Where Shall Baby's Dimple Be? Over the cradle the mother hung Softly crooning a slumber song;

And these wore the simple words sung All the evening long: "Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee, Where shall the baby's dimple be? Where shall the angel's finger rest When he comes down to the baby's nest Where shall the angel's touch remain When he awakens my babe again?"

Still as she bent and sung so low, A murmur into her music broke; And she paused to hear, for she could but

know The baby's angel spoke. Cheek or chip, or knuckle or knee Where shall the baby's dimple be? Where shall my finger fall and rest When I come down to the baby nest? Where shall my finger's touch remain When I awaken your babe again?

Silent the mother sat and dwelt Long in the sweet delay of choice And then by her baby's side she knelt, And sang with pleasant voice: Not on the limb, oh, angel dear For the charm with its youth will d

appear; Not on the cheek shall the dimple be, For the harboring smile will fade and flee But touch thou the chin with an impress

And my baby the angel's seal shall keep -Saturday Magazine.

## ALONG THE LINE.

"There, Winn Wright, you have tracked your horrid boots over my kitchen floor! Won't you ever learn what doormats are made for?" cried Meb Wright, fastening her sleeves before the open aoor of the little sitting-room. "I do detest these warm, sloppy February days. I wish when we freeze up in November we needn't thaw out until the first a April. The mud and the slop must be gone through with in the spring, anyway, and this freezing and thawing between whiles is just exhausting!"

Winn Wright, locomotive engineer, a big fellow, not graceful, sat absently gazing into the narrow front yard, and drumming on the window ledge. He looked tired.

"I'm tired, too," thought Meb. "It's

"I'm tired, too." thought Meb. "It's a hard, tiresome world, harder for work-ing women than for men—no use in whining over it, though. We must take life as it comes."

life as it comes."

"I don't believe you care much for me nowadays, Meb," said Winn, Winn,

bluntly.

Meb curled her lip. It seemed particularly ridiculous in Winn to talk sentiunary real culculus in winn to talk sentiment now, for he had a tar streak ob-liquely across his forehead, and wore coarse cloth with imperfectly-pressed seams and ragged buttonholes.

"I wish you wouldn't drum on that sill, Winn, you know how annoying it is."

After a half hour which Meb spent,

After a half hour which Meb spent, for the most part, outside the little sitting room, Winn said good-bye and started for the depot. Out to Plympton and back would make up his day's trip.

Meb ;ut on her pretty brown cashmere with white lace and cardinal riben at her throat, and cardinal loops in her hair, and took the chair by the window.

dow. She heard the occasional slush of wheels through the melting snow out side, or the thud of rubber shod feet through the water on the spongy ice, the ceaseless drip from the roof into the tin conductors, and the drowsy chirp of

the canary above the window-garden.

Meb telt sad. Little did she think
when playing the organ on Sundays in
the Sweetville Methodist church, and
taking lessons in French and water-colors
at the Young Ladies' Institute, that she
should one day he doing heavy that she

taking lessons in French and water-colors at the Young Ladies' Institute, that she should one day be doing her own work, and economizing to pay for a little house with four rooms only, on the lower floor. She might "have done better." There as Samuel Fletcher who every sumer now came to Sweetville with his urriage horses and his saddle horses. here was Charlie Fordyce and—, why Minn was a good fellow. She loved Winn, of course; but Winn had a kind of honest stupidity that she feared would prevent his ever "rising." That stupidity wearied her. Lite was wearisome anyway—cheerless and prospectiess.

Meb's door-bell rang. She was familiar with the humiliation of answering it in person. Charlie Fordyce was on the steps. Charlie Fordyce had no tar streaks across his face. He was starched, brushed and polished to the last degree. Charlie was employed at the "Office." He inquired for Winn.

"Has he left the depot, think?" asked he as he followed Meb into the little sitting-room.

"I heard the Bucephagus signal at the

ting-room.
I heard the Bucephaius signal at the

"I heard the Bucephasus signal at the Ferry-street crossing a minute ago."
"That's too bad; Ellis sent word to have McGregor take 'Little Rhody' out to Plympton in Winn's place, and the Bucephalus to go on to Sidon and come in with the night freights. We've just had a telegram that there are a hundred and twenty-five cars waiting to be moved from Sidon. They were delayed by the snow-storm on the Central and Shore Line last week, and have only just got through."

