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My Illogical Mind.

I confess, with a feeling akin to regret,
That, as there are spots on the sun,
So the best of us all are with failings beset,
And that I am afflicted with one.
I presume I possess it, although I can swear,
That its presence I never could find,
But the friends who pretend that they know me declare
That I have an illogical mind.

In short, when I won't let an arguing friend
Persuade me that yellow is grey,
Or when I decline my adhesion to lend
To all that the loud talkers say.
They turn on my poor little self with a frown,
And my death warrant's instantly signed:
"This fellow," they cry with contempt, "is a clown,
And he has an illogical mind."

The Coming Man.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt; a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us strides, in state,
The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow, where mighty thoughts will dwell
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce Ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where Science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour—
Tis knit now, with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three, cents more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
From world to world may reach;
That sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control—
Are coaxing now for ginger-bread
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To tear all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Wate'er the Future hold in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

THE JANDIDIER MYSTERY.

A FRENCH STORY.

A very short time ago, that is yesterday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, all the Quartier du Marais was in an uproar. It was said that one of the respectable merchants in the Roi de-Sicile has disappeared, and all the efforts to discover him had proved fruitless. The strange event was discussed in all the shops in the neighborhood; there were groups around the doors of all the green-grocers, and every moment some terrified housewife arrived, bringing new details. The grocer at the corner had the best, freshest and most correct intelligence, having received it from the lips of the cook who lived in the house.

"So," said he, "yesterday, after dinner, our neighbor, Monsieur Jandidier, went to his cellar and was never seen again—disappeared, vanished, evaporated!"

It occasionally happens that mysterious disappearances are heard of, the public get excited, and prudent people buy sword canes. Policemen hear these absurd rumors and shrug their shoulders. They are familiar with the other side of these closibly embroidered canvasses. They search into the matter and find, instead of artless falsehoods, the truth; instead of romances, sad stories. Yet, up to a certain point, the grocer in the Rue Saint Louis told the truth.

Monsieur Jandidier, manufacturer of imitation jewelry, had really not been home for twenty-four hours. Monsieur Theodore Jandidier was a very tall, very bald, man, about fifty-eight years old, with sufficiently good manners, who had amassed a considerable fortune in trade. He had an income from stocks of twenty thousand livres, and his business brought him in about fifty thousand francs. He was beloved and esteemed by his neighbors, and justly so, for his honesty was above suspicion, his morality austere. Married late in life to a poor relative, he had made her perfectly happy. He had an only daughter, a pretty graceful girl, named Terese, whom he adored. She had been engaged to the oldest son of the banker Schmidt—of the firm of Schmidt, Gubenheim & Worb—Monsieur Gustave; but the match had been broken off, no one knew why, for the young people were desperately in love with each other. It was said in the Jandidier circle that Schmidt, senior, who, as was well known, would skin a flint, had required a dowry far beyond the merchant's means.

Warned by public rumor, which constantly increased, the commissary of police went to the home of the man who was already called the victim, though no exact information had been received. He found Madame and Mademoiselle Jandidier in such transports of grief that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could gather the truth. At last he learned the following particulars:

The evening before, Saturday, Monsieur Jandidier had dined with his family as usual, but did not eat with much appetite, having, he said, a violent headache. After dinner he went to his warehouses, gave some orders, and then entered his office. Returning home at half-past six, he told his wife he was going to walk. And he never appeared again. Having carefully noted these particulars, the commissary of police requested permission to see Madame Jandidier a few minutes alone. She made a sign of assent, and Mademoiselle Therese left the room.

"Pardon, madame," said the commissary of police, "the question I am about to address to you. Do you know whether your husband had—I again ask your pardon—any connection outside of the house?"

Madame Jandidier started up; anger dried her tears.

"I have been married twenty-three years, monsieur; my husband has never returned home later than ten o'clock."

"Was your husband in the habit of going to any club or *cafe?*" he continued.

"Never; I wouldn't have allowed it."

"Did he usually carry valuable papers about with Lim?"

"I don't know; I attend to my house keeping, and don't trouble myself about business matters."

It was impossible to get any further information from the poor wife, who was bewildered by grief.

Having accomplished his business, the commissary of police thought it his duty to say a few words of commonplace consolation to the poor woman. But when he went away, after making inquiries in the household, he felt very anxious, and began to suspect the existence of a crime. That very evening one of the most skillful detectives, Retivean—better known in the Rue de Jerusalem as Maitre Magloire—was put on the track of Monsieur Jandidier, provided with an excellent photograph of the merchant.

The very morning after Monsieur Jandidier had disappeared Maitre Magloire presented himself at the Palais de Justice to report to the magistrate who had charge of the matter.

"Well, Monsieur Magloire," said the magistrate, "so you have discovered something?"

"I'm on the track, monsieur."

