

## THE SAND-MAN.

Ho! for the Sand-man! jolly old fellow,  
With twinkling eyes and a glib smile;  
He comes when the candle flickers yellow,  
And he does his work in jantiest style,  
For he lightens his cumbersome bag of sand  
With a light and a brisk and generous hand.

Ho! for the Sand-man! merry old coddger,  
His aim is firm and his shot is crack,  
And the sharpest wiles of the nimblest dodger.

Can battle him never, nor hold him back;  
Blue eyes, gray eyes, black eyes, brown,  
He powders them soft—and the lids drop  
down.

Ho! for the Sand-man! funny old rover,  
He stops the playing and halts the fun;  
He doesn't wait till the games are over,  
He doesn't care whether romps are done,  
His shaggy old head pokes in, and lo!  
Mouths gape widely and feet lag low.

Ho! for the Sand-man! lilliputian old caller,  
Methinks esteem him and nurses adore,  
For he gathers the children, the big and the smaller,  
And hurries them swiftly away before  
They know it's been done, to the babbling  
streams

And the singing birds of the Land of Drama.  
—Emma A. Oppen.

## A STRANGE STORY.

Last summer, the schooner William Haley, of Galveston, trading among the West Indies, was becalmed near the Gulf Stream. The second day the captain's curiosity was aroused by a strange floating mass, and he ordered the mate to take a boat and examine it. The mate returned towing a log, from which the men had cut away the marine growth which had made it seem at a distance like a sea-monster. The captain ordered it to be hoisted to the deck, declaring that in forty years spent at sea he had never found anything like it.

When laid on the deck, it was seen to be about twenty feet long and two feet in diam. It was of some very hard, dark-colored wood, like palm, charred in places, and worn and broken, cut and torn, as if it had been whirled through torrents and maelstroms for hundreds of years. The ends were pointed, and five bands of dark metal, like bronze, were sunk in the wood, and the whole bore evidence of having passed through intense heat. On closer examination, the log was seen to consist of two parts, and these bands were to bind it together. The captain had the bands cut, and in the exact center, fitted into a cavity, was a round stone, eighteen inches in diameter. The rest of the wood was solid.

The captain, more disappointed at this result than he cared to confess, picked up the stone and was greatly astonished at its lightness. Examining it more closely, he remembered that when a boy on the old New Hampshire farm he used to find hollow stones with crystals in them—geodes, as he afterwards heard them called. This was probably a geode, placed in this strange receptacle for some unknown purpose. He carried it into his cabin and put it into his chest.

Two months later, the old captain returned to his cottage on Galveston Bay, and placed among his curiosities the geode he had so strangely found in the Gulf Stream. One day he studied it again, and the sunlight chanced to fall upon a narrow, irregular line.

"I declare," said the old man; "it looks like as if this stone had been patched together!"

He struck it with a hammer and it fell apart, and proved to be filled with small pieces of yellowish-brown wood. The shell of the stone was about an inch thick, studded over inside with thousands of garnet crystals. It had been broken into three parts and fastened together again with some sort of cement which showed plainly on the inside.

The old captain poured the pieces of wood on the table. They were perfectly dry and hard. They seemed almost like strips of bamboo, and were numbered and covered with writing, made by pricking marks with some sharp instrument like an awl. He found the first piece of wood and began to read, for it was in English. The work of deciphering the tiny dents on the bits of wood soon became the captain's chief occupation. He copied each sentence off in his old log-book as fast as it was made out. Five or six sentences were about all his eyes would stand without a rest, so that it was a long time before the narrative was all complete. This narrative runs as follows:

HEART OF THE ROCKIES, about Sept. 17, 1886.

I am an American, Timothy Parsons, of Machias, Maine. I have no living relatives. I write this in a vast vaulted chamber, hewn from the solid granite by some prehistoric race. I have been for months a wanderer in these subterranean spaces, and now I have contrived a way to send my message out to the world that I shall probably never see again. If some miner tunneling in the Rockies, comes upon a vaulted chamber, with heaps of ancient weapons of bronze, bars of gold and precious stones that no man may number, let him give Christian burial to the poor human bones that lie in this horrible treasure-house. He will find all that is left of my mortal frame near the great ever-burning lamp, under the dome of the central hall. That lamp is fed from some reservoir of natural gas. It was lighted when I came, months ago. For all I know otherwise, it has burned there for thousands of years.

