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The Lass that was Sweet.

There's a witching young lass in our street;
Like confections she sells, she is sweet.
I asked for a kiss,
Whereupon laughed the miss,
"Of course, Sillabub, you must eat."

I called on that girl in our block,
Nor left till she looked at the clock;
"It is ticking," she said,
"And it's ticking I dread—"
'Good evening" I said with a shock.

The next call I said, to attack,
"Like cents that are old, I've come back."
"And," she said, "you should say,
Like some new cents you stay—"
"Good evening" again. I was slack.

Once more that fair damsel I tried,
But her pa, he was waiting inside.
It was leap year, I knew,
For the weight of his shoe
Made me leap, while she laughed till she cried
—*H. C. Dodge.*

Begging.

Battling with hunger
How many we meet,
Footsore and frozen,
Wand'ring the street;
Weary and dreary,
Pleading for bread,
Houseless and starving—
No rest for the head;
Cold—cold—nothing to eat,
Ragged and shivering,
Wand'ring the street.

Battling with hunger,
Wearisome—sad,
From morn until eve
Scarce "a bite" to be had;
The outlook all gloom.
Trudging through snow,
In misery creeping,
Onward they go,
Cold—cold—nothing to eat;
Wretched and hungry,
Wand'ring the street.

Battling with hunger,
Battling for bread,
Battling for bare life,
Wishing life sped;
Hearts sadly aching,
Hard in their pain,
Groveling in gutter,
Begging again.
Cold—cold—wretched and sad;
All alone in the world,
Scarce "a bite" to be had.

Battling with hunger,
Hard is their fate,
Pleading and tramping
Early and late;
Oh, list the prayer
Of the wandering poor,
And don't thrust the beggar
Away from your door.
Cold—cold—out in the rain,
To eke out a living
Begging again.

OUR HAUNTED HOUSE.

"Do buy the house, Charlie; I am not at all afraid of ghosts!"

My husband leans against the worm-eaten fence and looks thoughtfully at the dull, old-fashioned house, with its shutters flapping from broken hinges, its porches overgrown with vines, its garden full of rank weeds, and the river singing beyond its garden gate.

"It is very cheap, Amy," he says, at length. "They only charge me for the land, and nominally nothing for the house. But can you endure living in such a deserted place, and I in the city all day? Why, all sorts of noises can be heard here day and night, and I have heard good, intelligent people, with consciences, say they had seen the spirit of a woman, with a little child in her arms, walking all about these grounds at evening. Nobody else would dare buy it. Why, it has had no tenants for a year. I fear it will frighten away your friends, and that you yourself will have to succumb to the spirit-influence of the place."

He stops, seeing the expression on my face. I can bear anything better than the allusion to spirit-influence, or to the belief of the progressionists. Charlie is a good business man; but he has read a great many scientific works written by men who thought they were very wise on the subject of spiritualism; and he has investigated, or, rather, invested a great deal in the same. He has progressed to such an extent that he can sometimes hear raps on the headboard, and feel cold shivers down his back, and in mosquito-time he often feels pinches from unseen spirit-fingers.

I do not like to read scientific books and during the short time we have been married, I have employed my time, instead, in practicing waltzes, making pies and embroidering baby-clothes. Still, Charlie worships me. I believe it is God's unseen law of recompense that there should always be some one to adore, even a women with freckles, wide mouth and a figure like a Dutch doll.

At all events, my will is always law; so Charlie takes his knife and cuts away the rose brambles that have thrown their arms across the front door, and together we enter the vacant echoing rooms. The ceilings are dim with vails of cobwebs, the spiders run up the walls at our approach. The house has a ruinous, moldy smell, but it does not oppress me as it does Charlie. Already in my mind's eye I see what it will be like, cleaned and aired, with open windows and cheerful furniture.

I ran through the house, exclaiming: "What a beautiful wide hall!—this room facing the south shall be our sitting room. I will rout all the ghosts with sunshine. See those hollyhocks smiling over that picket fence, and those summer pears all rotting on the ground —what a shame!—and all those rose-bushes choked in the long grass!"

Charlie shakes his head.

"If you had heard all I have about this house, you would be in no haste to live here. You know the Widow Woolson's daughter that has been missing from town a year, and supposed to be murdered? Well, Geoffry Clare was passing here one night, only last week—and you know, whatever else he will do, he won't lie—and he told me he saw Grace Woolson's face as plain as day over that garden fence."

I checked him suddenly again. I have never had but this one secret from my husband, that three years before I met him I had fallen hopelessly in love with handsome Geoffry Clare. He had soon forgotten me for pretty Grace Woolson, who had afterward disappeared so mysteriously that no trace of her could be found, although her mother and Geoffry had searched for her many months.

I think I loved him no longer, and sometimes thanked God for taking my future out of my unskillful hands, yet the mention of his name always made me wince.

As Charlie's only objections were on my account, and as we were not rich enough to buy such a home as we might have chosen, within a week he had paid the small sum required for the haunted house, and we had moved into it, bag and baggage. I liked the place, which was neither town nor country, but was embowered among its trees, just at the terminus of the pavements, with such a grand old garden and such glimpses of wood and water. The first thing I did was to open all the windows wide, and let in the summer's sun.

Martha Ann, my one servant, cleaned away the mold and cobwebs, and fresh paint and paper changed the rooms as if by magic.

Charlie left his scientific researches after business hours and pruned the trees, cut the grass, trimmed the ragged vines, rehung the shutters, and made a small paradise out of the reclaimed lawn.

When all was completed, there was no place for ghosts in those wide, sunny rooms. My bedroom was the pleasantest room of all, facing the east, and looking out upon the pear trees, the hollyhocks and the river. Pink had been my color when a girl, so I took a fancy my room should be all pink. The dull drab paper, with green vines wandering about and clutching aimlessly at nothing all over it, was changed for a delicate pink and white. The carpet was pink and white, the color under the cheap muslin pillow shams was pink, the lace curtains hung over pink shades, and were looped back with pink ribbons, making as a whole too rose-hued a bower for any specter to fancy.

I believe I was as entirely happy, after getting settled that first week, as any one could be who had lived in rented houses all her life, and owned one of her own for the first time.

I had but one distaste for the place, and that was for the basement, which, covered with clinging vines, was rotten underneath. It had formerly been a cellar-kitchen, but was now fallen into disuse, and full of refuse piles of lumber, old cans and unused rubbish. The heavy vines grown over the broken bricks had made it a damp and noisome place, and I never cared to explore it, or to put it to any use, except the portion directly under the trapdoor going down from the kitchen. I had Martha Ann clean away a space here, and fill a cupboard with canned fruit, vegetables, etc.

