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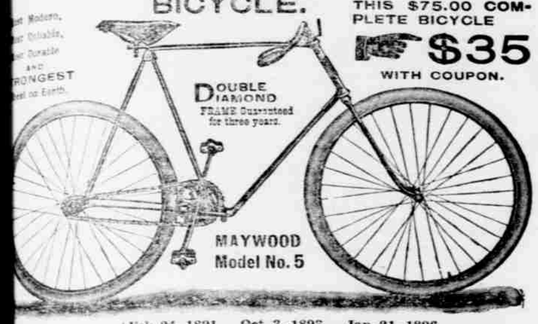

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THE BUSYBODY.

She sits behind the curtains drawn,
Or else behind the shutters;
She watches every coat and hat
And every dress that flutters;
There's not a thing the neighbors do—
Unless they seek to pester
By shutting doors and windows, too—
That doesn't interest her.
She knows what kind of meat they buy,
What kind of servants buy it,
Who calls on who and when and why,
And no one can deny it.
She hears the door bells when they ring,
And, though she may be sleeping,
Up from her slumbers she will spring
To do her little peeping.
It's really fun, so folks aver,
To see her daily dodging;
A matrimonial spat to her
Is food and drink and lodging.
And should some husband come home late,
O'ercome with curious capers,
He might as well proclaim his state
In all the daily papers.
She'll tell you what the lovers say
When on the steps they're spooning,
And each piano, far away,
That stands in need of tuning.
About her knowledge of affairs
She often grows elated,
And seems to know most everything—
Except just how she's hated.
—N. Y. Recorder.

ERRORS.

Errors in matters which either are history, or one day will be such, are grievously common. Men who ought to know better make most remarkable statements about things, and then wonder at the derision they excite. For instance, at one of the noon-day political meetings a hectic gentleman who seemed to be right in the confidence of a great many great men, and who told about them with rapid-fire speech, took up the question of the United States army, and declared that it isn't anything like the army of Valley Forge and Bunker Hill, but that it has dwindled to a sort of select dancing club in blue clothes. He suggested that there are no campaigns any more. He alluded to certain occasions when he charged that the army had set out to conquer two dollars' worth of coffee-cooling Indians and had spent $12,000,000 in doing it, the chief result being to give several regiments outing vacations in good trout countries. The speaker kept on at this rate and was applauded right along. Intoxicated by the success of his generalities, he committed the error of particularization. He declared that, "for instance, the recent alleged outbreak in Jackson's Hole was a war without bloodshed, in which no man was injured or rendered uncomfortable."

This is a great error, as can readily be proved by consulting with William Crary. Mr. Crary is a young man who lives in a once-booming town, where he sold real estate in an addition called Halcyon Heights—a poetic place, with a brickyard in it and a great future and a big cornfield before it. Mr. Crary is a man who is always out after experience, and when the first intimation came from Jackson's Hole that there was a chance for an aspiring coroner up that way, he decided to go out and look at the killing and get some souvenirs. He arrived in Rexburg with a determination to sell his life as dearly as possible, and to get a good assortment of kodak pictures in furtherance of the transaction.

At Rexburg appeared one Lewis, an elector in the precinct, who represented that the horse he offered for sale was kind and gentle, and also rapid. Crary had bought his fare in the stage, but he opportunity to purchase a horse might not present itself later, so he bundled his cargo upon the vehicle and, with the assurance that he would tell Gen. Coppinger, who was somewhere over near the foothills that a stageful of lieutenants was coming, he started away gayly.

Now, the plain facts of it are that Lewis was a ferocious liar. The horse was one of those big-boned, pan-footed beasts which, three minutes after being mounted, resolve themselves each into one vast ridge pole, and which shove along at a floundering motion which shakes a man's boots off unless he is wary and experienced. These animals churn, pound, bruise and stupefy the rider in half the time required by the elephant to accomplish a similar purpose. Mr. Crary lasted three miles, and when the stage drew up he mournfully declared that his spirited animal had thrown him and he had sprained his ankle. The beast had done nothing of the kind, but Crary knew his men.

