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HIS NEW COAT.

'Is it really true, Max, that you are going to have a dinner-party at the Grange? Of learned gentlemen? And papa is to be invited?'

Fanny Leslie flung her little crochet cap into the air, and caught it again with the dexterity of a slight-of-hand performer.

Max Lynfield, who was sitting on the low stone stile that separated the well kept grounds of the Grange from the weedy wilderness of the Leslie estate, with a gun balanced on his shoulder, and a game-bag slung over his back, nodded emphatically.

'All the scientific lights of the convention are to be invited,' said he. 'Spectacles and baldheads will be at a premium. Don't you wish *you* were a learned old fudge—eh, Fan? Of course, your governor is to be invited. Don't he know the most about Egyptology, and ancient Roman letterings, of any old gentleman in the land? Isn't Professor Tolmaine especially anxious to make his acquaintance? And isn't Doctor Debrun going to bring, in his waistcoat pocket, a slab of stone chipped off from the nose of some Assyrian statue or other for him to identify? What are you looking so sober about? Jealous because you can't make out the company, eh? I'm sorry for you, Fanny; but you had no business to be a woman.'

'It isn't that,' said Fannie, with ludicrous solemnity. 'What day is the dinner to be, Max?'

'The seventeenth. Just two weeks from to-day. But I say, Fan, what are you in such a hurry for?'

'It's almost sundown,' said Miss Leslie, gathering her scarf about her shoulders in a hurried way. 'And I have waisted ever so much time here already. Good-by, Max!'

'Yes; but I say, Fanny—'

The only response to his appeal was the light, quick sound of the girl's footsteps, as she flitted away over the carpet of autumn leaves that covered the path, into the yellow mist of the October afternoon.

'What a pretty girl that is!' Max Lynfield murmured to himself. 'Her eyes are exactly the color of a hazlenut, and she has got the sweetest little sugar-plum of a mouth that I ever beheld! But I don't see why she need be in such a hurry.'

And he disconsolately picked up the game-bag which he had unbuckled from his shoulder, and strode away, whistling.

Meanwhile, Fanny Leslie had sped to the dreary, old-fashioned stone house, blotched with milew and full of a spectral silence, where old Mr. Leslie sat, spectacled and absorbed, among his books, and Alma, the eldest daughter, was in the kitchen making a damson pudding for dinner.

She looked up as Fanny came flying in.

'I thought you never were coming, Fan,' said she. 'Did you bring the powdered sugar?'

'Here it is.' Fanny flung a little paper on the table. 'But oh, Alma! the dinner-party at the Grange is to be on the seventeenth, and papa is to be one of the invited guests!'

Alma Leslie paused in her task of sprinkling snowy sugar over the crushed purple damsons in the plate.

'Oh, Fanny!' said she. 'But of course he can't go. He has no coat fit to be seen at a dinner party in Colonel Lynfield's house.'

'Alma, he *must* go!'

'How can he, Fanny?'

'It will be such a treat for him, Alma, to meet those scientific gentlemen, and get a glimpse of the world he has so long left behind him,' pleaded Fanny. 'We *must* manage it somehow!'

Alma knitted her black brows together.

'How much money is there in the drawer, Fan?' she asked, abruptly.

'I don't quite know—fifteen dollars, I think.'

'All this proves the impossibility of our fine dinner-party, Fan,' said Alma, shrugging her shoulders. 'Fifteen dollars would just about purchase the cloth for a new coat.'

Fanny looked gravely at her sister.

'Well,' said she, 'this is all I want, Give me the cloth, and I'll make the coat.'

'What nonsense, Fanny?'

'It isn't nonsense at all.'

'*You* make a broadcloth coat?'

'Why shouldn't I? Didn't I make a cloth ulster for myself, and make it nice, too?'

'But you are not a tailor!'

'I'll be a tailoress, which is just as good.'

'You have no pattern, Fan.'

'I can rip papa's old coat apart and get the pattern from that, Alma. Where is it? He is wearing it now?'

'He has got on that old dressing-gown of his,' said Alma.

'Then get the coat—that's a dear—and rip it carefully apart,' said Fanny, 'while I go down to the store and buy the broadcloth. We haven't a second of time to loose.'

