

TIMELY TOPICS.

The mustache is again the subject of legislation in France. Clerks in the national bank are not permitted to wear it!

At Berne, Switzerland, recently, an American and Austrian girl passed as doctors of medicine, and Mlle. Lina Berger, a young Swiss, took the degree of doctor of philosophy after a brilliant examination.

A Glasgow paper gives a list of upward of 150 failures in Glasgow and the west of Scotland directly and indirectly traceable to the stoppage of the City of Glasgow bank. The total liabilities of the Scotch firms who have been dragged down are \$125,000,000.

To beautify the coats of eight horses, value \$3,000, and also four oxen, a Cambridgehire (England) laborer put so much arsenic in their food that they all died. Sentence: a month's hard labor. This treatment of horses is common at Vienna. It makes them foam at the mouth, too, or it is supposed to do so.

The latest robber trick in New York is to don the clothing of a porter or market carrier, lounge round a stall till some one is observed to make a purchase, then, having ascertained the purchaser's name, to return at a busy time and glibly demand such and such meat for him, the trick usually proving successful.

Mr. E. Kingsley, the engraver who has achieved much success, some of his best work appearing in *Scribner's Monthly*, was formerly a compositor in a newspaper office in Massachusetts. At one time he gained a precarious living by designing fantastic cigar-box labels and engraving illustrations of local manufactures. When Professor Champney, the artist, went to Northampton, Mass., Mr. Kingsley took drawing lessons of him, and then visited New York to study anatomy. His success in a short time became so marked that he returned to his work as an engraver.

A woman's hair has suddenly turned white in Milan. She was a mother, and was going from church with two children, one of whom could walk, while the other was held in her arms. The one who could walk ran down the church steps into the street where a carriage was passing. As the child disappeared between the wheels, the woman uttered a loud cry and fell insensible, with the other child in her arms, on the ground. The child under the carriage was picked up unhurt. The mother, when she was restored to her senses, found her hair had turned perfectly white.

In sugar refineries large iron cylinders called boneblack filters are used. They are usually about twenty feet high and five feet in diameter. Two men went into one of these vessels in a St. Louis refinery to coat the surface with tar, as a preventive of rust during a season of disuse. They sat on a suspended board and put the tar on with brushes by the light of a lantern. The lantern fell to the bottom and broke. Instantly the cylinder was converted into a fiery furnace, the tar on its sides blazing furiously and a hole at the bottom providing a draft. The men were completely charred.

The government of Honduras is making great efforts to develop the agricultural resources of the country. Coffee planting has been vigorously carried on, and the government makes free grants of land to all persons desirous of undertaking the cultivation of coffee, or sugar, or of cocoa, and gives free transport of the necessary material and labor to the site of the grant. Besides these advantages, planters are exempt from military service, and all implements and material necessary for the use or formation of plantations are admitted into the country free of duty. Strangers are admitted to the same privileges as citizens of the republic.

While the English steamer *Warrior* was off an island in the West Indies, but out of sight of land, a human cry was heard, and the carpenter said he had seen a man struggling in the water. The engines were at once stopped, and a boat put off. After a long pull in the direction noted the cry was again heard, and half an hour later a man was discovered and picked up. He proved to be a native of Jamaica named Alexander Hughes, and said he had been three days in the water clinging to a clothes chest. He was one of the crew and passengers of the schooner *The Little Minnie*, which capsized at sea and sank while on her passage to Colon. The accident occurred sixty miles from where the man was picked up. He was the only survivor.

A writer in the *Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution* says that Senator Gordon was wounded five times while fighting as a colonel in the battle of Sharpsburg. The fifth ball entered his cheek and brought him to the ground. As he began to recover his senses he says his thoughts ran as follows: "I have been struck in the head with a six-pound steel shot. It has carried away a little piece of skull left. But the brain is gone entirely. Therefore, I am dead. And yet I am thinking. How can a man think with his head shot off? And if I am thinking I cannot be dead. And yet no man can live after his head is shot off. I may have consciousness while dead, but not motion. If I can lift my leg, then I am alive. I will try that. Can I? Yes, there it is, lifted up. I'm all right!" The Senator says that every stage of this soliloquy is indelibly stamped on his mind, and that in his exhausted state the reasoning was carried on as logically as ever a man reasoned at his desk.