Shore Line last week, and have only just got through."

The chair Meb had set for Mr. Fordyce was very easy. He was tired after the slippery, sloppy walk, and, since the pay went on just the same, why shouldn't he linger?

"Were you out to hear Janauschek last evening?"

"No; there was some delay a bridge gone—and Winn didn't get in until nine o'clock."

"Of course you were at the concert of the Glee Club last week."
"No; Winn seldom took her any-where. He liked to settle down at home

evenings."

Mr. Fordyce reviewed the performances, mingling the choicest of the art phrases culled from his daily paper with others of unknown derivation but legiti mate sound.

mate sound.

Very humble and hard seemed the
round of uneducated labor in which
Meb moved to the circle of art and culture in which Mr. Fordyce ornamentally

Meb failed to recollect that Mr. For-Meb failed to recollect that Mr. For-dyce's monthly receipts were little more than Winn's, and that artistic revolutions, if continued for any length of time must depend upon some considerable pecuniary steam power and quite tangible belting. She had all that blind confidence in the money-getting powers of a fluent man, which is one of the most curious segments in that circle of faith from the center of which women look out upen the world.

Mr. Fordyce's grandmother had small, inexpressive black eyes. She had deeply sorrowed and suffered, and here and there amid her descendants appeared large dark eyes, with a weight of sorrow in them—limpid, melting eyes, calculated in their turn to produce sorrow and suffering.

Mr. Fordyce bent those eyes on Meb. His voice grew tender and gentle. In

His voice grew tender and gentle. In his musical generalizing he had alluded

his musical generalizing he had alluded to the power of the human voice to stir the heart. "You look tired, Mrs. Wright."

"I am always tired—lately."

This old friend of the days when she played the church organ and took lessons in French and water-colors—he seemed so well fitted to sympathize with her.

ner.
Two or three bright, irrepressible tears fell over her cheek. Agitatedly she laid her hand upon the sofa arm. Mr. Fordyce's chair was at the end of the sofa. Very reverentially Mr. Fordyce bent over the hand.

"You don't wear the moss-agate

'I can't; my fingers have grown so large—with doing my own work." Mr. Fordyce's hand rested for an in-stant on Meb's.

She drew away her hand; but Mr. Fordyce understood that his sympathy

She drew away her hand; but Mr. Fordyce understood that his sympathy was not offensive.

After this, constraint slightly stiffened Meb's manner. They talked of agate and onyx, opal and jacinth, and all the secondary stones. Mr. Fordyce said a design once cut in jacinth was never obliterated. He was sympathetic and grave and tender to the very last step over the front-door threshold. Then he whisked through the gate and buttoned up his coat with the comfortable assurance of a man who had successfully enacted the part of lady-charmer, his pay going on all the same.

Meb stepped into an adjacent room to ascertain by the mirror how her hair looked and whether the cardinal loops under her chin were not disarranged. Gentlemen of Mr. Fordyce's taste were not inappreciative of cardinal loops assisted beckerwand of white illustrates.

Gentlemen of Mr. Fordyce's taste were not inappreciative of cardinal loops against a background of white illusion. As she turned away satisfied, through a half-open door, she saw a pair of coarse boots—heels set against the wall, and toes pointing accusingly outward. Of a worse-looking pair of boots it would be difficult to conceive—worn in the wet and dried haid and red, hard wrinkles above the short instep. A revulsion.

and dried hard and red, hard wrinkles above the short instep. A revulsion, strong as Nemesis seized Meb.

She crept into the other room and sat down alone. What had she said to that man Fordyce? What liberty of perception had she accorded and he taken? What sympathy had she been so deficient in self-respect as to solicit, and he so daring as to accord?

She sat down again. The spow had

She sat down again. The snow had melted off the circular verbena mounds. Winn helped her set those borders. He had always helped her. She covered her face with her hands, conscious only of

er own ingratitude.

