MIDSUMMER DRINKS.

COOL PALATE TICKLERS FOR NEW YORKERS' HOT THROATS.

A Great Variety of Fluid Refreshments for the Heated Term—At the Drug Store Fountains—A Crowd of Thirsty Women. Girls.

New York probably beats the world for the variety and quality of its fluid refreshments, both for warm and cold weather, but more especially in summer does it seem to run riot in the profusion of drinks with which to cool the parched tongues of its citizens. This is a good deal due, no doubt, to the mixed character of the population, each nationality having its favorite distinctive tipple, but each being by no means slow to appreciate the virtues of the favorite of any other, the result being that the German immigrant, who has hitherto been wedded to his lager, the Englishman to his ale and porter, the Dutchman to his gin, the Frenchman and Spaniard to their wine and brandy, the Irishman and Scotchman to their whisky, the Mexican to his pulque, the Russian and Pole to their vodki, rapidly become the American citizen, who drinks anything and everything.

THE DRUG STORE FOUNTAIN.

The drug store "fountain," with its gorgeous clerk, has become an established feature of the thirst supply trade of this city, and from humble beginnings as a dispenser of soda water and mild essences only has evolved into a mammoth necromancer's casket, concealing a multiplicity of strange mixtures in its many chambered interior and glistening outside with polished marble turrets and slabs bristling with scores of silver plated taps, knobs and faucets, till it looks like an undersized Chinese pagoda. Watch the stream of people that pass in and out to the favorite down town resort. Here comes a swarthy young fellow who calls for orgeat.

"What's orgeat?" you ask. "Orgeat," says the clerk, "is the temperance drink of the New York Spaniard and Cuban. It's made of sweet and sour pulverized almonds, sugar and orange juice, and is somewhat similar to the peach phosphates that southerners like."

"What've you got good for dyspepsia?" says a sallow New Englander, who comes up at a rapid gait, forgetting to buy a check in his hurry to get away again. Without waiting for an answer, he adds, "Gimme pepsoline." He fills up the, to him interminable, moment it takes the clerk to fill his glass by reading the names on a row of patent medicine bottles, gulps his pepsoline and is off. "Lots of them," says the clerk in a kind of compassionate tone. "Haven't got time to chew and want their stomachs to do the work of a cyclone pulverizer."

"Nerve tonic," says a jaded looking man with a wink to the clerk. He gets it from a bottle in a little closet behind the fountain and it seems to do him good, by the way he smiles and smacks his lips. "What's that made off" you ask. "Iron—for the blood—quinine for the liver—phosphorus for the brain and strychnine for the nerves," says the clerk all in one breath, like a man who has said it many times before and is a little tired of it. "Oh, not enough strychnine to hurt," he adds, in reply to your surprised look, "just enough to brace the nerves. It's soothing."

A CROWD OF WOMEN.

But if you want to see a crowd of hot women drink, step into a big Sixth avenue store, where they pour in fatigued by shopping and cross with the heat and the shortness of their purses. People drink ice cream soda elsewhere, of course, but not as they drink it in New York, by the hour—by the gallon. At the check desk, a continual thirsty line of customers; at the counter, the ceaseless sound of a syrupy pour, a fragile fizz, a gurgling gush, and a delicate splash as the lumps of ice cream flop to the bottom of the soda water, to be fished for with a long spoon by Gotham's girlish guzzlers.

A crowd of women struggling for something to quench their thirst is an instructive sight. Many of them drop the gilding of good manners they assume outside again. Watch that big one. She values her weight now, if at no other time. She sails up to the check desk regardless of the polite request to fall in line, throws her money down and grabs a check intended for some one else, shoulders a path through her indignant sisters to the counter, plants herself squarely on the toe of a patient woman who is just about to catch the eye of the clerk, secures her place as she squirms, compels the clerk's attention, gets her drink, takes an unnecessarily long time to consume it, uses her elbows freely to get out again, wrecks several infants in her triumphal passage to the door and reassumes the appearance of a lady the moment she reaches the sidewalk.

School girls generally want strawberry and vanilla mixed; the older brunettes, coffee or chocolate; blondes, pineapple or lemon; old women, sarsaparilla or raspberry, and the widows and unmarried women of a certain age eschew soda water for apollinaris or vichy, which has no idle froth to prevent looking over the edge of the glass while drinking and does not fizz up the nose, making it red and the eyes watery.—New York Tribune.

Mental Organization of Criminals.

