NEVER TOO LATE.

There is good and bad in the wayside

mns On the highways of our lives And man can never be free from sins No matter how hard he strives; Yet even when down destruction's

grade Our thorny pathways trend, In spite of a thousand errors made "It is never too late to mend."

There are crosses heavy for men to

And passions to conquer, too; There are joys and woes that each must share

Before the journey is through. But men may be poor for honor's sake, And truth and right defend, And hope will never this promise break; "It is never too late to mend."

'Tis never too late for a noble deed, For, blessed by the angels' tears, It plants in the breast of men a seed That will grow in after years; A word of kindness, hope and cheer Will always comfort lend; We must live for love and banish fear

It is never too late to mend, my lad, No matter what people say, And no man's nature is wholly bad, Even if old and gray:

"It is never too late to mend."

And in our journey toward the grave, Until we reach the end, There is time to change and time to

"It is never too late to mend."

-Herbert Cass Adams.

THE REDEEMING ACT.

Dave was a coward and he had always borne the reputation of arrant cowardice ever since he had crawled and footsteps in rapid retreat. over the side of his dugout cradle to wallow along with the underfoot world on the white sand before his parents' cabin door. Though country born and remarkable agitation of his knees. He tionally and a determined 'possum ard, and his cousin, Sue Spivey,

I 'ud th'ow away my wuthless life." ished and provincial, but on this occa- shrilly with very joy. Then the dense sion it rose to the dignity of what he shade of the murky shadowed swamp felt the occasion demanded.

event. But a day was sadly near fence.

and until this day, Honeypath was only came the harsh command: tensions to any architectural dissimi- the gal with ye." ated. Along that glowing metal high- at Suc. way troops of both armies passed and "Oh, Dave, don't open the door," she was at least five inches in length and repassed, gazed at curiously by the few pleaded, meeting the earnest look bent was filled with pus. All that was left women and senile males left in the vil- on her face from beneath the brim of of the brain was a thin shell, composed lage, but exciting no other emotion Dave's frouzy slouch hat; "I ain't of the tougher tissues, which were less than a blank curiosity that died out afeered to burn."

otism answered to the first call to arms, in his shaking hands. but Dave was timid, fearful of the Poor Sue, there was no answering tolerable control of his locomotor mussmell of powder and refrained from ac- laughter in her soul now for those cles, could talk, and, in fact, was comtion, preferring to suffer the opprobri- grotesquely sententious words which paratively discommoded in no other ous epithets which were liberally be- broke in husky monotone on her hear- way than by the loss of vision. His restowed upon him and the contempt of ling like a last prayer.

cepted meekly the obliquy which the ing back the bolt he stood on the cabin ness. condition imposed, not even the taunts step before them. of battle in his craven soul.

was gathered to her final rest, being put gently backward into the room. out of sight in the little sandy grave- "Bolt the door behind me!" he said ago I loaned him the money, and the yard, with only the comment of the two and passed out. and bacon, more often the cornbread weapons barked with one voice. had passed that way.

the young potato vines in an open arid swered; then all was still; only the fret- tertaining gentlemen at dinner, and field behind the cabin, when Sue ran ful warbling of a wren in the nearby said he woldn't accept a gift of the out to him in troubled haste.

intermission of the bent labor.

back.' pation of the martial visit. "I dunno. They was five of 'em."

stolidly on before. "Don't you be skeered," he continued, as they reached his "wuthless life's" blood streaming the yard. "I reckon they won't do from many wounds, passed to the judgnothin'."

Of the two it would have been mani- ning of all things. fest to the most casual observer that he was the worst "skeered" but he walked tary song to heaven, the perfume of the on till they reached the house and Sue | Cherokee rose filled the air of the fadc ied out:

"Yonder they come now-all five." inside the door.

