# What Came of It.

[Helen E. Starrett in Chicago Weekly Magazine.]

Mr. Smith migsed the train by just just one-half minute and he was in a furious temper over the matter. He lived in the suburbs and went into the cit; every day to his place of business. Not once in three months did such a thing happen as his being late for the train, but on this occasion he felt like declaring that half the time he had to rush himself clear out of breath to reach it or else miss it. He was in that exasperated state of mind where he wanted to blame somebody, abuse somebody; a state of mind which, in a condition of development a little nearer the savage, would impel to acts of cruelty towards any thing or any person on whom anger could be wreaked. Of course the person on whom he could most quickly and with the least impunity cast blame was his wife. It was all her fault. Why couldn't she manage household affairs so that he could get his breakfast earlier? He worked like a slave at his business ten hours a day, he gave her full control of the house and furnished money to run it: she had a servant and it was pure and utter shiftlessness in her that breakfast could not be ready in proper time. Thus soliloquized Mr. Smith, as with anger-flashing eves he saw the train disappear in the distance.

It was a full hour and a half till the next train; it was nearly half a mile back to Mr. Smith's house. He nervously paced back and forth for a few moments before the depot, debating in his mind whether he should wait there for the next train or go back home. As he mused his anger grew. He would go back home; he would give his wife such a "blowing-up" as she would remember for months. She should feel that it was no light matter to have breakfast five minutes late. He turned his face homeward and stamped heavily along with the air of a man determined to do a desperate deed; his face was flushed with anger and his eye gleamed fiercely.

But as he hastened along somehow or other his absorbed attention was di**r**erted by the song of a bird in the trees that lined his path. He looked up involuntarily. How brightly the sun was shining! The trees were putting forth their tenderest green; so was the grass. He noticed the fragrance of the apple and plum blossoms; he distinguished the peculiar strain of a bird he used to hear in boyhood. He had listened to that bird when he had walked in the meadows with the pretty, shy young maiden whom his heart was bent on winning for his wife. She was his wife now. She was the mother of three rosy, active children; they were his and hers. She was not so pretty as she once was. She was thin and careworn. The plump rosiness and merry smile were for the most part gone. But what a good, true wife she had been to him! And on this bright, sunshiny, beautiful moraing he had been meditating the sharp words he could say to her, and all for a trivial little loss of an hour from business. Mr. Smith's pace slackened ; his countenance relaxed, his heart melted. On such a morning he could not, would not mar the harmony and beauty of the sunshine and birds and the green things growing. No: if he could not speak kindly words he would hold his peace. As Mr. Smith neared his house he felt a certain shrinking from meeting his wife directly. He almost felt that he might betray on his countenance some of the harsh thoughts he had been thinking. So he went around the side of the house and entered a kitchen door. Bridget was standing with a perplexed and distressed air over the open stove in which smouldered a dark, dving fire. "What is the matter, Bridget?" "Faith, sur, and it's the stove that breaks me heart entirely. The grate is broken and the stove-pipe smokes, and whin I sthrive to make a quick fire, here's the way it serves me.' "Well, Bridget, I believe that's all my fault. Your mistress has asked me many times to bring a new grate from the city and also to have a man come and clean out the stove-pipe and chimney. I will put this down in my note book and bring the new grate this even-ing, and Pat McFlinn shall come this very day and fix the pipe." "Oh, thank you, sur," said Bridget. with a brightening countenance, "and could you have the cisthern fixed to ? The pump has been broken a long toime and it takes so much of me toime and keeps back the work so to be dhrawing water wid a rope."

### broken and the chimney bad that I wonder she can get breakfast at all." "I ought to get up in time to sea that you have your breakfast early,"

sobbed the poor little woman. "But Bridget is so cross this morning and I-I am so tired."

"And no wonder, darling, that you are tired, with the care of these big babies, wearing on you all the time. You have no business to have any care of the breakfast at all, and you shall not have after this. You need your good morning nap and you shall have Bridget is all right. I'm going to get that broken stove fixed and the cistern, and then if Bridget can't get the breakfast in time without you we'll find some other way to do. Come now, cheer up and I'll help you to dress these rogues. I have plenty of time before the next train.

