Better Luck Another Year.

Oh! never sink 'neath fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And front her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's "better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year!

The damsel fortune still denies
The plea that yet delights her ear;
'Tis but our manhood that she tries,
She's coy to those who doubt and fear;
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

Here's "better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize;
But spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
In better luck another year!
Another year! Another year!
—*W. Gilmore Simms.*

The Belle of Wolf Run.

A company of strolling players in a barn. The great space is lighted by lamps of every description, the most ambitious of which is a circle of hoops stuck full of candles. This does duty as the grand chandelier, and is quite effective.

Seated near the stage, before which hangs a green curtain, are two persons—a man and a young girl, whom, even the unpracticed eye might take as rustic lovers. He is a tall, finely-formed young fellow, with a noble head and keen, sparkling blue eyes. She is the beauty of Wolf Run, faultless in figure and feature, and with a something in her expression denoting that she is not quite satisfied with her position, even as the belle of the village, or her surroundings.

Margaret Lee had never in her life seen a play, therefore she was prepared to realize all the emotions of novelty, terror, wonder, delight, with which a novice looks on the strut and action of those who cater to the profoundest emotions. Of course she forgot where she was; of course she was dazzled and terribly stirred at the love scenes, which were, as usual, exaggerated.

The hero of the drama was a handsome, worthless rascal, who learned, before the evening was through, to play at our unsophisticated little Margaret, reading her admiration in her eyes, and enjoying the smiles, the tears, and almost spoken interest, of the beauty of Wolf Run.

"Pretty good — wasn't it?" said Charlie Vance, as he held her fleecy red shawl to wrap about her, at the close of the performance.

Margaret had no words, she only gasped: "Oh, Charlie!" as they gained the door, and caught at his arm; for their stood the hero of the stage, still in his bespangled velvet finery, and evidently stationed at that particular place in order to catch a glance at her lovely face.

"Confound his impudence!" Charlie Vance muttered between his teeth.

Margaret shivered a little as they left the barn. Everybody was laughing and talking. The soft, clear, round moon shed its light upon a scene of sylvan beauty; but the two spoke but few words until they had reached Margaret's home— a square white house set back a garden.

"A little of that goes a great ways," said the young farmer, who had evidently been thinking the matter over. "They stay here a week or more. I don't care to go again, do you?"

"Oh, I do believe I could go every night," said Margaret, fervently.

"They're a hard set, Maggy," said her lover, a little malice in his voice.

"How do you know? Are you sure of that?" she asked, eagerly and reprovingly.

"Oh, they're generally thought to be. Well, good-night, Maggy;" and he had gone ten steps before it occurred to him that they had parted without a kiss.

"I don't care," he said, sullenly, half aloud; "and that fellow stays at her uncle's tavern, too. Why should it nettle me so, anyway?"

Now Margaret and her cousin Anne were almost as inseparable as sisters. It was with a quick beating heart that the former took her way to the tavern next day, meeting Anne as usual at the private entrance for the family.

"Oh, Mag!" cried Anne, her eyes sparkling, "you've made a conquest."

"What do you mean?" asked Margaret, her fair face flushing, her pulses beating tumultously.

"Why, you know—last night. Oh, isn't he glorious!—exquisite? And only think he asked papa who that very lovely girl was in pink ribbons in the second seat—and that was you! Papa laughed and told him his niece, and somebody else said something very handsome about you at the table, and then papa up and said you were engaged to Charlie Vance, which sounded so ridiculous. And I give you my word of honor the gentleman turned pale."

"Nonsense!" said Margaret; but the flattering words had accomplished their work, and it was not hard to persuade her to stay to dinner, where of course her lovely blushing face did not a little execution.

"Well, Maggy, what is it to be?" asked Charlie Vance, sternly. This was only a week afterward. All the softness had gone out of his face as he spoke. His eyes had lost their gracious, sparkling beauty. It might be that his cheeks were a trifle thin, and certainly his dark face was haggard.

"Oh, Charlie!"—she stood on the other side of the spacious hearth, drooping and timid, her face very white, and the large eyes startled in expression, like those of a frightened fawn.

"You are changed, Maggy. I don't say it alone. God help us both. it's talked about all over the place. Last night, when I heard something at Dilleway's, I felt like going home and blowing my brains out."

"Oh, Charlie!"