"What you gwine to do?" Sue asked, nervously, keeping near her cousin, but life long, he had earned the reward of taken down a rifle that had belonged to hath no man than this, that he lay Sue's brother, who had also offered up down his life for his friend."-Detroit his life on the altar of the cause, leav- Journal. ing his weapon to his sister as a means of defence in just such emergencies as

perative voice demanded:

splinters of yer ol' door!" The threat the stooping posture assumed by many pletives and accompanied with more position sometimes shows lack of grace, vicious pounding.

through a knot hole in the shutter re- From the standpoint of the physioloviewed the situation of the enemy. gist, the forward bend is the best, in through the aperture the rifle again that it enables the rider desirous of bred, a passing thunderstorm struck spoke with decisive, leaden emphasis, speed to develop a maximum degree of him with terror, and the sight of the and when the smoke cleared away the effort with the least distress. It is even black waters of the "chick" caused a man inside beheld one of the besiegers claimed that the jar caused by the vilying prone across the freshly hoed bration of the bicycle produces a condiwas a coward, pure and simple. The potato rows, while another limped pain- tion analogous to the railway spine.

Ordinarily Dave's speech was unpol. sat out in the furnace-like sun, rattling great remedial value. and the big scaly black scorpions and

Long before the late unpleasantness, Presently from the rear of the cabin

a siding where occasional trains took "You cowardly bushwhacker in there, bedded too deeply into the brain tiswater and passed each other. Two or come out an' fight like a man! If ye sues to admit of an operation. It was three log shanties without special pre- don't, we'll burn ye an' yer shanty an' found that the tumor was nearly as

larity, marked the site of the town, dis- There was no opening in the rear of cated as to demoralize the nerves of the tinguishing it from the vast area of im- the cabin, the logs were thick and the sight center, and, as a consequence, penetrable swamp that backed it and chinks were well stopped with clay, young Bly was blind for over three the arid waste of sandy bottom through so that Dave could not return a leaden years. which the glistening polished rails of answer to this brutal challenge. He It was developed at the autopsy that the grand trunk line writhed and sinu- fingered the rifle nervously and looked the entire brain had been hollowed out

even before the white mist of the fine His lips blanched, his knees were When an incision was made in the sand stirred by the soldiers' feet had wobbly with fear, but he had not for- shell the whole mass collapsed. settled behind the retreating bands. gotten the one boast of his poor. The circumstance which made the Dave was a native of Honeypath and pinched life, uttered so long ago. "Toe case almost unprecedented in the anlived with an aged father in one of the purter' yo' honah on' happiness, I 'ud nals of medical science was the manner shantles. Sue dwelt with her mother throw away my wuthless life." He in which the patient retained his rationin another near by. Dave's father was uttered the words again monotonously, ality and faculties under the circuma hot-blooded Southerner, whose patri- fingering the rifle that was held limply stances. He had the sense of touch,

the county generally to facing he knew In that moment Dave, who had all was able to memorize poems up to not what horror upon the battlefield. ways been a coward, who had all his within two weeks of his death.-He was not a philosopher and could not life long borne meekly the scorn and Wilkesbarre (Penn.) Record. plead in extenuation of his neutrality opprobrium attached to the character. that the martial slaughter of his he whom heretofore nothing could brother man was a crime and that the arouse to a sense of his degradation. "Mr. Clark wants to see you," said wholesale sacrifice of human life was calmly arose to the very pinnacle of

heroism.

and cutting sarcasm of pretty Sue "Fall back and give him a show; he's Spivey being able to rouse the instincts | coming out, boys!" Sue clung to him, pleading, "Dave, don't; there's four to worries the life out of me. He owes me Before the strife ended Sue's mother one. Don't go!" but he pushed her eighty dollars, and called to tell me

remaining neighbors. And then Dave | Sue stood motionless in the center of sorry he was that he couldn't pay, and and Sue toiled early and late in order to the room waiting for it to begin. Dave wring from the starving acres an un- pulled the trigger of his gun and varied livelihood of yams, cornbread turned the corner and instantly four street and made another promise. I

