

## INTER-PLANETARY MERRIMENT.

When you find the people yelling  
And a-going it like mad,  
When a chorus wild is telling  
Of some transitory fad,  
You are forced to the conclusion—  
Let's accept the truth with grace—  
That this world with its confusion  
Is a very funny place.

When I see the stars that sprinkle  
Radiance o'er the distant sky,  
When they gaily dance and twinkle  
As they strive to catch your eye,  
It seems that they are chaffing  
In an ecstasy of mirth,  
Very possibly they're laughing  
At this funny little earth.

—Washington Star.

## An Hour of Terror.

(By Helen Forrest Graves.)

"If you please, ma'am," said Betsey, the hired help, presenting herself in the doorway with her arms dripping with hot soap-suds, and her calico skirts festooned about her spare form in a way which Worth never would have imagined, "there's an insane man in the barn!"

I had just settled myself comfortably down to my morning task of coloring a cluster of slender-stemmed blue harebells, which Donald had brought in, a trophy of his before-breakfast walk up the mountain. Baby was sweetly sleeping under the pink lace draperies of her crib. Tommy and little Donald were fishing for minnows in the meadow stream, and I was heartily congratulating myself upon the success of my idea of renting a mountain cottage, "far from the busy haunts of men," for the sultry summer months.

"Where," quoth I to myself, as I glanced around the cool, little library, with its homemade hangings of butterfly-patterned chintz, its Japanese screens, and the decorated china which I myself had arranged on impromptu shelves and brackets, "in all the dusty, heated city, will you find a nook like this, with the scent of giant pine-trees floating in at the casement, and the whistling of black-birds filling up the silence? I declare, it is enough to inspire any one! I could almost write a novel, or an epic, if it wasn't for baby, and the children, and my flower-painting, and the tarts, and syllabubs, and frozen custards, that Betsey can't be got to comprehend!"

Thus, lapped in Elysian dreams, and secure in my own estimation, Betsey's announcement came like a thunder-clap upon my hearing. I dropped my camel's-hair pencil, and sat gazing blankly upon her agast countenance.

"A-what?" I gasped.

"An insane man, ma'am," said Betsey. "Leastways that's what Deacon Gadsley shouted out as he was a-gallopin' by on horseback to catch the dog down train with the mail bag, hollerin' good and loud, as he's aware I ain't quick o' hearin'." "Tell your missis," says he, "to call the children in—there's an insane man in the barn," says he.

"But Betsey," cried I, clutching at the baby's crib, "it can't be possible!" "That's what Deacon Gadsley said, ma'am, and I'll take my Bible oath to it," said Betsey, nodding her head, with a countenance expressive of entire conviction.

"Then, why didn't he come to our help?" I exclaimed, wringing my hands helplessly.

"Don't know, ma'am," said Betsey, "unless it was because the mail train, like time and tide, in the spelling book, waits for no man."

"But what are we to do?" I almost sobbed, my courage and presence of mind nearly deserting me, as I pictured to myself the horrible vision of a crazy lunatic dancing about among the hatchets, scythe-blades and hay-cutters in the barn.

"Don't know, ma'am," said Betsey, viewing me with a sort of mild contempt, as one of the helpless city ladies who become powerless under the presence of any sudden emergency, "unless you call in the boys, and lock the barn doors, jest as quick as possible."

I looked appealingly at Betsey. "Betsey," said I, "would you mind locking the barn doors, like a dear, good soul, while I run after Donald and Tommy?"

Betsey cleared her throat, emphatically. "Not if I know it, ma'am," said she. "I ain't no more partiality than other folks for crazy people. My uncle, he was assistant keeper in the Dunksville lunatic asylum, and he was choked to death by one of the patients, forty odd years ago. And I don't mean that sort of thing shall run in the family, ma'am, not if I can help it."

"Then," cried I, driven to sudden resolve, "stay here with the baby, Betsey. Don't leave her, for your life, while I go after the boys. Good heavens! If the wretch should be attacking them even now!"

With almost superhuman speed and swiftness, I ran down along the edge of the woods, seized Tommy and Donald each by one hand, and dragged them home, not even pausing to explain matters to their bewildered little ears.

"Come, children—come!" I panted. "Oh, do make haste! We must get back to the house immediately!"

"But I've left my fishing hook, mamma," pleaded Donald, with a longing, lingering look over his shoulder.

