

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Vegetables are now seen on bonnets. Lawns of a pale green are fashionable. Mexican filigree jewelry is the coming rage. The last novelty in fringe is made of pack-thread.

Carefully-made flies are worn as earrings and pins. Linen serge slippers are cool for home wear in hot weather.

Dressmakers say that alpaca will be much worn this fall. Feathers prevail wherever they can be used with propriety.

The yoke waists have been superseded in Paris by the fan waist.

Silk nets are more popular than ever, especially for young ladies.

The costumes of grenadine over silk are usually made with a polonaise.

High colored stockings are the rage still, and especially for young misses.

A new sort of goods, Glace Marguerite, of silk and wool, is much worn.

Linen costumes much embroidered are worn for morning dress in the country.

A profusion of knife-plaited ruffles weighs down the new cheese cloth gowns.

Dresses are worn much shorter in the streets abroad than they are in this country.

Dresses of the same material as those worn by their mothers are made up for young girls.

The flower that a lady wears at her throat should give the keynote of color in her dress.

Ribbons with spotted stripes are the latest importation, and take the fancy of nearly all the ladies.

Imitation pearl beads are coming into fashion this fall, and large importations from Italy will be made.

Tidies made of pink and blue silesia and bordered with lace are considered quite the thing just now.

Pointed waists, both back and front, are being revived, but are far from being a becoming style for the figure.

Bare dresses for young girls are trimmed with cascades of Breton lace, with loops of ribbon in each fold.

Imitation Lisle thread gloves, costing but ten cents per pair, are just as handsome as the real, which cost ten times as much.

Some walking suits have long waist, extending nearly to the knee in front. These can be worn without any outside wrap.

Sewing beads on black lace would be a profitable amusement for idle hours. Beaded lace is to be fashionable on the boulevards.

A Paris idea is to wear flesh-colored stockings under open-worked ones. Profligate as this is, it is fashionable on the boulevards.

Velvet is more used for trimming now than at the beginning of the summer, but it is placed on cotton materials rather than on woolsens.

A new hat called the Princess Louise has made its appearance in London and New York. It is of delicate straw and turns' up one side and back.

The Charm of True Marriage.

Our advanced theories of divorce and free love making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a deadly blow at an element in it which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true marriage, what the greatest advantage, what the most priceless happiness, take life through which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the richer development which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine. No, but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter in it, each in the other and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed stand-by. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immense amount of unhappiness, crime, injustice, blight and down dragging, one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with; only the blindest sentimentalist will deny that. On the other hand, however, and that is not mere sentiment, but sober fact, of all the evidence of God's goodness to be found in this lower world, all the proofs that He cares for us, not only with the wisdom of a Creator but with the interest and love of a Father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life, not to fight its battles, win its victories and endure its sorrows alone, but giving them, as they go forth out of their childhood, home, a relation in which each of them are bound together with the closest of all ties. Ived together under the same roof, have their labors, their property, their interests, their parental affections all in common, and are moved to stand by each other, hand to hand and heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage miseries, more widely perhaps than any other happiness.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

The Colors of the Season.

After the white muslin and gay pompadour dresses, those of a very pale blue are most used by young ladies. When made of organza they are of solid color and richly trimmed with Breton lace; of less expensive lawns or of batiste, they have stripes or arabesque traceries of white in the flounces, and the basque and overskirt are ornamented with Russian lace in arabesque pattern. Prettier still are the morning and afternoon dresses of pale blue French bunting worn at the seashore. Sometimes the entire short suit is of the bunting, but in other cases there is merely a panier polonaise over a black velvet skirt. A French combination is a trimming of black and white striped satin on a light blue French bunting, which is fine as the nicest camel's hair. The skirt is short, with four plaited flounces covering the front and sides, and each flounce is edged with a four-inch plaiting of black and white stripes sewed on perpendicularly. The coat opens over a striped vest that is seen only at the throat and below the waist line. There are also tabs of the striped silk in the back. The deep turned-over collar is shawl-shaped, and is also of the white and black mixture. The bouffant drapery of the back is very high, and curves in festoons to the foot. The hat worn with this suit is a rough straw English turban of creamy white shade. The spreading brim is turned up all around, and faced with the striped silk; a scarf of the same is around the crown, and there are drooping white and black ostrich plumes.

