Seaward runs the little stream Where the wagon 'r cools his team, Where, between the banks of moss, Stands the stepping-s ones to cross, O'er them comes a little maid, Laughing not a bit atraid; Mother, there upon the shore, Crossed them safely just before,

This the little lassie's plea-Wait for me, wait for me! Ab, so swift the water runs-One false step, 'twas all undone; Little heart begins to beat, Fearing for the little feet, Soon her fears will all be lost, When the stepping-stones are crossed, Three more yet on which to stand— Two more-one more-then on land! Tis the little lassie's plea-

Wait for me, wait for me! Ab, for you, my laughing lass, When the years have come to pass May One still be near to guide While you cross Life's river wide, When no helping hand is near, None, if you should call to hear-Think, however, far away,

Mother still knows all you say; E'en in heaven heeds your plea-Wait for me, wait for mel

ESSIE.

"If I only had a piano!" Even as the wish rose almost unconsciously to her lips, Essie Trowbridge blushed a deep crimson tint, and shy eyes looked out half frightened from under the long lashes.

"A piano!" The depth of sarcasm in John Trowbridge's voice justified the shrinking of his little daughter-in-law.

" A piano! Wouldn't you like a dia" plain farmer marrying a fine lady!"

"I was not a fine lady when Henry he was kind and good, and never sneer- ed. ed at me because I loved music and pictures, and-and-all the other pleasures I had before my father died!" "Well, there, there-don't cry," said

the old man hastily. "I did not mean" to hurt your feelings. Harry was-" But there the father choked, too; for was not Harry, his only child, the very sobbing beside him?"

crossing to where her father in-law sat, said gently:

to me, and I will try to learn to be a better farmer's girl!"

"You are a very good girl, a very But pianos costs hundreds of Gollars, she ain't much of a hand at work. and I have none to spare, Essie. I can't get round the farm as Harry did, long that things go crooked enough without him!"

Essie sighed, caressing the snowy hair her shy, brown eyes full of trouble. some use to the father she had promised Harry to love and comfort.

But she was only twenty, city bred and reared in luxury. Just one year she taught a district school after her father died a bankrupt. Then Harry Trowbridge, the handsome, tender farmer, who met her in the country-houses where she "boarded round," told her his love and won the sweet, pure heart's affection.

Only a few month's after the wedding when Essie was conquering one by and smiled at the same time, and her one the difficulties of farm housekeeping, earnest thanks brought moisture to the Harry feli from a hay-wagon and was old farmer's eyes.

fatally injured. In the few hours of life granted him, his one desire was to keep his father and his young wife together, to love and true appreciation of the genius of that comfort each other

"You will give Essie a home when I am gone," he begged, when his father bent over him.

"While I have a roof to cover me," was the answer. "You will not leave my father utter-

put her cheek to his to hide the tears erful song. that would fall. "I will never leave him while my love is any comfort," she answered.

And in the first days of mourning these two were an unutterable comfort to each other. But as time wore on contempt for all womankind who could uot fill his own rough ideal. A woman poultry, keep a house shining, wash wrung her own ten er heart. and iron, and keep in perfect, robust | Like a burst of sunlight there came

stifled her own craving for the books farm-house porch. and refinements that had been second But they did not know that a strong nature; and yet she could not fill the armed Irish girl could be paid to do the place they had occupied by interest in work of the house out of Essle's inchickens, pigs and cows.

that the farm had not paid its expenses in the last year. Spring was still some that there were women of some value in weeks away, and provisions were grow- the world who possess d but a small ing scarce, while ready money was share of bone and muscle for actual dwindling down to a pile alarmingly hard work. For scholars came all the small. See felt like a thief when a way from L-, the market town baking proved uneatable, or a dinner was spoiled, and yet such disasters oc-curred in spite of her conscientious poses, and Essie was engaged at goodly afforts to avert them.

unfortunate wish broke from her lips, and a sudden craving for the music that had been her life's delight took And while the comforts of the farm possession of her. Her penitence for were multiplied by Essie's generous exput away the desire with many another

But John Trowbridge, though he was narrow-minded, and often rough, had a farm itself was more fully stocked kind heart under the hard crust gathered over it is, ten years of toll, poorly The same in respectful love for Har

eyes haunted him. not to sing to shut her up here," he of widowhood lost something of its thought. "But to give her a piano! keenest pain. How in the world—" John Trow

put on his overcoat and hat and went down to the village.

