

A BIG DEAL IN MARBLE.

THE QUARRIES AT RUTLAND, VERMONT, PASS INTO THE CONTROL OF TWO COMPANIES.

FOSTON, Jan. 3.—A sensation will be caused in the marble trade when it is learned that a big deal was consummated today by which the control of the most extensive deposit in this country is confined to two great rival corporations.

The deposit is at West Rutland, Vt., and was divided into several quarries, whose product included the standard "Rutland white marble" and the "Rutland statuary marble," the two best grades quarried in this country. These various interests have been consolidated in two companies, the Vermont Marble Company and the Sheldon Marble Company of Rutland, Vt. The property purchased by the latter company includes about two hundred acres of land.

The undeveloped deposit is considered practically inexhaustible, and probably the most complete plant in the country. There are five quarries and five mills and several finishing shops. The annual capacity of the mills on present working basis is about 4,000,000 superficial (one inch) feet of sawed marble, yielding about \$500,000. Boston capitalists are largely interested in this deal.

THE WEALTH OF THE VANDERBILTS, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR MILLIONS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The combined wealth of the Vanderbilt family according to an article which will appear in to-morrow's *World*, is \$274,000,000, and the estimated income from it per annum is \$13,864,000. No other single family in the world is so rich. If kept intact the total fortune will at the end of 25 years almost reach \$1,000,000,000, and this result will be attained by the simple arithmetical progression of compound interest.

A careful calculation of the wealth of individual members of the Vanderbilt family makes the following exhibit: Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; William K. Vanderbilt, \$85,000,000; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, \$16,000,000; Geo. W. Vanderbilt, \$15,000,000; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, \$12,000,000; Mrs. Wm. D. Sloane, \$12,000,000; Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, \$12,000,000; Mrs. W. Seward Webb, \$12,000,000; Total, \$274,000,000.

Mrs. Wm. H. Vanderbilt has no fortune in her own name, contrary to the general belief. She has an annuity of \$200,000. When Wm. H. Vanderbilt died he left a fortune, in round numbers, of \$200,000,000. It is remarkable how it has increased in the three years that has elapsed since his death.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—James Machen and Nathan Gilchrist, aged 9 and 14 years respectively, were drowned on the 30th ult. while skating at Toledo, Ohio. Policeman Henry Fehle died in St. Louis on the evening of the 28th ult., from hydrophobia. He was bitten in the leg by a dog last September. An explosion of giant powder on the outskirts of Puyallup, Washington Territory, on the 28th ult., blew a cabin to pieces and killed James Blagg.

—Amos J. Stillwell, a merchant, of Hannibal, Missouri, was murdered by burglars at 2 o'clock on the 30th ult. The weapon was an axe, which, with Stillwell's pocket-book and \$35, was found in an alley in the rear of the house. John Burns, manager of a restaurant in Pottstown, Penna., has been arrested on the charge of killing a man named Sweeney. Sweeney became obstreperous and refused to go out, when Burns hit him on the head with a club.

—Burglars broke the plate-glass window of Isaac Aaron, a Grand street pawnbroker, in New York, on the evening of the 29th ult., and carried off \$1000 worth of diamond jewelry. Charles F. Merle, San Francisco agent of N. K. Fairbanks & Co., of Chicago, dealers in lard and canned meats, is reported to have absconded with \$10,000 of the firm's money. The warrant for the pardon of Benjamin F. Hopkins, the Cincinnati bank embezzler, was signed by the President on the 29th ult. Burglars entered the house of Jacob F. Warfel, in Millersville, Penna., on the evening of the 28th ult., carried the safe, weighing over a thousand pounds, to the rear yard, and blew it open with dynamite, securing over \$600. Four persons and two dogs were in the house at the time the burglars were at work.

—A daring robbery was committed on the 31st ult. in the money order department of the Post-office at Indianapolis. A. B. Johnson, chief of the department, was left alone, his assistants having gone to dinner. A stranger appeared at the window and said that a gentleman in his buggy desired Johnson to come out and see him. Johnson was persuaded to go out, but found the man wanted to see another Johnson. When he returned he found that the stranger had entered the office and filled his pockets with greenbacks. The thieves secured about \$2500.

—In Craighead county, Arkansas, the wife of William West, a rough character, left him and went to live with her mother, Mrs. Dairey. West went to see his wife, who refused to see him, but her mother went out on the porch with the young child of the couple. West abused Mrs. Dairey as having caused the trouble between him and his wife. Stephen Dairey went out on the porch and ordered West away. West drew a pistol and shot Mrs. Dairey in the hand and Dairey in the face. Dairey then got a rifle and the men exchanged shots. West was shot through the heart and fell dead, and Dairey was struck in the eye and died within a few hours.