A QUEER BUSINESS.

Gray and cardinal red are seen together in some of the most stylish costumes. For instance, a gray grenadine is trimmed with long white bands of cardinal satin on the front of the lower skirt. The short wrinkled apron of gray barege is bunched behind with red ribbons, and the basque has shirred ruffled drapery on the front extending down to a red satin belt made up of folds.—*Bazar.*

To Mend Stockings.

A lady, who finds in the practice of the homely art that she brings comfort to her family, gives these suggestions as to stocking-mending:

Given a dozen pairs of woolen ribbed socks. Select from them the two or three pairs most worn; cut away the heels and toes, and lay by the better parts for use in mending—well, yes, for patches.

From the best hose retained to be repaired, cut out the worn heel, and from the patches cut a new heel precisely like the old one.

First sew the bottom of the heel, then sew it into the place made vacant. Use soft cotton, or else the fine, soft mending yarn, which comes, of all colors, on spools.

Sew the raw edges "over and over," about as close as a nice overcast; so that when the new heel is worn out, you have only to pull the thread and insert another.

The thread must not be so tight but that the seam will flatten and become imperceptible to the foot. To sew in such a heel will require about one minute.

If the toe is worn, so that the new darns seem to take from the old, and the rent is made worse, cut it off so far from the instep as it is thin.

From the top of the sock put aside, cut a new toe like the old. Sew across the end, and then around the foot, observing to make the seam, as before, flat and soft.

When again worn out, repeat the process, till the entire dozen, like the faded ducks, have eaten one another up.

The Better Part.

A Louisiana lady writes: "When I find standard books ruthlessly torn by ignorant persons words fail me to express my indignation against such an act of barbarism. Generally, when children leave school they pack their books in a remote corner as relics of the past, very few having the moral courage to continue their studies; yet to many of them a leading aimless life it might prove a balm when least expected. For my part I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theaters."

Cause of the Memphis Outbreak.

The true reason of the present outbreak of yellow fever is not so much in the filthy streets and alleys of the city, but in the cupidity of some of our people who would not give their consent to destroy even the bedclothes upon which patients died of the fever. It has never been demonstrated that the yellow fever germ can be preserved through the frosts and freezes of winter in the foul air of a vault, but it has been shown time and again that woolen goods, especially blankets that have become saturated with the yellow fever poison, will retain it for a very long period even in cold weather. It is well known that many persons in Memphis did not hesitate to preserve and even to sleep upon beds and bedclothing that had been poisoned by the infected air of a sick room or by direct contact with the yellow fever patient. These articles have been kept, of course, in bedrooms where the heat of a fire during the day and the warmth of the sleeper's body at night prevented the germ from being frozen out. In many instances woolen clothing, that had been hanging in the sick room, where the air was reeking with the foul fumes of the fever, was packed away in trunks, or with the poorer classes, in wooden boxes. Here it remained during the winter. The warmth generated by the fabric was sufficient to preserve the germ in all its former vigor; and here it lay, like a deadly serpent, only waiting for the heat of summer to warm it into life. Mulbrandon's coat, which, like the shirt of Nessus, carried death in every fold, is now a matter of history. Another is that of a South Memphis woman who has kept in a wooden box all the clothing of her late husband, who perished by fever last year, and even the bedclothes upon which he died, stained all over with black vomit. One of the ablest physicians in Memphis said, not long ago, that there was not a house in the city, whether occupied during the fever or not, that had not been thoroughly infected by the yellow fever poison. It should be remembered also that even those who fled from the city when the fever broke out left behind them their carpets, bedding and winter clothes, to receive in trust for them the insidious poison which they were trying to escape. This reasoning may not be founded upon the principles of medical science, but it is certainly justified by common sense, and by getting up all the evidence to be had in regard to the matter, the medical fraternity may be able to throw some light upon the origin of the present outbreak of yellow fever in our city.—*Memphis Appeal.*

Wrapping Food in Paper.

It is a matter of daily experience on the part of every one who purchases such common necessities of life as butter, bacon, cheese, sausages, etc., that these goods are almost invariably wrapped up in printed or manuscript paper. Perhaps we might also say that provisions for picnics and other hampers are stowed away in similar coverings, and it will, therefore, not be amiss if we call attention to the fact that danger has been discovered to lurk in these newspaper wrappings.

