

THE OLD STORY.

[Mary F. Tucker in Chicago Herald.]
Alas for the head with the crown of gold!
The tempter came as he came of old.

Censure who may—condemn who must:
It was perfect faith—it was utter trust.

He was lifted up; he was set apart;
He filled her thought; he filled her heart;

Oh, to betray such tender trust!
(God will repay, and He is just—)

Giving little and taking much,
Fickle and false—there are many such—

Norvin Green and Jay Gould.
[Joe Howard in Boston Herald.]

A singular character is Norvin Green,
president of the Western Union Telegraph
company. I believe he is a native of Kentucky; at all events he
came here from that part of the alleged
west, bringing with him many of the
typical habits of the old-time southerner.

By a singular coincidence, in less than
10 minutes after Green had passed, the
chief stockholder of the Western Union
Telegraph company made his appearance,
attended by a very young gentleman,
and followed, as usual, by a very tall
and muscular attendant. Many people
have an idea that Jay Gould wears
horns, a cloven foot and forked tail;
but he has neither the one or the other.

The Steel Pen Trade.

[New York News.]
The steel pen is the many types in
which it is manufactured—and there are
more than 1,000 different numbers—a
signal instance of triumph of mechanical
skill in combining and varying the
qualities of this implement, involving
extreme niceties of distinction to an extent
that few other industrial arts demand.

Our own manufacturers are reticent
as to their annual production, but, taking
the ascertainable output of Birmingham,
which supplies between 15,000,000 and
16,000,000 pens per week, with that of
the few manufacturers of France, the one
in Germany and the one in Austria,
there being none in the other European
states, and the leading American establish-
ments, in Meriden, Conn., Camden,
N. J., and in Philadelphia, the weekly
production for this country and Europe
cannot be less than from 22,000,000 to
23,000,000 pens.

Lighting Up the Falls of the Rhine.

[Cor. Baltimore American.]
After table d'hote, which ends about
half-past 9 o'clock at night, every one
goes on the grand terrace or piazzas of
the hotel to witness the illumination of
the falls. After a few signal rockets,
the old castle on the ledge above the
falls is lighted up by colored lights.
Then suddenly the falls are one blaze
of many-colored lights. All down the
cliffs, on either side, up and down the
sides of the great island rock, in the
very centre of the falls, red, green,
blue, and pink lights flash forth. The
electric wire has touched all simultane-
ously, and the water is one boiling,
seething, spluttering, foaming mass of
flames. The various lights shade into
each other with the delicacy of a rain-
bow. The people at the hotel sit in
silence, and while the illumination lasts
only admire it. Then, as suddenly as it
began, the lights go out and all is
darkness. Only the roar of the waters
is heard. I have seen Niagara illumined,
but this is grander, for here the whole
falls are ablaze.

A Touch of Nature.

[Exchange.]
A boy met a youthful acquaintance
in the street and exclaimed: "Didn't I
tell you, Jack Busby, that I was agoin'
to whip you when I caught you out?"
"Go away, Bill, I don't want to fight."
"Maybe you don't think I can whip
you." "It don't make any difference
whether you can whip me or not. I
don't want to fight. My mother—"

Oh, Leave Me, Leave Me, and Ask Me Not Why.

[Evansville Argus.]
They were lovers. He, tall and stately,
with eyes which could blaze with the
fire of manly courage or soften till
they beamed with liquid lustre when
touched by the torch of love.

She, a timid, trusting girl, with the
face of a Peri, with a lithe and graceful
figure that seemed but too frail to bat-
tle with the cares of life.

They had been walking together
down a shady lane whose sides seemed
a bowyer fit for such a queen as she, and
while the wild roses made the air heavy
with their intoxicating fragrance they
had talked of love, love which was now
their only dream of happiness.

At the rustic stile he had crossed, and
holding his arms outstretched, she had
lifted her drowsy, she springing like a
frightened fawn, and then as he started
on, she simply said, "Come, Amphr-
dite."

No answer; no hand in his; no velvet
step by his side, and in wonder he
turned.

There she stood, close to the stile, and
on her face, instead of the trusting
look of love, was a look of wild terror.

"What! darling, what is this? Will
you not come to the one who loves you?"
cried Percy, a cold chill, as of some un-
defined horror, surging up in his heart.

"Oh, leave me! Leave me!" she
cried, sinking down and clinging still
more closely to the fence.