I grew to have a dread of this dark and cheerless cellar, and never came out of it without shivering, though I would not own it even to myself.

It had scarcely been my receptacle for fruit a day before I began to miss things in a most mysterious manner. Before I could realize it there would be a glass of jelly, a pie, a loaf of cake, a melon, or a plate of peaches gone. I could accuse no one but the ghosts and Martha Ann, and she had always heretofore been the soul of truth and honor.

Twice I fancied, when in the cellar, I had heard a sigh and a rustle of ghostly garments, and I could have sworn I heard the wailing of a young child several times; but I would have died rather than own this to my husband.

"Martha Ann," said I, one day, coming up in great haste from the cellar, "do ghosts like pickled figs?"

"I am sure I don't know, ma'am!" Martha Ann's eyes are as wide, as innocent and unquailing as ever.

"Well, you know that jar of pickled figs my cousin sent me from California, that I was saving till mother came to visit me? Well, they are two-thirds gone, as well as that pie that was laid away expressly for Charlie! What am I to think."

I am angry and excited. Martha Ann says nothing, as usual, but I see her tears are quietly falling over the dish-apron she is hemming. I am rather relieved the day after when she asks me for a month's vacation to visit her sick grandmother. I do not like to accuse her of theft, and I would like to be alone to ferret out this mystery. I have fresh bolts put on the cellar-doors, and the chinks in the bricks filled in. The trap-door I keep fastened down with heavy weights, still the depredations go on—pies, cakes, ice-cream left in the freezers, cream off the milk, a portion of every available thing is missing from day to day.

I am too proud to confide in Charlie, but my life is getting to be a burden. One bright September day I sit down in the kitchen in tears, with my feet in the oven, and would fain cover my head with my apron, like Affery Flintwinch in "Little Dorrit," to shut out the faint wails of some child that I am sure are coming from the cellar.

Martha Ann will not be home for two weeks; I am tired out and discouraged; Charlie will be home in half an hour to a five o'clock dinner, and the spirits have eaten all the cold roast and tarts that I have laid away for that especial banquet.

I shall be forced to tell him that for my hardihood in making him buy this haunted house, he is destined to go on half-rations generally, I think with a sob, when I hear a faint step below and see the trap-door slowly rising, and the blanched face and thin shoulders of a woman, with a skeleton child in her arms, coming into view.

Can I believe my eyes? Yes, it is the shrunken, faded form of Grace Woolson, which I know in an instant, though the sunken eyes and claw-like hands and skeleton figure, make but a silhouette of the rosy, dimpled girl I remember.

I am not a nervous woman, and I have expected this ghost to appear so long, that I do not scream or faint away when she comes toward me, and the pathetic, drooping air with which she holds out the visionary baby, and then bursts into such a human agony of tears, would make one feel tender and akin to even a hobgoblin.

"Oh, Amy," she gasped, "you are a good woman, and will you try and save my child's life? If it had not been dying I should have staid hidden always, but I knew you would help me if you could. I was sorry to take your figs and things, and would not if I could have kept from starving; but for mother's sake I have hidden in your cellar three months, for I knew she and Geoffry Clare would find me if they could."

"It is his child, then?" I asked, not with any idle curiosity, but much as one would frame a question to fill a pause.

"Yes," she said, simply.

"Well, I have not a word of blame for you. I nearly went crazy myself in love with him once, and had not God been very kind to me, I might have been as badly off as you. We will save the baby if we can."

I have pulled her into a chair while I am talking, and am holding the baby's chilled feet to the fire, feeling its feeble pulse, and noticing how faint and gasping is its breath, and the clammy sweat on its temples, while Grace is talking with the zest of a man just out of prison, and longing to hear the sound of his voice again.

"When people missed me first, I had gone to the New York hospital, where I ran away with the baby as soon as I could walk, for fear I should be traced there; and knowing this house was said to be haunted, and people were afraid to come here, I made a bed in some packing-boxes behind the lumber, and so long as my money lasted, I used to go out at nights in my waterproof and buy things; but after you came I dared not leave, and the baby has been growing sick in the damp weather."

I pour her out a cup of strong tea, that is steeping on the range, but she sits holding it in her hand, untasted, staring at me with her mild, faded eyes.

"Oh, Amy, I am afraid to ask you, but how is my mother?—have you seen her?"

"Yes, I saw her last week at prayer-meeting"—"and she looks like one who has been struck with death," I was going to say, but stopped, seeing Grace was quivering all over with fear and expectancy. I dared not tell her that her mother was now sick in bed, and that out of her life all hope had gone, with the loss of her only child, or how my heart had ached for the poor widow, out of whose faded face even expectancy had vanished.

"Come," said I, "the baby is warm now, let us go and lay it in the bed; and Charlie and I are all alone, and you may rest assured no one shall know of your being here."

I carry it to my own pink room as being the most retired, and it is with joy I hear Charlie's step on the stairs. He takes in the situation at a glance, and being a practical druggist, and a better nurse and doctor than our little town affords, begins instantly to mix some medicine for the little sufferer.

He is tenderer than any woman toward anything little or weak, or needing care; so for two days he does not go to his office, but watches with Grace and me beside the dying child; but what can mustard-baths and drugs, and careful nursing avail where a damp basement has undermined the constitution of so frail a little blossom? On the third day the little life goes out to complete its being in another world. Poor Grace will not believe that the little child she has cherished through such awful days and nights of want and distress is really dead. She holds it in her arms all night, and in the morning we dress it in the dainty lace and linen robe of a happier baby yet to come, who, too, alas! may never need the pretty finery. And Charlie digs a little grave under the pear tree, close to the sunny wall, where the catchfly and sweet allyssum grow so rank, and lays the little creature tenderly under the September leaves and grasses.

Poor thing, it would have been so pretty, had it had proper nourishment, and air to breathe, with its delicate features and pretty rings of soft hair.

Grace follows us silently back to the door, and pausing on the step, lays her hand upon my arm, looks into my face beseechingly, saying:

"I must go to mother now, if you will do me one last favor, Amy, and go with me."

Charlie hurries off for a down-town car to his office, and Grace and I walk down the quiet street toward her mother's little cottage. None of the people who meet us recognize in the slender figure, clad in my new drab walking suit with my gypsy turban and long veil, the Grace Woolson of a year ago. I tremble on nearing the house, for I see the windows are open wide, and two or three are watching by a bed where Grace's mother lies breathing faintly and moaning at intervals. I see Grace fly up the garden-walk and stop, with clasped hands and bent head on the threshold, and I hear her mother's faint voice saying to the woman who is fanning her:

"Do not trouble yourself about me; I shall never be well again, and nothing can cure me now but a sight of my daughter's face."

