[Robert Turney in Chicago Tribune.] In the balls of our fathers enraptured we And we dream of the bright days of yore,

When King Kirby McCann owned both castles and land, And was worth fifty millions and more. With his sword in his hand, Divil a man in the land

Dare meet him in fair, open fight; For with one mighty blow He laid fifty men low And put a whole army to flight. With his ten-barreled gun He bored holes in the sun, And his eyesas the eagle's was quick;
For the gay old galoot;
Round a corner could shoot,
And kill forty men at a lick.

He was fifteen feet high— 'Pon me sowl, 'tis no lie— And he weighed half a ton, every pound;
And when he would spake,
The whole shanty would shake,
As though earthquakes were hopping around.
Bedad, he could dance
Like a waster from France. Like a master from France;

And, when he stepped jigs, arrah! sure He'd shake the whole house, As a cat slakes a mouse, And he'd bust every board in the flure. "Tis thus in the halls of our fathers we stand, And we dream of the bright days of yore, When King Kirby McCann, with his sword

in his hand, A crown like a coal-scuttle wore. And tears big as overgrown pumpkins oft start,

And our rubicund noses grow wan; Like a steam-whistle's scream comes a sigb from the heart, When we think on King Kirby McCann.

The "Massacre of Wyoming." ["Gath's" Letter.1

The further we get from the incidents of the Revolution the more philosophically we consider them. The late civil war made us a more rational people to judge our Revolutionary forefathers.

A committee was appointed from the descendants of the Revolutionary men of Wyoming, on the one hundreth anriversary of that battle, to prepare a memorial volume. Mr. Johnson, who accompanied me riding, was one of that committee, and he gave me the memorial book, of which I read a portion the same night.

There it is conceded that the British behaved very respectably and protected those who could come in. The British commander was a regular officer, named Butler. He allowed the people after the battle to surrender, and politely asked their clergyman to act as secretary of the convention, which he did, and this man wrote out the cartel, which

was faithfully kept. The American settlers were allowed to stay upon their farms and enjoy their property on condition of not enlisting against the British government. The command, and was not again invaded by them.

All this is put down in the sober second thought of a hundred years. If you sleep on any thing a hundred years, except lobster salad, you will change your mind

Again, the Wyoming Memorial committee discreetly says that the probable -cause of any invasion was the intolerance of our patriots, who began the war by driving off their inoffensive and numerically weaker Tory neighbors. To reinstate those poor people the British line came, not unexpectedly, backed by some of the same savage Iroquois we had used for a hundred years to invade and murder the French in Canada. Our patriotic forefathers knew all about the nature of their warfare, and merely received some of its consequences.

The memorial report asserts that not one woman was either killed or abused by the victors at Wvoming.

The Queen and John Brown. [New York Tribune.]

The English court put on mourning for a brief space and John Brown's burial was made an affair of state. Not satisfied with these and other demonstrations of respect and affection, the queen has ordered from Mr. Boehm a life-sized statue of her faithful lackey. and this is soon to be unveiled on the lawn at Balmoral in full view from the windows of the castle. She has also announced her intention of erecting marble tablets to his memory in St. George's chapel and the royal mausoleum.

Though Englishmen were too sensible and too loyal to pay heed to inane tattle about this burly Scotchman, they were annoyed during his lifetime by the constant association of his name with the royal household. They were weary of hearing anecdotes about his arrogance and officiousness, and of seeing his name in the court circulars and the society journals. They breathed more freely when his decease was announced, think ing that they had heard the last of John Brown. They little knew to what lengths the queen's commemorative mania would carry her. Here are marble tablets in the celebrated chapel consecrated to royalty, and in the vaults where lie the ashes of England's kings; and yonder in the Highlands, almost face to face with the prince consort, is to stand the life-sized statue of his stout-hearted and big-fisted gillie. If John Brown while he lived became in one way or another a standing joke at the expense of royalty, he is to go down to posterity in all seriousness as the friend of the family.

Adulterated Tea.