In the case of printed paper, the characters have often been transferred to the cheese or butter, and either they are cut away by the observant cook, or they are unnoticed, and in due course become assimilated in the process of satisfying hunger. It is supposed that the ink or the paper itself may possibly by some chance contain something deleterious. But written paper is even more likely to be hurtful, inasmuch as in writing the paper has been in close contact with the hand, which not improbably may be giving off a perspiration, that may enter the pores of the paper and may there ferment, not with advantage to health in the event of any portion of the manuscript being allowed to accompany the food down unsuspecting throats.

This subject has called forth some correspondence in German papers, and though we would not attach absurd importance to it, it may still be said that clean unused paper is so cheap that retail dealers have small excuse for using either printed or written matter for wrapping up their commodities.—*Exchange.*

THE FELINE BOARDERS OF NEW YORK AND HOW THEY ARE SERVED WITH MEATS—PROFITS OF THE CAT PURVEYOR.

A Herald reporter while taking the early morning air in the region of the deserted Battery noticed two cats, sitting like miniature caryatides, one on each side of a warehouse, eagerly peering around the corner and occasionally interchanging a remark, which led him to the belief that the cats had some special object in so sitting and so peering. A walk through Bridge, Stone, Water, Pearl, Front, and other adjacent warehouse streets, revealed more cats, not by a strange cat, of the tramp kind, Kittens were there, too, but they displayed none of the levity commonly attached to youth. Each wore the solemn aspect of bidders. Sedately seated at the front doors of their respective warehouses, as if they were themselves the proprietors, they looked up and down the streets as if awaiting the arrival of the postman.

The solid individuality of the cat family, who looked after the welfare of the great brick buildings intrusted to their charge, occasionally was intruded upon by a strange cat, of the tramp kind, in fact, whose coat showed signs of wear, but who was of course frowned upon and driven away by the more respectable members of the cat fraternity, who, with hisses and other feline expletives, expelled him from the neighborhood. All down town was alive with cats. Cats crawled from little square holes in doors; cats came out from under iron gratings; cats assembled from neighboring house-tops, where they had been making night hideous with their serenades; stray cats, who had neither a local habitation nor a name, but who seemed intent on something, visited the precincts; black cats, gray cats, Maltese cats, and every other variety of the feline family was represented.

The cause was presently apparent. A man in a blue checked shirt, with a heavy basket on his arm laden with small packages of meat, came around a corner. At once every cat came to the attitude "attention!" and "presented arms," and in many cases tails too. From this basket the man, on meeting a regular boarder, took a package of meat wrapped in brown paper and handed his portion to each cat. Those who were not regular boarders made spasmodic attempts in some cases to assist the regular boarder in the consumption of his food, but as a rule were unsuccessful. The purveyor knows all his customers, or rather his boarders. He knows that the Maltese lives at No. 19 State street, and if she inquires for her breakfast at No. 40 he punishes her by refusing to give her her rations. So, too, he knows that the huge, tawny cat who looks after the interest of a pork warehouse on Bridge street has no business in Stone street. He has studied his boarders, "has them down fine," and no cat now dares be on any other premises but his own at breakfast hour.

In an interview with the man for whom we are writing the cats so impatiently wait, and whom they fondle, purr about, and against whose legs they rub their superluous fur, said:

"Well, I have been in this business several years. I manage to make about \$30 a week, the actual amount varying at different seasons of the year. I take out about one hundred and fifty pounds of meat in the morning for delivery among my cat family, and it's pretty hard work, for to say nothing of the job of lugging grub around, all the cats in the country know me and follow me, and I sometimes feel as though I was father of the whole cat tribe."

Reporter—Whom do you supply with cat's meat generally?

Purveyor—There are lots of stores in this neighborhood whose occupants deal in pork, cheese, hams and other eatable matter of that description. Now all these stores are mostly very old, and infested with rats. Well, the people who occupy the stores have to keep plenty of cats to keep the rats down. These cats have to be fed. They ain't a-going to eat ham to feed the cats, and cats don't like salt meat anyhow, and on Sundays there would be no one here to feed them. So, as I had read one time how men in London went round with carts and fed the cats, I thought I would go into the business on a small scale.

