TIMELY TOPICS.

There are now 42,677 postoffices in the United States, an increase of 1,938 in the past year. The number of offices paying more than \$1,000 each, and therefore called presidential postoffices, is 1,764. New York heads the list, with 189. Illinois comes next, with 163; then Pennsylvania, with 132, and Ohio, with 112.

Mr. Fambro, of Sandersville, Ky., has large rattlesnake, about five feet long, which he captured last October, and which he has kept in a bob with a wire net front ever since that time. Though he has had it ten months, the snake has never eaten anything at all since it was captured. It "lives on air," and if it could be converted into the genus homo, retaining its natural habits, it would make a splendid newspaper man.

A Frenchman, who resides on a farm near Paris, and has a fancy for picking up old animals, has a mule aged seventy-three, a goose aged thirty-seven, a cow aged thirty-six, a hog aged twenty-seven, a bullfinch aged twenty-eight, and a sparrow aged thirty-one. This last accounts for the millions of sparrows in the world. A couple of healthy sparrows, producing twenty or thirty young a year for thirty years, is something sad to contemplate.

The national association for the pro-The national association for the protection of the insane, which was organized at the charities conference in Cleveland recently, has for its object the introduction of more humane and intelligent methods of dealing with insanity. Great things in this direction have been done in the past generation, but much still remains to be done. Especial care has been taken by the association to make it understood that the movement does not arise from hosassociation to make it understood that the movement does not arise from hos-tility to any asylum or officials.

A druggist's assistant was charged before the correctional chamber in Paris, a few days ago, with causing the death of a man by misreading a prescription. The doctor, whose writing was very clear, ordered eight drops of laudanum, which the assistant carelaudanum, which the assistant care-lessly read as eight grammes, or about a quarter of an ounce. The overdose naturally killed the patient, and the court sentenced the prisoner to three months' imprisonment. His advocate urged as an extenuating circumstance that, if the mistake had cost the de-ceased his life, it had at least provided him with a painless death! him with a painless death!

State elections will occur this year as follows: Alabama, first Monday in August; Arkansas, first Monday in September; Vermont, first Tuesday in September; Maine, second Tuesday in September; Colorado, first Tuesday in October; Indiana, Ohio and West Virginia second Tuesday in October; California Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, November 2; Georgia, November 3.

The projected tunneling of Mount Blanc is engaging the serious attention of French engineers, and, contrary to common opinion, they characterize it as an easier undertaking than that of the Simplon route. The estimates of cost for executing such a work are, in the case of the Simplon, about \$27,000,000, and in that of Mount Blanc only \$15,000,000. Furthermore, it is claimed that the Mount Blanc tunnel will make the journey from Paris to Genoa some ninety-seven kilometers shorter than by the Simplon route. The location of the tunnel is a point which has given rise to various opinions, but that which meets with special lavor from the advocates of the enterprise is from Chamounix to Courmayeur.

John Dye, the expert in counterfeiting, says that a close study of good notes is necessary for those who would readily detect bad ones. Some of the latter are detect bad ones. Some of the latter are fully as fine as the former in workmanship, and it is only by the variations that they can be distinguished. He represents counterfeiting as having greatly increased of late, and the operators as backed by plenty of capital. In the case of base coinage, he says that some of their product costs more than half its apparent value to make. He showed a oin that had exactly the weight, size and touch of a genuine five-dollar gold piece; but a cut into the edges showed that it was a shell of gold with a platinum filling. The actual value of the metal in it was two dollars and a half, and ithe making must have cost half a dollar more.

Chung Han, late Chinese ambassador at St. Petersburg, who was condemned to death some time ago for having signed a treaty with Russia without due authorization from Pekin, will not be authorization from Pekin, will not be executed for some time to come. December, it appears, is considered a particularly suitable time of year for cutting off people's heads in the flowery realm, and Chung Han's decapitation has been postponed to that month in deference to the high rank of the doomed mandarin. Toward the end of each year lists of criminals sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law are forwarded by all the provincial governors to Pekin, where the minister of justice runs his pen through the names of those he sees reason to pardon, and the emperor himself subsequently exercises his supreme right to commute sentences of supreme right to commute sentences of excessive severity. There is some chance, therefore, that Chung Han may still be let off.