The next two days were days of cutting, stitching, pressing, calculating, in the big, sunny south room which the Leslie girls called their boudoir.

Old Mr. Leslie sat among his dusty tomes and ponderous dictionaries, with a pencil back of each ear and a pen in his hand, making notes and scribbling off paragraphs, all unconscious of what was going on around him.

'If I'm to be at that dinner-party of "savants,"' he said to Alma, 'I must settle this question as to the authenticity of the Eudeic monograph.'

'Certainly, papa,' said Alma, in an abstracted way, as she hemmed a new black silk cravat, and pondered as to the practicability of new gloves, and whether her father could be induced to wear them if they were bought.

'Papa,' said Fanny, the evening before the eventful day, 'we want you to try on your coat to-night.'

'To try on my coat?' vaguely repeated the philosopher. 'What coat? what for?'

'Oh, just to see if it's all right!' said Fanny, not without a little qualm of terror lest her father should discover the pious fraud and object to wear homemade garments.

Absently, Mr. Leslie rose up, divested himself of his faded dressing-gown, and put on the new coat.

Alma and Fanny viewed him with critical eyes, and exchanged glances of satisfaction at each other.

'Does it feel quite comfotable, papa?' asked Alma.

'Very nice, my dear—very nice,' said the philosopher. 'Really I didn't know that old coat looked so nice. Take it away, daughter, and brush it thoroughly, and have it ready for me to-morrow, with a fresh necktie and a clean pocket-handkerchief.'

And once more he plunged into the depths of the Eudeic monograph question.

'Fanny,' said Alma, in a low voice, 'it's a success!'

'Alma,' responded Fanny, in the same tone, 'I knew that it would be!'

Mr. Leslie went to the dinner-party at Lynfield Grange, and astonished several dozen other old gentlemen by the depth of his wisdom and the profundity of his learning, and nobody discovered that the homemade coat was not the *chief d'oeuvre* of a New York clothier.

But Fanny Leslie was not destined to hear the last of the coat. Miss Helena St. Jacquin, who had chanced to surprise them in the task, whispered it mysteriously to her dearest friend Mrs. Emerson Fielding. And every one knew, presently, that the Leslie girls had turned tailoresses and taken in work by the day.

'It was Fanny,' said Miss St. Jacquin, 'I saw her myself, pressing out the seams of a coat with a prodigious smoothing-iron—a man's coat! They tried to shuffle it out of sight as soon as possible, but they weren't quick enough for me!'

'Well,' said Max Lynfield carelessly, 'why shouldn't they sew men's coats as well as woman's worsted work?'

Mrs. Emerson Fielding elevated her pretty little nose.

'I'm afraid,' said she, 'we shall have to leave the Leslie girls off our list for the charade-parties next winter.'

Max Lynfield rose up in exceeding great wrath.

'Then you may leave *me* off, too!' said he, and stalked out of the room.

He went straight to the old stone-house. Fanny was in the garden, gathering chrysanthemums—great white-fringed beauties, and buds that were like balls of gold, and little brick-red blossoms full of a strange aromatic fragrance like Eastern spices.

'Fan,' said he, 'if you had wanted money, you ought have come to me. Haven't we been friends long enough to induce you to put any confidence in me?'

Fanny looked at him in serene surprise.

'But Max,' she said, 'we don't want money—no more than usual, that is to say. Everybody wants money, I suppose.'

And she clipped off a stem of rich maroon flowers, and laid it lovingly among the rest of her floral trophies.

Honest Max, who had no idea of diplomacy, plunged headlong into the subject.

'Then,' said he, 'what's all this story about your taking in tailor-work?'

'About my taking in tailor-work?'

'Yes. Miss St. Jacquin saw you working at it.'

'Did she?' Fanny's cheeks flamed scarlet. 'Miss St. Jacquin had better have attended to her own business. But since she has told you half a story, I may as well supply the other half. I am sure it is no secret.'

And she told Max Lynfield the whole of the simple tale.

'Fan, you're a trump!' said he. 'And you really made that coat yourself?'

'I really made that coat myself—with a little help from Alma!' proudly spoke Fanny.

'I should like a daughter like you—that is to say, when I develop into an old gentleman of scientific tastes,' said Max.