Reporter—What do you charge per day for the board of a cat?

Purveyor—Five cents, and it's too cheap at that. I buy my meat away up town, and have to buy wrapping paper to keep the separate pieces in; and, what's more, I don't board my cats on boarding-house hash.

Reporter—You don't mean to say you feed them on tenderloin steak?

Purveyor—Of course I don't give 'em choice cuts; but I don't feed 'em on poor grub; I don't give 'em no cuttings from dead animals, as they say they do in London and other places where cat's meat men go round, but I give 'em good, fair, decent food, varying from day to day, always giving 'em fish on Friday. There is always plenty of fish in the market then, and it's cheaper to me than meat on that day, and cats like fish anyhow. A change of diet is good for cats as well as men.

The cat in the daytime is rather agreeable and has its uses. At night, however, the case is reverse. Among the downtown warehouses, however, where there are few residents and the cat's more unpleasant peculiarities do not make themselves so conspicuous as they do in up-town yards, they are very necessary. A down-town dealer in provisions said: "We keep six cats here. They are on duty when we lock up, about six in the evening. If we didn't, the rats would play high carnival, and eat our stock so that it would be utterly unsalable. The worst thing is the cheese. Rats gnaw right through the boxes. They seem to fancy it more than meat. But we have sometimes other goods in stock which, if it wasn't for the cats, would be speedily ruined. We used to feed them ourselves, but it was a very great trouble, as we had to send to Washington market for meat, and when the man came round and offered to supply them with food for five cents a day we accepted the offer gladly. It's cheaper to pay a couple of dollars a week than to have the place overrun with rats."

The meat man said, in response to an inquiry whether he ever missed a cat from the apartment place: "Oh, yes; I sometimes find them dead in front of the store where they are employed."

"Are their situations filled at once?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I'm sure I can't tell," said the purveyor. "I leaves the rations for the cat who is waiting for 'em, and don't feel called upon to sit as a crowner's inquest on the body of a cat. All I look for is ven I puts in the bill on Monday, is the color of the cat's master's money."

There is probably a sort of guild among the cats, so that when one of them comes to a violent death by the brickbat of a sleepless and infuriated citizen his situation is filled at once.—*New York Herald.*

A Troublesome Princess.

The New York Herald has a letter from Cairo, Egypt, giving an account of the deposed khedive's personal extravagance. The correspondent tells this story of the khedive's harem. The princess mother had a young girl who had been left her by a very dear friend, to whom she had promised to take care of her child. As the girl grew up she was attached to the old lady, who finally concluded to marry her off. Applying to her son she was informed that there was a clever young major at the young lady's disposition. Achmet Effendi was informed that the old princess, wishing to honor him, would give him in marriage one of her hand-maidens. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel. The princess provided a house duly furnished, and everything looked well for the young couple. The proper amount of feasting was gone through with and the bride entered her new home. She was a high and mighty dame, duly imbued with an exalted idea of all that was due to her rank. After the departure of the guests, when the groom appeared she treated him with great coldness, refusing to allow him to sit in her presence or even to touch her. Feeling aggrieved he retired to his own apartments, waiting for some sign of contrition on her part. A day or two later she called on her former mistress, and, on being questioned as to how she liked her husband, burst into tears, saying that he was a wretch, a brute; that he never came near her, but hid himself in a distant corner of the house, passing his time reading foreign books. The princess was justly indignant and sought her son. The wretch, Achmet Bey, was unworthy the treasure she had bestowed upon him; he had slighted her highness' gifts, and was unworthy such a mark of favor. So the unworthy husband was at once exiled to the Sudan. Naturally a divorced wife?