The entrance to this sub-montane river is in the Assinaboin Mountains, north of the United States line. I was a prospector there for several years, and I heard stories among the older Indians that a river greater than the Columbia had once flowed where the Rocky Mountains now are; that the Great Spirit had piled the mountains over it and buried it deep underground. At last a medicine-man,

whose life I had once saved, told me that he knew how to get to the river, and he took me to a cave in a deep gorge. Here we lived for a week, exploring by means of pine torches, and at last found a passage which ran steadily downward. This, the Indian told me, was the path by which his ancestors, who once lived in the middle of the earth, had found their way to the light of day.

I think we were about three hundred feet below the entrance of the cave, when we began to hear the sound of roaring waters. The sound increased, until we stood by an underground river, of whose width and depth we could form no idea. The light of our torches did not even reveal the height of the roof overhead. My guide told me that this was the mother of all the rivers of the world. No other person except himself knew of its existence. It flowed from the end of the north to the extreme south. It grew ever warmer and warmer. There was a time when people lived along its channel, and there were houses and cities of the dead there, and many strange things, and they were good to eat. If I would help him build a raft, he would float me down this river. The old stories said that one could go upon it for many miles. It ran down a hollow under the mountains.

We built and equipped our raft and launched it on the most foolhardy adventure, I do believe, that ever occupied the attention of man. We lit torches, and set them in sockets on the raft, and we were well armed. For two weeks we moved down the high archway, at a steady rate of only about three miles an hour. The average width of the stream was about five hundred feet, but at times it widened out to almost twice that. It swarmed with many kinds of fish, and they were very easy to secure. The rock walls and roof seemed to be of solid granite. We were below the later formations.

As nearly as I can calculate, we were about a thousand miles from where our voyage began, and nothing had yet happened to disturb its monotony, when we began to find traces of ancient work and workers. An angle in the wall was hewn into a figure, and at another point there seemed to be regular windows, and a dwelling was perched far up in the granite dome.

Suddenly we found that the river was flowing much faster, and we failed to check our raft. We went over a water-fall, perhaps seventy feet high, and were thrown on a shelf of rock at the side of the river below. I was unhurt, but my companion was so badly injured that he died in a few hours. I repaired the raft after a fashion, and continued the voyage, finding it impossible to contrive any way to scale the sides of the water-fall and attempt a return. All our torches were lost, and the attempt to proceed further seemed but the last act of despair. A few hours later, I saw a light gleam over the river in a very remarkable way, shining clear across, as if from the head-light of a locomotive high up on the wall. This aroused me somewhat from my stupor and misery. I sat up on the raft and steered it close to the edge of the river to see what wonderful thing had happened.

As I came nearer, I saw that an irregular hole was in the wall a thousand feet above the water, and the light shone out through it. It was a cheerful thing to look at, and I hung to the granite and shouted, but to no effect. Then I saw a broken piece in the wall a little further down, and let the raft drift along to the base of a broad though much worn and broken flight of steps winding up the cliff. That brought me at last to the place of the light, a domed hall overlooking the river, hewn out of the rock, and having in its center a metal basin with a jet of natural gas. I have had to cut off a part of this metal basin since, but I have not harmed the inscriptions. There are many gas-jets, but in the other chambers I have had to light them.

I have lived here for months, and I have explored all the chambers of the place. There is no escape, so far as I can see. The river, twenty miles below, plunges down vaster descents, and the water gets so hot that I should be boiled alive if I tried the voyage. I have discovered a log of tropic wood like palm, and a geode in which I can send a message to the world of sunlight. Perhaps this will get through the fires and float to the surface somewhere. I am convinced that the river which brought me here flows on to the Gulf of Mexico, and that, sooner or later, my log will be picked up. Perhaps this river is really the source of the Gulf Stream. From a sort of a map, painted on one of the walls, I obtain the idea of many and thickly populated communities which used this place as the sepulchre of their chosen few.

Evidently that was before volcanic outbursts made the channel of the river like a cauldron boiling over endless fires. All along the course are towns marked, groups of rock-hewn rooms on the cliffs, populated islands on the river, promontories from whose sides fountains of light seem to spring. Did thousands of people once live and find happiness in the vast vaults of death? Things must have been very different then from now. They must have had many reservoirs of natural gas. The animal life in the river must have been much more varied. Indeed, there are pictures in the Hall of War, as I have named it, that show two things plainly—that there were thousands of caverns, extending over hundreds of miles, and peopled by animals with which the heroes fought; and that the river was swarming with existence.