—The steamer Bristol, of the Old Colony Line, was burned at her wharf at Newport, Rhode Island, on the 30th. The fire started near the kitchen. No person was injured, but several passengers had a narrow escape. There is an insurance of \$300,000, which will cover the loss.

On the morning of the 30th ult. near Ripley, Ohio. Mrs. Turner and her little daughter, also a daughter of George C. Lloyd, three Brooks brothers, and a man whose name is unknown, all colored, attempted to cross the river from Kentucky to Ohio in a small flat-bottomed boat. At some distance from shore the waves from two passing steamers capsized their little craft, and all seven were drowned.

—A passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad struck a broken rail near Tama, Iowa, on the morning of the 31st ult., and the engine was wrecked. The engineer, Nichols, and fireman, Francis, were killed. A boiler in Dush's saw mill, near Millbrook, Michigan, exploded on the 31st ult., killing W. W. Dush, proprietor, and John Carr, the night watchman, and fatally injuring Bert Smiley. Patrick Redding, a fireman, was killed at a colliery; near Shenandoah, Penna., on the 31st ult., by a premature discharge of dynamite. Col. J. M. Jones, a wealthy ranchman, in Cheyenne county, Kansas, was gored to death on the 30th ult., by a bull. He was engaged in work about the stable when the animal suddenly attacked him in the rear.

—William Price, a prominent and wealthy farmer who lives near Athens, Tennessee, was shot and fatally wounded by some unknown person on the night of the 29th ult. A policeman named Seal was murdered by a negro while on duty in Charlottesville, Virginia, on the evening of the 31st ult. The murderer escaped.

—James Gilmore, of Boston, Indiana, has recently been annoyed by persons stealing and riding his horses at night. On the evening of the 29th ult., he awoke and saw some one at the stable door. He shot, and, going to the stable, found his own 14-year-old son mortally wounded.

—During a Christmas celebration in the Lutheran Church, at Soughtstown, in Cumberland county, Penna., on the evening of the 29th ult., the building being crowded, a cracking noise was heard and the floor began to sink. The people rushed to the doors and windows, many women and children were trampled upon, and a number of persons were injured, two—Newton Goodheart and Charles Hill—perhaps fatally. Many were severely cut by broken glass in jumping from the windows. An examination of the building subsequently showed that the sills were broken and the floor had sunk ten feet.

—A slight fire in Zeller's Hotel, in St. Louis, early on the morning of the 1st, caused a panic among the guests, during which three women jumped from a third story window. These were Mary Westland, who, besides being badly burned about the head and body, had an arm broken and inhaled flames—she died at the hospital; Mary Davison, aged 30, had an arm broken in two places, and received scalp wounds; Lizzie Durham, 32 years, a widow with three children, also received scalp wounds, and had an arm broken. A fire in St. Louis, early on the morning of the 1st, destroyed the immense six-story brick building of the Richardson Drug Company, at the corner of Fourth street and Clark avenue, with a three-story brick warehouse in the rear belonging to the same firm. The fire extended to and also destroyed Woese's masquerade goods store, a row of three-story brick boarding houses and the livery stable of Scott & Lynch. The loss of the Richardson Company is estimated at \$750,000 on stock and \$150,000 on buildings. The stock was insured for \$650,000; the building for \$100,000. Andrew Gerberty, night watchman in the drug house, is missing, and supposed to have perished.

—Between midnight and 5 o'clock in New York on the 1st one man was killed and two men and a boy wounded by pistol shots fired to celebrate the arrival of the new year. The shooting is supposed to have been accidental in each case. During a drunken brawl in New York on the evening of the 1st Michael Crow, aged 28 years, was stabbed to death by a party of five men with whom he was quarrelling. His brother-in-law, James Crow, and the other five men were arrested. Louis Schmidt, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, stabbed and killed W. F. Ruder, a fellow veteran, on the 1st. They quarrelled about their war records.

—The Legislature of Pennsylvania met on the 1st in Harrisburg, and organized. John C. Grady was elected President of the Senate, and Henry K. Boyer, Speaker of the House. The Governor's message was received and read.

