

The Way of the World.

There sat a crow on a lofty tree
Watching the world go by;
He saw a throng that swept along
With laughter and song...

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Jane Eliza," said Jeremiah to me
agoing home from the horticultural
show, where, though I say it that
shouldn't, our Baldwins and our Gold-

"Twenty years ago it happened,"
says I to Jeremiah. "It wasn't sensible
of Rosy, but she was a gal then,
and it was New Year's time."

"It had ought," said Jeremiah,
"to be writ down and read as a paper,
Jane Eliza, your air talented and hev
the pen of a ready writer; then why
not give it in a literary way?"

by the way. Read it loud, so that I
shall know how it sounds before I read
it myself." I says, sinkin into the larg-
est rockin chair and foldin my weary
hands.

Jeremiah took the paper and re-
view it with a kinder sublime expres-
sion onto his countenance.
"Jane Eliza," says he, "when I
view this here noble work I feel proud
of you. Your thought and feelin's
must hev poured from your brain like
it was a fountain. But, Jane Eliza, I
hev read papers before public and you
hev not. Ten minutes is considered
considerable time for a paper, and fif-
teen is the limit of patience, unless it
air a lecture with tickets paid for and
people anxious for the worth of their
money, when circumstances alters
cases. This noble work, of you was
to begin to read it at the donation
party at about 8 o'clock, would take you
until that evenin next week, allowin
time for meals. It would be profitable
for them to hear it there ain't no
doubts. But do you think the mass of
the population of Soapstone is capable
of riveting their attention on anything
for that length of time?"

Jeremiah's words was uttered with
a solemnity that proved they were
true. I looked at him speechless a
minute, and says I:
"Land sakes alive! I see it all!
My mental powers have got ahead of
my common sense. What be I to do?"

"Before I speak you'll hev thought
it out, Jane Eliza. Reduce it to tax-
Read them to the donation party, and
publish the rest out in the shape of a
book here-after."

"My friends," sez I, "New Year's
day, as we all know, is a day here for
fun and frolics and trick playin.
They do say that Soapstone was just
settled by folks from Sweden, and that
they had their habits and customs and
handed 'em down to their ances-
tors. Perhaps it is so. Any way we
do it, and we did it more twenty years
ago, when those of us that was born
was all younger than what be this
New Year's eve. At that there time
Miss Rosy Wood, a lady we all know
well, was just seventeen, and full of
fun as an egg is of meat, and being her
ma had departed this life, and she
didn't get on with her stepma, and is
now in glory, she boarded to my house
for a spell."

came in, whispered, 'All keep quiet,
and knock on Tobias Starch's door.
"Will," says Tobias from inside.
"Tobias," says Rosy from outside
the door, 'are you very busy?'
"Ye," said Tobias.
"Too busy to come and spark a
little?" said Rosy. 'Just a little. I'll
have a lamp in the front parlor, and
just you and me. Won't it be lovely,
Toby, dear?'
"I beg to be excused," says Tobias.
'I've got so on it,' says Rosy, whim-
pering.
"Kindly go away," says Tobias from
inside.
"Ye are very cruel, Toby," says
Rosy, 'when you know how fond I be
of you, Toby, darling.'
"Miss Wood," says Tobias Starch,
'I have never given you the privilege
to call me Toby. Stop doing it. Go
away.'
'Toby, you can't mean it,' says
Rosy.
'I mean it!' called Tobias very
snappish.

"Tobias," says Rosy, as natural as
ever you be, while we all choked
ourselves with our handkerchiefs, 'To-
bias, I hev concealed my feelin's very
keful, but they can't be retained no
more. Hear me, cruel being!'
"I will not," says Tobias. 'Go
away, or I'll tell everybody. I know
how I ought to behave, and I'm al-
ways particular. I promised ma I
would be. Go away!'