The prolonged whistle of a locomotive t the station startled her—only a call

at the station startled her—only a call for switch.

Meb sat for a few minutes, her face buried in her palms; then parted her hands and looked out—to see soaked snow stiffening; water-filled loot-prints and wheel-marks growing blue and chilly; the streets full of returning shop-hands. From out the moving figures one stood within the gate. Or-ton!

Orton was employed in a very humble capacity at the office. The company had a habit of falling back upon him when bad news was to be communi-

Meb had strength to open the outer hall door; then sank back upon the lower stair. "Don't tell me, Orton, don't! Is he

"The Lord belp you, Mrs. Wright; we don't know how bad 'tis. The Bu-cephaius is off the track—down Deep Gully—thirteen cars down. Thay hadn't taken him out when the last telegram

Meb clutched her nails into her cold

palms.
"I must go; has the wrecker started?"
"Just gone; but Ellis'll find an engine to take you up. Perhaps you'd better not go, though. It may be pretty bed."

Mrs. Weir entered, put on Meb's hat and shawl, drew on her overshoes, sup-ported her to the door and took the key. Meb grasped Orten's arm, and was conscious in a dazed sort of way of slip-

conscious in a dazed sort of way of sip-ping over ice and water to the depot.

The Flyer was just steaming through, fired up to go out on the Riverview Branch for a few empty cars. It was short work to run her on to the turn-table and come up headed for the Gully. Superintendent Ellis handed Meb into the cab. Engineer Bahcock moddles the cab. Engineer Babcock nodded, the cab. Engineer Babcock nodded, speechless, and turned to his engine, pulled out the throttle, struck the bell—knell-like in the clear air—and the Flyer shot out across the plain, the plain with its withered brown mowings, patches of dark plowed land, and shallow

ools reflecting the purple twilight.
On now to the Gully! Every racing ock and three in the approach left Meb's eart beating faster and more suffocat-

The "Flyer," as she came to a stand-still, seemed to shiver through every heavy driving-wheel, through every pol-ished rod and cylinder.

he stoker, first on the ground, ched up to take out Meb. The stoker, first on the ground, reoched up to take out Meb.

The moon, not a yard above the eastern horizen, let fall a weird, oblique light. Two or three engines stood on the track venting steam. The great wrecker rose wraith-like, it ropes and timbers creaking under the strain—shouts of men—a chain rattling on iron—boards cracking—out on the track a hand-car nearling something covered by hand-car pearing something covered by a rubber blanket; and beside it a shawled, crouched figure from which

a rubber blanket; and beside it a shawled, crouched figure from which came the Irish wail:

"O, Tim, spake to me wance more; jist wance more, Tim!"

Tim had been Winn's stoker.

Two little country doctors—surgeons, say—who, in default of anything to be done for poor Tim, had been sitting on a bowlder, came toward the "Flyer" owlder, came toward the "Flyer,"
"His wife?"—to Babcock. "No;
iey haven't found him yet. It's not
om minutes since they took out this one.
the going down?"
Meb was tearing her way through the

blackberry vines around the mouth of

"Here, madam. I wouldn't advise you to go down. They'il bring him up as soon as found. If you will go, though, you'd better take a little something stimulating—here!"

Meb didn't turn. Down the rough decivity—over ledges, bushes, bowlders, tripping against wheels, stumbling over a mass of broken sidings, sinking ankledeep in grain—Babcock and the doctors followed with a confused murmur of,

"Great strain"—"nervous system"—
"a little something stimulating."
The shattered Bucephalus had been drawn out, and fires that had started up from the scattered coals had been extinguished; but no man knew what flames might be slyly creeping on beneath the mass.

flames might be slyly creeping on beneath the mass.

The men working in the debris did not observe Meb until her voice, like a steel javelin, smote the sides of the gully: "Winn!"

Involuntary every hand paused, and the cry broke through the silence: "Winn, Winn!"

