THE THREE LEAVES.

On the green hills of Ireland the shamrock still grows, And the faith which it emblems in Erin still As changeless that faith and its courag hue, As the beautiful trefoil fresh kissed by the Fresh kissed when the morning is young on And the sweet-throated throstle its matin lay

Oh, beautiful shamrock, thy story is old! But thy children, no matter how often 'tis told, Will listen more proudly and hold thee more dear,
As the sad words embitter the fast-falling tear.
For their hearts to their country are fastened by bands,
As strong as the steel links which fetter her

No matter how gloomy the present may be, The brightness of sunlight is shining in thee. Though the faith and the courage thy tyrants despise, Thy three leaves still look unrebuked at the Thy three leaves star leading skies;
And green on the turf, in weal or in woe,
The shamrock of Ireland forever shall grow.
T. A. P.

THE MATE'S STORY.

A night or so ago, after toiling at the pen until something past the hour of midnight, during a moment in which I had paused to rest from my incessant writing, my eye caught a glimpse of a huge bundle of halt forgotten MSS. and

old printed papers. Listlessly picking the bundle up and en off my mind. carefully blowing off the dense incrustation of dust, the accumulation of many years, I inadvertently opened an old paper, black with age, which con-

tained the following curious tale. As I have good and sufficient reasons for supposing the story to relate to one, in particular, of my ancestors, many of whom, in the old whaling times, plowed both the northern and southern seas, as captains, I carefully made a verbatim copy of it and will again be-

queath it to a wondering world:
About two years ago I left the service. I was tired of it, and as I wanted some more exciting work, and as that was only to be found at sea, I shipped aboard a whaler as first officer. We were unlucky-someway I bring no luck anywhere, but storm and windand being born in March my whole life has been lived in March, and we were nearly empty.

We were cruising up here to the north, on and off, and thinking of making for home, as the weather had changed, and the ice forms precious quick in these latitudes when it once begins. The captain naturally wanted to hang on to the last for the chance of

One bright atternoon, just after eight bells, I made up the log, as part of the first officer's duty, and carried it to the captain's cabin. I knocked at the door, and as no the state I was in.

body answered, walked in. I thought it odd the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was, sitting at his desk, with his back to me,

Seeing he was employed, I told him I had brought the log—a record of a gray light I was on deck. ship's doings, vessels spoken, knots It was bitterly cold. made, etc., during each twenty-four I met was the captain.

I was puzzled, for I could not make out how he could get there before me. "How did you get up here?" I said: "I just left you writing in your cabin." 'I have not been in my cabin for the last half hour," the captain answered;

but I thought he was chaffing, and didn't like it.

was. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, sir," and with that came on deck directly. I walked rather sulkily away. I had no idea of being chaffed by the captain, to whom I had taken a dis

"Mr. Stowell," said the captain, who saw I was nettled, "you must certainly have been mistaken; my desk is lock.

ed. But come, we'll go down and see I followed the captain into the cabin. was closed and the cabin was empty.

The captain tried the desk-it was locked. "You see, Mr. Stowell." he said. laughing, "vou must have been mistaken; the desk is locked.'

I was positive. "Somebody may have picked the lock, " I said. "But they couldn't have closed it

again," the captain suggested; "but to much here to tempt a thief."

He opened the deek, and therestretched right across it-was a large sheet of paper, with the words "Steer N. W.," written in an odd, cramped hand, as if written while the vessel was laboring in a heavy sea.

The captain looked at the paper, and then handed it to me.