Immediately there was wild contention among those four lieutenants, who, detached from their commands, were now en route to join them. Every one of them wanted to win glory by conquering the maddened steed of the Idaho desert. Naseby, of Angel island, won, and the other three disgustedly settled back to lie to one another about the experiences in horsebreaking which they had had since leaving the Point. Naseby rushed on ahead, and in a minute or two was out of sight, while Crary, in a semi-recumbent attitude in Naseby's seat, wondered what the army man would do to get out of it. He found out in 15 minutes. At the next turn in the trail they found Naseby lying in a swoon beside the way, the vicious animal standing near. The proper restoratives brought the false Naseby out of his fraudulent faint, and he related with great circumstance how the horse had bolted and had leaped an irrigation ditch 40 feet broad, had waltzed all over the neighboring country, and had finally stood straight up in the air on one hind leg, and, reaching around rearward with the other, had kicked Naseby in the small of the back until he felt life oozing out of him.

In a delirium of delight the other officers insisted that Naseby didn't know how to ride anything more violent than a Greek fishing skiff on the Sacramento river, and they insisted on showing him how the thing should be done. Grissette, coming from Fort Robinson, obtained the great favor of the next mount, and as the remaining two soldier men yelled encouragement and directions at him Naseby under his breath begged Crary to keep still about the horrible truth of the horrible beast.

"It is an honor," he said, "to be thrown and butchered up by a vicious horse, but to be battered up and down like a pebble in a child's rattle by a thunderous, clumsy beast that wouldn't run away if dynamite was exploded under it is to be guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Oh, of all the torturing things of this life, that load of equine lumber is the worst. Hi, Grissette!" aloud, "don't give him too much head or he'll get away and you'll find yourself Mazeppaing over into the Wind river country!"

Lieut. Grissette laughed scornfully, and dug his spurs into the beast's flank. They disappeared out to eastward. "I'll bet eight dollars his hip bones are up under his ears in a quarter of an hour," Naseby groaned in confidential tones to Crary. The latter refused to take the bet. The other two military men set themselves about making their companions comfortable, cheerfully promising Naseby that his broken leg should be reset in three hours, and his ribs, fractured by the spirited horse when it stood upon him, should be dug out and trimmed promptly. "It is all the fortunes of war, old boy," said Henderson, of Douglas. "Think what fame it will be for you to go lolling around the post with a pack of broken bones, received while on duty at the front. I envy you. Only you must let me give you some lessons in horsemanship before you try any more of these unknown and fiery mountain beasts. They are wild as lightning streaks."

Naseby and Crary thought of the rumbling, slow, stupid old crate of bones which they had ridden, and—

"Hello!" yelled Henderson. "There's Grissette. Wounded, too!"

There is no need to tell of the lie of Grissette. It was simply irreproachable, and Naseby and Crary, looking at each other, were ashamed of the paltry and weak tales they had told. And when an hour later they picked up Henderson and Benswick mounted and cheerily rode away, Henderson soared in the mountain clouds of fiction to describe the wicked spirit of the horse, while every man of them excepting the untried Benswick knew the animal had simply hobbled along just out of view of the stage. And Benswick! It is distressing to guess what his thoughts must have been. He realized perfectly well that the four others had lied about their fearful experiences and had merely been shaken and rocked into human pulp, and yet he swore positively that the mount had stood upon its head and had turned three somersaults in the air before picking him up in its teeth and shaking him like a corn-popper. "I can ride lively horses, but this one is too lively," he said sadly, and hinted about a dislocated collarbone, a caved-in skull and a broken arm.

They all agreed that it would be suicide for anyone to try to master that animal, so they all squeezed into the stage and left it to follow if it should choose. Did I tell you that, although there were comfortable seats, every man of them seemed to prefer resting on his knees?

They were proud men, those four officers, and although each knew the other was vilely lying yet they all persistently told and retold of their hurts, and when they got to the main body it was odd to see how every one of them insisted that some other fellow was the worst sufferer and ought to go first to the surgeon, and how finally, in Spartan fortitude, they all decided to bear their injuries without medical assistance.

This is the first time the history of the case has been recited, but when next anyone remarks in your hearing that no soldier or officer was injured in the course of the Jackson's Hole campaign, you tell him he is mistaken.

War is indeed a terrible thing.—Chicago Record.

SHE LEARNS ITS VALUE.

Young Girl's Method of Discovering Her Engagement Ring's Price.

