

CHOOSE YOUR FRIEND WISELY.

Choose your friend wisely,
Test your friend well;
True friends, like rarest gems,
Prove hard to tell.

THE LIFTED CLOUD.

"Rosa, darling, are you quite happy?
If I ever cease you a moment's un-
happiness may I wear horns forever, like
my fiendish prompter. Father and
mother do you upon; won't you try
to love them, pet?"

Thus spoke a young and handsome
husband to his beautiful bride during
their honeymoon, while on a visit to
his parents.

The youthful Rosa folded her hands
meekly over her bosom and answered
solemnly:
"Wilbur, thy people shall be my
people."

So far good, but soon misunderstand-
ings and heartaches, arising from con-
flicting tastes and habits, overshadowed
their little romance.

The happy couple became tired of
visiting and, disgusted with boarding,
then they went to housekeeping, and,
having ample means, furnished their
house in elegant style.

Rosa was satisfied, but thought that one more pic-
ture was needed to fill a certain vacan-
cy on the parlor wall, and whenever
she expressed a particular wish for
anything Wilbur, lover like, was quick
to gratify it. One day she was sur-
prised and delighted to find that he had
placed one there. She was a woman
of cultivated tastes, and was really
shocked upon examining it more
closely.

It was a representation of the
death of Washington—the mourning
family with different expressions of grief
upon their countenances were grouped
around the casket, and a colored
servant, black as night, peeped
from behind the drapery of the
bed, while above hovered the goddess
of liberty with a sorrowful, half-averted
face. It was painted in glowing colors
in most execrable taste.

Rosa turned away in dismay, and
met the smiling eyes of her husband,
who had entered unperceived.

"What do you think of it, dear?" he
pleasantly inquired.

"It is the most horrible daub I ever
saw," she replied, scornfully.

"Daub, Rosa? The painting is some-
what faulty, I admit, but the design is
fine, is it not? Observe the figure of
Liberty mourning the loss of her cham-
pion."

"Indeed," said his wife, mischievously,
"I can't decide whether the god-
dess is weeping over the dead general
or over the intensely black negro, who
appears to be wiping his nose upon the
curtains. I suppose this is one of your
jokes, Wilbur, but pray remove this
unsightly blot immediately, lest some
inopportune visitor happen in and
shame us."

"No, Rosa; I intend it shall remain,"
he replied emphatically; "it is a very
impressive picture."

"Very," said she, sarcastically,
"nothing can be more impressive than
a death scene—it is especially sugges-
tive for the walls of a parlor."

"Rosa!"

"Wilbur!"

"You are a fool," he exclaimed, with
rising anger.

"Then I'm not a suitable wife for a
gentleman of discriminating tastes and
politeness," she retorted with bitter-
ness.

Then she rushed to her own room,
threw herself upon a chair, flung her
arms all across the table and burst
into a storm of hysterical sobs.

All their little variances rose to her
mind; how very singular that Wilbur
should admire this odious picture; she
had often heard his judicious comments
upon various works of art; never before
had she known him to be so deficient
in judgment. Surely there must be
some hidden motive for such conduct.

What could it be? The longer she
entertained this idea the more convic-
ed she became that there was a mys-
tery attached to it, and a feeling of
jealousy was aroused in her heart.

While indulging in the luxury of this
good cry a lady friend called and she
was obliged to calm herself sufficiently
to receive her.

"Dear Mrs. Plant," she exclaimed,
piteously, "I am very unhappy; Wil-
bur has called me a fool—and I—
I thought that the first year of married
life was always the happiest."

"Not always, dear Rosa; it takes
years to learn the ins and outs of each
others' character, as well as to assim-
ilate in habits and tastes, but don't be
disconsolate; love has as many lives as
the proverbial cat."

"I feel my heart is breaking,"

"Well—well, dear, one of the most
inappreciable things that can afflict the
sensitive heart, disenchanted forever
the bright illusions of life, is the first
doubt of the idol of our affections,"
replied her friend, laughing; "but seri-
ously, Rosa, I am a veteran and have
passed through many a slight skirmish.
Come, cheer up; your husband is tender,
but not past mending. You must go
home with me over the river; I dare
say that irate husband of yours has
already eaten his way through a whole
bill of fare. Depend upon it, if he

starves his love for a while, he will not
starve his stomach.