"You are right. Mr. somebody has been here. This is some hoax. If I find the lubber I'll have tress. him keelhauled for this, if he freezes

We sat there sometime longer talking, and trying to guess what could be the object of such a joke, if joke it was. I tried to identify the back of the

man I had seen sitting at the desk writing with that of any of the crew. I could not do it. It is true I had not looked very attentively at the figure, but still I was under the impression that the coat was brown, and the hair, which appeared under the cap, seemed, as I remembered it, to have been longer and whiter than the captain's. Not to appear to suspect any one in

particular, the captain determined to have up all the crew. We had them up, one by one. We examined them while none of the others were really and made all those who could, write seaworthy. congregation from the consequences of is Hood's Sarsaparilla. "Steer N. W.," but we gained no clue. They were preparing, however, to their own folly.—Philadelphia Record. culiar curative powers.

The mystery remained another mystery of the seas.

That evening I sat drinking my grog with the captain in the cabin during the second officer's watch. We were neither of us inclined to be talkative. We smoked in silence, and each of us was buried in our own thoughts.

I tried to think of home, of my brothers in the navy, and my sisters and parents ashore, and the pleasure it would be to see old England again; but still my thoughts always wandered back to that mysterious writing. tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peeping at the desk, expecting to see the figure sitting there.

The captain had not spoken for some time, and was rapidly succeeding with considerable success in enteloping himself in an impenetrable cloud of smoke At last he suddenly looked up and said : Suppose we alter her course to northwest, Mr. Stowell?'

I don't know what it was; I cannot rope to make you understand the weired feeling to my mind that followed his words: it was a sudden sense of relie from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering eagerly, "Certainly; shall I give the order?"

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck and altered the course of the ves-

It was a clear, frosty night, and as I looked in the binnacle at the compass before going below I felt strangely pleased, and caught myself chuckling and rubbing my hands briskly together at what I cannot say-I didn't know then-but a great weight had been tak-

I went down to the cabin and found the captain pacing up and down the small space. He stopped as I came in, and, look-

ing up, said abruptly: "It can do no harm, Mr. Stowell." "If this breeze continues," I answered, "we can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then I should think "But then we shall find ice. How'

the wind?" "Steady, north by east, sir." We sat down and finished our grog which tasted better from my having been

out in the bitter air on deck. I had the morning watch-the first mate's-to keep next day.

I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept on deck the whole of the day. Even that did not satisfy me. I was continually running up the ratlines into the maintop with my glass, but every in a quarter section of cake baked by a time I came down with disappointment. graduate of a normal school cooking No ship or wreck was in sight; for believe would be the ultimate outcome of the strange direction, "Steer N. W." The captain was as unquiet as my

The captain plainly expected some thing to happen; but as to what it Courts. was to be he made no open conjecture. The second officer, Mr. Sornberger, I believe, firmly believed us both crazy indeed, I often wondered myself at

Evening came, and nothing had turned up. The night was bright, and the cap

tain was determined to lay on under asy sail till morning.

Those only who have seen them unhours-laid it on the table behind him, der similar circumstances can form any and, as he made no reply, walked out. adequate idea of the delicate and beau-I went on deck, and the first person | tiful tints of the morning skies in those northern latitudes. The beauty of the sent-minded when visiting them, and scene was simply ravishing. But I was in no humor to appreciate any of these marvelous beauties of nature. I had something else of more vital

importance to think of just then. There was a mist and a thick frosty haze of a deep white hanging low down dn't like it. on the horizon. I waited impatiently "There was some one writing at your for it to lift. It lifted soon, and I could desk just now." I said; "if it wasn't not be mistaken-beyond it I could the eventful evening came for the closyou, you had better go and see who it dimly see the glimmer of the ice field. ing of the balloting arrived the excite-

'you must put her about."

one moment, the mist is lifting more, it Town Hall and walk to the next town. will be quite clear directly. The mist was indeed lifting rapidly.

the ice stretching away, as far as the I was trying to see whether there ap-The log was on the table, the desk peared any break in the ice to the west when the captain seizing my arm with one hand and pointing straight ahead with the other, exclaimed:
"My God! there is a ship there!

The mist had risen like a curtain, and there, sure enough, about three miles ahead, was a ship seemingly firmly packed in the ice. We stood looking at it in silence.