Two young girls dressed in stylish tailor-made gowns entered a State street jeweler's shop. They asked to see diamond rings and for a few moments pretended to be very much interested in the gold circlets and their brilliants. All at once one of them fished in her pocketbook and produced a ring set with a most beautiful emerald.

"Could you duplicate a ring like this?" she asked.

"Yes," said the jeweler.

"For how much?" The girl hesitated just the least bit asking that question. The jeweler glanced at a friend, winked and smiled. He told her the price and then the girl asked:

"This is a rather valuable ring, isn't it?"

"Yes, quite valuable."

"Well, I shall see mamma first, and if I decide to have the ring duplicated I will let you know."

"She'll not be back," said the jeweler, after the door had closed. "Happy creature! She really never intended duplicating the ring, but she was mortally anxious to find out how much her fiance had paid for it. For that was her engagement ring, and you know she had to know how much the trinket was really worth. His depth of affection is largely measured by the value of his engagement ring. Now she's happy. Did you notice the beatific expression when I told her my price? Happy youth! They are pretty much all alike."

Railway Accident Caused by Heat.

A passenger train on the North British railway met with a curious accident which engineers attribute to the intense heat which prevailed on that day. The train when rounding a curve left the rails and ran on the ballast for nearly 400 feet before it could be stopped. This state of thing was brought about by the spreading of the rails from expansion caused by the heat. According to the report the thermometer on that day and at that point registered 128 degrees. The derailing occurred at noon while the track was exposed to the full rays of the sun. The expansion took place within a few hours, as an inspector had passed over the road during the forenoon, and everything appeared to be in the usual condition. As the train approached the spot the engineer saw the rails were badly warped, and although he at once applied the brake, it was too late to stop. The curious feature of the mishap was that the engine remained on the track, having gone safely over the spread rails. In connection with this account comes the statement that the road had not been kept in the very best condition.—N. Y. Ledger.

Wrong Construction.

Wife—You saw Mrs. Browner last evening?

Husband—Yes; but not to speak to.

"What a whopper! They tell me you were sitting with her for more than two hours."

"True; but it was she who did all the talking."—Spare Moments.

A CUNNING CONVICT.

He Tortured Himself in Order to Get Placed on the Sick List.

A case showing great cunning and perseverence, as well as tolerance of much self-inflicted pain continued for many months, is worth telling, says Chambers' Journal. The convict was most determined and resourceful in his efforts at malingering. He began by running a piece of copper wire into his knee, by which he nearly lost his leg. He then produced a number of sores round the knee joint, and kept up a great degree of swelling and inflammation by means of a rag and thread pushed into the wounds. Upon the discovery of this he took to introducing lime below the skin. On another occasion a bandage was found firmly bound round the man's thigh, the result being, in medical phraseology, "extensive swelling and lividity of the thigh."

The doctor ordered his limb to be enveloped with a large piece of gutta-percha so as to checkmate the prisoner's malpractices. The latter, however, by means of a strip of sheeting, and the skewer to which part of his dinner was attached, formed a tourniquet, and by it compressed his leg so much during the night as to quite neutralize the medical treatment it had received during the day. The imposture was at length detected by an order of the doctor to expose the limb outside the bedclothes to the view of the officer day and night, and from that hour progress was toward complete recovery.

INCREASED COTTON PRODUCT.

Improvement in Agricultural Methods in Twenty Years.

Some recently published figures and other data with regard to the growth of cotton production are interesting, says the Savannah (Ga.) News. In 1875 the average yield per acre was 260 pounds. During the 20 years the acreage devoted to cotton cultivation increased 128 per cent., while the production increased 183 per cent. That is to say, the farms of the present day are much more productive than were those of 20 years ago. The reason is, as every practical farmer knows, that agricultural methods have been greatly improved during the time. Investors and chemists have labored with the farmer to the end of bringing the lands up to a higher state of productiveness. The former have produced new implements for the cultivation of the soil in an improved and at the same time labor-saving manner. The latter have instructed the farmer as to the chemical elements needed for the enrichment of his soil, and the fertilizer manufacturer has provided those elements in convenient form for utilization. Rule-o'-thumb farming has to a great degree given way to scientific farming. Those farmers who have not their own test tubes and text books are readers of good agricultural periodicals, which supply useful and accurate information with regard to soils, fertilizers, etc., to take the place of guesswork. The farms, like everything else, is progressing.