"Can't we stop in the barn, mamma," cried Tommy, "to see if Mr. Jones has

sent the cosset lamb he promised us?" "Children," said I, pausing to regain my breath, "at your peril keep away from the barn! There is a crazy man there. Heaven only knows what violence he may attempt to perpetrate. Run to the house—run as fast as you can!"

And, pausing only to see them flying, like swift little antelopes, up the terraced slopes of the lawn, I hastened, with blanched cheeks and wildly-beating heart, to the barn, and was fortunate enough to secure both doors by wooden bars and outside buttons, only before the attention of a broad-faced, bristly-haired ruffian was sufficiently attracted to induce him to present his moon-like countenance at one of the stable windows.

Without heed to his frantic gestures and loudly-shouted words, I fled back to the house, and sank, nearly fainting, on the chintz sofa, with both hands clasped over my eyes.

"I declare for't, though, that was real gritty!" was Betsey's admiring comment, as she hurried to bring the camphor and red lavender to my rescue.

"Mamma, will he kill us?" whispered Donald, who was a timid child and clung close to me.

"Shall I cut off his head with my tin sword, mamma?" bawled Tommy, the irrepressible.

"Betsey," I cried, rousing myself to the paramount necessity of not fainting, "place yourself at the window. Watch for passers-by—"

"Like Sister Anne, in the story of 'Bluebeard,' mamma," wistfully interpolated Donald.

"Explain to them our dreadful predicament," I went on. "Summon help the instant it appears; and, above all, keep every door and casement locked and bolted, lest that fiend in human shape should break loose and attack us. There's an old rifle up-stairs in the garret, isn't there, Betsey?" I added, with a sudden inspiration.

"Yes, 'um," said Betsy; "but it ain't just in first-rate workin' order, I calculate."

"There isn't either stock nor lock to it, mamma," chimed in Tommy. "I loaded it with ashes last week, and put in pebbles for bullets, and it would not fire off worth a cent."

"But there's the carving knife and the potato-pounder, mamma," suggested Donald.

I looked at the clock. Only eleven! It would be six hours, at the very nearest, before my husband would return from the city. Suppose—this was a lonely and seldom-traveled neighborhood, a mere branch from the main thoroughfare which traversed the valley like a gigantic artery, and the hypothesis was by no means so very unlikely as it might seem—that there should be absolutely no passers-by between that time and this?

"Betsey," said I, "this won't do. I believe my hair will turn white with this terrible agony of suspense!"

"Ma'am?" said Betsey.

"Either you or I must go for help," I uttered, very distinctly.

"If it wasn't for goin' right past the barn door, I wouldn't mind," said Betsey.

"It's fastened, Betsey," I pleaded.

"But them there wooden buttons doesn't amount to nothin'," said Betsey. "And only s'pose he jumps out at me?"

I was just about to reproach Betsey with having none of the elements of the heroine in her composition, when little Donald, who had posted himself in the garret window to watch, came tumbling head over heels into the room, with Tommy close behind.

"Mamma! mamma!" they shouted, in chorus; "there's somebody coming, and we guess it's Deacon Gadsley, on horseback, riding back from the train."

"Stop him!" I gasped—"for mercy's sake, stop him!"

"He's a-makin' straight for the barn, ma'am," said Betsey, who had stretched the skinny length of her neck further out of the window than I dared to do. "He's heard that feller's hollerin'. He's unbarrin' the big doors! Land o' liberty!"—with a long breath—"there comes the poor, crazy creature out, with a hop, skip and jump! Wal, if Deacon Gadsley likes to risk it, I wouldn't!"

"I have heard of instances," I said, faintly, "where some one particular individual exercises unbounded influence over the mind of the insane, and—"

At this moment, however, Deacon Gadsley himself knocked briskly at the door. I made haste to open it.

"Be ye all crazy here?" said the deacon, with a broad smile upon his sunburned countenance. "If ye ain't, what, in the name of all creation, possessed ye to shut up my son Hiram in the barn?"

"Your son Hiram?" I gasped feebly.

"Was that your son Hiram? I—I thought it was—an insane man!"

"What?" roared Deacon Gadsley.

"Betsey said that you shouted out, as you rode by—'Tell your mistress to call the children in—there's an insane man in the barn!'"