He came back with some great project in every line of his rugged, sunbrown face.

Tea was a success. The toast was delicately browned, and the ham done to a turn. When the meal was over the old man said:

"Essie, do you remember the cross you told me your father gave you for a birthday gift?"

"My diamond cross!" Perhaps it is your only reminder of your father?"

"No. I have many other of his gifts. Nothing so valuable as that. The gento me."

"You-you-would not like to give me the cross to sell, Essie? Our money is getting very short-

A kiss, tender and quick, stopped the words that came so hesitatingly. "You are gladly welcome to it, father! I wonder I did not think of it be fore.

So the dainty bauble lay in the farmmond necklace or a carriage with four er's horny palm, and while Essie cleared horses? This is one of the results of a the tea-table John Trowbridge went once more to the village.

Dr. Reynolds, the only physician married me, only a hard working dis- there, Harry's fast friend for years, trict school teacher," said Essie, "and | was in his office when the farmer enter-"There it is!" said the visitor trium-

phantly. "You are sure it is worth the money?" "Perfectly sure. And Mrs. Trow-

bridge wishes me to invest the sum I obtain in a piano?" "Bless you, no! that's my part of it.

You see, the poor little soul tries to do idol of his old heart, lying in the her best, but she ain't fit for her hard tor pleaded. 'You can love me?' churchyard, and the six months' widow life. If there was any other home for her I'd send her away, though I'd She rose softly from her seat, and rather miss the sunlight. She's as time, the sweet, clear voice, asked: dainty as a butterfly, and yet she has no fine lady ways either. But she hankers | Harry, Ernest? I could not desert father "I will not try you again by extrava- for a piano, and she shall have one, Er- now?" gant desires. I know how good you are nest," and the old man's eyes filled, "her own father gave her that gimerack, and I've seen her kiss it often, but when I asked her to give it to me, be good girl," was the reply, "and it is cause I needed money, she put it in my dependence, while we can still give him only natural you should hanker for hand with a kiss, and told me I was love." what you've been brought up to having. | gladly welcome. She's a good girl, if

"She is not very strong," and Ernest | talked long. Reynold stifled a sigh as he spoke. and I have had him to lean upon so Then, with a quick change of voice, he row. I will sell the cross and buy the

p.ano." But when the farmer was gone Er-She knew that the farm was suffering nest Reynolds took strange liberties for the master hand and eyes lying with the jewel he held in charge. He folded forever, and she longed to be of slipped a ribbon through its ring and story of the purchase of that article of hung it over his own heart. More than onece he touched his lips to the hard, piano. glittering stones, whispering:

"Essie, little Essie!" The next day he had it valued by a jeweler, and bought a plane with the sum named; but the cross rested still upon his heart as the bill of the sweettoned instrument was paid.

It would be a vain task to describe Essie's pleasure when the piano was brought to the sitting room. She cried

He knew nothing of the wonderful power prisoned in the slender ungers, scarred with rough work. He had no tender young soul. But he did know that Essle could sway him as she willed by the sounds she drew from the wondrous keys; could bring tears to his eyes or smiles to his lips; could lift him to adoration by her stirring bymns, or carry his heart to the foot of the cross by ly childless?" he whispered, when Essie | the pleading power of her voice in pray-

She knew soon and well that her desire was no pain to the kind, old man, but that, while it was rest and joy to her, it was a comforter to him.