"Leave you, darling? Oh, no, I can-
not. I will not. What means this sud-
den change? But a moment ago you
loved me, and now you bid me go, and
without one word of explanation."

"Oh, Percy, I cannot explain. Oh,
leave me, and ask me not why," and
sobs convulsed the fair young form.

"And am I thus to be driven from
you; thus cast aside as the child casts
aside a toy? Have you nothing to say
in extenuation of this conduct?"

"Nothing. Oh, leave me. At some fu-
ture—"

"No, false girl. Now or never!" and
the dark eyes flashed with intense pas-
sion.

"Then go," was all she said.

Percy stood but a moment with his
arms folded across the broad chest that
heaved with passion. "I could not have
thought it of one so guiltless. Oh, woman,
woman, you have much to answer
for," and then turning scornfully on his
heel he strode away in the gathering
 twilight.

"Oh, if I could only have explained,"
murmured Amphr-
dite, as the bitter tears
flowed fast through her clenched
fingers, "but I could not, and she felt
with a dull thud, fainting to the earth.

You see, she struck the ground too
hard when she jumped over the stile,
and she split her Jersey from the armpit
clear to the waist. And she didn't
want Percy to see that she had on her
week-day corset.

MORAL.—Always examine the seams
in a ready-made Jersey before you put
it on.

Bismarck's Beginning.

[London Telegraph.]
The Post, of Berlin, says that Bismarck's
wonderful political career grew
from a very trifling circumstance. It
was in August of 1851 that he was in-
terested with the legation at Frankfurt.
Prince Guillaume, then crown prince
of Prussia, halted there, and took him
among his escort when going from
Frankfurt to Mayence, where a grand
review was to be held. Military eti-
quette is exceedingly strict in Germany.
However, it was so hot in the royal car
that every officer and the prince himself
loosened their uniforms. On arriving
at Mayence the distinguished party
were to be met at the railroad station by
troops under arms. The crown prince
blotted up against his uniform, but he
forgot one button. Fortunately, as he
was about to leave the car, Bismarck,
always on the alert, saw the awful in-
fringement of soldierly etiquette, and,
rushing to Guillaume, "Oh! Prince,"
he said, "what were you going to do?"
and forgetting that no one is allowed
to touch a royal personage, he forced
the refractory button into its proper place.
The prince thanked the diplomatic
young man who had been so rigorous,
and whose name and features were now
fixed in his memory. Hence the brilliant
fortune of the "Iron Chancellor."
Why not? Did not poor, humble
Jacques Laffite, son of a carpenter, pick
up a pin in the yard of Perreux, the
rich banker, and make out of it a for-
tune of more than \$15,000,000?

Old Sweethearts.

[Exchange.]
An old man was arraigned before an
Arkansas court for a trifling offence,
and among the witnesses was an old woman
who, in giving her testimony, made
such efforts to shield the old man that
the judge asked: "Madam, have you
known this man very long?" "Yes,
sir," she replied. "I have known him
a very long time. When I was a young
girl, I used to visit him. In fact, judge,
we were sweethearts," and she twisted
her avron and looked down. "Ah, I
see," the judge replied, "used to be
sweethearts and think so much of each
other now because you did not marry
each other then?" "You are mistaken,
judge, for we did marry each other then
and are husband and wife now." "In-
deed!" the judge exclaimed, "this is a
remarkable case. Liberate the old fel-
low, Mr. Officer."

Danger in the Smokes.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]
The sanitary committee of the Philadel-
phia board of health has appropriated
money for building a crematory in
which to burn infected clothing. A
physician writes to a newspaper of that
city that if the retort can be so con-
structed as to allow the clothing to be
burned without the escape of any smoke
from such burning the object may be
attained, but if any of the smoke from
the infected clothing escapes, it will
carry with it the germs of infection, and
will be a most effectual method of
spreading contagion. He says that an
old house was burned down to get rid
of small-pox contagion, and that a large
number of cases of small-pox were de-
veloped in that part of the town over
which the smoke was blown. In no
other part of the town did the contagion
spread.

Inter Ocean: If the peanut crop
should fail it would burst "the greatest
show on earth" wide open.

WHAT BROKERS DRINK.

[New York Journal.]
Financiers Who Find Forty Whiskies
a Day an Easy Load.

One of our reporters has been inter-
viewing saloon-keepers on the subject of
what brokers drink. "How many drinks
do brokers take in a day?" replied a
well-known New street saloon man.