"Good Je-rusalem!" cried the deacon, slapping his knee, "how folks will get things twisted around! I never said no such thing! What I did say was, 'There's a tame lamb in the barn. I've promised one to them boys of yours ever since they came up here, and this mornin' our Hiram fetched 'em a regular little cosset. And there he is, munchin' clover, down there, with Hiram holdin' on to his rope. And you s'posed it was a crazy man! Ha, ha, ha! Well, that does beat all! Ho, ho, ho!"

The deacon's cachinnations echoed through my little parlor like the reverberations of a thunder-storm. I looked reproachfully at Betsey as the primal cause of all the panic. She,

however, evinced no sign of discomfiture—it was not her way.

"Wal," said Betsey, slowly, "I always was a little hard o'hearin', every sense I had the scarlet fever, 22 years ago, come September. And I s'pose we're all liable to mistakes."

That was the end of our hour of terror. Betsey retired to her washing; Deacon Gadsley went his way chuckling; the children whooping out to the barn, where Hiram, the victim of this unfortunate misunderstanding, stood smiling broadly, with the tame lamb at his side, bravely tied up in blue ribbons—and I looked in the mirror, secretly thankful that my hair hadn't turned gray.

For, ridiculous as it all seems to write down in black and white, it was a real terror at the time. And I never could look at the innocent little lamb afterwards without a curious fluttering at my heart, vaguely suggestive of the apprehensions I had undergone.—Saturday Night.

## WHY HE CHOSE JENNIE.

She Pleas'd His Eye, and the Other Women Were Too Ardent, He Thought.

Harris Wolf, 50 years old, a widower and wealthy real estate owner, living at 388 Marshall avenue, will furnish a romance in real life, February 11, when he expects to wed poor, but beautiful Jennie Gordon, a Polish Jewess, the belle of the Ghetto.

The prospective union of wealth with poverty and age with youth is a sweet morsel for gossip, alike in fashionable West Side society and in the poorer quarter where the bride lives. Richly dressed women living along Ashland boulevard retell the story to their friends at afternoon teas, while dwellers in the Ghetto's tenements discuss its details in Yiddish.

Shortly after the demise of his wife, eight months ago, Mr. Wolf let it be known that he would like to marry again. "I want a good girl," he said, "one not over 20. She may be poor, but she must be respectable. Mamma's in all walks of society heard of the announcement, and it was not long before Mr. Wolf was asked to pass judgment upon a procession of marriageable daughters.

"She is too fat," was the reason given by Wolf for the rejection of several. Others were too old: He objected to the kangaroo walks of one or two.

"Why do you want to marry me?" was the question he put to all who passed his optical inspection.

"Because I love you," was the answer which most of them straightway returned.

"Den you go home," replied the eminently practical suitor; "you can't learn to love me so quick."

In course of time Mrs. Max Gordon, who was then living in Henry street, near Jefferson, heard of Wolf's desire to wed. She went to see a grocer in the neighborhood, who added to his earnings by acting as a go-between in marriages, a "schatchen" his parents called him. Her husband was a night watchman with a small salary. They had several children, among them Jennie, 17 years old. At her instance the "schatchen" interviewed Mr. Wolf, enlarging upon the charms of the young lady, as became a man in his position.

Mr. Wolf was pleased with the description and sent for Jennie. When she was asked, "Why do you want to marry me?" she didn't say, "Because I love you."

"Because I know you will give me a good home, Mr. Wolf, and treat me kindly," she replied. "I don't know whether I will love you or hate you. I never saw you before. If I married a young man I don't know what he'd turn out to be. He might live with me a few years and then run off with another woman."

Such a practical view was pleasing to Mr. Wolf, and negotiations were opened up, but there was one obstacle. She would not be 18 until February 10, and the elderly suitor, who desired to have the business arrangements concerning the dowry settled in a business-like manner, declined to allow her to affix her signature to the papers until she had attained her majority. The civil marriage is to come the day following that event and the orthodox Jewish ceremony on the 12th. In the meantime Mr. Wolf has made temporary provisions for his fiancée and has moved the girl and her family to better quarters in a flat on the third floor of the Glicet building, 14th and Sangamon streets.—Chicago Record.

## Astonished by His Catch.

Mr. H. M. Walton, a perfectly reliable citizen of Wilkes, relates a most remarkable instance as follows: Harry, son of Mr. Walton, set out a hook and line on the creek near his home, and left it over night. The next morning he went to his line, and to his great astonishment found a good sized fish on the hook and a large hooting owl tangled up in the line and floating on the surface of the water. The owl had been drowned, but the fish was alive and still pulling on the line. The fishing line had been wrapped about the owl several times, which placed the night bird completely in the power of the fish.