[Inter Ocean.] Few people, while engaged in strengthening their nerves with a cup of tea, imagine they are swallowing pulverized charcoal, bone-black, clay, terra alba, pulverized soap-stone, talc, Prussian blue, gravel, and other undesirable commodities. Such is the stuff scientific experts employed by the New York board of health have found in the green teas sold in that city. The best grades of black teas are pronounced the safest, and the verdict is rendered that "none of the green teas are pure."

Barbed Wire vs. Fox Chasing.

[Inter Ocean.] So insidiously harmful has the use of wire fencing-especially in patching hedges-become in certain parts of Great Britain, that many hunts have set apart a regular fund for replacing it with something which may be seen and avoided. The tearing of hounds' hides, not to speak of any worse mischief, hy the barbed wire of this modern fencing is especially a cause of complaint.

Needs of the Lone Star State.

[Dallas Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.] The growth and development of Texas cannot be exaggerated. For: Worth eight years ago contained but 800 inhabitants; in 1880, 6,000 and to-day, 16,000, a perfect sysem of water-works, street railroads and gas. Sewerage is being built, the streets graded and macadamized; a fine opera-house is in process of construction, and every thing that goes to make up a city, except the hotels. The Lord | him: have mercy upon the man that has to contribute \$3 per day to the hotels of Fort Worth, especially the El Paso. Fifteen cents would be extravagant. Why some live hotel man has not found this place before is a mystery, as the arrivals during last December were over 9,000 as shown by the hotel registers. This city has a number of large wholesale houses, one grocery house last year having sold over \$1,500,000 worth of goods. If some unforeseen circumstance does not cheek the growth of Fort Worth, it will soon rank as a city of 25,000 to 50,000 inhabitants. The future city of Texas is Dallas. Containing a population of 10,000 in 1880, without effort apparently upon the part of her citizens, she has grown to be a prosperous city of 25,-000, and is going right ahead. Dallas is doing more than four times the business of any city of her size in the north. There are great opportunities here for men of energy and capital.

What Texas needs is more corn, less cotton, more hogs and better cattle. The crops this year in northern Texas are good, the acreage of corn is about double and the yield fair. A great many cattle will be fed this winter. The cotton crop is short. The acreage s not more than 33 per cent., and in the southern part of the state the average is not over 50 per cent. The loss in the aggregate to the state on the cotton crop is estimated at \$30,000,000. What Texas needs is northern enterprise and knowledge. The latter she is fast acquiring, and certainly the former will come if only apprised of the opportunities. Why should Texas pay exorbitant prices for corn-fed beef shipped in refrigerator cars from Kansas City and St. Louis? Why should she ship her cattle alive to St. Louis, losing 100 pounds on each head and 1 cent in the price, when she can slaughter them at home and ship two car loads in one? Why should Texas be dependent on the north for bacon and lard when hogs grow and fatten themselves here? Why should Texas be dependent on the north for flour when she should have a surplus of millions of bushels of wheat? These questions will soon be solved, and walley was evacuated by Butler and his | the men to take the step in advance will reap a rich reward.

The American Hip-Pocket.

fSt. Louis Globe-Democrat.1 The "hip-pocket" in American-made trousers gives a wrong impression abroad, although its use has become very general in this country. An Englishman, who was recently entertaining a company at a table d'hote with his knowledge of American customs and canners, declared that every American "man" carried a pistol, and that it was necessary, as life was so insecure there. An American lady said that he was telling her something new of a country where she had always lived. He replied that all American men had hip-pockets made in their trousers purposely to carry firearms. The lady protested; her husband, three sons and brothers always had hip-pockets made, but to her certain knowledge they never carried fire-arms in them. Nor did she know of any American who was a walking arsenal, and she thought further that life in America seemed just as secure as in Europe. "I am amazed," said he, "to hear your apparently sincere remarks, but I cannot agree with you. Several years ago, when I was on the Laramie plains in the states, traveling for pleasure, some road agents forced our party at the point of a pistol to hold up both hands. They then emptied our pockets." The lady assured him that very few of our leading men are engaged in the road agent industry, and that few of the others are loaded.

