

Dot Leedle Loweena.

How dear to dis heart vas my grandchild, Lo-weena,
Dot sweet leedle daughter of Yawcob, my son!
I nefer vas tired to hug and to shooze her
Ven home I gets back, und der day's work
vas done;
When I vas avay, oh, I know dot she miss me
For vhe¹ I come homevards she rushes bel
mell,
Und poots oup dot sweet leedle mout for to
kiss me—
Her "darling oldt gampa," dot she lofe so
veel.
Katrina, mine frau, she could not do midout
her,
She vas soot a gomfort to her day py day;
Dot shild she makes dry von habby about
her,
Like sunshine she drife dheid troubles avay;
She holdt der voel yarn vile Katrina she vind
it,
She bring her dot camfure botte to shnell;
She tetch me mine bipe, too, ven I don't can
find it,
Dot blue-eyed Loweena dot lofe me so veel.
How shooet von der teils off der veek vas all
oter,
Und Sunday vas come mit its quiet and rest,
To talk mid dot shild 'mong der daisies und
cloter,
Und look at der leedle birds building dheid
neat!
Her bright leedle eyes how dey sparkle mit
blauseure—
Her laugh it rings outt shust so clear as a
bell;
I think there vas nopody had sooch a treasore
As dot shinnal Loweena, dot lofe me so veel.
Non vinter vas come, mid its coldt stormy
veddher,
Katrina und I mud sit in der house
Und talk of der bust, by der fieder togedder
Or blay mit dot daughter off our Yawcob
Strausa.
Oldt age, mit its wrinkles, pegins to remind
us,
Ve gannot shayt long mit our shildren to
dwell;
Budt soon ve shall meet mit ter poys left pe-
hind us,
Und dot shooet Loweena, dot lofe us so
veel.
—Charles F. Adams, in *Detroit Free Press*.

"'T'other Dear Charmer."

I was in a quandary, as I think you will admit when I have stated my case, and it was exceedingly provoking to be conscious that I was looked upon by all my acquaintances as the luckiest man in town, while I bore in my bosom the inward conviction that I was the most involved and bothered being in existence. Up to a month back, I suppose I might with some show of reasonableness, have been called lucky, for Miss Clara Alden, the recognized belle of the season, smiled upon me, and the current impression prevailed that if I would go I'd win.
Well, I did go in. That's the mischief of it. I was in just far enough to commit myself to the contest, but before I had sighted the winning post something happened to make me pause.
We were at the skating rink one night, a large party of us, Miss Alden being of the number. Her special escort was a young foreigner, who was being a good deal lionized in society just then, and Clara seemed to take a marked interest in him. It did not concern me in the least to observe this, for since I had fancied myself to be in love with Clara Alden I had had reason to congratulate myself upon the assurance that I was not of a jealous temperament. I intended pretty soon to tender to Miss Alden a good-sized heart and a good-sized hand, and I sincerely hoped she would accept them. Until then, and indeed after them, always within the limits of good taste, she was free to receive the attentions of any man or woman whose society gave her pleasure. I think Miss Alden and I understood each other perfectly. We were very old friends, and the suitability of an alliance between us had been frequently suggested to each ever since we could remember. I was quite contented with this condition of affairs, and even supposed myself to be very happy.
Well, this night at the rink I had seen Clara skate off with her Englishman, and with an unperturbed spirit I was skimming around the rink alone when, just behind me, I heard a little scream and a little scramble and somebody fell. The next instant, as I turned, I met a pair of imploring and beautiful eyes, and an imploring and beautiful voice cried out:
"Oh, won't you please pick me up?"
I eagerly clasped the little hands and drew the prostrate young lady to her feet. I was just in time, for half a dozen other men had hurried to the spot, among whom she recognized an acquaintance. She made her bow to me and said her "thank you" very prettily, and then she accepted the proffered hand of her friend and glided away from me. And do you know I did not like it? I felt distinctly vexed, for you see she was bewitchingly lovely, and she glimpse I had had of her was merely tantalizing.
I met her after that many times, always with the same man, whom I was rather provoked to recognize as a stranger. I now found myself always watching for that one little figure, and following it through all the labyrinthine mazes of the surging crowd upon the rink. I forgot to speak to my acquaintances as they passed, and although there were half a score of young ladies who had a right to expect me to join them and convoy them around the rink I skated on alone, in utter disregard of that effect. Every now and then I chanced upon Miss Alden, but I felt too pre-occupied to join or even to observe her especially, when suddenly something occurred that invested her with a lively interest. She had been stopping to speak to some friends who sat without the railing looking on, and as she and her escort were about starting out again, she suddenly came face to face with my little beauty. There was a gleam of recognition on both faces, and then Miss Alden exclaimed:
"Why, Daisy, where have you dropped from? Who could have thought of seeing you, of all people, here?"
There was rather a warm greeting between the two before Daisy explained:
"I have come for the winter, and have been wanting to look you up, but I only arrived yesterday. I am so glad to have met you here."