"I am obliged to decline your offer,
ma'am," says Tobias Starch. "I should
choose to be more retiring and proper be-
haved person. Go away!"
"As soon as he said these words
Rosy began to weep. She wep' and
sobbed and got highstrikes in a most
natural way. Finally she says faintly:
"Tobias Starch, ajoo; your cruelty
has killed me. Ajoo-ajoo!"
"Then she made a great noise fallin
onto the floor, and Tobias opened the
door. There warn't no light in our
room, and his shaded lamp didn't re-
veal nothin.
"Where are you, poor girl?" says
he.
"Here," says Rosy. 'Embrace me
once before I die.'
"Ro," says Tobias Starch, 'I will
not embrace you. You air not dyin;
your hand air warm; but I am very
sorry for you. You will get over this
ill fated attachment in time, and take
a lesson from this affair, and remem-
ber that boldness in a lady is abhor-
rent to a man of principle. Go to your
room, Miss Wood, and pray to be
comforted. I will pray for you.'
"Assist me to rise," says Rosy.
"Here was a kind of a bumping
sound, and we knowed it was time to
light up. In a minute a blaze of bril-
liance from half a dozen keyesene
lamps and many taller candles
flooded the room. Mr. Tobias
Starch, settin onto the floor, looked
around and saw the company, and
heard 'em, too, for we laughed until
we had to stop for breath. At last
Jeremiah riz up, and says he:
"Come, Mr. Starch, don't feel mad.
Rosy hevd tell how you said she
was settin her cap for you, and this is
only fit for tat."

But Tobias Starch never walked in
to his room with his bag in his
hand and his hat on and walked
out of the house, and next week left
Soapstone for good.
"That night we just laughed over
our nuts and gingerbread and cider;
and as for me I got to be no laugh-
ing matter for Rosy Wood. Some
wicked critter spread the report that
she had actually proposed to Mr.
Starch, meanin it, and she was worrid
sick by it.
"Then, say I, closin my book,
"was twenty years; but only this Octo-
ber the report was said in my hearin
agin a lady that does not deserve it.
So, unaccustomed as I am to public
speakin, I hev riz up to tell the truth
on my Bible oath under a seal and post-
age stamp, and let everybody ever af-
ter hold their tongue."

There was a kinder solemn silence.
I dunno what may have been comin,
but just then up riz the strange gen-
tleman with the bald head and gives me
a beamin smile and says he:
"I should like to add my testimony
to that of the sister that has just fin-
ished. I am a witness she has just
told me. I am Tobias Starch himself,
grown considerably older, and I sol-
emnly attest to the statement you have
just heard. I was a little prig in those
days, brothers and sisters, very conceit-
ed and very anxious to do right, too
solemn and pokey, and not able to see
a joke, and spoiled at home by my dear
old mother, who spoils me still; but I
was not bad enough to tell a falsehood,
whose New Year's eve joke gave me a
good lesson. I regret others have done
it. I think I see Miss Wood yonder.
Will she shake hands with me?"

He took her down to supper
and pulled snap crackers with her, and
gave her molasses, and eat a philopene
with her, and he beated her bum. He
was a bachelor and had been goin west,
and it seemed kinder providential that
he should hev been visitin our dominion
that very New York's eve when I made
up mind to give the facts of Rosy
Wood's case and stop the slander. And
it seemed more so just a few days be-
fore the next New Year's came round,
when Rosy with her eyes gleaming
and her cheeks as red as lady slippers,
put her arm through mine comin from
church and said:
"Anity, Tobias Starch and I are go-
ing to be married New Year's eve and
I am going with him on his mission.
This time he proposed!"—Mary Kyle
Dallas in Fireside Companion.

The Sparrow Pest.
The English sparrow has become such
a nuisance in America, interfering
seriously with our agricultural interests,
deprecatin upon our gardens, destroyin
our beautiful flowers, ornamental
shrubs and vines, that it is proper and
advisable to fall upon some plan to ex-
terminate the pest. Intelligent agricul-
turists and horticulturists have ex-
pressed the greatest astonishment that
we American people have allowed such
destructive and worthless birds to be
introduced into our country. They
not only destroy buds and blossoms on
our fruit trees, but lower wheat crop
to a great extent. Even when in a
milky state they can be seen in large
flocks alighting on the heads of wheat,
pecking out the finest grains and bend-
ing over the stem, in many instances
breaking the stalk of the growing crop
all through the fields. It is lamentable
that these sparrows, which should not
be induced to listen to the warnings of
more intelligent and far-seeing citizens.
Being grain eaters by nature, they natu-
rally enough take to our wheat fields.
They may be seen in our peach orchards
pecking at the beautiful pink blossoms
and destroying entirely the embryo
fruit.

