Betsey in the vegetable garden, her sunbonnet flapping in the evening breeze, but just as Mrs. Packenham laid her hand on the latch of the picket gate, Bowse, Far mer Pond's big red bull, knocked his book-agent of the most rabid type, and horns against a weak spot in the adjacent pasture fence, and came thundering into the inclosure with his tail in the air, his huge head lowered almost to the ground and a low-muttered note of defiance breathed through his threatening nostrils.

"La, me!" cried Mrs. Packenham, "there's that brute loose again! And not a man in sight. And Betsey Briggs with her red caliker gown on. She'll be killed as sure as the world. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

As the reflection eddied through her mind, the animal made an infuriated charge toward the figure darkly outlined against the hedge of silver-green pea-vines, uttering a savage bellow as Carter. "Just beyond the brook, where he rushed past, and Mrs. Packenham hurried, screaming, down the hill.

"Abram! Mr. Sweetlands! Cap'en Gilliloe!" she shouted. Help! help! Oh, why don't somebody come? Farmer Pond's Bowse has knocked poor self hoarse to her. Not even to turn help! She'll be killed, as true as the the egg under his breast bone, and

world! Help! help!" Just as she burst into the door at the end of the kitchen, the opposite one opened, and in walked-Betsey Briggs herself, cool, calm and composed, with a veil folded neatly over her dove color-Carter, seating nerself, and opening ed silk hat, and a traveling-bag in her

began to laugh and cry hysterically; days after they are hatched the chick-"Oh, don't trouble to show 'em to Mr. Sweetlands opened his pale-blue lings begin to eat. They run after two brown hands and waved a fore- little ones find food. castle welcome.

> Miss Betsey looked around in gentle astonishment.

And she sat two mortal hours in the matter? What is everybody looking at Washington Jackson, Greene, Scott, souire's kitchen, and made Mrs. Pack | me so for? How d'ye do, Cousin | McPherson and Thomas.

enham subscribe to the 'Housekeeper's Giles? Why don't you go on to the

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.

make me a visit!" "I--I don't make out this here reckonin' at all," said Captain Gilliloe, scratching his puzzled head. Someempty pocket-book. "What will Abram how the wrong signals have been a failure. swung out. But it's all right now-tigure-head of the Betsey Briggs can't who possesses it.

"I've just been up to Albany," explained Miss Betsey, "to order a new He repeated it a little louder, and still parlor carpet. I went up yesterday. she took no note of his spectacled-gaze and came down on the evening train; and-"

"But, Betsey," cried Mrs. Packenham, clutching spasmodically at her friend's arm, "who is that in your back garden -- gathering peas, you know?

"That! Oh, that's my wire dummy, as I had when I worked at the dresswhich did not come; then he sighed makin' trade. I just dressed it up in some of my old clothes, as a kind of a ble scarecrow-like, to keep the pigeons from stealing the green peas right out of my pods. They're the sauciest creatures in all the world. Why, you didn't never take it for a live person. did you?"

And everybody laughed in chorus, apparent to them.

"I declare to goodness, I was clean out of my latitude and longitude," said the sea-captain, with a chuckle.

"Appearances are deceitful," said

"I won't never believe my own eyes ag'in!" shouted the squire.

And then they all three went to drive the belligerent Bowse out of Miss Briggs' vegetable garden, and to patch up the defective pickets in the fence. and Miss Betsey herself sat down to drink a comfortable cup of tea with

"For I'm sure I need one, after all I've been through," said the squire's

"Well, I declare," said sympathetic Miss Betsey, "it must ha' been a trial. I won't never put that dummy out

An Ostrich's Nest.

After pairing, the ostrich begins to make his nest. It is the male alone that performs this duty. To do this it squats upon the ground, and balancing up the earth with its legs and throws the sand behind it. When it has dug out enough on one side to suit it, it turns around and begins to dig on another side, and continues this operation until it has made a hole large enough for it to sit in comfortably.

