FOR SOMEBODY'S SAKE.

As over life's mountains and vales
Our pilgrimage journey we take,
We add to our trouble and care,
And heavy burdens we bear
For somebody's sake.

Though deeply we're wounded by grief,
Though the heart may continue to ache,
Our sorrows we keep out of sight,
And our faces are smiling and bright
For somebody's sake.

We labor and toil all the day,
And many a sacrifice make,
And at night may be weary and worn
With the trials we've cheerfully borne
For somebody's sake.

Though humble our dwelling may be,
Though simple the food we partake,
Our happiness may be assured,
And poverty's ills be endured
For somebody's sake.

What wonderful tasks we achieve!
What wonderful deeds undertake!
And how sweet is the victory won,
When all we've accomplished was done
For somebody's sake!

The struggle that's only for self
No joy among angels may wake,
But the brightest of crowns will be given
Those who have suffered and striven
For somebody's sake.

AN OLD LAWYER'S STORY.

I am an very old man now. So old that I work no longer as I used at my profession. The time of rest has come. It is a happy time. I am not poor. I have all life's luxuries. Best of all, I have a wife who loves me still, and whom I love as well as when I wooed her—nay, better, if that can be, and my children are beautiful and prosperous. What can a man wish more?

I read my favorite authors. I smoke my cigars. I take a glass of wine of an evening. Sometimes we go to a play. Every Sunday morning to church. It is all holiday-time for us. It will not last long. We are both old, but we are happy.

There is no romance about a lawyer's profession. People are disposed to sneer at it, and speak of its followers as tricky sort of folks, more anxious for their own gain than that of their neighbors. If this is so, we do not stand alone; but I will say for my brotherhood, that they have hearts as well as other men, and that it is not always merely for what we can make by it that we undertake a cause.

Odd things fall into our way very often. I have had no need to read romances. The real stories that have fallen beneath my notice are quite as interesting, and far more singular, than any tales of the imagination could possibly be. I tell them to my children sometimes of winter evenings.

Perhaps it is only to flatter the old man that they assume an interest in them, nevertheless I will tell one of the tales to you—one which I have always had cause to remember.

A great many years ago, while I was comparatively a young man, and still unmarried. I resided in a certain city of Pennsylvania, and enjoyed the reputation of being the cleverest lawyer ever known there. It is not for me to say the praise was merited, but I certainly found myself able to discover loopholes of escape for those whom I defended, which surprised even my fellow lawyers. I possessed by nature those qualities which would have made me an excellent detective, and I was a thorough student of the law. There was no mystery about it, but among the more ignorant classes I had gained a reputation for more than human knowledge. Perhaps it was not polite for them to say that the devil helped me, but they did.

However, I began to tell you about Madame Matteau.

She was an old lady, who owned a little house in the suburbs of the city. She herself was of American birth, but her husband had been a Frenchman, and so the title Madame had been bestowed upon her. She was now a widow and her daughter Gabrielle, and a son named Henri, were her only living relatives. Her income was but slender, and she eked it out by taking a few boarders, generally steady old people, who had known her for many years. These respected and liked her, but the city generally had a prejudice against her. There had been two sudden deaths in her house. Each time the victim was a stranger who came at night, and was found dead in his bed in the morning. Each time the jury was divided—some believing that strangulation had been the cause of death, some that the man had died in a fit.

It was a terrible thing that two such deaths should have occurred beneath her roof. Madame's friends pitied her. The rest of the little world hinted that these were strangers, and that their trunks, with no one knew what amount of money and other valuable property, remained in Madame's possession. No one said she was a murderess, but every one said it was "very strange," in an odd tone, and no one since that second death had visited Madame Matteau.

I myself—perhaps because I admired her a great deal, and her daughter much more—had always insisted that it was merely a coincidence, and that in a world where apoplexy and heart disease were so common, it was no such marvel that two men should have met sudden deaths in the same house. But my faith in this theory was shaken when one morning it was published over the city that another transient boarder had been found dead in Madame Matteau's house, and that she was arrested on suspicion of having murdered him, his watch and chain having been found in her possession.