Mr. Walton's theory is that during the night the owl, in seeking food, found the fish fastened on the line and undertook to make a meal of him. In the struggle the fish jumped over the owl, wrapping the line about him, rendering him helpless, and the frequent dips into the water by the fish drowned the bird.—Atlanta Constitution.

The missions destroyed in China by Boxers will be rebuilt.

## CULTIVATING CHESTNUTS.

A CROP WHICH PAYS FOR THE EFFORT SPENT ON IT.

The Harvest From the Grafted Trees is Quickly Gained and Reasonably Sure—No Battle With Worms—Thirty Nuts Found in Five Burs.

Cultivated chestnuts bid fair to drive from the markets in a few years the ordinary nuts that grow wild upon the mountains. They also promise to yield a good profit to wideawake farmers from land not fit for any other agricultural purpose.

Along the sides of the mountain in the southern counties of Pennsylvania, and in Maryland, and to some extent also in certain sections of Delaware and New Jersey, may already be found groves of grafted chestnut trees, some of which yielded good crops this fall. Many of those in Pennsylvania and Maryland are in the famous South Mountain peach belt. It is rough mountain land, roughly cleared. Many of the trees which formerly stood upon it were chestnuts, and wherever possible the shoots from the trunks of these trees have been used, being properly grafted for the production of the cultivated variety of nuts. Grafting is the process commonly adopted for these trees. Budding, wherever tried, proved not to be suitable.

There are some groves of thousands of grafted chestnut trees, planted in regular rows, just like orchards of fruit trees. In other cases, where there are no regular groves, sprouts from trunks in ground that cannot be used for any agricultural purposes have been grafted, without the owners going to the further trouble of clearing the ground for the planting of young trees.

Crops from the grafted trees are quick and reasonably sure. In two years a grafted sprout will begin bearing, and a tree will live and bear longer than the average life of a man. The nuts are several times the size of the ordinary chestnut, resembling in that respect large horse-chestnuts. There are also more in a burr. Five burrs picked from a Maryland grove recently were found to contain thirty-three large nuts.

The cultivated nuts also mature earlier than the wild ones, and thus gain an additional advantage in the market. They may be gathered during the first half of September, while the wild nuts do not ripen until a month later.

Cultivators have to battle with the worm, or curculio, which everybody has met with in the wild nut. The only method of dealing with this pest that yields good results is based upon the habits of the worm. It has been found that soon after a nut containing a worm has dropped to the ground the curculio will leave it and seek refuge for the winter in the ground, beneath the frost line. Cultivators, therefore, go about among the trees with two baskets. Sound chestnuts are placed in one basket and wormy ones in the other, and the latter are then burned. The picking has to be done twice a day, or most of the worms would escape. This treatment, of course, is for the benefit of the next year's crop, and by following it carefully the ravages of the curculio may be minimized.

If neglected, the worms will in a few years so infest a grove as to make it worthless.

The cultivated chestnuts sell from \$10 to \$15 per bushel. The cultivators have not yet succeeded in producing a nut that will excel, or even equal, the wild nut in flavor in its raw state. Baked or roasted, the cultivated chestnut is excellent, but uncooked it lacks many of the toothsome qualities which make the wild nut popular. By scientific developing and blending of different varieties, however, it is hoped to remedy this defect, and the price of the cultivated nuts will probably then be even higher than it is. Even at present market prices, many cultivators find chestnuts more profitable than fruit, taking into consideration the uncertainty of the crops of the latter, and the short life of the trees. Intelligent horticulturists, however, are of the opinion that it would not pay to devote to the cultivation of nuts land that can be relied upon for fair agricultural crops. Land that will yield steadily good crops of wheat, corn and grass, they say, will, in a series of twenty or thirty years, yield a larger revenue to the owner. In these crops, then, in chestnuts. As a means of turning to profitable use land not suited to the growth of other crops, the possibilities in the cultivation of chestnuts are considered a highly fortunate discovery.—Philadelphia Record.