Dr. Henry Mandsley, of London, in his address before the recent meeting of the Anthropological association in this city, distinguished between the occasional or accidental criminal, who presents nothing characteristic in form, feature or cerebral structure, and the natural or essential criminal. The latter is what he is by no reason of defective intellect. "It is not true that lack of intellect and of moral feeling go together in defective mental organizations in some instances. The defect seems to be mainly moral. Those of this class are either born of criminal parents, or sprung from families in which insanity, epilepsy or some nearly allied neuropathy has existed. It is only of this class that we can say that they have a special criminal neurosis. A third very distinct group is that of those who break the law while laboring under positive disease."

The conclusion reached by the investigator is, that there is no general criminal constitution predisposing to crime, and that no theories of criminal anthropology are so well grounded as to justify their introduction into a revised criminal law. The right aim of scientific study is indicated as the investigation, first, of crimes committed by persons suffering from positive disease; secondly, of crimes by persons of defective mental organization. It is to be hoped that this explanation may help to combat the sentimental notion that there is a criminal constitution, that the criminal is to be pitied rather than censured, and that crime is a disease for which the criminal is not to be held strictly responsible.—Frank Leslie's.

In a Big Telegraph Office.

Suppose that the average man is induced to step off from State street for a few minutes, and mount the four or five flights of stairs leading to the main operating room of the Western Union company's Boston office, having, of course, obtained from the proper authority the necessary permission to do so. When the top floor is reached, and entrance to the main operating room gained, there is heard the most peculiar and astounding clatter imaginable. It is as if all the sewing circles in the world had met for an afternoon of silent work, as sewing circles generally do. It is like, and yet it is unlike, the clatter of a thousand machines in a great factory, or a myriad of looms, and if one wishes to talk and be heard he has to talk at the top of his voice. But this noise comes from the telegraphic instruments which are being operated by some score of nimble wristed, nimble fingered men seated at tables systematically arranged in rows and sections.

The stranger is apt to think that electricity is going crazy here. He is certain to wonder how on earth an operative distinguishes the click of his instrument in the general tumult. The tables are generally divided into four sections, separated by thick glass partitions, and in each section is an instrument, and at each instrument there is an operator. All the operators are working as fast as their hands and heads will let them. Some are receiving messages and writing them on the telegraphic forms, and others are sending them. It would puzzle the novice to keep his wits in good order amid all this noise, but these men keep theirs in most admirable condition, and rarely make a slip. There's nothing like experience.

In this room there are twenty-one quadruplex instruments, five duplex, one printing instrument and five sets of "single repeaters." About 300 lines run into this room, and are connected with the massive "switch board," which is about to be enlarged in order to take in fifty wires more. Two hundred of these wires are what are called main wires, the rest are loops for the local lines. It is certainly a mystery to the uninitiated mind how all these wires are kept in order, and how they are distinguished one from the other. A look behind the switch board is nothing less than confusing. The place is a sort of dark closet, and from a sort of aperture in the roof a whole wilderness of wires is seen straggling down. Which wire is which? That is the conundrum. But those whose business it is to know can answer very readily.—Boston Herald.

Facts About Heart Disease.

Formerly, when the physician, with his stethoscope, detected a certain abnormal sound called cardiac murmur, indicating heart trouble, he said nothing about it to the patient, or if he did reveal his discovery he did so in such a way as to take away nature's most powerful restorative—hope. But a change in the methods of physicians has been taking place in recent years. Says The Medical Record:

"The opinion is now rooted in the minds of the advanced guard of the profession that cardiac murmurs are often devoid of the grave significance formerly attributed to them. So, too, we have come to learn that considerable damage to the valves may be so thoroughly compensated by hypertrophy (enlargement) that it seems permissible to speak of recovery from organic disease of the heart.

"True, the anatomical lesion persists. But the individual thus affected may live for years, without impairment of his health, and with a working capacity in no way reduced from his normal standard. The time has come when the prognosis of despair must make way for the modern doctrine of hope in the possibility of a cure. What was formerly equivalent to a sentence of death may be commuted to carefulness for life."

Rheumatic fever or some other disease may have caused inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, and thus laid a foundation for permanent obstruction to the flow of the blood through one or more of the valves. But nature in time overcomes this obstruction, not by removing it, but by enlarging the heart and increasing its force.

True, there may be at length a weakening of the walls of the heart, and a consequent lessening of its ability to do its work, and there may come on palpitation, difficult breathing, cough and signs of dropsy; but this failure may be due to preventable causes.—Youth's Companion.

The Ship's "Dead Reckoning."