There was some meaning, after all, satisfy you I will open it and see if the in that mysterious warning, was the ble stating that his wife had gone to her contents are safe, though there is not first thought that flashed through my mother's. The wretched man then went mind.

was anxiously watching our new dis I was trying hard to make her out

proved that she had seen us. Up went the flag, union down. We needed no signal to know her dis

The captain ordered the second officer, Mr. Stornberger, off in one of the quarter boats

I watched him as he made his way over the ice, with a few of the men, towards the wrecked ship, while the rest of the boat's crew rowed "off and on" to await the return. They soon returned with eight of the

ship's crew. It was a dismal account they gave of their situation. They might have sawed their way out through the ice, but the ship was

not have floated an hour. The largest of their boats had been stoved in by contact with an iceberg,

so strained and injured that she would

take to them as a last precarious resort,

when the welcome arrival of the Edna -our ship-put an end to their fears. detachment was soon Another brought off, and the captain with the remainder of his crew, was to follow immediately.

I went down to my cabin and tried to think over the singular fate that had

crew. neglected the warning.

The boat coming alongside interrupted my reverie. In a few seconds I was on deck

I found the captain talking to a fine, old, sailor-like looking man, whom he introduced to me as Cap. Squiers. Capt. Squiers shook hands with me. and we continued talking for some time.

I could not take my eyes off his face;

I had a conviction that I had seen

him somewhere-where, I could not Every now and then I seemed to catch at some clue, which vanished as

soon as touched.

At last he turned around to speak to some of his men. the same long, white hair, the same brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing in the captain's cabin! That evening I and the captain told

the strange story of the written paper to Capt. Squiers, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures. He was too devoutly thankful for his escape out of such an imminent and terrible peril to question the means by

which it had been brought about. At the captain's request he wrote, 'Steer N. W.' We compared it with the original

writing. There could be no doubt of it. It was in the same odd, cramped hand.

A New Feature at Church Fairs.

The church fair-that peculiarly American institution-has often afforded newspaper humorists an opportunity for the manufacture of poor jokes of an endless variety. The solitary oyster in a gallon of soup, and the one strawberry graduate of a normal school cooking class, have each in turn furnished a subthat was what I had brought myself to ject for sarcastic jest; but it has been reserved for the town of Millbury, Ohio, to add a new feature to the entertainments of the church fair which may result in the marring of domestic happiness and in the airing of a scandal in the divorce

In an evil hour the trustees of the Millbury church decided to offer a laurel crown to the woman in town who should receive the largest number of votes at so much a vote. Among the contestants was a married woman; and two of her most ardent and enthusiastic supporters were a school teacher and a physician, neither of them her husband, and the teacher himself a married man. Morning came, and with the first souls into the contest-and their 10 cent votes into the ballot box. Millbury was at that time, in common with more pretentious places, suffering from the grippe; and the doctor was. therefore. unusually busy. But his patients began to notice that he was strangely abon several occasions when his prescriptions were taken to the drug store the druggist was puzzled to find sandwiches in among ether ingredients: "The votes for Mrs. S., to be taken ever hour." The school children also noticed a change in their teacher, their examples in arithmetic each having ten cents

as common denominators.
So the contest went on; and when I sent below to call the captain, who ment in Millbury was at blood heat. The stores closed an hour earlier than usual "It is no use, Mr. Stowell," he said, and an "Uncle Tom's Cabin Company" that had been billed to appear that night "Wait one moment," I said, "wait was forced to close the doors of the