I see Grace grope forward. I hear her calling, "Mother, mother!" I see those two poor women in each other's arms, and I turn away blinded with tears.

And Grace's mother did not die, but seems entirely happy with her lost darling all to herself again once more, the color coming slowly back into her whitened cheeks, and life getting back into its old grooves. Her return was a nine days' wonder to our gossiping town; but the little grave under the pear-trees tel's no tales, and though she will never be exactly the same pretty, blooming Grace Woolson again, yet this aftermath of her life is something to be thankful for, in its great content and peacefulness.—*Emma N. Bayley.*

A Famous Journalistic Feat Retold.

Happening into a Washington periodical store the other day, I encountered Joseph Shillington, one of the oldest men in the business. He was originally sent to Washington to superintend the delivery of the Baltimore *Sun* to its subscribers. He said to me: "Do you know I gave the *Sun* what its proprietor, Abell, always said was the biggest piece of news he ever got?"

"What was that, Mr. Shillington?"

"It was the explosion of the big gun on the Princeton about 1844. Commodore Stockton came around here with his big ship to give Congress and the administration an excursion. The ship went down the river to somewhere near Fort Washington, and there, while most of the people were down in the cabin partaking of a collation, Stockton had his big gun, called the Peacemaker, fired off. It burst and one of the pieces killed Secretary Upshur, while Secretary Gilmer was crushed to a human wad. Two gentlemen, named Gardiner and Maxey, were killed at once. Gardiner's daughter afterward married President Tyler. Commodore Kennon was killed. Commodore Stockton was temporarily blinded, and Senator Tom Benton and his servant were both knocked down and the servant killed. Some people said that Benton was a little crazy always afterward.

"This accident happened," continued Mr. Shillington, "pretty late in the afternoon, and the news didn't get to Washington until something like nine o'clock at night. I was not a writer of anything, but I saw there was an opportunity to give the *Sun* a big lift. The first thing I did was to go to Stettineus, manager of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad here, and secure a locomotive. It cost me $75. Mr. Abell was not always liberal and I felt that I was taking a risk. At that time there was only two trains a day from Baltimore to Washington, one in the morning and the other in the evening; therefore I had a clear track. I kept the locomotive with steam up in the old depot on Pennsylvania avenue until I could overhaul Congressman Zaddock Pratt, of New York. He was an old tanner in the Catskill mountains, and had tanned more than 1,000,000 sides of leather. Pratt saw the explosion and gave me the particulars. When I got down to the depot I found the postmaster-general, Charles Wickliffe, standing there. 'What is this locomotive for?' he asked. He was told it had been privately chartered on newspaper business. He was getting up letters and dispatches to go North. Said I: 'Mr. Postmaster-General, you can't send anything by this locomotive! This is a newspaper locomotive!' Wickliffe was quite indignant that there should be any such thing as a newspaper locomotive; it had not been heard of up to that time. Said he to the engineer: 'The government will pay for this!' 'Never you mind,' I said to the engineer and fireman, and I got aboard and we went as fast as the state of the road and kind of locomotive would allow to Baltimore, nearly forty miles distant, which we reached in one hour and a half. I got there about eleven o'clock; the compositors had already been dismissed and the edition was on the press. I had taken the precaution to fee the engineer and fireman and make them go right back to Washington and talk to nobody in Baltimore. I said to the pressman, 'Stop this press at once.' I could not make them understand anything. Then I went down to Mr. Abell's house; he lived on Water street. He put his head out of the window with a night-cap on and asked who was there. Finally, he came down stairs and went with me to the press room. We had sent out for compositors previously.

"As soon as the composing room was lighted up the *Clipper* and another newspaper there wanted to know all about it. We kept everything a secret, and got out the *Sun* with nearly two columns of news. The other papers called it another moon-hoax. It was not until about nine o'clock next morning that a train came in from Washington confirming the story, and then the *Sun* had made it general all over Baltimore. The *Sun* had then been established a few years, but had not made much mark, and for months afterward it boasted of its enormous expenditure in getting that piece of news. But from that it learned the value of enterprise to such a degree that when the Mexican war broke out, two years afterward, the *Sun* used both locomotives and couriers."—*"Gath's" Washington Letter to New York Graphic.*

Water for Fuel.

Can water be utilized as fuel? Years ago such a question would have raised the question of a man's sanity, but in this age of wizard invention, of the strangest discoveries among nature's elements and the most unexpected practical application of its laws, why not contrive some way of evolving heat out of water and so make it the fuel of the universe? This subject is not altogether a new one, but certain events within the last few months have given it a new importance. Only recently orders from St. Petersburg have reached New York for works used in manufacturing "water-gas." Stockholm had already imported from this country similar apparatus, for the purpose of facilitating the manufacture of iron and steel. So well does the new invention work there that the leading metallurgists of Sweden united in giving it the most emphatic testimonial of their approval. Some Austrian manufacturers have also ordered fuel-gas works from this country. The gas engine, as recently improved, is available up to thirty-horse power. In England, thousands of these engines are now employed, and it is confidently expected by many that this invention will in time do away with the use of steam-boilers, with their smoke and danger, altogether.

CAPITAL CLAIMANTS.

Some of the Odd Characters Found in Washington.

Frequent visitors at the capitol cannot have failed to notice the daily occupant of the front seat of the left hand Senate gallery. He is known as the "prayer fiend." In rain or shine he is punctually on hand. At ten minutes before twelve o'clock he shambles in, takes his seat and quietly awaits until the chaplain begins his prayer. Then he rises, throws his body back to an angle which may some day lose him his balance, poises his head even to a more extreme backward angle than his body, and rocks on toe and heel until the amen is uttered, to which he responds. Then he resumes his seat and generally remains until the session closes, particularly if there is a debate. In appearance this character is striking. He is tall and thin; more than six feet high. His frame is angular; face spare and shrunken. He has little tufts of gray side whiskers, otherwise his face is always cleanly shaven. He dresses in plain black, wears a cloak and carries a cane. His eyes protrude well out of their sockets and have a restless look. If he happens to come in late, no matter who may be in his seat, or how much difficulty he may encounter to reach it, he will crowd his way to the place and oust any one who may be in it. He is well known to all Congressmen as the one who keeps most zealous vigil over their proceedings. The name of this odd character is Powell Cuthbert, a Virginian by birth. Of late years he seems to have gone a "little off" on religion. He has an income which cannot be alienated from him in his lifetime barely sufficient to keep him, and finds peace in his latter days in the Congressional gallery.