'Oh, you'll never develop into a scientist,' said Fanny. 'You are a deal too active and wideawake. You're not half wise enough.'

At this Max's honest countenance fell.

'I knew it,' said he sorrowfully. 'You despise me. You think I am a dunce.'

Fanny dropped all her flowers, in her consternation.

'Oh, Max,' she cried, 'I don't despise you at all. I like you!'

'That isn't the question,' said Max, moodily. 'The question is, do you *love* me?'

'Max!'

'Fanny! No—stay here!' posting himself, with lightning rapidity, in the doorway. 'Unless you jump down the terrace, you can't get away from me. And I'm determined to have an answer.'

He had the answer. And the answer was 'Yes.'

It is very seldom, you see, that a thoroughly determined young man allows himself to be baffled.

Mrs. Fielding, the pretty widow, was deeply annoyed; Miss St. Jacquin raved. 'But, you see,' Mr. Lynfield afterward said, 'I never should have known how much I cared for Fan, if I hadn't heard those spiteful cats criticising her.'

And Mr. Leslie wore the selfsame coat to his daughter's wedding.

But, to the end of his learned and scientific life, he never knew who made it.

Savants are not wise in the ordinary events of everyday life.

A Level-Headed Brakeman.

A number of years ago a stubby young man with a big mouth and solid-looking head was taken on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad as a freight brakeman. He seemed to pay no attention to the sports indulged in by his fellow-brakemen when off duty, but spent most of his time around the shops learning how to run engines and picking up information about the machinery of railroading. One day a tall, clerical-looking man was riding in the caboose of the train on which this young man was employed. The young man seemed to take a kindly interest in the young brakeman, who answered his questions courteously, but did not permit the passenger to interfere in the least with his duty. Finally the train came to a standstill, and it was found that it had met another freight train at a station where the side track was not long enough to hold either train. The problem presented was: How were the trains to get by each other? In this day that would be solved very easily, but it so happened that at that time, when railroading was a very different matter, neither conductor had encountered such a condition of affairs and both supposed that one of the trains would have to back down to a station with a longer side track. As the conductors were discussing this the tall passenger and the young brakeman came up to them. When the young man understood the situation he said to his conductor, respectfully:

'You can get by.'

'How, I'd like to know?' said the conductor.

The young brakeman picked up a stick and marked out in the mud what is now known to every railroad man as 'sawing-by.' The trains were sawed and went their way. The next day the young man was called to the division superintendent's office, where he met the tall passenger—Superintendent H. H. Hitchcock—and was taken into his more immediate employ, where he learned telegraphy and became a train despatcher. In a short time the office of master of transportation was created, and the young man was given that place. From that day he has grown rapidly, and now the man who rules over the Chicago & Alton Railroad on the general manager's pass reads that young brakeman's name at the foot of it, C. H. Chappell, general manager.—*Chicago News.*

Learning the Business.

'What is the first thing you endeavor to teach a young man when he goes to work in your store?' was the question asked of a successful Elmira business man a day or two ago.

'Well, the first thing that I endeavor to teach him,' was the response, 'is that he don't know anything about the business. He will then be willing to begin at the bottom and master the whole trade in detail.'

There seems to be considerable sense in the gentleman's remarks.—*Elmira Gazette.*

The Impression of a Dying Mother's Last Words.

A venerable clergyman of Virginia said lately: Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a death bed the secret of passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children, and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member my church.

'I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirits and vigor. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children to educate them, to give them the same chance which their faith would have done.

'She succeeded; sent the boys to college, and the girls to school. When they came home, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn out commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years and then died of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them to consciousness, in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

'You have been a good mother to us!'

'Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered, 'You never said that before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone.'

How many men and women sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment of all that has been given them.

Boys, when you come back from college, don't consider that your only relation to your father is to 'get as much money as the governor will stand.' Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay him the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.

A Tough Regiment.