Before I had recovered from the shock of this terrible piece of news, a message came to me from Madame Matteau. She desired to see me. Of course I went to her at once.

She had been taken to prison; and I found her in a little grim room with a barrel window, and an insufficient fire upon the hearth. The logs had burnt in two upon the andirons, and the white ashes were scattered over the hearth. Almost in them sat Madame Matteau, in her widow's dress of sombre black.

She was chilly with grief and excitement, and had drawn her chair close to the fire.

She shook violently from head to foot and her face was deadly pale as she turned it toward me and held out her hand.

"Oh, thank Heaven, you have come!" she said. "I know you can save me. Is it not horrible? How could I kill a man? Why should I? Why do people come to my house to die? To die horribly, with black faces and starting eyes, as if some one had choked them? Ugh! and he was a pretty young man the night before. Oh, good Heaven, how horrible?

I sat down beside her. I took her hand.

"Madame Matteau," I said, "be calm; collect yourself. As your lawyer, I must know all. Tell me from first to last what happened—what was said, what was done. If you——"

I paused; her black eyes had flashed upon me! I could not ask her whether she had any confession to make. I saw she had not. Unless she was the best actress who ever lived, Madame Matteau was innocent of any crime.

"If you have any suspicions," I added "tell them all to me."

"There is no one to suspect," sobbed the poor woman

"In the house were Gabrielle, my daughter, whom you have seen, old Hannah, the cook, Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp friends of my poor dear husband in his boyhood—the best, the kindest people—Mr. Gray, a very old man, too feeble to leave the house, poor deformed Miss Norman, and the librarian, Mr. Bassford. None of these could or would murder a mouse. See how kind they are; they remain in my house, they send me word that they have no doubt of me. Oh how can anybody?"

"And this man who—" I began.

"Yes," said Madame Matteau, "I will tell you; he was fair, young, handsomely dressed; he asked Mr. Bassford at the depot if he knew of any one who could accommodate him. Mr. Bassford brought him home. My only empty room was the one in which those other two strangers died. I could not bear to put him there; but Mr. Bassford laughed at me.—We had supper afterward. He talked a long while to Gabrielle. It was late when he retired—late for our quiet household. Hannah had made his fire. She came and told us that she had done so. He said good-night.

After he had gone, we found that he had left his watch on the table. He wore it only with a bunch of seals, and he had been setting it by the clock, and showing it to us as something very handsome. I knocked at his door to restore it to him. He had not left us but fifteen minutes before, but he must have been asleep already, for he made no answer. So I kept it for the night, and wore it down to breakfast next morning. As I came down I met a gentleman in the hall. He inquired for Mr. Glenn. That was the new comer's name. I sent Hannah to wake him. She could not do so and grew alarmed. She had a key that would open the door, and used it. The next thing I knew we were all in the room, and the windows were wide open, and the doctor had been sent for and the young man who had called was screaming that his brother had been choked to death; and then there was the inquest, and they arrested me. The brother said the first thing he noticed was that I wore Mr. Glenn's watch and seals. I had forgotten it in my terror."

"So Hannah had a key to the room?" I said.

"Yes; at least it was a key that would open it. It was the key of Mr. Bassfords's door. She knocked the other out with a stick and put that in."

"The people who were there on that night were your boarders when the other two men were found dead?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!"

"And Hannah was there also?"

"All my married life Hannah has lived with me."

"Your daughter oversees the household in your absence?"

"Yes, poor child, with Hannah's help."

I thought a little while.

"Madame," I said, "there is some strange mystery in this affair. I do not despair of proving to all the world your entire innocence. Meanwhile, be as calm as possible, and endeavor to remember everything connected with the sudden deaths that have occurred in your house. The incident that seems the most unimportant may really be of the most immense value.