But the pressure of poverty was coming closer and closer upon the farm. they found many rough places in this Acre after acre was sold to meet actual life-contract each felt so solemnly bind- daily needs, and the wolf drew very ing. John Trowbridge had a profound | close to the door of John Trowbridge's house. With stern pride he hid his wants from his neighbors, but Essie who could churn, milk, cook, care for knew of privations and self-denials that

health withal, was a woman after his to her two offers. One to be organist own heart. A starving mind, a hungry at the village church, one to take a class soul, were problem she had never reali- of music scholars in the seminary, five miles from the village. Twice a week It fretted him when Essie, bravely a carriage would be sent for her, and striving to do the work so new in her the salaries would be more than doublexperience, would faint at her post. It the income from the farm. Neitner roused his rough sarcasms when the day John Trowbridge nor E sie knew that closed upon duties unperformed, when Dr. Reynolds, by quiet, unsuspected bread was heavy and cooking imperfect. influence, had brought about this hap And Essie hoping against hope to py result. No one knew that he had grow stronger, made herself miserable driven the principal of the seminary the supposition that she was a use over on an evening when Essie was less burden where she so earnestly de- pouring out her soul in music, and held sired to be a comfort and blessing. She him spell-bound for two hours on the

come, and that a trustwerty man was

It added to her perplexities to know found to take the farm-work on shares John Trowbridge began to realize forts to avert them.

It had been a dreary day when her village church to hear the wondrous voice and playing of the young organ

And while the comforts of the farm words was very humble, and she penditure, while the rooms gradually away the desire with many another lost their bare, dismat look, by additions of furniture and ornaments, while flow ers blossomed en barren spaces, and the

paid. The longing of the shy brown ry's father, the same gentle shy woman, modest as a violet. Yet not the same "I s'pose it is like telling the birds as the months sped by, and the sorrow

John Trowbridge wondered a little. Then a sudden thought almost took when the piano had filled its recess for away his breath. He got up from his a whole year, why Ernest Reynolds was chair, and kissing Essie, went to the so much interested in the old man's door to think it over. The young wid- rheumatism. He had always been an ow, warned that it was nearly tea-time attentive physician, and had never neby the clock, sped to the kitchen, and glected the father of his dear friend, did not know when her father-in-law Harry Trowbridge. But of late he lingered long whenever he called, and often dropped in, unprofessionally.

Essie learned to know his step, and her shy eyes would brighten when she heard it. Harry had told her of many noble traits in the doctor's character and in the village she had heard of his gentle charities, his conscientious discharge of every duty, his Christian influence where pain and the shadow of death crossed his daily path. Ever shyly distrustful of herself, she

did not dream of winning the love of "You would not like to part with it? this hero of her husband's boyhood, this approached and demanded their fare generous friend of the afflicted, this honored member of a noble profession. She had given her first love, true and tleman who took charge of my father's blossomed twice over Harry's grave, affairs told me I could keep all his gifts and the gentle heart was touched by other influence. June roses were blooming, and Harry had been dead for two vears when one evening Essie sat at her melody full of sweetness. but John Trowbridge, in the porch, could hear the voice of Dr. Reynolds,

> felt tones When he had heard all the old man

"Go to Essie, Ernest, and tell her the one wish of my heart will be granted if when I die, I leave her in the happiness of such love as you bring to her. It has Hank Buckley was spared. The con married life tied her to an old man who

speed." And Essie, when the love plea was her head to hide happy tears.

"You will let me love you?" the doc-Only the little hand nestled closer in his own for answer. But after a little "You will let me keep my promise to

"I only ask to help you in your care for him. My home shall be his! And if he will sell the farm, he will have an income that will take away all sense of

"It seems so strange to think you love me!" Essie said, after they had

"Little one, I loved you before Harry won you, but I starved my own heart added: "I am going to the city to-mor- for yours. Do you know what I have worn there, Essie, for many a long ward, making the regulation stops at month? See!"

And while he loosed the ribbon and put the diamond-cross into her hand she learned for the first time the true the engineer, unaware of the state of furniture, called at the farm Essie's

Citrus Fair in California.