Then, faint and feeble, only a few feet away—a little back, a little beneath came the response:

response: Here, Meb; here!"

the response:
"Here, Meb; here!"
Then clustered upon that part of the ruins; they plied ax, and pulley, and lever—lifting wheels and trucks, tossing aside grain, throwing off girders and fragments of sidings.
Upon the track stood three petroleum ears; a fourth lay half way down with its stout guard broken, its sides battered, but thank God! whole. A fifth hurled on the sharp projecting rocks, had been rent, and poured its contents through the wheat. A dozen grain cars had been crushed and piled in between this place and the engine but how rapidly the petroleum would penetrate, or how quickly it might be ignited by some unextinguished ember, no man could tell.

unextinguished ember, no man could tell.

A sudden pause in the work—they had reached Winn. A silence like that following Meb's cry—they have drawn him forth. Up the sides of the ravine struggled the procession—stretcher, woman, physicians, men with hdzes, axes, shovels, crowbars.

No one observed a slender spire of blue smoke that curied up at the edge of the saturated grain; but in less than ten minutes all the wreck was a mass of crackling, roaring flame—flame blazing up in red and blue points to the cool, moon-lit heavens, lapping the weather-beaten sleepers of the bridge and snapping through the branches of the overlanging hemlocks; but Winn was safe, safe upon the track.

He had lain with his lower limbs too near the escaping steam. Fastidious

throat.

The house was lighted, linen airing by the fire, and Mrs. Weir moving about with a wet bandage around her head.

Railroad men thronged in, proffering assistance.

"Under the circumstances she can't wish him to live," Mr. Charlie Ford@ce had remarked upon his way down. Once, in passing through the hall, Meb encountered Mr. Fordyce.

Meb encountered Mr. Fordyce.

"Is there anything in my power to do for you?" he inquired impressively.

Mr. Fordyce had nothing in his own nature, observation, or experience, to teach him the revulsion of a healthy soul toward any individual once instrumental in diverting its sentiments from legitimate channels.

As he stood attitudinizing with his grandmother's eyes, Meb turned and surveyed him.

She hated his soft voice, hated his great limpid eyes, hated him, hated him, hated him!

"You? Oh! yes, you might go to the

You? Oh! yes, you might go to the druggist's. The doctor wishes to send.

If Winn dies there is nothing in the whole wide world for which I care."

Mr. Fordyce shrank a little. 'He had expected nothing less than an opportunity to console her with an honorable reticence in expression.

There followed weeks wherein the

rival powers of the physical world—life and death—locked arms and contended for dominion over Winn. Life came off a hard-pressed, wounded victor. It was long after he was out of danger before e man seemed to lift for observation the remaining threads of his connection with the world.

One morning when Meb, who had been singing around the kitchen, came

with beef, eggs and tea, he threw out

his hands and cried:
"Oh, Meb. why didn't you let me go?
It was cruel to keep me—a cripple!
What can I ever be?"
Meb set down the waiter, grasped one
of the sick, corded hands and raised it

of the sick, corded hands and raised in to her lips.
"Winn, Winn. I'm so happy I want to sing all the time. You are a living, thinking, feeling human being in God's good world; and just to be that is worth everything. Isn't it? It is worth everything for me. We shall get along. Just see how large and strong my wrists are."

Winn could have clasped three such wrists between his thumb and fore-

Railroad men are a generous set.
There was the aid from the Brother-hood. There were packages of groceries
mysteriously introduced within the front mysteriously introduced within the front gate on dark nights, express wagons un-loading at the back door, and rattling off before any questions could be asked, young bachelors bringing handkerchiefs to be hemmed and rents to be darned, and then paying unheard-of prices with an overwhelming citation of preced-

About the date of the surprise party that presented Winn with the wheel-chair, some difficulty arose at the office in connection with Mr. Charles For-dyce's figures.

A firmly established kind of antago-

nism seems to exist between figures and gentlemen of Mr. Fordyce's taste and principles, in whatever station of life they move. An investigation was en-tered upon, and Mr. Fordyce quietly

ful audience of switch-tenders, brakemer

ful audience of switch-tenders, orakemen and oil-boys:
"I tell you what 'tis, boys; 'tisn't so much what we have or where we are in this world that tells, as 'tis keeping kind o' calm and cool and satisfied with what we get.—Elizabeth A. S. Chester, in Good

### Quait-Bagging in Texas.

"Mebbe you'd like to go quail-bag-gin' to-night, young friend?"
It was a Texan who spoke, and he turned in his saddle, composing himself as if to allow time for due contemplation

of the proposition.