Rosa accompanied Mrs. Plant to her
handsome home, leaving word for her
husband that she would return the
next day. While crossing the ferry her
friend, noticing her sadness, sought to
divert her thoughts from that dreadful
epithet of "fool," which she said was
ringing in her ears continually.

"Rosa," she said pleasantly, "you
must not allow trifles to worry you so.
Men are fickle creatures at best. Let
me tell you a secret; it may be helpful
to you."

"I was not my Charlie's first love;
you look incredulous, but he himself
told me all about it—when in his 20th
year he took a fancy to a pretty girl
and visited her frequently, finding her
more attractive and interesting upon
each visit.

"Of course it was impossible even to
hint at a marriage just then, as he was
only a clerk upon a very small salary
indeed, but Charlie was a wise chap—
he determined to wait patiently until
he could ask her, especially as he fancied
she would not say no."

"One evening he invited her to ac-
company him to the fair of the Ameri-
can institute. I dare say she was
pleased enough to promenade with a
handsome fellow like Charlie, and they
attended a great deal of soft nonsense
as they promenaded together through
the immense hall."

Rosa smiled, and Mrs. Plant knew
that the cloud was lifting.

"You know how 'tis yourself," she
said, smiling in return, "the loving
pair came to a confectioner's stand,
plentifully supplied with a tempting
display of goods."

"I know you are fond of candies,"
said Charlie. "Will you have some?"

Thereupon she selected whatever
suited her taste, and as he took out his
pocketbook to pay for them the con-
fectioner remarked that the package
being rather bulky he had made two
of it.

"You can carry this one, miss," he
said, handing her quite a large bundle,
"and here is another for your young
man. Three dollars. I hope they'll
please the lady, and that you'll
call again."

Rosa now laughed heartily and her
friend joined in her mirth.

"Three dollars worth of candy!
Had he heard aright? Fifty cents or
even \$1 was quite enough to spare.
Why, all he had in the world was a \$5
greenback, snugly stowed away for
the purchase of a new vest which he very
much needed."

"Nevertheless, there was no help for
it; he must do without it now, and
saying never a word he handed over
the money with a sigh."

"Now, Rosa, haven't I reason to
bless that young man for her inordi-
nate liking for candy? Charlie was
disenchanted then and there—a girl
that could eat her way through a \$3
package of sugar was altogether too
sweet for him, and altogether too ex-
travagant for a poor man—for she was
well aware that he couldn't afford it,
but was too selfish or thoughtless to
care."

"Charlie didn't visit her again, nei-
ther did he die of disappointment, but
lived to become a wealthy man, abun-
dantly able to give his second love all
the candy she wishes for—so you per-
ceive, Rosa, that a woman must not
fancy that there never was, nor never
will be another woman in the world so
attractive as herself, but she must
strive to keep her husband's love if she
values it."

"Thank you for telling me this se-
cret. Wilbur shall not be disenchant-
ed if I can help it," said Rosa, "even
if he did call me a fool."

So, gaining courage, she tried to
banish unpleasant thoughts and cool
her anger by strolling around her
friend's beautiful grounds, wondering if
he would follow her, or wait until the
next day.

Suddenly she saw her husband ap-
proaching. He looked as pleasant as
a little bird had sung in his ear.
She felt as awkward and nervous as a
mouse cornered by a cat; but she
smiled, and discreetly remained silent.

"Rosa, forgive me," he said, softly.
Three little words, full of hope and
meaning. In the first bitterness of her
resentment she had thought that she
never could forgive, but womanlike, at
the first word of tenderness, the bar-
riers of pride gave way, and she threw
herself into his outstretched arms and
sobbed out:

"Dear Wilbur, you too have much
to forgive. Oh, why did you marry
me?"

"Because I loved you, but not half
as well as now; let me explain my un-
pardonable rashness:

"I had a dearly loved brother,
younger than myself, who early de-
veloped a genius for painting and
drawing in oil; but alas! he was a
confirmed consumptive."

"He devoted the failing energies of
his own life to the picture that you so
unmercifully ridiculed; it is to me a
sacred memento, hallowed by a thou-
sand associations; can you blame me if
I could not bear to hear it criticised in
terms of levity and disgust? I thought
you were very heartless, Rosa."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me of this
before?" she inquired. "My remarks
must have seemed cutting and cruel.
My dear fellow, I have a keen percep-
tion of the ridiculous, and my risibili-
ties are easily excited, but I sincerely
hope that I am not malicious. Will
you forgive me, Wilbur, and show that
you do, by allowing the picture to re-
main where you placed it? I dare say
that I have dozens of faults, but I hope
time will correct them all—perhaps I
shall be perfect some day, but I fear it
won't be till I have wings."