After that I heard no more, for the two friends joined hands and skated off together. I hung about them, a little way off, pretending to be talking to some men who were lounging about, and when I thought my presence would not prove an unpleasant interruption I skated toward Clara and greeted her cordially, asking her where she had been this long time. She saw through me in a moment and showed me that she did by disregarding my question entirely and presenting me at once to her friend, Miss Lyle. I had seen a good many masculine eyes regarding Miss Lyle with interest during the evening, and I now perceived the owner of one pair of these approaching Miss Alden with what I divined the same intention that had brought me hither a moment before; so while he was stopping to shake hands with Clara I offered my hands to Miss Lyle and we glided off together. A few adroit questions on my part elicited the fact that Miss Lyle and Miss Alden had been schoolmates, who had not met for some years, and I furthermore discovered that Miss Lyle was stopping in town with relatives who happened to be old acquaintances of mine. So after we parted that night Miss Lyle and I met often, and were together so much at the rink that people had begun to remark it.
And this brings me to the period of the quandary with which I started out. Here was I, supposed by everybody to be the favored adorer of one lovely girl, while in reality I was head over heels in love with another. For I had no doubt about my feelings in this matter; it was unmistakable. I smiled grimly now when I remembered the days in which I had boasted of not possessing a jealous temperament. Why, I was jealous of every one who went near Daisy. I was infuriated if she danced and skated with any one but me, and when I saw some awkward, clumsy man run against her once at the rink I felt like choking him when she smiled at his apology. To tell the truth I was positively wretched. If Daisy had never come I could have got along very well with Clara, I told myself. There had been a tacit, if not an expressed, understanding on the score of our relationship among all our friends, and I would have been a very cheerful and attentive spouse to Clara if I had never seen Daisy; and, on the other hand, if I had never seen Clara, I might now perhaps succeed in winning Daisy's hand, and with it everlasting happiness. It was just a case of—
How happy would I be with either
Were 't'other dear charmer away.
I sometimes wondered whether Clara did not partly see through me. She had such an odd way of looking at me sometimes with such a shrewd smile; but she treated me better than ever. She was really a splendid creature and, under imaginable circumstances, I might have learned to love her very much, in a certain way. One night there was to be a grand fancy-dress ball at the rink. Daisy was going and so was Clara, and it goes without saying that I was on hand. My perplexities were at their height. I was more in love with Daisy than ever, but fully alive to the danger of my duty in another quarter. It was beginning to wear on me terribly and I concluded to call in the advice of my friend Porter, a prudent and sagacious fellow, in whose judgment I had unlimited confidence. How fondly I hoped he might decide that I was under no obligation to Miss Alden. And how differently he did decide? He was perfectly astounded at my confession. Miss Alden, he said, was one woman picked out of ten thousand, much handsomer, much richer, much more distinguished than Miss Lyle; I must be out of my sense. In short he wound up by saying that I was in honor bound to address Miss Alden, though, for his part, he began to doubt whether that splendid creature could consent to marry a man who was so preposterously blind as not to see that she was second to no woman in existence. This was on the day of the party. I had been to Porter's room to have a talk with him, knowing he would be at leisure, and the result was that he entirely convinced me of what I ought to do. Still it was very hard to make up my mind to it.
I had been invited to dine with the Aldens that day—quite en famille, as usual. It gave me a sneaky feeling of late whenever I got one of these kind invitations, but I had seen no way out of the matter but to accept, and so I had accepted. When I left Porter's room I turned my face in the direction of the Aldens with a very heavy heart. Before dinner I had no opportunity to see Clara alone, if I had desired it, but I had ample opportunity for watching her, and I had to acknowledge that I had never seen her look better. She played, too, and sang more brilliantly than any woman I had ever seen. I could have been very proud of such a wife, I reflected, if—
The other guests left early, but I lingered. I knew perfectly well what to do, and I had been slowly making up my mind to do it if the opportunity occurred, and the opportunity did occur. Toward nightfall every one else had withdrawn and Clara and I were left alone. I took a seat very near her and told her I had something of a very confidential nature to say to her. To my surprise she rose and walked across the room, touched the bell, waited until the servant came and then ordered lights. This was a little disconcerting; but when the servant had lighted the room and in the coolest, calm, determined manner asked me to go on.
"Clara," I began, rather timidly "you will be perfectly prepared for what I am going to say. You have so much discernment that you must have seen that this moment would come. I have always had the greatest admiration and regard for you. I value your worth most deeply. I feel—" Here I paused, confused and miserable.
"Never mind what you feel," said Miss Alden, coolly. "Let's come to the point. The upshot of it all is—what?"
"That I want you to marry me. I will do my best to make you happy, if I can. I know I don't deserve you; but, will you marry me?"
"Most certainly not." The answer came cool, calm, determined. I was startled, and murmured confusedly:
"What do you mean?"
"I mean that you might have saved yourself some trouble if you had asked me this question a good deal sooner," she said, "and I am not conscious of feeling particularly flattered at the offer of a hand so distinctly and widely separated from the heart. However, the point is that I have refused you; so you may make the most of that. You needn't wait now. I know you are impatient, as it is time to prepare for the rink. I have declined to marry you, but I feel enough interest in you to wish