"Speak!"

"To begin with, monsieur, Monsieur Jandidier didn't leave his house at half-past six, but at seven precisely."

"Precisely?"

"Yes. I got my information from a clock-maker in the Rue Saint Denis, who is sure of the fact, because Monsieur Jandidier, while passing his shop, took out his watch to compare it with the clock over the door. He had an unlighted cigar in his mouth. On learning this circumstance I said to myself, 'I have him! he'll light his cigar somewhere.' My reasoning was correct; he entered a shop in the Rue de Temple, where he is well known. The woman remembered the cirumstance because, though he always smoked sou cigars, he bought London ones."

"How did he appear?"

"He seemed very thoughtful, the shopkeeper told me. It was through her I learned he often went to the Cafe Turc. I went in and was told he had been there on Saturday evening. He appeared depressed. The gentleman, the waiter told me, talked all the time about life insurance. At half-past eight o'clock our man left the *cafe* with one of his friends, Monsieur Blandureau. I instantly went to this gentleman, who told me that he walked up the boulevard with Monsieur Jandidier, who left him on the corner of the Rue Richelieu, pleading a business engagement. He was out of sorts, and seemed troubled with the darkest presentiment."

"Very well, so far," murmured the magistrate.

"On leaving Monsieur Blandureau I went to Rue du Roi-de-Sicile, to ascertain from somebody in the house whether Monsieur Jandidier had any customers or friends; there was only his tailor in the Rue Richelieu. I went to this tailor. He saw our man on Saturday. Monsieur Jandidier went to his shop after nine o'clock to order a pair of pantaloons. While his measure was being taken he noticed that one of the buttons on his vest was ready to fall off, and asked to have it sewed on. He was obliged to take off his overcoat to permit the little repair to made, and as at the same time he took out the contents of the side-pocket, the tailor noticed several hundred-franc bank notes."

"Ah! that is a clew! He had a large sum of money with him?"

"Not large, but considerable. The tailor estimated it at twelve or fourteen hundred francs."

"Go on," said the examining magistrate.

"While his vest was being repaired Monsieur Jandidier complained of sudden illness, and sent a little boy out to look for a carriage. He had to go to see one of his workmen who lived a long distance off, he said. Unfortunately, the little fellow had forgotten the number of the carriage. He only remembered that it had yellow wheels and was drawn by a large black horse. This afforded a clew. A circular sent to all the livery-stable keepers put me on the track. I learned this morning that the number of the carriage was 6,007. The driver, on being questioned, distinctly remembered having been stopped about nine o'clock on Saturday evening in the Rue Richelieu, by a little boy, and having waited ten minutes in front of the Maison Gouin. The description of his face suited our man, and he recognized the photograph among five others I showed him."

Maitre Magloire stopped; he wanted to enjoy the approval he read in the magistrate's face.

"Monsieur Jandidier," he continued, "was really driven to No. 48 Rue d'Arras Saint Victor, where one of his workmen lives, a man named Jules Tarot."

The manner in which Maitre Magloire pronounced this name was intended to arouse, and did arouse, the attention of the magistrate.

"You have suspicions?" he asked.

"Not exactly; but these are the facts. Monsieur Jandidier dismissed his carriage at the Rue d'Arras and went to Tarot's room about ten o'clock. At eleven the employer and workman went out together. The workman did not return till midnight, and here I lose track of my man. Of course I didn't question Tarot, lest I should put him on his guard."

"Who is this Jules Tarot?"

"A worker in mother-of pearl; that is, a man who polishes shells on a grindstone, to give them a perfect lustre. He is a skillful fellow, and helped by his wife, to whom he has taught his trade, can make a hundred francs a week."

"They are in easy circumstances, then."

"Oh! no, they are both young; they have no children, they are Parisians; and, zounds, they amuse themselves. Monday always squanders all the other days bring."

Two hours after Maitre Magloire's report, several police-officers went to Jules Tarot's lodgings to make a search. At the sight of them the worker in mother-of-pearl and his wife turned paler than corpses and were seized with an attack of nervous trembling that could not escape the practiced eye of Maitre Magloire. Yet, the most careful search having failed to discover anything suspicious, they were about to withdraw, when the detective saw Tarot's wife anxiously watching a cage that hung near the window. This was a ray of light. In an instant Magloire had taken down the cage. Twelve hundred-franc notes were found between the boards of the floor. This discovery seemed to crush the workman, while his wife began to utter terrible shrieks, protesting that she and her husband were innocent. On being arrested and taken to the police-station they were questioned by the examining magistrate that very day. Their answers were precisely the same. They acknowledged that they had had a visit from their employer on Saturday evening. He seemed so ill that they had offered him something to take, which he refused. He had come, he said, on account of an important order which he proposed that Tarot should undertake, hiring his own workmen. Tarot and his wife replied that they could not do it for want of means. Then their employer said: "Never mind, I'll furnish the money," and instantly put twelve hundred-franc notes on the table.