How wonderful is the effect upon the physical nature of a spiritual impulse! How quickly can an uplifted and strengthened spirit energize and strengthen the body! Everything eemed instantly changed for the poor. lejected little Mrs. Smith. She laid her cheek against her husband's, then rested her head on his shoulder. How precious and dear was his love and strength. Her eyes brightened and her cheeks glowed. Her weariness and depression which had been utter misery gave way to a delightful feeling of repose and loving happiness. In the midst of the most prosaic surroundings her heart was full of the finest and most inspiring emotion.

"Dear, dear love, how good you are !" she said. "How you have changed the aspect of everything for me this morning. Had you reproached me as many husbands would have done, I would have sunk in deepest anguish. Your sympathy makes me strong-strong and happy

Releasing his wife with a tender kiss, Mr. Smith took the baby from the cradle and merrily drew its little stockings and shoes on its little plump, kickng, restless feet. Then he brushed out the other little fellow's curls and buttoned his shoes. Willie, the oldest, had slipped out of the house, and Mr. Smith went to look for him, and found that he had taken advantage of an insecure lock on the gate to run up the street. Bringing him back, Mr. Smith got the hatchet and in a few minutes had fixed the gate so that Master Willie couldn't open it. His wife smilingly opened the front door and seeing what he had done exclaimed. "Oh, I am so relieved to find that Willie cannot get out of the yard. It has been such a source of annovance that I could not keep him in."

And now it was time to start for the next train if he stopped to order the stove man and the pump man to do the promised work. So, gaily kissing his wife and children once more, Mr. Smith started for the depot. And as he walked along with a light and joyful heart he mused :

"How cheap a thing is happiness, after all, and yet how easy to turn it heroine say would suit the features beinto misery! If I had given way to my temper this morning I could have gratified a momentary impulse of unreasonable anger and left behind me saddened and discouraged hearts. If I had not learned of and remedied the discomfort and inconvenience caused by my own negligence, weeks and months of domestic chaos might have followed. Thank heaven for the influence of the song of bird and scent of flower, and thank heaven, too, for all the gentle influences and sweet affections that can make the most uneventful life a blessing. Dear, good wife! and dear little children! Thank God I have left them happy this morning if I did miss the train.

# Strange Sources of Inspiration -- How Surroundings Affect the Magnetic

[Courier-Journal.]

Mind.

BRAIN-WORKERS' ODD METHODS.

Some amusing features from the lives of celebrated men have been brought together by a German writer. Auber wrote on horseback; it was not possible for him to write in any other place than in Paris, however beautiful another residence might be, and however many other attractions it might offer. Adam composed the best when he lay with his clothes on in bed, and showed as great antipathy to all landscapial beauty as love to his cats. The same antipathy to times we have to fix a screen to throw all natural beauty is charged to Donizetti, who always slept when he went on a journey, when he should have given his attention to the romantic scenery of Switzerland and Italy. Elmarosa could not write without having a lot of friends around him, with whom he kept up an active conversation about art matters.

Sacchmi's train of thought was interrupted when his cats did not play their antics upon his writing desk. Sarti could only become inspired in a room without furniture, and which was dimly lighted. Spontini could only compose in the dark, and Meyerbeer composed best during violent thunder storms, under the roof of his house. Salieri gained his inspiration while he walked quickly through the streets filled with a human throng, meantime eating a great quantity of confections. Haydn, in order to compose, sat in a soft armchair, with his gaze directed to heaven. Gluck, composed in the open air, best in the glaring sunshine. He liked champagne by his work, and gesticulated very violently, as if he were an actor on the boards. Handel wandered in the church-yard, and when he wished to become inspired, he sat himself down in one corner of it, which was shaded by weeping willows. Paesiello composed in bed, and did not leave it until he had finished a whole operatic scene or act. Mehul was a great worshiper of flowers, and often fell into silent reverie in observing them. He felt happiest in a quict garden.