The voice was more plaintive, and the little figure drooped yet lower.

"And it all comes of that infernal villain. It all comes of your going back and forth to the hotel, and with your Cousin Anne, to see him."

Margaret lifted her head with a pitiful gesture.

"He is going away to-day," she cried, a great pain in her voice.

"And you will see him before he goes?"

"Oh, no, no, Charlie. Oh, don't look so cruel. I can't see him now, you know I can't!"

"Since you've heard that he's got a wife elsewhere, eh?"

"Charlie! I don't care; it isn't that," she answered, chokingly. How could she add—"It is because I have found him base, untrue, when he seemed to me like an angel of light."

Her red lips quivered; the tears stood large and shining on her lashes, her eyes were downcast, her hands folded with the rigid clasp of despair.

"I shall never see him again," she whispered, hoarsely; "but if you say all is over between us, why it must be so."

"I don't say it need be, mind," he said, looking pitifully down at her. "I can overlook a good deal, I love you so much, so much! God in heaven only knows how much I have loved you. But I won't have the face of that man between us. God! no! no!" and his great shoulders lifted with the scarcely drawn breath, while a dark red hate smoldered in his usually soft eyes.

"It shall be just as you say," she murmured, meekly, without looking up.

"It shall be just as you say," he replied, quickly. "Do you think you could learn to love me again, a little?" he asked, the anger all gone. She was so beautiful.

"Try me, Charlie. You are so strong and good, and noble; I always felt that—and one can't long like where one can't respect, can one?" Her hands were on his arm now, and the lovely pleading eyes uplifted to his.

"You won't see him again?"

"I won't—I swear I won't! What should I want to see him for now?" she sobbed.

"Then, we will wait. This troupe goes to-morrow. Don't cry, darling; I dare say it will all come out right;" and after a few low-spoken words, the young man left her, but by no means with peace seated on his bosom's throne.

"Mamma, if anybody comes, say I'm out," called Margaret, from the top stairs.

"Well, I guess nobody'll be here today, unless it's that actor fellow," was the response. "Don't walk in the sun," she added, for mother and father were proud of their darling's beauty, and they secretly wished for her a better match than even their neighbor's son.

Deep in the woods she struck, determined never to see that too fair fatal face again.

"He'll be gone to-morrow," she half-sobbed, holding her hands hard against her heart, "and I shall never see him again. God be thanked! for, oh, I dare not trust myself."

The path, slippery, with pine-leaves, led to a favorite resting-place—a cleared spot through which ran a crystal-clear river. The place combined several distinctively beautiful features. Here she sat down, unmindful of the singing stream, the soft shadows, the sweet murmuring of the wind in the tops of the trees.

A footstep near startled her.

In the river, as in a mirror, she saw a vision that had become all too dear to her—a graceful figure clad in black velvet, the small hat, with its waving plumes, reflected, with the outstretched hand that held it, in the blue depths.

She sprang to her feet, a burning flush spreading over brow and neck, and would have fled but that he was beside her at a bound.

"My beauty! my darling! my own!"

"Sir, those words are an insult to me!" she cried with spirit, striving in vain to free herself from his caressing arm.

"An insult! I would die before I would offer you an insult, my beautiful. Come with me; I want to show you a lovelier spot than this—come!"

"I will not, she said, firmly, wresting herself from him, not daring to look up in his face. "How could you follow me—how dared you?"

"Love will dare anything,'" he said, gayly, fastening his powerful eyes on her face, and drawing her glance up to his. "Come, I will woo you like Claude Melnotte." And again he put an arm about her; but, like a flash of lightning, the two were torn asunder, and the man was thrown headlong with one blow from the powerful arm of Charlie Vance.

"Go!" he said, sternly, pointing to the frightened girl. "I can save you from his insolence, but I cannot promise to save you from yourself. Go, and think on your broken promises."

Later in the day Charlie came up to Margaret's house and asked for her.

"Whatever is the matter with the child?" queried the mother. I never saw her in such low spirits."

The young man made no answer, but went into the cool, shaded parlor. Presently Margaret came down, white as a lily. There was an unspoken question in her wide, tearless eyes.