At eleven o'clock Monsieur Jandidier asked his workman to show him out of the house; he was going to the Faubourg Saint Antoine. And, in fact, Tarot accompanied him to the Place de la Bastile, crossing the Constantine Bridge and walking along by the river.

The magistrate asked both husband and wife the very natural question:

"Why did you hide the money?"

They made the same answer. Hearing on Monday morning of Monsieur Jandidier's disappearance, they were seized with terror. Tarot had said to his wife:

"If it is known that our employer came here, that I crossed the bridge and walked along by the river with him, I shall be compromised. If this money were ever found in our possession we should be lost."

The wife then wanted to burn the notes, but Tarot prevented it, intending to return them to the family. This explanation was reasonable and plausible, if not probable, but it was only an explanation. Tarot and his wife were still detained in custody.

A week after the magistrate was in the utmost perplexity. Three new examinations had not enabled him to form an opinion. Were Tarot and his wife innocent? Or were they simply marvelously clever in maintaining a probable fable? The magistrate knew not what to do, when one morning a strange rumor reached his ears. The house of Jandidier had just stopped payment. A detective who was set to work brought back the most startling news.

Monsieur Jandidier, who had been considered so wealthy, was ruined, utterly ruined, and for three years he had sustained his credit only by means of various expedients. He had not a thousand francs, and notes falling due at the end of the month amounted to sixty-seven thousand, five hundred francs. The cautious merchant speculated in stocks. The magistrate had just learned these particulars when Maitre Magloire appeared, pale and panting for breath.

"You know, monsieur?" he cried, from the threshold.

"All!"

"Tarot is innocent."

"I believe him so; and yet that visit—how do you explain that visit?"

Magloire shook his head sorrowfully.

"I am only a fool," said he, "and Lecoq has just proved it. Monsieur Jandidier spoke of his life insurance at the Cafe Turc. This was the key to the affair. Jandidier was insured for two hundred thousand francs, and French companies don't pay in case of suicide. Do you understand?"

Thanks to Monsieur Gustave Schmidt, who will marry Mademoiselle Therese Jandidier next month, the house of Jandidier has not gone into bankruptcy. Tarot and his wife, restored to liberty, have been established in business by this same Monsieur Gustave, and no longer go pleasuring on Mondays. But what became of Monsieur Jandidier? A thousand francs reward to whoever will give news of him.

Deaths From Fright.

The first King of Prussia, Frederick I., was sleeping one day in an arm-chair, when his wife, Louisa of Mecklenburg, who had fallen into a state of hopeless insanity, having escaped from her keepers, succeeded in making her way to the private apartments, and after wounding herself in her efforts to break through a glass door, cast herself upon her husband in a state of furious delirium. The king, from whom her malady had been carefully concealed, was so horrified at the sight of this woman covered with blood, and clad only in some linen garments, that he imagined he saw before him the "white lady," whose apparition, according to an ancient tradition, invariably announced the death of a prince of the house of Bradenburgh. He was at that instant seized with a violent fever, of which he died in six weeks afterward, aged fifty-six.

The death of a Dutch painter, Pentiman, in the seventeenth century, was occasioned by an extraordinary circumstance. Being engaged upon a picture in which was represented several death's heads, skeletons, and other objects fitted to inspire in the hearts of the beholders a contempt for the amusements and vanities of the age, he, in order to have the benefit of studying these objects from nature, was accustomed to repair to an anatomical cabinet, which served him for a studio. One sultry day, while engaged in drawing from the melancholy relics of mortality by which he was surrounded, he was overcome with drowsiness, and several fruitless efforts to continue his work at length succumbed to the power of sleep. He had slept but a short time when he was suddenly awakened by an extraordinary and apparently supernatural movement, and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing violently together. Seized with a sudden panic, Pentiman rushed in terror from the room, cast himself headlong from the staircase window, and fell into the street. On recovering his senses, he learned that the spectacle which so terrified him arose from natural causes, having been occasioned by an earthquake. But the shock received by his nervous system was so great that he never rallied, and he died a few days after.

The French marshal, De Montreval, whose whole soul, according to St. Silmon, was ambition and lucre, without ever having been able to distinguish his right hand from his left, but concealing his universal ignorance with an audacity which favor, fashion and birth protected, was so superstitious that one day at a public dinner, a salt-cellar having been accidentally upset in his lap, he was seized with such a terror at the untoward occurrence that he rose from his seat declaring that he was a dead man. In fact no sooner had he got home when he was attacked by fever and died in the year 1716.

A Mysterious Shower of Fish.

