

After All.

"This world is God's world, after all."
—*Charles Kingsley.*
Oh, this weary world, with its restless toiling,
And its fitful fever of unceasing care!
O h, this selfish world, our kindest actions
Soil,
So that our stained souls can scarcely rise in
prayer!
"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,
"This world is God's world, after all."
After all."

Oh, this weeping world, full of pain and sorrow
Full of breaking hearts that once were strong
and brave,
Full of dark despair that hopes for no to-morrow,
And of love whose memory is but a gravel
"Peace!" I hear the preacher-poet call,
"This world is God's world, after all."
After all."

This is God's world; so the birds are singing,
So the happy fields are glad with golden
wheat,
So the sun is shining, so the flowers are
springing,
So the heavy heart again with joy may beat.
Only listen how the strong words fall,
"This world is God's world, after all."
After all."

If 'tis God's world, why should we weep?
Why should we go heavily by night or day
"He giveth His beloved while they are
sleeping."
He loves the cheerful toiler, who can say,
"I fear no grief, no wrong that can befall;
This world is God's world, after all."
After all!"

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

"Little fire grows great with little wind."
—*Shakespeare.*

The steam gurgled and whistled, and
arose in great hot, white jets through
the wintry morning air. The bright
brass bell of the locomotive swayed to
and fro, ringing sonorously as the early
express jarred and rumbled out of the
station.

Every seat of the car I had just en-
tered was occupied; and feeling most
uncomfortably conspicuous, I awkwardly
stood beside the door that had just
slammed unceremoniously behind me.
"Poor thing! Doesn't she look in-
teresting in that silver gray traveling
dress! How slim and tall she is; and
how pretty and pale!" remarked some
one half-way down the coach.

"I think she looks decidedly
ghostly and commonplace," dissented
some other. "I never admired that
particular tint of blonde hair. It is
certainly neither yellow nor golden.
Her gray eyes are rather handsome—or
would be if they were not quite so
owlishly big and alert; and her skin is
really too fair. Such very fair com-
plexions do not wear well; they wrinkle
quickly and redden too easily. And
most blushes are so affected or coun-
terfeited. But, positively, I believe her
headgear is an affectation also. Is not
her bonnet quite a caricature?—huge,
immensely flaring, silver-gray plush—
and smoke-gray, most enormous plumes.
Will no one ever give her a seat? It
really makes me nervous to see her
posing there in that spectral, Quaker-
ishly, unadorned gray she eternally
affects."

"I always thought Luleen Aymes
quite ingenuous," observed the other
interlocutor; "and I am sure most
people think her very graceful and
lovely, and elegant and amiable. How-
ever, you do not seem to appreciate her
excellencies, very much, Cara."

"I cannot appreciate what I cannot
fiscern," asserted Clara, with a half sneer
that did not dignify her small, dark
pretiness.

Her companion smiled a politely leni-
ent disapproval, and in more suppressed
tones, returned: "You have always dis-
liked Luleen. And I have often almost
believed that some significant speech of
yours was the cause of her sudden
estrangement from Larry Murray. Is it
possible you said anything silly or med-
dlesome?"

"Oh, I dare say there are people
sufficiently proper and stupid to con-
sider me a very silly intermeddler in-
deed," Cara lightly responded. "How-
ever, I only kindly informed the gentle-
man of a few simple truths; and he was
good enough to thank me."

"I fancy your way of speaking of a
simple truth would not always encour-
age one to descend to the bottom of a
well to find it," commented the elder
lady, still speaking with the look and
voice of courteous disapprobation.
"Poor, dear, pretty Luleen!" she pro-
ceeded. "Have you observed how very
white she is? how very disturbed she
seems? She must have been a passen-
ger in that wrecked coach, and was
sadly frightened no doubt. I am sure
it must be quite dreadful for a lady trav-
eling unattended to happen in an acci-
dent, but to be all alone in such peril,
and deaf and dumb too, is really some-
thing appalling."