I have tried to put together all I can of their picture-writings and paintings, so as to understand what sort of men

and women they were. I confess that I have learned to admire them greatly. They were a strong, brave, loving and beautiful people. I am sorry they are all gone. I never cared half so much about the dead Etruscans or Carthaginians. The earliest chapter in their history, so far as I discover, is a picture of a line of men and women descending into a cave, and a dragon pursuing them. This seems to point to a former residence on the face of the earth, and to some disaster—war, flood, pestilence or some fierce monster—which drove the survivors into the depths of the earth for shelter.

But all these thoughts are vain and foolish. I have explored the cliffs of the river and the walls of the mighty halls which shelter me. I have attempted to cut a tunnel upward past the water-fall, using the ancient weapons which lie in such numbers on the floor. The bronze wears out fast, but if I live long enough, something may be done. I will close my record and launch it down the river. Then I will try to cut my way out to the sunlight.

Here the story closed. Some day, perhaps, an old man, white-haired and pale as one from the lowest dungeon of a Bastille, will climb slowly out of some canon of the Rockies to tell the world more about his discovery of a lost race.—Charles Howard Shinn.

## In Fort Worth.

"I've been in every city in the United States," said a well-known man recently, "and I've been in some pretty tough places; but I have yet to see a man shot or stabbed. After all," he continued, "there's a deal of rot talked about the danger one encounters in plains towns. However, I remember one funny thing apropos of killing. I was in Fort Worth, Tex., a number of years ago, waiting to meet a Mexican capitalist, got bored, hunted up a faro bank—it was upstairs over a saloon, I remember—and started in with very good luck, which stuck to me. I made three plays against the bank on a same evening, and on the last occasion the man on the high chair, who happened to be the proprietor, came over at the end of a deal, and, tapping me on the shoulder, whispered:

"'Yer kin go on playin', stranger, but y'll hev ter wait till tomorror fer money of yer win. We're on the second bank roll, and we're eight hundred short uv y'ou's chips,' now."

"I had broken the bank and \$800 over. I quit playing, of course, and went out to find myself famous as 'the feller from the North who broke Jim's bank.' Every one did me honor, and the next evening a number of citizens took me to the theatre to occupy a box with them. During the pause between a bad song and a dance and an awful serio-comic ballad one gentleman commenced pointing out local celebrities:

"'See that long fellow yonder in a sombrero and calzonas,' and he pointed out a semi-Mexican with a villainous face and a long knife. 'Well, he's killed his man; and the other one with the shivy hat, three rows in front, has two graves for his record. Then over near the piano is Sleepy Bill, of Dallas; he's put out anyhow three lights, and his partner, who just went out for a drink, has done full as well.' Thus far my 'lecturer on life' had spoken in an ordinary conversational tone, and with-out any apparent awe in tone or look. Suddenly his voice dropped to a low whisper and his eyes fairly bulged as he muttered:

"'Great snakes! Look over in that box opposite. See that fellow-complexioned man with the broadcloth frock and diamond ring? As I live that's Brownsville Charlie. He's croaked six and has it in for me. He's looking this way. Guess I'll say good evening.'

"I'll never forget the piano drop in the man's voice, and I'm likely to remember that I didn't wait for the salutation but skipped to my hotel, and thence, on the first train northward. Maybe I wasn't in any danger, but I couldn't tell how straight the fellow could shoot, nor how soon and how suddenly he might open the fusillade."

## A Million Tons of Rails.

A leading steel rail manufacturer of Pittsburgh gives some interesting data regarding the additional trackage decided upon by the Trunk lines of the country this year. He said: "There will be needed a million tons of steel rails. This quantity of material, delivered, will cost about \$35,000,000. Add to that the cost of fish bars, frogs, switches, ties, grading and laying of material and the total amount which will be spent will not fall short of \$100,000,000."

"The Pennsylvania company lines will need about thirty thousand tons. Other roads, including the Baltimore and Ohio, Lake Erie, and Pittsburgh and Western will need fifty thousand or sixty thousand tons more. Add to that the amounts needed by other Eastern roads, the Vanderbilt system, Gould's lines, Southern and Western roads and you have the million tons."

"The Lake Shore between Buffalo and Chicago will use twenty thousand tons. Every road will this year increase its trackage facilities. The experiences of last year bid fair to be repeated this year in the way of the emt bargo upon the movement of freight which every shipper so well remembers, and every railroad manager is doing his utmost to obviate the trouble."