The *Globe*, of Toronto, Canada, says: A confirmation of the strange report that a shower of fish had fallen on the fourth concession of Harwich township is given by a school teacher of the neighborhood, who testifies to what he saw as follows: "Having dismissed the children for the day, I was returning to my boarding place, when with a side glance, I discovered something in the grass. At first I thought it was some species of rattlesnake, but upon more careful scrutiny. I found it was a fine, firm, fresh fish of the pickerel species. Having been brought up at the sea shore I knew at once the fish was good, and picked it up, while wondering whence it came. My astonishment was increased, however, when stepping on a few yards further I found another equally good. A few steps further and one more, and I thought I ought to return to the school room for some paper in which to wrap them. On entering the room I seized (rather thoughtlessly you will say) one of the pails, and proceeded to collect fish. When I had more than half filled the pail I saw a man in the distance carrying some fish, and supposing the mystery was about to be solved I awaited his approach. I dropped the pail and felt somewhat guilty for having appropriated the fish till relieved by his assuring me that he had gathered up also those he had in the same way, and that he had just been calling the largest of them. He observed: 'These are as good and fresh as money could buy.' I filled the pail, not only to the brim, but up the whole height of the handle, and having deposited my burden naturally in the farm house where I board I returned to collect the remainder. When I had finished my task I assure you that I felt fatigued. The work had occupied half an hour. This fall of fish extended about three quarters of a mile. On the same evening one of the maids was sent for the cows to a field about half a mile from my boarding place. She also returned laden with fish that she had picked up in a similar way. This girl reported that she had left others behind her which she could not conveniently carry to the house. The lady, with her maids, prepared the fish the same evening for drying and smoking, and they were subjected to this process next day. The circumstance, you will admit, is unique, apart from its strange surroundings, and I cannot but think the correspondent of the Rondeau *News* did not err much in reporting it. As to whether these now famous fishes fell six feet or six thousand I know not. One thing I know, that they were scattered for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, and that, at least, to my knowledge, three persons gathered them."

PARAF, KING OF SWINDLERS.

Beginning his Career in Europe and Ending in South America—New York's Share of his Schemes—Dyes and Artificial Butter—Extracting Gold from Copper Ore.

The intelligence that the Chevalier Alfred Paraf had been arrested in Chili for swindling, recalls the thrilling incidents of that individual's career in New York. The *Sun*, of that city, says:

Paraf was beyond question the most accomplished adventurer that ever set foot in America. His personal appearance, of itself, was enough to impress the most prejudiced in his favor. Of medium height, spare in build, with clear-cut, regular features, dark complexion, and large, eloquent eyes, he captivated men and women alike with equal ease. His dress was rich and tasteful, but studiously plain; his conversation varied and fascinating, and his whole bearing that of a man of the world, gifted with an unusual amount of taste, genius and courage. A native of Alsace, his education as a chemist was of the most thorough and practical order.

His first principal venture, after leaving school, was in Great Britain. While on a pleasure excursion to the north of Scotland, he ran short of money and wrote to his father for more. Not receiving a satisfactory response, he went to Glasgow, hired the most sumptuous apartments in the best hotel, and on the afternoon of the same day presented himself to a wealthy firm of manufacturers as the discoverer of a new and cheap dye for calico printing. He was taken into the laboratory of the establishment, and in half an hour convinced the manufacturer of the truth of his statements. In a fortnight he was on his way home with $20,000 in his pockets. Before seeing the father he changed the money into gold, and when his father began to remonstrate with him on his extravagance, cut the conversation short by throwing the bags of sovereigns on the table, and asking "whether that wasn't some extravagance." Nothing, however, could induce him to settle down. In a few months the whole of the $20,000 had found its way into the pockets of Parisian adventuresses, German gamblers, and the thousand and one sharpers who haunt the pleasure centres of the continent. When the money was all gone Paraf went to his uncle, of the firm of Paraf, Javai & Co., in the Rue de Santier, Paris, and in a short time as before had compounded a new color, which sold for $10,000. Another month of dissipation followed, and then the youthful chevalier determined to "Go West."

Paraf landed in New York from the West Indies in June, 1877. Adroit, handsome and daring, he found no difficulty in effecting an entree to the counting rooms and parlors of New York merchants. His first acquaintances were Bredt & Co., chemists, in Fulton street, by whom he was introduced to Prof. Charles F. Chandler of Columbia College and the Board of Health. His scheme at this time was the manufacture of iodine out of sponges, and he applied to the professor for an analysis of his process. The enterprise was found to be impracticable, and was soon dropped. Paraf then turned to his old forte of calico printing. He professed to have discovered an "analine black" superior to any in the market, and with this he made a trip through the manufacturing districts of New England, selling licenses to manufacture the dye to various mill owners at from $2,000 to $3,000 apiece. This campaign is said to have netted him over $60,000 in cash.