you success. Perhaps to-night I shall be able to offer her congratulations."
She offered her hand and I took it, in a sort of daze, which lasted all the while I was walking home and dressing and until I reached the rink. When I entered the room was full. What a beautiful scene it was! All those gayly clad men and girls, floating along on the polished surface to the sound of entrancing music, made the place look like fairy-land. There were the merriest and prettiest scenes I had ever witnessed. There were evergreen garlands hanging around, and with holly bushes about here and there, and many of the characters had been gotten up in dresses appropriate to the season. There were four great cedars in the corners stuck full of candles which were now being lighted, and the band was playing such inspiring music. I felt intoxicated with the beauty and brilliancy of the scene, and putting on my skates I was skimming around in an aimless sort of way when I came face to face with the bonniest little vision mortal eyes ever permitted to see. It was Daisy, dressed in a dress which looked as if it were made of snow and trimmed with icicles. I don't know how the very cleverest imitative art could have devised such a thing. She had a wreath of holly leaves and berries on her hair and bunches of the same about her dress. She was skating with a young man who, however, gave way when I glided up and we skinned away together. I was too happy to speak, the glorious possibility of what might be awaiting me burst upon me with such vividness. But presently I became conscious that she was speaking to me. She was raising my costume, which opened up to me an opportunity which you may be sure I made the most of. She talked with pleasure at my praise, and so, both of us in a conscious flutter, we came upon Clara Alden, joyously dressed and escorted by her Englishman. They stopped in front of us, Miss Alden saying as they did so:
"Have you all been to the little sitting rooms curtained off at that end? No one seems to have discovered them yet, though they are one of the features of the evening. I think it was such a good idea, and they are beautifully decorated; but when we looked in just now both of them were empty. However, as soon as somebody leads, they will be full enough. Suppose you two lead."
She skated off then with her companion and Daisy and I went to obey her behest. But into that little curtained apartment you are forbidden to enter. Suffice it for you that when presently Daisy and I emerged we encountered Miss Alden at once, and when she leaned toward me and whispered, "Am I to congratulate you?" I bowed my head in happy assent.

How Emigrants are Received in New York.

When a vessel arrives having on board a lot of emigrants, officers from Castle Garden go aboard and check all their baggage, which is then removed to the great baggage-room of the garden. The emigrants are removed to that depot, none being allowed to go ashore until all have passed through the routine of registration, etc. Almost every proper want the emigrants can have may be satisfied within the building. There is a restaurant, at which they may get plain and wholesome food at very reasonable prices; there are exchange offices, at which they may exchange their foreign gold and paper into American money; there are railroad and steamboat offices, at which they may engage transportation to every part of the country; there is abundant space on large settees and clean floors for them to spread their beds; there is a branch of the custom house where they may settle their dues with less inconvenience; there is a hospital in which their sick are immediately cared for; there are interpreters to give them any information they may desire, and through whom they receive letters from friends; there are clerks to examine the tickets they have bought in Europe and see that they have not been swindled; last of all, when they are ready to go forth, if their destinations are away from New York, there are barges which carry them and their luggage, at five o'clock every day, to the principal railroads. If they desire to remain in New York they are aided in finding their friends, or, lacking friends, are enabled to get temporary lodgings from emigrant lodging-house keepers, who are licensed and held to the strictest responsibility for their honest treatment. If they are sick or destitute they are sent to Ward's Island, and if they are in want of employment there is a labor bureau in the garden which finds work for great numbers of domestics and laborers. And all this is without a charge of a single cent to the emigrants. Even when within five years they come back to the commissioners of emigration for care or cure they are provided for on Ward's Island free of charge.