Finding the way at sea depends on two methods, each of which is theoretically complete in itself—dead reckoning and astronomical observation. As observation may be prevented by thick weather, the second method may fail throughout a voyage or during the critical parts of it when land is approached. Thus dead reckoning, on which in many cases the the most scientific captains may have to trust, must be considered first.

Dead reckoning (why called "dead" I do not know nor greatly care) depends on the determination hour by hour of the direction and velocity of the ship's motion, and the determination thence of her position after each day's various movements. If we know a ship's position at a given time, say at noon on July 1, and she sails or steams at a known rate in a determined direction for a certain time, an hour, say, we can calculate her position at the end of that hour, subject to the action of currents. Since the rate and direction of currents are mostly known we can take this particular cause of motion into account. Thus we can mark in on our chart the position of the ship at the end of the hour. So at the end of the next interval of time during which her course remains unchanged and so forth—till finally we determine her position at noon on July 2. [This is not necessarily or probably twenty-four hours from noon, July 1, as in the new position now attained there is different local time, earlier if the ship is west of her former position, later if she is east of it.] Going on in this way day after day, the ship's course can be charted in, and her position is known from day to day—or in other words, those who have her in charge thus find their way from port to port. Theoretically this is all right, practically there are difficulties. The circumstances which render "dead reckoning" an unsatisfactory method of navigation are unfortunately numerous.—Richard A. Proctor.

Cuban Surveillance Over Girls.

Probably no people are so rigorous in the care and surveillance of girls as the Spanish. The idea extends to women in many wise respects. In school, at play, in the social home gatherings, the boy and the girl are rigidly kept apart, or, if permitted each other's society, it is under the strictest espionage. A little girl cannot step outside her home without a protector. A maiden or young lady is never seen upon the street alone. Any woman thus seen is instantly known as a doubtful person or worse. If my nina goes to school a father, a brother or a mother accompanies. The airing is nearly always taken in a carriage. In it must be a responsible member of the family.

No young, unmarried woman may visit a friend, attend the theatre or be seen at a reception or a ball, unless her parents are with her. If she have a lover he must come to the house and pay his respects to her like a gentleman. His attentions are not secret, surreptitious, dangerous. His choice is known to his friends, to hers. It must be a clean business all around. Her proper privileges and his under this regime, I am inclined to think, are greater, not less. She goes as much, but the whole family, something as with the sensible German people, go along also. If the lover desire an engagement to the ball or opera with his senorita he must first propose at headquarters. Then her pleasure is sought. If she accord there are no misunderstandings in that family. If it be a ride on the Calle Ancha del Norte or the Calzada de la Reina, they are all again there. If it be a promenade on the Prado the whole family promenades, frequently both families. The lover himself, in short, in all these undertakings while treated with real dignity is much less an affair to be considered than other things.—Edgar L. Wakeman.

Attention to Minor Manners.

And to descend to the lowest thing about a gentleman, we should remember that his minor manners must be attended to; he does not swear or smoke in the presence of women, he does not eat his dinner in a hurry, he does not crumble his bread about, making it into pills; he does not eat his soup with a hissing sound, or tip the plate to get the last drop; he mends his table manners if they are bad, he dresses himself well if his means will allow; be he ever so poor he must be clean. If he commits any little error at the dinner table he must learn to be composed; he must be deaf and blind to the errors of others in society. But etiquette never means stiffness. The best bred people are the unconscious.

So sudden are the rises in American society that many a man has been invited to a dinner party to eat his dinner off the plate which he lately washed. A politician may rise from being a waiter to being president of the United States. And he is a better man and a better diner out, a better president, if, when he was a waiter, he had good manners and was obedient. "He also serves who only stands and waits," has a greater master than the one who pays him his wages. The noble old quotation can be read two ways. A man may thus be a gentleman at heart even in a condition of servitude. Many an old black Uncle Tom was a gentleman, but it would not have been proper to thus announce him to his master.—M. E. W. Sherwood in Philadelphia Times.

WHEN PEOPLE MEET.

THE SALUTATIONS COMMONLY EMPLOYED BY DIFFERENT NATIONS.

Gentleman and Fair Lady—On the Continent—Men Embracing One Another. Malays, Chinese, Japanese—The Moorish Way—The Military Salute.