"There'il be six of us—four to drive

the birds, and two to mind the bags,' he added, persuasively.

I consulted another friend of recent ac quaintance, who, though a stranger like myself in that region, was versed in the

ways of Texas.
"We're invited to go quail-bagging to-night. Is it hard work? Have you ever been? Do they bag many? Will you go?"

you go?"

After a little reflection my friend assented, and an hour later a little group was very busily engaged upon the porch of the hotel in properly adjusting a couple of gunny sacks to barrel hoops, the work progressing but slowly, in consequence of the aggressive advice offered by a circle of quail-baggers and other bystanders.

fog.and a sextette, supplied with ample drinkables (not forgetting the bags and candles), left the hotel and filed down the main street, attracting so much attention from citizens generally as to lead to the conclusion that a quail-bagging expedition was regarded as an event of considerable importance.

shovels, crowbars.

No one observed a slender spire of blue smoke that curied up at the edge of the saturated grain; but in less than ten minutes all the wreck was a mass of crackling, roaring flame—flame blazing up in red and blue points to the cool, moon-lit heavens, lapping the weather beaten sleepers of the bridge and snapping through the branches of the overhanging hemlocks; but Winn was safe, safe upon the track.

He had lain with his lower limbs toonear the escaping steam. Fastidious for the escaping steam. Fastidious people, reading of the accident in the morning papers, wished reporters would spare the public such horrible details.

The doctors administered brandy and injected morphine, and Winn was unconscious of much pain. While the train backed rapidly down to the Clinchy turn-table he lay with his head upon a pillow in Meb's lap, looking up at her silently. His eyes fell at length from her face to her shoulders.

"Oughtn't you to have worn something thicker?"

silently. His eyes fell at length from her face to her shoulders.

"Oughtn't you to have worn something thicker?"

"Oh, don't, Winn; you'll kill me if you think of me now!"

The first tears Meb had shed since those elicited by Mr. Charles Fordyce's tender sympathy rained on Winn's upturned face.

The "Flyer" was racing through the tortuous defile now. On and on to the open plain again, and familiar buildings rushed past.

"We're almost home, Winn—home! Do you understand?"

Meb bent, covering one side of Winn's face with her tears and kisses; wiping it dry with the precious illusion that had unfastened and dangled from her throat.

The house was lighted, linen airing by the fire, and Mrs. Weir moving about with a wet bandage around her head.

Railroad men thronged in, proffering assistance.

## The Drink Difficulty.

The Drink Difficulty.

Drink has always been a difficulty. In all ages individuals have made great mistakes as to the quantity of intoxicating liquor which it was beneficial for them to consume. Intoxication is a species of poisoning, inasmuch as alcohol is a brain poison; and at first sight it seems strange that any one should wish, even temporarily, to damage that thinking power which is the sole distinction between the human animal and the beasts which perish. But there are some obvious explanations of this apparent

beasts which perish. But there are some obvious explanations of this apparent anomaly. First of all, alcoholic drinks are to many very delicious beverages.

A Quaker was once sitting in a public house, when a man came in blowing his fingers, and said, "Give me a glass of brandy—I am so cold;" one speedily followed who had been running have of the sailed out "Bring me a glass of the sailed out "Bring me a glass of followed who had been running hard, and he called out, "Bring me a glass of brandy—I am so hot?" Then said the Quaker quietly from his corner, "Bring me a glass of brandy because I like it." He speke the truth. Would not the great bulk of those who talk about health, fashion, etc., say the same thing if they spoke from their hearts? Then there is so much misery in the world that it is easy enough to understand Byron's lines:

"Man is a reasonable being, Therefore he gets drunk."