If you want to know whether your canary bird is a male or female just put some angle worms in the cage. Then, if the bird eats only the male worms, you may be sure your bird is a male. If the bird eats the female worms and leaves the male worms, then the bird is a female. Sure every time.—*Boston Post*.

DIAMOND ROBBERIES.

Some of the Peculiar Contrivances Resorted to by These in Pursuit of Other People's Gems—Several Remarkable Cases. A St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* reporter spent an entire afternoon in the office of B. Spyder, a well-known diamond dealer, and listened with rapt attention to reminiscences and traditions of diamond robberies, successful and attempted.

One day a respectable-looking gentleman with a young lady, to all appearance his wife, came into Spyder's and spent several hours looking at diamonds. One cross and ear-rings, valued at \$5,000 seemed to strike the young wife's eye. The husband demurred at the price. The wife playfully coaxed him to buy. "Well, well, I will think about it," said he, as they departed without buying.

The next day the young woman drove up in a coupe, and said: "My husband desires to see those again. I think he will buy. He is sick in bed, and will you go to the Southern with me, or send a clerk?"

Warned by a previous bitter experience, involving a loss of \$1,000, Spyder did not send a clerk, but went himself. The couple had a suite of parlors on the second floor. The young lady was quite engaging. Her husband was sleeping. Would the gentleman wait a few moments? He would. The lady was unusually interesting; and, always susceptible to the charming woman, the time passed agreeably to the diamond dealer. The young lady got up and entered the inner apartment, but returned immediately with the announcement that her husband was awake. With the sweetest affectation of enthusiasm, she picked up the case containing the jewels, and with "Let me show them to my husband," disappeared within.

The door seemed accidentally to blow shut. Spyder jumped up; and as he did so he heard a key turn in the lock. He at once recognized what was up, and sprang to the door opening to the hall. He found it locked. He was a prisoner. The solid door mocked him. He was desperate. In an instant he drew his revolver, placed it to the lock, fired; it was shattered, and the door swung open to his touch. Like a madman, he tore along the halls, down the stairs, through the rotunda, and around to the ladies' entrance, just as a lady in a carriage gave the order, "Relay depot, East St. Louis."

He leaned into the window of the carriage, and said, "Will your husband take the diamonds, madam?"

She gave him one long, searching look, quietly said "the price is too large, and then they are such hard things to keep;" produced the case from the recesses of her muff and handed it to him, saying, "I should have been quicker." Spyder looked at the diamonds, saw that they were all right, and bade the young woman good day. Within the hour she and her confederate had left the hotel. Since then Spyder has never let a diamond leave his hand for more than two seconds.

The Galt house at Louisville is now defendant in a suit for \$40,000 damages. It is the custom of traveling diamond merchants to deposit their stock in the safe of the hotel. A New York traveler had been at the hotel for several days. He came down from his room at about supper time one evening, and handing over a little satchel to the young clerk in charge with "put that in the safe," the smart young clerk took the satchel, gave a check for it; the drummer walked away; the clerk was called by a guest who wanted ice water in 1878; put the satchel under the counter; another man came up and loudly complained that his baggage had not been sent to his room; the clerk took to explain, and the man who, perhaps, had followed the drummer thousands of miles, and for months, reached over and under the counter and secured the valuable package, and has thus far escaped detection.

About as interesting a case as there is on record created a profound sensation among the diamond dealers of Maiden lane, New York, several years ago. The street is a narrow, dingy little thoroughfare, and on it are located the establishments of twenty-five or thirty wholesale diamond dealers. They import direct, and supply the trade. The jewels are wrapped up in little paper parcels, flatly folded, and are, of course, not mounted. A man of solid and respectable appearance became gradually known as a buyer of small diamonds, such as are used for clusters and settings for ladies' jewelry.