In walking down a busy thoroughfare an observer cannot help remarking the different manners in which the various travelers, pedestrians or otherwise greet one another. A gentleman approaching a lady watches her closely to see whether she will bow to him. If so, off goes his hat. Hardly two men, however, do this simple act in the same way. One flourishes it at arm's length; another hardly raises it from his head; a third exposes the side, as if he were asking a charity, while a fourth seems frightened lest by some mischance he should disarrange his hair. The fair lady, too, does not always return the salute in the same way. Cross the channel, however, and one is in a land where hat lifting is the recognized salutation. It appears at first curious to a native of American or English soil to see a not too clean coal heaver or peddler solemnly raise his head covering—it does not always amount to as much as a hat—to an equally dirty brother workman, with an air many young dudes might envy; but in time one fails to notice such things. On entering and leaving a shop, no matter how small, the polite man again uncovers his head, while each of these actions is always accompanied by an appropriate word of greeting.

The peasants of Spain, in the country, on meeting a stranger offer him, as a salutation, a portion of the bread they always carry with them. Of course, it is refused with thanks, and great would be the astonishment of the would be donor if it were accepted. In Germany—in fact, pretty well all over the continent—to pass a man or woman on a country road without saying a friendly greeting is looked upon as very impolite, and the person doing so would certainly be regarded as a stranger. Among the French and Belgians especially the habit of men embracing one another is quite common, a father and son, or two intimate friends, thinking nothing of falling into each other's arms and kissing in public. Colder tempered nations consider such effusions unnecessary, and believe there is just as much feeling in the warm grip of the hand and few words of welcome.

The Malays and other Polynesians salute by smelling. This is performed by rubbing noses. A former resident of New Zealand says that on meeting after an absence of some time two Maories seize hands and rub noses violently, at the same time loudly weeping, presumably from the pleasure of seeing each other, or perhaps from the pain of friction. In India the Buddhists salute by lowering the palm of the right hand and bringing it up toward the face, at the same time saying: "Ram, ram chair." The Mahometans do the same, but simply say "Salaam." This is only done in either case by members of the same faith. The salutation is always made, too, with the right hand, to use the left being considered an insult.

The Chinese have a regular code of salutations, eight in number, which define the proper amount of respect to be paid to different individuals. The one which is perhaps most familiar to San Franciscans is that when at the new year the Chinaman clasps his hands together, and, gently bowing, wishes his friend the compliments of the season. Two curious greetings which these people have among themselves are those of asking each other: "Have you eaten rice?" and "Is your stomach in good order?" The Japanese show respect on meeting by bending the knee, though in the street they only make a feint of so doing. This is the general salute.

A stranger coming among the Moors for the first time would, perhaps, be astonished and a little frightened by seeing one of them riding at full gallop toward him, as if he were intending to execute a cavalry charge. His fears might perhaps be increased when this horseman, when almost close to his apparent victim, suddenly reined up and discharged a pistol over his head. Recovering from his astonishment, however, he would find that this is the Moorish way of welcoming a stranger. Natives of the Gold Coast have still another mode of salutation. They lower their robe from the left shoulder with the right hand, and gracefully bow, though if it is a great man they salute, and if they wish to be particularly respectful, the whole robe is removed, exposing the breast. Egyptians greet one another with a remark peculiar to their country, "How goes the perspiration?"

The military salute required in nearly all civilized countries is nearly the same. Perhaps in Germany, however, the regulations are somewhat more stringent. A soldier, on meeting the emperor, has to stand still, face about, and remain with hand raised for from twelve to twenty paces before his majesty approaches to the same distance after he has passed. In Belgium an officer has to do the same for the king, and subalterns for generals, though ten paces only are required for the latter case. Soldiers carrying anything, so that their hands are occupied, salute with their eyes—that is, they turn their heads in the direction of the person coming and going. French officers raise their caps to each other, but the privates do as the privates in other armies do.—London Globe.

Getting Ahead of Hotel Men.

The way hotel and some other people have beed bled by some showmen is a caution. All sorts of schemes have been resorted to, with more or less success, generally the latter. I know one man, now in the circus business, who used to travel with combinations on circuits among small towns, and play several nights stands. Money is often a scarce article with such managers, and, necessity being the mother of invention, they proved very prolific in schemes to do their creditors when they were hard up.

The watch game was a popular one, and the man of whom I speak had it down to perfection. He carried regularly an assortment of watches, presenting a good appearance, but cheap, awful cheap, filled cases, common movements, etc. He had them done up in style, though, with all sorts of inscriptions, such as "From Mother to Willie," "From Father," or from admiring members of some company, or something of that sort. These would not be of any great value to a man who would bungle the job, but this man was a born actor. His favorite was "From Mother to Willie," and when he went to the landlord it was with tears in his eyes, and the landlord was very hard hearted if he did not cry, too, and yield up. Did he ever redeem many of these watches? Well, not many.—Advance Agent in Globe-Democrat.

