LIFE.

Life is a rainbow in splendor uprist,
Sun courting and proud,
Ephemeral, fleeting, it springs from the mist
And sinks in a cloud!
Phantasmal, uncertain—a cradle sun-kist,
A tear-tarnished shroud!
Joy, sorrow, love, hatred, fame, fortune and all
Momentous we deem!
Till shadows they sleep 'neath Oblivion's pall,
And death rules supreme!
Vain hopes that are faded beyond our recall,
Poor ghosts of a dream!
All pleasures are fleeting, but sorrows last long
In undying pain,
And mingled with sobs is the sound of a song
Whose lingering refrain
Recalls the dead past where sweet dream measures throng,
Dreamed never again!
Ah, life is so lonely when love's day is done
And gloaming gales grieve,
And in the pale light of the fast fading sun,
Think how much we give,
When even the goal of existence is won,
To breathe and to live.

—Montgomery M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal.

SAVED BY A SLAVE.

There was something—I forget what—to take both grandmother and grandfather away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burns Hollow.

There were two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oaks and the lad Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun, and in five minutes the door opened and Hannah came in with the tray.

"Please, miss," said she as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapleton to-night? My sister's married daughter had a boy last night, they tell me, and I want to see it naturally—it's the first I've ever had of grandniece or nephew."

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandma and grandpa may be away all night, and I feel nervous. To be sure, there is Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late."

Hannah promised, and after doing all I required went away, and I heard her heavy shoes ten minutes after on the garden walk outside.

Early as it was I dropped the curtains and lit the wax candle on the mantle, and I sat long over my tea, finding a certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long while, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of a rap—so that I knew at once that it was neither a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to answer the door, but, finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light from the hall lamp I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of a negro, and instinctively shrunk away, but as I did so he spoke in a husky whisper:

"This is Massa Morton's, isn't it, miss?"

"Yes," I replied; "but grandfather is out."

I retreated. He advanced.

"Please, miss," he said, "Judge B—— sent me here. He said Massa Morton 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, miss. I's trabelled five days since I left him. Hidin' like. I's awful hungry—'pears like I'd drop, and old massa is arter me. For de lub of heaben, miss, let me hide somewheres, and gib me jes' a crust. Marsa Judge promise Marsa Morton 'ud help me, an' it's kep me up. Missus will, I know."

I knew that grandfather had given succor to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be doing wrong in admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled within me. At last I said:

"You have a note from the Judge, I suppose?"

"I had some writin' on a paper," said the negro, "but I's loss it. De night it rained so. Ah, miss, I's tellin' truf—Judge sent me, sure as I's a sinner. I's been help along so far, an' 'pears like I mus' git to Canady. Can't go back noways. Got clear a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebery day of my life if you'll jes' be good to me. Thank ye, miss."

For somehow I had stepped back and let him in.

It was the back hall door at which the rap had come, and the kitchen was close at hand. I led him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched, how his eyes glistened and how, under his rough blue shirt, his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution.

The negro ate voraciously, as only a starving man could eat, and I left him to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging through the night.

To my surprise Anthony was nowhere in the house nor about the garden.

I longed for Hannah's return, and listened very anxiously until the clock struck 9. Then, instead of her footsteps, I heard the pattering of raindrops and the rumbling of thunder, and looking out saw that a heavy storm had suddenly come on.

Now certainly grandpa and grandma would not return, and perhaps Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be there for hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone and I felt a certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstances.

Accordingly I went upstairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters and carried them kitchenward.

"Here," I said, "make yourself a bed on the settee yonder and be easy for the night. No one will trouble you in this storm, and no doubt grandpa will assist you when he returns. Good-night!"

"Good-night, and God bless you, miss," said the negro, speaking still in the same husky whisper. And so I left him.

But not to go upstairs to my bedroom. I intended for that night to remain dressed and to sit up in grandpa's armchair with candles and book to keep me company. Therefore I locked myself in, took the most comfortable position possible, and opening a volume composed myself to read.