Origin of Christmas.

The precise date of the institution of the Christmas festival is involved in obscurity. The origin of Christmas as a religious feast, is ascribed to the decretal letters addressed to Pope Telephorus, who died A. D. 138. It was at first the movable of Christian festivals, and was confounded with the Epiphany and celebrated by the Eastern churches in the months of April and May. Under the Pontificate of Pope Julius I., 337-352, St. Cyril of Jerusalem urged the importance of making Christmas an immovable festival, and obtained an order from the pope to make a proper investigation for the purpose of determining the exact date. A conference held between the churches of the East and West resulted in the adoption of the twenty-fifth of December. Gibbon says the festival of Christmas was placed at the winter solstice, with the view of transforming the Pagan Saturnalia into a Christmas festival. It is curious to note that at the present day many of the customs which are observed at Christmas are of Pagan origin, as described by Martial and other Roman authors. The Christmas tree is another example of the power and influence of Christianity to transform Pagan rites and ceremonies. The Christmas tree, which is of German origin, is simply the symbol of the tree of Isdragi, or tree of life, which figured so conspicuously in Scandinavian mythology. No festival of the Christian church surpasses Christmas in the exemplification of the power and influence of religion. Wherever the Christian may be when this day arrives the season is moved with that common impulse of joy, peace and good will which the season invokes. The old recall the days of youth, the young are absorbed in the present, the distant wanderer revives kind thoughts of home, and tender recollections serve to render absent friends more dear, and that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin exhibits its best influence.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

A Woman's Bullion Club.

A number of enterprising ladies have for some weeks been holding daily meetings in New York for the purpose of organizing a company to be known as the "Woman's Mining Company." Their plans are now completed, and the next step will be to obtain papers of incorporation. The company will be limited to 250 ladies, or less, according to shares purchased. Twenty-five thousand dollars are to be raised, nearly one-half of which is already pledged, for the purchase of certain mining property in San Juan county, Colorado.
The company will be officered and controlled exclusively by women. A large party of ladies intend going to the mining districts next summer to "prospect;" also a number of those officially connected with the company will personally superintend the working of the mines. Practical miners will be employed and the work pushed with energy. A permanent bureau of information for the convenience of ladies desiring to invest in mining enterprises will also be established, as it is believed that a large amount of capital owned by women is gravitating toward the mining districts. Mrs. Jeanette Norton, of Pennsylvania, is half owner in one of the large mining companies of San Juan, and has recently signed a contract to pay \$50,000 for the erection of a mill near the site of her own mines, also in the vicinity of those to be purchased by the "Woman's Mining Company." Mrs. Norton is an energetic woman, and a millionaire. The bureau of information will be conducted by a number of ladies, who will form what will be called the "Woman's Bullion Club." The leaders of the movement are Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, formerly president of the Chicago Sorosis, and Miss C. A. Biddget, who was recently awarded the \$50 prize by the Social Science Congress for an essay on the labor question. —*New York Tribune*.

News and Notes for Women.

The ladies at Muscatine, Ia., have formed a leap year club.
Cincinnati's archery society will shoot all winter in her Exposition hall.
Mrs. Edmond Adam, who has just started a magazine in Paris, receives lady visitors only once a year.
A Pulaski county, Indiana, matron modestly tips the scales at 410 pounds, honest, solid weight.
Another old lady has "come to the front" with a famous bedquilt composed of 123,456,789 pieces of calico.
The St. Petersburg *Gazette* has been suppressed for publishing insulting articles about honest German women.
The marchioness of Winchester, who is eighty years old, is publishing a series of letters on her voyages in Denmark.
A member of the London ladies club was requested to resign for kissing her own brother in the dining-room.
The Boston cooking school, which was opened last spring for three months, proved so successful that the woman's education association proposes to make it permanent.
Of late it has become fashionable among the ladies of Rome to attend trials in courts of justice, and titled ladies now congregate there.
The late Mrs. G. F. Train showed great business capacity in the early history of the Pacific railway, making at one time \$100,000 in commissions.