Returning to New York, he took elegant apartments in the first story of the Everett House, at $125 a week, bringing with him a tall, distingue looking blonde, whom he introduced as Madam Paraf. The money which he had made "down East" he flung around him in the most lavish style. He would take absolute pleasure in loaning $1,000 or $2,000 at a time to a friend, and would even press it upon the latter if he thought him in want. He gave elegant dinner parties at Delmonico's, at which men well known in scientific, mercantile and legal circles were welcome guests. He would drive home late in the evening and allow the carriage to stand outside all night, too indolent to send down the order for its dismissal, but perfectly willing to pay $25 or $30 to the driver in the morning for his trouble. In bathing, he would throw $20 worth of attar of roses into the water, and then lie and soak in Oriental luxury for an hour or more.

When the "analine black" was exhausted by the discovery of the fact that the owner and patentee in Europe was coming over to make those who had used it pay roundly for the privilege, Paraf carried his explorations into another field. He professed to have hit upon a method of employing the extract of madder in calico printing at a much cheaper rate than that in common use. He called upon Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, and laid his plans before him. The two together took a trip to Providence, where Paraf performed his experiments so successfully that the Governor became convinced of the value of the invention, and paid the Chevalier $25,000 down, with a contingent interest or royalty on the profits that might be made out of the undertaking. Madder works were started in Providence, and an imposing office rented at 42 Broadway, in this city. For a time everything went on swimmingly, and Paraf overflowed with money. His entertainments at Delmonico's became more lavish than ever, and one in particular that he gave to Hassan, the Tunisian Ambassador, was a marvel of richness and luxury.

The Sprague "place" at last became exhausted, and the Chevalier was forced to new shifts to keep up his magnificent style of living. In the eighteen months during which the "madder" excitement was at its height, he had spent over $100,000, besides running into debt largely. Something had to be done, and that speedily. What was done is best described in the words of an intimate friend: "I was coming up Broadway one evening, when, who should hail me but Paraf, who was driving by in a coupe. He dragged me in, without a word of explanation, shut the door, and held a small black bottle before my eyes. 'Taste it,' said he imperatively, I did so. 'Why, it's good butter,' said I. 'Yes,' replied he triumphantly, 'and it's made without one particle of milk.'"

This was the foundation of the oleomargarine scheme, at least as far as America was concerned. The process had originally been discovered in Paris during the siege by the Germans—the government having offered a reward to any one who would produce an artificial butter. The gist of the scheme lay in the conversion of the fat of cattle into a substance resembling butter, by the use of pepsin—a method which was supposed to accomplish in another and a cheaper way what was effected by the process of digestion in the cow's stomach. Specimens of the butter were prepared in Dr. Chandler's laboratory and the School of Mines in Columbia College, and submitted to R. Ogden Doremus for analysis. The result of the analysis was favorable, and a joint stock "oleo-margarine" company with a capital of $500,000 was formed.

The first thing that led to suspicion in the soundness of this new venture was the discovery by the Chevalier's lawyer that the process had already been patented in France, and that Paraf, instead of being the original inventor, was at best but an adapter of the plans of others. This fact alone vitiated all the patents under which the company was working, and it became necessary to effect a reorganization. T. C. Doremus, a son of the professor, went to Paris, and bought the right of manufacture in America for $10,000. It was afterward discovered that Paraf had merely "cribbed" his ideas from Mege Mouriez, the original author, and the disgust of the inventors was not lessened by the fact that a few months previous a process almost identical with Paraf's had been described in the columns of *Appleton's Journal*.

It is thought by those who are well acquainted with the facts that Paraf might have made large fortunes for himself and his associates had he not been in so great a hurry, and been willing to purchase the American interest in the French patent. At all events the Chevalier was the hero of the oleomargarine war, and unquestionably first introduced it into America.

From San Francisco, where, in a limited way, he had repeated his New York experience, Paraf embarked for "fresh fields and pastures new" He went to Chili, and there claimed that he had discovered a method of extracting gold from copper ore, by which everybody's fortune could be made. A company was organized and over $1,250,000 were sunk before the swindle was discovered and Paraf arrested.

How a Newspaper is Made.