"Rosa, we must bear and forbear.
You must try to bring out my best
points; you will doubtless have a try-
ing time of it, but remember what the
immortal poet says, and he is authori-
tative:

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

—J. S. in New York News.

ASTONISHED THE DOWAGER.

An American Girl in St. Petersburg Asserts Her Independence.

The following is a narrative of an in-
cident which occurred in St. Petersburg
some years ago. The American lady
concerned is the daughter of a promi-
nent public benefactor, has for years
been a social leader in Washington, is
the wife of a leading Republican states-
man, and would be recognized instan-
tly if her name might be mentioned.
The half dozen initiates will remember
the incident now published by the Post.

A grand reception was in progress at
the palace of a high Russian dignitary.
Members of the Cabinet, Generals of the
Army, Grand Dukes, the nobility of the
Empire and the Diplomatic Corps
were present. It was a notable affair.
Four young ladies—three Russian and
one American—had gathered into a lit-
tle nook screened in palms, and were
discussing in French the dowdy appear-
ance of a high court lady. Some ex-
cessively dropper caught their remarks and
brought them to the criticized lady. She in
turn indignantly reported the conversa-
tion to a noble duchess, who held the
peculiar office of "mistress of etiquette."

She retired to a private room and had
the four culprits summoned before her.
They appeared, the Russian girls in fear
and trembling, the American calm and
self-possessed.

"Young ladies," said she, "you have
been commenting discourteously upon
the personal appearance of Lady—.
You have committed a grave breach
of etiquette, and it is my duty as court
mistress of etiquette to punish you.
Olga, your slipper!"

The trembling Olga took off her slip-
per, and meekly received a sound pun-
ishment of the sort confined in America
exclusively to the nursery.

"Katia, it is your turn. Give me
your slipper," said the inexorable du-
chess, as the weeping Olga arose from
her castigation. Katia took her gaiter
with audible lamentations, and Katia
followed the suffering Katia.

All the while the American girl
watched and waited. The indignities
thrust upon her companions roused the
Hill Columbia in her. Her eyes flash-
ed, and her little fists clenched with ex-
citement.

"It is your turn now," said the mis-
tress of etiquette to the fair American;
"your slipper, please."

Columbia's blood was up. There was
fighting stock back of her for genera-
tions. She removed her slipper and
drew near, but she held the slipper by
the toe. At proper range she swung
the missile and struck the old lady in
the mouth a fearful clip. Then she sailed
in. Laces, feathers and furbelows flew.
Finger nails fetched blood. Gray hair
and the St. Petersburg fashions of 1863
filled the air.

The screams of the thoroughly fright-
ened mistresses of etiquette brought a
crowd. The door was battered down.
The three Russian girls were screaming
in their respective corners. The old lady
was hors du combat, and a fiery-eyed
Goddess of Liberty stood in the centre
of the room waving a tuft of gray hair
in one hand and a jeweled hair dagger,
with which she had been trying to stab
the Russian in the other.

The mistress of etiquette fairly
screamed with impotent rage, showered
maledictions in broken French, German
and Russian upon her conqueror, and
demanded that the most condign pun-
ishment be meted out to her. The mat-
ter was carried to the Czar. Nicholas
made a pretense of punishing the young
lady by issuing some order against her
appearing at any ball for a certain pe-
riod, but the old liberator was immen-
sely tickled. He showered the most em-
barassing presents upon the American—
beautiful slippers of every kind and
description, silver slippers and gold slip-
pers, and finally wound up by sending
her a hair dagger set with diamonds.—
Washington Post.

Just Missed a Fortune.

A Story That Recalls the Gigantic Operations of the Days of Oil.