A few days after the nest is finished the female begins to lay one egg on every alternate day for eighteen or twenty days. She then rests for a while, which time varies from four to ten days, and then begins to lay more. A pair of ostriches yield forty eggs. This is only the minimum number, eggs are placed so as to leave no space between them. They are sat upon at first for several hours each day, and finally altogether. The male and the female brood alternately. At night the male is always on the nest, as it possesses greater warmth than the female. When the birds relieve each other on the nest the new comer turns over each egg, in order that the portion which has lain against the nest shall receive the warmth of the brooder These birds perform their duties with the greatest skill, without any noise or breakage of the eggs. They squat down, and with their head and neck rake up and overturn every one of the eggs, one after the other, without neglecting a single one.

The incubation lasts forty-five days on an average, sometimes fifty days but never continues beyond that When the chicklings hatch out they can be heard trying to break the shell Betsey Briggs down into the pea-vines, of the egg. Sometimes they succeed in and is a-gorin' her awful! Help! help! doing so, but usually the father breaks seizing with his bill the inside skin, tears it and frees the chickling. Upon first reaching the air the chickling remains limp and weak. But the warmth of the parents soon revives it, and a few hours afterward it begins to run about the nest, exercising its long legs, tottling over at each step, recommenc-Mrs. Packenham sat down, and ing again its stumbling journey. Four

There are six equestrian statues in Washington-more than in any other "Dear me!" said she. "What is the city in the world. They are of

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

The Millheim Journal.

We never deceive for a good purpose. Knavery adds malice to falsehood.

However things may seem, no evil thing is success, and no good thing is

Genius is essentially creative, it aye, aye, it's all right now! The bears the character of the individual

> The light of friendship is the light of phosphorous-seen plainest when all around is dark. He is truly great that is little in

> himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honors. Envy is a passion so full of coward-

> the confidence to own it. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

ice and shame that nobody ever had

the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreea-False friends are like our shadows.

Choose always the way that seems

keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we walk in the shade. Humor and pathos - Twin lakes

which lie side by side in the heart, the one gleamed of the sunlight, the other gleamed of the same sunlight's shade. When you are looking at a picture

you give it the advantage of a good light. Be at least as courteous to your fellow creatures as you are to a picture. Keep your promise to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you

much trouble and care through life, and win you the respect and trust of your friends.

"BOOMTOWN."

The Furore for Land Speculating in the Northwest Graphically Delineated.

The great northwest is entered the traveler first hears of Boomtown, the "Portals of the Sunset," the "Favorite of Fortune," the "Gem of the Great Golden Northwest," the "Loveliest Spot in the Land of Light," the "Plucky Pioneers' Paradise upon the Productive Prairies." Not only are the allurements and advantages of Boomtown advertised in alliterative prose, but the real-estate man also drops into poetry, and relates how the place has

In prospectus this city is the focus of all railroads that are ever to be built, the future capital of the future state, the garden spot of the farmer, the sanitarium of the invalid, the speculator's paradise, the land of golden grain, where the wheat grows in forests and the oats in impenetrable jungles. Should our arrival in St. Paul be opportune we learn that an auction sale of Boomtown lots is one of the entertainments of the evening, and we are sadly lacking in the tourist's proverbial enterprise if we do not attend. Bands of music inviting us to the scene, play lively tunes, calculated to intoxicate the buyer and loosen the strings of his purse. which is always reached. It is not un- Like spies sent out by Moses to report usual for a well fed, well kept pair to upon the land of Canaan, and who re yield fifty and even sixty eggs. The turned bearing between them that famous bunch of grapes from the brook Eshcol, the Boomtown syndicate have also brought with them the products of their land, and challenge Canaan itself to show an equal display of No. 1 hard wheat, tastefully arranged in sheaf and jar; enormous potatoes, each one a dinner in itself.; and luscious fruit, which however, owing to the undeveloped state of the country, is yet in a state of