From an article in *Harper's Magazine*, entitled "The Metropolitan Newspaper," we take the following vivid description of the manner in which the reading matter of a New York morning newspaper is prepared for publication:

A close, low-roofed, smoky room, lighted by innumerable Argand burners, and filled with little desks, at which sat busy, stooping men, puffing cigars, and scribbling with pens or pencils at lightning speed—that was the next scene opened to them. On some of the desks there were piles upon piles of newspapers from points as far apart and as varied as the capitals of Europe and plaintive outposts on the far western plains. A little tin box shot up and down a wooden shaft in the middle of the room, into which rolls of manuscript were put by an office boy, who rushed from desk to desk and gathered the sheets as they came from the writers' hands. From time to time a nervous, sharp-voiced, imperative gentleman in a very much soiled linen duster, called to one or the other of the workers, and gave orders which would have been quite unintelligible to a layman, who might have mistaken the establishment for a slaughter-house, when he heard a pale-faced little gentleman requested to "make a paragraph of the Pope," "cut down Anna Dickenson," "double-lead General Grant," "put a minion cap head on Peter Cooper," and "boil down the Evangelical Alliance." But making a paragraph of the Pope, simply applied to the compression of some news concerning him into that space; the "minion cap head" intended for the venerable philanthropist meant the kind of type to be used in the title of a speech or lecture of his; and "boiling down" and "cutting down" were two technicalities expressing condensation. The gentleman in the linen duster was the night editor in charge, the despot of the hour, and the intermediary between the writers and printers, the latter being on the floor above, and the little tin box in the shaft communicating with them.

By three o'clock the last line of copy must be in the printers' hands, and from midnight until that time a newspaper in the editorial department is in a state of nervous intensity and activity for which I can imagine no parallel.

The smoke from the cigars and pipes rolled up to the ceiling, and the pens sped over the pages of manuscript paper. The writers bent to their work with tremendous earnestness and concentration; there was not one of them who had written less than a column of matter that night, and some of them were closing two and three column articles, which contained nearly as many words as five pages of *Harper's Magazine*. They were pale and care-worn. One of them was heading and sub-heading cable dispatches from the seat of war, another was writing editorial paragraphs on the important telegraphic dispatches, another was condemning a new play in virulent prose, another was revising a thrilling account of a murder, another was transcribing his stenographic notes of a speech on the inflation of the currency, another was putting the finishing touches on a well-considered article criticising a debate in the French Assembly, and another was absorbed in the description of a yacht race. The little tin box in the shaft bounced up and down more frequently, and the night editor became more nervous and imperative than ever, as the fingers on the big clock on the wall went beyond two. The pages of manuscript went up one by one, and long moist proof-sheets came down from the composing-room. Then the "cutting down" began, and some of the writers saw articles that had cost them hours of research annihilated by the stroke of a pen, or reduced from columns to paragraphs—not on account of unimportance, but simply because there is always a superfluity of matter, contrary to the erroneous notion that the editor's great difficulty is to fill his columns—and in some instances even the paragraphs were finally omitted to to make room for unexpected news that had arrived later. Telegrams were still coming in at half-past two, but soon after one dispatch brought the words, "good night," and that meant the closing. The night editor and his assistant now disappeared into the composing-room, where they remained to superintend the making up of the forms, and the men at the desks prepared to leave, or threw themselves back in their chairs for a chat and more smoke.

Female Suffrage Refused.

A telegram from Leland, Ill., to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, dated the day after election, says: An incident which created quite a ripple of excitement yesterday afternoon was the appearance at the polls of Misses Hughes, Hurd and Squires, lady teachers in the public schools, who went together to the polls and insisted upon casting their votes for school commissioner, their argument being that if a woman was intelligent enough and had a right to be a school commissioner, she ought to be allowed to express a choice in the matter. The anti-woman suffragists were on hand in force, among them being the street commissioner, who demanded that they pay a poll-tax if the judge allowed them to vote. This created a big laugh among the hangers on about the polls, but the ladies insisted, as they retired, that in the refusal of the judges to receive their votes they were denied their rights.

A little five-year-old fellow came up to his mother the other morning, and with great earnestness said: "Mother, I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning, and it hadn't any legs either; what do you suppose it was?" The mother's curiosity was excited at the apparent strangeness of the supposed animal, and, not knowing what else to say, she said she supposed it was a worm, or something of that sort, she did not know what. Having for some time enjoyed his mother's inability to solve the problem, he said: "It was some water."

Value of Scarce Coins.

Of all the decimal United States coins the most valuable is the silver dollar of 1804, which is excessively rare. Specimens are worth from $500 to $1,000 each, according to the nearness with which they approach perfection. The coinage of this year was very limited, and there were no more dollars coined until 1836. "Proofs" of the last named year are worth $10, and good examples $5. There was nothing done in dollars in 1837, and the issues of 1838 and 1839 are rare enough to raise the quotation for good specimens to $40 each. From that date forward to 1873, when the trade dollar came in, there is no break in the line of dollars, but from 1850 to 1856, inclusive, they are quoted as "rare" or "scarce," those of 1851 and 1852 being worth $35 or $40 each. Previous to 1804 the value of a "good" specimen varies from $1.75 for 1799 to $5 for 1798 and $4 for 1801, save that the first date of all (1794), which is very rare, brings $50. Some of the early dates are made peculiarly valuable by reason of variation in the number and style of stars, etc., there being three varieties of 1798 and five of 1795.