I knew both the speakers who had
been discussing my person and my
reputation, my faults and my misfor-
tunes. But they little guessed that I
had heard their incautious, and not
particularly delicate and sympathetic,
comments and speculations. They little
guessed that I was no longer deaf and
dumb—no longer tongueless in a sound-

less world. They little guessed that
the casualty they had mentioned in
their flippant chatter had been ordained
to restore me divers lost blessings.
But for a moment I forgot my amiable
commentators. I forgot even my
unpleasant posture—a somewhat
shaky perpendicular. And I certainly
did not remember the sorry solace of
seeing quite a little company in the mis-
ery of seatlessness and endangered
equilibrium, for with unseeing eyes I was
gazing through the coach window upon
the kaleidoscopic fragment of world
through which the train was darting
like a great, fierce, fleet serpent with its
hissing of steam, and rattle and glitter
of iron and steel, while I was thinking
very intently of many things.

I thought of the accident that had
happened scarcely two hours before. I
had been half dozing in my seat when a
thick, turbulent cloud of black and
blinding smoke darkened the air; when
I was conscious of a strange jolting suc-
ceeded by a dreadful crash. In that
hour of fright I regained my voice and
hearing. I cried aloud, and heard the
shrieks of those around me. I heard
the stentorian announcement that rang
cheerfully through the wrecked coach:
"Nobody is hurt;" and my lips as well
as my heart responded "God is good."

I thought, too, of the first time I
met Larry Murray. The day of that
meeting was very beautiful and happy.
A garden party had gathered on a fine
old lawn, where the trees were tall and
ancient and full of tuneful birds—where
delicate, reposed shadows moved in
sunlight and moonlight over the velvety,
odoriferous grass—where one could see
delightful fountains and great plots of
brilliant flowers, and far away a glimpse
of the turquoise blue of a pretty little
valley lake. There were dancing and
an orchestra in a gilded Moorish pavil-
ion, amid a picturesque tangle of exotic
palms, and a wild waltz was ending
when some one brought him to me.
Love, that mysterious and puissant
sentiment, must have mutually in-
veigled us in that first moment. His
dark eyes, pleased and wondering,
turned toward me a lingering, question-
ing gaze, before which I trembled and
blushed without comprehending why.
We danced and dined, and sang and
supped together, and in a week were
betrothed. Our betrothal, however,
was not unwisely hasty. His parents
and mine had been friends, and society
recognized him as a gentleman of
wealth and worth and much professional
distinction. And that our affection was
real and leal, we both knew. Never-
theless that glad, sweet summer ended
in grief and anger. Suddenly Larry
seemed oddly changed. He was still
devoted—too punctiliously so, I fancied—
but the dear, spontaneous tender-
ness had gone from his manner, and at
times he would watch me with a gloom
inquisitorial gaze that would haunt me
for days with an agony of disquieting
speculation.

And sometimes he would speak
vaguely, in a cynical sort of way, as if
he doubted the unselfishness of all hu-
manity, and my own fealty to him most
of all. I was proud and I was loyal,
and his ambiguous denunciations pained
and angered me, and finally became no
longer endurable. And so, one day,
when one of his inexplicably churlish
moods had become insufferable, I ended
our pleasant dream by a quiet little
homily of resentment that I tried to
make as dignified as possible.
"Larry," I began, with commendable
calmness, though my wild tears were
rioting unseen, "latterly I have fancied
that you regard our engagement as a
misfortune to yourself. I cannot con-
jecture why. I have fancied, too, that
you suspect me guilty of some grievous
fault or wrong, and that I am not quite
worthy of your love, that I am sure
despite this melancholy mystery, is mine.
You are not brave enough," I went on,
hotly, "to tell me what you suspect.
You are not manly enough to explain the
strange and cruel hints with which
you have outraged my pride and grieved
my affection for weeks. And so, Larry,
although I love and honor you as I never
loved and honored any other, I believe
I am acting rightly in making you free.
I shall be gratified if you will consider
yourself no longer betrothed to me."