The Aborigines of California.

After 119 years of association with white men in California, there is not now in our state one first rate farmer, mechanic or bookkeeper of pure aboriginal blood; not one merchant or owner of a large herd of cattle. Many Indians have been good workers for a few weeks or months at a time in vineyards, orchards, hop fields, grain fields and sheep shearing, but at the close of the season they have wasted their earnings in dissipation, and then lounged about in idleness until another period of higher wages would stimulate them to exertion. This mode of life among the men, the degraded character of the women, the squalor of their dwellings, and the frequency of thefts near their camps, render them very undesirable as neighbors.

There never has been a time since 1846 when an Indian disposed to work faithfully could not get regular and profitable employment; when he could not save enough in a year to pay for forty acres of land, and when after buying he could not be protected in its possession. Thousands of white men, after arriving in California without a dollar, became rich by toil and economy; with better opportunities, for he was here when the common laborer could get $10 or $20 a day, not one Indian has done so.—John S. Hittell in Overland Monthly.

EYES MADE OF CRYSTAL.

What a New York Dealer Says Concerning Artificial Optics.

"It is all wrong to say a 'bully boy with a glass eye,'" said a Maiden lane manufacturer and importer who is something of a wag.

"Why is it all wrong?"

"Well, there may be bully boys, but there is no such thing as a glass eye."

"What would you call this?" we asked, at the same time holding up an artificial human eye.

"I would call that a crystal eye, because it is made out of crystal, and not out of glass."

"Is there any difference?"

"Of course there is. As I understand it, crystal eyes cannot be molded into shape. Just how they are colored and made to imitate the natural eye I have no idea. You see, the method of making artificial human eyes out of crystal is one of the secret arts. I have tried to see whether there is not something in the books, but the writers maintain a deep silence on the subject."

"Where are most of the artificial eyes made?"

"We import most of our eyes from France. The manufacture of artificial human eyes is in the hands of a few French workmen, who keep the process a secret, the same as the workers on Gobelin tapestry keep their art a secret. There are two or three in this country engaged in the manufacture of artificial eyes, but their product lacks often the close finish and the naturalness of the French. Yet we can make a good eye to order."

"How much would an eye to order cost?"

"Not over $15. We keep a large assortment in stock, and if we can fit a man the cost would be only $10. There is not such a difference in people's eyes as most persons suppose. The ordinary black eye, the light and dark blue eye and the gray eye, and what is called the wall eye are pretty much on the same pattern. Oculists have studied the different shades and tints of the eye so long that they make a pretty good match to the natural eye. Not only that, but they can fit an artificial eye exactly in the place of a diseased eye after the latter has been removed. If the muscles have not been damaged, the artificial eye can be made to roll a little after the manner of a good eye, but hardly in the fine frenzy of the past. I have known cases so skillfully done that it was a hard matter to tell at the first glance which was the artificial and which was the natural, although a sharp observer would distinguish it in a short time."

"Do you think there are many bully boys in New York with glass eyes?" we laughingly inquired.

"Well, I can hardly say how many New Yorkers sleep with one eye open. A fair estimate would perhaps be over 1,000 or 1,200. A great many from out of the city come to be fitted with artificial eyes. I can judge somewhat of the number by the amount of my sales every year."

"I suppose you have come across some curious cases?"

"Yes, I could tell you some funny experiences which I have had. I remember one young lady who was never suited with her eye, and had it changed once or twice a year. Another old lady used to lose her eye about once or twice a year. One man who used to go on periodical sprees often went home without his eye. He came to me one day and ordered an extra optic. He said that he wanted to be prepared for any emergency. But I guess the greatest emergency was meeting his wife after being out all night."—L. J. Vance in New York Graphic.

Trying to Cheat the Bank.

"There any number of people, sometimes, I think, as many as nine out of ten, who seem to think it no crime to cheat a bank," said a clerk in a financial institution to a reporter. "If there is a streak of meanness anywhere in a man's nature it will crop out when he is put to the test on a question of money. Sometimes I have amused myself by experimenting with men to find out whether they were honest. There is an easy way of ascertaining. For instance, a depositor hands in his bank book, together with a number of bills and checks, the amounts of which are to be placed to his credit. He has made out a deposit ticket, which he holds in his hand while I count the money. 'How much?' I ask. 'What do you make it?' he inquires. I name a sum $5 or $10 larger than I have ascertained the amount to be.