The honors accorded to the American exhibitors at the fishery exhibition at Berlin were quite numerous. They were as follows: Address of thanks and a gold medal; one honorary prize; a gold medal, with special honorary diploma; nine gold medals, exclusive of the special ones before mentioned; fourteen silver medals; twelve bronze medals, and seventeen honorable mentions—in all sixty-nine awards to the United States Large as is the number of prizes for America, they might have been very much augmented, for the overwhelming superiority of the American exhibition over those of all other countries was conceded from the very first day. But the American exhibit was for the most part a collective one, made by the United States fish commission, and for this reason comparatively few American individuals, so to speak, received awards.

several inches, is as black as a bear and as hairy, and as ugly as a nightmare. All which leads the London Telegraph to ask: "What conceivable system of defenses could avail humanity against a creation of spiders as big as sheep? They would float across the sea in the diving bells which they know how to make so well, and swing themseives across rivers as they now do across garden paths. Leaping many miles at each jump, they could in a night traverse incredible distances, and waking in the morning a whole village might find itself inextricably woven up in a fog of web, every door, gate and chimney enveloped in a suffocating cobweb of glutinous ropes, while the grim twillight was made terrible by the stealthy motions of a multitude of bloodthirsty spiders." These are pleasant fancies for summer reveries. everal inches, is as black as a bear and

Mr. Stoddard, second mate of the brigantine Fortunate, which arrived recently at Halifax, N. S., from the West Indies, reports that one night, while passing along the coast of Florida, a singular phenomenon appeared just after dark. Two columns of fire were seen, seemingly about a mile away. They were about fifty yards apart and rose to a height of nearly 500 feet, when they arched toward each other, but did not meet. They burned with a steady, dull red color, and did not emit any sparks, but at the arching portions emitted tremulous rays or pencilings of light similar to an aurora borealis. They appeared in sight all night, and gradually faded away as daylight came. The weather was beautifully clear, and not a cloud was visible during the entire night. On the following day there was a heavy thunder-storm, accompanied by a gale of wind, but no rain. Mr. Stoddard, second mate of the

A Washington dispatch that says General Walker has placed the task of attempting to procure full census statistics of Indians not taxed to Major Powell and his assistants, who are working under the Smithsonian institution. Colonel Garrick Mallery, of the army, is now engaged in preparing a special set of schedules for recording Indian statistic. These will embrace heads calculated to set out all material facts of the Indian situation. and the condition of each tribe. Colonel Mallery has made a close study of the American Indians, and is well fitted to prepare schedules which shall cover all the more prominent features of Indian life, and bring out many points in the line of his researches which will be life, and bring out many points in the line of his researches which will be both new and interesting. This is an important matter in many respects. Hitherto all estimates for the purchase of Indian supplies have been based upon the supposed number of Indians in upon the supposed number of Indians in each tribe, but there is ground for the belief that the number has been vastly overstated in respect of many tribes, and that large sums have been wasted in

An Eccentric Man's Will.

An Eccentric Man's Will.