Another conspicuous character is an old lady named Almira Thompson. She has a claim. In fact she has presented a claim to every Congress since the forty-third, and is daily in attendance both in the gallery and the committee room to see how it is "coming on." This claim is for services alleged to have been rendered as a hospital nurse. Almira has a temper of her own, and woe be it to the Congressional solon who refuses to treat her with consideration. When the House is in session she goes to the gallery, and frequently manages to get a seat next to the "prayer fiend." The latter shuns her because, as she alleges, she is crazy. It is amusing to see the old man try to "cut" Almira dead. She will sometimes sit by him and talk at him fifteen or twenty minutes without being able to elicit a response. Then Almira will get mad and take hold of him with both hands, turn him round so as to face her, whereat the old man, powerless to resent her muscular force, will deign to make a reply, resume his position in which he has been disturbed and feign sleep to dodge her attentions. Almira knows every member of Congress; can give a good outline of their fine points and sometimes proves really an advantage in the gallery. If she happens to be near any one who is willing to listen to her she will point out the leading members, either praise them or abuse them as she sees fit, and recount many interesting episodes of Congressional debates. She has an especial liking for Ferris Finch, the file clerk of the House, because, forsooth, he consigns her claim to the catacomb of the files with each recurring Congress. The appearance of this character is striking. She is a tall, well-preserved old lady, of about sixty, straight as an arrow and as proud as Lucifer. Her eye is coal black, dashing and expressive. Her hair is gray, worn in a profusion of curls, which hang over her forehead. She bears evidence that in her youthful days she must have laid claims to superior beauty, for she even yet possesses more than ordinary good looks. She wears a faded gray dress and an old shawl. On her head she wears a modest and matronly white cap. Nobody seems to know where she lives or how she is supported, but from her appeals for aid her livelihood is supposed to be precarious.

Another character who, up to a few months ago, was a daily visitor to the capitol, is Col. Maurice Pinchover. This man has a grievance. He seems to be haunted with the phantom of Col. Tom Scott, the railroad king. He declares that Col. Tom Scott years ago robbed him in a railroad transaction, stole his money, and reduced him to penury. He carries with him, usually, a tin case about two feet long and six inches in diameter, in which is a drawing of some kind. Originally it might have been a tracing of a plat of ground and the cross sections, but whatever it was in its primitive state it is unintelligible now, by reason of all manner of additions which have been added to the tracings by the mischievous. One day last summer, when the House was engaged in an exciting political debate, Pinchover came to the capitol with a woolen shirt, saturated in blood, and which he declared was the shirt worn by him when he was assaulted by Tom Scott on the plains of Colorado. Pinchover also has a claim. All that he has ever yet succeeded in explaining is that it is for $1,000,000, and is connected with a mine of some kind, which Scott robbed him of. Since the present session begun he has not put in an appearance, and it is believed that he is over to the Eastern branch. At times he is dangerous. Journal Clerk Smith on one occasion filled the tin case he carries with mucilage. When Pinchover discovered it he became ungovernable and would have done Smith bodily injury had he not fled incontinently out of range.

Another persistent claimant who comes to Congress every year is John C. McConnel. His claim is for $17,260, and has made its appearance in every Congress for years. It has for a basis the alleged fact that the claimant rendered service to the United States in recruiting 300 men in Maryland for a Massachusetts regiment. Last summer General Bragg, chairman of the war claims committee, in reporting adversely upon it said: "This claim has been rejected at the war department and the treasury department when all the parties who knew of the transaction were living and the vouchers now alleged to have been lost were in existence. It has since been rejected by the committee on war claims, and now presents itself to this committee having only one merit in its favor—unblushing persistence. It is time this raid on the treasury should cease. The committee report adversely." —*Washington Star.*

Frozen Seed.

Researches made by Messrs. De Candolle and Pictet, of Geneva, on the degree of cold to which seeds of plants can be subjected without impairing their vitality, present very remarkable results. It is not the first time that such experiments have been tried, but the means now available for maintaining a low temperature for a long time impart to present investigations a degree of certainty never before possible. Seeds of cabbage, mustard, cress and wheat were separately inclosed in glass tubes, hermetically sealed, and were then exposed during six hours to a course of refrigeration, in which the temperature was reduced to fifty degrees below zero of centigrade. No precautions were taken to restore them gradually to the ordinary temperature. They were sown, and all except seven grains of wheat, which had been damaged, germinated in the same time as seeds which had not been refrigerated. Another experiment was made with thirteen different kinds of seeds. It lasted two hours, and during half that period the temperature was brought down to eighty degrees below zero. They all germinated except three sorts, which were proved to be bad, by the fact that non-chilled seeds of the same kind did not grow.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

There are 100,000 church members in the British army.

Richmond has fifty-five churches to a population of 30,333.

The Baptist missionaries in Japan have ordained their first preacher.

In the last twenty years the Methodist missions have received upward of $10,000,000.

The sixth of next May is the date proposed for the great council of the world's 20,000,000 Methodists.

The Methodist freedmen's aid society has disbursed in twelve years $790,218. It receipts last year were $74,693.

The English Congregationalists have 170 churches and 156 ministers in active work in the Australian colonies and New Zealand.

The Lutherans are displaying great activity in church building. A denominational paper mentions the dedication of twelve German churches.

The Rev. Mr. Marshall, a Baptist missionary in Orissa, India, writes that 400 Hindus in that place have renounced caste and become Christians. Many of them are men of wealth.

Four Chinese were admitted to the Second Presbyterian church, of Indianapolis, by Dr. William A. Bartlett at the last communion, the first Celestials to join a church in Indiana.

The death is announced of the Rev. Thomas S. Berry, president of Simpson centenary college, a Methodist institution in Iowa. Mr. Berry was delegate-elect to the general conference.

The daughter of Chancellor Haven, of Syracuse university, formerly president of the Michigan university, is on the Pacific ocean, journeying from San Francisco to Japan to become a missionary.

Principal Bancroft, of Phillips academy, Andover, says the truths of the Bible engage the special attention of the Chinese youths who are industrious students of that institution, often winning their hearts.

There are now in the United States 5,889 priests, twenty-four Catholic seminaries, 663 colleges and academies, 2,246 parochial schools, containing 405,234 pupils. The estimated Catholic population is 6,143,222.

The freedmen's aid society (Methodist), in its several schools and colleges, taught last year 2,510 pupils, of whom 453 were in the biblical, twenty in the law, sixty in the medical, and 1,020 in the normal classes.

The Rev. Alexander Keith, D. D., a Scottish divine of advanced age and much celebrity, died recently. He was author of "Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion," which was published in 1823, and which for many years was a text-book. Dr. Keith was born in 1792.

The Rev. Dr. Elsner, of Samrodt, Prussia, has celebrated a very uncommon anniversary, the sixtieth anniversary of his being made doctor of philosophy by the university of Breslau. He has been pastor in Samrodt fifty-five years, and is eighty-five years of age.