New York Fashions.

TURBANS AND FANCIONS.

Turban bonnets are the favorite shape for young ladies. They consist merely of a large round crown, with or without drooping fringe or quilling in front, but invariably have strings of satin ribbon that fasten under a bow of long loops and short ends just behind the left ear. The bonnet is worn quite far back on the head, and plays the front hair. It may be simply a soft point crown of satin, black, garnet, dark green, or gendarme blue, edged with two tiny box-plaitings, and completed by the great bow on the left side, or else it may be embroidered with jet beads, and edged with a fringe of beads. Other turbans are made of dark satin plain on a stiff frame, and softened by a carelessly folded bias scarf of oriental silk in a gay combination of colors. Still others have a band of feathers around the crown, made up of small bits of breast and neck feathers, while another fancy is that of having the head of an owl stuck on the left side, or perhaps a small parrot lies there as if asleep or dead. The fur-trimmed turbans introduced last winter were so becoming that they will find favor again, especially when used to match dresses trimmed with fur.
The Fanchon, or handkerchief-shaped bonnet, is again revived, and is liked because it is so universally becoming, and it is so simple that a lady can make it without the aid of a milliner. The small frame is pointed in front, lies flat on the top of the head, and has no crown. It is very pretty when covered with red or black satin, across which rows of black beaded Breton loops are slightly gathered. Some large loops of black satin or of garnet ribbon form a bow on top quite far back, which is partly covered by the beaded lace. The strings are then of black satin ribbon, edged on the lower side with lace or with the new curled fringe, or else they are made of doubled net similarly trimmed; these strings fasten under the chin, not on the side.

LADIES' SURTOUTS, etc.

Cloth surtouts shaped like the heavy overcoats worn by gentlemen are favorite garments with ladies this season. They were intended originally for rainy-day garments and for traveling, but they are so trim and jaunty that ladies buy them in light creamy brown cloths, and wear them on the street in the brightest days; indeed, they are made in many cases to serve as part of a suit instead of a pelonaise, any short dark round skirt completing the costume. They reach almost to the ankles, are double-breasted, yet nearly closed at the throat, with a rolling collar. They have short side forms in the back, and the middle seam is left open from the waist line down; large square pocket flaps are placed at the waist line, and there is a small breast pocket. Made of checked English homespun cloth, they cost \$10.50; very nice black cloth surtouts are sold for \$15.50 and there is great variety in the garments sold for from \$9 upward. English coats, both skirted and plain, are now preferred in cream and snuff brown shades rather than in the black and navy blue cloths so long worn. They have collars of velvet or of plush or darker shades, with cuffs and pockets to match, and cost from \$9.50 to \$30. These are the most popular wraps for

general wear, as they may be worn with dresses of any of the stylish winter colors, and look especially well with brown or dark green dresses. For morning wraps, black or gray cloth cloak are sold with upper capes in front, or else half-sleeves that fall low in dolman style. Still handsomer are the satin de Lyon and armure silk cloaks, warmly lined, and elaborately trimmed with jet passementerie and curled fringe.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Fashion Notes.