Jack Stephens, Clerk of the Criminal Court, tells how it came about that his regiment was in the late Senator Miller's brigade but fifteen minutes. Jack's regiment was one of the toughest in the army, and nobody seemed anxious to have it in his command. After it had been transferred from one brigade to another and had found nobody who could control it, Gen. Miller, who was on pretty good terms with himself and had a high opinion of his ability to control any set of men, asked to have the tough regiment added to his brigade. There was no opposition to this, of course, and the transfer was made. Gen. Miller immediately ordered the regiment out in line and proceeded to make a speech to it, telling the boys what he was and what he was not going to suffer them to do. As he warmed up to his subject he drew off his long gauntlets and laid them on a drum standing near him. Hardly had he done this when one of the boys in the line sneaked behind the General and in plain sight of the entire regiment stole the gaunlets and succeeded in getting back to his place in the ranks unobserved by the eloquent General. At the close of the speech, which did not take longer than ten minutes, the General dismissed the boys and turned to pick up his gaunlets.

'Well, I'll be blessed!' What he said is not fully reported, but the fact is known that in five minutes more he had succeeded in having the regiment turned over to another brigade.

Embalmed by the Soil.

Human bodies buried in limestone countries are often turned to solid stone by the lime water which penetrates the graves. In other soils there are elements which sometimes so embalm the buried dead as to preserve form and features unchanged. Many such cases are on record. Robert Burn's body was disinterred in 1815, to be removed to a new tomb. To the surprise of all his friends, the features were found to be as perfect as at his burial.

The case of John Hampden, the famous English patriot and leader, was more surprising. His body was disinterred by Lord Nugent, two hundred years after burial, but form and features were as unchanged as if the corpse had been recently laid in the grave.

When General Washington's body was removed to the tomb at Mt. Vernon, to be laid in a sarcophagus and removed to the permanent tomb, his face was found to be in a state of perfect preservation. In all these cases, however, the preservation, though seemingly perfect, was only apparent on the surface. After a brief exposure to the air, the body crumbled, and all resemblance to life passed away.—*Youth's Companion.*

A THIEF DETECTOR.

One Man's Employment in a New York Store.

A Private Detective Who Mingles with the Throng of Shoppers.

A tall haughty young woman, wrapped in furs, with large diamond earings, moved lazily through the throng of shoppers in an uptown dry goods establishment the other day. She viewed with indifference the great variety of objects exposed for sale, and chatted gayly with a young and stylish dressed companion, casting haughty looks of displeasure at the more vulgar shoppers whenever, as it frequently happened, they were rude enough to jostle against her. A handsome Japanese leather shopping satchel swung from her left arm, and in a harder jostle than any she had yet received, the spring had snapped and the satchel swung open. Inside lay a purse, some loose greenbacks, and odd change temptingly exposed to view. The fair owner continued her elegant walk utterly oblivious of the danger threatening her purse.

A stylish young fellow who had been darting hither and thither in the throng suddenly rested his eyes on the open satchel. They twinkled for a moment, and then he became very earnest and apparenty very anxious to reach the street. He forced his way up to the satchel, dexterously hid it from view, and slyly stole his hand into its depths. He was about to withdraw it again, when he met with a sudden and unexpected shock. A stout, heavily built man, with his overcoat buttoned up to the ears, who had been moving slowly with the crowd, apparently indifferent to everything and everybody, had suddenly taken a violent interest in the dapper young man, and it was his hand which had arrested the thief just as he had started to remove purse and money from the open satchel.

The young lady turned around with a slight scream, much disturbed, and there was a commotion in the immediate neighborhood.

'Keep your satchel closed, madam,' remarked the stout man calmly, and before she recovered from her fright he had disappeared with the thief in his custody.

A reporter for the *Sun*, who had watched the foregoing, followed the two men into a private office at one end of the second story.

'I should think that you would know enough to keep out of here,' said the stout man angrily to the thief.

The latter laughed carelessly and submitted to being searched without a murmur.

'What's the odds,' he returned with a grin.

'The bosses won't have us arrested, so we run no risks. Once in a while we strike a duffer when you're off gallivanting with the daisies. That was a pretty lay you spoiled just now, though,' he added regretfully. 'Won't you come out and have something?'

'Not just now,' replied the stout man ironically, 'but I'll see that you get out.'