"Let me see. Well, I should say they
will average up fifteen apiece between
10 in the morning and 3 or half-past 3
in the afternoon."

"What do they most drink?"
"Straight whisky; almost entirely;
generally a little seltzer with it. A
drink called 'whisky daisy' was intro-
duced down here a few years ago, and
became quite popular. Somehow it fell
out of sight; but this summer it re-
turned, and has become very popular
again. It is made something like a
whisky-sour, with the addition of seltzer.
But plain whisky is the handiest for
brokers. When they do come out for
a drink they only have a minute to spare,
and few care to wait to have a fancy
drink made up."

"Do they drink just the same whether
business is good or bad?"
"Well, I think they drink more when
they are not doing their best. The work
and excitement, you see, is just the same
in unprofitable times, sometimes more,
and then there is the additional want of
something to cheer the drooping spirit.
Brokers are not drinkers in the sense of
drunkards. You will, in fact, never see
them under the influence, or very rarely.
They require above all things a level
head, and when they get down in the
morning you will find them as clear as
a whistle. I know several brokers who
take during business hours in Wall street
twenty and twenty-five drinks of whisky,
and there are some who can and do
drink as much as forty drinks, and are
never what is commonly called 'full.'"

"What is the size of a broker's drink?"
was asked.

"Well, that has a great deal to do
with it; they take what I should call
small drinks, not a finger deep—with
the finger held sideways alongside the
glass, mind you."

It is well known to all who are ob-
servers of Wall street men that it is sel-
dom one is found under the influence
of liquor. When the stock exchange
closes there is a rush for home, and by
half-past 3 few brokers can be found in
the vicinity of Wall street. They are
great home people and are much de-
voted to their families. They live in
such a whirl that the quiet of the fire-
side is a great boon to them. They dif-
fer as much in their choice of brand in
whisky as they do in their opinions on
the workings of the market, and certain
brokers go to this resort and none other
because their peculiar flavor is there,
and others to that for the same reason.
One reason why brokers are given to
the occasional stimulant is that they
seldom find time to lunch, and the
drink is made to answer.

English Opinion of the "Hub."
[London Telegraph.]
It is obvious that what Americans in
modern times have learned to call, and
sometimes to sneer at as "Boston cul-
ture," was based on the most rigorous
purtanism; and it may be that a good
deal of puritanical gall and wormwood
entered into the concrete of their founda-
tion of learning. The sages who, in the
midst of a half-cleared wilderness,
were so sternly resolved that their
young men should "forthwith enter
upon the study of Aristotle and Thu-
cydides, of Horace and Tacitus, and the
Hebrew bible," used their own intel-
lectual gifts and their own scholastic
attainments in a certainly eccentric and
not altogether beneficent fashion. They
were very earnest and very conscien-
tious, but the Spanish inquisition was
not fuller of intolerance and of the rage
for conscience sake. The kind of Bos-
ton culture was very harsh, but the
fruit within, when it ripened—and it
took a long time to ripen—proved very
sweet and of a most excellent savor.

The Boston of the present day is as
jovous a city as any other in the United
States. Opera and drama, concerts
and lectures, flourish there abundantly.
Fine art is extensively and apprecia-
tively patronized, and, as for science,
an average Bostonian young lady pos-
sibly knows much more about organic
remains, the old red sandstone, and
vertebrates fossilized in blue lias than
a dozen average English girls fresh from
a finishing school. A great many more
publishing firms, with their books, and
magazines, and reviews, must migrate
from a city full of agreeable places of
meeting and refined society ere Boston
ceases to be "the hub of the universe"—
from the Bostonian point of view.

A Thirty-Three Years' Sleep.

[Chicago Times.]
In the very heart of the Adirondack
wilderness is located what is known as
"the deserted village." Fifty years ago
90,000 acres of land were purchased by
a man named Henderson, and other
capitalists, a St. Francis Indian having
disclosed to the party that the region
was rich in ore. A blast furnace, a
forge, a saw mill, tenement houses, a
store, a school-house and a bank were
erected, and hundreds of thousands of
dollars expended in cutting roads and
other improvements. Operations were
carried on twenty years. In 1849 Hen-
derson was accidentally shot dead, and
five years later business was suddenly
suspended. The ponderous water-
wheel and machinery are just where
they stopped thirty-three years ago.
Wheelbarrows and tools lie around as
though operations had been discon-
tinued only yesterday. The village is
now the headquarters of a New York
sporting club, and the greater part of
the year Myron Buttles, agent of the
club, and his family, are the only in-
habitants of this once busy spot.