With the concluding sentence I left
him alone, conscious that his dark eyes
were regarding me with as much anguish
as astonishment. I did not see him
again. The next morning he left the
place, and then came my terrible illness,
when for weeks I lay delicious at the
doors of death, to be thrust back at last,
deaf and dumb, into a life that must be
lonely and loveless evermore. And yet,
even on this day of catastrophe, heaven
had been kind to me. I was no longer
mute. I could once more hear the sweet
sound of voices and all the noises of
the busy, perplexing world, of which in
my youth and health I could not be
quite weary.

I was still staring—with stupid resig-
nation it must have seemed to observers,
no doubt—through the coach window,
when the train stopped, and after a
happy exit of superfluous occupants
some one offered me a seat.
I was more amused than annoyed
when I observed that this seat was

directly behind that of my chatty
acquaintances, who greeted me as sur-
prisedly as if they had supposed me a
permanent inhabitant of the Antipodes
until that particular moment, and I
favored them with a smile much more
brilliant than it would have been, I
imagine, had I not heard their interest-
ing and momentous dialogue.

My seat was not entirely vacant.
Indeed, I found small room to place my
slim form and Quakerish skirts quite
comfortably and neatly in the little
space beside the aisle, that was no more
fastidiously clean than one usually finds
that of an ordinary coach to be.

A gentleman occupied the place by
the open window—a gentleman of goodly
weight and proportions, evidently, who
from his aristocratically small ears to
his shapely, polished boots, was wrapped
in a great rich brown ulster, and whose
visage was completely concealed by the
big black Rubens hat he wore jauntily
upon a haughtily-poised head.

I had installed myself in my limited
seat as unostentatiously and cozily as I
could possibly do, when the shielding
Rubens hat was pushed aside, and the
dark, handsome face of Larry Murray
was turned toward me, and for an in-
stant I could feel the deadly pallor that
was making my own face icily cold.

He smiled upon me with an expression
I thought of pity, and that half mad-
dened me. Then from somewhere in his
great ulster he took a note-book and
pencil.

"I am pleased to see you again," he
wrote, thinking me still a deaf mute.
"You are looking remarkably well,
and lovely, too, I must add, Luleen, al-
though you have always seemed to me
most lovely."

I sat still and motionless as a statue,
and seemingly as quite unheeding. But
large tears were slowly falling over my
cheeks that were becoming hot and
crimson, and all my pulses were throbb-
ing feverishly and fast.

I was tempted to act for a little while
the role of a dumb and deaf victim of
fate; but I have neither the predilec-
tion nor the ability for the part of serio-
comic.

So I gasped and stammered, and be-
came awkwardly embarrassed, quite
naturally.

"I am entirely comfortable," I an-
swered with distinct tones, and smiled
with an exultation that is pardonable,
I trust, when I observed that Miss Cara
and her companion flushed guiltily on
hearing my voice. "And I am very
well, indeed, Larry, I have something
to tell you, and I have sufficient reason
to consider this the seasonable time and
place. Miss Cara told you part of a
truth, and I desire to tell you all."

My voice faltered, for I was saying
something that seemed to me very bold
and ungraceful.

"Long ago, when I was only a child
of fifteen, my dying father betrothed me
to a man whom he scarcely knew, but to
whom he owed debts of honor. The
circumstances were such that I should
very likely have become the wife of that
person had he not in less than a year
after the burial of my poor parent been
killed in one of his orgies. Is my ex-
planation, humiliating as it is to me,
sufficient, Larry? If it is not, ask Miss
Cara if anything remains to be explained.
She evidently for of that

"A lie that is half the truth
Is the very worst lie of all."

when she told you that bit of my his-
tory. In telling you this, Larry, here,
and at such a time, I am not hoping to
regain your old regard. Believe me, I
only desire not to be misunderstood
and misjudged."