—The San Francisco *Chronicle*, in its annual review, states that the past year was the most prosperous in the history of California. It is estimated that the present population is 1,400,000, many of the counties having doubled and even trebled during the past year. The value of the mineral products in 1888 is placed at \$20,000,000; manufactured products, \$170,000,000; orchard products, \$24,000,000; cereal crops, \$55,000,000.

—Louis A. Horner, a salesman, in the employ of Henry Horner & Co., wholesale grocers, in Chicago, departed a few days ago, leaving a deficit of \$15,000 in his accounts. On the 1st, he was arrested in Montreal, and will probably be extradited on a charge of forgery. F. H. McCann, cashier of the bank of the J. B. Watkins Banking Company, in Lake Charles, Louisiana, who fled from that place as an embezzler of a large amount of the bank's money, about a month ago, has been arrested in Laredo, Texas. The Boston police are searching for H. G. Stiekney, who is charged with forgery. He was in the employ of C. L. Davenport as a clerk, and on the 29th ult., he is said to have forged a check for \$5005, obtained the money and disappeared.

—Miss Fannie Feldman, aged 25 years, committed suicide by drowning, in Greenville, S. C., on the evening of the 1st. George Feldman, her father, while pursuing her fell through a railroad trestle, broke several of his ribs and was otherwise severely injured. The girl became insane a few weeks ago while making final preparations for her marriage, and had been confined to her room.

—The six-year-old son of John Uter, while playing soldier at his home, near Little Sandusky, Ohio, on the 1st, seized a loaded shot gun from a corner, and lifting it to a chair, threatened to shoot his 13-year-old brother. A moment later the gun was discharged, the lead lodging in the older boy's breast, causing, it is feared, a fatal wound. Several stray shots struck the mother in the face, and it is thought she will lose her sight.

—John Prettyman, an employe of the Western Union Telegraph Company in Quincy, Illinois, fell off a train on the evening of the 30th ult., the wheels cutting off his right leg. He was three miles from West Quincy Station, and binding up the stump he crawled the entire distance on his hands and one knee, dragging his crushed and bleeding limb after him. He arrived at the station at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 31st ult.

—Charles De La Graza and Jesus Barbo had a quarrel about a woman in Anagua, Texas, and on the 1st, when they met, began to shoot at each other. Both men were killed, falling within six feet of each other.

—The public debt statement, issued on the 2d, shows a reduction of \$14,427,595. Total cash in the Treasury, \$615,501,078.

—Two young men named Erb and Shoocher, employed at James Miller's dynamite factory, near Sunnysettown, Montgomery county, Penna., were blown to pieces on the 1st by the explosion of a half bucket of dynamite. It is supposed that in mixing the stuff the proper proportions were not used. "None of the pieces of flesh picked up were of sufficient size to show to which body they belonged."

—Lester Woods, 22 years old, was murdered near Paris, Illinois, on the 1st. The Sunday school of the district had a social gathering at the schoolhouse, and, during the exercises, a scuffle took place and Woods was stabbed in the neck, the main artery being severed. Woods fell in his mother's arms and expired. A panic followed, the children jumping out of the windows. The murderer escaped during the excitement and was not recognized. A warrant was issued on the 2d for a young man named Amburger.

—At a dinner party given by Charles Wilson, living near Creston, Iowa, on New Year's Day, his family and nine guests were poisoned by partaking of wine of sufficient size to make of zinc. All are in a serious condition.

—San Jose de Costa Rica was shaken on the night of December 29th and morning of December 30th by a series of severe earthquakes. It is believed the shocks originated in the volcano of Poax, eight leagues from the town. At Alajuela eight persons were killed and many were injured. The churches and principal buildings in the city suffered considerable damage. The inhabitants camped in the squares and parks. No further shocks having occurred the alarm is subsiding.

—Near Ferriss, Mississippi, on the evening of the 2d, Frank and James Coleman quarrelled with Chas. and Wm. Delay about the possession of the farm. A fight ensued, in which Frank Coleman and Chas. Delay were killed, and the other two severely wounded. Two sisters of the Delays, who appeared on the scene, received slight wounds. "All were prominent citizens of Choctaw county."

—The Board of Health of Springfield, Massachusetts, has posted up placards announcing the existence of a number of cases of diphtheria in that city. The Christmas vacation for the large grammar schools in the centre of the city has been extended.

—A quantity of dynamite was exploded on the tracks of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at Mahanoy Plane, Penna., on the evening of the 2d. Four dwellings were partly wrecked, and the rails torn up for some distance. The dynamite is supposed to have been placed on the track by train wreckers. No person was injured.