"No, I didn't kill him, Maggie, though he deserved it. I don't want the crime of murder on my soul, even for you, my poor girl. But I sent him away as subdued and cooled-down a man as ever you see. Such men are always cowards. And now, Maggie, you're free. I never should want to think of the look you gave him while I held you in my arms, and I should have to think of it. I've come to say goodbye, for I'm off for the West, and if ever I—hello!"

There was a low, broken sob, and on his chest Margaret lay a dead weight. The girl had fainted away.

Well, a long sickness followed. Charlie could not leave her lying there between life and death, and the first visit after she could set up settled the matter. Margaret had conquered her vanity, which, after all, was more touched than her affections, and found that there was only one image in the heart that had been, as she thought, so torn with conflicting struggles—and that was the frank, honest, blue-eyed Charlie Vance, who had loved her ever since she was a baby.

And of course they were married.

WEATHER SIGNS.—When the swallows fly low, wet weather may be expected, because the insects which the swallows pursue in their flight are flying low to escape the moisture of the upper regions of the atmosphere. Stars twinkle on account of their light reaching us through variously-heated and moving currents of air. Hence much twinkling of the stars foretells bad weather, because it denotes that there are various aerial currents of different temperatures and densities, producing atmospheric disturbance.

How Peanuts are Prepared for the Market.

The modus operandi by which the nuts are separated, cleaned and classed is somewhat as follows: The third story of the building contains thousands of bushels of peas in bags, and there the continual roar of the machinery is deafening. Each machine has a duty to perform. First, there is a large cylinder in which all the nuts are placed, in order that the dust and dirt may be shaken off of them. They pass from this cylinder into the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they pass through a sluice-way to the floor below where they are dropped on an endless belt, about two and a half feet in width, and passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand eight colored girls, and as the nuts fall from the sluice on the belt the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, and by the time the belt reaches the end two-thirds of the nuts are picked off, allowing only the finest to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop through another sluice and empty into the bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is taken away by hand, sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught up by the girls are thrown to one side, placed in bags and carried into another room, where they are again picked over, the best singled out, bagged and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks," Having gone over them twice, we now come to a third grade, which are called and branded as eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of the "cocks" and "ships," but now and then you will find a respectable-looking nut among them; though the eyes of the colored damsels are as keen as a hawk, and a bad nut is rarely allowed to pass their hands. The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent through the elevator to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller, which is not only novel, but as perfect a piece of machinery as was ever invented. The nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops in bags below free from dust or dirt of any kind, and are then shipped in two hundred-pound sacks to the North, where they are bought up by the confectioners for the purpose of making taffy or peanut candy. It may be here stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable-keepers for horse bedding, and a very healthy bed they make.—*Correspondence Philadelphia Times.*

Why Suspension Bridges are Dangerous

Referring to the blowing down of the Tay bridge in Scotland, Prof. Park Benjamin writes as follows: Apropos to this particular accident a distinguished French engineer and iron founder, now in this country, informs us that he has known bars of iron made by himself from Scotch pig to change from a tough fibrous to a brittle crystalline structure in traveling by rail only from the north of France to Paris. This is, of course, an extreme instance. Again, recent research has demonstrated that because a structure withstands a large quiescent load, that fact is little proof of stability under repeated shocks and vibrations. Metals are believed to have a "life." A bar, for example, may stand a million vibrations and break down at the million-and-first and yet the last shock may be lighter than preceding ones. Attempts, however, to reduce this law to practical application, have elicited an abundance of conflicting evidence, but, nevertheless, it is well settled that in no department of mechanics is an extended course of actual experimenting more urgently needed or of graver public importance. Still, against even the above supposition, the fall of eleven spans seems to militate, at least in the light of such information as is now at hand, and the conviction is forced that some other theory lies at the bottom of the occurrence. This leads to the suggestion of an hypothesis which has already been frequently urged by engineers who disapprove of bridges on the suspension system—namely, that the structure may be thrown into isochrona vibrations by the wind. This introduces a new attacking element. It is well known that a very heavy suspended weight may be caused to vibrate over large arcs by a very small force, if the impulses be properly timed. Soldiers in crossing a bridge always break step so as to avoid causing vibrations in the structure, and there is a well-known old story of some one who offered to "fiddle a bridge down," his plan being to cause the bridge to swing in unison with the beats of notes corresponding in pitch with the periodic vibrations of the structure. It is not necessary to multiply examples of so well known a physical fact which is here adduced simply to point out that it may not be unreasonable to assume that the long spans of the Tay bridge were thrown into actual swinging vibration by the gale itself, those of the same length would vibrate synchronously and the piers might be supposed to represent nodes or neutral points.