"The Pennsylvania Railroad is even working hard to have a third track between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. This track is now completed at all the principal stations, and there are a great many miles of siding which will be utilized when work is completed. There is now probably two hundred miles of this third track, and the remainder will be laid as quickly as possible."

## TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

### HOW SHARP CLERKS BEGUILÉ INNOCENT PURCHASERS.

#### Neat Stratagems Which Are Usually Successful in their Result.

The shrewd business man leaves something to the intelligence of his customers. As long as a thing is not misrepresented let them find out defects for themselves. But the day of sanding the sugar and wetting down the tobacco is over. There is an investigation of another kind now. Chromo cards and gifts have had their day, but there is the quarter-off and the half-off sale.

Can any one outside of the business tell how the accomplished clerk holds up a piece of dress goods in that little pyramid on the counter where the light strikes it so as to bring out in bold relief all its best colors and make it look as if it were the labelled fabric in the store? One clerk will say, with his head over on its side like a little bird: "It looks like you, Miss—It's a fact. I thought of you as soon as I saw it. I said to myself Miss—will want a dress of that piece."

Another will remark incidentally under the same circumstances: "Your friend Mrs. Col—bought a dress from that piece."

The customer hesitates—and is lost. In other words, she buys the goods, being helplessly ensnared in the science of delusion by those clerks who know their business.

A lady went into a dry goods store and asked to see some goods displayed in the window.

"You don't want that style of goods said the clerk, who knew his customer; 'you wouldn't wear it.'

Then he took down dress after dress from his reserve stock and as he did so remarked casually:

"You wouldn't wear a window dress. This one has not been shown before."

Of course the customer was flattered into buying a dress, and the clerk was right. He knew that the goods removed from the illusion of plate glass would not please her. A clerk soon learns that a lady is never offended when her tastes are remembered and alluded to with graceful tact.

A customer sees a sale of half off advertised at a clothing store where a month ago he bought a suit for \$30. He tells a friend who has admired his suit that he can get one just like it for \$15, and hurries him off to the clothing store.

"Show this gentleman a suit like mine—the same thing."

"Certainly, sir! This way, sir. They are marked down now with the rest, \$25, sir."

"But you are advertising all your goods at half price. What does that mean?"

"Oh not such goods as those sir. Impossible. Why, look at the quality. We are selling our regular stock at half price, but these—" and words fall him to do justice to the subject.

And very likely the man buys a suit which cost originally less than \$15, and is perfectly satisfied in getting it \$5 cheaper than his friend bought his, merely recognizing commercial acumen in the little trick of half off.

The best salesmen of to-day do not persist as much as their predecessors did. They make their goods speak for themselves.

It is a fact that the dry goods store is the principal attraction of the business street and a fertile spot in the desert of commerce. It has color, variety and an attraction that no other place can possibly have. The commonest piece of red and yellow stuff will look rich and elegant in those long graceful folds that have such precision of detail, yet look so careless and artistic in the total effect. The man who did that gauges his usefulness by those folds. It is related of the late A. T. Stewart, the millionaire merchant, that in passing through the side of his great store in which the goods were exposed for sale—that opposite to the Broadway side—he saw a piece of velvet stacked to catch his eye. He inquired who had arranged it in that way, sent for the man, who was a new hand, and told him it was wrong. The man answered Mr. Stewart that it was the proper way to display that class of goods. Mr. Stewart said no more, but he watched and saw the velvets managed in this way for some months. Then he sent for the man and promoted him to the velvet department of the wholesale store.

"I saw that you knew more about velvets than I did myself," was the only explanation he gave. The best clerk is the reader of human nature. He coerces one into buying and intimidates another. The merchants have a proverb that any salesman can sell a customer the goods she came to purchase, but he is a good salesman who sells her what she does not want. Every clerk has his particular friends who like to trade with him because he is obliging, or courteous, or entertaining. It is his trick of trade to be all these to his customers."

## Good Year for Delaware Yards.

The year 1889 was undoubtedly the best the shipyards of the Delaware have enjoyed for a long time. All the indications point to equal prosperity for the present year, and the output for this year it is expected will be much more than that for 1889.

According to the Philadelphia Record, in an issue of last week, the ship-builders of the Delaware River turned out from three yards last year no less than \$70,000,000 worth of vessels, including war ships, passenger and freight steamships, sailing vessels, tugs, yachts, etc.