Of the silver half dollars, those of 1796 and 1797 are the most valuable, choice examples of these dates being worth from $15 to $20. Good ones of other years previous to 1806 will bring from $2 to $4. One of this class of 1815 is quoted at $2 50, and then they are of little rarity until 1836, when a specimen with reeded edge and head of 1837 is valued at $3 or $4. The other issues of this year is worth $1. The next dates of note are 1850, 1851 and 1852, valued at $1.50, $2.50 and $3 respectively. More recent dates are only valuable to collectors when in perfect condition, "proofs" of later issues only being desired, and they range in worth from $1.25 to $8.

Quarter dollars are likewise a speculative issue and therefore favorites with dealers, particularly the dates 1823 and 1827, which are excessively rare and command from $45 to $75 each. The 1853 issue without arrows is also much sought after, fair specimens bringing from $6 to $8. The only other dates worth over $1 for "good" examples are 1824, $1.50; 1822, $2; 1819, $1.75; 1815, $2; 1807, $2; 1806, $2; 1805, $1.50; 1804, $4; and 1796, $4.

Silver dimes are still more valuable as a class than the quarters, their smaller size and more general circulation having made good specimens rather scarce in all the earlier dates. From 1828 back to 1796 they range in worth from $1 to $7, except in five instances. The high rates are: 1824, $2.50; 1822, $5; 1811, $2.50; 1809, $3; 1807, $2; 1803, $3; 1802, $6; 1801, $5; 1800, $7; 1798, $5; 1797, $5; and 1796, $3. An 1840 with a draped figure of Liberty like 1841 is worth $1, as is a good issue of 1846.

Of all the minor coins, however, an 1802 half dime is the chief in cost, the price ranging from $75 to $200, according to quality. A good specimen of many other dates is, nevertheless, a handy thing to have as will be noted by the following quotations: 1794, $4; 1796, $4; 1797, $2; 1800, $1.25; 1801, $6; 1803, $4; 1804, $4; 1840, (with drapery), $1; 1846, $1.75. From that date until 1873, when the coinage closed, no unusual worth attaches to this class. A first-class specimen of the last named date is worth fifty cents, however.

For the three cent silver pieces there is but little speculative call, as their period only reaches from 1851 to 1873, including both these years. By far the most valuable of all of them is the 1855, a perfect specimen of which is worth $2. From 1863 to 1869 an uncirculated one is worth fifty cents. All the other dates are of small value.—*Boston Post.*

A Reminiscence of Senator Morton.

A correspondent gives this reminiscence of Senator Morton in the Cincinnati *Commercial*: One of the pleasantest occasions of that visit to California, when your correspondent had the honor of accompanying Senator Morton and family, was a trip to Virginia City. Among other places of interest we visited was the Consolidated Virginia mine. Very agreeable arrangements were made to convey the Senator down the shaft into the mine. The platform was covered with canvas and seats were provided for the party. At the last he declined going on account of his wife not being quite strong enough, but he came and seated himself by the side of the shaft to witness the descent of other members of the party. When I add that the ladies were obliged to don a complete suit of male attire, some idea will be formed of the undertaking. The ladies were three in number, two lovely young girls, the daughter and niece of Senator Cooper, and an elderly lady, Mr. Mackey and another gentleman comprised the party. The costume of the ladies was a dreadnaught overcoat worn over blue flannel shirt and cloth pantaloons. Heavy shoes and a slouch felt hat completed the outfit. On account of the intense heat of the mine, the overcoat was worn only in descending and ascending the shaft, and in the absence of suspenders the pantaloons were tied with a tow string tightly around the waist. The costume of the gentlemen was not less striking, and no one enjoyed its ludicrous aspect like Senator Morton. He laughed immoderately, and had the patience to remain seated until we returned, flushed with heat and dripping with perspiration. There was not the suspicion of a curl left in the locks of the young ladies, and they looked as fresh and pretty as a child just out of the bath. Senator Morton, who relished the exit even more than the departure, said they eminded him of the old song of the ose just washed by the rain.

Fooled by a Bottle.

The other night, says the Santa Barbara (Cal.) *Press*, a house near the beach was entered by a burglar, long after the inmates had gone to sleep. The only occupants were a woman and two little girls. The man obtained an entrance through the window of the room in which the children slept, and in getting in woke one of the girls, who called out to her mother that a man was in the room. The mother soon realized the fact that something was wrong, and called out to her little girl that she would get a pistol and come in. She accordingly came in with a small bottle in her hand (she not owning a pistol), and was just in time to see a man crawl from under the bed and make a hurried exit through the window. The woman displayed an amount of presence of mind and courage not often exhibited in an emergency like that, even among the sterner sex.

Siamese Twins in an Oyster Bed.