50th CONGRESS.—Second Session.

SENATE.

Congress reassembled on the 21. In the Senate the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed. On motion of Mr. Allison, the chain schedule was gone back to, and amended so as to reduce the rates on chains less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch in diameter to $\frac{2}{3}$ cents per pound—the present rate. The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the cotton schedule, and, pending discussion on an amendment offered by Mr. Vest, adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 3d, the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed. After three and half pages had been gone through, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 21, Mr. Springer introduced a joint resolution for the admission of the States of Arizona and Idaho, which was referred. The Fortifications Appropriation bill was reported and placed on the calendar. A bill was passed providing that in case of omission of the sender to place the lawful postage on a special delivery letter, such postage shall be collected on delivery. The River and Harbor bill was considered in Committee on the Whole. The clause appropriating \$200,000 for the improvement of the harbor of Philadelphia, and providing that no part of the money shall be expended until the title to certain islands in the harbor shall be acquired by the United States, was amended so as to except from the proviso the \$300,000 appropriated in the River and Harbor bill of August last. Pending action on an amendment offered by Mr. Cutcheon, of Michigan, the point of "no quorum" was raised, whereupon the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 21, Mr. Reed, from the Committee on Rules, reported a resolution providing that during the remainder of the present session there shall be no call of the States on the first and third Mondays of the month. He demanded the previous question, and the opponents of the resolution resorted to "filibustering." After several roll calls, without result, the House adjourned.

God Is Great.

When waiting, and watching, and weary,
And dismayed at abrupt fate,
And cumbered unkindly, and the world looks dreary;
Remember that God is great.

When all your efforts, and striving, and trying,
Seem useless, and oftentimes too late,
And the days are short, the years fast flying;
Remember that God is great.

When friends you need pass by without heeding,
And refuse the word for which you wait
And the world from under your feet seems receding;
Remember that God is great.

LADY B.'S BUTLER.

Miss M. is a pretty heiress, whose name for obvious reasons we must suppress; Mr. R. is a young diplomatist who fancies he has every chance of becoming an ambassador before the last of his short-cropped locks has deserted him. Mr. R. has heard of Miss M., as being the owner of a wonderfully beautiful diamond necklace, and as possessing more personal attractions than are supposed to belong to any but interesting paupers.

Miss M., on the other hand, had been informed that Mr. R. was a very decent sort of fellow, with the smallest amount possible of Foreign Office swagger. They met for the first time under Lady B.'s roof, and surveyed each other with mutual interest from the opposite sides of an elaborately decorated dinner-table. The necklace came up to Mr. R.'s expectations, but their owner surpassed them. Not only was she pretty, but also vivacious, but evidently amused—not a painted, dressed-up doll, like the woman beside him, got up for admiration, and incapable of conversation.

Not being accustomed to admire without some sort of return, he left the doll to the tender mercies of her left hand neighbor and devoted his attention to Miss M. They had grown quite friendly over 5 o'clock tea, and now exchanged telegraphic signs across the table about any small episodes that arose during the dinner. Mr. R. thought he was getting on, and became so engrossed that he neglected his favorite entree and had scarcely time to do justice to the saddle of mutton.

But when the regulation ice cream had made its round he noticed a sudden change in the girl opposite to him. She turned as white as her own handkerchief, and leaned back in her chair, silent and abstracted, with wide-open eyes and parted lips. For the rest of the time she scarcely talked at all, and seemed incapable of rallying; but she shook her head when he made a sign that he was ready to assist her out of the room, and kept her seat until the ladies rose and filed slowly through the door. He would have given much to follow them at once, because his curiosity was vividly roused.

He was sure there was some mystery behind the scenes, for she looked as if she had received a shock—seen a ghost, or discovered an unwashed-for friend. As soon as he could get away he looked round the drawing room, and seeing Miss M. sitting apart from the other ladies, and turning over the leaves of a photograph book in evident preoccupation; he made his way to her; and standing before her, so as to shield her from observation, asked in a low voice if he could do anything for her.

She looked up in surprise. "Thanks, I don't want anything."
"But you are annoyed or ill—one or the other, I shall never forget your look at dinner."
"Did any one notice it?" eagerly.
"Not a soul except myself. Of course, I don't wish to force your confidence, but if I can be of any service to you—"

"No one can do me any good," hurriedly. "Only I wish to heaven I had never come!"
He looked at her with genuine compassion, for he saw that she was shivering from head to foot.
"Shall I fetch Lady B.—?"
"Not for the world. I would tell you, only you would think me so foolish, looking round to be sure that no one could overhear."
"I promise you I won't," earnestly, as he took a chair and sat down just in front of her, so that she should not have to raise her voice. "Pray, tell me."