"If the man is honest he will say he thinks I am mistaken, but often he will turn around and make out another deposit ticket, fixing the amount to correspond with the figures I have given. Then, of course, I count the cash again and announce that I have made a mistake, and to prove it hand back the money and let him recount it. Men whom nobody would ever suspect of crookedness in business matters are often very quick to take advantage of a little mistake in their favor. I know several wealthy gentlemen who, I truly believe, would never think of paying back any sum, large or small, that got into their hands through a bank clerk's mistake."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Physician and the Cook.

Considered from the standpoint of morality and hygiene, which in some respects seems almost one and the same thing, there is no reform movement that appeals so directly to the large hearted physician as this present effort going on among us to secure rational cookery and authoritative knowledge of facts and rules in dietetic science. Why should not the doctor have a chair in the cooking school? His place in nature as prophet, lawyer, guide, philosopher and friend makes him at home wherever help is needed.

What we shall eat, and how, are ever recurring problems. Upon their wise solution depend, to a great extent, the health and happiness of mankind. The experience of the past upon this subject, a hopeless, unclassified mass, wheat and chaff, about as valuable as uncut gems from a mine, is the natural inheritance of all women interested in the ennoblement of domestic life. But other times require other manners. What is the best food, and how best prepared for Nineteenth century man in America? Bewildered women are uttering the old cry: "Come over and help us." Have you sound knowledge upon the science of common things? Do you wish your fellows well? Then, friends, let us go.—Medical Journal.

A Valuable Man.

Manager of a Theatrical Company—That man who just passed is the most valuable man that I ever took out on a tour of the country.

Incredulous Friend—He does not look as though he was much of an actor.

Manager—He can't act at all, but as he is a champion pedestrian he never has any difficulty in getting back to town.—Boston Post.

The Houses of Abyssinia.

The Abyssinian houses are small and circular with roofs going to a point, and are mostly built of bamboo or cane and only rarely of wood. As a rule, the people do not care for living indoors, but prefer to spend their time in the open air, sleeping on the ground wrapped in a skin or rug. The men are hardy, warlike, combative and rather cruel. Their usual arms are a lance, a broad sharp sword, and shield of rhinoceros hide.—St. James' Gazette.

The latest wrinkle in manners is this: To show great politeness, advance one step and bow; to show the reverse sentiment, draw back a step and bow.

After the death of the editor his widow edited the first newspaper published in America.

Children born and reared in large cities are under a permanent disadvantage in the battle of life.

The railroad bridges in this country, if placed continuously, would reach from New York to Liverpool.

A daughter of the sultan of Zanzibar has written a description of harem life.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

How She Works—Her First Stories—What She Receives.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 5.—It is conceded that at the present time there is an immensely large number of persons earning their livelihood solely by the exercise of their literary faculties and capacity than was the case five-and-twenty years ago. This is to be partially accounted for by the amazing development and multiplication of the newspaper and literary periodical.

Nearly everybody writes nowadays, until it has become almost a distinction not to write. Yet among the many are few who have reaped a rich financial reward. They who have done so found their harvest in the field of fiction. It is an old, trite assertion that the imagination is the faculty whose exercise commands the highest price. So it does, if said imagination runs off on a path and at a pace that pleases. Then it makes what is slangily called a "hit;" its books sell; publishers are gracious to its owner; newspapers publish flattering sketches of him; the public run after him, and other writers envy him.

Rare, indeed, is the writer who receives, as does Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, $5,000 for a novel published serially and as much again when put in book form. Happily, literature, like the stage, is a profession in which women are paid as well as men. Sex is not taken into account. In fact, it is generally admitted that genius is sexless.

Let beginners take heart and be encouraged rather than cast down by Mrs. Burnett's success. She had to climb from the ground slowly to her present enviable round on the ladder of success. Why, there is a story of her that when a girl of 16 and living with her mother, sisters and brothers on a farm near Knoxville, Tenn., she gathered wild grapes and hired a little colored girl to take them into the town and sell them, in order to buy postage to send some stories to publishers. Her sister, who read these tales with pleasure, suggested that she try to find a market for them; but they kept all this a profound secret from the two teasing brothers, who knew of Frances' predilection for writing, and were given to making fun of it. One of them frequently indulged in long conversations with imaginary persons, gravely remarking that these were dialogues from a book by Frances Hodgson, now in press and soon to be published. Many a genius has felt the withering ridicule of "big brothers" and grown up sisters so keenly that a life time of success could scarcely win back his self confidence. I think it is George Eliot who speaks of "the brutal frankness of a near relation."