"Skeered o' what?" he asked, without back the bolt, throwing the door wide anonymously, so he could pay the debt, open. A broad stream of yellow light he called to tell me he was going away "Some some soldiers just went down and a rush of heat met her, passing for a couple of weeks, and when he rethe road, an' they spoke to me -sassy over a figure on its knees that always rarned would pay the debt. For three like." She hesitated, and Dave looked trembled at the sight of deep water. years he has kept this thing up, calling up to see her pretty face scarlet and Dave gasped his last breath. Bleed- here and going out of his way to meet her brows bent together in angry lines. ing and shattered, he crept to her feet, me, so as to dun himself and promise real forests would hardly give them a new stars in our flag. "Well, what did they all say?" he de- after the manner of a faithful dog to to pay the eighty dollars next week."

manded, in his accustomed slow drawl, die. In the grave gray eyes that were after waiting in vain for her to proceed. | raised to hers there was the light of the "They 'lowed they all was a-comin' exaltation of a passing spirit, triumphans over the shadow of death which al-"Who was they, ennyhow?" he asked, rendy darkened them. His lips moved uneasily, his face blanching in antici- in the contortion of a smile that broke into an articulate murmur.

" done said that toe purtec' yo' "Come on back to the house, Sue," he and happiness I would th'ow and, shouldering his hoe, he trudged a say my wuthless life-an' I done hit." And Dave, with the crimson glory of ment reserved for him from the begin-

The wren shivered out her fragmening day, and the setting sun, streaming though the cabin door, touched the still Dave's face blanched to a sallow figure of Dave, wrapping him in molten whiteness, but he pulled her quickly splendor as though with the face of a

dying god. Poor Dave, though a coward all his he apparently did not hear. He had heroism at the very end. "Greater love

In Favor of the Bicycle.

Much has been written from time to "What you gwine to do, Dave?" the time in the antagonism of bicycle ridgirl persisted, coming closer and laying ing as a healthful sport. Those who her hand on his arm. Dave shook sev- have been misled would do well to read eral cartridges into the cylinder of the the following address, delivered by Prorifle, and waiting in silence, apparently | fessor Albert Abrams to the students of not aware that Sue had touched him. the Cooper Medical College of San Only a few more moments to wait and Francisco: "In the present state of then the last act in the commonplace medical progress distinction is cheaply little tragedy. A loud pounding at the attained by the inventon of a name, rickety cabin door, and a derisive im- The bicycle hump is a chimera which deserves annihilation. No indubitable "Hi, in there, open up, or we'll make case of spinal deformity, the result of was garnished by several strong ex-riders, has ever been reported. This but the shoulders are held stiffly back Then for answer went the spiteful in order to obtain a firm grip for the snap of the rifle followed by a surprised extraordinary muscles of breathing, howl of pain, more voluble profanity and the bend is a hinge movement at the axis of the hip joint, and not a for-Dave went to the window and ward curvature of the spinal column. bristling of a coon routed him uncondi- fully in the rear of the retreating trio. The fact is that the vibrations of the In the short silence that followed the machine are of real value in many could rob the hen roost before his last shot the arid topography of Honey- nervous conditions. A variety of vivery face. Indeed, Dave was a cow- path seemed to flash before Dave's vis- brating machines, beginning with the ion, each peculiarity standing out Tremoussoir of the old French experilaughed uproarfously when the poor strong and clear. The fine, white sand menters, and continued in the appafellow perpetrated his initial and only covered everywhere with fat-leaved ratus devised in such variety by the exact of boasting. He had said to her one prickly pear and cactus that bloomed ponents of the massage and movement day very selemnly and no doubt sin- perpetually in big butter colored flow- cures, shows how widely recognized are ers; the bright, blazing sky, the heat the benefits of a gentle and rapid vibra-"Toe purtec yo' honah an' happiness that rose and hung heavily over tion. In the treatment of insomnia, the man and beast, the many insects that vibration produced by the wheel is of