Mozart gained his inspiration by reading Homer, Dante, Petrarch, Schil ler, Ossian and Victor Hugo. Schillar inspired his muse by the smell of rotten apples, which he kept constantly in his desk; besides this he liked to live amid surroundings corresponding to the subject upon which he worked When he wrote the last act to "Mary Stuart" he had his servants clothed in black; and so long as he worked on "Wallenstein" he neglected no review or other military speciacle, and at home his wife must sing battle pieces to him. Goethe loved to have plastic works of art before him as he wrote. It is known that in his creation of his Iphigenia, he had the image of an antique female before him, in order to see if that which he made his fore him. Jean Paul replenished his ideas while taking a walk, and drank a glass of beer now and then on the way. In writing he loved the strong smell of flowers. Herr von Kleist worked with great difficulty, and when he made poetry, it was as if he had a conflict with an invisible flend. Just the opposite was the case with Father Wieland. In making his poems he trilled a lively song, and sometimes would spring away from his work and cut a caper in the air. Kotzebue, in the composing of his dramas was also actor. He himself acted single scenes in his study. It is related that when Sand murdered him, his little son, as he saw him reel and then writhe upon the ground, cried to his mother, "See. mamma, father plays comedy again !" Burger, the immortal poet of Leonore, is said to have whistled street songs as he wrote his verse on paper. His conversation in such moments is said to member of the house of representatives have been obscene. Holderlin was often found crying when he composed poems. Similar things are said of the French romance writer Lafontaine. His and rifle shot, and he commanded a wife once found him before his writing battalion of mounted riflemen under desk swimming in tears. "Oh, it is too sad," he said. "It don't go at all," he sobbed: "I am still in the first volume." Matthison wrote his poems by moon- ways listened to with interest. He was light, while standing at the window, Lamartine wrote his best things in the resolute features, and a rather defiant morning, before breakfast, while sitting air. Espousing the cause of the bank, before the fire. A contemporary of Dumas wrote thus: "The writing desk of Alexander Dumas presents a picture of classical disorder. The study floor is covered with books and papers, behind which he is seated. formally barricaded. Also a quantity of dogs, cats, poultry, pigeons, and singing birds are to be seen around. and these he feeds, strokes, and keeps out of mischief while writing. In the background stand a number of printer's devils waiting for copy, and booksellers and such people, who have business with him. He writes very rapidly, and carries on, very often, a conversation at Crockett, a son of David, was elected to the same time. He is very negligent in his dress.'

# SCREENS AND POSES.

#### Devices which Photographers Use to Make Good-Looking Pictures. [New York Journal.]

"Now, then, sir," said the sitting arist of a photograph gallery, forcing the back of the reporter's head into the vise, "keep the head about so with the chin up; and just try and smile, will vou?' The reporter attempted to smile, but

didn't see why he should hold up his chin so high. "That is to prevent a deep shadow under the lower jaw. You see, our light comes through the roof. Some-

the light under the chin. We use side screens for people who like a white line all along the nose. Others are troubled with hollow cheeks, and we have to throw light from the screens into these cavities, and fatten them up, so to speak, with sunlight. Now keep quiet, and look at this corner. Wink, ot often, but naturally. Now smile. You are speaking of screens," continued

the artist, growing talkative, as the operation was over. "Well, the chief things I have to know are how to use those screens and how to pose customers. If a somewhat lean lady comes here for a picture I must fill her out; if she has wrinkles I must smooth them. Suppose I reflect a screen light across a lady's wrinkles; they will look almost like painted lines in the finished picture. But let me fill the creases with light, and they will become delicately accentuated tracings. And, of course, such an operation would take ten or fifteen years off her presumable age. A brilliant photographic artist in Sixth avenue

said to me the other night: 'Give me just the light I want and the proper screens, and I will make you a Venus de Milo out of an old hag, provided she has simply the structural proportions of that statue.' In principle he was right, though he might. not be able to hit the mark exactly in practice."