Washington lost two crops of
fruit and could not account for it un-
til he watched these birds and noticed
they were pecking at the pear buds when
they were just beginning to swell, tak-
ing out the entire flower portion of the
bud. They make their morning meal
on gooseberries, currants, raspberries and
other small fruits. They have even been
seen attacking so large a tree as the elm,
pecking at the buds in early spring, in-
juring the leaves of this beautiful tree
and causing them to shrivel up. In
California where grape culture is an
industry of great importance to her
people, this increasing pest has caused
great apprehension, and will entail
serious loss unless it is checked and
destroyed. When the fruit trees are
mantled in beauty, they may be seen
deprecatin upon the plum, cherry and
quince, and if let alone, it will be use-
less to try to raise anything.
These miserable birds are ravenous
seed-eaters, preferring a variety of food,
and the gardeners, as well as the farmer
feels keenly the losses they occasion.
This spring my strawberry bed was
full of healthy blossoms, promising a
handsome yield of this delicious berry;
but the fastidious appetites of these
thieves were directed to the destruction
of the bloom throughout the entire bed,
so that they sprang nothing, but are con-
tinually on the watch to satiate their
desire for a variety of food.
These cunning birds have been known
to destroy an entire crop of apples,
pecking holes in them as soon as they
are mellow, causing them to drop off or
decay on the trees, invariably selecting
the finest fruit. I do not know of any
other bird that shows a fondness for
tomatoes; but the paler of the Eng-
lish sparrow is peculiar, and nothing
seems to be safe where it abounds.
Cabbage and lettuce, too, have suffered
materially from the depredations of this
increasing pest.
In our rice growing states they may
be found feeding with the rice birds,
and are far more troublesome, because
they are so tame and cannot be scared
off, in many cases causing the planter
to abandon the growth of rice alto-
gether. Some contend that the sparrow
is of benefit in eating the seeds of
noxious weeds, and destroying insects;
but close observation shows that he is
more of a nuisance than an advantage.
We would all be pleased to have him
bug our potato crop and make himself
useful, rather than destructive; but his
appetite is too dainty for potato bugs,
and he saves the farmer nothing, but
destroys everything in his reach.

Last summer I raised as I supposed
a large crop of flowers, intending to
feed the seed to my penitentiary.
To my great disappointment I found
that these wretched birds had eaten
them entirely up, and I had not the
opportunity of saving seed for plantin
this spring. The filthy habits of this
bird are most annoying. Where they
build their nests, and in their roosting
quarters they are no objection. My
old home is clogged with English ivy,
and they still cling to their English
tastes and flock to it, winter and sum-
mer, to nestle among its sheltering
leaves of velvet softness. Their nests
may be seen all through this beautiful
slighting vine, which I fear will eventu-
ally be destroyed by their continually
slighting in its luxuriant branches.
At St. Stephen's church, Rhode
Island, there were over nine hundred
sparrow eggs taken from the beautiful
ivy that covers its walls, and the sexton
of St. John's church took out two
cart loads of nests from that building at
one time. They are not only pests to
the farmer and gardener, but frequent
the thoroughfares of our cities, and here
they increase very rapidly, where they
multiply unmolested, being no other
city bird to disturb them. They are
not confined to any latitude and flourish
in any climate. There is a great clamor
and cry throughout our country of the
destruction and loss these miserable
birds occasion, and our people should
all unite "with one accord" to destroy
them by every available means.

Twenty-five Union Pacific rail-
road employees were killed by an ex-
plosion at Como, Col., on Tuesday af-
ternoon. It was a dust explosion in
the mines.

Can Death Be Conquered?

In all ages mankind has looked upon
death with terror, as a universal con-
queror, a mysterious and dreadful fact
which inevitably puts an end to all ex-
istence. A few hundred years ago a
very large number of intelligent persons
believed in the possibility of finding a
"philosopher's stone" or a "water of
life" with the property of prolonging
the human span indefinitely. We
know now that the boundaries of visible
life are set, and that there is no hope of
removing them by scientific or other
means beyond a certain point.

The craving for after life has been
characteristic of humanity since the ear-
liest times. Religion is based upon it,
and faith satisfies it. But there are
minds who will have no certainty except
that based upon scientific information.
With them the great question is: Can
another existence be proved with-
out departing from the rules of scientific
reasoning? If it can, then death at
once loses its terrors and becomes mere-
ly an incident of life. Obviously the
class of phenomena to be studied in de-
ciding the question is that which is
commonly known as spiritualism.