A Brainless Man. A Williamsport man has surprised Sue knew full well his timorous dis- dainty multi-colored lizards that played the scientists by living for years withposition, and would have thought it an eternal game of hide and seek out a brain. John Bly, aged twenty safe to count on his poltroonery in any among the rotting rails of the old snake years, who died recently, had suffered for a long time with a tumor, which which proved to her the full worth of The trio had disappeared into the grew into the very base of the brain the poor fellow's grandiloquent asser- swamp and Dave calmly refilled his and occasioned his death. The growth rifle, waiting as though lost in thought. had a visible effect upon his brain, and the case became a curiosity to the medical profession. The tumor was imlarge as a billiard ball. It was so lo-

by the action of the tumor. The cavity susceptible to the process of decay.

taste, hearing, and smell; had very tention of memory was remarkable. He

This Odd Man Duns Himself.

an office boy as he entered the private room of a lawyer in the Cable Tele-Dave was simply a coward and ac- "I'm coming out,"he called and shoot- graph Building, where I was on busi-

> "Tell him I'm out," answered the lawyer. "Hang that man!" he continued, when the boy had disappeared. He when he would pay it. Three years day it was due he called to tell me how ---omised it the next Wednesday. When

. ednesday came he met me on the have had to change my lunching place without the embellishment of potatoes | Sue heard something heavy fall four times because he insisted on sitting and bacon, particularly during the against the side of the cabin; then in- at the table with me and telling how it weeks after a hungry foraging party stantly the sharp, clear utterance of a was he couldn't pay the eighty dollars rifle answered the carbines again and just then and when he would pay it, One day Dave was working among still again. One carbine only an- He called at my house when I was en-Cherokee rose hedge breaking the tense money because he felt in honor bound "Oh, Dave, I'm pow'ful skeered!" she silence of the drowsy afternoon hush. to pay it. When I tried to get rid of Anxiety conquering terror, Sue drew him by sending him eighty dollars,

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

SHUT EYE TOWN.

Baby is going to Shut Eye town. Robed for the trip in her little white gown, Sheltered and safe and snug and warm, Cuddled up close in her mamma's arm, She's on the way to Winkum.

Gazing about so baby wise, Now she closes her winsome eyes. What cares she if the winds do blow, Or that the ground is covered with snow? She's passed the place called Blinktum.

Over the fields where the poppies grow, As mamma rocks her to and tro, Her rosy pink lids are freighted down With sleepy seed by fairies sown. Within the gates of Shut Eye town.

- Belle Lowe Stathem.

HOW TO SEE WIND.

If you wish to see the wind take a polished metallic surface of two feet or more, with a straight edge; a large handsaw will answer the purpose. Select a windy day, weather hot or cold, clear or cloudy, only let it not rain or the air be murkyin other words, let the air be dry. Hold this metallic surface at right angles to the wind-that is, if the wind is north, hold your surface east and west-and incline twigs, and covered with grass or earth to it at an angle of 45 degrees, so that the wind striking glances and flows over the edge. Now sight carefully over the edge at some small, but clearly defined fine powder, by means of a mortar, and object, and you will see the air flow over as water flows over a dam.

SHE WAS AFRAID. She is a dear little girl who has lived she was born. Her nurse has brought all kinds are burned up by the drouth. her down-stairs every day, all bonneted and cloaked, and put her in the fur robes in the carriage. Her feet never touch the walk. Now she is about two years the sunshine that followed the snow. When she came back and was lifted out of her carriage, she insisted on standing on the walk. She walked to the curb and looked earnestly at the snow. The held the ball in her own warm hand until face. and held her up as if she were at the seashore and the snow were water, and put her feet in the snow. At the end of three days, after many, many trials, the little threw it at her nurse.

A DOG HINGS A FOG BELL.

There is a dog on the Maine coast which is a valuable and valued assistant at a lighthouse. According to the Portland Daily Argus, the animal is the only dog regularly employed at any lighthouse in the district, and be perform his duty in a manner that is perfectly satisfactory. He is attached to the lighthouse at Wood Uncle Sam's lonely watchers.