Quincy Robinson related an incident of
the early history of the oil regions, re-
cently which may give the children of
the present generation a vague idea of
the magnitude of the transactions which
took place when oil was \$8 and \$9 a
barrel, and poor people gained a com-
petency by scooping it off the surface of
peaks or gathered it from pools around
the wells. The owners looked at him
rather incredulously for a
moment, but before they could speak
he counted out on the table \$500,000
in cash and drafts, which he offered for
a deed of the tract. I was appalled;
by the sight of the pile, but my father and
one of these gentlemen retired for consulta-
tion, and decided that if the property was
worth \$500,000 it was worth \$1,000,000,
and the offer was refused. Their heirs
still own the land and now it is valued
at about \$20,000. Where they could
have got dollars we could scarcely get
nickels. Thus you can see what seem-
ingly fairy stories could be told of those
days. They are almost incomprehensible
to the present generation, but they were
real facts. And a sigh of regret that
the offer had not been accepted went
around the circle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

BEAN SOUP.—Soak one quart dried
white beans overnight. In the morn-
ing drain, add two quarts of water;
when it boils pour the water off and add
two quarts of fresh boiling water and
also about a quarter of a teaspoonful of
soda. Boil till the beans are very soft,
then press them through a sieve and re-
turn to kettle: add salt and pepper to
taste and a cup of cream, or a cup of
milk and a bit of butter. If it is still
too thick, thin it a little with water.
Serve with slice of toasted bread.

Spirit of the Grange.

Mr. Geo. R. Tate, member of the Ex-
ecutive Committee, Illinois State Grange,
favors the Prairie Farmer with a letter
on the "Spirit of the Grange," as fol-
lows:

We believe that the great difference
of opinion among farmers on the public
questions is sufficient evidence that they
are not properly united in support of
their own interests; that a develop-
ment of all the agencies which tend to
advance the interests of the common
people should constitute the chief efforts
of all true Patrons of Husbandry; that
a closer union among the agricultural
classes is necessary; that the practice of
dealing in "futures," whether in corn,
cotton, wheat, pork or any other farm
product, is iniquitous gambling, tend-
ing to establish the price of farm prod-
ucts regardless of the law of supply and
demand and should be punished as a
crime; that the laboring classes are bear-
ing unjust burdens, forced upon them by
corrupt and unreliable political leaders;
that the stability of free government and
the interests of the laboring classes de-
mand that the office should seek the
man, rather than the man the office;
that the electing of incompetent persons
to office as a reward for party service is
retarding progress, oppressing labor and
weakening the stability of our free insti-
tutions; that speculators and money
sharks are attempting to control and
dictate the policy of our government;
that the money powers have secured leg-
islation to make our property low and
their high, by contracting the currency
when it was no more than adequate to
the business demands of the country, and
have imposed unjust burdens upon the
producing classes by legislating the cur-
rency into interest-bearing bonds, and
relieving the bond holder of his share of
taxation.

Believing as we do, that in righting
the enumerated wrongs we will be ad-
vancing the interests of our fellow men,
we call upon all farmers' organizations,
and upon individual farmers, to unite
with us in securing our rights as Ameri-
can citizens.

Disappointed.

The true artist has an instinct for per-
fection, and as a necessary consequence
is never fully satisfied with his own
work. Sometimes, however, he comes
nearer to satisfying himself than to
meeting the taste of his patrons, espe-
cially if he is a painter of portraits.

A New York artist, who was in
Charleston on a pleasure trip, painted
the portrait of a little darky. She was
encouraged to sit patiently by having
seen a beautiful picture which the same
artist had made of the fair haired daugh-
ter of one of the proudest houses in
Charleston, in whose service the young
darky's mother was handmaiden.

Patiently she posed, and when the
portrait was completed the artist brought
it round to show it to its original. "Here
you are, Janey," he said.

Janey looked at her counterpart pre-
sentment and burst into shrieks and
howls. She ran from the room to pour
her sorrows into sympathizing ears.

"O Missy Grace!" she cried, "Missy
Grace, I never think he would mock me
look so! I didn't think Mr. Waller
would do me so! He tek and mek me a
orful little nodd headed nigger, an I
tought I was jes' a-go-in' to be a beauti-
ful little yaller headed gal, with blue
eyes and a white face, jes' like Missy
Gertrude!"—Boston Herald.

Household Hints.

It is not safe to use rubbers on fruit
cans after they are stretched out and
yellow.

A scrubbing brush, warm soap suds
and plenty of elbow grease will do won-
derful work in cleaning a tub.

If windows are wiped off once a week
on the inside with a slightly dampened
cloth it will save washing so often.

If you have a suspicion of moths in
your carpets, scrub your floor with hot
water and salt before relaying them, and
sweep salt over the carpet once or twice
during the month.

Silk thread is soaked in acetate of lead
to increase its weight, and persons who
pass it through the mouth in threading
needles, and then bite it off with their
teeth, have suffered from lead poisoning.