The clerk of the steamer Maggie, of the Eastern Shore Steamboat Company, has brought to the city a remarkable oyster that had been caught in the Chesapeake. The oyster is, apparently, two oysters fastened together, as is often the case. The peculiarity, however, is that while there were two distinct oysters, they were fastened together by a ligature running from heart to heart, the shell that divided them being very thin, and showing that there was really but one oyster contained in the three shells. The same gentleman has also an old bottle into which an oyster had become imbedded, remaining until it was too large to get out.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Medical Hints.

BRUISE-SWELLING.—To cure a swelling from a bruise, foment it for half an hour, morning and evening, with hot cloths dipped in vinegar and water as hot as you can bear it.

CURE FOR WARTS.—Warts may be removed, says a celebrated physician, by rubbing them, night and morning, with a moistened piece of muriate of ammonia. They soften and dwindle away, leaving no such mark as follows their dispersion with lunar caustic.

TO PURIFY THE BLOOD.—Strictly diet on oat-meal porridge, lean beef, plain vegetables, fruit and Graham bread. Eat no wheat bread or pastry or puddings; no butter or grease whatever. Butter and cheese secretly poison many systems. Drink weak lemonade. Eat regularly, and the dryer the food the better. Food floating in grease refuses to digest. Substitute clear water—not ice water—for tea or coffee. On retiring, apply cold cream or beef fat to the complexion. Take the oils externally instead of internally.

A REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—A farmer's daughter says: Dry and powder mullen leaves as fine as you would powder sage; then smoke as you would tobacco, letting the smoke escape through the nostrils instead of the mouth. This is one of the best of remedies for catarrh in the head. It has entirely cured a case of over twenty years' standing, when every other remedy heard of has failed to do so. It may require a little practice to let the smoke escape through the nostrils. Mullen will be stronger gathered before the frost injures it, but will answer even if dug from under the snow. It will also be found an excellent remedy for cold in the head.

Plowing and Manuring.

A correspondent of the *American Farmer* says: The above constitutes two first essentials in the production of good crops, and should receive special attention at the hands of every one who would cultivate and produce a good crop, let it be corn, tobacco, cotton or potatoes, etc.

Thorough plowing I consider the more important of the two, for unless the ground is well plowed, the best manuring will have comparatively little effect, whereas land well and thoroughly plowed with light fertilizing will produce fairly, but with better manuring will produce at a profit; still there is a limit beyond which profit ceases, and just where this limit is the cultivator must be the judge, after experiment; but generally there is little danger of exceeding it.

Plowing, to be thorough, should be so performed that the soil shall be broken and made as fine as possible; you cannot pulverize too much.

Plow deep is a relative term, and may mean very differently on different soils, for while four inches may be deep for one soil, ten or twelve may be less so on others, so that here we must be governed by the nature of the soil plowed. Subsoil ploughing is a distinctive difference from the common acceptation of the term plowing, yet is often used with the same meaning. Sub-soiling on most soils, in connection with good plowing, is one of the essentials of certainty of a good product; the deeper and more thoroughly the sub-soil is broken the better, as no crop will be likely to suffer the effects of drought or wet where the ground is sub-soiled, as where only surface plowed.

In plowing under manure it should not be turned down to the bottom of the turned soil, if we wish the benefit of any portion of it in the present crop.

The nearer the surface, and have it covered in the soil, we keep manure, the greater benefit the crop will receive from it. Herein lies one benefit of plowing under the manure shallow, and again plowing the same ground a trifle deeper, which, while it mixes the manure with the soil, still keeps the greatest portion near the surface, just where the roots of the young plant will be benefited by it; and as the water of rains dissolve and wash down the portions of the salts, etc., the later roots of the same plants find and appropriate what they most require, and thus the manure is equalized through the soil.

Southern men have informed me that it would not answer to plow deep, as with their sudden powerful showers the land would go seaward, from washing, I suppose; however that may be I am unable to say, as I have no experience there; but from what I read of the experience of the most successful Southern planters, I think I should venture a trial and see the result. I know here at the North the more shallow plowed ground washes worse than that which is deeply worked, and also crops grown on shallow worked soil are less certain and more subject to the vicissitudes of the season, wet or drought, than where the ground is deeply worked.

Household Hints.

BAKED MACARONI.—Use about half a pound of macaroni, break up in pieces put it in boiling water and stew gently for twenty minutes; salt it a little; drain well; have ready a buttered pudding dish; place a layer of the macaroni in the bottom, then cover with grated cheese and a few lumps of butter; then another layer of macaroni and more cheese and butter until all is used up; add a wineglass of cream or milk; bake covered for half an hour; then remove the cover and brown nicely; serve it in the bake-dish.

TO BOIL A TURKEY.—A delicate hen turkey should always be selected for boiling. Pick and draw it, taking great care not to break the gall-bladder; when it is