Another false idea is that of the socalled "American duel." I never heard of the misnamed "American duel" until I came to this country, and have been greatly ridiculed therefor. "Why, said a gentleman, "is it possible you are an American and have grown up in ignorance of such a famed practice? Instead of shooting at each other the principals draw lots-while alone together. Whoever gets the fatal number must take his own life within a year. Neither must tell of it, and the suicide leaves no explanation of his

The Lying Business Overdone.

[Prof. David Swing.] An agnostic is, therefore, the legitimate product of a mendacious age. He has been swindled until he distrusts his grandmother. Bore a hole in the ground with your cane and set your dog to digging there for game and he will dig tremendously in the first experiment; on a second he will dig a little but with less zeal and hope; but when about the third time you call his attention to a possible rat in the canemade hole, he will look at the hole and then at you, and then will lie down on the cool, green grass in philosophic peace. You have made your dog a skeptic. Thus our times have overdone the lying business, and there are a few millions of persons who do not repose any confidence in anything or body not well backed up by collaterals.

Ornamental Teeth. [Popular Science News.]

The teeth, we are told, rarely escape beautifying among the negroes of equatorial Africa; for they file the edges into notches, in some cases, until they resemble the serrations in a saw. The Africans, however, are excelled by the Malays in their artistic treatment of the teeth; for not only do they stain them black, but the latter file them into fantastic shapes. And in Borneo an elaborate process is adopted; the front surface of each tooth being drilled in the centre, and a round or star-shaped knob of brass inserted in the hole. These knobs are kept bright by the action of the lip, and are supposed to be highly attractive,

SHE WAS POSTED ON THE LAW. How a Little OldLady Gave a Brook-

lyn Butcher a Nervous Fit. [Brooklyn Eagle,] A little old woman forced her way through a crowd of waiting customers

in a Fulton street meat market vesterday afternoon and quietly called for a pound of lamb chops. The proprietor himself waited on her, and while he was entting the meat the old lady asked

"Is that meat tainted?" "Tainted, madam?" he interrogated angrily. "What do you mean?" "Never you mind," persisted the old lady, "is it tainted?"

"Madam," said the butcher laying down his knife and blushing clean back to his shoulder blades, "perhaps you don't want any meat? "Be careful now," said the woman

ested looks of the customers. "I know what I am talking about. Do you know what the new code is?" "I think I do," stammered the proprietor, as he mopped his forehead with his apron. "What of it?"

encouraged by the amused and inter-

"Do you know that it makes the selling of diseased or tainted meat a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or imprisonment, or both, on top of each ing to be a lawyer."

"Well--"Don't interrupt me. Now, how many people of you have had bad The served customers all shyly smelled of their package, but no one

spoke. "Don't be afraid," cried the old lady nconragingly, "I'll see you out. there's any unlawful meat sold here; I'd like to know it " like to know it."

tainted meat." "Very good," said the woman; "that's | unnecessarily. all I want to know. But don't you have me arrested, for I'll get out on a writ of lighted each other to their inn, in the hope

corpus habeas and make your life an African simoon." "Do you want your meat?" asked the proprietor.

"Of course I do, if it's within the law's requirements?" "Well, here it is," said the man, holding out the package, which he had eatly tied up.

"No, you can't fool me like that. Take off the string, and we'll have the witnesses examine this meat." The nervous fingers of the butcher intied the knot, the meat was spread

out, and at the request of the little woman a gray-haired man smelled of the package and pronounced it good. "Now, that's business," exclaimed the purchaser. "If this meat is all right, that lets the butcher off. Let this be a warning to you," shaking her finger at the proprietor, "and here's your

When the old lady had walked proudly out, the meat market man gave away a quarter of veal for a pound of steak, and finally went around the corner to quiet his nerves and take disappeared, the trade in it does not something to draw the blood from his perspiring and quivering face.

Suffering Monkeys.