A correspondent writing from Vienna, Austria, says: We all know that millionaires are continually being reminded that there is no chance of their millions following them beyond the grave, but I had never before heard of an instance in which his millions should rob a poor man's bones of their justly earned repose in the tomb. And yet this is the case with Martin Ott, a millionaire, who died a year ago, and who is to be exhumed shortly. Martin Ott arrived in Vienna some thirty years ago, without so much capital as to begin a small business with. One of the partners in a great firm here, Mr. Syre, took pity upon him and helped him in more than one instance. After some time Ott began speculating, and all his speculations were crowned with success. But he was so eccentric a man that he possessed millions before people credited him with being able to support himself decently. He lived like the miser of romance, and scarcely any one here knew him to be a rich man. Among the few who were in his confidence was old Syre, his benefactor and friend, to whom Martin Ott had confided the secret of his will, by which he made him his sole heir, thus proving that next to avarice gratitude was his chief characteristic. Syre's business did not improve and the man who was once wealthy was not in a position to settle his son in business when the time came for him to seek a livelihood. But. of course, being the heirs of a millionaire the Syrefamily had no apprehensions for the future, and old Michael Ott lent his old friend's son 60,000 florins when they applied to him for a sum of money. Young Syre gave Ott a receipt for this sum and told his relations that the queer old miser laughed while he pocketed it, and scemed to say: "No danger of my keeping this!" He did keep it, however, and when he died it was found among his papers, so that young Syre is the debtor for 60,000 florins to the heir or heirs of old Ott, and not to his own father. as old miser laughed while he pocketed it, and seemed to say: "No danger of my keeping this!" He did keep it, however, and when he died it was found among his papers, so that young Syre is the debtor for 60,000 florins to the heir or heirs of old Ott, and not to his own father, as he had supposed, for old Syre died just one month before Ott, the millionaire, and the will provided for old Syre alone and never mentioned his heirs. All persons related to the deceased millionaire were therefore at liberty to prove their claims, and the rich legacy, which is at present still in the hands of the authorities, will be devided among them. The Syres are sut of question, and the eldest son, with that claim of 60,000 florins upon him, has gone mad. The number of persons that have already applied for the heritage is immense, and each branch of the family—not a very illustrious one, you may be sure—would naturally prefer being sole heir. Old Otthad one time made a will in which were contained legacies for all his friends, small or great, but of course this was annulled when he named Syre his sole heir. Then a number of unimportant dispositions were found on small slips of paper, and among other things was a prayer for a quiet funeral and a desire for a certain dress-coat he wished to wear in his grave. Now some of his relations in Bavaria have asked if at the time of his funeral that coat was searched thoroughly, and when the answer was in the negative, they demanded that the grave should be reopened and his coat examined closely for a possible will. It certainly is probable that he made one, since he fully knew that by old Syre's death his will was of no value whatever, and he cannot have been in ignorance that Syre's heirs would not inherit when he had not mentioned them in his will. We are of course all very eager to hear he had not mentioned them in his will. We are of course all very eager to hear he had not mentioned them in his become quite thrilling since it has been decided that the repose of the dead is to be disturbe

A bullock when slaughtered yields about fifty pounds of blood, which for fertilizing purposes is worth twenty-five

WHISTLING IN THE MINES.

at the Spirits (of Good Luck did to

Misses Retold.

A Carbondale (Pa.) letter says:
Most old miners believe that a "good
luck spirit" lurks in every mine, and
that at a sound of whistling it flies and
leaves the miners at the mercy of the
spirits of evil. If ill befalls any of the
workmen that day, the believers in the
superstition ascribe its cause entirely
to the frightening away of the good
luck spirit by the fatal whistle.

In 1840 there was a great mine disaster at this place. Several miners were
buried in one of the Delaware and
Hudson Canal company's mines by a
sudden caving in of the roof. Although the cause of the caving was
known to have been a lack of proper
support by pillars and timbers, at least
one old miner, a survivor of the disaster, still living here, has always maintained, and still maintains, that it was
caused by a "dare-devil miner," named
Jack Richards, whistling in the mine
while working with his gang, against while working with his gang, against the protests of his comrades. Richards was a skeptical young Welshman, who ridiculed all the superstitions of his fellow-workmen. With the old miner mentioned above and fifteen others, he tellow-workmen. With the old miner mentioned above and fifteen others, he was working in the mine, a mile from the entrance, on the day of the catestrophe. The mine was well known to be scantily propped, and the miners were "robbing" it preparatory to its abandonment. He is described as having been a merry fellow, fond of teasing his companions. On this occasion he suddenly laid down his pick, and announced to his fellow work-men in the chamber that he intended to "whistle them up the 'Rigs o' Barley.'" The miners were aghast at the thought of Richards thus deliberately flying in the face of mine luck, and they begged of him not to chase the good luck spirit away. He laughed at their fears, and with clear, loud notes made the chamber ring with the lively Scotch air. Not content with that, says the old miner, shuddering at this late day over the sacrilegious temerity of the merry Welshman he rattled off a lig known Not content with that, says the old miner, shuddering at this late day over the sacrilegious temerity of the merry Welshman, he rattled off a jig known by the miners as the "Devil Among the Tailors," and ended by telling the good luck sprit to "take a dance to that, and be blowed to it." None of the miners could speak for some time. Some of them tried to go to work again, but the fear of disaster was so strong upon them that they all made preparations to quit the mine. The old miner who recalls this incident says that he had a brother and a son working in another mine, and he made up his mind to go to them, tell them of Jack Richard's foolhardiness, warn them of its consequences, and escape with them from the mine. Jack Richards could not convince any of them of the childishness of their intended course.