papier mache. The sales are made by that most loquacious of auctioneers, the "Marquis of Mud," who has fairly earned his honorable title. He exhorts the people to catch on to the Boomtown boom, which has surely set in to stay. Then, with the sensitiveness of the true boomer, he corrects himself, and says that this is not a boom at all, but a healthy and regular growth. The people catch on. In the fever of the moment, those buy lots who never bought before. Some buy in confidence, and some in fun. Some think that kind of a lottery as good as any other, and some invest for the privilege which it gives them of occasionally putting on the air of a capitalist, and referring, in careless tones, to their real estate in Boomtown They buy for that satisfaction which the mere possession of property gives. Where lives the man who has not bought a dog or a dressing-gown, an opera-house or a newspaper, for similar

an inland city, and the climate, he has for the farmer and just dry enough for the consumptive, he is greatly shocked to find that his destination is surround- one-tenth.

ed by a waste of waters. Only the repeated assurance that this is an exceptionally moist spring restores confidence to his soul. The steamboat upon which he has crossed the prairie unloads its passengers at the veranda of the second story of the hotel; and when, on the following day, the investor starts out in a row-boat to hunt up his real estate, he finds that he has unwittingly sailed across it as he came into town. The exact location of his lot, however, cannot be determined without a diving-bell. The corner-stakes, which were only waist-high, are under water, and he hears the surveyor, who is his pilot on this occasion, mutter to his assistant that it will be necessary to make his pegs as high as lamp-posts hereafter. -Atlantic Motnhly.

How the Brooklyn Bridge Cables Were Made.

After the towers had been built and the anchorages made ready, then came the strangest work of all. To make the cables and put them over the towers would be a difficult matter Very likely it could not be done at all. So the cables were made just where they hang, one small wire at a time. The cables are not chains with links, nor Italian. are they twisted like ropes. They are bundles of streight wires laid side by side and bound together by wires wound tightly around the outside. They called the work "weaving the

At the Brooklyn anchorage was placed a powerful steam-engine, and on the top of the anchorage were placed two large wheels, and with the aid of proper machinery the engine caused these wheels to turn forward or backward. From each wheel was stretched a steel rope to the top of the Brooklyn tower, over the river, over the other tower and down to the New York anchorage. Here it passed over another wheel and then stretched all the and when the engine moved, the ropes travelled to and fro over the river. For this reason they were called the "travellers."

There were, besides these travellers, two more ropes placed side by side, On these were laid short pieces of oak. thus making a foot-bridge on which the workmen could cross the river.

There were also other ropes for sup porting platforms, on which the workmen stood as the weaving went on-On each traveller was hung an iron wheel, and as the traveller moved, the

wheel went with it. It took only ten minutes to send two wires over the river in this way. The men on the foot-bridge and on the platforms suspended from the other ropes guided the two wires into place and thus the cables were woven, little by little, two slender steel wires each time, and carefully laid in place, till 5434 wires were bound together in a huge cable, fifteen and three-quarter inches in diameter. The work was fairly started by the 11th of June, 1877, and the last wire was laid October 5, 1878. There are four cables, each 35781 feet long, and if all the wires in the four cables were placed in line they would reach over fourteen thous-

The work was long and dangerous. Sometimes the wire would break and fall into the water, and an hour or more would be spent in hauling it up and starting once more. The men on the foot-bridge or on the cradles high in the air watched every wire as it was laid into place. To start and stop the engine, men stood on the top of the towers and waved signal flags to the engineer. Such a mass of wires would not very easily keep in place, and as the work went on, a number of wires were bound together into little bundles or ropes, and at the end all were bound together into one smooth, round bundle or cable .- St. Nicholas.

Needles.