When the votes were counted it was found that Mrs. S. was far behind in Far to the north and west we could see | the race, and that the crown had been won by an unmarried woman. Party eye could reach, in one unbroken field. feeling rose high, and even the celebrated Judgment of Paris could not have provoked more discussion and heart-burnings:among the gods and goddesses of Olympus than did the counting of the votes. But it was the school teacher who suffered the most. When his wife discovered the part which he had taken in the contest she was the embodiment of a woman scorned. All that night he was compelled to lie awake and listen to her reproaches. When he went down stairs next morning he found no fire in the kitchen-stove, and a note on the tato the grocery store and sought to drown "She's nipped bad, sir," said old his sorrows in corn whisky, which, next Capen, who, with the rest of the crew, to Foraker, is the strongest product in

the State of Ohio. The physician did not fare much bet-He had, it is true, no wife; but through my glass, when the flash of a he had a deadly enemy in the defeated gun, quickly followed by the dull report, woman's husband. If the latter's wife had won the prize he might have been mollified but defeat brought humiliation and he determined on revenge. Loading his gun with No. 2 bird-shot he started out next morning to call upon the Doc-The latter suspecting such a move. had hurriedly left town; but the avenger followed in close pursuit. As the members of the "Uncle Tom" Company were wearily plodding along the turnnike they heard the sound of firing, and, looking back, saw a wild eyed man running at full speed, while behind another man kept blazing away with an old army musket. Fear and fleetness how-

> escaped. At the latest accounts Millbury was all broken up. The trustees of the church had seen their folly, and were egotiating for a counter-attraction in the shape of "Rev." Sam Jones, whose flippant treatment of serious subjects is expected to divert the attention of the

ever won the day, and the doctor

New York's Plutocrats.

Origin of the Fortunes of the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Lorillards.

Dr. Halleck lived. Fitz Greene Halleck, the doctor's son, was one of Astor's clerks. Old Astor got his start in made us the preservers of this ship's life by hiring out to a furrier to beat she could expect to hold. furs-keeping the moths out of them-I could not divest myself of the idea that some occult or supernatural agenthat some occurrence occurre cy was connected with that piece of paper in the captain's desk, and I when he had accumulated a lot of men in the office, and have nice, easy trembled at the thought of what might them he took them to England and times with them as we worked together have been the consequence if we had neglected the warning.

Sold them at a large profit. Then he established his own business here and out as I thought it would, at all! They, extended his connections westward and northward until he became the

largest dealer in the country. Commodore Vanderbilt was at this time running a "perry-auger" (periagua—a small ferryboat, carrying two masts and a lee board) between Quar-ask if I didn't forget some of my hairantine Station and the city, and was pins. And when I try to resent it, they becoming very popular with boatmen and others who were thrown in his way. Fulton & Livingston owned an because I've started out wrong."
exclusive charter to run steamboats be. There is a lesson here for the vast tween New York and Albany, and the tion line, but as they could not run direct between New York and Albany they got around the difficult by going free and unconstrained life at home, from New York to Jersey City, and he same long, white hair, the same making that the starting point for Alinher mother's presence, and always They encountered all sorts of difficulties, however, the monopolists same unstudied atmosphere should not going so far as to willfully run their prevail in a public office. boats down and otherwise crippling them, and they were threatened with

bankruptcy.

One of the proprietors was at Newto take hold of their line and make a success of it. "Yes," said Guion, "I which is every girl's birthright, is trod-den down and obliterated. neel Vanderbilt. He'll take your boats to the mouth of hell if you want of masculine lips to another, her achim to." "That's just the man I want," was the reponse, and in a little while the bargain was conclued and Cornelius Vanderbilt took charge of the line. The ture, not a man, and not commanding monopolists tried every possible means the respect and deference due a woman to prevent the line from doing business. It is monstruous and humiliating, and in New York, and at last put a Sheriff on board with instructions to arrest Vanderbilt if he should attempt to move the vou must, or will; go as wage-earner steamer from the warf. Vanderbilt got into the office or the shop, but carry all ready to go and then stood by with with you that sweet and womanly re an ax, and when the wheels had begun serve which is at once your charm and to revolve and there was a good strain your safeguard. Be sure that you on the hawser he up with an ax and cut the hawser and steamed away to Albany with the Sheriff on board. A continuation of the vigorous policy fi-nally broke up the Fulton & Livingston monopoly and established the opposition

line on a profitable basis. Vanderbilt's daughters were a wild were very popular. I used to see them

chaffing them.