The test of the purity of a diamond is found in holding them close to the month and breathing upon them. Flaws will show up as little black spots under this process. This solid and respectable gentleman was always particular as to the purity of the diamonds he wanted, and when satisfied generally made a purchase of from two to five carats, the gems being sold, of course, by weight. It was customary to note on the outside of the package the amount sold. One day one of the dealers walked into the store of another and found him in a state of perplexity. He had just weighed what remained in the paper and added to the aggregate sold, and found that this package was about five carats short. Diamonds are worth \$60 per carat. The visitor, in some surprise, stated that he was troubled by exactly the same thing, and he could not for his life account for it. Their discoveries spread. The other dealers were at once exercised, and on examination it was found that there was not one of their number but had this mysterious shortage to account for. A close watch was then set by each individual upon all of their employees and upon all their customers. It was left a few days later for one of the number, an old man sixty years of age, who suspected the solid and respectable buyer, to detect the tongue of the solid and respectable buyer shoot suddenly out as he leaned over a paper of jewels to breathe upon them, and return with four carats of diamonds upon its end. The old man seized the adept thief by the throat and found the specklers stuck to his tongue. The thief compromised with the old man for \$3,000. There was no arrest in this case. It is estimated during the three years that this man patronized the diamond dealers of Maiden lane that he realized fully \$50,000 from his adroit dishonesty.

In the Eastern cities the disorganized times that followed the close of the war,

when crime took its most violent form, were attended by such cases as the smashing in of Tiffany's show window in broad daylight and the escape of the gang with \$40,000 worth of diamond jewelry. A mode of robbery that obtained for several years was the throwing of snuff or pepper into the eyes of the salesmen, and an immediate and wholesale theft of all the goods in sight.

A Broadway (New York) jeweler, with a very valuable stock of diamonds, had an automatic connection between the door and the curtains of his show window, so arranged that upon opening the door after it had been locked for the night, the curtains would roll up and leave the interior of the store exposed to the passers by.

A gang of English burglars came to New York city in 1871 and selected this establishment to commence upon. By the use of forged letters they succeeded in introducing one of their number into the establishment as porter. He was unusually faithful and well liked by his employer. He found time during his labors to take an impression in wax of the lock to the front door. The secret of the window curtains rested alone with the proprietor. One night four of the gang entered the place by means of the false key made from the impression. They did not notice the curtain roll silently up. The private watchman on the beat saw them at work on the safe, summoned aid, and after a desperate resistance, succeeded in arresting the four men. They were all sent to Sing Sing for long terms. After this attempt, the old gentleman who owned the place, grew very nervous on the subject of burglars, and formed the habit of leaving his house at all hours of the night, visiting his establishment, entering to assure himself that everything was all right, and then returning home. One night the old gentleman came along about 1:30 o'clock, spoke pleasantly to the private watchman, quietly entered the store, pulled down the blinds, and after a half hour emerged, bade the watchman good-night. The next day it was learned that the old gentleman had been found lying unconscious in the street. Some of the English gang had waylaid him, and procured his keys. One of their number, made up to personate the old man, had walked down to the store, and with the aid of the combination to the safe found on his person, opened it, and quietly walked away with a stock of diamonds valued at \$75,000. The perpetrators of this singularly bold robbery were never apprehended.

"Reported Under Fear of Libel."

A lawyer of Fall River, Mass., sued the *Herald* of that place, for libel, and claimed \$15,000 damages because the paper published a three-line item about him. The suit brought out considerable editorial irony, of which the following, taken from the *Herald's* police-court report, is a unique specimen:

Four of our most estimable and respected citizens, Michael Rowland, Esq., James Swain, Esq., Patrick Sheppard, Esq., and Michael Conroy, Esq., and a very refined and cultured lady, Mary Downing, were the recipients of distinguished honor last evening, having received kind and pressing invitations to a reception held by his honor in the district courtroom this morning. The eminent gentlemen and lady were received cordially by his honor, and during the interview the judge broached the subject of evils existing in the land, applying his remarks more especially to the prevalence of intemperance. His address on this occasion was elucidative to the illustrious gentlemen and lady, and was so timely that they might generally donate to the furtherance of public morality an amount equal to two dollars each, with a slight addition to meet the requirements of legal process.

A very respectable gentleman, William McLoughlin, Esq., who had been prevailed upon to visit his honor, was also conferred with by the judge on the subject of frequent intemperance, resulting too frequently in inebriation; but as the views of Mr. McLoughlin were diverse from those of his honor, no conclusion was arrived at, and another conference between the gentleman and his honor will be held on the 14th inst., when it is hoped that a definite conclusion may be happily reached, and the discussion terminated.