So I left her and went home. Strangely enough, on the way I met the doctor who had been called in. He was a dull, heavy sort of person, considerably given to beer-drinking, and my opinion of his ability was not very great. However, I questioned him on the subject, and he replied:

"Well, you see, I don't say the old woman murdered him. If she did, I should say it was by sitting on him, or smothering him with the bolsters. I suppose the cause of his death was asphyxia. Why, too little breath to keep on living. He died because he was short of breath. So we all do. I wash my hands of the matter. Only there's the watch that looks dark."

I had learned nothing from the doctor. The coroner lived near me. His jury had been twelve of the most ignorant men in town.

This is all he told me:

"He was smothered, the man was; so were the other two. Men don't smother themselves. We made it inscrutible Providence t'other time. We made it murder this. That there watch, you know."

Thus, without any new light, I went home and formed my plans. There was but one way in which to penetrate the mystery. I must enter the house; I must see the people there; I must penetrate to the room in which these men had died suddenly, and I must not be in my real character. That Madame Matteau was innocent, I fully believed; but that some one beneath her roof was guilty I made no doubt. It might be Hannah. It might be the librarian, Mr. Bassford whose key fitted the dead man's door. It was impossible—but no, I would not harbor a mad superstition. There could be no supernatural power beneath which human beings drooped and died. Death as it came to us all was mystery enough. What had been said to me by a woman, who would have been a spiritualist had she lived to-day, was a mere absurdity.

"I believe there is some horrible unseen thing in the room," she had said "some awful, shapeless spirit, that when it is locked in with its victim, murders him. Let others believe what they will, I believe that."

The words haunted me, but I laughed at them of course. Whatever it was I would try to know. I had a plan.

At dusk that day I went into my bedroom myself. I came out a changed man. I wore a white wig, a pair of green goggles, and an overcoat the tails of which reached my heels, I had a muffler about my throat, and a little hunch on one of my shoulders. I carried a thick cane and stooped a great deal as I walked. In my hand I carried a carpet bag, and in my bosom a pair of pistols, well loaded.

As I passed out into the street the early moon was just rising; she lit me on my way to the door of Madame Matteau's house.

It was opened for me by old Hannah. Her eyes were red and swollen. Then I told her that I was a stranger and had received Madame Matteau's address from a gentleman in New York, and desired to stay under her roof all night. She shook her head.

"I don't think you can," she said. "The lady is away from home. Besides, we are in trouble here. I don't think Miss Gabrielle would—"

But here Miss Gabrielle herself appeared.

"I am an old man, Miss," I said," "and as you see, quite infirm. I dread another step. I should take it as a kindness if you would accommodate me, and I will pay any price you ask."

Miss Gabrielle looked at Hannah.

"We have only one room," she said, "and that—"

I ended the question of my stay by begging to be taken to it.

"You will have supper, sir?" asked the girl.

But I declared, that I had eaten and only wanted rest.

Her reply was:

"Hannah show the gentleman to the blue room, and make a fire."

I was in the blue room, the scene of the three sudden deaths or murders. It was a small apartment, painted blue. It had also a blue window curtains, and a blue silk coverlet on the bed, a neat striped carpet, a set of old mahogany furniture, and a very handsome ewer and a basin of costly china. It was at the time almost a universal custom to burn wood. In this room, however was a small coal stove. I alluded to this as Hannah came in with the scuttle.

"Yes, sir," she said, Missus does burn coals. Her son is a clerk, or the like, at them new mines in Mauch Chunk, and he sends it cheap to her; but it's a dirty, nasty smelling thing and I hate it. Now it's built and lit 'twill warm up in fifteen minutes. It takes longer than wood."

She went out of the door and came back in a minute with a little tray on which stood a pot and cup and saucer, also a little bowl and a tiny pitcher, and something in a napkin.

"Miss sent a bite and a nip," said she. "Tea rests us old folks mightily. Good night.

"Good night," I said. "I expect I shall sleep soon; I must be up early, though, for I have bills to pay. I have some hundreds of dollars with me to pay out to-morrow, and it's in this bag."

She looked at me in a queer sort of a way, and lingered beside me. At last she spoke: "Look ye, sir," she said, "I think that old folks of your age do wrong to lock doors on themselves. You might be ill at night, and who'd get into you? Leave your door unlocked."