## A Learned English Woman.

Amelia B. Edwards, the famous Englishwoman now lecturing in this country, divides with the Princess d'Istria, of Italy, the honor of being the most learned woman in the world. Her literary career began at four with a short but picturesque little story, and at seven she was in print: with a poem entitled The Knights of Old, which her proud mother had sent to a local journal. At twelve she contributed a long historical novel of the time of Edward III. to the London Pioneer, a penny paper which did not long survive the contribution. Next she sent caricatures to Cruikshank, who wanted to train her for illustrated work, but another mental tangent took her to music, thence again to fiction, and finally as an old-world traveller she passed the masculine historical scholars, and as a pedestrian threatened the reputation of the Wandering Jew. At the age of twenty-one Miss Edwards literally went to the literary life.

Her first short-story check came from Chamber's Journal. Her first novel, My Brother's Wife, was published in 1855; then followed The Ladder of Life in 1857, Hand and Glove in 1858, Barbara's History in 1864, Half a Million of Money in 1865, Debenham's Vow in 1870, in the Days of My Youth in 1873, and Lord Brackenbury in 1880, eight novels in twenty-five years. Two volumes of short stories—Miss Carew in 1865, and Monsieur Maurice in 1873—help to fill the vacancies. Some of her earlier as well as later ventures in poetry were brought together in a volume of Ballads in 1865. Among her first efforts were a summary of English history in 1856, a summary of French history in 1858, and a translation of A Lady's Captivity among the Chinese Pirates, also in the last-named year.

The Story of Cervantes in 1863, and a volume of selections, A Poetry Book of Elder Poets, in 1879, count among her miscellaneous literary work. So early as 1862 she had written a volume of travel, Sights and Stories: a Holiday Tour through North Belgium. Her book on the Dolomites, Untravelled Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys, appeared in 1873, and her Egyptian book, A Thousand Miles up the Nile, in 1876. Add to this long list articles innumerable to the London Times, the Academy, and other English periodicals and the record tells not only of great capacity but of almost unlimited endurance. Her best books are those of travel.

An enthusiastic Egyptologist, she was with Sir Erasmus Wilson in his preparation of Egypt of the Past, and is to-day perhaps the best informed of scholars as to the far-away history of this mysterious land. She is very friendly to Americans, especially to the Bostonese. Columbia College has made her a L. H. D., and Smith's Female College, Massachusetts, has added an LL. D. She is a member of all the learned English societies with honors innumerable. Miss Edwards is a Londoner by birth, English military father, and Irish literary mother, and on the authority of the family Bible is fifty-eight years of age. Her favorite recreation is walking, and, between her hundred lectures, she proposes to leave her distinguished foot-prints on many an American mile.

## Hunting on Cape Cod.

How little we know of our resources and advantages of our own neighborhood! In speaking of the lovers of sport who go to the Rocky mountains and the wilderness of northern Canada in search of game, Capt. Perry Jones, who, though an enthusiastic New Yorker, has strong predilections for New England, said to a New York Star reporter: "One of the best territories for shooting deer is on that long and curious peninsula, Cape Cod. Although the district was settled far back in the 17th century, the population has remained stationary.

"The climate is too severe in winter for people of weak constitutions, and the soil is too sandy to ever reward the farmer to any liberal extent. While much of the land is improved, a large portion is wild and covered with forests of pine and scrub oak. There is a heavy, and, at places, a dense, underbrush. In some spots it is so thick as to almost defy a woodman. In these old woods the deer thrive almost as well to-day as they did two centuries ago. Last season over 120 were shot by the natives and summer visitors. The venison is delicious, and, owing to the salt air, the ocean winds, the inexhaustible supply of food and the freedom from wolves and dogs, has a different flavor from that which comes from the far West and North.

"The people there are very conservative and quaintly old-fashioned. In summer the climate is delightful, but during the rest of the year, as I intimated, it is not. There is an enormous supply of fish of every kind, but the meat and vegetables are not up to the New York mark. There is good shooting besides the deer there, including snipe, partridge, duck and woodcock. Unless overruled by pot hunters, the cape promises to remain for many years a lovely land for all whose fancy turns to the rod and gun."

## Abject Worship of Royalty.

To show how abject is the worship of royalty in India, the following extracts from a poem, written in Bombay to welcome Prince Albert Victor of Wales, are pertinent: "A prince independent in dignity, high in beauty and grace, as lovely as the moon, the world boasts of the abilities of him descended from a royal line most exalted. Born of an heir-apparent at whose feet the highest heavens do reverence, to whom the world far and wide pays homage, the confronting enemy yields readily to his sword," etc. Evidently they have not heard of the West End of the in Bombay.