Undoubtedly there has been a great
deal of fraud in Spiritualism. Clever
sharpers have made money by gulling
the public with trick and pretence. The
exposure of these methods has created
the impression that all these phenomena
are false and the popular prejudice has
been backed by science, which has
strangely refused to investigate.
A vigorous protest against this atti-
tude is made by the Rev. M. J. Savage,
of Boston, who has published accounts
of Spiritual manifestations in the *Irving*, to
which in the current number of the
magazine he adds his conclusions. In
regard to the possibility of a continued
existence in invisible form after death,
Mr. Savage quotes the remark of
Thomas Paine: "It appears more proba-
ble to me that I shall continue to exist
than that I should have any exist-
ence, as I now have before existence
began." Of his own attitude in study-
ing the phenomena from which he has
drawn his deductions, Mr. Savage con-
fesses that he began by being bitterly
hostile, and says:—
In my studies I have sought faith-
fully to follow the scientific method,
which I regard as the only method of
knowledge. By careful observation and
rigid experiment I have tried, first, to
be sure that I have discovered a fact.
Of this fact I have made a record at the
time. I have paid no attention to re-
sults apparently obtained in the dark or
in circumstances where I could not be
certain as to what was taking place. I
have not said that all these were fraud,
but I have never given them weight or
evidence. I have made a study of
slight of hand, and am quite aware of
all the possibilities of trickery. But to
imitate an occurrence, and under other
conditions, is not to duplicate the fact.
A larger number of these occurrences
which have actually influenced my be-
lief have taken place in the presence of
long-tried personal friends, and not with
professional 'mediums' at all.

Mr. Savage concludes that hypnotism
is an established fact, and that accom-
panying it are some facts such as dual
personality, the power of seeing without
eyes and hearing without ears, which
shows that the mind is not so dependent
on the ordinary senses as is generally
supposed. He regards mind reading
and thought transference as established
beyond dispute. He believes that some
of the phenomena which form the stock
in trade of the professional medium, as
the removal of objects without appar-
ent physical force and the playing of
musical instruments by invisible means
are certainly genuine. Materialization
or the reappearance of the forms of the
dead, and slate-writing, he does not
insist upon because he never saw
instances in which fraud might not
be practised. He does not at-
tribute these things to Spiritualism, ac-
cepting the explanation that they may be
accounted for by conditions of the mind as
it exists.
What he regards as a crucial test is
the reception through a friend, not a
professional, of information purporting
to come from a person whom he knew
intimately in life concerning others
miles away of whom the medium never
heard. These conditions preclude the
explanation that the information was
due to thought transference or to clair-
voyance, for each supposes previous
knowledge on the part of the medium.
Neither could guesswork or coincidence
account for the accuracy of the informa-
tion given. It can be explained, in Dr.
Savage's opinion, only by the theory of
Spiritualism.
It may be added that F. W. H.
Myers, the leading man in the English
Society for Psychical Research, has be-
come convinced of "continued personal
existence and of at least occasional com-
munication," and that Richard Hodg-
son, Secretary of the American branch
of the Society, has expressed a similar
opinion.
Until science has sifted the pheno-
mena in a manner to preclude the possi-
bility of error on the part of individual
investigators, however sincere, it will
be unsafe to accept any conclusions.
But the problem is one of the most in-
teresting that is presented to the human
mind, and the constantly increasing
numbers who are willing to accept the
spiritual solution indicate that a greater
share of scientific attention will be paid
to it in the future.

A Disappointed Man.

He had been found guilty of picking
pockets. Judge Duffy said to him:
"Give you three years in the peniten-
tiary."
"I deserve it, Judge; I want to have
a chance to reform."
"You will get it."
"I will come out of the penitentiary
a better man than when I went in. Do I
have to go there at once?"
"Certainly."
"That's bad. I was in hopes that I
would get out in time to work the crowd
at the World's Fair in Chicago."
"Your impression is," replied Judge
Duffy, "that if you don't want to be
robbed you should stay away from Chi-
cago."
Note—Judge Duffy was a Tammany
Hall delegate to the Chicago Conven-
tion.

The World of Women.

Cardinal velvet and jet is a popular
combination for dressy women of all
ages.
Do not salt your steak until after it
has been broiled unless you wish to ex-
tract the juices of the meat.
New wraps have enormous sleeves,
some of them with cuffs just large
enough to pass the hand through.
Velvet zouave jackets, richly em-
broided and trimmed with fur are
worn with modish reception toilettes.
The trumpet-shaped skirt owes its
flaring effect, in many cases, to a hair-
cloth petticoat, worn beneath the outer
skirt.
The newest pattern in table linen is
the golden rod, either woven in as a border
or in single stalks through the entire
cloth.