"BOYS ALL OVER."

How Two Youngsters Experimented with Poison Ivy.

Superintendent Kimball, of the life-saving service, told a story of two boys, and it is so "boys all over," as most mothers would say, that it ought to be printed. The now accomplished officer says that when he was a boy he had a chum, and both were poisoned year after year while running about the woods by poison ivy. One day, says the Washington Star, they heard or read something to the effect that if persons would swallow two or three leaves of the ivy they would never again be affected by it. To relieve themselves of the regular summer and often-recurring annoyance they decided to take a few leaves of it as medicine. Mr. Kimball was of an investigating turn of mind, and found out that on the under side of the leaf there was a very fine dust. He told his companion that as they were experimenting it would be well to see if it made any difference whether one side or the other contained the poison. He rolled up his three leaves so as to cover the dust, and his friend rolled his so as to leave the dust side exposed. With a glass of water and as little chewing as possible they swallowed their doses. The result was something horrible, especially for the boy who took the dusty side of the argument. For weeks after he could not shut his mouth on account of the terrible condition of his mouth and throat. He had to be fed with liquids by a quill, and it was only a miracle that he did not die. Mr. Kimball fared somewhat better, especially as to his mouth and throat, but there was trouble enough on the inside to make up for it. And there was no cure worked. The next season they suffered as before.

"Now, was't that like a boy?" is what everybody said, and what all will say now.

PATRON SAINT OF BARBERS.

Alexander the Great Started the Fashion of Shaving.

The confessor of Francis II. of France refused him absolution until he had completely removed his beard. An ancient German was by tribal custom not allowed to cut off his flowing beard until he had killed his first man in battle. About the year 200 B. C. the Roman Emperor Scipio Africanus inaugurated the custom of shaving among the Roman nobles. Henry I. of England wore a beard until a courageous preacher leveled his eloquence at him to such good purpose that he submitted to be shaved. From the time of Julius Cæsar until the advent of William the Conqueror the Britons wore mustaches, but the clergy, after the conversion of the islanders, were forced to shave by law. One of the early popes established the shaving of Roman Catholic priests to distinguish them from the patriots of Constantinople. The priests of the Greek church still wear beards. Peter the Great of Russia laid a tax on beards and delinquents were forced to have their faces shaved with a blunt razor or to have the hairs pulled out with pincers. So everybody shaved. The first shaving was done by order of Alexander the Great, who forced the Greek warriors to cut off their beards, as he found them awkward impediments in the hand-to-hand contests of that time.

A GYPSY DANCER.

At the date this story commences, about the year 1743, there resided in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, a family of ancient pedigree and great wealth. This was the family of Sir George Pasely, a gentleman of the old English school.

Sir George was married, though not until he was already an old bachelor, but his wife was a young and lovely being, of tender age, compared with his own, for when she became Lady Pasely she was but 19 years of age. Sir George doted on her, and, indeed, she was worthy his fondest regard, being everything in person and mind that the heart could wish. But, alas! the destroyer, Death, came, and the same hour that made him father took the gentle mother and fond wife to her long home. Time rolled on, and the sweet child grew daily more like what her mother was, while Sir George loved her with a deep and absorbing affection.

There was a young man, a wild and reckless spirit, that claimed to be next of kin to the Pasely family with Sir George, and would doubtless, from some peculiar cause known to law, be able to establish his right to the estates now holden by Sir George, provided he should die without issue. Therefore the birth and growth of little Louise Pasely was watched with jealous care by Ernest Renwood, who hoped one day to possess the broad Pasely estates for his own.

Four years had passed since the birth of Louise, who proved to be a sturdy and beautiful child, when Renwood saw that he must bring his designs to an issue, and not leave any longer his hopes to chance. He therefore formed the resolution of adopting some expedient to rid himself of her, for, as we have seen, she stood between him and the rich lands he so much coveted. He was not naturally a hardened villain, but that most powerful incentive to evil, that most thriving agent of the Evil Spirit, avarice, was goading him on to the brink of perdition; and he was an orphan and had been reared lacking the fostering care and godly counsel that forwarns and forearms youth against the temptations of manhood.