Another man was promoted and married to the same girl. The same scene passed this time; the princess was high and mighty, and the husband that fate had given her was only the meanest of her slaves. Apparently he had other views. Next morning he strolled over to the palace of the queen mother. Meeting the chief eunuch he casually asked, "What sort of a girl is that they have given me for a wife?" The eunuch wished to know why. The Bey could only say that he was under the impression that her highness had wished, as a mark of her favor, to give him a wife, but that he could not understand how it was possible to live with such a high and mighty princess, who wished to reverse the natural order of things and make him stand in her presence. The eunuch remembered that there had been some trouble about that young lady once before; that she had got Achmet Bey into disgrace. He would see her highness. When the story was related to the old lady she exclaimed in disgust, "Allah! she can't be married to the entire army. Go over and reason with her." So off went the Kislar Agha, or captain of the girls, with a couple of satellites, armed with sharp switches. They argued the matter with her ladyship—so much so that when her lord appeared she brought him slippers and sat at his feet. Meantime his predecessor was speeding southward in doubt as to whether it was exile or death that awaited him. As he was an officer of great promise the governor to whom he was assigned felt disposed to assist him. So, being called off to a distant part of the province, he left Achmet Bey as his deputy. To Achmet's horror he one day received a letter from Cairo addressed to the governor pointing out that it was highly desirable that Achmet Bey should disappear at once—that he had been guilty of all manner of crimes. Achmet felt in no mood to assist in his own taking off; so he replied to his highness, pointing out that in the absence of the governor Achmet Bey was doing duty as lieutenant governor, and that it would be extremely inconvenient to execute the orders concerning him. He should therefore delay until the return of the governor or fresh instructions from Cairo. He survived, and after twelve years of exile returned to Cairo. He had been forgiven and promoted to very important posts.

Washington on Profanity.

One hundred years ago Gen. Washington issued the following order on profane swearing. It is found in Boynton's History of West Point:

"HEADQUARTERS MOORE'S HOUSE, WEST POINT, July 29, 1779.

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the general observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them.

"The name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly impreciated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the general hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful.

"If officers would make it an unavoidable rule to reprimand, and, if that does not do, punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it could not fail of having the desired effect."

A Compromise.

A citizen driving in on the Holden road the other day met a lad about twelve years old on the highway some six or seven miles from the city. The boy had a shot-gun as long as himself, but no game, and the citizen inquired:

"Out for a hunt?"

"I was out for a hunt," was the reply.

"And you haven't killed anything?"

"Well, no."

"And you don't expect to?"

"Not unless I kin git within striking distance. You see, two of us come out together. After we got out here I wanted to hunt for lions and the other boy wanted to shoot ostriches, and so we divided up. He took the powder and shot and I took the gun. I'm over here looking for turkeys, and he's over in that field, watching a holler log for bears. It's such hot weather I guess we won't have much luck, anyhow."—*Trois Free Press.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

Prof. Bencke, of Marburg, Germany, after measuring 970 human hearts, says that the growth of that organ is greatest in the first and second years of life. At the end of the second year it is double in size, and during the next five years is again doubled. Then its growth is much slower, though from the fifteenth to the twentieth year its size increases by two-thirds. A very slight growth is then observed up to fifty, when it gradually diminishes. Except in childhood, men's hearts are decidedly larger than those of women.

A French minister of finance has a good word for toads, moles and birds. For toads because they live entirely on insect food, and are entirely harmless; for moles because they live on grubs, larvae, palmer worms and insects injurious to agriculture, it having been pretty well demonstrated that the true mole does not eat vegetable food. Of birds he says: "Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them vigorously. They are the great exterminators and agricultural assistants."

"The Americans endeavor to combine strength with lightness," says the London Economist, "while we look only to strength; notice the locomotive and cars, American implements and tools, which have beautiful finish and lightness, and are more convenient than ours. Take American and English scythes, as an instance. I find that the American weighs a little over two pounds, and having a good curve and polish under the surface, are handier and cut easier and closer than the English, which weigh nearly five pounds, and are broad, straight and rough, just as the hammer leaves them."

A Paris correspondent tells a strange story of the Zulu war. In 1863 Captain Lambert, of the Fourth Voltigeurs of the French Imperial guard, was caught cheating at cards and was expelled from his regiment. He decided to drown himself, but his godfather convinced him that it would be better to try his fortune in foreign lands. So he went to the Cape of Good Hope, learned the native dialects and became a purveyor of ammunition to the Zulus, and afterward obtained a high commission in the Zulu army, which he finally became commander-in-chief. He died in the service, but it is said that he hid the Zulus over their knowledge of military tactics.