"It was only a dream," with the ghost of a smile. "Last night I thought I was being murdered for the sake of this necklace," playing nervously with the diamonds round her white throat, "and I woke up struggling with a man—a man with a long chin and reddish hair. I tell I should know him anywhere, and I saw him to-day at dinner," with a shudder, "handing the liqueurs."
"Why that was Bird, the butler. You couldn't be afraid of him?"
"I am," looking up at him with terror in her pretty eyes. "I am sure he will try and murder me to-night. I can't go to bed. I should never close my eyes, and she shivered again."
"You can go to bed, and sleep in perfect confidence. I tell you what I'll do for you," and Mr. R. smiled, feeling that he was making a noble effort. "Our rooms lie on the same corridor. I have heaps of letters to write—worse

luck—so that I must sit up. I'll keep my door ajar, which won't be noticed, as there is a light in the passage, and my ears are so sharp that I would defy any one to pass it without my knowing it. Will that content you?"
"You are very kind, but he might wait till your letters are finished."
"That will make no difference. I promise to sit up till my hot water's brought. Will that satisfy you?"
"Oh, but that's too much."
"Not at all. If you tell me in the morning that you've had a good night, with a pleasant smile, 'I shall feel amply rewarded; besides I can do with less sleep than most people, and I'm sure to take it out before luncheon.'"

Miss M. expostulated, but he would not listen, being quite excited at the idea of rendering a service to such a pretty girl; and when the guests separated for the night, and he whispered 'I haven't forgotten,' she gave him so charming a look of gratitude that his heart fluttered like a schoolboy's.
Two o'clock A. M. with a decaying fire and without the solace of a pipe. He had written two or three letters just to save his conscience, but the effort had been so great that he wouldn't have begun another to save his life. In order to reassure Miss M., who might be on the lookout, he left the smoking-room on the pretext of a headache, and established himself in his room about midnight. Smoking and sleeping were both out of the question, and two longer hours he had never spent in his whole existence. He heard doors opening and shutting down stairs, a suppressed laugh at the last good story told amidst tobacco smoke, the tread of several pairs of feet in different directions, and then silence.

Miss M. being no longer there with her white face and a small figure all of a tremble to work upon his feelings, he began to feel his position, as eminently ridiculous. His excitement had cooled down, his compassion had waned like the moon; but infinitely bared and intensely sleepy he was bound by his promise to a girl. And all on account of a dream! He asked himself with his fingers running through his usually neat hair and his mouth distended in an unconscious yawn, if anybody had ever heard of a man being victimized by somebody else's dream. It was arrant nonsense and he was a fool to give in to it. No, not quite that, with a throbbing of compunction, or the girl would have worried herself into fits; but he ought to have reasoned with her, or suggested that she might have a dog in her room. Lady B.'s Fidget would have been sure to bark if a mouse had squeaked, and would have howled the house down at sight of a burglar. A pity he hadn't thought of it; but supposing he had, Miss M.'s gratitude would have been given to Fidget and not to himself, and he rather wished to win it. Another yawn, till he thought he had cracked his jaws. The fire was dying out, he was afraid to stir it, but he thought he might tickle it with the poker. He got up cautiously, and was stretching out his hand for the poker, when he heard a sound in the passage. He began to think that his nervous system was deranged, for he had never believed that there was the smallest reason for his watching. But the sound was repeated, and sent an unmistakable thrill through his veins. He got to the door noiselessly, thanks to his slippers, and without opening it any further, peered through the crack. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw Bird, the butler, carrying a pair of tiny high-heeled boots in his hand. Was there really something in the dream after all? He waited till the man actually stopped at Miss M.'s door and placed his hand on the handle.