It was late one mild summer's night when he came to this conclusion; he recalled to his mind that at a wild and secluded spot some two miles from the immediate neighborhod of Sir George's estate, there were encamped at that very hour a band of gypsies, who he at once conjectured might be of service to him in the plan he proposed to execute, viz., to rid himself of the little Louise Pasely, heiress to the estates that he was determined to possess.

Louise disappeared on the subsequent night and on the following morning, when her absence was discovered, consternation filled the hearts of all.

Twelve years, with all the changes that so long a period of time brings, have passed since the loss that had so wrung the heart of Sir George. He had grown gray and many a wrinkle crossed his manly brow.

A gypsy band were in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, and the beautiful danseuse Minitti, with her handsome companion, was performing to the delighted villagers of the country. It did not escape the inquisitive eyes of the spectators that her companion, Fernando, watched with loving eye each motion of Minitti.

The little town in the environs of which the gypsy band were encamped was one day thrown into commotion by one of the inhabitants declaring that an article of considerable value had been stolen from his house. One of the inhabitants even remembered to have seen a female of the tribe near the door of the house whence the jewel was missing, and was ready to make oath that it was none other than Manitti, the danseuse of the tribe.

This was quite sufficient, and upon such strong circumstantial evidence the beautiful girl was seized and rudely carried before the justice of the county for examination. In vain was all proof offered by the tribe as to her innocence; no court would heed a gypsy's evidence, and the justice was forced, though compassion was in his heart, aye, and it beamed broadly from his countenance, too, to commit the girl.

Immediately after the justice had pronounced the sentence, and the weeping girl was about to be borne away by the officers of the court, a young man stepped suddenly forward from the crowd and said, while he thrust aside the rough hands that were extended to seize Minitti:

"Stand back, if you would not have me take your lives. The girl is innocent—I stole the jewel. Why should you charge this upon that gentle being, innocent and pure, aye, purer than the best of ye! It is I who am guilty."

"Thou!" cried the gypsy girl, "impossible, Fernando!" for it was her companion of the dance. And the gentle girl, rejoicing to find one friend so near her in this fearful moment, threw her arms about his neck and wept upon his breast.

"Even so, dear Minitti," he replied, "but fear not for me, I shall soon be released again. Keep up a brave heart, dear girl."

As he said these words, the justice directed officers to release the girl and commit the young man to prison, glad of an opportunity to clear one whom he could not find in his heart to commit.

The justice was Sir George Pasely, and that same night while he sat alone in his study, musing upon the examination of the gypsy and the singular circumstances relating to it, a servant announced that a stranger desired to see him. He was admitted, and the tall, gaunt person of the gypsy leader was before him. Sir George motioned him to a seat.

"Judge," said he at once, "I am a man of few words. I have come here on a matter of business, and with your permission will speak at once to the point."

"Go on, sir."

"Twelve years ago," continued the gypsy, "you lost a child."

The old man sprang like an infuriated animal upon the person of the gypsy, and, seizing him by the throat, had nearly thrown him upon the floor before the gypsy sufficiently recovered himself to release his neck from Sir George's grasp.

"Stay," said the gypsy, casting off the justice with an ease that showed at once his superior physical power, and with a degree of composure that proved him to be no stranger to scenes of personal conflict, "no power on earth can make me speak unless I choose. Now, deal with me like a man, and I will do so; resort to force, and I am dumb forever."

"Speak, then," said the old man, trembling in every limb, "speak—what of my child?"

"As I said before, this is purely a matter of business on my part," continued the gypsy. "Will you give me £500 if I will return your daughter to you?"

Without a word further Sir George drew a bill upon his banker for the amount specified, saying to the gipsy as he exhibited the draft, honestly drawn and filled up:

"Now, sir, speak, and if you give me faithful intelligence upon your honor the draft and money shall be yours."

"Enough. I am satisfied. Now, Sir George, the girl that was tried before you to-day charged with theft, is thy daughter."

"My God!" exclaimed the agitated parent, scarcely able to contain himself, "bring her to me at once."

"Stay, sir," continued the gypsy, "first let me explain to you my own agency in the affair."

"No matter, no matter, I forgive you—bring me my child."

"But I ask no forgiveness; first let me explain. I learned this secret in a distant land, from a man who had been paid to destroy your child, but who, taking a fancy to her, preferred to save her life, and adopted her. When I learned this from him he was on his deathbed. I promised him to bring her to you. I have done so, and now only demand payment for my expenses."