"I knew that I had arrived in a civilized country," wrote a celebrated traveler, "for the first object that met my eye after I passed the frontier was a newly painted gallows." If plenty of penal institutions indicate civilization, Russia stands first as a civilized country. The czar has just issued orders for the construction of six new state prisons, to accommodate 3,000 convicts, and has decreed thirty millions of roubles for their building and fitting up. Two other huge state prisons are being erected, one in Siberia and one in Trans-Caucasia, to accommodate some ten thousand offenders. This throws an instructive light on the struggle going on in Russia.

A large party of Mennonites arrived in New York recently from Russia. These people are the disciples of Simon Menno, and are a branch of the much diversified sect of Baptists. They dress simply, forbid the taking of oaths, fighting, divorce (except for one cause). Each church forms a community, subject to firm parental discipline. They are, in fact, very near kinsfolk to the Omish, who have settled so largely in the West and in Virginia, and like them make thrifty farmers and peaceable citizens. The party who arrived propose to colonize in the West, and brought about \$100,000 with them, besides a comfortable supply of household goods.

The American Agriculturist has a few words to say in favor of fruit eating, as follows: "The liberal use of the various fruits as food is conducive to good health. Fruit is not a solid and lasting aliment like beef and bread, as it is composed largely of water and contains very little nitrogen. It does not give strength to any great extent, and cannot be used for a very long time alone. But fruits contain those acids which both refresh and give tone to the system during the season when it is most needed, are agreeable to the palate and valuable in their cooling and health-giving effects. During warm weather eat a plenty of fruit. Provided, of course, that it is always thoroughly ripe and as freshly gathered as is possible."

There are over 13,000 varieties of fish, one-tenth of which are found in fresh waters. The number of men employed on the herring fishery in Great Britain is about 100,000, with 3,000 vessels. In the town of Lewestoft, England, in two days 22,000,000 herrings were caught. There are sixty-seven lobster-canning establishments in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which use from three to five tons per day in the season. The Baltimore oyster-beds in the Chesapeake bay and its tributaries cover 3,000 acres, and are the greatest oyster-beds in the world. They produce an annual crop of \$25,000,000 worth of oysters. Raw oysters are now shipped from Baltimore to all parts of Europe. Oysters are taken from deep waters and planted, and in three years become large enough for market.

Mr. Delaplaine, United States Secretary of Legation at Vienna, in a dispatch to the Department of State, presents an abstract of the annual police report of that city. The report is remarkable for its minuteness and accuracy. Under the head of "servant girls" it is said that one servant produced evidence of fifty-one years' service in the same family, one of forty-seven years, fifteen of thirty-eight years, and eleven of thirty-seven years. Premiums of reward are given in these cases by the government. Of amusements in the city during the year, there were thirty-nine grand balls, eighty-six charity balls, 171 masked and thirty-seven fancy balls. There are in Vienna 1,395 unions or societies, of which 382 are charitable, fifty-two religious, forty-three political and 377 social. The political societies contain 14,161 members. The electors take a warm interest in club life. The whole report is worthy of attention by the police authorities of the United States.

Dr. Edward G. Loring speaks in *Harpur's Magazine* of persons not taking proper care of their eyes as follows: "Whatever an ounce of prevention may be to other members of the body, it certainly is worth many pounds of cure to the eye. Like a chronometer watch, this delicate organ will stand any amount of use, not to say abuse, but when once thrown off its balance, it very rarely can be brought back to its original perfection of action, or, if it is, it becomes ever afterward liable to a return of disability of function or the seat of actual disease. One would have supposed from this fact, and from the fact that modern civilization has imposed upon the eye an ever increasing amount of strain, both as to the actual quantity of work done and the constantly increasing brilliancy and duration of the illumination under which it is performed, that the greatest pains would have been exercised in maintaining the organ in a condition of health, and the greatest care and solicitude used in its treatment when diseased. And yet it is safe to say that there is no organ in the body the welfare of which is so persistently neglected as the eye."