# Therefore he gets drunk.

bility in this matter' with "soul." Many Many of our most beautiwith "soul." Many of our most beautiful songs are drinking songs, and somehow or other it has come to pass that although drunkenness is now pretty generally condemned "from the teeth outward" as Carlyle has it, yet drinking is still looked upon as a delightful and honorable exercise for rational beings. But no excess. Oh, no. No one favors excess, but though no one favors excess it is admitted on all hands that, as a nation, we do exceed, and that \$140,000,000

tion, we do exceed, and that \$140,000,000 per annum is far too much to be spent on brain poison by the people of the United Kingdom. If drink were merely a harmless juxury, the above would be a startling national expenditure; but when we reflect that the consumption of this drink is, by the almost unenimous when we renect that the consumption of this drink is, by the almost unanimous testimony of our judges, police, prison and poor-law authorities, and all those in a position to know the habits of the people, pronounced to be the main cause of crime and pauperism, it becomes truly alarming.—Nineteenth Century.

## Hidden Hurts.

Many a babe gets a wrench from lov-ing hands that might account for the sudden attack of spasms the day after, or for hours of fretfulness that no coaxor for hours of fretfulness that no coaxing seems to soothe and no medicine appears to reach. Falls from little perambulators while in charge of nurses, though they leave no outward and visible sign in the shape of cuts or bruises, may have inflicted something worse by far than cuts or bruises would have proven to be. Cases have occurred frequently where infants have had falls of which nurses have not told, and no marks from which were visible to the eye, but which made the child unaccountably fretful for weeks, until curvature of the spine told its frightful story. For this reason mothers cannot be too careof the spine told its frightful story. For this reason mothers cannot be too care-ful in handling their little ones and look-ing after them personally, rather than trusting so much to hired nurses. A child is a tender thing, and a hurt which leaves no surface scar may have laid the foundation of an early death or future deformity.

#### TIMELY TOPICS.

The benevolent interest taken by the sovereign of Japan in the condition of his subjects has been frequently manifested. His majesty, the mikado, kas now made presents of five thousand yen to the inhabitants of Kioto, and three thousand yen respectively to the people of the districts of Tanba and Tago in Yanashiro. The donations are to be applied to measures of precaution services are plied to measures of precaution agains against cholera.

Leadville, Col., is having a relapse. The feverish excitement which marked its early history is dying out. Cash producing properties have advanced in value, but prospects have declined enormously and most of them are unsaleable at any price. Holes which could have been sold last spring for thousands of dollars can now be secured in exchange for a railway ticket to St. Louis. Even the paying mines fall far short of expectations. Real estate is dull and empty houses are plenty. houses are plenty.

A French journal publishes an A French journal publishes an approximate calculation of the probable number of newspapers in the world as follows: America, 9,129; Asia, 387; Africa, 59; Europe, 13,625; of which latter, 2,509 are credited to England, 2,000 to France, 1,226 to Italy, 1,200 to Austria, 500 to Russia. The words of Lamartine, who said that "journalism would almost supersede and absorb all other literature before the close of the present century," will not fall far short of the actual truth.—Exchange.

California has other phenomenal riflemen besides Dr. Carver. Charles Emach, a young man in Sacramento, considers it a not extraordinary feat to hit ninety-eight out of 100 small apples thrown into the air, and John Ruth, of Oakland, is about to depart for Australia to give exhibitions of his skill. Among to give exhibitions of his skill. Amon, his feats with the rifle is that of shootin. a cigar from the mouth of his assistant, with the rifle held upside down on top of his head, and with a mirror to take eight in as he stands with his back to the mark.

The Mexican voice no of Orizaba, 17,300 feet above the enlevel, has been ascended by M. Ataaiza, a resident of Puebla. Thirteen persons accompanied him, one of whom died at the top from rarefaction of the air, and another a few days afterward from erysipelas caused by the reflection of the sun on the snow. Seven thousand steps had to be cut in the snow to gain the summit, and the expedition occupied four days, one of which was a blank owing to rain and snow. Baron Muller, in 1859, first made the ascent, and he has had very few successors.

A learned German doctor has discovered a means of dyeing the eyes of animals in general and of men in particular any color he pleases. He is accompanied on his travels of propagation by a dog with a rose-colored eye, a cat with an orange-red eye, and a monkey with a chrome-yellow eye. But the most curious specimens of his art are a colored man with one black eye and the other blue, and a colored woman with one eye gold-colored and the other silver white. The doctor says the process of ocular transformation, far from injuring the sight, strengthens and improves it.