So endeth the first lesson.

A Whole Family Drowned.

A heartrending and distressing accident occurred recently at Lanesville, Ia. In the afternoon Mr. Lane, with his wife and two children went on the ice in the Mississippi river to enjoy themselves. He improvised a hand sleigh and a large box, into which he placed his wife and children. Two handles extended from the rear of the sleigh, with which Mr. Lane shoved the sleigh on the ice. They were having a delightful time. The ice near the shore was about three inches thick. The river was open in the channel, and the ice near the open water was, of course, much thinner. Mr. Lane, unfortunately, ventured too near the open water. He felt the ice giving way, but before he could retrace his steps it broke through, engulfing in the stream the wife, the children and the father—all in a moment were launched into eternity. The maddening shriek of the drowning family was heard by a party of woodchoppers on an adjacent island, who saw the catastrophe. They hastened to the rescue, but were unable to arrive in time to be of service. Lane and his family were under the ice, their dead bodies probably floating down the river. It was sad to contemplate, and the bronzed faces of the hardy woodchoppers were moistened with tears they could not control. They went to the station and gave the alarm, and then proceeded to Lane's cabin. They found the door unlocked. Inside a bright fire crackled in the stove. The silver-bright tin tea kettle was singing for the return of the unfortunate family. The cat and dog were nestled under the stove awaiting the return of the two children who petted them. Everything about the house indicated happiness and peace. Mr. Lane was the ticket agent at the station, and is spoken of as a man of industries and frugal habits, and a man who thought the world and all of his little family.

In 1838, when Walter Hunt invented the sewing machine, his wife protested that it would throw sewing women out of work.

AN ENGINEER'S ADVENTURE.

Treedy by a Wild Bear and Saved from Death by a Black Bear.

A letter from Honesdale, Pa., says Aleck Frobes and Charley Hulizer, of Port Jarvis, are two well-known Erie railway engineers. They have lately returned from a two weeks hunt in the wilderness of Canada, 150 miles north of St. Thomas.

"Last year Charley and I went out the same woods," Aleck said. "Then I got treed by a wild bear, and I thought that was worse than going down the bank at the rate of forty miles an hour. You see, some old fellow out there turned some hogs in the woods three or four years ago, and they went wild. I started one of 'em one day, and thought I'd have a little fun with him. I sent a bullet after him. He changed his course, and made plumb for me. I skinned up a beech tree. I thought the blamed animal'd go away when he found I was out of his reach. But he wasn't that kind of a hog. It was colder than Greenland, and about two o'clock in the afternoon, Charley and the rest of the party were scattered about in the woods, out of hearing. The bear—for he was a bear, and a big one at that—waited around that tree, spitting out froth as if he'd chewed a barrel of shaving soap, and showing up a pair of tusks like a young rhinoceros. He tried to gnaw the tree down, and worked away for an hour with his teeth. I thought certain he intended to keep right on till he brought me down. But by and by he gave that plan up. The tree wasn't more than eight inches through, and I think the hog made a mistake in quitting, for there ain't any doubt but that he'd fetched it by early bed time. But he stopped gnawing."

"Then he went off ten or a dozen feet and sat down on his haunches. He grunted and frothed for at least ten minutes. Then a new idea seemed to strike him. He jumped back to the foot of the tree and commenced to shovel the dirt away from it with his snout, as if he had a contract to build a cellar. I saw what he was at in a minute. He was going to dig up the tree by the roots. 'Blame the hog!' I said. 'If some of the boys don't come along pretty soon I might as well have been born a beech-unt, for he's bound to have a meal on me if it's in the book.' Then I yelled, 'S'boy, there, s'boy!' But that hog'd been too long in the woods to s'boy worth a cent. Then I whistled for an imaginary dog, and called, 'Hyer, Towser! Hyer, hyer, hyer!' I remembered that when I was a boy, and the hogs got into the garden, they always made for the hole in the fence when you whistled for the dog. But this old fellow only frothed the more, and snorted the louder and worked the faster."