The Lorillards had a snuff and tobacco business, and they made a good deal of halted us and said:

"I'ze bin all'de doctah he's had, an' brothers of them—Jacob and Peter and George. Jacob had a butcher shop up near the Bowery Theater. Peter that was the Dutch of it; it came to be Was dat right, doctah?"

"Ize willin' to allow dat I might her made some mistakes. When he was fust tooken I gin him turnip seed tea. Was dat right, doctah?"

—"There is a lady living on the east side of the river," says an Augusta, Me. paper, "who is in her seventies and is cutting a new set of teeth." Pierre after it had been transplanted into French soil a few months; Peter, and George were the snuff and tobacco dealers. After they got wealthy, nothing would do but old Lorillard must have a carriage and a coat-of-arms. "Who'd thought it—snuff bought it." This made the people laugh, and so he changed it after a while, putting on in place; "Quid rides," which means: "At what do you laugh?" His tobacco store was in Chatham street .- N. Y. Times.

The Liar's Reward.

Pittsburg is enjoying a boom in real estate just now, and the competition for choice lots runs high. Mr. Bilbus owned a lot on the corner of Fifth avenue and Madison a week or two ago, but he does not own it new. This is how he happened to part with it Two men walked into his office one

afternoon and one of them said: "Mr. Bilgus, I believe?" "Yes, sir. "I understand you want to sell that

lot on the corner of Fifth and Madison. What will you take for it?" "I don't know that I am anxious to ell that lot," said Bilgus; "still I

night, if I could get what it is worth. Well, what is your price?' "That property is worth every cent of \$30,000, and I don't know but what I ought to ask \$35,000. Do you want to

"Oh; no," replied Bilgus' visitor, taking a memorandum book out of his pocket and putting down some figures. 'My name is Gerrish: I'm the new asessor for that district, and I merely wanted to get at the value of your pro-

Bilgus smiled a sickly sort of smile. "I was only in fun," he said, presently. 'I don't suppose I could get more than and the man who would offer me \$20,-

went on making memoranda "Say," exclaimed Bilgus, jumping

up, "don't put that lot down at more than \$18,000. I'll take that for it, 'pon my honor I will." "Very well," said the assessor, "I'll take it for that. Here is a certified check for \$500 to bind the bargain.

Bilgus was speechless now. "I thought you were the assessor," he gasped, presently.
"Well, can't an assessor buy pro-

Bilgus kicked like a dozen mules, but it was no go. Mr. Gerrish had his witness to prove that Bilgus had offered the lot for \$18,000, and rather than defend talking about church choirs says, they py man made out the deed. The real estate was worth \$25,000 easily, but I am sorry to say that Mr. at the history of the most popular souwas the new assessor. - N. Y. Sun.

Starting Out Right.

A young girl who occupies a minor position in the clerical department of a John Jacob Astor had his store in day, in a passionate tone, "I'd give anything in the world if I were out of the

X, Y and Z offices!" "Why," asked her friend. knowing that the position was fully as good as

"Because I've started out wrong and I can't get right.' "I thought when I began that I could

treat me in a familiar, slap-you-on-the back kind of way that humiliates me

constantly.
"When I come in the morning they only laugh at me. I am fairly degraded in my own eves, and I can't help it

army of girls and young women who monopoly was paying immensely. Two are privileged under our liberal require-old Jerseymen then started an opposi-ments, to go out into the world and earn their own livings.

It is hard for a girl who has lived a free and unconstrained life at home. with her sanction, to realize that the

She does not take into account that she has not the accustomed background of home and parents to countenance her One of the proprietors was at New-Dorp one day, when he asked old Mr. is given, and the ell taken, and, often Guion if he knew of a man competent when it is too late, she finds that the

Her name is bandied from one pair tions openly commented on, the details of her dress discussed. She finds her self treated as a sort of anomalous creaonce allowed, is nearly irremediable

Girls, earn your independence, if "start out right."