* * *

Yes, and when young Dr. Burnett married Frances Hodgson the "first families" in their locality thought he had condescended. But the sequel proved, as is often the case, that the provision of the "first families" had been at fault. A little later, at his wife's earnest solicitation, they went to England to give him an opportunity of studying diseases of the eye, a specialty in which he has since attained eminence. At that time Mrs. Burnett was beginning to succeed with her pen, and it is said that her work supported them during this time.

Mrs. Burnett is of English birth. She was born in Manchester, England, and lived there until her tenth year. On the death of her father her mother brought the family to Knoxville, where she had a brother living, who had repeatedly assured his sister that America was the better country in which to bring up a family. Mrs. Hodgson took a farm, where her two sons and three daughters could work and earn their bread. Yet they grew poorer instead of richer.

Frances' first story was sent to Ballou's Monthly. The editor praised it in a letter to the young author, and said he would publish it, but would not promise to pay anything for it. She had the good sense to reply that what was good enough to publish was good enough to pay for. The story was returned to her. She sent it and others to Godey and Peterson, and one day received a check for $35 from Godey in payment of two stories. She persevered and soon had a market for her work. Peterson's Magazine published many of her stories before she became famous enough to enter The Century and other periodicals who are apt to wait for an author to win his literary spurs before they will give him a hearing.

Now, Mrs. Burnett commands as high a price as any American novelist. Her fame was founded on "That Lass o' Lowrie's," an English story, drawn from the memory of her life in Manchester, and in which the dialect of the lowly people of Manchester is admirably portrayed. "Haworths," another English story, she considers her best literary effort, and it brought her the highest financial reward. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has also been a tremendous success, and is one of the sweetest stories in the English tongue. It has been translated into many languages. One of the author's own little boys is the hero. These children are said to be extraordinarily beautiful, and their parents are devoted to each other and to them. "Fauntleroy" and one short story are all she has written in four years, owing to much suffering from nervous prostration.

* * *

Mrs. Burnett is very fond of society, and is greatly lionized in it, but her health is too delicate to enable her to give time to both society and literary work. She is young to have accomplished so much, being yet in her thirties, it is said.

She writes in the morning, usually from 9 until 1 o'clock. A certain stint of labor is rigorously insisted upon, neither health nor mood being consulted. If the inspiration comes, perhaps the writing goes on until dusk. If it does not, the afternoon is given to recreation. She has often told her friends how she would go to her "den"—an upper room of her house in Washington—and procrastinate, toss a ball in the air, toy with a pencil, or do any of the hundred little things which writers do when they don't want to drive themselves to work. At last she would heroically begin, and, as Dr. Sam Johnson expressed it, "set herself drudgingly to it."

In appearance Mrs. Burnett is described as petite, and a trifle given to what James Lewis, in one of his comic characters, calls "em-bone-point," with every consonant pronounced in full. Her hair inclines to a reddish tinge, and her features are large and expressive. She has the repute of being a good talker and also a good dresser. She was one of the first ladies in Washington to wear a Directoire gown.

Nobody need suppose because we hear very little about her husband that he is a nonentity. He is a successful oculist, agreeable society man and cultivated gentleman. MARIE ST. JOHN.

An Edinburgh music teacher claims to augment the power of the voice by means of a mechanical contrivance fitting into the palate.

BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's rays hidden apart,
In a softer bed than the soft white snows is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why should I sleep not? Why should it start
When never a leaf the rose tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea doses,
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?
Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?
What bids the lips of thy sleep depart?
Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm incloses,
It never was writ in the traveler's chart,
And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree tops heard;
No hound's note wakens the wild wood hart.
Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of the true love's truth or the light love's art,
Only the song of a secret bird.

—Swinburne.

Uses of the Prisoh Messenger.

The prison messenger is a peculiar character. He is attached to every police court in the city, by what right no one except himself knows. Although not vested with any authority from local, state or national powers, he has access at all times to the prisons attached to the police courts, and in the latter he appears to be of more importance than the regular officers paid by the taxpayers. He is trustworthy and seems to have unbounded faith in human nature. He conducts business in this fashion: A respectable young man happens to have been out late and is arrested. In the morning he wakes penniless and with no means of communicating with his friends. The prison messenger understands the case in a moment. He offers his services, knowing that his client will be only too anxious to make good any expenses. He will run errands, employ counsel, if necessary, and even pay a prisoner's fine without security for his outlay. The messenger seldom makes a mistake. He has been known to advance as much as $100 to a prisoner who was confined in the Tombs for a week, without other security than the man's word. For this little transaction the prisoner rewarded him with a check for $200.—New York Mail and Express.