## Controlling Rivers.

Considerable attention is being devoted in Germany to the flow of rivers, and an experimental station has been erected at Dresden in connection with the technical school, from which it is believed results may be derived that will tend to avoid great expense on engineering works which sometimes prove valueless for the purpose they were intended to serve. The experimental station is under the charge of Professor Engels, and, of course, is supported by the government. It was established with the idea of bringing scientific methods to bear upon the flow of rivers. The course of a river is followed as closely as possible in the experimental station, and from a tank water is allowed to flow in any required volume so as to imitate the flow of a river. The trough, which is made to represent the river bed, is filled with sand. The banks are protected by small bags of shot. The movement of the sand shows the erosion and deposit. The idea seems to be that by a

close study of the various rivers in Germany they could be so regulated as to keep their own channels clear and deep enough without dredging, while sufficient knowledge would be obtained to prevent needless engineering experiments being indulged in. The Dresden experiments in the study of the flow of rivers are exciting some interest outside Germany, as it is believed much useful information may be obtained at comparatively small cost.—The Edinburgh Scotsman.

## IN THE QUEEN'S NAVY.

How Its Rulers Administer Justice in Their Floating Realms.

The captain of a British man-of-war is something of a czar aboard his own ship. He does not possess power of life and death over his subordinates, but he can make or mar a man just as he pleases. Warrant officers and all ranks above can be punished only by court-martial. But in all the ranks below warrant officer the captain can promote or degrade men as he thinks fit.

Two tribunals are held daily in a battle ship. At noon the commandant deals with the lighter offenses, while the more serious ones are judged by the captain at evening.

At the dreadful evening function the captain presides sternly, sitting at a table on the quarter deck, with officers around him. The prisoners stand in a row facing their judge.

"What is this man charged with?" asks the captain as culprit No. 1 steps forward.

The master-at-arms states the charge, which is that Ordinary Seaman Jones walked when he should have run, and would not mend his pace when ordered to.

"Call the witnesses," commands the captain, and the witnesses step forward and give their evidence.

"Well, you have heard what the witnesses said; what have you to say?" asks the captain.

Jones explains that he "didn't hear," or "was goin' to double," or something of the kind.

The captain considers a moment while he sizes up appearances as well as testimony. "Well," is his conclusion, "I have to 'double,' so does everybody else in the ship, and you'll have to do the same. I'm determined (this with very significant emphasis) to have everybody in my crew thoroughly smart at his work. Seven days 10 A."

There are a number of what are termed "scale punishments" laid down by the admiralty. Of these 10 A is the most irritating. The man undergoing it has to take his meals under a sentry's supervision, work while the other men are resting, do all the dirty work of the ship and stand for a couple of hours at a stretch on the quarter deck with his face to the bulwarks. "Keeping the flies off the paint," Jack calls it.

The captain may sentence a man to fourteen days of this punishment or to ninety days' imprisonment in cells. Beyond that term he cannot go. But there are an infinite number of smaller punishments which he may inflict for a variety of offenses that to a landsman might seem mere trifles. Such are, being late in turning out of a morning, wearing socks not of the regulation pattern, and so on. Usually a man's previous character is considered, and there is a kind of unwritten first offenders' law, which carries great weight with most commanding officers. It is well for Jack that it is so, for by depriving a man of badges or disrating him, a captain cannot only seriously decrease the offender's pay while serving, but also the pension which he looks forward to as a provision against old age.

As with the men so with the officers; to stand well with the captain means everything to them. For the captain has to make a confidential report concerning everyone of them, and upon what he says in this document the officers' prospects largely depend.

Doubtless a good many people will be surprised to learn that corporal punishment is still administered in the British navy. The "cat" has been abolished, but canings and birchings are very frequent. Only boys—young seamen up to eighteen years of age—are subjected to this form of correction.

Many people, whose opinions of service discipline are obtained from occasionally hearing what takes place on a barrack square, think that naval officers are in the habit of bullying. This is quite unnecessary, as the average naval officer can put more "bite" into a few words than the ordinary man could get into half a day's hard swearing.—London Mail.

## The Demand for Hickory.

Open fireplaces with grates have come to be so popular in the modern house that there has arisen a demand for hickory logs of the old-fashioned sort that one can build just the right kind of fire with. Now there are so many other uses for hickory that it is very difficult to get logs of size and sufficiently knotty to suit. Wood yards have fixed a price of \$15 a cord for New York State hickory. But if one wants the sort that is full of knots and gnarls and that will last the whole evening once it is lighted, he will find that he has to pay at least one-half more than the quoted prices. Even at that he will have a heap of inspecting to do before just the right thing is found, though some good stuff is occasionally sent down the Hudson River. Other lots come from as far north as Vermont and Canada.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves in case of a storm.