Hunt the Ring—A Winter Evening Game.

A circle is made, and a piece of tape or string is obtained sufficiently long to reach all around the inside. A ring is then slipped on to it, and the ends are tied together. Each of the players takes hold of the tape or string with both hands, and the person whom lot or choice has marked out for the victim, standing in the middle of the circle, is next made to turn round three times (without shutting his eyes or submitting to any other disadvantage), and is then let loose to hunt for the ring. The object of the rest of the players is, of course, to prevent his catching it, and they pass it from one to another, covering it with their hands as rapidly as possible. If a constant backward and forward motion of the hand is kept up, it will be found extremely difficult to discover where it is so as to stop it before it disappears. As in the fairy tale, it will often be seen to gleam, but only to disappear when an effort is made to grasp it, and the victim's only chance is the greatest rapidity in opening and shutting every hand round the circle, to each of which he has immediate access as soon as he has touched it. It is unfair to pass the ring from under a hand after it has been touched and before it has been opened, and the player in whose possession it is finally found becomes in turn the victim.

THIRTY YEARS IN DISGUISE.

A Noted Old Californian Stage-Driver Discovered, After Death, to Be a Woman.

A letter from Watsonville, Cal., to the San Francisco *Call*, says: There is hardly a city or town or hamlet of the Pacific coast that includes among its citizens a few of the gold hunters of the early days where at least one person cannot be found who will remember Charley Parkhurst. For in the early days the gold hunters were, by rapidly-succeeding gold discoveries, drawn back to San Francisco as a headquarters, and again distributed from it to the most recently found diggings, and in those same early days Charley Parkhurst was a stage-driver on the more important routes leading out from the city. He was in his day one of the most dexterous and famous of the California drivers, ranking with Foss, Hank Monk, and George Gordon, and it was an honor to be striven for to occupy the spare end of the driver's seat when the fearless Charley Parkhurst held the reins of a four or six in hand. California coaching had, and has even yet, one exciting adjunct that was wanting in all preceding coaching. It was when the organized bands of highwaymen waylaid the coaches, leaped to the leaders' heads, and, over leveled shot-guns, issued the grim command made so often that it was crystalized into the felonious formula of "Throw down the box." Drivers of a phlegmatic temperament become accustomed to these interruptions, expertly wrecken up the killing capacity of the gun-barrels leveled at them, accept the inevitable, throw down the treasure-box and drive on. Charley Parkhurst was high-strung, and this was one requirement of the driver of the early days he could never master. He drove for a while between Stockton and Mariposa, and once was stopped and had to cut away the treasure box to get his coach and passengers clear. But he did it, even under the "drop" of the robbers' firearms, with all ill-grace, and he defiantly told the highwaymen that he would "break even with them." He was as good as his word, for, being subsequently stopped on a return trip from Mariposa to Stockton, he watched his opportunity, and, contemporaneously, turned his wild mustangs and his wicked revolver loose, and brought everything through safe. That his shooting was to the mark was subsequently ascertained by the confession of "Sugarfoot," a notorious highwayman, who, mortally wounded, found his way to a miner's cabin in the hills, and told him how he had been shot by Charley Parkhurst, the famous driver, in a desperate attempt, with others, to stop his stage.

Charley Parkhurst also afterward drove on the great stage route from Oakland to San Jose, and later, and for a long time, he was "the boss of the road" between San Juan and Santa Cruz, when San Francisco was reached by way of San Juan. But Parkhurst was of both an energetic and a thrifty nature, and when rapid improvements in the means of locomotion relegated coaches further out toward the frontiers, and made the driving of them less profitable, it was not sufficient for him that he was acknowledged as one of the three or four crack whips of the coast. He resolutely abandoned driving and went to farming. For fifteen years he spent his calling, varying it in the winter time by working in the woods, where he was known as one of the most skillful and powerful of choppers and lumbermen, and where his services were eagerly sought for, and always commanded the highest wages. Although, in his stage-coaching days, he was hail fellow well met with the migratory miners, and during the succeeding years of his life as farmer and lumberman he was social and generous with his fellows, he was never intemperate, immoral or reckless, and the sure result was that his years of labor had been rewarded with a competency of several thousands of dollars. For several years past he had been so severely afflicted with rheumatism as not only to be unable to do physical labor, but the malady had even resulted in partial shriveling and distortion of some of his limbs. He was also attacked by a cancer on his tongue. As the combined diseases became more aggressive, the genial Charley Parkhurst became, not morose, but less and less communicative, till of late he has conversed with no one except on the ordinary topics of the day.