The moment she was gone I turned the key.

Was it this woman's practice to beg travelers who stopped with her mistress not to lock the doors? Was there some baneful portion in the cup she had given me?

It was an innocent looking cup enough—an old-fashioned affair covered with little gilt sprigs. The tea was fragrant hyson; but the suspicion that had crept into my mind tainted it. I fancied a strange color, a curious smell. I put it from me and would not have tasted it for a kingdom.

I had not intended to sleep, and I did not undress myself. I merely removed my disguise, and sat down beside the table, with my pistols beside me. That some attempt might be shortly made to murder me I felt to be possible. I thought of all the old tales that I had heard of trap doors, and sliding panels, and secret entrances to travelers' rooms. I was not a coward, but I felt strangely nervous; and singularly enough for a man of my perfect health, my hands were growing cold, and my feet were lumps of ice, while my head was burning hot.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and the fire was kindled, but the room was not warm. The blue flames struggled among the black coals, and flung forked tongues tipped with yellow into the room. There was nothing cheerful about the stove, though it was of that open style now called Franklin. Yet, I drew a chair toward it from habit, and sat with my feet upon the hearth. I do not know how long I sat there.

Suddenly I became aware that I was not myself, I was losing my senses. If unseen hands had been clasped about my neck, and an unseen knee had been pressed against my chest, my sensations could have been no different.

A thought of the evil spirit which my friend had suggested, faintly struggled into my mind. As I staggered to my feet, a noise like the roaring of the sea was in my ears. The flame of the candle turned to a great yellow blur. I barely retained strength enough to stagger to the window and fling it open. The fresh, cold winter air rushed in at it. It gave me intense pain but it revived me. In a moment more I was able to clamber out of it upon the shed below.

There I remained until the day-dawn. With my returning senses the truth came to me. That which had murdered three men who had slept before me in the blue chamber, was nothing more or less than the coal stove.

It was provided with what is called a damper, and this being caught in a manner which closed it, sent the poisonous gas into the room. It had been kindled as a wood fire would have been at the hour of retiring, by one quite ignorant of the danger possible from coal gas and they had slept never to awaken. Had I thrown myself upon the bed, I also should have been found dead at daylight, in all human probability.

As for the fact that neither doctor nor coroner discovered the truth, I have but to say that they were not deeply scientific men—that coal stoves were scarcely used in the place, and that it had not been mentioned that the blue chamber was thus heated.

Of course I rejoiced the household by my discovery the next morning, and equally, of course, Madame Matteau was not only freed from all suspicion, but became the object of universal sympathy. She was always grateful to me, and she proved her gratitude by giving me what I soon asked for, the hand of her daughter Gabrielle in marriage.

The Slandered Climber.

We have frequently heard it maintained that it is injurious and unwise to permit ivy to cover the walls of dwelling-houses, as it must necessarily occasion an internal damp prejudicial to health and comfort by arresting the rain and conducting it into the crevices of the walls, detaining it there until it oozes through and occasions such dampness as it must be desirable to prevent even at the expense of sacrificing such an ornamental covering as a luxuriant and evergreen or variegated ivy. Now, experience and reason testify to the very opposite of this, and they are found boldly asserting that no covering whatever is better calculated or more powerfully and uniformly tends to effect the desirable object of keeping the walls of a house dry, both internally and externally, than a general coat of ivy on the outside. Let anyone examine any ivy-colored wall, and they will discover the leaves hanging down, one over another, from the highest point to which the plant attains to the ground, forming an ornamental shield that casts off the rain and prevents its beating against the walls, conveying it from leaf to leaf downward, preventing its ever coming in contact with or moistening the walls; while the clinging nature of the plant, intended for the purpose of adhesion, thrusts its shoots into the crevices as roots and claspers, according as it ascends, and acts as so many sucking engines, extracting and drawing away for the nourishment of its own luxuriance whatever moisture the walls may be supposed to attract or imbibe from the atmosphere. No walls are dryer or so dry, as those to which ivy forms a permament external covering. Inside the shoots and next the wall will be found, in addition, a coating of dry dust and cobwebs, keeping the walls perfectly dry in the wettest of weather, and that, too, on aspects mostly exposed to the rain and least to the cheering smiles of the sun. Depend upon it, ivy clinging against a wall is a protector from damp not a cause of it. Let our readers plant ivy againt their dwellings without any fear of inconvenient results. It is a warmth-giving agent also, as many can testify. The old prejudices against the employment of ivy as an external covering to buildings is rapidly dying out, and will at no distant day cease to be put forward as worthy attention.