The thirty-one universities and colleges under Baptist control contain 267 instructors and 4,659 students. In their libraries they have 190,490 volumes, with property worth $7,336,000, and endowments amounting to $3,243,640. Besides these universities and colleges, there are forty-nine academies, female colleges, etc., 2,313 students.

The New York Methodist book concern has a net capital of $1,080,568. The net profits for the year were $71,155. The sales of publications amounted to $825,634, against $912,726 the previous year. The Western book concern, at Cincinnati, has a net capital of $474,178, the profits for the year being $27,807. The sales fell off $85,873 from the previous year.

The Baptists report 12,407 Sunday-schools, with 922,602 scholars. In the list by States North Carolina leads with 1,200 schools; New York follows with 852, and leads with 112,345 scholars; Illinois has only 500 schools and 56,377 scholars; Indiana 550 schools and 55,000 scholars; Michigan 338 schools, 32,000 scholars; Iowa 224 schools, 17,445 scholars; Wisconsin 150 schools, 12,150 scholars; Minnesota 65 schools, 5,500 scholars.

A Farmer's Fight With Wolves.

The Bradford (Pa.) *Era* has the following account of a desperate fight between Valentine White, a farmer living near Clermont, and two fierce wolves: Around the White farm is a dense forest, extending for a considerable distance and almost untouched by the pioneers. Bear, deer and wolf find a lodging-place in this wood, but in this part they are seldom disturbed by the presence of the hunter. In the rear of the farmhouse is a huge barn of antique architecture and with great cracks caused by decaying boards. Last Friday morning, when old Mr. White went out to feed his stock, he heard an unusual commotion inside. Thinking some of the animals had broken loose, he did not open the front door lest they should escape, but squeezed himself through a hole on one side left by a broken board. As soon as he entered the uproar increased, and he saw in the middle of the barn floor a heifer which had torn itself from the stanchion by main force, and broken one horn in the act. Clinging to its muzzle while the frantic animal bellowed with pain and fright was something that looked like a large gray dog, while another was trying to ham-string the poor creature. To say old White was astonished would but faintly express his emotions, for he recognized the gray animals as wolves crazed with hunger that had driven them to astonishing boldness. The heifer was torn about the throat while the long teeth of the wolf were fastened to its nose with a bulldog grip. The plaintive bellowing of the heifer, the snarling of the wolves, and the rattling of the loose barn floor, made a deafening racket, during which the human intruder was unnoticed. The cow shook the lithe form of its aggressor like a limp rag and pounded the sides of the stable with it, but in vain. Old White's anger at the attack on his stock overmastered all feelings of prudence, and seizing a broken pitchfork he assumed the aggressive. No sooner did the wolves perceive him than, maddened by the taste of blood, they relinquished the heifer and turned on him. A mighty blow with the pitchfork sent one howling into the corner, but the other caught its teeth in the old man's right coat sleeve, and in such close quarters the weapon was of no avail. After kicking uselessly at the brute he grasped its throat with his left hand and choked the wolf until it let go. Then seizing again the pitchfork he used it like a flail, pounding at the animals, which gnashed their teeth and sprang at him with quick bounds A well-directed blow broke the leg of one, which then dodged between his legs and through the hole behind him, when it limped off howling dismally. The other was more courageous, showing desperate fight, although punctured repeatedly by the single tine of the pitchfork. Without going further into details, it may be said that White killed the animal after a hard struggle, during which he was bitten so severely in the left wrist that he will probably lose the use of it. The dead wolf was of large size, gaunt with hunger, and with a shaggy coat of light gray. Those familiar with the habits of such animals say that an attack of this kind in daylight (the time of the struggle was just before sunrise) is a most astonishing circumstance, and shows that the wolves were wild with famine. White will not care to repeat his experience, as in addition to his bitten wrist, his clothes were torn, and his face, neck and breast scared deeply by the claws of his assailants. The heifer was not fatally injured.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Over twenty thousand car-loads of live and dressed poultry are carried into New York city yearly, and 25,500,000 dozens of eggs go to the same market. According to the best estimates, the United States produces nine thousand million of eggs annually. This is a nice little item for the consideration of those who call chicken business—egg raising—a small thing. A common pin is a very little thing, but a paper of pins is a very worth setting a price on; while the manufacture of pins like the production of eggs, is an industry worth the attention of men of ability and the investment of capital.

Professor Otto Bollinger, of the University of Munich, read a paper recently on artificial tuberculosis as induced by the use of the milk of tuberculosis cows. He endeavored to demonstrate that the milk of such animals has a contagious influence and reproduces the disease in other animals. Seeing the enormous mortality from consumption, Professor Bollinger believes it to be of the utmost importance to urge upon all classes, and particularly upon farmers, the absolute necessity of taking every possible means of stamping out the disease among cattle.

A boy five years old fell into the East river in New York. A large crowd gathered round, but no one dared to go to the boy's assistance, and he would have been drowned had not a bootblack, who was polishing a man's boots near by, left his customer and jumping into the river pulled the boy out upon a raft of logs. The mother of the rescued boy offered his preserver $2, but the latter, seeing that she was a poor woman, good-humoredly declined the gift. The name of this brave lad is John Higgins. He is a regular attendant at night school, and the principal of the school, as well as his teacher, speak highly of him. John will yet make his mark in the world.

In France a marriage is invalid without the actual and formally recorded consent of the parents or their representatives, and even a man of full age who wishes to marry and cannot obtain his father's consent is compelled to serve him three times with a notice calling on him to show cause why the marriage should not be permitted. After three such services and on proof of full age, the marriage is allowed. These provisions render clandestine marriages impossible. A male eloper would not only have his marriage set aside, but would be severely punished for abduction.

Australia threatens to become a serious competitor with the United States in the new business of supplying England with fresh meat. About thirty tons of fresh meat preserved by a new process, which keeps the air around the meat at a low temperature, have been brought to London from Australia in the Strahleven and landed in excellent condition. A correspondent of the London *Times*, who has eaten a dinner off a joint of this meat, and pronounces it, "prime, fat, ox beef," says it can be delivered on board in Australia for 2d. a pound and sold in London for 2d. more, or, say, with profit allowed, for 5d. (10 cents) a pound. Almost any quantity is procurable, there being in Australia 7,500,000 cattle and 61,000,000 sheep. In New York one cannot buy "prime, fat, ox beef" for ten cents a pound; for good joints one must pay twice that price.