"So if we go to a real photographic artist," said the reporter, "we are more likely to get a pretty picture than a faithful likeness

"That doesn't follow. Our power of modifying a person's appearance must be used with judgment. And you must remember that to photograph people just as they are is precisely the way to make a poor likeness. When you meet persons you are acquainted with they talk and smile, express some emotion, or evince a certain amount of animation in their faces, which, unfortunately, they leave behind them at the photographer's door. That's why I always advise people to take a friend with them when they go to a gallery. And that's why I've often taken a better picture of a mother while she was holding a child in position for a photograph than when she was sitting for her own picture only. When caring for the hild she appears just as her friends see her. You know that we seldom see faces as they really are; we only see an appearance. Get an absolutely exact wa of a lady who is sitting alone. ngaged in doing something which does ington. When the ways and means ot interest her, and compare it with her appearance in general. In the first instance, the eyes are more sunken, the corners of the lips lowered, the mouth more compressed, the cheeks hang slightly, the jaw has dropped a little. the eyebrows are straighter and their lines are less varied. All these changes may, to a non-professional observer, appear unimportant; but their com bined influence in making up a picture would be very marked. Now, while it is true that our screens and poses and the animated conversation we sometimes start up with a customer do not restore his habitual appearance, they fairly staggered under a terrific slap go far to compensate for the loss of it."

DANGER ON THE STAGE.

#### The "Dull Thud" Which Killed Johnny Gallagher, of the Lorellas. [New York Cor. Utica Observer.]

Danger is always a popular element of the show business. The trapeze has been rendered nearly valueless in this city by the enforcement of the law for a netting underneath it. New forms of the peril have therefore been devised to meet the demand. On the same stage with the sword swallower was an athlete who evaded the statute and imperiled his neck by backward somersaults from tables, which were placed one on another until a height of twenty-five feet was reached. From that unsubstantial platform he bent back and dropped, striking with his hands hard on the protruding top of the lower table, and thereby completing a turn of the body and finally striking on his feet. The performance was utterly devoid of grace, difficulty or any other attractiveness except the possibility that the man would be killed. I found, however, that he was far from reckless.

"If I should miss the bottom table with my hands," said he, "my head would strike when my feet ought to, and it would be all up with me.'

"Do you expect to miss it?" "Well, I wouldn't be surprised to any time, but of course I don't mean to. And I can't help feeling a little shaky since Johnny Gallagher died. Do you remember the Lorellas? Well, Johnny was the little one."

I did recall the Lorellas, for I had seen their performance only a few weeks before. Probably you have seen them -the two long, slim fellows, dressed in black tights, with their high kicking and grotesque contortions, and the smaller third, in the guise of a girl, whom they threw about, doubled up, and in various other ways surprisingly treated. Do you recollect how, in the midst of their preliminary dance, when the boy was so cleverly imitating the coyness and gentility of a maiden, they lifted him high by the arms and let him drop with a tremendous chug in a sitting posture? His expression of mingled amazement, reentment and physical inconvenience was very funny. Nothing in the wide world is more laughable than a woman taking a seat on a chair that unexpectedly isn't there. This was a successful dramatization of that realistic idea. It made audiences laugh so immoderately for years that the Lorellas never omitted it, and Johnny Gallagher was prosperous with his dull thud until it finally killed him! Imagine yourself dropped four feet to a bare floor, square and hard, and you will understand the conussion that your spine would sustain. There's brain at the top of every backbone, even that of a grotesque dancer, and there came a drop for young Gallagher which proved fatal. He was taken suddenly ill with paralysis of the brain, after performing in "The Devil's Auction," in Philadelphia, the other day, and died within a few hours.

#### Keeping a Secret. (The Manhattan.)

crets are often valuable in Wash

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

[From the Chinese.] Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull; Where jails are empty, and where barns are

outworn. Law court yards weedy, silent and forlorn; Where doctors foot it, and where farmers

Where these signs are, they clearly indicate A happy people and well-governed state.

# [Cor. Pall Mail Gazette.]

A week ago, being in Portsmouth, I was desirous of seeing the birthplace of Charles Dickens, and was surprised to find uncertainty prevailing on the subject. It was known to be one of the houses in Mile-end terrace, which is on the left side of the Commercial road, Landport, Portsea, and about one mile from Portsmouth town railway station. Proceeding thither, I found four small old houses, with gardens in front and green railings and trees. I had been directed to the first house of the four (now No. 387), and I afterwards learned from some of the old inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood that the last house (No. 393) was considered to be the right one.