In St. Petersburg more than six hundred persons of the noble or privileged classes are under arrest to be deported to Siberia without trial. In one of the temporary governor-generalships in the south of the empire (Odessa) sixty privileged persons have been already sent to Siberia without trial, and two hundred persons of this class are under arrest to be judged. So great is the number of persons of this category to be exiled that a practical difficulty is said to have arisen in connection with their deportation. A noble or privileged person, who has not been judicially sentenced, when sent to Siberia, by the orders of the Third Section, or Secret Police, must be escorted by two gendarmes, it being against the laws to manacle a privileged person who is uncondemned. It appears that there are not gendarmes enough thus to escort the number of persons to be deported, and the Ministry of Secret Police has proposed to get rid of this difficulty by sending the privileged persons to be fettered like ordinary criminals. On the other hand, the officials are opposed to any such course.

The bullion produced in the West during the first six months of the current year gives some basis for estimating the gold and silver product of the year. A correspondent of the Chicago Times from San Francisco places the gold product of the Pacific coast at \$22,000,000, and the silver product in Nevada, Colorado and elsewhere at \$35,000,000. This aggregate, which is about two-thirds the bullion product of the country in 1877, is the smallest since 1873, agrees with current reports in regard to the working of mines in California and Nevada. It is possible that the opening of the Sutro tunnel in the Comstock lode may materially increase the silver bullion output at Virginia City; but, excluding this contingency, there is every reason to expect the small yield estimated. A similar falling off in the production of gold and silver is apparent in South America, Russia and Australia, and it is not probable that the total bullion product the world over will be much if any over \$145,000,000, against \$200,000,000 a few years since, the reduction being almost wholly in the production of silver.

Catching a Rooster.

You throw off your coat and after a half-hour's maneuvering succeed in getting the rooster headed off in a corner, where he stands up all catlike, eyeing your approach with the most logical indifference. You advance cautiously with arms spread wide out on either side of your body, until just as you are congratulating yourself on a speedy capture, and are beginning to pity his innocence, he gently slips over the fence and walks off quite unconcernedly. By this time you are strongly inclined to lose your temper, but you remember that getting mad will not help the matter. So you resolve to try again, and start off whistling cheerfully.

In due time your game is again "cornered." This time you determine to dispense with all caution, and by one swift, bold dash secure your prize. Accordingly, you brace yourself in a confident manner, and, just as you imagine the fowl safely fallen off into a doze, make the descent. Alas! for the inconsistency of human hopes and humane anticipations. You come down upon your hands and knees and claw your fingers into the gravel savagely, so to start every nail; the rooster screams loudly and flutters up into your face, cutting a gash in your cheek with his claw, and filling your eyes with dust and feathers until you are quite blind. And your wife comes out on the back stoop and tells to know if you will be all day catching that chicken, and if you mean to tear the place down.

Your blood is up to boiling pitch, and you rush madly forward, regardless of all things save the object of your wrath, until suddenly you find yourself sprawling flat upon the ground, in consequence of having inadvertently stumbled over an old ash pan, that you could have sworn was safe in the house an hour before. You arise, muttering imprecations upon the ash pan and the person that was always "meddling" with other people's things, and once more turn your attention to the rooster, who has apparently become quite sanguine over the prospect of escape and is enjoying himself at the farther end of the barnyard.

After a series of falls and blunders, intermingled with numerous growls and groans, you succeed in running him into an old outhouse, where he ensconces himself among the barrels and hoops and miscellaneous debris with which it is strewn.

You crawl in after him, confident that success will at least crown your labor. You knock your head against a beam and tear pantaloons, and burst the buckles off your suspenders and finally succeed in victoriously dragging forth the terrified bird. You start for the house, exultingly wiping your brow as you proceed, and thankful that your task is at least ended. But who can describe your emotions, when, upon presenting the fowl to your wife, she tells you, with uplifted hands suggestive of the deepest astonishment, that you have not got the right one after all; that she plainly told you to get the rooster with the white tuft under his wing, and that you can just turn him loose and go after the proper one, right straight! By the time the rooster with the "white tuft" is captured, your dinner is spoiled and your inclination to sleep quite gone.

"Say, mister," said an urchin to a gallant protector of the peace, "there's a fellow just been struck with a beam what fell a fearful way!" "Where is he?" asked the excited peeler. "Just around the corner!" And it wasn't till he rushed madly around and discovered a man sitting down and wrestling with the sunbeams with a pocket handkerchief that he took in the barnyard. Mean while the boy remembered that he had been sent on an errand just two hours and a quarter previous.—*Youkers Gazette.*