When trying to thread a sewing ma-
chine at twilight or in any imperfect
light, place a bit of white cloth or paper
back of the needle eye. By this method
the eye can be found and filled much
easier.

Where a house is afflicted with chim-
neys that smoke, it should be borne in
mind that the best preventive to the
nuisance is to open the windows of the
room ten minutes before the fire is lit,
and ten minutes after with the light-
ing, as is generally done.

To properly sharpen a carving knife
the carver ought to be held at an angle
of twenty to twenty-five degrees on the
steel. When the other side of the blade
is turned, you must be careful to per-
serve the same angle. Then draw the
steel from heel to point against the edge,
using only a slight pressure.

The squeaking of shoes is due to the
rubbing of the upper upon the under
sole. This is prevented by putting soap-
stone powder between the two thick-
nesses of leather, which acts as sort of a
lubricator. A shoe which has squeaked
can be cured by the dealer or a cobbler
simply ripping the soles apart, put-
ting in soapstone, and sewing or peg-
ging the leather together again.

Manners of Men.

The tallest man in the crowd is sure
to stand in front.

How much more agreeable the man
who wants to sell than the man who
wants to buy.

When a man succeeds in overcoming
his disposition to talk too much he
writes too much.

The mischief of it is that, though
traveling takes the conceit out of a man,
coming back puts more in.

The trouble with your pretty man is
that he is too pretty to be useful and
not pretty enough to be ornamental.

When a man has done a good
thing he sits down to rest, but
when he has done a bad thing he loses no
time in doing another.

—A young man whose girl went
back on him says that he suffers from
heart failure.

How To Bathe In Winter.

Some Valuable Hints from a Physician
on an Important Subject.

I will tell you how to get a Russian
steam bath at home that will be nearly
as satisfactory as if you paid one dollar
for it at hamman," said the physician.
"Just have a big firebrick heated red
hot in the kitchen range and place
it upon an iron stool or some such thing.
Then stand a chair over the stool. Sit
down on the chair and have a four
leaved screen put around you, with a
blanket thrown over the top. Thus you
will find yourself in a sort of closet,
and, having been previously provided
with a jug of hot water, you amuse
yourself by pouring it very slowly over
the hot brick. The water, transformed
immediately into steam, fills the inclosed
space and at once induces violent perspi-
ration."

"It would take more than one dollar
to induce me to go through such a
self inflicted ordeal," remarked the
Star reporter. "A cold bath is good
enough for me."

"Do you mean cold air or cold water?"

"Why, cold water of course; I never
heard of such a thing as a cold air
bath."

"Cold air baths are excellent, never-
theless, and I strongly recommend
them as a tonic for persons who are not
strong enough to indulge in cold water.
In taking on the bath should open a
bedroom window wide—upon rising in
the morning is the proper time—and
stand in the cold air perfectly nude,
meanwhile rubbing the limbs and body
vigorously with a dry towel. There is
no danger of catching cold, even when
the thermometer is down to zero out-
side, for the reason that the sensitive
pores of the skin contract under the ex-
posure so as to make it a first rate pro-
tection."

"As for cold water baths, I deem
them excellent for people of abundant
vitality, but the trouble is that very
many who take them are not strong
enough to endure their effects. Nobody
who is the least delicate in health should
ever touch cold water for bathing pur-
poses. In the case of a robust individ-
ual, the blood driven from the surface
of the body by cold water comes quick-
ly rushing back again under the minis-
trations of a brisk rub and a delightful
glow is felt. But a weakly person,
whose vital organs are not sufficiently
vigorous to bring the blood swiftly back
to the superficial blood vessels, fails to
experience the health betokening 'reac-
tion' and is very apt to feel a faintness
instead. However, there are mild ways
of taking cold water baths which do
very well in winter, as well as summer,
for those who are only moderately
vigorous."

"Such as what, doctor?"

"The mildest process is simply to dip
a towel in cold water and wet only one
portion of the body at a time, taking the
towel successively—first an arm, then a
leg, and so on until the ablution is com-
pleted, each part being rubbed dry
before the next is moistened. In this
way shock is avoided. For a reasonably
strong person the best plan is to use a
towel sopped in cold water in ordinary
fashion, with a thorough rubbing, of
course, to follow. But do not indulge
in any of this nonsense in the way of
harsh towels and flesh brushes, which
merely serve to get up a local irritation;
soft towels are much better to rub. A
gentler method of cold bathing than
the plunge, and a very good one, is to
stand up in the tub and squeeze a sponge
over your head; a disadvantage of this
plan is that it is rather too shivery to be
comfortable. The kind of bath I usu-
ally advise, unless the patient is weakly,
consists in going over the entire body,
after getting up each morning, with a
towel wrung out in cold water as quick-
ly as possible, the dry rub following.