"I was blame near frozen by the time it grew dark. The sun went down and the moon came up, and still that hog dug away at the roots of that tree. I could see that he had a hole around it big enough to bury an ox in, and I hope to fly if I didn't think the tree began to totter. It got colder and colder, and the bear kept right on rooting. I began to wonder who they'd put on my engine in my place, and whether the hog would leave my bones so the boys might find 'em, and take 'em home to my folks. Once, at about eight o'clock, I thought I'd shin down the tree and try a race with the bear, as I might as well be killed in trying to get away as to die like a sheep in a pen. So I began to let myself quietly down. I had my hands on the lower branches, with my legs hanging down the trunk, when the hog smelt the rat. He gave a snort that made the very tree shake, and raised up on his hind feet to meet me half way. I was back to within two feet of the top of the tree in less time than it would take a red squirrel to jump a rail fence."

"It's no use," I said. "Unless some of the boys come along inside of an hour, I'm a goner." About ten minutes after that the hog suddenly stopped digging. He seemed to listen for a minute; then, with a string of the most unearthly snorts, he started on a dead run off toward Wolf swamp."

"What's up," I said. In less than five seconds I knew what was up. Out of the brush to the right came, tearing and growling, one of the biggest bears I ever saw. He never stopped, but let himself out the best he knew how after the bear. Pork is one of the choice delicacies in the provender of a bear. The hog had considerable start of the bear, but at the rate the bear was going, as I saw him by the light of the moon disappear over the brow of the ridge, I think he must have come up with the hog and had his coveted lunch. I didn't wait for any news from the seat of war, but got out of that tree about as lively as I had got into it, picked up my gun and made for camp. I got in about twelve o'clock. The boys had been out looking for me, and had given me up for lost. They felt good when I showed up."

Little Johnny on the Pigeon.

My sister says no man wish shoots pidgin matches shal marry her, but no man rude want to marry her, I guess, as long as the pidgin shootin held out, cos that yung man got red like a beet, but didn't say nothin. Nex day he ast my Uncle Ned did he kno enbody wish wud like to bi a jam-up good shot gun. Uncle Ned, he said: 'I'd like to bi it my own self if it was a good pidgin gun, but I goss it aint, cos it has come mity ni spilin a match.' Some pidgins carries letters, same as the postoffice, and one time wen my sister's yung man went away he cot one of our pidgins and took it a long for to fetch back a letter to her, jest for a dier. Nex day whenever that girl herd the dore bel ring she was jest wild, cos she thot it was her letter come, for her idee was that the pidgin wude leave it at the postoffice, for to be delivered by the letter carriers. But wen my mother tole her the pidgin must come thru the winder, she went and thru up evry winder in the house, and it was a cole day, and Franky, that's the baby, took cole and come mity near pesterin out."

A man in Lexington, Vt., mailed a letter to a fictitious name in Japan, with a request that it be returned if not called for, and started it by way of the Atlantic. His object was to see how long it would be in going around the world. It came back by the way of San Francisco in just 100 days.

How a Man Locks the Door.

There is something curious about the way a man closes up the house for the night. A woman will secure all the doors in the house in ten minutes and spend twenty minutes taking down her back hair and getting her frizzes ready for morning. The man of the house, having no back hair to take down and no frizzes to put up, spends his time in closing up the house. He begins at the back door, and locks and bolts all the doors from that to the front door. Then he takes off his coat and collar. By that time one of the children wants a drink of water, and he has to unlock one of the doors to get it. Then he locks the door carefully, goes back and takes off his vest and winds up his watch or clock, as the case may be. His wife suddenly calls out from among the bed-clothes—it being the winter season—and asks her liege lord to make another expedition to the kitchen and see if the pancake batter is liable to rise in its might and overflow the dish. He unlocks two more doors and makes a tour of inspection. All is well. He removes his stockings, warms his feet and proposes to retire. Suddenly he is overcome with the conviction that the rear door is not locked, and away he goes barefooted over the cold floor of the kitchen and woodshed. By the time he reaches the woodshed door he is uncertain whether any of the doors are locked, and he makes the grand round again. All is secure. He removes his pantaloons, blows out the light and is just about to lie down, when his wife suddenly bethinks herself that the girl probably forgot to put the milk pail out, and away he goes again in a huff and white flowing garment. Before he gets back to bed again he steps on two marbles and a sharp piece of tin which the children have left on the floor. At last he gets between the sheets and lays him down to pleasant or horrible dreams—he is never sure which it will be. As Morpheus gobbles him up and is about to take him to the land of Nod, the brilliant thought that the hired girl is out flashes athwart his brain, and he gets up and unlocks the kitchen door. In exactly one hour and eleven minutes from the time he begins preparations to retire he is in bed for good, and one of the doors is still unlocked. He says softly but solemnly to himself that he'll be blown if he'll undertake to lock the doors again if robbers surround the house four deep. But the next night he repeats the performance, by special request.—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel*.