## A STORY OF FISH.

It Really Was the Largest One He Ever Caught.

"The biggest fish I ever caught," began the story teller, a scholarly looking party, who evidently knew more about school books than fly books—

"Got away," interrupted a thin-faced little man with a nose like a shingle "I'm no liar," the story teller flared up. "This is a true story, and I'm prepared to swear to it. It was in the year '89, when we had the hottest summer—"

"I didn't know the summer of '89 was so very hot," said a man in a weather-beaten straw hat.

"If all you didn't know," said the story teller, "was piled on top of you you'd be flatter than a flounder and deader than a mackerel. As I was saying, in the summer of '89 a party of us went to upper Canada on a fishing expedition. It wasn't hot up there a little bit. On the contrary, it was so cold that the ice froze the first night we got there."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the little man with a shingle nose.

"As I was saying," said the story teller, showing genuine gameness, "it froze the first night we got to our fishing ground, but we went out the next morning just the same, and I hadn't been fishing more than fifteen minutes when I had a bite that I thought was going to pull the boat under. I let go of my rod and it went scooting through the water. But I soon got it again, and the fight over the water and under it began in earnest. I hadn't been fishing for a long time and was nervous as the dickens, but I had some sense left, and I didn't intend to let that fish get away if I could help it. I was so excited that I never did know how long I tussled with it, but in time I landed him in the boat, and he was the biggest one I ever caught in my life. I was so ex—"

"How much did he weigh?" eagerly inquired the man in a straw hat as he drew up close to the story teller.

"Exactly half a pound," said the story teller, as serious as a sermon.

"You think you are blamed smart, don't you?" sniffed the little man with the shingle nose, as he got up and walked outside, where he could get more breathing room.—Washin Star.

## Room For the Fakir.

What a beautiful sermon is preached in our streets daily by the good-natured people who constitute our citizenship! A poor fakir was exhibiting his little carts on the sidewalk, winding up the string and letting them run for all they were worth. As they described a circle about eight feet in diameter, their circuit extended nearly to the curbstone. Did any one of the hundreds of pedestrians in the hurrah and bustle of our busy life, object or interfere? Did any threaten the honest vender with punishment if he did not summarily remove his toys and himself from the path? Not one. Men and women gracefully stepped into the gutter, quite out of the way of carriage, cart and beetle, and for the time being the fakir was monarch of all he surveyed. My notice was attracted to this by a woman, who, engaged in looking at the toys, unconsciously pushed me into the gutter as I attempted to pass. They tell me that in London the entire stock of such a merchant would be kicked into the street.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

## Baggage of Two Great Officers.

The eight-room house, for campaign purposes, that arrived in China for the use of Count von Waldersee and staff, was the object of a great deal of comment among the officers of the allied forces.

One of the Americans, who had a fine record as an officer under General Grant in our Civil war, said dryly: "Well, this is something new in campaigning. It may do well enough in China, and for a count, but it wouldn't do for Americans. I remember what General Grant took with him on his final six days' campaign below Vicksburg. He didn't have an orderly, or a servant, or a horse. He didn't even have an overcoat, and he didn't have a camp chest."

"Why," continued the speaker, warming to the subject, "he didn't even take a clean shirt! I was with him, and I know. Yes, sir! General Grant's entire baggage for those six days was a toothbrush!"—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

## The White House China.

In a way, the china in use at the state banquets at the White House is well worthy of rank among its art treasures. Congress has from time to time made various appropriations ranging in amounts as high as \$3,000 for state dinner services, and these various services are stored away in the big china closets, for no ware bearing the special copyrighted White House mark is permitted to leave the executive mansion, save it be broken. As a rule, each new administration secures a new set of china, and the old sets are kept for show purposes only. The Lincoln, Grant, Hayes and Cleveland sets are thus preserved. The Hayes set cost about \$2,500. Each of the 1,500 pieces is hand-painted, and each of the 500 pieces of cut glass is engraved with the arms of the United States. There has always been much admiration expressed for the Lincoln set.—Woman's Home Companion.

The largest library of small books in the world is the property of a Frenchman, who boasts he can pack 700 of his pocket editions in a single portmanteau.