Ready to Swear Any Way.

[Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.]
A Chinaman had to give his evidence,
and was asked how he would be sworn.
His reply was: "Me no cate; cack 'im
sauce, kill 'im cock, blow out 'im
matches, smell 'im book, all same."
He was allowed to "smell 'im book."

French Writer: Do you complain

that the roses have thorns? Let us re-
joice that the thorns have roses.

A VANDERBILT'S CHURCH.

[New York Letter in Inter Ocean.]
A House of Worship Right Underneath
a Big Railroad Station.

A Moody and Sankey hymn rousing-
ly and melodiously sung stopped me
alongside of the Grand Central depot.
There was a noisy banging of baggage
on the sidewalk, where a wagon was
being unloaded of trunks with reckless
celerity; street cars were rattling past;
travelers were making a train-time
hubbub; but the devotional vocalism
made itself heard over all opposition.

A brief investigation enabled me to
locate it underground. Descending
by a stone stairway, be-
tween one that led down to a barber
shop and another to a restaurant, I
was astonished to find myself in a
church, right underneath the big rail-
road station. It was of a size to accom-
modate two or three hundred persons.
A platform held a lecturer and a cabi-
net organ. The walls were neatly fres-
coed in an ecclesiastical style, and an
inscription said: "Live in deeds not
years." The floor was carpeted and
the pews were quite ornamental in wal-
nut. Altogether, it was a handsome
place of worship, and the congregation
was correspondingly good looking,
though evidently containing a wide
range of financial conditions.

It was about evenly divided as to
sexes. Young fellows and girls in
clothes that fell a little short of prime
fashionableness, or if not just right were
made of cheap material, were in a de-
cisively slightly predominance. In a front
seat was a row of contrastingly dressed
persons, though their richness of appar-
el was all in quite good taste. In their
midst was a bearded ordinary man of
nearly 40, to judge by appearance. I
recognized him as Cornelius Vander-
bilt, the oldest son of William H. Van-
derbilt. His presence was nothing un-
usual. The cellar church is his own.

Cornelius is a Presbyterian, with
strong indications of devoutness. Reli-
gion is not plentiful in the Vanderbilt
family, and he has nearly all there is of
it. He believes that it is wicked to run
trains on Sunday, but has made no pro-
gress in bringing his father to that way
of thinking. Failing in his effort to
Christianize travel on the Vanderbilt
lines, he concluded that the next best
thing to closing the Grand Central
depot on the Sabbath was to open a
church in it. William H. readily gave
him space in the cellar, and this he
fitted up in the manner described.

It was a prayer meeting that I went
into. A girl of 14 kept the singing well
together by her clever use of the organ,
and I have seldom heard revival hymns
more inspiringly rendered. Much less
confident and telling were the efforts
of a young minister, who made the only
considerable address. He told us that
he was from Kentucky, and all that was
pertinent to the Vanderbilts in what he
said was that Christ did not come to
the rich and powerful, but to the poor
and lowly.

He thanked God for that. Whether
it was the boldness of such an utterance
in a Vanderbilt's church, or whether
merely ordinary fervor distracted his
mind from temporal surroundings, it
is certain that he lost sight of the plat-
form's limits, and inad-
vertently stepped off the edge, nearly
jerking his head from his shoulders by
the sudden change of six inches in his
level. The rest of the exercises were
made up of brief and ordinary prayers
and experiences. Young Vanderbilt
took no part, except to join with his
immediate party in hearty singing. But
I was told that he frequently speaks,
and once a week instructs a bible class.

He has recruited the congregation
chiefly from railroad employes and
their families, and there is a transient
element drawn from travelers who hap-
pen to be in the building waiting for
trains.

The Richest Man in the World.

[Saratoga Cor. Texas Sittings.]
"But here! what is this?" There is
a gentle flutter on the piazza, and an
unusual craning of necks. A pair of
fast horses dash up the steps. There
must be something very big, indeed,
here to even create a ripple in this dis-
tinguished crowd. I thought so—the
richest man in the world. I see the
coarse face of William H. Vanderbilt
rising above the top step. He stalks
on to the piazza, and, approaching a
portly grey-haired gentleman, who is
contemplating the street, says, rather
cheerily:

"How do you do, Jim?"
"How do, Bill," growls the old gentle-
man, without turning his head or even
moving a muscle.