All very dark colors are in fashion.
White lace mufflers are worn in Paris.
Jetted feathers and coronets are very popular.
Persian silk mufflers for the neck are very handsome.
Purple in all its shades, from deep amethyst violet to pale lilac, is fashionably worn.
Composition buttons are made in many varieties to match the mixed materials now in vogue.
New ribbons have feather edges, and another old fashion revived is that of satin edges on repped ribbons.
Open work and fluted edgings for the bottom of flannel skirts is one of the simplest employment for knitters.
Seal muffs are now ornamented in the center with a satin bow and a large bouquet of flowers fastened in the bow.
Gorgeous silk fans are printed in cashmere colors and veined with gold-thread stitching by hand—a brilliant new style, well suited to the present costumes.
Mirecourt net woven in the finest lace loom, with designs like those in point applique, with lace edge to match, is very handsome for sleeves and overdresses oversatin.
The common brown owl's head is the fashion of the moment for trimming the side of hats, instead of the pompon, which has been so long popular; an owl's head is also fastened to the muff that is worn with the hat.
The Elfie dress consists of a half-fitting cutaway jacket of broche cashmere combined with a dress of plain silk or cashmere, knit plaited to the throat in front, and with a plain waist at the back, to which is attached a plaited skirt.
The Japanese fan is the new pattern for vest-pocket pin balls. They are odd, but really not so adjustable and convenient as the old-time disk. To make these of silk in two colors on each side, the sections joined diagonally, and a bit of painted or embroidered decoration of the darker color, appears to be the favorite mode.
In Paris they are making costumes of American rat. The skirt is made with a considerable number of the skins arranged so that the back and the stomach of the animal alternate, and describe dark and light stripes or bands. The rat bodice is trimmed with chinchilla; an incroyable cape in chinchilla over the rat jacket; a rat toque, with a hawk's head at the side.
Ruby gloves are a novelty brought into vogue by the introduction of gay colors in out-door costumes. These are dark shades, deeper than wine or garnet colors, and not the glaring red tints that would shock fastidious tastes. They look especially well with black costumes, but will be worn with almost any dark costume that are trimmed with broche cashmeres of oriental colors and design.
Letters from Paris tell of a new bodice, the fashion of which comes from England. It is said that the Princess of Wales was the first to wear it, and for some weeks it was kept exclusively for her, and that in London it is known under the name of "The Guersey." It fits the figure to perfection, is made of silk tissue and has no seams. It is laced at the back and moulds the bust and hips without a wrinkle, much in the style of the Renaissance bodices of yore. In Paris it is called the "Veronese Cuirass."

Dangerous Toilet Powder.

In an article on the nose, which recently appeared in the *Rocheater Tribune*, we find the following: As respected the smaller eruptive or black spots that frequently afflict the nose of beauty, he discovered that it was caused by another living creature to which the formidable name of Demodex folliculorum has been assigned. If any belle, so nose-afflicted, when she reads this article will get up to the mirror and administer a slight pressure to one of those "beauty spots," that appears enlarged and whitish with a terminal black spot, the matter forced out will contain principally of the accumulations of sebaceous secretion, having these tiny parasites, with their eggs and young mingled with it. If she has a friend who possesses a good microscope she may carry him the exuded material. By the addition of a little olive oil, which will soften the sebaceous matter, the parasites with their eggs and young may be separated. They can be observed at leisure, and they will be seen to be formidable little creatures, with more than cursory inspection. When Professor Helwig had advanced thus far he bethought him to examine the toilet powders used by his fair patients. Here he found the clue to the mystery. In one specimen prepared by a leading house in Paris, he found the eggs of the Demodex folliculorum; in another, prepared by a Vienna perfumer, he found the severe winter's pimple. The doctor told his interested patients that they must either discontinue the use of those farinaceous powders or pay the penalty of having their fair skins transformed into hides.

A Reminiscence of Hooker.

How it came about that 3,000 Confederate soldiers cheered lustily for "Fighting Joe Hooker" is explained by the author of the *Rural Sun* (Nashville, Tenn.), who was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., during the severe winter of 1863-64. The general visited the military prison one day, and all the inmates were drawn up in line for inspection. His keen eye seemed to scan every man from head to heel, as he slowly passed before them, and at the upper end of the lines the party halted. The general, half-wheeling his horse, lifted his plumed hat with as much knightly grace as if they had all been courtiers, and a soft expression passed over his face as he said, "Young gentlemen, I am sorry, very sorry for you, and hope soon our differences will be settled, so that you all can return safely home again." Simple as the expression was, it was so different from those they had been accustomed to hearing from the commander of the prison that it touched the hearts of the "ragged Rebs" like a current of electricity, and instantly 3,000 throats gave a lusty cheer for Joe Hooker.

Intelligent Elephants.