[Youth's Companion.] A member of the staff of The Comanion, while traveling through a tropcal forest in Central America, thoughtlessly shot one of the monkeys which are numerous there, and had every occasion to be alarmed at the demonstrations which followed his act. The whole company made threats of vengeance against him, while one of them leliberately broke off the branch of a tree and made efforts to strike him

The sympathy which monkeys have for those of their kind who are injured is mentioned by many naturalists. Certain female monkeys kept by

Brehm, in north Africa, died from grief consequent on the death of their

An instance is also narrated in which a female monkey having been shot, the leader of the troop came to the door of the tent and mourned for the body, "af- | get to "immateriality" and "incompreter indulging in a series of threatening gestures. The body was given him, and thereafter he retreated, bearing it away, with every expression of sorrow,

The Gibbons are said to attend carefully to injured companions, but take no notice of dead friends. A monkey has also been known to extend a cord to another which had fallen overboard from a vessel.

There are many instances indeed which indicate both great reasoning power and great kindness on the part of these interesting little creatures. Bismarck and Lord Odo Russell.

[New York Graphic.] Lord Odo Russell, while calling upon Prince Bismarck, a short time ago,

asked him how he managed to rid himself of that class of unfortunate visitors whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to speak clearly and distinctly enough to their company. "Oh," replied the chancellor. "I have

a very simple method. My wife knows but the articulation being indistinct, them pretty well. and, when she sees the meaning is lost in the sound. they are with me, she generally conupon some pretext or other.'

when the princess put her head in at open their mouths to any extent, but the door, and said: medicine. You ought to have had it speaking or "telescoping" words makes ten minutes ago."

Wild Pigs in the New Hebrides. [Chicago Herald.]

A long letter from the New Hebrides says that this is a dry season, two tons of maize per hectare (two and a half acres), but the immense number of wild pigs makes cultivation impracticable without pigs-proof fences. By one shot at night thirty at least were put to flight, passing almost between the shooter's legs, who was so dazed that he made no second shot. The country is described as fabulously fertile, well watered and specially adapted for growing sugar cane.

It takes about eight tons of iron to make the wheels, axles, bolts, nuts, etc., of an ordinary freight car.

Every fifth Mormon is a polygamist. | tobacco a year.

How a Pig Made a President. [Boston Globe,1]

About this time in knots about the sunny corners and around depots and hotels, when political stories are in order, you will occasionally hear some old stager remark that "a pig once made Andrew Jackson president." was never my fortune to meet one who could remember how it came about, but in a copy of The American Traveler for December 19, 1828, being volume IV., No. 50, I find all the particulars, which I copy for the benefit of the Society for the Perpetuation of Old Stories.

It appears that away back in the early dawn of the nineteenth century, in the town of Craaston, R. I., Mr. Somebody's pig smelt a cabbage in a neighbor's garden-he rooted through the fence and demoralized said garden-the garden owner sued the pig's proprietor-James Burrill was the prosecuting attorney-the prosecuting attorney was a candidate for the United States senate—the senator was chosen by the state legislature-in that body there was a tie, occasioned by the absence of one of Burrill's party, who stayed away on account of the lawsuit aforesaidthe said tie was unravelled by the casting vote of the speaker in favor of Burrill's opponent Jeremiah B. Howell-Jeremiah votel for the war which James would not have done-the war was made other? Oh, I know, for my son is go- by a majority of one in the national senate—the var made Gen. Jackson popular-that popularity gave Jackson the presidency

The Landlord's Verdict.

[Cinfinnati Enquirer.] Actors are proverbially interested in the criticisims uttered upon their performances. An amusing story in regard to this is told of the elder Mathews, who upon one occasion played "Richmond" to a friend's "Richard III," and, "I'll have you arrested," said the ex- as they were both good fencers, they sperated butcher. "I don't sell any fought the fight at the end with uncommon vigor, and prolonged it somewhat

After the performance the two stars of liberal applause from the landlord, to whom they had presented a ticket. But, though thus handsomely treated, their host sat silent, and even when invited to join them in a glass and smoke, he maintained the same attitude of absolute quiet, till at length, finding that every circuitous approach to the subject was hopeless, Mathews attacked him with the direct question. "Pray," said he, "how did you like our acting?" This question so put was not to be evaded. The andlord looked perplexed, his eyes sought the ground. He at length slowly took his pipe from his mouth, drained his glass, went to the fireplace and deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe, then, looking at the expectants for a moment, he exclaimed, in a deep but hasty tone of voice, "Darned

good fight," and left the room. Webster's Spelling-Book.