An American journal which makes a specialty of marine matters does not hesitate to make the bold assertion that "England is on the eve of losing her great prestige as the builder of ships for all nations, and that in five years from the present time we shall have built occan-going steamers for all the leading nations of Europe, simply because we can built vessels of better material at less prices, of superior workmanship, and in less time, and we see no reason why we should not supply even England with an improved type of iron sailing vessels, just as we did in the days of our famous clipper-ships.

A church bell which has just left a Troy foundry for Persia will have certain peculiar associations attached to it. The funds for its purchase were given by a Presbyterian Sunday school in California, and it is intended as a memorial to Mrs. Hattie Lyman Stocking, who died at Assam, on the river Tigris, in Persia, 150 miles from the site of ancient Nineveh. After it arrives at the orien-Nineveh. After it arrives at the oriental port it will have a journey to make of several hundred miles on the backs of horses. It will be used for the church at Assam. Heretofore the bells in use in eastern countries have for the most part been obtained in Russia.

## A Beautiful Dwelling.

Jennie June, writing from New York to the Baltimore American, gives the following description of a remarkable dwelling: A well-known patent lawyer, Mr. Edward S. Dickerson, said by those who know him to be one of the most re-markable men that this country has ever produced, has just built a unique house in Thirty-fourth street, near Park avenue, which is attracting a great deal of attention. It is a pity that it is wedged in as one of a block, for had it occupied a corner in an up-town neighbood, like that of Mr. Edwin Stevens, 15th acceptance of the corner in hood, like that of Mr. Edwin Sucvens, Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, it would have fairly challenged compari-son with it in the effectiveness of its ex-terior, while the interior finish far sur-

terior, while the interior finish far surpasses it.

It is a five-story house, occupying only a city lot, but is built in Queen Anne style; and the quaint windows have tops of cathedral stained glass, while the stonework which relieves the Philadelphia brick, is all hand-carved. The dining-room is said to be the most beautiful room in the house, and it is finished in Japanese style, with windows set in an alcove and richly stained. Back of it is the beautiful door exhibited in the Centennial, whose hand-carving of birds, fruits, flowers and the like is the finest in the world. There are eighteen different kinds of hard wood used in the flooring, and ebony, ash, French walnut, mahogany, maple, satin wood and many others in the finishing The interior is arranged with a center dome and grand staircase. Telephones connect with every room, and there is an elevator, electric lights and other appliances which will doubtless soon come to be regarded as ordinary modern improvements.

Apart from its complicated interior

Apart from its complicated interior machinery, which will require a whole patent office to keep in order, it is a very beautiful and sightly object from the street; and Mr. Dickerson deserves the thanks of his neighbors for avoiding the commonplace and showing them how thoroughly artistic a dwelling can be made.

### LEADVILLE.

What a Former Resident of Pittst Pa., Thinks of This Colorado M City.

T. B. Wilcus, who emigrated from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Leadville last March, and who was consequently one of the earliest settlers of the great carbonate camp, and who recently sold his interest in the Matchless mine to Government. interest in the Matchless mine to Governor Tabor, thus writes in response to a series of questions from a friend: Now as to your questions—Question: "How are you?" "Well, I'm troubled some with the rheumatism. Sometimes 'tis located in one place, and in an hour it flies to another. This is an excellent country for rheumatism." Question: "What am I doing?" "I am mining; have interests in about a dozen claims, in different localities; indications are good. There is not a man of, my acquaintance but thinks he is within ten feet of pay miners. The business reminds me very much of boring for oil, in this respect. That you are on the look-out for certain strata of rock, as indication, etc., and you watch the changes in formation as carefully as a doctor will for changes in a patient." Question: "Are you satisfied with society, business prospects, etc., sufficiently to make Colorado your home?" "Not if the court retains its balance. The society consists of 5-16 hoodlums, 3-19 plug-uigles, and an infinitessimal fraction of decent folks. There are represented to be about 1,200 women here, classed as follows: One hundred wise, 200 unwise and 900 otherwise. The country is principally straight up and down. Persons that have lived here over six months are invariably top-sided from walking on the hillside so much. Business prospects are not first-class, the place being, generally speaking, overdone." Question: "What effect has the rarified atmosphere on your respiration?" "Clear days I have no difficulty in breathing when not working, but on cloudy days 'tis about all one wants to do to wrestle for his oxygen." Question: "What has been the general health of the people?" "Well, not good by any means. Too much exposur and privation, added to cold winds and thin airs, brings us to your next question. The prevailing diseases are pneumonia, quinsey, rheumatism and hemorrhage of the lungs." Question: "How would the atmosphere affect a consumptive or a case of pulmonary hemorrhage?" "It would kill the m a good deal quicker than an not have a cent; one day you lose, and the next can't win. In fact, I've known persons here to have a distressingly bad streak of luck for months—and then it would get worse! Such is life."