Hardening the Brain.

While we were waiting at the depot in a small town in Arkansas, a colored woman came up and asked if any one of the six white men was a doctor. kind of girls. They were perfectly at them proved to be, and she rolled her home everywhere on Staten Island and check apron in her hands in a fussy way and asked if he wouldn't "jist step ober in a grocery store over there sitting on to de cabin an' see what ailed her ole the counter swinging there feet and man." He found that he had time, and talking to the young fellows who were said he would go, and two or three of us went along to see what we could see. As we drew near the cabin the woman

"Later on I changed to a poultice of

wild onions. Was dat r "It might have been." Was dat right? "Den I soaked his feet in hot water wid wood ashes in it, an' put a mustard poultice on de back of his neck.'

Yes. "Den he allowed he felt wuss, an' so I changed de mustard to his stomach an' soaked his head. He dun complained all the mawnin', an' now Ize got mustard on his feet, a poultice on de middle, horse radish on his neck, an, he's penses. takin' sassafras tea to warm up de in-

"Well!", dal on even side. "Wall, if dere's been any mistake, doan' let on to de ole man. Just skip it

We went in and the doctor examined the patient and found he had a broken rib and told him what to do for it. As we left the cabin the woman followed us out and exclaimed:

"Fo' de Lawd, doctah, but what blessin' dat you dun come along! I was dun for toilet articles instead of silver. One doctorin' de ole man fur softenin' of de brain, an' if I hadn't cotched you to-day I was dun gwine to try to harden 'em up by mixin' sand wid his porridge!"-New York Sun.

Your Mother Tongue.

"I was walking along the street the other day," says Dr. Holland, "when I met an elegantly dressed lady and gentleman upon the footway. As I came within hearing of their voices—they were quietly chatting along the way-I heard these words from the woman's lips: 'You may bet your life on that.' I was disgusted. I could almost have boxed her ears. A woman who deals only in superlatives, demonstrates at once the fact that her judgment is sub-\$18,000 for the lot if I had to sell it, ordinate to her feelings, and that her opinions are entirely unreliable. All 000 would be snapped up so quickly it language thus loses its power and signifiwould make his head swim."

The assessor smiled just a little, but to use to describe a ribbon in a milliner's cance. The same words are brought inwindow, as are employed to do justice to Thalberg's execution of Beethoven's most heavenly symphony. Let me insist upon this thing. Be more economi cal in the use of your mother tongue If a thing is simply good, say so; it pretty, say so; if fine, say so; if grand, say so; if sublime, say so; if magnificent, say so; if splendid, say so. These words have all different meanings, and you may use them all on as many different objects, and yet not use the word perfect once. That is a very large word !"

-A writer in an eastern journal against a threatened law-suit the unhap- have become the training schools for the comic opera stage. "The deacons may not believe it possible, but a glance Gerrish told an untruth when he said he brettes and prime donnas shows that they graduated from church choirs.'

—What you need is a medicine —An English doctor reports over which is pure, efficient, reliable. Such thirty cases of headace and facial is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses pe- neuralgia cured by snuffing powdered salt up the nose.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

-Talmage always gets pay in advance for his lectures.

-Maine expects to make \$4,500,000 on the sale of ice this year.

-There are now nearly 50,000 mem bers of the Farmers' alliance in Kansas. -A minister of Sedalia, Mo., preach-

chewing. -A fashionable hotel has been opened at the foot of the Great Pyramid, in Egypt.

ed a sermon recently against gum-

-- The new Cornell register shows a total of 1,306 students, of whom 157 are women. -Henry Cunningham, of Clark coun-

ty, Ill., has just sold a hog that weighs 935 pounds -It is stated that the advertisements in the Century Magazine amount to

\$18,000 a month -Education in Russia is at a low ebb. Only twelve per cent. of the population can read and write.