Suddenly, while they were gathering

not convince any of them of the childishness of their intended course.

Suddenly, while they were gathering
up their tools, a noise like the sound of
distant thunder came to the ears of the
agitated miners. They knew too well
what the sound presaged. The roof was
"working," and a cave-in threatened
The miners turned to Jack and charged
him with bringing disaster upon them
by his defiance of the good luck spirit
of the mine. Jack replied that if the
roof was falling it was because of insufficient support, and, not because of his
whistling, and knowing the danger that
encompassed them all, he counseled his
comrades to lose no time in "getting
atop." But before they could take the
first step toward reaching the surface a
econd shock ran through the mine.
This time it was like a clap of thunder
near the earth. It was followed by a
crash that could be made out by the
falling masses of rock a coal from the
roof, and by a gust of wind that hurled
the miners against the jagged walls of
their chamber. Then the mine fell in
all about them, and the seventeen
miners and the car-horse were imprisoned behind a wall of fallen coal and
rock, in a space not more than forty feet
square. Their lights were extinguished,
and there was not a match in the party.
With death awaiting them in one of its
worst forms, they cursed Jack Richards,
and one of the miners tried to find him
in the dark to brain him with a pick.
To ascrtain whether any of the gang
had been killed by the falling coal the
name of each one was called by one of in the dark to brain him with a pick. To ascrtain whether any of the gang had been killed by the falling coal the name of each one was called by one of the miners. All responded but Jack Richards. He was found dead, half buried beneath the wall of rock and coal. The miners gave themselves up to despair, as they did not dream it was possible for any aid to reach them from without, and to dig their way through a mile of rocky debris was a task they a mile of rocky debris was a task they knew was hopeless. Among the im-prisoned miners was a young man named Boyden. He was a son of Alexander Boyden, the superintendent of the mine, and, like his tather, was a ander Boyden, the superintendent of the mine, and, like his tather, was a man of great nerve and courage. He encouraged his imperiled companions with the assurance that the air in the mine would not be poisoned by the gases for at least two days, and that as long as the horse's body lasted they need not starve. He said that his father would leave nothing undone to rescue all who were shut in the mine, and that, meantime, they themselves could aid his efforts by digging out to meet him. Only three picks could be found, the others being buried beneath the coal. With these the men went to work with a will. Those who had no picks worked with their hands in digging into the barrier between them and their freedom. The body of poor Jack Richards was uncovered and laid tenderly in a safe place in the chamber. The horse seemed to understand the terror of the situation, and gave voice to frequent piteous neighs.

in the chamber. The horse seemed to understand the terror of the situation, and gave voice to frequent piteous neighs.

The men worked for hours, many of them working the flesh from their fingers in the sharp coal. Some of them lost all heart, and threw themselves upon the damp floor of their underground prison and bewailed their fate. Suddenly a ray of light broke through a small opening in the wall. Then a lantern was pushed through, followed by a man's head. The man cried out: "Is there a man here that is alive?" A glad shout from the miners was the reply. The man pulled himself through the opening into the chamber. It was Alexander Boyden, the superintendent. The miners took him up in their arms, wept tears of joy, and kissed the man whom they believed had come to deliver them. Mr. Boyden had found his way to the spot where the miners were imprisoned by crawling along a narrow passage that had been left in the falling soal and rock by the lodging of root limbers all along the way. It required a struggle for hours to make the perilous journey! He did not expect to find one man alive in the chamber, his great desire being to rescue the body of his son, it possible, and save it from being devoured by rats. He soon had the miners in readiness; to follow him back