A Lesson on Slang.

It was at the Institute of Technology, a few days before the close of the term. One of the professors had been troubled by hearing some of the students indulging in slang. Accordingly, when his class had assembled to hear his lecture, he gave them a ten minute discourse on the use of slang, told them how it was corrupting the language, and that its use was, among persons of cultivation and refinement, a sure sign of ill breeding. Then he went on with his regular lecture, and at its close called the attention of his class to the fact that some of them had been remiss in their studies, and that it behooved them to make up for lost time, or they would fail to pass the approaching examinations. "The fact is," he concluded, "you've got to brace up or you'll get left," which shows that preaching and practice are often wide apart.—Boston Herald.

Afternoon Caller (waiting for hostess)—Bobby, you haven't been over to play with Tommy lately.

Bobby—No, ma'am. Ma doesn't want me to play with Tommy; she says I must only play with nice little boys.—Texas Siftings.

A Tale from the North.

A tale comes from the far north, above the Arctic circle, that mammoth carcasses are found frozen in the ice, and that the Indians chop them out and feed the meat to their dogs. These carcasses are as well preserved as if killed but yesterday, although they have lain for who knows how many thousand years in a solidly frozen state. Undoubtedly these animals existed coeval with the glacial period and were indigenous to a tropical climate; therefore we must reason that this period came on almost instantaneously, all living animals were killed by the extreme cold, and before their flesh could putrefy it became frozen.—Juneau (Alaska) Free Press.

A Stupid Mistake.

Customer (in restaurant)—A broiled spring chicken, waiter, and a small bottle, vintage '74.

Waiter—Yes, sir. (Later)—Find everything right, sir?

Customer—No; you've made a mistake. You've brought me spring wine and a '74 vintage chicken.—New York Sun.

The Opening of the Campaign.

To open the campaign with any hopes of speedy success, attack the enemy, malaria, before it has a chance to entrench. An obstinate foe 'twill prove if you don't go right at it. If you are prudent, too, you will have fortified, upon the first intimation of its presence in your neighborhood. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the medicinal ammunition that you require. Every form of malarial fever yields to this fine preventive and remedy. For constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, nervousness and kidney trouble it is no less effective. Residents of malarial localities, and persons sojourning in or bound for the great West, should select this medicine as a means of defence against the frequent visitations of miasma. Those in delicate health, the aged and the enfeebled, should in every instance resort to this signal invigorant. Use it for weak nerves.

The Handsomest Lady in Lancaster

Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a Sample Bottle *Free*. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular. mar10-lyd&w

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Yelling Baby

Is something to be avoided. Babies with colds, babies with croup, babies with scalds, burns, bites, aches, sprains, or pains are bound to become noisy tenants of the household. *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* will cure all these complaints. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

The Resurrection of Lazarus

Was a miraculous operation. No one thinks of raising the dead these times, though some desperately close to death's door have been completely restored by *Burdock Blood Bitters* to genuine and lasting health. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

Helped Her Out.

"For years have been a severe sufferer from pains in the back. Tried various applications. One bottle of *Thomas' Eclectric Oil* entirely cured me. Cured others equally quick." Mrs. Benning of 14th St., Buffalo, wrote this. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster.

H. B. Cochran, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa., is selling SHILOH'S COUGH CURE as a guarantee to cure all throat and lung troubles. (8)

Mothers Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle. may19-lyd&w

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 147 North Queen street. (7)

A Safe Investment

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to the taste, perfectly safe and can always be depended upon.

Trial bottle free at H. B. Cochran's Drug Store, Nos. 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (1)

WHY WILL YOU COUGH when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. For sale by H. B. Cochran, Druggist, No. 137 North Queen street. (6)

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklin's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. H. B. Cochran, Druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street, Lancaster, Pa. (1)

Humbugs! Imposters! Thieves!

The above are terms applied to the unreliable and dishonest. *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* for diphtheria, catarrh, asthma, rheumatism, and all aches, sprains, and pains is not a thing of deception but a pleasant and honest remedy It is honestly put up, honestly sold, and does what is claimed for it. For sale by H. B. Cochran, druggist, 137 and 139 North Queen street Lancaster.

TOBACCO.

STANDARD CHEWING TOBACCO.

DO YOU CHEW?

—THEN GET—

THE BEST

—WHICH IS—

Finzer's Old Honesty!

Genuine Has a Red H Tin Tag on Every Plug.

OLD HONESTY is acknowledged to be the PURE