The Filth of Memphis.

Memphis is situated upon the east bank of the Mississippi, upon a bluff varying from fifteen to fifty feet in height. Upon the crest of this bluff runs Front street; from this street the ground slopes eastwardly away from the river, so that all rain, surface gutter washings, slop and whatever of floatable filth there may be, is drained into the bayou, which winds through the heart of the city. Across the river the Arkansas shore stretches low and flat, a vast marsh, notorious for its malaria; north and east of Memphis upon the Tennessee side, the land is low and swampy; the soil in and about the city, of clay. The bayou runs through the most thickly populated parts of Memphis. Into the elongated cesspool is collected all the floating filth of a city of 55,000 inhabitants; garbage, the drainage from privy vaults, gutter and street washings, dead animal matter, all and everything is poured or thrown into this receptacle, there to decay and fester under the broiling sun of that southern climate. Consider it, if possible—ten miles of reeking rotteness; not a yard of it covered except where crossed by the bridges of the various streets. During a rise of the Mississippi the backwater fills this bayou bank full, its accumulated filth then soaking into the clay of its banks. When the river falls, the current of the bayou is not of sufficient strength to empty its contents into the river. The streets of the city of Memphis are beyond description filthy, and completely out of repair. The wooden pavement is the only one in use, or rather was the pavement originally put down. The streets and yards are heavily shaded, the magnolia being the tree mostly used.—*Lancet and Clinic*.

An Original Letter of Daniel Boone.

An original letter of Daniel Boone is on exhibition in Cincinnati. The letter is the property of Colonel John Taylor, of Newport, Ky., and was addressed: "To John Overton, of Lincoln county; to be left at Elijah Smith's, Lexington."

The letter reads:

July the 20th, 1786.
SIR—The Land has Been Long Sarvayd and Not Knowing When the Money would be Radey Was the Reason of my not Returning the works however the may be Returned when you pleas. But I must first have a Nother Copy of the Entry as I have Lost that I had when I lost my platting Instruments and only have the Short field Notes Just the Corse Distane and Corner trees pray send me Nother Copy that I may Know how to give it the proper Bounderry a greable to the Location and I Will send the plat to the ofis a medelly if you Chuse it the Expenses is as follows, viz: Surveysers fees..... 49 3 8 Bageters fees..... 7 14 0 Chasmen and Marker 11 Days..... 6 0 0 purvisions for the towr..... 2 0 0 (provisions for the towr).
238 17 0
You Will also Send a Copy of the agreement betwixt Mr. Wales Overton and my Self Where I red the warrants. I am sir your ombie servant,
DANIEL BOONE.

The above is a literal copy. The letter is written on unrulid paper, in a clear, round hand, very legible and characteristic. The profuse employment of capital letters and the total absence of punctuation marks are notable in the manuscript.

He Had Forgotten.

A professor in Leipzig university asked a student what the aurora borealis was. Putting his finger to the side of his head and looking wise, the student said: "I know very well, but I forget just now what it is."
"There," said the professor, "we are in a fix. The only man in the world who ever knew what the aurora is has forgotten."

Romance of an Apple Stand.

"Jennie June," writing from New York to the *Baltimore American*, tells this romantic little story of one of the innumerable fruit-stands sprinkled all over Gotham:

There is an apple-stand on a corner near Fourteenth street, which has been presided over for many years by an old man, a philosopher in his way, who recently grew rheumatic and retired on his savings, which, notwithstanding his constant grumbling at the prices he was obliged to pay and the small profits he had to put up with, must have been considerable.