At the Sign of the Big Oyster.

A pretty good story is going the rounds by word of mouth. It is said that a trio of members of the Illinois Legislature went on a jamboree the other day, and, having decorated the town with pigment of a decidedly sanguinary hue, concluded late in the evening they would have some oysters. There is no oyster-house on the south side of Old Capitol Square, but the lawgivers were not aware of this. They were not fully posted, and seeing a sign, as they supposed, of an oyster-house, they went up stairs and sat down to a round table in a beautifully-furnished room. A gentleman very neatly dressed came in and inquired:

"Gentleman, what can I do for you?"

"Oysters for three, please," one of the triumverate replied. "I'll take a dozen raw."

"Gimme a half-dozen fried," said one of the others.

"I'll take a dry stew chimed in the third.

The proprietor looked dazed and worried, and began:

"But, gentlemen——"

"O, we've got the dust. Needn't fret about that!" exclaimed the man who was standing treat. "We will pay in advance, if you so desire," and he laid a handful of silver on the table."

"But, gentlemen—" "Come, come!" cried the man, impatiently. "We are in a hurry." "But, gentlemen, this is no oyster-house. This is ——" "No oyster-house!" exclaimed the trio. "Then you better take in your sign of a big oyster at the foot of the stairs.

"Sign of a big oyster! Why, gentlemen, you are mistaken. This is the office of an artist. If you want your ears doctored, I am at your service. That sign is an ear—not an oyster!" Then three members of the Legislature looked sick and went out.

Many musical instruments are now made of paper.

Few people are aware they do wagons and carriages more injury by greasing too plentifully than in any other way. A well-made wheel will endure constant wear from ten to twenty-five years if care be taken to use the right hand and proper amount of grease; but, if this matter is not attended to it will be used up in five or six years. Lard should never be used on a wagon, for it will penetrate the hub, and work its way out round the tenons of the spokes and spoil the wheel. Tallow is the best lubricator for wooden axle trees, and castor oil for iron hubs; but many of the patent axle greases are also excellent, and have the merit of being cheaper and more convenient to handle. Just enough grease should be applied to the spindle of a wagon to give it a slight coating. This is better than more, for the surplus put on will work out at the ends and be forced by the shoulder bands and nut washer into the hub round the outside of the boxes. To oil an iron axle-tree, first wipe the spindle clean with a cloth wet with spirits of turpentine, and then apply a few drops of castor-oil near the shoulder and end. One teaspoonful is sufficient for the whole.

Changing Instincts.

Andrew Knight tells us of a bird which, having built her nest on a forcing house, ceased to visit it during the day when the heat of the house was sufficient to incubate the eggs; but always returned to sit upon the eggs at night when the temperature of the house fell. Again, thread and worsted are now habitually used by sundry species of birds in building their nests, instead of wool and horse hair, which in turn were no doubt originally substitutes for vegetable fibers and grasses. This is especially noticeable in the case of the tailor bird, which finds thread the best material wherewith to sew.

The common house sparrow furnishes another instance of intelligent adaptation of nest building to circumstances, for in trees it builds a domed nest—presumably, therefore, the ancestral type—but in towns avails itself by preference of sheltered holes in buildings, where it can afford to save time and trouble by constructing a loosely-formed nest. Moreover, the chimney and house swallows have similarly changed their instincts of nidification, and in America this change has taken place within the last two or three hundred years. Indeed, according to Captain Elliott Coues, all the species of swallow on that continent—with one possible exception—have thus modified the sites and structures of their nests in accordance with the novel facilities afforded by the settlement of the country.