It is customary for vessels passing Wood Island to give three blasts of the whistle as a salute. At such times the time, and never misses ringing it when it with the elements of nature.

should be rung. Captain Oliver, of the excursion steamer Forest Queen, was the first seaman to learn of the four-footed helper that the keeper of the Wood Island lighthouse had trained to ring the bell. Several hundred you that he has to go to bed to get his excursionists on the boat saw the dog tugging at the bell rope, and they after- impressed itself seriously on at least wards made inquiries about the matter.

They learned that it was an old story with the dog, and that during a fog the patient animal rings the bell without complaining for hours at a time. He has pever been known to desert his post, which is more than can be said for some peacefully. of the men engaged to ring fog bells and tend lighthouses.

are almost as good as human companions. But, so far as is known, the dog pictured herewith is the only one that has proven

to be of any real service to his master. It is perhaps needless to say that the it took few lessons to make him perfect.

THE MESQUITE TREE AND ITS USES.

gions of the Southwest, that the na ives jar, or olla, upon the top of the house, is happy once more. where, by means of the more rapid evaporation, caused by this direct exposure to the sun's rays, the contents of the jar are kept continually cool. And the digging for wood is explained by the fact that the only timber through much of that region is the mesquite, a low-growing shrub rather than tree, the roots of which are very hard and make an excellent fuel. by them, broken into little pieces, for they are too brittle to chop, and have found that they give out an amount of heat that is in undue proportion to their

The mesquite groves are a striking feature of the wide, level expanses of these regions. From a distance they look like peach orchards, only their vast extent precludes the idea that they are such. As timber a man accustomed to living among

thought; but they are very much better than no timber at all. When in New Mexico recently I found that the tree had another use besides that of supplying fuel. It produces a bean which is an important article of food among the Indians, and in times of scarcity with the Mexicans as well. The bean is produced in pods which are seven to nine inches long, and of a buff color. They begin to ripen in midsummer, and, as they have the quality of preventing thirst as well as of satisfying hunger, they are often of the greatest value to travelers through the desert country. The Indians, who know their value, do not hesitate to go a long

distance away from water if they can be

assured of a supply of mesquite beans

along their route.

When used for food the beans are prepared in various ways. When fresh and newly ripe they are put into a mortar of stone or wood, and bruised, then emptied into an earthen dish, mixed with water and allowed to stand for a few hours. The result is a kind of cold porridge or mush, which has a very agreeable blending of sweetness and acidity, and upon which many of the people would willingly exist the year through. As the fruit or bean pods ripen they are gathered for winter use, thoroughly, dried and store i in cylindrical-shaped baskets, made of keep the rain out In this way they may be preserved for a long time. When needed for food the posts are reduced to a this flour cooked as fancy may dictate. The flour thus prepared is also often kept for a long time.

Horses and cattle feed upon the beans, which are very nutritious, and often find sustenance, and indeed the very means of up-stairs in an apartment-house ever since | keeping alive, in them when grasses of

Tornedoes and Their Causes. The weight of testimony and analysis old, and she has grown tired of the favors the belief that tornadoes are carriage. She wants to walk. The last electrical storms, and that their power snow-storm was that beautiful snow that is the same that drives the modern molies on the ground almost like feathers. tor. Observations upon the recent tor-The little girl came out and was lifted nado that devastated a portion of Texinto her carriage and wheeled away in as agree with previously collected data upon the general characteristics of such storms. There was irresistible rotary motion, strong attraction or lifting power and tremendous propulsive nurse made a tiny snowball and put it in force. The impact of the storm left a the little girl's hand. The moment she tract of packed earth, as though a very felt the cold she began to cry. The nurse heavy roller had passed over the sur-