toward the mouth of the mine. He took the dead body of Jack Richards on his back and led the way, and two hours afterward the miners were in the arms of wives, parents and sweethearts on top. Richards had no relatives but a crippled sister, who was dying with consumption. She died the next day. The brother and son of the narrator of this tragic incident and twelve other miners were never found. Three days after the fall, mine boss Hosie, who had been in a distant part of the mine when the root caved in, emerged from its depths, worn to a skeleton. With his pick he had dug his way for more than a mile through an almost solid wall, without a taste of food or a drop of water to strengthen and sustain him.

This mine tragedy forms one of the favorite narratives of the old miners of this region, and, after relating it to inquiring visitors, they never fail to warn them not to whistle if they intend going down in a mine.

A Harnessed Whale.

Wandering around on the wharves

A Harnessed Whale.

Wandering around on the wharves a day or two ago, among the remnants of what was once the scene of bustle and activity in the good old days of whaling, a Union reporter encountered an old seacaptain who had a good story to tell.

It is about thirty-five years ago, said the captain, since I went out from New London as a boat-steerer. That is a pretty lively berth, as any whaleman can tell you, especially when a whale is tackled. The steerer has virtually the control of the boat and the safety of the men in it, and when the whale begins to lash the water with his tail look out; there's danger in being near the big fluke. Sometimes you can put an iron into a whale and he won't splash on the surface, but will start off like a rocket, or perhaps will go right down, and you have to cut loose and lose your line and irons. Still, a whaleman gets used to these things, and when a boat is stove by a whale, or when the crew get into any difficulty, they generally know what to do, and take matters philosophically. They are tough fellows, and can row for hours (and without training) and with heavy cars resting on the "gunnel" (gunwale) of the boat.

We were laying becalmed one day off the Cape of Good Hope. It was as smooth as a mill-pond for miles; you couldn't see a ripple on the water, for not a breath of wind stirred. There were several whalers lying off the land, close in, waiting for a wind or something to give them occupation. By-and-bye we saw two or three whales coming up to blow, about two miles away. The captain called the watch up, and a couple of boats started for the wnales, which were lying still as if sunning themselves. In my boat was a big negro. Every time he rowed a stroke the boat would shoot ahead, and he would open his mouth and grin, showing a wonderful display of ivory. We raced with the other boat and got ahead, for my men were lithe and tough, and by-and-bye we got alongside of one of the big fellows. The steering-oar was pulled in; the oars were packed—that is, pulled in so tha

The whale laid still for a minute, as if struck with amazement that any one should dare to touch him. The rope, which was colled up in the tub in the bottom of the boat, ididn't seem to be of any use for a moment. In the meantime the other boat had come up. Suddenly the whale made up his mind what to do. He started off like a locomotive, the rope whizzing around in a way to astonish a land lubber. The boat didn't follow slow. When the rope was out we were rushing by the captain's boat like mad. The captain took off his hat and waved it at me, shouting: "Go it, young man; you're going out of town faster than you'll ever go again." All we could do in that double-ended boat was to sit still and see her go through we could do in that double-ended boat was to sit still and see her go through the water. I candidly believe that we went at the rate of a mile a minute, and the water was a very wonderful sight. It reminds me, now that I think of it, of Poe's description of the interior of the Maelstrom, where the water went round so fast and was so black that it must have seemed like a wall of polished ebony. The pressure downward piled the water up on both sides of us so that it seemed to be at least three feet higher than the edge of the boet, but it couldn't run, for we were going so fast it hadn't time. Every one's eyes were blurred with the wind, which seemed to be blowing a hurricane against us. The line hitched to the iron in the whale was rushing through the in the whale was rushing through the water as rigid as an iron rod, and there must have been a line of foam a mile long behind us. This thing couldn't go on forever. The negro had got a little scared, for it looked as if the whale would never get tired out, and we were going to sea at an amazing rate. The ship went away as if by magic, and we had lost sight of the other boat. The negro stopped grinning, and the other men expected at least to have a row all night in the dark unless the ship should follow us. Finally the line all at once slackened. The whale han't stopped, and, for all I know, is going ahead at the rate of a mile a minute still, but the iron had come out. We rowed back to the ship, and as we came along the captain called over the rail, "Where's the whale?" would never get tired out, and we were

whale?"
"Oh," said I, "the iron melted out,
he went so fast."
"Just what I thought," said the captain; and that night we all had "plum
duff."—New Haven Union.