The citrus fair at Sacramento surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine of its projectors. The building provided would not hold all the exhibits sent in, and many samples were not taken from the boxes. Oranges were displayed from the extreme northern counties like Shasts, while the finest fruit came from the old mining counties, like Yuba and Calaveras. The exhibition has demonstrated beyond question that good oranges can be grown in many of the foot-hill counties along the base of the Sierra Nevada without irrigation. This has been denled by the southern countes, which have claimed a monopoly of the production of citrus fruits. As land in Los Angeles or San Bernardino county suttable or oranges and with water privileges sells for \$200 an acre, while in Butte. Yuba and other northern counties it can be bought for \$50 an acre, it is not difficult to see which section promises the best returns to settlers. One southern orange grower, after seeing the fruit from Butte county, decided to buy and there, and set out Riverside Navels, the choicest orange grown in California. As oranges mature three weeks earlier in Butte than in the southern counties, he thinks he will be able to anticipate the Florida fruit in the eastern markets. The fair proved such a necess at Sacramento that it was decided to transfer the entire exhibit to San Francisco, where it was recently opened in the Mechanic's pavillon Reports from orange growing districts show that oranges on the trees suffered no damage from the recent cold. The mercury in so ne of the southern counties fell a few degrees below the freezing point, but all the fruit was helped by the cold, as blossoming was retarded, and thus danger from late frosts reduced. From the northern counties it is reported that grain and fruits are uninjured, and that there is a large increase in acreage.

Emperor William as a Shooter.

It is announced as "a great fact' that at the last Court battue the German Emperor shot twenty-one head of game "with his own breech-loader, which the obsequious chronicler adds was "no bad achievement for a man of eighty-eight." It is not much of an achievement" to butcher deer and other game at the Imperial battues, as the Emperor sits in an easy chair and the creatures are driven by him within a few yards, and on their approach being notified by the blowing of a horn a chasseur hands His Majesty the weacon, and he has only to fire it into the side of the quarry.

God hates sin enerywhere, but especially in his own people; he will not less children sin without correction.

No man can avoid his own company -so he had best make it as good as

TERRORIZING A TRAIN.

Short Engagement Played by a Gang

of Texas Desperadoes. News from Waco, Texas, says; A quartet of desperadoes played a star engagement on the south bound Missouri Pacific passenger train last night, When the belated train pulled into the depot at ten minutes past one recently the gore about the head and shoulders of the conductor and the bloody and disfigured face of the colored porter, with the absence of lamps, window and door lights in the smoker, testifled to the destructive work of the six shooter. The quartet were not, however cowboys out on a "high lonesome," but were deputy sheriffs and a boon companion. They boarded the train at Hillsboro, occupied a double section in the smoker, drew their pistol belts to the front and awaited the coming of Conductor Hank Buckley, who was in charge of the train. When he two of the parties arose, and, after an exchange of a few words, one of the two felled the conductor with a blow of warm, to Harry. But the daisies had his revolver, knocking him senseless. The colored porter sprang to the rescue of the conductor, when he was punched in the face with a six shooter and otherwise brutally maltreated. The desperadoes then took possession of the coach, piano, with her fingers calling forth a and, two standing at each end, began It was an indiscriminate fusillade at the lamps neither glad nor sad, and not so loud and windows of the car. This occurred some two miles south of Hillsboro. 'As the train approached Abbott sta-

as that gentleman spoke in deep heart- tion the conductor revived and some one pulled the bell cord. The conductor was then seized by two of the fellows who threatened to kill him instantly if the train did not move on. A brakeman on the outside signalled the engineer to go ahead and the life of been my great sorrow that her short ductor and terrified passengers were permitted to leave the car and the quarwas so poor a companion for her, I be- tet locked themselves in and held high lieve Harry himself would bid you God carnival, driving everybody away by presenting their revolvers at any one who came on the platform. The conwhispered, the message delivered, bent ductor, after leaving the smoking car, was taken to a seat in the rear end of the ladies' car, where his injuries were attended to. Shortly after one of the ruffians followed him into the coach to talk the matter over, as he said. While he was in conversation with Conductor Buckley another one of the quartet came in, brandishing his revolver and swearing he was "going to finish the job by killing the conductor." This caused intense commotion in the car; ladies screamed, children cried and men began to look for places of safety. The first ruffian, however, put a quietus on his companion's intentions by telling him to stop his racket, Buckley was his friend and he was not going to see him killed. With this he took hold of his companion and the two desperadoes returned to the smoking car. In the