it began to melt, to show the little girl it Nowhere else in nature or art are the would not burt ber. Then the little girl's same or similar conditions observed mamma came and tried to persuade the except in the "electrical field." A little girl to step in the snow. At last she familiar experiment in the labaratory picked the little girl up around the waist is to put a handful of iron filings in a bowl and subject them to the influences of induction coils. When one current is turned on the filings arrange girl made a tiny snowball, and laughingly themselves on the side of the bowlpolarization-but when a second cur-Are you not sorry for a little girl who rent, with its poles at right angles to had to be taught to love the snow and the first, is turned on, the bowl is inplay with it? The little people who live stantly filled with flying particles, glad, free lives, and learn to love all the which soon take on a rotary motion out-of-door things, ought to be very and go whirling around the rim of the vessel. The phenomena of this experiment are almost identical, in miniature, with the observed phenomena attendant upon tornadoes upon the larger

It is more than a suspicion of science that the cause of the low and high pressures told by the barometer is to be found in electrical or magnetic conditions; the depression, for example, corresponding to the vacated space in the Island, off Biddeford Pool, and has been bowl containing the filings when under there for a number of years. He is the influence of the first current. It is constant companion of the keeper, and an easy step from this to the hypothesis has learned much of the duties of one of of a double or alternating current for thes formation of the tornado. The practicable application of this principle in electrical mechanism has produced dog runs to the bell ro e, seizes it in his the powerful Westinghouse motors, mouth, and tugs vigorously. The dog and it is the only known way in which never rings the bell except at the right such rotary motion can be produced

Clothes Mended While You Wait.

It is considered a good, though somewhat ancient, joke when a man tells clothes mended. The joke must have one man who heard it, for the other day a down-town man launched a new business, and it is repairing and cleaning clothes while the owners of the articles needing attention are sleeping

This new business is intended to find its chief customers among the hotels As nearly every lighthouse that guards and boarding houses, where men and the coast there is one dog, and sometimes women temporarily absent from the the keepers have several. They help to needles, sponges and irons of home, while away the long. lonesome hours, and often find themselves in dire distresss. The proprietor of this lately organized enterprise has made arrangements with the managers of a number of hotels and boarding houses whereby their dog is highly valued by his owner, and guests may turn over their soiled and money would not buy him. He is a torn garments at bedtime and have mongrel dog, being more hearly a shep-herd than anything else. No particular they rise in the morning. A collector effort was made to teach him his duty. passes around at midnight and gets the He "picked it up" from observation, and garments. Busy fingers go to work at once on his harvest, and by daylight, or soon thereafter, the clothes are again at the disposal of their owners. The It is a common saying, in the arid re. traveling salesman who cannot carry a wardrobe with him has a fresh crease climb for water and dig for wood. This, in his trousers, and the man who accibeing inte preted, means that the water dentally caught his pantaloons on the for drinking purposes is kept in an earthen protruding nail in the seat of his chair

.While thus far the plan has worked beautifully, there is always the danger that the collector may forget to return the clothes, or returning them may get them mixed in his hurry, furnishing the 300-pound man with the trousers of a 98-pound boarder. It brings a shiver to both the hotel pro-For a whole winter I have been warmed prietor and the guest to think of all the various possibilities of mistakes

> A French prophet announces that the end of the world will come next September. If it doesn't come then he can still remain in the prophecy business simply by changing the date.

> Greater New York consists of fortyfive islands, just as many as there are

His Pride in Crime.

Mr. W. Hazen, chief of the Secret Service, came on from Washington to New York when Ninger, known for more than fifteen years to the detectives as "Jim the Penman," because of his clever pen and ink counterfeits of Treasury notes, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. The maximum sentence is fifteen years or \$5,000 fine, or both. It was expected that in consequence of the dangerous character of Ninger's work he would get ten or twelve years at least, especially as he had been for so many years practising his art. A reporter asked chief Hazen why Ninger was let off so lightly.

"I suppose it is because he pleaded guilty," said Mr. Hazen, "and that the court considered that as there was no plate work he was not so desperate a criminal."