Metals in the Body.

Metals in the Body.

The human body, which seems made up of flesh and blood, really contains several metals and gases, and other substances which perform important offices in the world of science. Nitrogen and carbon and hydrogen are its chief constituents; but it holds, besides, about two pounds of phosphorous, which is essential to the health of the bones and the vigor of the brain. This phosphorus, if extracted and put to use, would make up about four thousand packages of friction matches.

Besides phosphorus, it contains a few ounces of sodium, and a half ounce of potassium, which schoolboys know as a curious metal that burns brilliantly on the surface of water, or when touched by an icicle. The quantity of such in the body would be sufficient for many experiments in a large school.

In addition to sodium and potassium, there are a few grains of magnesium, enough to make the "silver rain" for a family's stock of rockets on a fourth of July evening, or to create a brilliant light visible twenty miles away. Who knows but some reckless chemist may undertake to drive a profitable business by extracting these materials from dead bodies?—Fouth's Companion.

FOR THE PAIR SPY

Gingham and Other Wash Travelle

Gingham and Other Wash Traveling Dresses.

It is the custom this summer to wear gingham dresses for traveling. For short journeys these are the most comfortable dresses used since buff and gray linen traveling dresses were universally worn. They are so easily cleansed after the journey by washing that they are not a source of anxiety on the way; they are of dark colors that are not conspicuous; and it greater warmth is needed, it is supplied by the traveling cloak of English homespun that has superseded the linen duster. Among the dark quiet colors chosen the preference is for stone blue, with grayish tinges, in checks of two shades of blue without any white, or else broken bars of blue on a white ground, or irregular stripes of two or three blue shades, with perhaps some thread lines of red or buff. To make these look still darker, they are trimmed with bias bands of solid blue gingham sewed on the plaited or gathered flounces, and as a bordering for the apron, basque, collar, cuffs and belt. The white Hamburg work used to brighten blue gingham dresses that are meant for the house and street is too dressy for these plain traveling suits. When made in the best manner, and of Scotch gingham, such dresses cost at the furnishing house from \$12 to \$17. The basques are not lined, and are made with as few seams as possible. The neck is usually finished with a turned over collar in Byron shape, or else extending lower on the bust in the notched directoire shape. Among expensive ginghams are stripes of two shades of peacock blue, or else of green; there are also olive green checks or irregular plaids that make up most effectively. The black and white broken oars are also in favor; for elder, y ladies these are trimmed with plaitings of the same, while young ladies add some pipings of Turkey red calico, and they also put a narrow red plaiting around the loot of the skirt.

For other wash dresses, whether of gingham or lawn, embroidery is the trimming preferred this season to lace. The Hamburg work in open patterps, or e

yard in widths suitable for edgings. For thin dotted muslins real embroidery on Swiss muslin is used, and is very different from that just described, and farmore costly. Very few embroideries are found suitable for the soft sheer mull and India muslins; hence lace is used for these dresses, and is almost confined to them. For thin mulls, Languedoc, point d'esprit and Breton laces are most liked; Valenciennes is dome employed, at least it is not bought from choice, though ladies who have nice qualities of this lace continue to use it. For white dresses, and indeed for most of the colored wash goods, very little starch is employed by the laundress, and there is no effort to give them gloss from the iron. The fancy at present is for the soft finish of Oriental stuffs, such as India mull or mummy-cloth, or the Turkey red calicoes. Gathered ruffles are now seldom fluted; they are made too scant for fluting, and are more stylish when froned smooth and plain. Plaited flounces are pressed perfectly flat half their depth, while below this the plaitings are pulled upward and apart by the laundress' hand to give them the appearance of great fullness. When a single border flounce trims the foot of a dress skirt, it is now the caprice to have the heading almost as wide as the lower part of the flounce, and if this wide heading fails to stand erect, and droops over at intervals, it is all the more stylish. The heading is for this reason often faced with gay red or blue cambric.