meantime the train was dashing souththe stations. No one, however was allowed to get

on or off the train by these men; and affairs on the train, obeyed the signal from the brakeman on the sleeper and moved ahead. After the train pulled out from West, the first station north of Waco, this plucky brakeman, E. E. Lomax, extinguished his lamp, dropped off the train, and, hurrying back to the station, telegrained the authorities at Waco the condition of affairs on the train. The tel-gram was a little too late, however, as the train arrived at Waco before the officials could reach the depot. Three of the desperadoes left with their pistol drawn; the fourth was found lying in a drunken stupor in the smoker. They were all, however, speedily corralled, and are now in jail, while a number of charges have been preferred against them. The prisoners are young men of means-one of them being worth from \$35,000 to \$40,000. Conductor Buckley and his porter are badly used up, but it is thought will be able to appear against their assallants. who had a preliminary examination recently. The affair has produced intense excitement, and the feeling against the prisoners is one of universal condemna-

THE BEAR SLAIN WITH DYNA-

A Grizzly Surprised in the Mountains. I remember once when I was mining near Breckenridge that I met a grizzly bear-one that would tip the beam at 1.100 easily. You see, I was going up to the mine, and nothing could be further from my mind than expecting to meet one of those fellows at such a time and place. But it's like them; they always turn up when they are east expected, and when you are most illy prepared for them. I had no gun with me, nor even a knife. What was box containing dynamite cariridges, which were to be used in the mine. This would of itself have prevented me from retreating with credit and dispatch, if such a thing were possible; but it so happened that when I sighted the bear I had wandered from the regular trail, having taken a narrow ledge in the hope of finding a short cut to the mine. There was a sheer fall from ty-five shillings for the troy ounce, this of at least 500 feet. The bear had This new "nation" founded on the air ady passed on to this when I first saw him, and, as I had never before traversed the ledge, I had no idea as to

now far it might be passabl . ence. He was shuffling along at an gr zzly. I began to hope that I would come safely out of the difficulty, and was further encouraged by the fact that the ledge appeared to be slightly wider as I advanced. In rounding a sharp curve, however, you may imagine my consternation when I saw the ledge uddenly terminate not twenty feet in front of me in a cavern, unquestiona-bly the babitation of the bear. Above he wall rose straight hundreds of feet. and below there was empty space. The pear had made a n'ce 3-lection of a home, I saw at a glance, and he would

find here, right at his very door, a meal in me, provided I could do nothing to avert the catastrophe.

I thought of everything I had about me, with a view of using it for my defense. I had eight pounds of candles, a jackknife, and a lead-pencil. It occurred to me that if I had sufficient candles I might feed the bear for a while until I could induce him to feel that he was in a condition for hibernating, but I would not be more than able to whet his appetite with what I had. The jack-knife and lead-pencil were dismissed without a moment's thought. The dynamite suggested possibilities, I hit upon a plan. Taking half a dozen sticks of dynamite. I thrust them in among the candles, and, hastily retracing my steps around the corner, I placed the charge of candles and dyna- change its nature. Used in a proper mite in the path of the approaching bear. The latter was but a few rods away, but appeared to be wrapped in such a brown study that he did not notice my action. Then I again retreated around the curve, and withdrew myself into the bear's cavern to await developments. I did not have long to wait. In less than five seconds after I had entered the cave the mountain I knew that I had succeeded, The bear had evidently tried to eat the canstrategy. There was little to be seen, of bone or two, and the end of the bear quality of leaf. could only be guessed.

People Who Wear Tights.

"One of the principal articles we sell," said a stage costumer to a reporter "is tights. They are not only used on the stage, but in almost every show in the country. The demand for them now is large.