Further inquiry showed that the Chief considered the man to be more dangerous than the ordinary counterfeiter. Ninger had no confederates, passed all his own counterfeits and hence enjoyed immunity from detection for fifteen or twenty years. "The plate men," said the Chief, "never run longer than two or three years. The banks, with more or less ease, detect the counterfeits and then the detectives are notified, and in a comparatively short time the party is run down."

A good deal has been said about Ninger's cleverness with the pen, and some doubt was thrown on the ability of the Treasury Department detectives to convict him as the maker of the spurious notes. This was the very point that occurred to Chief Hazen after the forger had got into the hands of George R. Bogg, his deputy in this city. He therefore laid plans accordingly. Ninger was taken up to the rooms of the Secret Service Bureau in the Post Office Building and questioned. His "professional pride" was awakened by a challenge, and then taking up a pen he literally 'dashed off" a portrait of Hamilton exnctly as it was on one of the \$100 notes. With equal celerity and faithfulness be copied a bit of the drapery in the female figure. Then with surprising accuracy he wrote the name of "W. S. Rosecrans." Register of the Treasury. Next he was asked to made the figure "20" in the border of another note. It was done almost in the twinkling of an eye. Finally he signed his own name clumsily, strange to say, under the work, and then wrote the Chief's name in a style that could not be surpassed in the most delicate engravings.

When this work was compared with the original and the counterfeits it was seen to be as perfect as duplicate printing. All this was done in the presence of witnesses, and the chief felt be had a perfect case. But Ninger confessed and saved further trouble. He also told the Chief he would help him in any way he could; but no help was needed. Ninger made three \$100 bills of the Farragut portrait, and of these Chief Hazen has two. "The Chief of the Bureau of Engraving." said Mr. Hazen, "told me that the portrait was perfect, There is only one defect in these notes, and that is that the words 'Bureau of Engraving' are omitted. I asked Ninger for the reason of this omission, and his reply was unique. He said he did not want people to believe that the notes were made there, and it would have been a lie. He confessed to making four of the \$100 notes with the Lincoin portrait. We have one of those. He passed all his notes here in the East. One of the \$100 bills, however, came from the Portsmouth National Bank, of Ohio, and was detected in 1894 by the Chase National Bank, of this city. In getting Ninger to identify a number of his notes I ran in a counterfeit plate note. He held it closely to his eyes and threw it down with disgust, saying it was not his work, but a plate counterfeit. Apparently this is a mania with him, apart from any spirit of avarice that may actuate him. He certainly is a most remarkable man."

The Lake Carrying Trade.

Canadian vessels whether steam or sail, are at a disadvantage, compared with American craft, in the carrying trade of the great lakes of this continent, because so many of them are built of a limited size to go through the canals to Lake Ontario and Montreal: whereas the later American craft are of much greater size, not requiring to go farther east than Buffalo on Lake Erie. The largest of these are 300 to 400 feet in length and able to carry 100,-000 to 200,000 bushels of grain on a draught of 16 to 18 feet of water. Some of the latest Canadian steamers can, however, carry cargoes of 50,000 to 70,-000 bushels. We hear this week of some new vessels of the Kingston and Montreal Forwarding Company, namely, the Thursh, capacity 47,000 bushels of wheat, and the Lapwing and the Hiawatha, 40,000 bushels each, which 20 up to Port Arthur, Lake Superior, where they load wheat at Fort William or Kingston.-Toronto Monetary Times

An Old Woman Now.

The venerable Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was eighty-five years old on inne 13 last. She is living with her unmarried daughters on Forest street, in Hartford, Conn., and is constantly attended by a nurse. Her condition is such that she can receive no callers, and can give no attention to literature, but she is able to walk out every day with her attendant. Tokens are paricularly numerous at this time. She s held in loving remembrance by her readers all over the globe, though there is no influx of telegrams and letters as is usual on her birthday. She is leadag a life of absolute retirement, disturbed only by the daily requests from everywhere for her antograph. Recently a cast was made of her right hand, holding a pen, under the direction of David Pell Secor, of Bridgeport. This east will be placed in the National Museum at Washington.