I was sobbing foolishly then, like the
child I always was and always shall be,
I think; and even the smoke-gray plume
that swept over my pearl-gray bonnet
was all dabbled and discolored by my
profuse tears as I bowed my head low
in my shaking hands.

Presently some one bent over me, and
with a caressing movement turned my
wet face toward him.

"Both misunderstood and misjudged
you, Luleen," confessed my Larry; "but
I think my darling is wise enough to
comprehend how just such sorrowful
mistakes are sorely too often made. Long
ago I was so sorely ashamed for having
doubted you, that I promised our dear
God that I would trust you blindly and
always if He would but give me back
my love—my wife to be—is she not?"

My answer was satisfactory, although
we were both rather confusedly con-
scious that stranger and curious eyes
were mirthfully regarding us.

Miss Cara and her companion had
diplomatically disappeared, but neither
they nor we—my husband Larry and I
—will ever forget that little episode of
a railway journey.

To say that Jones' nose is a rouser
would be stating it mildly. It stands out
on his profile like a good deed in a
naughty world or a lighthouse on a
beach. And Jones is sensitive about
that nose. Seeing a strange young
man gazing at him the other day, Jones
became uneasy, until he finally broke
out with, "Well, what are you staring
at? Do you see anything remarkable
about me?" "None, sir," was the ra-
ther equivocal reply of the young man
as he dodged around the corner.—*Boston
Transcript.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

For ammonia taken raw by accident,
give new milk, olive oil, ice in bits;
bind ice on the throat.

Poultices are better for the addition
of a little sweet or castor oil and a few
drops of laudanum.

Bathing the face in lemon juice mixed
with glycerine will remove tan and
freckles in a few days, if the individual
be not exposed to the sun.

The eyes of a child under a year old
should not be allowed to meet the blaze
of an unshaded light.

Water standing for a night in a close
or crowded room absorbs the impure air,
and becomes very unwholesome and
positively injurious to health. Be care-
ful not to use water which has stood in
a lead pipe.

Ragged wounds, in the hand or foot
especially, should be freely and fre-
quently bathed in hot lye, and dressed
either with lye poultice or thickened
milk poultice, with a little oil, to keep
it from getting hard, poured over it, or
with a mush and fat poultice.

A writer in the London *Lancet* re-
marks: At the Middlesex hospital fe-
male patients who have suffered many
years from sick headache, evidently of
an hereditary character, have been
greatly benefited, if not cured, by the
administration of ten minim doses of
tincture of Indian hemp three times
daily between the attacks. This is
well worthy of trial in those cases of
ever-living, never-dying martyrdom-
like suffering.

When one feels the approach of a
severe cold, he may often find relief
by using composition tea. The following
is the recipe for the powder: Take
one-half ounce of red pepper, one-half
ounce of cloves, one-half ounce of cin-
namon, one-half pound of bay-berry
bark, and one-half pound of ginger.
The ingredients should all be ground
and thoroughly mixed. Put in wide-
mouthed bottles and cork tight. When
needed, put a teaspoonful of the powder
in a bowl and fill it with boiling water.
Milk and sugar make it very palatable.

How many times I have heard this
said: "I could get along nicely with my
work if my feet did not feel so uncom-
fortable and even painful." Without
any doubt the woman who makes this
remark goes about the house in thin,
loose slippers. I used to do it myself.
I thought I had to because others did,
but a few experiments convinced me
that the only way to do work comfort-
ably is to wear thick-soled shoes. One
very soon becomes accustomed to them,
and will find great relief. There is al-
ways more or less running outdoors to
be done, and there is great danger of
taking cold if the feet are not well pro-
tected.—*E. W. B., in New York Post.*

A Ride on a Wild Bull.