Reading I fell asleep. How long I slumbered I cannot tell, but I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first it was mixed with my dream so thoroughly that I took no heed of it; but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the lock of a door.

I sat perfectly motionless—the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip chip, chip went the horrible little instrument, until at last I knew whence the sounds came.

Back of the sitting-room was grand pa's study. There, in a great, old-fashioned safe, were stored the family silver, grandpa's jewelry and sundry sums of money and important papers. The safe itself stood in a closet in a deep recess, and at the closet the thief was at work.

The thief—ah! without doubt the negro I had admitted, and fed and sheltered.

I crept across the room, out into the hall, and to the door. There, softly as I could I unfastened bars and bolts; but, alas! one was above my reach. I waited, listened.

Then I moved a hall chair close to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door frame.

It was but a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped, I heard a gliding foot, and—horror of horrors—a man came from the study, sprang towards me with both hands, holding my arms as in a vice, while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would ye? You'd call for help! You'd better have slept, you had; for, you see, you've got to pay for waking. I'd rather hev let a chit like you off, but ye know me now, and I can't let you live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise; for now that it was close to me I saw, not the negro, but our own hired man, Anthony—Anthony, whom I had supposed miles away with Hannah.

I plead with him wildly.

"Anthony—I never did you any harm. I am young—I am a girl—don't kill me, Anthony. Take the money, but don't kill me, for grandma's sake."

"You'd tell on me," said Anthony, doggedly. "Likely I'd be caught. No, I've got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders and clutched my throat fiercely.

I had time to utter a suffocating shriek; then I was strangling, dying, with sparks before my eyes, and a sound of roaring waves in my ears, and then——

What had sprung on my assassin, with the swift silence of a leopard? What had clutched him from behind, and stood over him with something glittering above his head?

The mists cleared away—the blurred mists which had spread over my eyes, and as sight returned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony's breast.

Ten minutes after—ten minutes in which but for that poor slave's presence I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax were heard without and my grandparents were with me.

It came out during the trial that he had long contemplated the robbery, that the absence of his master appearing to afford an opportunity he had decoyed Hannah away by a lie, and hidden in the study.

Long ago—so we heard—the slave, a slave now no longer, met his wife and children beyond reach of danger.

Twisted Words.

The English language is remarkable for the number of its words which have been completely changed in their significance since they first came into use.

Sometimes a comparatively short time suffices to set a word adrift from its original and true meaning and to cause people to forget what its real significance is.

This is illustrated in our word "tumbler," meaning a drinking glass which sits squarely down upon the table without a "foot," as in the case of a goblet.

What a "tumbler" really is may be inferred from a gentleman's diary written in 1803—an extract which, by the way, throws a powerful light upon the social customs of that day, as well as upon the origin of a familiar word. The entry in the diary is as follows:

"Had a new friend to dinner. Tried my new tumbling-glasses. Very successful; all got drunk early."

These tumbling-glasses, so-called tumblers "for short," were made with a round or pointed bottom, so that they could not be set down when they contained liquids without falling over and spilling. They were made as a sort of a joke and to conduce to rapid drinking.

A generation sufficed to see the change wrought in the use of this word and the complete disappearance of the original significance.

The Changeable Ohio.

To the artist the silvery, shrunken Ohio, winding feebly between green and everlasting hills, is a charming spectacle, worthy of transfer to canvas and subsequent hanging in a favored place in the home of a purchaser.

But to the practical Pittsburger the swollen, turbid, oil stained Ohio, careering to the Mississippi through a bleak landscape of snow-sprinkled hills, is a sight far more attractive than any afforded in midsummer.

For the larger Ohio bears on its muddy breast the deep-laden coal boats whose contents are not more needed by New Orleans and Memphis than the money the coal represents is needed by our river operators and shippers. These regard the Ohio as a most lovable stream, when, after months of picturesque idleness, it arises in its might and reaches its "twelve feet."