A company has been formed in Uti' ca for making common or hand-sewing needles by machinery. The needle making machine proposed to be used was invented by Eugene Fontaine, the inventor of the celebrated locomotive bearing his name, and which has made the fastest time ever yet made by a locomotive. Mr. Fontaine is also the inventor and maker of the most rapid and best pin-making and pinsticking machinery ever made. The needles to supply the world are made at Ridditch, Birmingham, and at Hathersage, Derbyshire, in England, and and proudly stand upon the base of his cette are the principal sources of suppyramid of dirt, whose apex is at the ply. At Ridditch about fourteen centre of the earth, three or four thous- thousand persons are engaged in makand miles away. Since Boomtown is | ing needles and the product is estimated to be about two hundred millions been led to believe, is just wet enough | per week, or ten thousand millions per year. Of these it is estimated that the United States take a little more than

ITALIAN IMAGES. The Manner in Which the Dark-Eyed

Sculptors Work and Live. "Buy my images?" The speaker, a slender, knob nosed, dark-eyed youth, stood on the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets' and piped his plaintive melody in sixty-four different keys. He was a ragged Italian, redo. lent of garlic and maccaroni. He wore a dusty slouch hat, and his toes peeped out into the soft sunlight in a suggestive sort of a way. There was about him a look of chronic hunger. His voice ran up the gamut and down the gamut, first harsh and decisive, anon soft and supplicating, like that of a woman, and alternately loud, low cracked and round-toned. Rich peo. ple and poor people, policemen, bootblacks, and dogs of all degrees, with muzzles and without muzzles, passed him without turning their heads, Still the pedler kept crying his disjointed images, until at last a press reporter, with his heart full of commisseration and his pocket full of five cent pieces, tapped him on the shoulder

and said:

"How much?" "A dollar and a quarter," replied the

"Too mich; I give twenty-five

cents."

"Basta! one dollar." "Twenty-five cents?"

"I take fifty."

"Twenty-five?" "Take him along."

And the reporter lifted the plaster of Paris image of a female diver, from the nomad's willow basket and laid it tenderly across his arm as if it were a baby. The image was tolerably well moulded, is made of genuine plaster of Paris, and is a counterpart of those sold in the retail stores for one dollar

The marvel is how the beggars can sell them so cheaply, and yet keep from starving. Every trade has its secrets, and that of image-making is no exceptened together, making an endless rope, tion to the rule. To begin with the Italian plaster sculptors live upon almost nothing. Six men will occupy two small rooms. In the other room is their workshop. For dinner they have a bowl of soup, the principle ingredients of which are bones, scraps of meat, a few slender wisps of maccaroni, and pepper and salt in profusion. Two huge slices of bread and a butcher knife complete the meal. The men eat and work, and work and smoke. They buy the cheapest sort of plaster of Paris for one dollar a barrel. A barrel of plaster will make 500 images.

The moulds are made of gelatine, which costs \$1 per pound. An ordinary mould costs \$2. Each mould is made to produce not less than fifty images. An industrious maker can turn out, every day, 100 images. By calculation upon this basis, it appears that the images cost about ten cents each, not including time, of which, however the wily Italian makes no reckoning. This is the whole secret. The retail dealer says the image

cannot be made for less than forty

cents. So they cannot when first, class materials are employed. The American manufacturers of images employ a skilled laborer to scrape off the mould marks and tone up the anatomy. All this counts. So does the time consumed in the moulding. The gelatine costs twice as much as that used by the Italians. The moulds are not made to produce over a dozen images. Here is another big saving for the maccaroni-eater. The latter seldom lives long in one place. He and his countrymen travel in droves of six and a dozen. They move from city to city, making their images. They sell one subject "into the ground" as the retailers say, and then make a vast quantity of another. Just now every Italian image maker in Philadelphia are making female divers. In a few weeks they will be making something else. They are keen and have a sharp eye to business. They find that a certain image catches the popular whim. Forthwith they make nothing else. Thousands of the favorite images go bobbing up and down Chestnut street. The houses are full of them. And so it goes. The business of image-making is declining. In former years the pedlers over-ran the country. Now they seldom go into the rural districts. In the winter they make images. In the spring they divide their time between selling their wares and collecting cigar stumps. In the summer they deal in ice-cream and figs and cheap fruit. When they die they are buried in the Potter's field, and that is the Having purchased his lot, the travel- Aix la Chapell, and its suburb, Bor- last of them. Their images are cast er feels a natural desire to look at it, cette, in Germany. Ridditch and Bor- in the ash barrel and that is the last of them.—Philadelphia Press,

> The work of bleaching ivory for piano keys is so slow that at Centrebrook, Ct., at which place they are made in large quantities, 10,000 sets are sometimes on hand in the different stages of the operation.