Recently there was a "rodeo" out on
Lost river, Lake county, Oregon. Ran-
chmen had gathered for a circuit of
seventy-five miles to claim and brand
their young cattle, and when a cordon
of men had surrounded a large band,
among which was a Spanish bull, a dis-
pute arose about a "mallet head," or
calf that had escaped the spring brand-
ing. The discussion grew warm, none
of the stockholders being able to set
a valid claim or establish an undoubted
title. At last in a spirit of bravado, a
rancher proposed that whoever would
ride the bull without saddle or halter
should be declared owner of the calf.
There was a yell of approval but not a
general stampede of volunteers, for
taurus was in ill-humor, and his foam-
ing mouth and bloodshot eyes gave
token that whoever rode him would
have a ride as wild as Mazepa's, and
one that might not end so well. At
last a "vaquero" named Frick accepted
the challenge and the wild bull was im-
mediately lassooed and held by a lariat
round horn and foot. Dismounting
from his horse the vaquero fastened his
long-roveled spurs securely, tied a
handkerchief round his head, ap-
proached the infuriated animal, and
grasping the tail in his hands sprang
lightly on it, setting the spurs deeply
in its flanks as he settled securely in
his seat. The lariats were slackened;
the bull gave a roar of rage and terror
and flung his head to the ground; but
the rider had his back to the horns and
a firm grip on the tail, and kept his
seat. Another roar that shook the
ground, a wild plunge, and the now
maddened bull shot out across the sage
plain with lightning speed, his plucky
rider twisting the tail that to him was
a sheet-anchor until the bellows were
lost in the wind. For over a mile
and a half the race continued, amid the
excited cheers of the vaquero's com-
rades. Occasionally the bull gave a
desperate plunge through a heavy
clump of sage in the vain attempt to
rid himself of his tormentor, but the
long rovells only clung more firmly to
his flanks. Sometimes the animal and
rider were hidden by undulations in the
ground, and bets were even made that
Frick would be thrown and gored; but
at last the bull, exhausted from sheer
fright, fell, and the plucky vaquero,
stepping lightly off, returned to claim
his prize, which was unanimously
awarded.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The wheat deficit in Russia is officially
estimated at 60,000,000 bushels. There
is great agricultural distress in the
southern provinces in consequence of
locusts and defective planting.

In the United States fish culture
dates back barely a quarter of a century,
while in Europe the industry has been
systematic for more than six hundred
years, and in Asia for thousands of
years; and yet the United States, at the
international fish exhibition at Berlin,
excelled all other countries in their ex-
hibit of appliances and methods pertain-
ing to fish culture.

The director of the bureau of statis-
tics at Vienna has made some interest-
ing researches concerning the compara-
tive longevity of women and men in
Europe. He finds that out of 102,831
individuals who have passed the age of
ninety years, 60,303 are women, and
42,528 are men. In Italy 241 alleged
centenarian women are found for 141
men of that age.

It appears that the emigration from
Germany during this year promises to
exceed any former experience. A cor-
respondent of the London *Times*, writ-
ing from Berlin, says that whole villages
are to be depopulated by this movement
toward America. The American emigra-
tion agents, however, hardly dare set
forth the advantages of the various
States which they represent, as they
are warned by the American legation
that it would be unable to help them if
they should get into trouble with the
authorities. The German government
is doing all it can to discourage emigra-
tion.

The Kansas temperance executive
committee have issued an address con-
gratulating the people of the State upon
the progress of the temperance cause.
They say: "By the votes of her citizens,
by the decision of her supreme court,
and by the action of her legislature,
Kansas has declared herself forever free
from all partnership in the traffic of in-
toxicating liquors, and now leads the
world in the effort to suppress by con-
stitutional law the great scourge of the
nations. Only by a prompt and vigor-
ous enforcement of the laws can we
have a right to hold the post of honor
in the great warfare with intemperance.
The passage of the amendment has been
followed by the enactment of a law that
is stringent in its provisions. It is
noteworthy that this law passed the
legislature by a large majority. The
vote in the senate was thirty-two to
seven, and in the house 100 to twenty-
three, thus giving a majority in both
houses of more than four to one."