"Do they wear out easily?" "That depends entirely upon the kind of show the wearer is acting in. Circus riders wear the most. It's the rosin on the horse's back that does that. Then the wearer perspiring makes it necessary to have them washed every time they are used. A bareback circus rider will wear out one or two pair a week. They cost all the way from \$2 a pair up to almost any price. The average pair for circus people costs \$6. They are plain woven tights, but very strong. There are innumerable varieties in material, in styles, in colors and still more in fits. The cheapest tights are made of cotton. These are made in all colors, flesh, white, black, unbleached, chocolate and brown. Then there are fine cotton tights, worsted tights, Lasle thread tights. French cotton tights and silk tights."

"Do you sell them ready-made or make them to order?" "The best qualities are all made to measure. We have the make-up or model of a number of actors and actresses, and can make them as often as

they are wanted." "What do you mean by the make-

"You don't suppose these people have the goods made to fit their true forms, do you? Not more than one fifth of them have their tight-fitting clothes made without padding. How would a premier danseuse look posing before her audience if her costume were not made to give her a soft, rounded appearance? We make padded skirts, padded hips, padded arms, padded insteps padded thighs, padded legs, and, in fact, padled everything. The pads are made of fine lamb's wool. When a large ballet is being organized we have to go into this padding business very extensively. Some of the prettiest girls will be slightly knockkneed or bow-legged. We have to straighten them out and produce the fine Venus-like looking forms that you see on the stage. We have artists who make a specialty of this, and in some very particular case they make a model of the actress, and then perfect the model and then make the goods up."

White Gold-Seekers in China.

Siberia has always been regarded as rich in auriferous deposits, and travel-ers' tales have been heard describing simplicity doesn't please. The public the rich results of washing the mud of the rivers, while the soil was mingled with golden scales. Strange, these stories did not seem to attract the hordes of needy adventurers who flock wherever gold is, or is supposed to be, in existence; but recently, for some months past, a busy community of diggers has been at work in a place so inaccessible that until last winter, the ed the bulb of the thermometer up to Chinese were unaware that a tribe of foreign devils were gathering up wealth The official remarked that it was cold on the borders of their own empire. The mining camp 18 composed of detachments from Australia and California, worse, or would be to a man who lack- and a sprinkling of diamond-seekers ed presence of mind, I had with me a from South Africa; and these men have formed a government of their own over a republic they have cooly appropriated from the Chinese empire, having the Russian administration on the other side of the river. The results of the work are good, upward of 2,600 pounds weight of gold having been purcgased last year by Russian agents, who have paid excellent prices, ranging up to six-

banks of the Amoor river, is likely if the stories told about it are true, to become a power in the world; for as its only trouble is likely to be with China When I saw the bear it was evident the bold diggers have taken the initia-that he had not yet discovered my pres-tive and defied the "ten thousand" which the irate and disappointed maneasy gait, apparently perfec ly famillar darins threatened them with. This inwith the path. I did not dare to run cident is another painful leaf in the hison the narrow ledge, but I got in the tory of China. The brotner of the sun best licks at walking that I knew how and moon, the son of heaven, to be deand had soon gamed a fair lead on the | fied by a gang of outer barbarians clad in flannel shirts, corduroys, and knee-boots, and speaking an unknown but emphatic language, and to see the golden treasures of his land taken away from under his very nose, is humilation too great to be submitted to; yet what can be done? The 'ten thousand" had better keep at home, and let well

enough alone. Our court dress in heaven, and our garment of a metification for daily wear, are the condescending gifts of Christ's love,

WHAT WE SMOKE AND CHEW.

Not Always Pure Tobacco, cut Sometimes Sweetened and Medicated

Preparations. It is rather late in the day to enter a protest against the use of tobacco, Whatever the faculty may say on the point of its injurious qualities, however much the clergy may point out the possibility of its leading to intemperance, the fact remains that a large proportion of the world nees tobacco in ome form or other. In spite of all that has been said against it by fervid antitobacconists, pure tobacco is an excellent remedial agent; but it must be absolutely pure. No poisenous decoctions must eat into its substance or way, to relieve neuralgic pains, or applied in various affections, under the advice of a skilled physician, it is a valuable medicine.