If our local artists wish to make a painting of the Ohio which will be salable to a coal shipper, they must portray the stream with that number of feet, with the tawny mane of swirling water and a procession of coal boats heading for the sunny South. A coal "boat," it might be added, is one that requires ten feet of water to float it, and is helpless to reach the lower markets on a stage of water that will let out a coal "barge."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Frequent Occurrence.

Chorus Girl—I understand that Miss Zozzleton was married last week.

Light Comedian—Yes. I was at the wedding.

Chorus Girl—Who gave the bride away?

Light Comedian—Her whole family, but the bridegroom never tumbled.—Music and Drama.

THOSE WHO GO INSANE.

Remarkable Statistics Gathered by the New York Lunacy Commission.

The fourth annual report of the New York State Commission in Lunacy makes an interesting showing of the occupations of insane patients confined in all the State hospitals. In the table showing the occupations of those admitted since October 1, 1888, housekeepers lead, the number of patients having been thus occupied being 2,901 out of a total of 9,503, or a trifle over 30 per cent. Next on the list come laborers, excluding farm laborers, 1,334 of whom, or 14 per cent., were admitted during that period. Farmers and farm laborers are put at 1,062, or nearly 11.2 per cent. of those admitted.

Among the principal of the remainder of the occupations represented are the following:

Agents, 34 patients; commercial travellers 17, clerks 176, salesmen and saleswomen 32, 6 actors, 34 barbers, 18 barkeepers and bartenders, 59 blacksmiths, 60 bookkeepers, 40 butchers, only one Christian worker, 42 cigarmakers, 12 civil engineers, 19 clergymen, 24 coachmen, 24 cooks, 338 domestics, 6 editors, 24 engineers, 96 factory operatives, 35 firemen, 24 gardeners, 17 hotel keepers, 10 "journalists," 21 laundresses, 12 laundrymen, 45 lawyers, 94 leather workers, 61 machinists, 52 masons, 11 mechanics, 174 merchants, 15 millers, 16 milliners, 41 molders, 22 musicians, 15 nurses, 95 painters and varnishers, 46 peddlers, 37 physicians, 12 plumbers, 42 printers, 10 railroad conductors, 52 other railroad employees, 35 sailors, 20 saloonkeepers, 25 seamen and boatmen, 63 seamstresses, 12 stenographers, 55 students, 73 tailors and tailoresses, 120 teachers, 14 telegraph operators, 14 tinsmiths, 19 waiters and waitresses, 83 workers in metal, 41 workers in stone, 232 workers in wood, 24 bakers.

Seven hundred and seventy-three are put down as having no occupation and 132 whose occupation is unascertained.

Among the same patients the principal assigned causes of insanity are recorded as follows:

Imbecility 26, bodily injury 40, cerebral disease 21, cerebral hemorrhage 43, climacteric 167, confinement in prison 36, congenital defect 29, disease of skull and brain 13, epilepsy 408, excessive smoking 14, excessive study 12, typhoid fever 33, general ill-health 596, hereditary predisposition 425, ill-health following over-work 449, intemperance in drink, 911, intemperance in drink and narcotics 117, la grippe 96, moral causes, such as domestic trouble, loss of friends, business anxieties, fright, disappointment, etc., 1,341, old age 307, opium habit 47, consumption 15, physical disease 211, privation and over-work 36, puerperal 134, excesses 16, sunstroke 133, traumatic 156, vicious habits and indulgences 49, unascertained 2,819.

It will be seen that among professional men lawyers suffer most, the number of patients of this profession being 45. Physicians rank next at 37, clergymen at 19, artists at 9 and authors at 2. There are 6 each of editors and actors, a rather remarkable showing for the latter, considering the popular belief regarding the prevalence of insanity among the members of this profession. This may be accounted for in a measure by the knowledge that many a so-called actor keeps to the stage after he becomes crazy, but harmless, as a long-suffering public will attest. It is safer to be a plain editor than a "journalist," by just 66 2-3 per cent.