With reference to the birthplace, Foster, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," volume 1, page 2, says: "He has often told me that he remembered the small front garden to the house at Portsea, from which he was taken away when 2 years old, and where, watched by a nurse through a low kitchen window almost level with the garden walk, he trotted about with something to eat, and his little elder sister with him. He was carried from the garden one day to see the soldiers exercise." I venture to suggest the desirability of clearing up the doubt (if any really exists), and that the true house, when ascertained, should have a small tablet placed upon it. To do this would. I think, be a creditable action on the part of the citizens of Portsmouth, and it would also be a great boon to all casual visitors who, like myself, take a profound interest in even the slightest reminiscence of Charles Dickens.

# A New Sewerage System.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.] The model town of Pullman, IIL, only a few miles distant from Chicago, is trying certain experiments in its sewerage system, which are of interest to the whole country. The town is so situated as to be very difficult to properly drain, far more difficult than even New Orleans. It lies on a broad level prairie, without rise or fall, without any natural drainage, and free from rivers or creeks that might carry off its sewerage. How to drain such a town was indeed a difficult matter, but as it was to be a model town, a good drainage system was absolutely neces-BATY

It was finally decided to try a system which has been experimented with at Paris. Sewers were constructed emptying in a sunken tank, from which the sewage was pumped to a twenty-inch main to a farm, three miles south, fitted up especially for that purpose. The cost of constructing these drains and sewers was \$80,000. On the other hand, the sewage was used on the farm, and regularly easily disposed of in an inoffensive manner. The result of the first year's management of this sewage farm was a net profit of \$4,500. A better showing is expected for next year, and the managers declare that they will be able, not only to get rid of the sewage without any cost, but this investment in sewers-that is the amount expended by the town in the construction of these drains-was paying from 8 to 10 per cent. interest.

Where church paths are with frequent feet

ride:

The Birthplace of Dickens.

Again Mr. Smith's conscience smote him. How often had his wife asked him to have the cistern fixed.

"Yes, Bridget, I will have the cistern fixed also this very day."

"Well, sur, thin I think I'll stay. was just tellin' the misthress that I wouldn't work any longer with such inconveniences, but if the stove and cisthern are fixed a poor girl can get along.

Mr. Smith made another memorandum in his note book and passed on through the dining-room towards his wife's room. He noticed that her plate indicated an untasted breakfast, Softly he opened the door of their room. His wife started up hastily with an expression of alarmed inquiry. Her eyes were wet with tears. The baby, still in his night-clothes. was fretting in the cradle, while a little 2-year-old, partly dressed, tugged at her skirts.

"And so you missed the trainbreakfast was late, well, I can't help it-Bridget is going to leave, too," and girl. the poor little woman covered her face with her hands and burst into sobs and tears. She fully expected angry complaints from her husband, and in some vague way she felt that she was to blame. She could not compass everything, and the babies were so troublesome. Oh, did every young mother have as hard a time as she did?

"Why, darling, what's the matter?" much trouble with the stove being | safety.

### A Chinese Soldier's Rations. [Cor. London Telegraph.]

On the banks were several battalions of infantry, encamped in good tents, all laid out in first-class order, properly pitched and nicely intrenched. The whole arrangement was on the European system. I went ashore among tents and saw the evening the meel being served out. The rations consisted of rice, pork, fat, vegetables, and fish. Each man got a huge bowl of the mixture. All the men sat down around the bowl, each with a little basin in his hand and his chop-stick s ready for action. There was no ceremony. Every soldier filled his cup and then began to fill his mouth. In a few minutes nothing was to be seen but chins and chop-sticks moving simultaneously. A dead silence had fallen on the camp, and till the attack on the rations was over not a Chinaman spoke. Then there was a movement toward the camp-fires for hot water to be poured over the tea leaves, of which each man seemed to have a supply, and after this camp merriment and talk, for the serious business of the day is over. I found the soldiers had had one meal like that in the early part of the day, and that the two rations were all they got, but they were quite contented and happy, and looked in very good condition. I learned that one secret of their happiness was the abundance of pork fat served out. At Hangchowit appears that the authorities were more than usually free with this felicitous accom-

# paniment of a Chinese soldier's dinner. Only the Hired Girl.

[Lowell Courier.]