Marie belts of ribbon hail straight
from Paris, and accompanying them
are Empire sashes, made of twisted
gauze.
With the ever-to-be-noted evolution
in fashions, satin-faced fabrics are again
enjoying the greatest popularity, wheth-
er in black or colors.
If you wish to remove from your
hands the color of fish or onions rub the
hands with fine salt and then give them
a warm water bath.
A large buckle, either of jet or jew-
eled metal, is now placed on a sash of
the very high girdle worn in connection
with some of the new Parisian cos-
tumes.
The Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, one of
the most popular women preachers in
the country, is now visiting New York.
If she means to convert that city she
has an ambition as big as it is hope-
less.
Among the pretty and useful house
dresses for this season are those made of
white French flannel. They are made
with a long skirt, a long fitted basque
and full sleeves, and are trimmed with
ruchings and platings of pale-tinted
silk.
Over three thousand acres of land in
four townships of the State of Washing-
ton are held by women. Some of the
land is under cultivation, and the
ranches bring in comfortable incomes to
the plucky women who own and run
them.

Miss Mary Curtis Lee, daughter of
the late General Robert E. Lee, has
been twice around the globe, and is now
resting from her travels with Baltimore
friends preparatory to her trip to Cairo,
where she proposes to reside until
spring.
Mrs. M. P. Kimball succeeds her de-
ceased husband in the presidency of the
Pennsboro and Harrisville Railroad,
and West Virginians have so much
faith in her executive ability that they
are in no fear of the road suffering by
the change.
The fashionable sleeve is a mass of
puffs, slashes, ruffles, humps and lumps.
It is drawn in one place and flared out
in another; has round-and-round bands
of trimming, or those that extend from
shoulder to wrist. Some sleeves are
made of one material, others of two
kinds of trimming are not unusual.
The loose wrap, or circular, is at last
voted as prejudicial to health, and there
are evidences that it is abandoned for
the close-fitting garment. It is a curious
fact, however, that until fashion pro-
nounced against these things there was
no sign of their being given up; but
the moment that a recognized authority
expresses the unfavorable opinion, they
are promptly put aside, and it will never
do to wear them any more.
A light blue crape dress for a young
lady has a round skirt of dancing length,
surrounded by four puffs of crape strap-
ped by twisted bands of narrow black
velvet ribbon, with white lace insertion
around either side of the puffs. This trim-
ming is used in three times in succession
around the bottom, extending below the
knee, then once more after an interval
of the width of the puff. The round
bodice has a draped front and plain
laced back. A puff borders the neck
and forms short sleeves. The Empire
girdle and sash are of black velvet.

It was a pale heliotrope cloth with
three ruffles around the skirt, each one
edged with fine jet trimming. The
round bodice had a belt of jet and
a round yoke outlined by the same
trimming. From the shoulders fell two
drap wings or capes, likewise trimmed
with jet and, a sash of bengaline
bordered by jet fell from the shoulders,
being tied loosely just above the
waist line. The hat of heliotrope felt
had no other trimming save a black sa-
tin ribbon band and loops. It tied un-
der the chin in a trim little bow and the
effect was delightful.
The exponents of high art in dress
condemn the high and collar, which
they rob says the neck of perfect freedom
of motion, destroying the natural expres-
sion and grace. The neck is to the
head what the stem is to the flower.
They consider even an unbeautiful neck
freed better than the stiffly bridled cur-
riage, which is the product of the tailor
collar. The soft frill of lace" that has
encircled the throats of the heroines in
English novels since the beginning is
reinstated for the sthetic maiden, while
the tailor-made girl will still cling to
her "chokers," Princess of Wales "dog
collars" etc.

We are slowing but surely drifting to-
wards the flaring skirt which in its pro-
nounced sweep exhibits all the features
of 1890 styles. "Hoopskirts! why the
idea is absurd." This is about the way
the advance modes are ignored, but wait.
Herald its coming are ignored, but wait.
We women are a trifle alarmed, and a
good deal disgusted very frequently at
some of Queen Fashion's pranks, but
if given time enough we are certain to
fall in with her way of thinking. I re-
member so well upon the introduction of
the clinging skirt the indignation of one
woman when asked if she expected to
adopt it. "Never," was the emphatic
answer. "What, swathe my form in
yards of drapery or roll myself up until
I look like an animated cigar? Well
not much," and yet six months after the
fashion was an assured one this woman
was one of its most enthusiastic de-
votees.