The fees which physicians may charge in Prussia for their services is regulated by law, and according to the most recent ordinance, the charge for the first visit to a sick person is fixed at two marks (twenty-five cents standing for a mark), and one mark for each subsequent visit; where, however, several persons belonging to the same family and dwelling in the same house have to be treated at the same time, then, for the second and each succeeding person, only the half of these fees respectively is to be charged—the same rule is to apply to boarding schools and similar institutions, also to prisons. When there is a consultation of several physicians about the treatment of a sick person, including their personal visits, each physician is to receive for the first consultation five marks, and three marks for each subsequent similar consultation. On the occasion of the first visit to the physician's residence for his medical advice, one mark and a half. For the administration of chloroform, etc., when necessary for the treatment of the patient, three marks.

How One Man Would Go to War.

Every fresh item of news that another nation of Europe has increased its fighting force shocks all right-thinking people by its suggestion of the awful slaughter which must follow the collision of the hosts armed with modern instruments of war. At such a time the question, "Does the maxim, *inter arma silent leges*, apply to the laws of humanity?" acquires fresh point, and the manner in which the subject is discussed by an officer of the United States army, writing in the *United Service*, is not a little startling. He finds that in the past all objections in the name of humanity to each successive improvement in the art of wholesale destruction of human life have vanished in the fierceness of international competition, and so he thinks it will and ought to be in the future. Greek fire and gunpowder were in turn, he points out, denounced as inventions of the devil until the secret of their manufacture and use became generally known. In the age of projectiles the smooth-bore came first, and every shot was meant to kill; but the bore was rifled to increase the certainty of death, and breech-loaders and magazine guns were invented to kill more men in a given time. Therefore he forsees that the adoption of poisoned or explosive bullets is but a question of time, and declares that if he were a general in command he would not hesitate to poison the enemy's water supply. Nor can he see any reason why he should not, for example, with a satisfied conscience, use a projectile which, on explosion, should liberate a suffocating gas and destroy every living thing for yards around. He protests against the hasty and unthinking condemnation of his views as bloodthirsty and cruel, and bespeaks for each new murderous machine thoughtful consideration in the name of mercy and peace. For, he argues, the more terrible the recognized instruments of destruction, the greater is the reluctance to engage in war, and, should war break out, the shorter, of necessity, will be its duration.

At a Funny Lecture.

While I was lecturing at Washington I saw a lady with an intelligent, pretty face, and bright, eloquent eyes, that were rarely lifted toward the speaker, and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and accomplished, a few years ago, she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence, and now all the music and all the speech that comes into her life comes through the tender devotion of her husband, and as I talked, I watched him telling off the lecture on his nimble fingers, while her eager eyes glanced from them to his sympathetic face. It was a pretty picture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning skies of their lives, but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to her husband, I thought how beautifully the sunlight of his devotion was breaking through these clouds, and tinting even their afflictions with a tender radiance. This discipline of attending upon suffering is a good thing for a man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender and strong as a woman's.—*Burdette.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Fruit Facts.

Pear blight has in several instances, been arrested in affected trees by syringing them with a solution of potash, and it has proved a preventive when applied to the healthy trees.

A German gardener has found by experience that black or green flies, caterpillars, etc., are at once destroyed by syringing the plants affected by them with water in which the stems of the tomato plant have been well boiled. The liquor is applied when cold, and not only kills the insects, but leaves an odor which prevents others from coming.

Diseased apple or pear trees are sometimes attacked by insects. There is a remedy which causes the old dead bark to cleave off, leaving in its place a smooth, healthy surface. After a rain, and while the bark is still wet, throw on the tree dry wood ashes until the power of retention is full. Sow on the ashes now, and as a preventive of future depredations sow on in summer, when the insects deposit their eggs, which will never hatch under the influence of the ashes. Two objects are gained by the operation—the ashes or lye they produce furnish food for the trees, as well as destroying its enemies, and imparts cleanliness to the tree.

Frequent inquiries are made for the best methods of destroying insects that infest trees. The following suggestions we cull from the Altanta *Constitution* horticultural department: A number of remedies have been tried and generally proven beneficial. One remedy is to spread a cloth under the tree to catch whatever may fall—jarring the tree by striking it with a heavy piece of lumber, padded at one end to prevent injury to the bark. Some have found it efficacious to smear the bark with tar, molasses or printer's ink, or what is better, wrapping cloth around the trunk and applying the tar to these instead of the bark. Others wash the trunk and the large branches with soft soap or strong soap suds or lye, or whitewash with lime. Dusting the leaves with lime or with powdered helebore, when the dew is on, has been mentioned as a remedy. Digging around the tree to expose the larva to frost has been tried successfully. Late plowing, by exposure to birds and frosts, will assist to destroy insects in their nests. Infected leaves containing the eggs of parasitic insects should be taken from the trees and burned. The vapor of benzine has been proposed as a remedy against insects destroying woodwork. A wash composed of one pound of flour of sulphur and a peck of quicklime, mixed in a close vessel with a sufficient quantity of hot water to make it of the consistency of common whitewash has been used with advantage as a remedy against insects and mildew in fruit trees. Apply it when freshly made with a whitewash brush.

Recipes.

CHEAP PUDDING.—Four teacups milk, four tablespoons flour, four eggs, six tablespoons sugar, any flavor; bake half an hour. Serve with sauce.

TURKEY PATTIES.—Mince part of the breast fine, season with salt, nutmeg, grated lemon, white pepper and a little butter warmed; fill the patties and bake.

VEAL SAUSAGES.—Chop half a pound of lean veal and fat bacon very fine; add sage, salt, pepper and allspice to taste; beat well, roll into balls, flatten and fry them.

TO FRY OYSTERS.—Choose fine larag oysters, lay them on a clean cloth to dry perfectly, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then roll them in grated breadcrumbs, and fry them quickly in boiling lard.

GYPSY'S PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one of raisins, one of milk or water, one cup of suet chopped fine; one teaspoonful of salt; spice to taste; one teaspoonful of soda; flour, not very stiff; steam two hours.

TO BROIL OYSTERS.—Take the finest and largest oysters, lay them on a cloth to drain dry. Sprinkle with pepper. Have ready an oyster gridiron, over a clear fire; put them on it, with a very little butter, and cook until they are done and dry without burning.

GINGER POUND CAKE.—Take one cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, three cupfuls of sifted flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of ginger, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon; are very good.

VINEGAR CANDY.—This candy is recommended for colds. Three cupfuls of granulated sugar, half a cupful of vinegar, half a cupful of water, half a teaspoonful of butter; season with lemon; mix the sugar, water and vinegar together, boil until the candy is found to be brittle, by dropping a little in cold water; then add be butter and lemon.

Wells.