# Postoffice Curiosities.

In spite of official warnings and notices almost without number, says a New York paper, people still continue to send to the postoffice articles which cannot be handled or delivered. In the New York office within a month the searcher department has found in the mail bags and held as unmailable matter the following:

Received Alive.—Rattlesnakes, blacksnakes, copperhead snakes, moccasin

snakes, copperhead snakes, inoccasin snakes, cats, grasshoppers, bees, hornets, wasps, alligators, canary birds, potato bugs, horned frogs, tortoise, turtles.

Received Dead.—Mice, butterflies, humming birds, rats, insects, squirrels.

humming birds, rats, insects, squirrels, quails, bugs, pheasant.

Cooked Articles.—Plum pudding, boiled quail, ham, sandwiches, bread and butter, cake, crackers, bread pudding, jelly, custard, cheese, sausages.

Miscellaneous.—Pistols, loaded cartridges, torpedoes, medicines, glassware, ciothing, soiled undergarments, baby clothes, hosiery, hair brushes, combs, carpenter tools, pieces of machinery, fence wire, gold and silver watches, jewelry, notions and novelties of all kinds, shrubs, roots, scions, herbs, fresh and dried; fruits and flowers, six cases of dynamite, which were thrown in the East river to prevent serieus disaster.

But it is not only in posting matter which cannot be mailed that the public is careless to a degree almost beyond belief. Hardly a day passes that letters

is careless to a degree almost beyond be-lief. Hardly a day passes that letters unsealed, unaddressed, and containing lief. Hardly a day passes that letters unscaled, unaddressed, and containing sums of money, checks, and other val-uables are not dropped into the boxes. During the past six months 1,153 un-sealed registered letters were received at the New York office. They contain-ed, in cash, \$6.849.21, and in check, drafts, etc., \$204,615.56, making a total of \$211,464.77 posted in unsealed enve-lores. Not long ago a well-known city bank posted \$1,500,000 worth of United bank posted \$1,500,000 worth of United States bonds, which were unregistered and easily negotiable, in an envelope so flimsy that it broke open before it left the stamper's table. Similar instances of carelessnes, could be repeated almost without number. Indeed, it is hardly to be wondered at that the officer that related these circumstances felt called upon to exclaim in conclusion: "The postoffice has to dear with a great many curious people." curious people.

## A Menagerie Lion at Large.

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W. W. Cole's circus was in Defiance, Ohio, recently, and at night, about ten o'clock, just after they had got the animals loaded on the cars and the train started, and as they were passing the coal shutes one of the ropes from the shutes caught in one of the cages and brought down the apron that lets down the coal, which struck the cage containing two lions, throwing it off the train, opening the down the apron that lets down the lions. The small one was got back at once, but the large one ran off down the track, passing several men at a distance of about thirty rods to a barn, where he spied a door open. The door was double, and the bottom was closed, the top part being open. He bounded over like a kitten and grasped a cow by the nose, and in two minutes had sucked her blood and the cow was dead, the lion going into the other part of the barn and lying down. His master came, and leaving several men outside, went up in the loft and came down where the lion was. After talking to the lion some time he laid down by him and played with lim, and after two hours' work succeeded in getting the lion back into the cage, which was brought to the door.