[Magazine of American History.] Although the Webster Spelling-Book is not so common in the New England and middle states as it was thirty years ago, and in many places has entirely abate. As long ago as 1847 the claim on the cover was "one million copies same claim is made by its publishers to-day. But the great bulk of the edition now. I think, goes to the south and west. The aggregated sales from the The Origin of the Word "Mississippi." beginning of its publication down to date amount to the astonishing number of 75,000,000 million copies.

The hundredth birth-year of a school book still in successful life, is not an ordinary affair. But this year the friends of Webster's Spelling-Book can celebrate that anniversary. Few among those that are now happening are more worthy of honor.

But what pleasant memories remain with those who long ago studied Webster's Spelling-Book! The very pages us on indelible tablets. It was a great triumph when the young student got to "Baker," for it was the first step away from monosyllables. But it seemed like a long road to him before he would hensibility." How or when he was to do it seemed incomprehensible enough then. Those who, in beginning to read, discovered that "She fed the old hen." "Ann can hem my cap," "Fire will burn wood and coal," "A tiger will kill and eat a man," and other similar facts, little thought that in all after life nothing they might learn would ever seem so touching and significant.

Hints to Talkers. [Chicago Herald.]

If the ministry were better versed in the art of elecution they would undoubtedly make more converts. Writers on that art hold that the end of oratory is to persuade, and that in order to persuade one must be clearly understood. This refers to a clear enunciation of speech. There is perhaps not one minister in fifty, even in cities, where they have all advantages, who be understood by even their nearest auditors. They may speak loud enough.

Aside from the prevalent habit of trives to come in and calls me away "ranting," consequent upon emotion, a ing. great many ministers really do not seem He had scarcely finished speaking to understand that it is necessary to "chop off" their words in their great "Otto, you must come and take your haste to emit the next. This rapid articulation impossible, to say nothing of the "chopping off" process, which prevents the speaker from being undertood, no matter how slow he might speak. To be heard is not always to be understood, and there can be no persuasion or conviction unless the auditor understands what the minister is say-

Railroad Statistics. [Demorest's Monthly.]

According to the most recent statistics, by the close of this year the United States will have 115,000 miles of railway, which is 10,000 miles more than all Europe combined. Should we continue building at the present rate, in five years' time we will have more miles of railway than all the rest of the world put together.

The world consumes 2,000,000 tens of

PASSED INTO MERE MEMORY.

How the Philanthropical Schemes of a Merchant Prince Have Vanished into Air.

[New York Cor. Utica Observer.] Speaking of names that stand for something with the public, that of Alexander T. Stewart has almost passed into mere memory. Strangely enough, the controllers of his estate did not deem it worth while to keep on their signboards the one word. Stewart, which in the dictionary of popular estimation meant leadership and overshadowing success in the dry goods business. While a half dozen firms in retail trade have retained the original names, with slight modification or none at all, long after their founders were dead, and no successors in their families were left. the remains of the Stewart concern do not bear so much as an inscriptive reminder of the great merchant. Not only are strange names painted over the doors of the block square warehouse, but the color of the structure has just been changed from white olive, thus apparently reducing it greatly in size. so different is the effect of glaring white and a subdued color.

Nor is it believed that Stewart's name will be much more permanently retained in those projects of benevolence which he planned. His widow is infirm in person and purpose in her old age, and necessarily leaves to others the carrying out of those projects which her husband entrusted wholly to her. The Women's hotel, which he built in Fourth avenue at the cost of \$1,000,000, but died before seeing it opened as a home for working women, with prices barely covering the cost of maintenance-that was the intention-is now the Park Avenue hotel. "What would be your price for the board of myself, wife, 4-year-old child and nursemaid?" was asked of

the manager. "Eighty-five dollars a week, if you remain the whole season," was the re-

That shows how completely philanthropy has been excluded from the Stewart intended that the occupants should be worthy poor women at \$3 to \$5 a week. Now it is a high-priced hotel on a strictly commercial basis.