## Great Head, Mrs. Hen.

Frank W. Miner of Salem, a wild town ten miles west of Norwich, has a very catty old hen. The hen is in the habit, sanctioned by her owner, of roosting under a coop, one end of which is uplitted on the edge of a large tin plate, and a very big owl, also of Salem, has been in the habit of visiting Mr. Miner's homestead and stealing his chickens. The two habits impinged on each other one night this week, and the result was detrimental to the owl.

The big owl had come out of the woods and was strutting about Mr. Miner's front yard, when he espied the hen cooly dozing in her peaked cottage. In the heavy shadow of the coop he could not estimate her age with any accuracy, and so he went into it to get her. The hen saw him coming, but she made no sound until he had passed beneath the impending portcullis, and then she gave a wild cackle and darted out of the coop. She was smart enough in going out to take the tin plate with her, and the portcullis came down. The hen wheeled about and gazed at the situation.

Act II. was now on the boards and the positions of the actors had been shifted. The hen was no longer at home to nocturnal callers, but the owl appeared to be very much at home. The hen was out in the chill and humid night, and the owl was sequestered under the arched roof, behind the bars of the coop. The hen was in ecstasy, the owl evidently was astounded and displeased. But he did not realize the extreme gravity of his situation until the voracious cackling of the hen had alarmed her master, who strolled out of the house snoring.

The delighted and exultant fowl led him straight to the coop, and as Mr. Miner, having taken his pipe from his lips, squared himself before the cage, the mien and jaunty carriage of the old hen seemed to express the boastful jibe: "Well, old man, how does this affair strike you for a melodrama, entitled 'The Consumption of Cuteness; or, The Doleful Dole of the Unbidden Guest?'"

Mr. Miner took charge of the prisoner, set the coop again, and the old hen retired into it to doze and wait for another woods chap to come fooling around her. In recounting the incident Mr. Miner said that in all his wide experience with owls he had never before seen an owl whose eyes were so big with wonder and bewilderment as were the eyes of the owl old hen caught in the coop.

## Preservation of the Eyesight.

The best preservative of eyesight is outdoor exercise. A cold bath every morning stimulates the circulation, and with an active bounding of the blood through the arteries assimilation and elimination bring about good results. Heated rooms with poor illumination are a prolific source of weak eyes. Reading or writing with the light falling on the page and reflecting its rays into the eyes often brings about a spasm of the little muscles which govern the accommodation, and the result is to exhaust the eyes.

People who indulge in overfeeding, are careless about clothing, travel with damp feet, or dine irregularly, all suffer sooner or later from defective vision. See that the tea ducts are kept healthy by proper means and nature will then do her duty.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## Swiss Labor Conference.

The Swiss Government has issued the programme which is to form the basis of the labors and inquiries of the labor conference. It includes the following points:

1. In what degree, if at all, should the State restrict Sunday work?
  2. What is the minimum age below which the employment of children is factories should be prohibited?
  3. What should be fixed as a maximum day's work for work men or women under full age?
  4. Should the hours of compulsory attendance at school which are now required by law be counted as part of a day's work for juvenile workers?
  5. Should the maximum length of a day's work for juveniles vary according to the ages; and during what hours should the working time be fixed?
  6. What restrictions are necessary in the employment of women and children in unhealthy and dangerous occupation?
  7. Should the State permit the employment of women and children in occupations carried on at night?
  8. How can the State best put into effect and enforce the labor regulations it makes?
- Finally, the programme submits to the conference that proposition for periodical labor conferences, which will become an established institution if this conference approves the idea.

## A Banquet on a Large Scale.

The directors of the De Beers Company in the Kimberly (South Africa) mines gave a Christmas picnic to their 3000 employees, at which were eaten 1200 fowls, 400 turkeys, 150 geese, 100 hams, 1000 pounds of spiced, roast and boiled beef, and 1800 pigeon, veal and ham and chicken and ham pies, washed down with 5000 bottles of English and German beer, 100 cases of champagne, 200 cases of claret and 100 cases of Burgundy, besides a brandy and whiskey.

## Bertie's Business Head.

Bertie—And do all angels have wings, Uncle Charles?  
Uncle Charles—Yes, Bertie.  
Bertie—Big angels and little angels like?  
Uncle Charles—I told you yes, Bertie.  
Bertie—Say Uncle Charles, if you were me wouldn't you go into the wing business as soon as you got old enough?