Last Sunday, in a little cabin on the Moss ranch, about six miles from Watsonville, Charley Parkhurst, the amous coachman, the fearless fighter, the industrious farmer and expert woodsman, died of the cancer on his tongue. He knew that death was approaching, but he did not relax the reticence of his later years other than to express a few wishes as to certain things to be done at his death. Then, when the hands of the kind friends who had ministered to his dying wants came to lay out the dead body of the adventurous Argonaut, a discovery was made that was literally astounding. Charley Parkhurst was a woman. The discoveries of the successful concealment for protracted periods of the female sex under the disguise of the masculine are not infrequent, and the case of Charley Parkhurst may fairly claim to rank as by all odds the most astonishing of all of them. That a young woman should assume man's attire and, friendless and alone, defy the dangers of the voyage of 1849, to the then almost mythical California—dangers over which hardy pioneers still grow boastful—has in it sufficient of the wonderful. That she should achieve distinction in an occupation above all professions calling for the best physical qualities of nerve, courage, coolness and endurance, and that she should add to them the almost romantic personal bravery that enables one to fight one's way through the ambush of an enemy, seems almost fabulous, and that for thirty years she should be in constant and intimate association with men and women, and that her true sex should never have been even suspected, and that she should finally go knowingly down to her death without disclosing by word or deed who she was or why she had assumed man's dress and responsibilities, are things that a reader might be justified in doubting if the proof of their exact truth was not so abundant and conclusive. It is said by several who knew her intimately that she came from Providence, R. I.

Remarks a writer: "A gentle hand can lead an elephant by a hair." Now, what foolishness that is to put into the minds of children. Why, bless you, elephants don't have hair; they just have hides, that's all. Perhaps a gentle hand might lead him by the tail, but, mind you, we have our doubts even of that.—*Rockland Courier.*

How Farmers are Swindled.

Yesterday a well-known gentleman called at this office and gave us the particulars of the most ingenious and well devised scheme to defraud people that it has ever been our lot to record. The thieves, for they cannot be called by any other name, have successfully victimized a number of farmers of this county. Their scheme is as follows: A well-dressed man calls at the residence of some farmer, and after introducing himself states that he is in the employ of the State board of agriculture, and is sent by the board to gather the statistics regarding the crop of the past year, the same to be printed in book form for distribution throughout the State. He therefore produces a blank printed like the following:

INDIANA STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.
Statistical Department.
FOR 1879.

No. bushels of wheat raised..... ——
No. bushels of corn raised..... ——
No. bushels of flaxseed raised..... ——
No. bushels of oats raised..... ——
No. bushels of rye raised..... ——

Sign here .....

This blank, as will be seen from the above form, has a blank space at the bottom, which the swindlers state is left to fill up with any other article which the farmer might produce in quantity. After the printed blank is filled, they usually write number tons of hay raised, and then request the farmer to sign it on the blank line so that it may be placed among the files of the board after being printed. After the signature is obtained, a little talk is indulged in about the farmers in the locality, and the swindler departs. He then fills up the blank space at the foot of the blank with a note, payable in bank, in any sum he desires, and disposes of it. In several of the cases wherein some of our farmers were victimized, the amount called for is one hundred and twenty-six dollars, and the same purports to pay for a windmill pump. The swindlers were in this city on Wednesday last with a number of notes which they tried to dispose of at the banks, but were unsuccessful, and it is presumed they left on the afternoon train. The scheme is such a plausible one that it is easy to understand how a person can be taken in. We urge upon our readers to give as much publicity as possible to this, and warn all against the swindlers. Do not sign any paper presented by a stranger, and you will save time and lots of trouble.- *Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune.*

How the Count Joannes Was Bounced.

The death of the Count Joannes recalls an incident in the editorial room of the Boston *Transcript* some years ago, before the Count left Boston, and when the genial Dan. Haskell was editor of the paper. The Count's frequent visits had become a source of annoyance to Haskell and his associates in the editorial room, and but little respect was entertained by them for the numerous titles claimed by the Count, while his consequential airs and lofty style had become a positive bore.