The linen lawns are prettier this summer than usual, and are more highly appreciated for their coolness and cheapness. The polka-dotted patterns—black, blue, brown or red, on white—make up most stylishly, and are sold in nice qualites of pure linen from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a yard. Fifteen yards are required to make a short dress with round waist, apron front, and straight full back simply trimmed with a border flounce. Dark red or blue

yards are required to make a short dress with round waist, apron front, and straight full back simply trimmed with a border flounce. Dark red or blue satin ribbon in a long-looped bow at the throat, with a belt of the same tied on the left side, with short hanging ends, is all the ornament needed. The neck may have a handkerchief fichu which is pointed behind, or else a Byron collar. Pretty evening dresses are made of the cream-white seaside zephyr, which imitates India stuffs with crape-like finish, and costs from eighteen to twenty-one cents a yard. It requires to be made in full bouffant hashion, with much festooned drapery, and is trimmed with Languedoc lace and many loops of pale pink or blue ribbon.—Harper's Bazar.

Kneading Bread.

Here is a little incident which not only has the merit of being true, but the additional one of containing a lesson much needed by girls:

A lady in one of our large cities was interested in finding employment for the numbers of needy idle women during the years of great depression in trade. One day a young woman came to her who had tried in turn to fill a place as shop-girl, seamstress, chambermaid, cook, hairdresser and patent medicine vender, and had been discharged from all as incompetent.

"You have never learned any trade or handicraft?" asked the lady.

"Well, no, nothing particular. I was handy in a general way."

"Is there no thing you can do thoroughly well?"

The woman reflected, then her face lighted.

"I could knead bread. I always did that better than any one else on the farm."

The lady's brother, an eminent physician, who happened to be present, suddenly took part in the conversation.

"Let me look at your fingers," he said.

They were long, strong, of great

said.

They were long, strong, of great nervous force. They were long, strong, of great nervous force.

"I will give you work." He had charge of a hospital in which the patients were subjected to a cure called massage, a process of kneading, by which artificial exercise is given to the body. Skillful manipulators were difficult to find. After a few lessons our country girl earned her thirty dollars per week.

per week.

With every year the number of young men and women pressing into the market to find employment increases. There is absolutely no chance for the loosely trained workmen whose brain or body is only "handy in a general way." Learn to do one thing, and to do

it thoroughly, and you will never be in danger of going without a meal for the lack of honest work.—Youth's Com-

Ancient Female Lawyers.

Not every lady and gentleman who has this season applauded Miss Terry's Portia is aware that about the date when the "Merchant of Venice" may be supposed to have exhibited his gaberdine upon the Rialto there actually existed great temale lawyers in the neighboring city of Bologna. Professor Calderini, who held the chair of jurisprudence in that university in 1360, and Professor Novella, who occupied it in 1366, were not only celebrated for their legal lore, but, if we may trust their portraits, were exceedingly beautiful women, with noble Greek profiles, dressed in a style which Miss Terry might have copied without disadvantage. If women hereafter should again obtain entrance into the legal profession, it is not at all improbable that we may see something more of the keenness of feminine wits engaged in disentangling the knots of the law. Two ladies in Ireland, according to the Times' Dublin correspondent, have just been conducting their own most intricate cases in a manner which excited the surprise of the Master of the Rolls, who even observed that he was "astonished that the ladies had been able to put their case on paper so intelligently and clearly without legal advice." If other ladies should follow the example of the Misses Fogarty, what a falling-off must ensue in the solicitors' bills! They lost their case, it is true, but seemingly could not have won it under any guidance; and at all events they have escaped that great aggravation of the misery of defeat in a court of law—the lawyers' costs.—Pall Mall Gasette.

A Badger's Defense Against Dogs.

A Badger's Defense Against Degs.