A Legend of the Dews.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

continued.

If subscribers move to other places with-

Earth had no dews until a baby died-A dimpled, fair-laced baby, whose dear

Peeped through the swinging gates of Para

And, seeing wondrous treasures scattered

ught them with Iruitless grasp and home-

sick cries; And when the eager, trembling little hand Wearied in reaching for the luring things,

Of Noah's dove, sent out to find the land,

Fluttered and folded-like the drooping

Where no land was-then angels wept their For the sweet, sealed lids, and cheeks of

And all their rueful tears the zerhyrs bland Gathered in dainty cups of moonlight hue,

To break on babies' graves in showers of -Lucy M. Blinn, in the Continent.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Often on a strike-A ball-player. A question of voracity-How much

can you eat? The maiden who formerly dreamed of flowers And birds in the beautiful spring.

Is housekeeping now, and turns her thoughts To bug-poison and that sort of thing. Enquirer--What is the chief object

tion to traveling in the street cars? It costs money. An editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a sub-

scriber, says: "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes." While many men are muttering, The lans are fiercely fluttering, Fresh soda water's spluttering, And stupid chaps are stuttering,

"Is it hot enough for you?" A well-known florist says that flowers will keep better wrapped in a wet newspaper than in any other way. This is another argument in favor of

"Man should always be graceful,"

says Dr. Armitage; and the doctor will please rise and explain how a man orange peel while carrying a basket of The new western weather prophet is proud of his name-Straw, and the

dently has some faith in weather prophets, thinks he can tell which way the wind will blow. A barber shop bit: "Is that about the right length, sir?" asked the skillful barber as he finished cutting his customer's hair. "I like the sides and

editor of the Boston Post, who evi-

back;" was the response; "but I wish you would make it a little longer on The windows of houses in the Philippine isles are made of pellucid oyster shells, which admit light, but cannot be seen through. It is not explained how the woman, who sits up till after midnight to ascertain what

hour the beau of the young lady oppo-

site leaves, overcomes this difficulty. The Biffins children, having overheard some one remark in connection with the Biffins evening party that "Mr. Spriggins will have his eye out for the oysters," had a consultation which resulted in their stationing themselves, while refreshments were being served, in good positions to see Mr. Spriggins take out that important

A Religious Order of Beggars.

There are to be met now and then in

Japan members of a religious order of beggars known as O Biku San. They are dressed in a fashion peculiar to their fraternity, wearing conical bamboo grass coverings for the head, of a diameter sufficient to afford a shade for the shoulders. They live in what may be termed nunneries. When abroad their vocation is soliciting alms for the use of their community. Generally they are orphans or the children of very poor parents, who are willing to be relieved of their care and main. tenance. One of the duties exacted by their order is that they offer reverential worship before every temple or shrine they may pass on their begging expeditions. It is seldom that they go alone, there generally being two or three together. These women have their heads shaved, as do the priests of the Buddhist sects. There is another fraternity of beggars known as Bikuni. Widows only are eligible to enter this body of mendicants. They have their heads shaved and take a religious vow never to marry again. The proceeds of the appeals for alms made by both of these bodies of mendicants are deposited with the heads of their respective establishments. Formerly it was the custom of these beggars to have regular routes which they individually worked, and it was the habit of the generous, to avoid the bother of being importuned, to place their gifts in a basket, which was hung outside the house on regular stated times, and it is said the sum so placed was considered sacred from the touch of any other than the particular mendicant for whom it was intended .- San Francis. 30 Chronicle.