At the expiration of an hour, during which Sir George could hardly conquer his impatience, Minitti, the lovely danseuse, entered Sir George's apartment, and was at once clasped in his arms.

"Oh, heaven!" said the father, while he alternately pressed her to his heart, and held her from him, that he might see more clearly her womanly perfections, "I thank thee for at last returning her to me so beautiful, so gentle, so lovely, aye, so pure; there can be no guile or deceit in that face," and Sir George was almost beside himself with joy and delight. "Louise," said he, the tears streaming from his eyes, "dear, dear Louise."

"I do remember that name," said she, musing, "it comes over me like a dream, long, long forgotten."

"Ah, my child," said Sir George. "Nothing on earth shall again separate us from each other."

"But, father, dear father," said Louise, bewildered and over-happy, "will you release Fernando?"

"Aye, at once. The brave fellow who would have saved me at the expense of his own liberty shall be suitably rewarded."

As he spoke he wrote an order for his immediate release, which was dispatched forthwith by a servant, with directions to bring the gypsy to Sir George's apartment. In the meantime Louise's early history was crowded upon her astonished ears, almost in a single breath.

Fernando came at last, little dreaming of the denouement that was awaiting him. He was surprised to find Minitti in the company of Sir George and at once rightly conjectured that his release was owing to her intercession, but his astonishment was beyond description when the true position of the matter was explained to him. Suddenly he became sad, and a tear even trembled in his handsome eye, when the justice asked:

"What grieves you, my friend?"

"To realize, sir, that Minitti's finding a father must be the cause of our separation."

"How so, sir?"

"Would one of your blood and standing in the world marry a child to one of the proscribed race?"

"Aye," said the justice, "Louise should be yours if you were the—the—I won't exactly say what, after the proofs of affection you have shown her."

Fernando pressed the tearful girl to his breast saying:

"Dear Louise, blessed be the power that overrules us all."

"Dear Fernando, how happy we shall be now, with every opportunity for improvement and all the fine things you have taught me, to read, to write, and everything. I can improve them all."

"We will, indeed," replied Fernando. Then, turning to the justice, he said: "The trial is passed, and now I, too, will speak. One year since I made a vow on quitting my studies that I would seek a wife who should love me for myself alone. Being of noble birth—nay, start not, it is true—I assumed these rustic garments, and determined to wear them until I found a heart and proved it worthy of my love. I saw Louise as a gypsy. I loved her at once, yet I determined to keep my oath. I tested her affection in every reasonable way, and learned to love her for her purity of mind, as well as her extraordinary beauty, and when the time had nearly come for me to take away my gypsy wife to my bosom, lo, I find her of gentle birth like myself, while each has truly proved the other's love."

Fernando de Cortez was indeed born of the blood royal of Spain, and in this romantic way had chosen himself a wife. We might make our tale more complete by adding to it, but still we could only show that happiness was the future lot of the gypsy danseuse.—Buffalo Times.

Footsore.

Blisters, which are necessarily so very painful, should be bathed on going to bed with strong salt and water, for which, if they are very tender, it is an excellent thing to add just a very little vinegar and fine pounded alum. If the blisters come up very high it is wise to let out the accumulated fluid by running a darning needle through the upper surface of the blister. If it is allowed to break the surface of the skin, it is apt to become very sore, sometimes being very difficult to heal. Burning feet may be relieved by making a bath of one gallon of hot water, one ounce of bi-carbonate of soda and one pint of bran; let the mixture stand until it is cool enough for the feet to be immersed in it, then soak the feet for 15 minutes.—Good Housekeeping.

TREES AT A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

Contracted for by Subscription in the Rhineland Village of Oberringelheim.

It is a custom of the country in Germany to get drunk at the consecration of a new church. This custom has been regarded as unlovely and un-Christian by many influential Germans of the new school, most notably by Emperor William II., but still it remains unreformed, and the comic weeklies do not tire of depicting the scenes, in and out of the police court, that follow the consecration sprees and fights. Some three weeks ago the festival of a new church was celebrated in Oberringelheim, in the Rhine country. In anticipation of the usual trade in exhilarating liquors a saloonkeeper who does business near the sacred edifice advertised thus in the Rhineland Observer:

"Jacob Muller herewith pledges himself for a subscription price of three marks (75 cents) to serve every one of his guests with as much wine as he can drink on the occasion of the church consecration.