His successor was an English woman, neat, quiet, reserved and with a certain refinement of appearance and manner which would strike even the most casual observer, and with precision and correctness of speech very different from the ordinary type of applewomen. Her reticence and her lady-like manner served effectually to check questioning, which must have savored of impertinence; and so she remained in her place, behind her stall, selling her apples, week after week, in all kinds of weather, for a number of months, until finally she disappeared. Two weeks ago her place was taken by two little girls, eight and eleven years of age—little women both, quiet, neat, gentle, refined in speech and manner just like their mother, and with the same reserve and self-possession. Black cloth English walking-jackets were buttoned closely over their dark stuff dresses, and their shy eyes and timid manner seemed only a veil to unusual decision and an almost painful maturity of character.

One year ago these little girls lived with their father and mother, the former a working mechanic in a small town in England. The man became uneasy and dissatisfied, collected his small savings, sold out their household furniture, and with the proceeds, to his wife's infinite sorrow and regret, brought the family to New York. Here he left them to try and find employment. The woman took a small room, an attic, for herself and children, removing them from the lodging-house in which they had first found refuge; she sold her wedding ring and a set of jewelry left her by her mother, and consisting of an old-fashioned brooch and earrings of some value, to purchase the good will and stock in trade of the apple-stand, by which she hoped to live until her husband returned. Exposure soon killed her, aided by want of proper treatment and medicine. The two little English girls now occupy the attic alone at night when they return from the corner of the street, which is the scene of their daily labors. They keep it anxiously neat and clean, as nearly as possible as their mother kept it. They are only waiting with that pitiful patience which belongs to the well-to-do poor when great misfortunes overtake them, uttering no word of rebellion, finding their only relief and consolation in the industrious discharge of every little duty. Their father does not know of the death of their mother. They do not know where to write to him, nor perhaps does it matter much if he never returns to them. They will in some way work out an honest future for themselves, to which, perhaps, he would only be a hindrance or a blight.

Trials of an Editor.

Mr. Willard A. Cobb, himself a journalist, in an address at Lockport, (N. Y.), told his audience what some of the trials of the newspaper editor are. He enumerated the following: "The placidity with which correspondents write upon both sides of the sheet, thus setting all the compositors to breaking the third commandment; the appearance in the enctum of the man who has a grievance; the presence of the fend who carries away the best exchanges; the coming in of the man with the latest news—one of those characters who has an idea that when he goes west the cat tips up, and *vice versa*." Mr. Cobb might have added to that last clause the man who comes to the editor's private room to ask what is the news; also the man who has come in for "a little talk." Stories of ludicrous typographical blunders are legions in number, and Mr. Cobb recalled several good ones. By the dropping out of a single letter, the Book of Common Prayer once went to press with the sentence "We shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye," transformed into "We shall all be hanged in the twinkling of an eye." A poet who wrote "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire," was startled to see his line changed into "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire." Mr. Cobb is quite right in thinking such transgressions are as pardonable as the blunders sometimes made in other professions, and tells the story of the minister who was asked to read the following notice: "A man having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the church;" and by the misplacing of a comma in reading it, gravely told the congregation that "a man having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the church."

Norwegian Commerce.

The Norwegian nation is the smallest of all European nations, but its commercial fleet is the third largest in the world. The Norwegian flag is, of all foreign flags, that which is most frequently seen in the harbor of New York, and through the sound which connects the Baltic with the North sea and forms the highway from London to St. Petersburg, often three to four hundred Norwegian craft of every description pass during one single day. In Norway, although not every man is a sailor, every person is, nevertheless, more or less directly connected with the shipping interest. To build ships or to sail them, to own ships or to have a part in them, is a point in everybody's life all along those thousand fjords which fringe the coast of Norway; and to the inland farmer the most common manner of placing his savings is to go down to the sea and buy a part in a ship. Many a Norwegian vessel, carrying timber to England and coal back to Denmark, or dried fish to Naples and oranges back to St. Petersburg, represents the fortunes of a whole village or parish, in which even the servant-girl may have a share, and to many a well-to-do Norwegian farmer the only source from which he draws, and can draw, ready money is his ship-part.