A little 3-year-old was out in the garden, when she stepped on a beetle and killed it. The gardener, in a sympathetic tone, said to her: "Perhaps that was a mother beetle gathering food for her children at home, and they may suffer with hunger;" when Ida replied with apparent honesty, "I guess, Uncle Frank, it was not the mother I killed, but was only the hired

### Bound to Stick.

#### [Louisville Commercial.]

I remember how the jockeys used to ride in the olden days. They had no saddles, and each man who mounted a horse was required to wear home-made linen pants. A vial of honey was poured on the back of the horse, and said Mr. Smith, putting his arm around the honey coming in contact with the his wife. "Come, I think it is mostly raw linen, formed an adhesion suffimy own fault. I have come through ciently strong to keep the rider in his the kitchen and I find Bridget has so position and enable him to ride with

#### The Children Named the Town. [Chicago Times.]

A pioneer who once owned the land on which the town of Mioe stands, tells how the place received its peculiar name. "I had a wife once," says the pioneer, "and I loved for dearly. Her name was Maria; but the children, not being able to pronounce it, called her 10 cents!" yelled a seedy-looking en-Mio,' and finally the neighbors got to velope peddler in Grand street. "Here calling her 'Mio.' When the county y'are, this way; two packages for 5 seat was located, and I called it Mioafter my dear wife, who had died-the dler, almost crowding his fellow-mersurveyor thought that a final 'e' would chant off the sidewalk. Women out make the name look better; and so the shopping noted the difference in price. name is spelled 'Mioe.' "

#### Who Was Shylock?

[Glasgow Chiel.]

(Dramatis Persona - Paterfamilias with the other, remarking, with a and his "Only Hope," aged 12. The chuckle: "It works boss, pard, don't it?"

latter is busy at his lessons.) Only Hope (suddenly looking up

from his books)-"'Pa, who was Shylock ?" Paterfamilias (with a look of surprise and horror)-"Great goodness, boy, you attend church and Sunday school the manner of the injury and recorded every week and don't know who Shy- it on the town books, so that the loss

sir !"

### Davy Crockett. [Ben: Perley Poore.]

Davy Crockett was, in his day, the most asked for by strangers. Reared in the log cabin of a Revolutionary soldier, he became noted as a bear-hunter stances of temptation. Gen. Jackson, in the Creek campaign. He finally was elected to congress from Tennessee, and his speeches were al-

he gave offense to many of his constituents who were friends of Gen. Jackson, and published a book written for him at Washington, on the title page of which was his motto:

Remember this when I am dead. Be sure you are right then go ahead.

The book and his frank speeches returned him to the favor of his constituents, but when the American settlers in Texas made an appeal for help, he went there in command of a company of Tennessee riflemen, and was killed while gallantly fighting at San Antoine de Bexar, in March, 1836. John W. congress soon after his father's death, and served for two terms, after which he was elected by the legislature attorney for the Ninth district of Tennessee. Removing to New Orleans, he was for a time associate editor of The National, and he went from there to Memphis, where he died in November, 1852.

## Healthy Business Rivalry.

[New York Sun.] "Here y'are, now; two packages for cents!" howled another envelope pedand soon bought out the two-for-fivecent man. Then both peddlers drifted around the corner, and the one who had sold no envelopes divided his stock

### Careful of His Character.

[Chicago Herald.] The Worcester, Mass., town records show that, in 1779, a 6-year-old boy had his car bitten off by a horse, and the selectmen drew up a certificate showing lock was? Go and read your bible, should not be prejudicial to the boy when he grew up.