Another instructive case of an intelligent change of instinct in connection with nest-building is given from a letter by Mr. Haust, dated New Zealand, 1862, which I find among Mr. Darwin's manuscripts. Mr. Haust says that the Paradise duck, which naturally or usually builds its nest along the river on the ground, has been observed by him on the east of the island, when disturbed in their nests upon the ground, to build "new ones on the tops of high trees, afterward bringing their young ones down on their backs to the water; and exactly the same thing has been recorded by another observer of the wild ducks of Guiana. Now, if intelligent adjustment to peculiar circumstances is thus adequate, not only to make a whole breed or species of bird transport their young upon their backs—or, as in the case of the woodcock, between their legs—but even to make web-footed water-fowl build their nests in high trees, I think we can have no doubt that if the need of such adjustment were of sufficiently long continuance, the intelligence which leads to it would eventually produce a new and remarkable modification of their ancestral instinct of nest building.

Washing the Air.

Those who complain of rainy weather do not realize that not only does the earth need washing but also the air which we breathe so many times a day. The effect of rain upon the air and the contents of the rain have been made a subject of examination by the Meteorological Council of London during the past two years. Three stations were used for collecting the rainfall—one at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, another at Upper Hamilton Terrace, in the northwest portion of London, and a third at Hackney. It was found the rain contained twice as much impurity as that which fell at the suburban stations, and the impurities gathered at all the stations were in the same proportion.

The chief impurities were found to be sulphates and chlorides, and it was discovered that the rain caught at St. Bartholomew's was always contaminated with soot and disagreeable to the taste. The summer rain is more impure than that of winter, and in the mixture of London rain and soot a trace of arsenic is found. In summer the rain was shown to contain a larger quantity of sulphates than chlorides, which was supposed to be owing to the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter during the warm months. After the rain had been falling for some time the impurities are found to diminish, and the satisfaction with which we breathe in the washed air after a good rainfall is an evidence that our senses bear spontaneous testimony to its purification.

Starving to Death.

The symptoms of starvation from want of food are—severe pain in the pit of the stomach, which is relieved on pressure; this subsides after a day or two, but is succeeded by a feeling of weakness and "sinking" in the same region; then an insatiable thirst supervenes, which, if water be withheld, thenceforth becomes the most distressing symptom. The countenance becomes pale and cadaverous, the eyes acquire a peculiarly wild and glistening stare, and general emaciation soon manifests itself,

The body then exhales a peculiar fœtor, and the skin is covered with a brownish, dirty-looking and offensive secretion. The bodily strength rapidly declines; the sufferer totters in walking, his voice becomes weak, and he is incapable of the least exertion. The mental powers exhibit a similar prostration; at first there is usually a state of stupidity, which gradually increases to imbecility, so that it is difficult to induce the sufferer to make any effort for his own benefit, and on this a state of maniacal delirium frequently supervenes.

Before death takes place the body appears to be undergoing putrefaction, so that, though it seems to waste in one way the power of the system to eliminate the effete products is paralyzed, and these instead of being burned off, as they are when the proper nourishment of the tissues is going on, remain and decompose; in no other way can the fœtor during life be accounted for and the rapid decomposition after death.

To restore the original qualities to steel which has been burnt in the forge, plunge the metal at a red heat into a mixture of two parts of pitch, two parts of train oil, one part of tallow and a small quantity of common salt. Repeat the operation two or three times. Excellent results have frequently been so obtained.

Sorghum Seed.