The adulteration of tobacco, very common both in this country abroad, arises from two considerations, The pure, natural leaf, in its yellow hue, is undoubtedly the finest tobacco in the market. But so many accidents conshook as though in an earthquake, and spire to render the finest leaves scarce that even the natural leaf itself is imitated. Coarse leaves are bleached by dles and found them too much for him. the use of chlorine to the bright yellow I rushed out to see the result of my color of the natural leaf, and sulphuric acid, properly diluted, is used to make however. A tuft of hair here, and a the little "freckles," which are supposed splash of bear's grease there, a splinter by connoisseurs to indicate a superior

But the "natural leaf," somehow, doesn't seem to suit the taste of the average chewer of tobacco. He asks a certain degree of sweetness in his plug. To fill this bill and create a special flavor which shall give a kind of identity to a particular brand, and cause it to be eagerly sought for is the object of the

manufacturer. When the bundles of steamed leaves are fully dried they are ready for the application of the syrup and licorice, which imparts to the chewing tobacco of commerce its sweetness and flavor. The leaves must be as dry as a bone when subjected to this licorice bath, for the least dampness will render them white with mould in a few hours. This mould is removed (one of the adulterations) by a dip into diluted muriatic acid, and in too many cases forms part of the solid cake of a better quality. The heat of the mixture causes the pores of the leaf to expand, and the sweet syrup, penetrating every fiber, impregnates it thoroughly. From the vat the dripping bundles are carried out on the flat roof of the factory and exposed to the sun, for one day's sunshine is worth more than can be told in the manufacture. After this the leaves are taken into a drying room, where the thermometer during the day is at 90 degrees. At night the whole power of the furnace is turned on, and the heat is so intense that in the morning the room has to be cooled off before the operators can enter it. When the tobacco has, under this powerful heat, become perfectly dry, the adulterator

gets in his work. One factory sprinkles it with New England rum, another uses Jamaica rum, a third moistens it with the rankest corn whiskey he can find, and each bran i has its own peculiar essential oil, Some use fennel, others ginseng, while the scrid sumsch, abounding in tannin, cheap and plenty, gives that peculiar burning of the tongue which character-izes much "fine cut." Astringent barks, wormwood, the refuse of the cinchons, and others, give the bitter taste which some consumers like, and the twist or "negro heads," which is largety exported to tropical climates, gets a special ab-

sorption. A true tobacco cigar is fine in grain and free from stems. The wrapper is nothing in a cigar; the filling is everything.

No leaf is worthless for the manufacture of one or another of the innumerable brands between the golden chaff with which the millionaire fills his meerschaum and the laborer his cuddy. Almost the only enemically pure tobacco is that which the planter dries for himself, spreads on the cotton sheets in the garret, and sends little Tommy to bring him a bunch of -crombing it between would rather be poisoned.

Played To a Freeze Out.

Over in the treasury a story is told at the expense of a high official. The air in the room was rather chilly, but the clerks were found busily at work in their light office coats. They had warmseventy-five, and awaited developments and shivered and locked uneasily about the room. A clerk leisurely glanced at the thermometer and said it was very comfortable. The official looked and saw and wondered.

"I think I must have a chill," he said, but he went to his desk. Pretty soon the clerk in front of him deliberately pulled off his coat and resumed work.

"I am sure I must have a chili "again remarked the official, but every clerk had his nose down to business, and hadn't time to answer. "Good heavens!" exclaimed another

in a loud aside, pulling off his cost. The official, still muffled in his over coat and shivering, went over again and looked at the thermometer. A clerk had in the mean time applied the lighted end of a cigar to the bulb, and the "Dear mel" said the official, "I'm

afraid I'm going to be sick." After a little be pulled on his gloves and started for home, took quinine and whisky, and went to bed. When he returned to the office next day the story met him to the corridor. He says it is all right; he is well, and the fellows who played it on him are sneezing their heads off.

The names given to tea have a sig-"Bohen" means happy nificance, "Bohen" means
"establishment;" Con zou, "labor;"
Sou-chong, "small kind;" Pe-koe,
"white hair," because of the down of