Vanderbilt stalks on, and it looks
very much as though he had been
snubbed. He seats himself at the other
end of the piazza—no one salutes him,
as he rests his face heavily, and it
strikes me, even savagely, on his hand.
A lonely "cuss," it seems, in spite of all
his millions. People, as a rule, I think,
are afraid of millionaires; they are
afraid of their airs, not their millions.
They are something like dynamite, very
powerful and very wonderful; but one
feels they may blow up and hurt us.

The Rear of London.

[W. J. Stillman in The Century.]
As I write, sitting by my study win-
dow, full five miles from the city proper,
I hear the roar of the traffic like the sea
on a rocky shore—the rush of incessant
trains along the iron ways, the rattle
of myriads of drays along hundreds of
miles of stone-paved streets (for which
wood is now being in part substituted),
such no more to the general symphony
than the hum of a gnat to the sounds of
a summer day—a volume of sound un-
intermitting from dawn till dark. Yet
I am bowed in green
trees, with crowd and daisy-
speckled fields spread out under my eyes
—not a spire, not a chimney-stack of
the metropolis visible; and the carols of
larks and thrushes, and the song of the
nightingale, run through the web of
sounds like gold and silver threads
through a dingy fabric, with the twitter
of scores of sparrows like tiny spangles
thrown on at random. Out of the
monotone flashes the individual roar of
a nearer train, the scream of a whistle,
and the roar dies away again into the
sullen monody. This is sabbid Lon-
don.

THE POOR CONGRESSMAN.

[Judge Ramsdell in Philadelphia Press.]
How He Must Economize to Save
Money While Living in Wash-
ington.

I ran across a congressman the other
day, who was looking for quarters for
himself and family for the coming ses-
sion. He is a poor man, who is obliged
to live on his salary, and who is, there-
fore, compelled to count the cost of
everything and cut his cloth close.
A congressman's salary is \$5,000 a year
and mileage, and an allowance of \$100, I
believe, for postage. I cannot mention
the name of the one I allude to, but he
has a wife and three children. His
mileage amounts to about \$200 or \$300 a
year; so his whole income is less than
\$5,500 a year. Out of this sum he must
pay three or four or a half dozen coun-
try newspapers for printing tickets (a
mere nominal service for a good deal of
money); he must pay for banners,
transparencies, flags, brass bands, hand-
bills and I don't know how many other
things, to say nothing of his own ex-
penses in the campaign. Added to all
this, ten chances to one he has to pay
pretty dearly for his nomination—not,
perhaps, in buying delegates, though
that is often done, I am told, but in pay-
ing car fares, hotel bills, etc. So you
see that when a congressman comes to
Washington he does not have \$5,000 a
year to his credit.

My friend, as I have said, is a poor
man, although he is one of the ablest
men in the house. He never made a
dollar improperly, and does not know
how to be dishonest. He stands as
high as any member of the house.
Said he, "I don't know what to do. I
have lived in every way. When I first
came to Washington I went to a hotel,
with my wife, leaving my children at
home and at school. I kept up my
house at home, and my expenses there
were little less than if I had been there.
My hotel expenses, including washing
and the outrageous extras one always
finds on his bills, were never less than
\$300 a month. My expenses at home
were about half as much; so, you see,
I could not stand that. The next win-
ter I went to a boarding-house and left
my family at home. Of course I had
to have a parlor and bed-room I paid
\$100 a month at the boarding-house.
But I did not live; it was simply a mis-
erable existence. A boarding-house
table may give good, well-cooked food,
but you are obliged to meet and be po-
lite to people whom you do not care
for, whom you detest, in fact. Then I
was deprived of my wife's company,
which, strange as it may seem, I still
appreciate. Well, that year, by close
economy and many deprivations, I came
out about even. The next year I hired
rooms and had my meals sent
in from a neighboring restaurant.
But this life was very unsatisfac-
tory. I had to take my break-
fast at a certain hour, whether
I wanted to or not, and my dinners
were served at the same time every day,
and they were nearly always cold when
brought. But a member of congress
cannot always be at his dinner at the
exact minute. The house may sit late,
or there may be a caucus or a commit-
tee meeting, or you may be detained by
constituents, or a dozen things may
happen to detain you. Well, last win-
ter, as you know, I took a furnished
house and brought my entire family
here. I shut up my house at home, but
Great Caesar! my expenses drove me
wild, though I tried to live very quietly
and cheaply. What I shall do this
winter heaven only knows. I suppose
I must go back to the boarding-house.
A congressman's life is but a dog's life,
after all."