Attention has been drawn this week to the second and greater of Stewart's philanthropic projects. He bought 10,000 acres over on Long Island, whereon he founded Garden City, in which was to be gathered an industrial population. He built a hundred trial dwellings, laid out miles of streets, put in water mains, sewers and gas pipes, and then died; at which point the grand plan stopped short in its process of realization. It is true that the erection of a Protestant Episcopal cathedraf has been continued, though very sluggishly, and that the school, which was a feature of the scheme, has at last been opened; but nobody looks for much more. The needless delay of years is regarded as a precursor of failure, just as the trial of the hotel for women was made abortive. After the limination of charity from Garden City, a strictly business character will are annually sold," and precisely the be given to the enterprise. This is a make \$50 a day patting up lightningcept as a certainty.

[Magazine of American History] The Mississippi itself is a good instance of the variations through which these names have passed. Its original spelling, and the nearest approach to the Algonquin word, "the father of waters," is Meche Sebe, a spelling still commonly used by the Louisiana Creoles. Tonti suggested Miche Sepe, which is somewhat nearer to the present spelling. Father Laval still further modernized it into Michispi, which another father, Labatt, softened into in their precise form are pictured for Misisipi, the first specimen of the present spelling. The only changes since have been to overload the word with consonants. Marquette added the first and some other explorer the second "s," making it Mississipi, and soit remains in France to this day, with only one p." The man who added the other has never been discovered, but he must have been an American, for at the time of the purchase of Louisiana the name was generally spelt in the colony with a single "p."

No Brigands in Spain. [Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

What a spot for brigands! I thought of this and clasped my \$3 silver watch, after the example of Washington Irving, to my jealous bosom. But the fact is there are no brigands in Spain now. Twenty years ago the country was insecure, and abductions for ransoms were not infrequent. Now such crimes are anknown. Good highroads have been constructed. The guardas civilis, or policemen, consist of army veterans, picked men, noted for high moral traits and physical pre-eminence. No finer constabulary exists anywhere. These patrol the highway. Better security than all, Spain has railways-not in these parts particularly, but generally throughout the kingdom. Spain is not progressing rapidly, but it is progress-

Great Edifices Abroad,

[Demorest's Monthly.] In Paris the law forbids the erection of houses more than five stories high; hence there are none of the eight and ten story buildings in the French capital, which are so numerous in New York. In English cities these great edifices are forbidden on the ground that no land owner has a right to exclude his neighbor from the light and air.

Legal Sagacity. [Detroit Free Press.]

"My son," said a Chicago father, "I have just made my will, and left all my property to you, with Smith as ex-

The smart youth replied: "Then change it. Leave all the property to Smith, and make me the executor if you want me to enjoy any of it.

Arkansaw Traveler: A man's awkward shape ain't no argument agin his 'preciation ob de finer pints ob life. A ole black bear ain't putty, but he's powerful fon' ob honey.

AT COPENHAGEN.

A Description of Denmark's Charm-

ing Capital. [Cor. Boston Advertiser.]

The approach to Copennagen from the sea is picturesque. Situated on the sound, the water highway between the Baltic and the North sea, it is covered with hundreds of sail passing in and out the great thoroughfare, which at Elsinore is not more than two and a quarter miles in width. The entire shore between Copenhagen and Elsinore is made accessible for a fine road, along which villages and villas are located, run close by the sea, the distance being twenty-five or thirty miles. Upon this road is situated Charlottenbund, a royal palace and park, consisting of eighty acres, and the Jægersborg Dore Have, or deer park, of 4,200 acres, in the southern part of which, upon some 2,800 acres of magnificent beech forests, vast herds of stags, red deer and fallow deer may be seen grazing in its glades or lying down under the welcome shade.