Mr. Charles Gonter and son were shooting ten miles west of the city when they saw upon the banks of a stream a badger. Two dogs accompanied the hunters, and upon receiving the proper encouragement began an attack upon the animal. The fight was a lively and interesting one, and though a shot could have easily settled the contest, the hunters preferred to look on and enjoy the struggle, and leave the fate of the badger to be settled by the dogs. For ten minutes the dogs howled and barked, and would occasionally jump on the enemy, inserting their teeth in its back, receive a slight, would in return and then rewould occasionally jump on the enemy, inserting their teeth in its back, receive a slight would in return and then retreat a few feet away. A false movement would then be indulged in by the dogs, as though they intended to pounce upon their victim and kill him without further parley. The badger soon understood their false attacks, and when he paid no attention to one of them the succeeding one was sure to result in a struggle, in which every time the dogs were driven away with an extra wound or two, until finally, all worn out and covered with blood, they gave up the fight. A .arge bulldog, owned by a neighbor, heard the noise of the other two and!came bounding upon the scene, fresh and in good trim and eager for the fray. The badger was about tired out, and it was but a short time after the arrival of the third dog before he was lying dead, having fought bravely to the end, leaving gory marks upon the bide of the third antequals. lying dead, having fought bravely to the end, leaving gory marks upon the hide of the third antagonist. The badger is full grown, and probably weighs thirty pounds. His fur is of grayish color, and he is altogether a very pretty animal. He was looked upon as a great curiosity, from the fact that no badger was ever before discovered in this part of Missouri, and the questionis, where did he come from?—

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Easy Fishing.
A correspondent at the Thousand islands in the St. Lawrence river writes thus to the Springfield (Mass.) Republicant.

thus to the Springheid (Mass.) Republican:

Fishing is here sport without labor. You seat yourself in an easy arm-chair in a fisherman's boat; your trolling poles are supported by pins and sockets in the sides of the boat, and you are free to enjoy the river, until a vicious jerk at the end of the pole tells you a bass or pickerel, or perhaps a twenty-pound muskallonge is to be pulled in and stowed away. Of late years, it is said, the fishermen have attached little bells to the poles to arouse their passengers, who, it may be, are drowsing in the listless beauty of the northern summer days. After the morning's fishing through the shallows inside of the Grenadier, or in Goose bay, or among the islands in the Canadian channel, you run ashore at noon for an island dinner. Grenadier, or in Goose bay, or among the islands in the Canadian channel, you run ashore at noon for an island dinner. From cubbles and baskets, your boatman produces pots, pans, plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, fresh butter, bread, a cullet of new potatoes, and pastry. And while you lie under the trees these and your catch of fish are preparing over a fire, built against a well-blackened stone, a dinner which will live long in your memory. So having fished and eaten, and fished again, you go back to your hotel, your fish are carried in triumph before you from the landing to the tables under the hotel plazza where the day's catch is displayed and fish stories of the past worthies of hook and line are told, with more regard perhaps to picturesque effect than strict accuracy. And here, if you show as a trophy a muskallonge, you will be a noted man for the season.

you show as a trophy a muskallonge, you will be a noted man for the season.

The American Eagle and the Dogs. Some three months ago, while hunting in the mountains east of the Twelvemile house, Mr. Buffington captured a young American eagle. At the time the bird was quite small, and from appearances but a few weeks old. Mr. Buffington has his pet confined in the yard back of his shop, and the many curious monkeyshines indulged in by the mountain bird are really amusing. Measuring some eight feet from tip to tip, and v. aghing forty pounds, with talons to ree inches in length, there is but small clances for any dogs residing in the neighborhood. For as sure as one nakes his appearance the eagle spreads his heavy wing, and with a loud scream he lights upon the back of the terror-stricken dog. The scene that follows is one of great interest. The dog, without further notice, darts through the side gate and out into the street, with the eagle attached to his back, and that, too, in a manner to stay. Down the street he goes at breakneck speed. At a distance of about two blocks the eagle bids the dog an affectionate adicu, and quietly returns as though nothing had happened. The same experiment is gone through with whenever the dog can be procured. It does not seem necessary to remark that dogs of any description are seldom seen in that part of the town, and the same dog never more than once. It would be a blessing to our city if we had one such bird on each block.—