A criminal neglect is too common in locating wells for the supply of both man and beast. Pure water and good health must keep company. Impure water like foul air of dwellings, is an insidious enemy to any household; and yet wells are sunk in a majority of cases with a reckless disregard of sanitary laws. We have known death repeatedly visit a household through the agency of a filthy well of water. The same applies to the brutes, but perhaps in a less degree. Wells are often sunk so as to receive the percolating liquids from some near privy vault or cesspool, located favorably for receiving their drainage. Some previous soils convey the taint several feet. One we examined was affected at a distance of fifteen feet from the privy. We once saw a well sunk in a lower corner of the barnyard, which received most of the drainage and supplied the water to the herd. The water of a well is often poisoned by neglect to keep it properly protected about the top. An open or loosely-covered well is a trap for insects or reptiles. From such a well, which supplied two families, was taken a short time ago, fifteen toads in various stages of decomposition, an old shoe, and sundry bits of wood. Nothing short of a miracle can give health to a household where the laws of nature are thus defied. Look well, then, to the locality and protection of your wells.—*Congregationalist.*

To Avoid Diseased Fowls.

Procure one pound of wood charcoal, pulverize it coarsely, and mix with it half a pound of common table salt. To a half a pint of this mixture, add one quart of corn meal and bran, half and half. Mix well and feed to about six or seven fowls. Procure some hard-coal screenings and place within reach. Feed occasionally a few oats. Always keep some old iron in the drinking water; give all the out door exercise you possibly can, even chase them round a little. Place plenty of straw for them to scratch among for exercise. Throw some small grain among them to encourage scratching. Above all, give pure air and keep perfectly clean. I find a little kerosene —the commoner the better—to be a fine preventive of disease and lice of all kinds. Smear this all along the perches; also under the straw in the laying boxes. This is a disinfectant and deodorizer also. On cold days be careful; on warm ones give them air.—*Wm. Horne, V. S., in Country Gentleman.*

The sultan has ten servants whose special duty it is to unfold the carpets for him when he is going to pray, ten to take care of his pipes and cigarettes two to dress his royal hair, and twenty to attend to his most noble clean shirts. There are a multitude of other attendants about the palace; indeed, it is stated that eight hundred families and about four thousand persons live at his majesty's expense. He is an extravagant housekeeper; the annual expenditures of the palace are mentioned as nearly fourteen million dollars.

GATHERING CAOUTCHOUC.

Interesting Account of the Manner in which India Rubber is Collected in Central America.

As visitors on a Nicaraguan rubber-hunt, we must be dressed in strong but light clothing, stout shoes, with canvas leggings, and we must each wear a soft hat that we can pull well down over our ears. It will be well for each of us to carry a staff and a *machete*, too. (The *machete* is a broad heavy knife.) We must also be very careful not to touch with our hands any tree, branch, vine or plant, as we may grasp some stinging insect, or thorns which may not only be very sharp, but poisonous as well. I remember once, to keep from falling, seizing a bush called *chichicaste*, which filled my hand with minute thorns, each producing a sensation like the sting of a wasp. The severe pain lasted for about a quarter of an hour, but it was weeks before the thorns ceased to annoy me, being so small that I could not extract them. We may see on our way some wild animals and some very beautiful birds. Monkeys are in great abundance. One kind, called howling monkeys, make a noise which sounds more like the roar of a lion or tiger than anything else, and is quite startling the first time you hear it, though the monkeys themselves are harmless enough. Parrots, macaws, paroquets, toucans, and many other birds, are to be seen almost any day. There are also pumas (called the American or maneless lion) ounces, and two or three varieties of tiger cats; but all these are afraid of men and generally keep well out of sight. We may come upon a band of wild hogs, which, if in any considerable number, will hardly deign to get out of our way; but instead of grunting like the domestic hog, will express their dissatisfaction by champing their jaws together.

We will let the hunter take the lead, as he has a keen eye for snakes. We shall find numberless insects, any amount of briers and thorns, and altogether it will be anything but a pleasant walk.

We shall not have gone far without realizing that the journey is a very difficult one, and without opening our eyes with amazement at the wonderful forest. There are multitudes of different kinds of trees growing close together, and some of them are enormously large, so large that in this country each one would be an object of curiosity. The rest of the trees range from these huge fellows down to the merest shoots, and from them hang perfect net-works of clinging vines of all sizes, from that of a kite-string to that of a good-sized cable. I have seen the vines from fifty to a hundred feet long, no larger than one of your fingers, but so tough and flexible that they are used by the natives for all purposes for which we would use ropes, cords, or string. They also are used for several other purposes, house-building, for instance, being one of them, though you might think it a stretch of the imagination to call their structure a house. But it is, at least, a habitation, and in the building of it there is not a single nail used—the side, the ridge-poles and the rafters being tied in places with vines, and the thatch tied on to them with the same. The natives declare that the vines will last and be good as ever after a nail, in their damp climate, would have rusted away. Whether that be true or not, it is well that they think so, for vines are to be had for the gathering, while nails are very expensive. Worse, if anything, than the vines in the forests, is the undergrowth, consisting of canes, bushes, weeds, several varieties of cactus and other thorn-bearing plants, Spanish bayonet and numerous plants very much like it. Some of them are very valuable for their fibers, but all are very difficult to travel through, being interlaced and matted together. You can readily believe it is no small labor to work your way along, to say nothing of the snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and other disagreeable things that you may meet.

You would imagine that few men would be willing to undertake quite such severe work, but so large are the returns in money when a man is ordinarily successful, that plenty are ready to go, and indeed large numbers make it their only occupation, going into the woods, and remaining one, two, and even three months at a time, according to the luck they have.

All this we find out on our way through the tangle, following as closely as possible at the heels of our rubber-hunter. We are very hot and tired by the time we reach the tree, but we will sit down on anything we can find—a stump or log—while Juan, our hunter friend, proceeds to tap his tree.

Juan makes with the *machete*, low down upon the trunk of the tree, two deep scores, inclining downward, and coming together at a very obtuse angle, just below which he secures a little gutter made of a piece of split cane. He now makes, higher up, other scores, all leading into the first two. Taking hold of some of the pendent vines, he manages to climb thirty feet high, scoring and mutilating the tree most fearfully. We conclude that with such treatment as this the tree will not last many seasons; judiciously tapped, it would yield twice a year for many years, but in order to get a little more each time, these improvident people cut the bark up so badly, that in a few seasons the tree is ruined.

The sap, or milk, begins to ooze out at once, and runs down into the pan placed to receive it, though we observe Juan is likely to obtain considerable *barucha* from the manner in which he has arranged his scores, and particularly from the height to which he has extended them. The appearance of the sap is like that of thick cream, and, if left to itself, it would be days before it became solid; but Juan soon finds a vine called *alchuca*, and sap of this vine he mingles with the milk; this has the effect of coagulating it, or making it solid, in a short time, so that in the course of a day it will be ready to be removed, though it will be some time longer before the *barucha* is hard enough to be stripped from the tree. Slowly the rubber, by exposure to the air, turns black, as you generally see it.—*E. P. Lull, in St. Nicholas.*

Odd Ways of Putting Things.