'I am the house detective,' he said a little later, after having conducted his charge out of a side door. 'I have been a detective nearly all my life, and I owe my present place to the fact that I know by sight every professional thief and pickpocket in the country. I get a large salary for doing nothing but walk up and down through the store all day, and am even my own master. I have several assistants also, but I am responsible. If a pocketbook is lost, an article taken from a counter, or a clerk knocks down, I am obliged to keep my eyes wide open all the time.

'People are very careless. A dozen times at least every day I have to warn ladies that their shopping satchels are open, or that they have laid their purses on the counter while examining goods.

'It is a rule of this house to avoid publicity as much as possible in the matter of arrests. If I find a thief, even in the act of stealing, I simply take away his booty, search him carefully for other stolen property and then put him out. If I find him in a crowd, even when he is not plying his trade, I search him just the same and put him out. I use no disguise. The thieves know me and I know them. They submit to search rather than arrest, and in that way we keep from the public the fact that thieves frequent this place. There is no doubt that they do come here in large numbers as well as to every other large store. Some of the biggest criminals in the country have been in this store. They frequent the art stores very much, for there they have a chance to make rich and unsuspecting acquaintances.

'Besides watching for thieves from outside, I have to keep my eyes on the employes. I am supposed to know what they all do, inside and out of the store, from the superintendent down to the scrub woman. If the superintendent is a drinking man or the cash girl eats more candy than her wages would pay for, the firm wants to know it. If the young clerk there spends his nights going around town, I am expected to keep my eye on him. I take orders from no one but the firm itself, and, although I believe I am popular with the employes, I also know that I am feared by them, for an evil report from me would be immediately followed by the delinquent's discharge. The firm trusts me, and I am proud of it, but it's a trying and responsible place all the same.

The reporter watched the detective as he slowly moved away, apparently seeing nothing but his little piercing eyes taking in everthing within their range of vision.

HE DIDN'T BITE.

Sharpers Discover a Farmer Who Was up to their Brightest Game.

There is a sharper's game which has been played for the last hundred years, and as the turning point is avarice the game works forty-nine times where it fails once. Two sharpers set out a few weeks ago to play it on a Wayne county farmer. One of them came along one day and wanted to buy the farm. As the farmer wanted to sell it was quite easy to strike a bargain. The price was to be $4,000 in cash, and the man handed over $250 to bind the bargain. Within two days a second stranger came along and wanted the farm. He wanted it so bad that he couldn't stand still. He found indications of coal, natural gas and coal oil, and he was willing to give $6,500 for the place. The idea was of course, that the farmer would be awful sick of his first sale and seek to buy the man off. It would pay him to offer the man $1,500 to release him.

The second stranger was only out of sight when the first one turned up again. His mouth watered over the prospect, but not for long. The farmer explained that he had been offered $2,500 more, and added:

'But I don't care for money. The $4,000 is enough for me and it's all the old farm is worth. When you are ready to pay the balance we'll make out the papers.'

The purchaser offered to release him for $1,000—$700—$500—$300, but the farmer didn't want to be released. He hung to the bargain money and he's got it yet, while the pair of sharpers rave and gnash their teeth every time they think of the thickness of his skull.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Dry Terms.

From the Portland (Northampton Co.) *Enterprise.*

It may be interesting to look back on this old record of dry seasons, which dates back to pilgrim fathers' times: In the summer of 1621, 24 days in succession without rain; in the summer of 1630, 41 days; summer 1656, 75 days; summer 1662, 80 days; summer 1674, 46 days; summer 1689, 81 days; summer 1694, 62 days; summer 1705, 40 days; summer 1716, 45 days; summer 1720, 61 days; summer 1730, 92 days; summer 1741, 72 days; summer 1749, 108 days; summer 1755, 42 days; summer 1762, 123 days; summer 1773, 80 days; summer 1791, 82 days; summer 1802, 23 days; summer 1812, 28 days; summer 1856, 24 days; summer 1871, 42 days; summer 1874, 26 days; summer 1875, 27 days. It will be seen that the longest drouth that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762, no rain falling from the first of May to the first of September, making 123 days without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain. The above does not include the dry terms for the last ten years. If any of the readers of this paper could give it to us we would be glad to have it. It would show us how we Americans were blessed during this 265 years, thanks to the Giver of All.

JONAS ETTINGER.

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