"Inviting my friends and patrons to visit me in response to this request, I remain, respectfully yours,

"Jacob Muller."

Within an hour after the newspapers containing this advertisement appeared, 39 citizens of little Oberringelheim bought subscription tickets from Muller. At the current price of ordinary loose wine in the Rhine country, each of the 39 and their colleagues in this speculation had to drink 16 large glassfuls before he could begin to benefit by the subscription tariff. The final results of the speculation cannot be known until the police court reports of the Oberringelheim district arrive with the newspapers from the continent.

LIFE IN THE GREAT CITIES.

Its Tendency Is Not to Enervate Nations.

And as to the tendency of the growth of great cities to enervate nations there is no proof of it at all unless we identify the life of great cities with the passion for idleness and pleasure and self-indulgence, which sometimes, but by no means universally, accompanies their growth, says the London Spectator. When you get a large proletariat living, as that of ancient Rome and possibly of Nineveh and Babylon did, on the alms of the rich and powerful, then no doubt you have the conditions of a thoroughly unnatural and unhealthy life, and no one can wonder at the rapid decay of such cities and of the nations which gloried in them. But where the honest working class far outnumbers the proletariat, where the middle classes of distributors and manufacturers and professional men are laborious and energetic, and even the class that lives on its accumulated wealth contains a considerable sprinkling of serious and disinterested workers, we do not believe that there is the smallest evidence of any greater danger in the life of the city than in the life of the agricultural village of the pastoral tribe. Indeed, we should regard Olive Schreiner's picture of the life of the modern Boers as indicating a condition of things more prolific of morbid elements, with its almost complete absence of any stirring or active intelligence, than any kind of modern life that is honestly laborious at all. The Boer life is too sleepy, too destitute of stirring thought or effort, to be altogether natural. It needs at least the old element of danger and necessary vigilance to render it even bracing.

ATE A BARREL OF EGGS A DAY.

Shipwrecked Men Subsisted on Them Solely for Twelve Days.

"Do you like eggs?" was the question that stirred up a "'49-er" to make some talk in a Bangor store the other day. He was an old man, says the Lewiston Journal, and he straightened up to something like the height of his prime as he answered: "I had a surfeit of them once. 'Twas toward 50 years when I was on the way home from California. We left the isthmus on a good brig bound for New York, but ran into a coral reef in the Caribbean sea and were wrecked. It was a patch of sand just out of the water, but you ought to see the flocks of sea fowl that nestled on it! They had to move out of the way to give us room to stay there, and that was about all they would do. Their nests were everywhere, and there were eggs in abundance. We ate about a barrel of them every day during the 12 days we were there. Some of us got off in a boat and went to San Juan, in Nicaragua, where we got a vessel to go after those we left on the reef. That vessel was commanded by William Lawrence, of Bath, who was killed by a man named Wilkinson while he was a policeman there. We tried to get to the reef, but bad weather stove us up so we had to set in for New Orleans, where we found the rest of the men rescued by another vessel. But eggs"—the old man's face took on a peculiar expression.

UNABLE TO MAKE THE CHANGE.

Predicament of the Cashier of a Downtown Resort with His Cash Register.

There were three in one party and two in the other. They were standing before the white-aproned dispenser of refreshments, says a Chicago exchange, and one of the three invited the entire party to have something. The dispenser dealt out the order of the three, took the dollar offered in payment and handed back 35 cents in change. The other two, standing a short distance away, were not served, as there was a mistake on the part of the cashier. The bill amounted to less than a quarter according to the refreshments served the three. The host examined his coin and then looked surprised and grieved.

"I gave you a dollar, he said.

"Was it a dollar? How much change did I give you?"

"Thirty-five cents."

"Well, I will have to wait until somebody buys. I don't dare open the register, as there is a false balance on it. Every time I open it it means a purchase charged to me. Sorry, but we will have to wait."

The man to whom the change was coming stood by and waited until the cash purchase was made before he could get his money. He was the only one in the party who did not enjoy the situation. He remarked, gloomily, that he never had much use for cash registers, anyway.