When Naples was ruled by King Bomba, his majesty one day paid a visit to the ship of an English commodore, lying in the bay. While the commodore was receiving his royal visitor on the quarter-deck, a member of the Neapolitan suite, cruising about midships, mistook a wind-sail for a pillar, and leaning against it, suddenly went below head foremost. The only witness of the accident, an old tar, thereupon made for the quarter-deck, and having saluted, said: "I beg pardon, commodore, but one of them ere kings has fell down the hatchway!"

Sheridan once declined to take a walk with a troublesome feminine admirer, on the plea that the weather would not permit; and being caught by the lady as he was sneaking out for a stroll, encountered her remark that the weather seemed now to have cleared up, with the bold asseveration: "Yes, madam, enough for one, but not enough for two." Enough for one would, however, have been held enough for two, had the lady been as attractive as the fair one to whom a youthful admirer wrote: "I want you to come around to our house. If you cannot get anybody to come around to your house, and fetch you around to our house, I will come around to your house and fetch you around to our house." He evidently meant business, although his method of putting things was as odd as that of the gentleman who would not hear of sharing his fortunes with a partner because: "If you make anything you don't get it; and if you lose you have to lose it all."—*Chamber's Journal.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Pork packing ranks as the third American industry.

A Baltimore couple have had nineteen children in eighteen years.

The wholesale oyster business of New York amounts to $25,000,000 yearly.

The Lowell *Sun* avers that turning a grindstone will sharpen one's appetite.

From 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of oleomargarine are sold in Philadelphia daily.

After all an ordinary saw-horse pays better than the average trotter.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Baroness Hirsch gave Adelina Patti 15,000 francs ($3,000) for singing one song at her soiree.

Mount Vesuvius is troubled with eruptions, and they don't know what to do with the crater.—*Picayune.*

Stanley has begun the ascent of the Congo, well armed and equipped with all kinds of provisions and boats.

During 1879 more railroad accidents occurred in the transportation of coal than of any other kind of freight.

Busy-bodies are almost always idlers; the less business a man has, the more he meddles with that of his neighbors.

A tramp we saw last summer called his shoes "Corporations," because they had no soles.—*Marathon Indepenkent.*

Of all the possessions of this life, fame is the noblest; when the body has sunk into the dust, the great name still lives.

There are nineteen bachelor farmers in Walnut township, Pike county, Iowa, who are farming and doing their own cooking.

An Oregon man six feet tall married a woman only three feet in height. That is, she was just half of him, and, of course, his better half.

It is not necessary that it should be frozen for the sailor to take a bight of the sea in his course, when he is hungry for the shore.—*American Punch.*

There are five Chinese students in the Morgan school, at Clinton, Conn., and one of these, Wing Ho, at the last examination stood at the head of his class.

The average life of a paper wheel under trucks of locomotive engines ranges from 500,000 to 1,641,880 miles, and under dining and palace cars from 794,000 to 868,336 miles.

Dakota is clamorous to become a State. The newspapers of the Territory claim that it has a larger population now than either of the States of Oregon, Nevada or Florida.

"You can never wear those boots out," said a shoemaker. "Then I don't want them," replied the customer; "do you suppose I want boots to wear in the house?"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

For sleeplessness a high London authority recommends, instead of stimulants a breakfast cup of hot beef tea, made from half a teaspoonful of Liebig's extract. It allays brain excitement.

Wives are in great demand at the settlement of Four Lakes, Washington Territory, and one of the inducement held out to women emigrants is that they may elect a mayor and other officers from their own number.

The word telegraph was first brought into use about 1793 or 1794, when the French directory established machines for communicating intelligence between Paris and all the principal towns of France. The British government adopted the same measure.

North and South Carolina and Tennessee are preparing to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the battle of King's mountain, the turning point in the revolutionary war in the South, which occurred October 7, 1780, and legitimately led to the final victory at Yorktown.

"What do you think of my new shoes, dear?" said she the other evening after tea. "Oh! immense, my dear, perfectly immense," said he, without looking up from his paper. Then she began to cry and said she thought if he thought her feet were so dreadfully large he needn't tell her of it.—*Boston Post.*

The uniform green color of the vegetable world is due to chlorophyll. This substance, however, exists only in minute quantity in plants, the leaves of a large tree containing perhaps not more than 100 grains. It appears to be a direct product of the action of the sunlight upon vegetation, as it does not exist in plants kept in darkness. The changes in the color of leaves in autumn are supposed to be due to the oxidation of their chlorophyll.

A Merchant's Career.

We clip the following extract, showing the way in which some merchants have risen from an humble, non-remunerative position to that of wealth and prominence: A few years ago a large drug firm advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman, who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, the merchant in the store said, "Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small." "I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful." There was a twinkle in the boy's eye which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered the remark that "he did not see that they wanted such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his youthful protege busy scissoring labels. "What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing." Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and, after a struggle, was captured. Not only a robbery was prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied: "You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay." Orders were immediately given once more—"Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful." To-day that boy is getting $2,500, and next January he will become a member of the firm.

Chair Boarders.

A reporter for one of the St. Louis papers called upon Mr. Griswold, one of the proprietors of the Lindell hotel, to get some facts and figures upon that interesting class of people known as "chair boarders." He discovered that fifty per cent. of the people who gather in the rotunda of a hotel never spend a cent, and are yet an actual expense to a proprietor. The "why and wherefore" was given with much research. Mr. Griswold, the proprietor, furthermore furnished the information that 300,000 sheets of note paper and envelopes were distributed annually to patrons and "chair boarders" and also some 100,000 blotters; and although the stationery was bought in job lots, cheap, it nevertheless amounted to $1,000 per annum. Mr. Griswold said that they would even have nerve enough to ask for postage stamps, but that they were not kept in the office, but were on sale at the news-stand. The reception of mail at the house for outsiders was also something wonderful.

Three Wishes.

Three young soldiers, a Parisian, a Gascon, and a Marseillais, were walking one starry summer night on the shore of the Mediterranean, and seeing who could frame the most colossal wish for a fortune.

"I," said the Parisian, "wish this sea were all ink; then I'd dip my pen in it, make a big nine on a sheet of paper, and after the nine I'd set down naught until the ocean were dry, and the sum thus written would represent my fortune."

"And I," said the Gascon, "wish that every star above us represented a bushel bag of louis d'or that belonged to me."

"And I," said the Marseillais, "wish that both your wishes were true, and that you might die of heart disease the moment after you had made your wills in my favor.—*Paris Figaro.*