committee decided to increase the tax on whisky to \$2 a gallon a number of fortunes are said to have been made within a small circle of men. In the dark days of '64 a treasury clerk kept for twenty-four hours a secret known only to President Lincoln and Secretary Chase besides himself. When it became officially known it sent gold flying up, and the country was in dismay. It was a secret, too, that could have been passed on without harming the Union cause. It was simply a question of keeping faith till the time came. An hour after the news broke the clerk on his shoulder. He heard and saw a banker whom he knew well. "You miserable fool!" cried the banker. "I'd have given you \$100,000 to have known this twenty-four hours ago. And the banker could have well afforded to do it. But the clerk had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done his duty, as many another government officers has done under circum-

#### Cured His Hump. [Detroit Free Press.]

A day or two ago, as the passengers were leaving one of the ferry-boats, a gentleman who stood beside a customs fficer remarked :

"When I see a poor fellow like that I am consoled for not being rich." "Who?"

"Why that man with a hump on his back. I had rather be poor all my days than be deformed and have millions of money.

"I can cure him in about five minutes -come and see," replied the officer, as he walked toward the unfortunate and invited him to pass up stairs. There was a kick, but he had to go, and three or four minutes' time sufficed to remove his deformity, which consisted of twenty-two yards of flannel and six pair of socks.

"Purty smart !" growled the smuggler, as he was allowed to go.

"Not so very," was the reply; "a man who carries a hump on his back should carry a stiff neck. You didn't."

> Wholesale Cremation. [Chicago Herald.]

When the Belgian chemist M. Creteur was charged with the purification of the battlefield of Sedan, he was compelled to resort to cremation in order to dis-pose of the heaps of half-covered bodies. Not one case of illness occurred among his 250 workmen, though they were at work under a blazing sun. After the battle of Worth and Gravelotte and the two sieges of Paris the bodies of the slain were cremated, and none of the usual contagious disorders occurred. In Russia, after the retreat of the grand army, corpses were burned wholesale, and later, before Paris, 4,000 were cremated with a similar avoidance of bad effect. It is said if a similar method had been adopted in Egypt the cholera would not have broken out at Damietta.

### At the Spike.

A sign board erected opposite where the last spike was driven on the Northern Pacific railroad bears the following; "Lake Superior, 1,193 miles; Puget Sound, 748 miles,

Arizona's Petrified Forest. [Cor. New York Tribune.]

Holbrook appears likely to be the largest cattle point on the line. It is of some note also as being the nearest town to the petrified forest, which is twenty miles to the north. To reach the forest it is necessary to secure wagon and driver, a camping outfit, and hammers and drills. The drive is long, hot, and tiresome, across a country for the most part sandy, rocky and barren. The forest at first sight shows only masses of gray and brown rock half imbedded in sand. A closer view shows that the rocks are the trunks of fallen trees lying about on the desert in strange confusion. Not much to see, you will say, but the hammers and drills soon put a different aspect on the case. Hidden within these stony coats are clusters of crystals, . some white and sparkling like diamonds, others green as emeralds, and others of a rich purple. Some are grouped in the hollows of geodes. You cleave a mass of dirty gray stone asunder, and the light is reflected in a hundred prismatic hues. Elsewhere the hexagonal crystals are ranged in solid ranks running with the grain. Of daintily marked flints and agates there is an abundance, and of garnets as well, which are singularly large and perfect, and commend themselves to the discriminating mineralogist. California offers to the botanists a field unexcelled in variety of flora, but for the geologist I suppose no section of the country presents richer material than Arizona.

### Very Inspiring. [Chicago News.]

Lord Coloridge has been visiting Mount Vernon and was much charmed with the historic spot. "Its beauty," says he, "has not the stupendous grandeur of Niagara, nor the awful sublimity of Chicago's mayor, but with all its hallowed memories and smell of dead leaves and rusty iron, I found it very inspiring."

#### Disaster. [Exchange.]

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of mottled soap the girl had left on the topmost stair, and his feet flew out like wild fierce wings, and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum, and the girl below with the scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.

From statistics compiled in Prussia it is learned that twins occur once in 83 births, triplets once in 7,910, and quadruplets once in 371,126.