-In Denmark most of the girls are trained in agricultu e, which is there an important industry.

-The Prince of Wales has become a very regular attendant at the sessions of

the English Parliament. -The English government proposes to make seven hours the legal day for clerks in the departments.

-President Harrison prefers fine claret to the best brand of champagne. He also likes a sup of Irish whisky now and

-A giantess is being exhibited in Osaka, Japan, who is fully eight feet in height. She is said to be only sixteen years old. -J. W. Keith, of Holliston, Mass.,

has just had removed from the calf of his leg a pin which he swallowed sixty-five vears ago. -There are now on the rolls the

names of 10,567 pensioners on account of the war of 1812, which ended seventy-five years ago. -Two hundred women of Colby, Kas. have demanded of the council that the

paint be removed from the windows of billiard halls. -Justice Lamar, of the Supreme Court, will deliver an address at the commencement of the Boston Universi-

ty law school, June 4.

Order, has compiled a prayer Book for the Sioux. It will be printed in the Sioux language. —A surgical operation has been performed on that delight of the cartoonist,

-Father Jerome, of the Benedictine

Ben Butler's drooping eyelid, and it droops no longer. -Mr. Gladstone has had six private secretaries, each of whom now holds a political post. Their salaries aggregate

\$50,000 annually. -- The mildness of the winter season in England is supposed to in some way account for the unusual northerly migration of anchovies.

-General Cialdini, who, with Garibaldi, conquered Naples for the kingdom of Italy, is suffering from an incurable disease at Leghorn.

-A statistician calculates that the total tonnage of the world, steam and

sail, is, in round numbers, 21,000,000 tons, of which 50 per cent. is British. -The last surviving signer of the Texan Declaration of Independence, Colonel S. W. Blount, died at his home in St. Augustine, Tex., a few days ago. -Miss Regina Rothschild starts from

Port Townsend, Washington, to encircle the globe in sixty-one days. The citizens subscribed \$3,000 for her ex--A number of maids in St. Louis have appealed to the mayor to interfere in their behalf to prevent the widows

men. -Natural gas is now used in 104 steel works in this country, but the supply shows signs of failing, and com inies are thinking of returning to the old fuel.

from capturing all the marriageable

-Cut-glass is becoming the fashion reason is that the silver requires contant polishing, while the glass is easily kept in order.

-Burial reform in England contemplates the prohibition of leaden and other solidly-constructed coffins. It is proposed to use wickerwork or papier ache receptacles. -Mrs. Cordollo, of Pomona, Cal., is a

She married when fifteen years old; her daughter when seventeen and her granddaughter at the age of sixteen. -One of the keepers in Bushey Park, England, lately discovered two fine bucks lying dead in a ditch with their horns locked together. Both animals

great-grandmother at the age of fifty.

had received severe body wounds. -A one-legged negro in Egbert couny, Ga., has produced the first bale of otton every season in that county for several years. He is prosperous, and is accumulating a handsome indepen-

-R. O. Pate, a citizen of Hawkinsville, Ga., is the proud owner of a United States currency note dated September 26, 1778. It is a thirty-dollar bill, and was issued by the Congress at Philadelphia.

-Not a Friday passes but what some ship sails from some port for some other port. Yet thousands of intelligent people prefer to believe that no sailor goes sea on Friday. Why, Columbus sailed on Friday.

-By the use of the phonograph it is now possible for a man to sing at his own funeral. Captain Frank Cunningham, of Richmond, Va., who has sung at 395 funerals, means to have his voice heard in melody at his own obsequies.

-The Chanute (Kas.) Blade tells of a farmer living near that town who sold a outcher a beef for two cents a pound, agreeing to take a quarter for family ise. In settling up the butcher charged the farmer regular rates and the conequence was that the farmer owed the butcher \$2.