Rushing in late one forenoon, where Haskell, Fox, Dix and Whipple were scratching away for dear life at their respective desks, the Count slapped down a small slip upon Haskell's desk and asked in a loud and indignant tone:

"Why was that item about me published in yesterday's *Transcript*?"

Haskell laid down his pen, and, rising to his feet, confronted the Count, who stood in a dramatic attitude with folded arms, and said, in his decided, matter of fact way:

"Mr. Jones, leave this room (pointing to the door), do not enter it again as long as you live; we are tired of you, and you may rest assured that as long as I am editor of the *Transcript* your name shall never again appear in its columns except under the head of 'Obituary.' Go!"

The Count was so taken aback that he did not utter a word, but elevated his eyebrows, fixed his hat more firmly upon his head, and strode majestically to the door toward which Haskell still pointed and vanished behind it.

The editor sank back in his seat with a sigh of relief, but there was a peal of laughter from those present, in which even the sedate Whipple joined.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

What was Paid for Illinois.

The Chicago *Tribune* prints an old document of considerable historic interest. It is a deed or conveyance of land bearing date July 20, 1773. The parties of the first part in the transaction are ten Indian chiefs of the different tribes of the Illinois nations of Indians, representing all of them, and the parties of the second part are twenty-two white men of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, Penn., and London, England. The premises conveyed by the Indians to these white men are two several tracts of land, viz.: First, the tract now commonly known as Southern Illinois, and, second, the remainder of the State to the northern border, and a portion of Southern Wisconsin. The consideration for this immense tract of land, including the whole State of Illinois and a good part of Wisconsin, is thus expressed in the deed: "Two hundred and sixty strouds, 250 blankets, 350 shirts, 150 pairs of stroud and half-thick stockings, 150 stroud breech-cloths, 500 pounds of gunpowder, 4,000 pounds of lead, one gross of knives, thirty pounds of vermilion, 2,000 gun-flints, 200 pounds of brass kettles, 200 pounds of tobacco, three dozen gilt locking-glasses, one gross of gun-worms, two gross of awls, one gross of fire-steels, sixteen dozen of gartering, 10,000 pounds of flour, 500 bushels of Indian corn, twelve horses, twelve horned cattle, twenty bushels of salt and twenty guns, the receipt whereof we do hereby acknowledge." These articles having been "paid and delivered in full council." The deed was signed and executed before a French notary public at Kaskaskia village.

The World's Telegraphs.

The system of telegraphs in Europe comprised, at the end of 1877, 268,869 miles of lines and 769,768 miles of wire. There were 19 627 government telegraph stations. The number of employees amounted to 61,974, and the number of instruments to 41,708. The number of paid messages was in round numbers 86,000,000, of which 20,000,000 were international dispatches. The number of other telegrams forwarded amounted to about 7,000,000. M. Newman Spallart gives the following statistics for the other parts of the world: In America (1875 to 1877), 114,157 miles of wire; 8,756 stations; 23,000 000 telegrams. In Asia (1875 to 1876), 24,521 miles of wire; 489 stations; 2,300,000 telegrams. Australia (1875), 23,582 miles of wire; 689 stations; 2,500,000 telegrams. Africa (1874 to 1876), 8,148 miles of wire; 195 stations; 1,200,000 telegrams.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

The Extravagant Sprees of Our Celebrated Forefathers.

The following is from an address by James Parton before the New York Historical Society: This venerable society has seen fit for many years to hold feasts, especially in June, when the festive strawberry gladdens the heart of man. He had asked, why this collation every month? What connection between sandwiches and history? But a venerable member had rebuked him, saying gravely: "Let no man speak disrespectfully of sandwiches here, for sandwiches built this house." One of the first acts of the Puritans in 1620 was to abolish that most time-honored and beloved feast, Christmas. Some of them made the observance of the day a matter of conscience, and the governor had spared them "till they should be better informed;" but he had forbidden public games on that day. But in truth the Puritans never succeeded in abolishing Christmas, although they no longer observed it openly, according to the old chronicles. They had simply changed the date on which it had been observed for 3,000 years, and observed it after the old fashion—on the last Thursday of November.