A further examination of the causes of the mental diseases of these patients show that 911, or nearly 10 per cent., were made insane by intemperance in drink, while the reason of 164 more was dethroned by intemperance in narcotics and the opium habit. To over-work and privation are also accredited many of the cases. The moral causes enumerated, resulting in a great degree from weak or overtaxed nervous systems, are responsible also for a very large proportion of the cases.

Almost exactly two-thirds of the cases to which attention has been directed, or 6,225, are of native-born persons. Of the remainder 1,250 were born in Ireland, 729 in Germany, 260 in England and 208 in Canada. The remainder are mainly natives of Saxony, Poland, France, Italy, Sweden, Switzerland and Wales.—Troy Press.

Frauds in Dresden and Sevres.

As to porcelain, it is probable that more than half of the "old" Dresden china now exposed for sale is counterfeit. Most frequently the originals have been copied, mark and all, but in some cases really old Dresden china that was originally white has been painted by an ambitious forger. With Sevres china, the more common ware has sometimes had the whole of the original pattern and glaze removed and received a new ground of turquois or some of the royal colors, to which painting or medallions in the old style have been added.

In 1816 a depeuner service, with portraits of Louis XIV. and the principal ladies of his court, was offered to Louis XVIII. as having belonged to his grandfather, Louis XV., but on examination it was found that the principal plateau was of a design not introduced at Sevres until fifteen years after the death of the reputed owner of the service. Instead of adorning the table of the King, the service was relegated to the Museum at Sevres as an interesting forgery. Spurious Palissy ware is almost a drug in the market, and nearly every porcelain manufactory is now represented by pieces either wholly reproductions of its genuine products or having their marks and character in some way modified. There is no one who should more diligently apply to himself the motto, "Caveat emptor!" than the collector of pottery and porcelains. — Longman's Magazine.

A Practical Hint to Inventors.

It is somewhat amusing to see how often an inventor will pursue a subject that has been exhausted.

One of the shrewdest of his class very cautiously told a friend while sitting in the lobby of one of the leading hotels uptown that he had struck something and, in fact, it was a device really needed in our civilization.

The friend smiled and said: "My boy, I supposedly invented the same identical thing fifteen years ago. Before I took out a patent I had the patent office searched, and the reply came back: 'Your device is old; was invented ten years ago.'"

The patent office ought always to be searched before big fees are rolled up. —Hardware.

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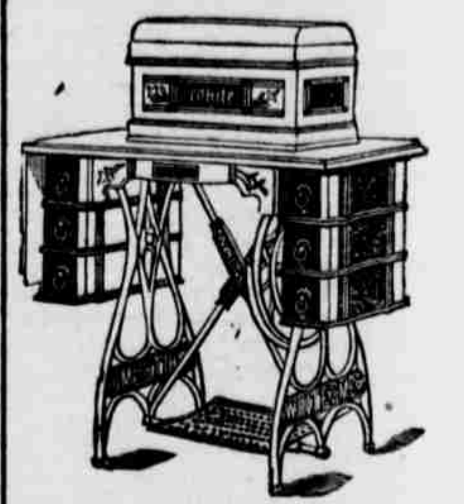

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Lard per lb	.12½
Ham per pound	.12½
Pork, whole, per pound	.07 to .08
Beef, quarter, per pound	.06 to .08
Wheat per bushel	.70
Oats " "	.40
Rye " "	.65
Wheat flour per bbl	3.40
Hay per ton	18.00
Potatoes per bushel	.65
Turnips " "	.25
Onions " "	1.00
Sweet potatoes per peck	.25 to .40
Cranberries per qt	.10
Tallow per lb	.04
Shoulder " "	.11
Side meat " "	.15
Vinegar, per qt	.07
Dried apples per lb	.05
Dried cherries, pitted	.12½
Raspberries	.12½
Cow Hides per lb	.02
Steer " " "	.03
Calf Skin	.40 to .50
Sheep pelts	.60
Shelled corn per bus	.60
Corn meal, cwt	2.00
Bran, "	1.20
Chop "	1.25
Middlings "	1.25
Chickens per lb	.10
Turkeys " "	.12
Geese " "	.10
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