Then with one stride he was by his side.
"What are you doing here?" he said in a stern whisper, staring the butler straight in the face.
The man started, turned perfectly livid, and let the boots fall from his shuffling fingers, but he made a great effort after composure, and tried to steady his voice as he said: "I had forgotten to send up these boots before, sir, and I was afraid the young ladies might want them the first thing in the morning."
"If she did it wouldn't be your business to bring them. You must be mad or drunk, and I shall report you to your master to-morrow."
The man's under-lip shook and his eyes shifted uneasily. "I meant no harm," he said, sullenly, as he stooped to pick up the boots.
But Mr. R. stopped him on a sudden impulse. "Leave them here, and go off at once."
Bird seemed inclined to remonstrate, and even stretched out his hand again as if to take the boots, but Mr. R. signed him to go with a significant frown.
The butler slunk down the passage, giving a backward look before he turned the corner. Mr. R. watched him out of sight, then picked up the boots and carried them to the gashlight. Nothing in the first, a dainty, innocent covering for a pretty foot; but something hard rattled in one of them as they dropped on the floor, and he was not surprised to find in the second a long, pointed knife. As he drew it out and scratched his finger with the sharp edge, his blood turned cold as he

thought of the girl's white throat and the crimson gash.

If it had not been for a dream that girl would have been brutally murdered in her bed.

Mr. R. thought it right to tell the circumstances of the case to Lord and Lady B. Miss M. agreed with him, but said she would go home before he spoke to avoid a fuss. As soon as she had left the house the story was told, and Lady B. nearly went into hysterics. Lord B. said there was not sufficient evidence to support a charge of murder, but he declined to have his enterprising butler any longer in the house. He therefore dismissed him at once on another pretext, and Mr. George Bird is now on the lookout for another place, where he may cut a throat when he feels inclined, with no troublesome third party to interfere. A nice thought for those who are about to engage a butler.

This story is true, only a few trifling details having been altered, and the proper names suppressed. Mr. Bird is the only person concerned in it who would be able to bring an action for libel against me, but for his own sake he is likely to keep quiet.

Reading Aloud.

Edward Everett said that he considered a knowledge of reading and writing a good education. So it is, for it includes more than appears on the surface. Let no one take heart of grace from a statement like Everett's, and relapse into complacent ignorance or slovenliness.

What is reading? Is it merely calling off words at sight? Far from it. Reading is properly elocution, which includes proper enunciation of the voice and the expression of the sentiment of the selection read. Reading, then, implies culture, study of the most earnest and devoted kind. The difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated reader can be easily told—the voice, merely, of a cultivated reader affects the hearer like music; in fact, a good reader is often also a good singer. Besides, the cultivated reader knows something of the matter about which he reads—if he did not understand the allusion, to history, poetry, or science; if he did not see mentally the scenes described; if he could not follow the author's argument; if he could not identify himself with the character, he would have small chance of making any impression on the minds of his hearers.

Accordingly, before you attempt to make any further progress in your education, be sure that you know how to read. If you do not, only a living instructor can really teach you—but it is possible to give a few rules which will be of use.

One is, study a selection beforehand, as carefully as you would a piece of music. Grasp the meaning—yes, and the shades and sub-divisions of meaning—thoroughly, even if it should take you days or weeks, before you attempt to render it in the presence of others. Consult the dictionary, the encyclopedia, the gazetteer—every needed kind of a book of reference, so long as there remains a single word of whose meaning and pronunciation you are not sure. Then study every sentence as carefully as if you expected to recite it without the book. Say every word aloud as you would if you were talking—that is, expressing your own feelings—under the circumstances represented. Let your tones indicate your supposed emotions, whether ordinary, gay, humorous, pathetic, religious, impassioned or tragic. Make your hearers feel instructed or touched, make them laugh or cry, as the subject demands.

Mrs. Grant's Palatial Home.

All through the autumn there has been an army of workmen in the Grants' new house on Seventy-third street, which was purchased with the proceeds of the General's book, and cost complete, I am told, something like \$200,000. It is a big house, with room enough for Mrs. Sartoris and her children, who will probably spend much of her time there in the future. The sons, too, will be there with their families from time to time, as Mrs. Grant means the house to be the home and center of the entire family. The first guest in the new house will be the wife of President-elect Harrison, who is an old friend of Mrs. Grant and even before her husband was nominated, promised to come to the new house for a long visit as soon as it was done. Originally the intention was simply a reunion of two quiet, elderly friends, but as matters now stand Mrs. Grant will probably throw open her doors and invite the great world to meet the new first lady of the land. Mrs. Levi P. Morton, who has a handsome house on Fifth avenue, three doors from the one that was occupied during the campaign by the Republican National Committee will try to induce Mrs. Harrison to be her guest during a portion of her stay. They have never met, but have been vigorously corresponding during the campaign and have exchanged photographs.

There are a multitude of men standing idle and seeking occupation, willing to do everything but, not knowing how to do anything.
He who lends money to the poor is often better than he who gives them alms.