The Morgue of the Grand Central.

[New York Cor. Inter Ocean.]
The morgue of the Grand Central is
the place in which, during the rush
homeward of New Yorkers who have
been spending the summer out of town,
baggage not promptly claimed, is
stored. It was nearly full of trunks,
and the amount of wardrobe-trifery en-
closed could only be guessed at. My
impression was led, however, to think-
ing of all those garments as shrouds.

"Unpleasant idea. Well, the bag-
gageman suggested it, and you can't
expect a trunk handler to have seemly
notions about trunks' contents.

"They say that every trunk that's
kept over night here in the morgue
goes away haunted," he remarked,
gloriously.

"What makes them say that?" I
asked.

"The corpses of the passengers killed
in the disaster up at Spynken Dnyvil
was fetched down here, and laid out in
that storage-room. That's what give it
the name of morgue. Some of the
boys got scared of going in after that,
specially in the dark; and a lot of
stories was started about spooks. We
had a helper—a drunken chap, that
didn't know whether he saw a thine or
dreamed it—and he swore to the
toughest of the yards. He says he
went in to get a trunk. It was a
whooper, and he braced himself for a
big strain, but when he gripped it, it
came up just as if there wasn't nothing
in it more'n air, or gas. That next-
peeped-kind of a lift is like kicking at
nothing—it's straining, don't you
know?"

"I should think so."

"Well, Joe felt as light-headed as the
trunk, he says, but he brought it out.
When he was putting it down, he was
stunned to see a ghost sitting astraddle
of it."

"What did the ghost look like?"

"Joe was so scared that he can't tell,
except that it had grave clothes on.
And it went out of sight as soon as he
got into daylight—floated off, and at
the same instant the trunk became as
heavy as such a trunk generally is.
Some of us believe Joe's story and
some don't, and he's one of them that
does. He trowed up his job rather
than go into the morgue again. But
there's folks that wouldn't have their
trunks put in the morgue for all that's
in them. I 'spose they're afraid of
getting their trunks haunted, and
bringing spooks into their houses that
way."

Ocean Life.

[Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]
Given a fine ship in faultless trim, a
jolly captain, and weeks of smooth
water and glorious scenery, what more
could a mortal want for a memorable
pleasant time, and it is worth taking
this Alaska trip simply to learn the
comfort and pleasure of sea travel.
Life on shipboard in these still north-
ern waters has shown us the very lux-
ury of travel, and with all these perfect
conditions I for the first time appreciate
the fascination of seafaring life and feel
the sailor's fond attachment for the
good ship she sails in. This pretty ship
Idaho is 180 feet long, and the main
deck, upon which the saloon and
state-rooms open offers a clear prome-
nade of all that length. Above is a
hurricane deck; half the length of
the ship, and in the clear space aft the
life boats, smoke stack, and masts we
spend unnumbered hours pacing the
broad deck and watching the enchanted
shores sweep by. The captain's bridge
and pilot-house forward are the sanc-
tuaries which no profane foot dare invade
save by special grace, but in these calm
waters and on such a prolonged voyage,
the harsh discipline of a ship is some-
times relaxed and the flutter of female
raiment enlivens the bridge and the
chart-room when we reach the most fa-
mous bits of scenery. The two dining-
saloons below are the places of popular
resort, and something in this fresh sea
air gives us three such phenomenal ap-
petites in a day as are never known on
shore.

Take Your Choice.

The Digger Indians say there will be
a hard winter because of the large crop
of manzanita berries, while in Nevada
the Putes assert that there will be light
winter for the reason that the crop of
pine nuts is light.

Ireland's Reformatories.

[Chicago Times.]
Ireland has ten reformatory schools—
five for girls, five for boys. There
were at the close of last year 956 boys
and 186 girls in reformatory schools.
The yearly decrease since 1877 in the
number of young female offenders in
the schools is very remarkable, but oppo-
site results have been obtained in the
boys' schools, the inmates numbering
more last year than ever before, 984 are
Roman Catholics and 156 Protestants.
There are sixty-one industrial schools,
in which there are 2,418 boys, and 3,660
girls, being an increase of four boys and
174 girls.

Don't hope to squelch a courtship by abuse;
When hearts are trumps clubs are of little
use.
—(Tunton Republican.)