One evening soon after my arrival in Eastern Assam, and while the five elephants were, as usual, being fed opposite the Bungalow, I observed a young and lately caught one step up a bamboo-stake fence and quietly pull one of the stakes up. Placing it under foot, it broke a piece off with the trunk, and after lifting it to its mouth, threw it away. It repeated this twice or three and then drew another stake and began again. Seeing that the bamboo was not dry, I asked the reason of this, and was told to wait and see what it would do. At last it seemed to get a piece that suited, and holding it in the trunk firmly, and stepping the left foreleg well forward, passed the piece of bamboo under the armpit, so to speak, and began to scratch with some force. My surprise reached its climax when I saw a large elephant-leech fall on the ground, quite six inches long and as thick as one's finger, and which from its position, could not easily be detached without this scraper, or scratch, which was deliberately made by the elephant. I subsequently found that it was a common occurrence. Leech-scrapers are used by every elephant daily. On another occasion, when traveling at a time of year when the large flies are so tormenting to an elephant, I noticed that the one I rode had no fan or wisp to beat them off with. The mahout, at my order, slackened pace, and allowed her to go to the side of the road, where for some moments she moved along rummaging the smaller jungle on the bank; at last she came to a cluster of young shoots well branched, and after feeling among them, and selecting one, raised her trunk, and neatly stripped down the stem, taking off all the lower branches and leaving a fine bunch on top. She deliberately cleaned it down several times, and then laying hold at the lower end broke off a beautiful fan or switch about five feet long, handle included. With this she kept flapping it at bay as we went along, flapping them off on each side every now and then. Say what we may, these are both really bona fide implements, each intelligently made for a definite purpose.—*Nature*.

The Work of an Editor.

The London *Times*, in its obituary notice of the late Mr. Delane, thus speaks of the character of the work of an editor of a daily newspaper: The work of an editor can only be appreciated by those who have had the fortune to have had some little experience of it. The editor of a London daily newspaper is held answerable for every word in forty-eight and sometimes sixty columns. The merest slip of the pen, an epithet too much, a wrong date, a name misspelt or with a wrong initial before it, a mistake in season, or an obscure personage only too glad to seize the opportunity of showing himself, the misinterpretation of some passage perhaps incapable of interpretation, the most trifling offense to the personal or national susceptibility of those who do not even profess to care for the feelings of others, may prove not only disagreeable but even costly mistakes; but they are among the least of the mistakes to which an editor is liable. As it is impossible to say what a night may bring forth, and the most important intelligence is apt to be the latest, it will often find him with none to share his responsibility, without advisers, and with colleagues either pre-occupied on other matters or no longer at hand. The editor must be on the spot till the paper is sent to the press, and make decisions on which rests the approval of the British public, but great events, and even great causes, may hang. All the more serious part of his duties has to be discharged at the end of a long day's work, a day of interruptions and conversations, of letter reading and letter writing, when mind and body are not what they were twelve hours ago, and worried nature is putting in her gentle pleas. An editor cannot husband his strength for the night's battle with comparative repose in the solitude of a study or the freshness of green fields. He must see the world, converse with its foremost or busiest actors, be open to information and on guard against error. All this ought to be borne in mind by those who complain that journalism is not infallibly accurate, just and agreeable. Their complaints are like those of the court lord who found fault with the disagreeable necessities of warfare.

The Ways of London Beggars.

Paralysis is often imitated, and so closely that there is no detecting the imposture. A fellow is directed how to hang the elbow, twist the wrist, and drop the fingers of one arm, and to drag the corresponding leg limply after him, counterfeiting a paralytic stroke to the life. I have seen one drilled up to the proper business mark by marching his round and round the beggars' kitchen for hours at a stretch, and night after night. This is continued until the patient can bear a sharp and unexpected prick with a needle, or even the touch of a hot iron, without relapsing into his normal attitude. Not many years ago one of these mock paralytics, who was accustomed to throw off his seeming infirmity and play the burglar by way of change, was caught in the very act of breaking into a house and committed for trial. Here he got up such a semblance of hopeless paralysis as deceived everybody. When his trial came on he was carried into court on a stretcher, and laid at full length in the dock. Everybody, including the judge and jury, commiserated his case, and he escaped with one year's imprisonment instead of a long term of penal servitude. The doctor of the prison to which the convict was next transferred felt sure that the whole thing was a sham, and tried all the ordinary methods of detection, including liberal use of the galvanic battery, but without effect. At length a great heap of damp straw was collected in the jail yard, and the second, still stretched on his pallet, which he never quitted, was placed thereon. The straw was fired on all sides, and great volumes of choking smoke. This did the business, and quickly took. In less than a minute the paralyzed astonished everybody but the doctor by bounding out among them with the agility of a deer. "The game is up," he exclaimed with a laugh, when he had done coughing—adding in a tone of triumph—"Anyhow, I have cheated the law out of six years." The torture such people inflict on themselves for weeks and months at a time, and voluntarily, is simply incredible.—*London Standard*.

When a young fellow has his office connected with his girl's home by telephone, it is a man rival who will cast suspicion on the lady by stealing into the young man's office and noting on occasion the instrument.—*Boston Post*.