In rubbing after a bath the attention
should be given almost wholly to the
limbs; the body circulation is active
enough to take care of itself."

"How about hot baths?"

"Hot baths should not be too hot, and
they should not be stayed in long, else
the effect will be to partially paralyze the
little blood vessels that form a network
all over the body beneath the skin,
thus disordering the circulation. You
can see this effect for yourself by observ-
ing how quickly the fingers become
wrinkled at the extremities when held
in hot water, the blood leaving the sur-
face. The best time to take warm baths
is at night, and two a week are plenty
for the purpose of cleanliness. Bathing
is frequently overdone by people who
are over nice about their persons. Tur-
kish baths should not be taken on cold
days, unless the bather is very remark-
ably robust, and never more than once
a week. I am not in favor of too much
bathing."—Washington Star.

A Libel on Lawyers.

This brings to my mind another an-
ecdote relating to a fee. A young man
visits the office of an attorney and gives
him a claim of \$106 to collect.

"Your name?" asks the disciple of
Blackstone.

"Elijah Simpson is the reply.

"Not the son of my old friend Lige
Simpson? Yes? Well, you don't know
how glad I am to meet my old friend's
son. Give me your hand," and he
wings the young man's hand with the
utmost effusion, adding, "I hope you
will come in and see me often. It will
be a treat for me, I assure you, to have
an opportunity of conversing with you
about your father."

A week later young Elijah calls
again. The lawyer rushes forward to
greet him, seizes both his hands, and
shakes them, repeating his good wishes
over and over, and expressing his great
pleasure at having had, in his power
to serve Lige's son.

"Then you have the money for me?"
suggests Simpson.

"Certainly, certainly. Here it is,"
and he hands an envelope carefully
sealed to the young fellow, who tears it
open and finds five \$5 bills.

"Where's the rest?" asks Elijah.

"Oh my fee is \$81," is the reply.
As Simpson edges toward the door he
says to his father's friend: "I guess I'm
lucky to get \$25. I'm awfully glad you
didn't know my grandfather."

The deepest bore hole in the
world is in Schladenbach—5,734 feet.
It took a diamond drill three years and
a half to reach the bottom.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—A Chester woman dislocated her
shoulder in making her bed.

—Vienna's death rate has increased 50
per cent above normal in one week.

—The New York Bible house since
April 1 last has issued 725,000 volumes.
—It requires 22 volumes to register
the different cattle brands of Arizona.

—A pair raised at Modesto, Cal.,
measured 8 inches high by 19 inches
around.

—New South Wales and Queensland
have erected 875 miles of rabbit-proof
fences.

—A letter containing \$90,000 has been
stolen in transit between Vienna and
Pesth.

—The Baldwin Locomotive Works
expect this year to turn out not less
than 1,000 locomotives.

—A cat set a Greensburg house on
fire by pulling from a table the cover
and with it a lighted lamp.

—A bootblack in Chicago managed to
buy and distribute five turkeys
among as many very poor families.

—New York last year spent \$17,000-
000 on her public schools, hiring 41,987
teachers to instruct 893,637 pupils.

—The Baltimore Committee of One
Hundred have fixed upon \$1,000 as the
full retail license fee for that city.

—At Tucumche, in Guatemala, the
boys in a school recently seized the
master and hanged him in the schoolhouse.

—In the wilds of the Sierras, near
Kaweah river, Tulare county, Califor-
nia, is a sequoia tree 176 feet in circum-
ference.

—In 1888, nearly 3,000,000,000 bricks
was manufactured in 12 cities of the
United States. About 80,000,000
were made in Pittsburg.

—A San Francisco family used a
photograph to cheer the mother's ill-
ness, and also to preserve the tones of
her voice after death.

—During the past year 315 divorces
were obtained in Philadelphia. It is
said the greater number of them result-
ed from Camden marriages.

—The condition of a certain cat in
Lamoine, Me., is literally at sixes and
sevens. She has seven toes on her hind
feet and six on her fore feet.

—The police detectives of New York
made 1,578 arrests last