The Puritans had little to make merry with. For years they had nothing to drink but water; and often the only viand was a lobster, with nothing to make a salad of. Then it was that the clam made its appearance in history. But often, when the pilgrims had made ready a feast of ground-nuts and clams, the Indians would come and eat it. To put a stop to these breaches of etiquette the pilgrims hanged a man, not an Indian—that would not have been strange or original—but they hanged one of their own number for stealing from an Indian. In this tragic way the clam appeared in history. In this proud and haughty town the vender of the clam, and even the horse who draws his load, are often mentioned in tones of disparagement; but it is far otherwise in New England, where they have "grand annual Episcopal clam-bakes."

When America began to export furs and tobacco and codfish, the people of the country lived extravagantly. Bringing molasses from the West Indies, they soon learned to make rum of it, and rum became a circulating medium; but rum and tobacco soon vitiated the feasts of our forefathers. Even at the meetings of the clergy the room was often dark with smoke of tobacco and the steam of hot rum. If anyone supposed that in colonial times the people were more austerely virtuous than they are now, let him examine the records of the society, and he would soon find the magnitude of his error. John Adams, who began the temperance movement in this country, records that the price of rum was in those times a shilling a gallon, though sometimes it was raised to a pistareen, and in small towns there would be a dozen rum taverns, which were alarmingly injurious to the people. Other records show similar facts. From reading Franklin's memoirs, the lecturer, in common with others, had thought that sage a temperance man. But the sagacious Franklin, who knew well what to tell, omitted to state that after he became a prosperous gentleman he was no longer a teetotaller.

The absurd and barbarous habit of drinking healths was observed in all its rigor, but even this was to be preferred to the slangy habits of modern times. Later, tea and coffee came into fashion, though chocolate had preceded these dainties in the popular favor, and the chocolate was commonly boiled with sausages and the whole mess eaten with a spoon. The coffee in olden times was probably very bad, and even as late as John Randolph's time there was ground for his immoral remark: "Waiter, if this is tea, bring me coffee; if this is coffee, bring me tea."

In the time of the revolution, while the army was starving at Valley Forge, the people in the great cities were living in luxury and extravagance; and later, when the commerce of the country was pouring in wealth, the style of living was incredibly luxurious. The consequences of this extravagance were serious. For one thing it broke up President Washington's cabinet. Dinners did it. The salaries of the secretaries were all insufficient to keep up the style of living that was thought necessary.

How a Top Climbed a String.

The Japanese top-spinner walked to the side of the stage and untied a string which as soon as it was loosed swung quickly to the middle of the stage, and then hung perpendicularly. After untying this string, the Japanese took a top from his assistant, and twirling it in his hand until it revolved quickly enough, he took hold of the end of the string, and, placing the stem of the top at right angles to it, left things to take care of themselves.

The top spun a short time at the end of the string, but soon it began to move slowly upward, still spinning at right angles with the string. It continued in this way to move steadily upward until at length it had traversed the entire distance, and was lost to view behind the "flies" over the stage.

When the applause that greeted this trick had subsided, the Japanese moved the doll-house to the center of the stage and placed it beside the table. He then set six tops, exactly alike in size and appearance, spinning upon the table, and taking a seventh in his hand, indicated to the spectatorr, by signs, that he would send it on a journey through the doll's house. He then sat down on the floor, and curling up his legs, Turk fashion, started the seventh top spinning. It ran along the floor until it reached a sort of inclined drawbridge leading to the entrance of the little house, and then went slowly to and through the open door. The juggler waited a moment, as it expecting some signal from the now invisible top. His suspense was relieved an instant later by the tinkling of a silver bell, which indicated that the top had entered one of the tiny rooms. The Japanese held up one finger and waited, in a listening attitude, for a second signal. It came, as before, in the tinkle of a bell, upon hearing which the man held up two fingers. Finally, when ten rooms had been visited, and ten bells, rung in this way, had been counted on the performer's fingers, he arose and pointed toward the house, and toward the table, upon which the six tops were yet spinning. After a few moments, during which we silently watched the door of the house, the top that had been ringing the bells came quickly out of the entrance, ran down the drawbridge and dropped motionless at the feet of the Japanese. That same momen the tops on the table stopped and dropped over on their sides.—*St. Nicholas.*

There's one thing you can borrow on your personal security—Trouble.