Copenhagen, although darting from the twelfth century, wears, comparatively speaking, a modern aspect, owing somewhat to the extensive fires that have devastated it, for in 1728, houses were destroyed 1,640, in 1795, 950, and in 1807, 905 were laid in rains by the English bombardment. The city consists of two parts-Copenhagen proper, on the island of Scaland, and Christianshavn, on the island of Amager. The streets are exceedingly well paved, and are kept clean in a way to put Boston to shame. The people are cheerful, and appear to be occupied about their own affairs, although courteous to the wants

of a stranger. The cab service is excellent, and to an American the charges judiciously low, being for a course in the city about 18 cents for each person, and by the hour 42 cents. The cabs carry four passengers, and are obliged to carry a tariff-book in sight. Horse-cars traverse the city in every direction, sporvel, or stations, being established at convenient points, between which the fare, 10 ere, or about 21 cents, is paid, thus making the cost of riding short distances about half what is with us. Letter boxes about the city for the collection of letters have an excellent arrangement in the form of a dial, which the postman collecting sets to the hour when he next visits the box. The postage of letters, "without respect of size and weight, within the city itself and precincts," is about 1; cents.

The Scandinavians are fond of bathing, and the bath houses abound in every direction. There being little or no tide in the Baltic, permanent houses, with every convenience for private or public bathing are erected. Everywhere the police regulations seem to be perfect. The cost of living is reasonable. Excellent rooms, with light and attendance, can be had at the hotels for 85 cents and upward per diem, the "European plan" for board being unusunl

Lightning-Rod Profits.

"I have seen the time when I could prediction which you may as well ac- rods. Drive up to a house and talk with a man about rodding his barn, at so much a foot, and he would figure that it would cost, say, \$16, and he would sign an order. Before the ink was cold would have seven or eight men, with ladders, all over that barn. They would go over it like cats on a back fence, put points on every corner and conductors down every side. The farmer and his amily would look on in amazement, and be so pleased at the improved look of the old barn that they would not kick at the number of points. Then we would go off without collecting the bill, and in about a week our collector would come along with a bill for \$387.47, and the farmer's note all signed, and demand the pay. The farmer might faint away, but he had to pay it. Oh, of course, if he seemed hurt, we would throw off the odd cents, just to show a Christian spirit. But the condemned newspapers have kept talking about highway robbery under the disguise of lightningrod peddlers until it is as much as a man's life is worth to go through the country on a lightning-rod wagon. Actually, they chased me out of Dodge county two years ago with dogs. At least I thought they were after me, but I found out after I got out of the county alive that it was a pack of hounds belonging to Van Brunt, of Horicon, after a fox. But I want to say to you in confidence, that when I heard those hounds and saw the men on horseback no streak of greased lightning ever made better time than I did with that lightning-rod wagon."

Getting Out Vermont Marble. [Herbert Tuttle in Harper's Magazine.

The final rupture between a block and its ancient bed is an interesting process. Let us suppose the two cuts to be made, one nearly vertical, and the other, or horizontal one, at right angles to it, and both one or two feet deep. A series of wedges is then inserted into the openings, and a man with a heavy hammer goes along tapping them lightly one after another. As they are driven in, the men listen sharply for the effect, the crack gradually widens, the great mass of stone begins to heave and swell under the strain, the quick ear of the experts detect the critical moment, and a simultaneous blow on all the wedges throws the monster loose. Now and then, of course, a failure is made, and a block splits in two. But the judgment of the workmen is singularly correct, and the block is generally thrown out in its full integrity.

Ingersoll on Interviewing. [Inter Ocean.]

I tell you what you reporters ought to do. You ought to make out a regular list of questions and have them so that "the man you are to interview could write out his answers below the questions. When I was in New York, I'll tell you what a reporter for a Brooklyn paper did. He came to me and in one hour and a quarter took down in short hand what I had to say and made out not less than six columns of matter. I read a proof of it, and dix not make but one correction, I believe.