It is only a few weeks since considerable attention was attracted by the statement of somebody up in Minnesota that sorghum seed, ground into meal or flour, made good food for man or beast, and that the fact had been demonstrated by actual and thorough trial. Now comes Dr. Collier of the department of agriculture at Washington and gives the information that in great districts of India fully nine-tenths of the inhabitants subsist on sorghum seed; that in the immense territory known as Turkestan sorghum is the chief cereal, because, owing to the prevalent droughts, no other grain can be grown; that in the northern part of China, whose inhabitants are in America popularly supposed to live on rice, sorghum is grown exactly as corn is here and used for the same purpose; that he has secured from China, India and South Africa seventy-three varieties of sorghum seed which are entirely new to this country, all of them extensively grown in their native soils and not one of them ever cultivated except for the seed and forage. "Indeed," he says, "It is probably true that for the past thousand years the seed of sorghum has furnished food in greater abundance for man and beast combined." He then goes on to argue that the seed of sorghum grown in this country can easily be made to pay the entire expense of cultivation, leaving the stalks to be crushed for sugar or syrup and afterwards, in the pulp, to be used for ensilage or for paper making. With all these engaging qualities, it does seem strange that sorghum has not been handled in a manner to develop its usefulness, and the ill success that has attended its culture thus far naturally casts a doubt on the glowing anticipations indulged in by its admirers. Still, it must be remembered that it takes a long time to adjust the various agencies necessary to carry out such plan as that contemplated by Dr. Collier. If sorghum seed is valuable for food as corn, it is manifestly a great waste to raise the plant for sugar alone. It is so few years since the seed of the cotton plant began to be utilized that it need surprise no one to hear that the value of the sorghum crop may be largely increased in the same manner. The nutritious quality of the seed is well known, but farmers are not generally aware of its availability as a grain, nor do they comprehend how easily a market could be made for it were it to be offered in any quantity.

Answering the Wrong Letter.

United States Treasurer Spinner, when in office use to receive a score of requests daily for his autograph, about the oddest ever written. The labor of answering them became so irksome that he had a form printed as follows: "Your request of (such a date) is hereby complied with." When a request for his autograph came in he signed the blank form. But one day his "form" got him into trouble:

A tall, raw-boned countryman walked into his office. "Morning, sir," said he.

"Good morning," said Spinner, looking up.

"I come for that place you promised me," said the countryman, after an awkward pause.

"Place?" said Spinner, crossly; "I promised you no place."

"Yes, you did," insisted the countryman stoutly; "I've got your promise in your own hand-writing."

With that he hauled out one of Spinner's autograph replies: "Your request of such a date," etc.

"But, man alive," said Spinner, "that was in response to a request from you for my autograph."

"No 'twasn't," said the man; "I never asked for no autograph. I want a place; that's what I wrote for."

Spinner had the man's letter hunted up. Sure enough, it was a formal application for a place. "Here," said Spinner, emptying into his big hand all the money he had in his pocket, "here's some money for you. I can't give you a place, I haven't any to give." And with that the countryman had to be content.

A Wife's Burden.

A woman's pursuits and trials may appear very petty to the opposite sex, when at the close of the day she tries to gain the sympathetic ear of her husband. Yet do not regard this act of confidence as prompted by selfishness, that she may get rid of her burden, for after all, is it not a compliment to your greater capacity for reasoning, and for adjusting means to ends? And are you sure when you meet your wife's appeal for the help of your wisdom with the careless, or it may be a gruff reply—"Don't trouble me with your little concerns, I have a world of larger ones pressing upon my attention!" Are you sure, I ask, that you know of what you are talking? Oh, husband, believing that you are bearing all the burdens! Did you ever try to calculate or to comprehend the drain on heart and brain required to keep the home machinery running without an exasperating friction? If your home in its domestic economy is blessed with this frictionless motion, you should not only regard yourself as the most fortunate of mortals, but should begin to respect your wife's executive ability, if not to worship her genius. And the conclusion which is to be sought in trying to have you recognize in her this ability to successfully meet and conquer home difficulties, is that being equal to these, she is able to understand and to sympathize with your business difficulties in most of their phases.

A novel process for bleaching cotton, linen and vegetable fibres generally is being experimented on by Horace Kochlin of Lorrach (Bavaria). He impregnates the goods with caustic and carbonated alkali, or else with alkaline earths, either alone or mixed with caustic alkalies. Then follows a treatment with hypochlorites and acids, the heating being entirely done by means of steam or hot air. Instead of making the treatment with hydrochlorites a separate process, the same may be added directly to the impregnating substances.