In these days of "specialists" a new
department is opened up to the care of
the fingers and nails. A New York es-
tablishment devotes itself to this spe-
cialty, and is crowded by patrons. The
entire "course" of care-taking and ma-
nipulation is twelve dollars, rather ex-
pensive, but many go three or four
times at a dollar and a half a lesson,
to get their finger ends in order, so that
they can thenceforth take proper care
of them. The acolyte first sits with
finger tips in a bowl of warm water to
soften the flesh. They are finally dried
and the soft flesh pushed far back, the
nails then cut and clipped in a pointed
shape. This is rather a painful opera-
tion. The fresh edges are filed, and the
patient turned over to a polisher,
who powders, polishes, then rubs with
a towel, and repeats this process. The
object is to show the white half-moon
at the root of the nail, where the blood
settles. This can be carried to an excess,
when the flesh lies in little lumps be-
hind the nail. But the subject is a
laudable one, very few people taking
sufficient care of their finger-tips.

The farmers who suffer from the com-
petition, and the unsuspecting con-
sumer who eats oleomargarine and lard
butter, thinking it the genuine article,
are not, it appears, the only sufferers
from the manufacture of these products.
One of the produce princes of Chicago
was suddenly declared a bankrupt the
other day, and when inquiry was insti-
tuted as to the reason of his failure he
laid the cause of his disaster at the door
of oleomargarine. His trade was in the
Liverpool and London markets, where
he had acquired a high reputation for
pure products of the dairy, and his
brand commanded fancy prices for his
goods. Of late, his heavy shipments
failed to find buyers; his stock accumu-
lated abroad and at home, and an in-
vestigation revealed the article under
the brand of "golden tint butter" to
be nothing but oleomargarine and a
mixture of lard, oleo and cream. His
reputation was among the things of the
past. He is now explaining to his un-
fortunate creditors that his stock was
purchased for pure butter, and declaring
the trick was played upon him by some
of the dairymen of the Northwest, who
are themselves extensively engaged in
making this new process butter.

A New York paper says that if South-
ern planters and farmers wish to be-
come more prosperous they should at

once abandon the pernicious credit sys-
tem. In the cotton States, particu-
larly, it is a weighty drawback. As the
system is practiced, the planter or
gives the merchant a lien on his
crops to be grown, and the merchant,
being fully secured, furnishes the nec-
essary supplies and fixes his own prices.
The planter or farmer is thus wholly at
the mercy of the merchant, and has no
redress against exorbitant rates. A
decision has just been rendered by the
supreme court of Mississippi which
will afford the farmers of that State
some relief. A merchant who held a
mortgage on the crops of a farmer
foreclosed it. The lower court allowed
his bill against the farmer, although it
was shown that the prices charged were
at least double the cash rate. The su-
preme court, on appeal, reversed the
decision and affirmed that the pur-
chaser was not in a position to decline
the purchase on account of the prices
charged, and that he acquiesced in the
prices from an overruling necessity.
His extorted assent to the prices fixed
was without consideration, and was
therefore void.

An enterprising reporter recently vis-
ited the only hand organ manufactory
in America. He discovered some inter-
esting facts. The efficacy of each in-
strument as a means of inflicting torture
is shown by the fact that there are only
one hundred and fifty in regular ser-
vice in New York alone. Most of these
are ground by Italians, a few by Ger-
mans, and one itinerant is a crippled
soldier who receives a monthly pension
of seventy dollars, and grinds only oc-
casionally to relieve the monotony of
his existence. Every spring the organ-
ists come to this establishment and pur-
chase a cylinder of new tunes, or at least
one or two new tunes, at four dollars
each. To a grinder in the Western
States "Sweet By-and-Bye" is indispen-
sable, and in New York city "St. Pat-
rick's Day in the Morning" commands
the largest audience. Among other or-
gans at the manufactory is one which
represents Napoleon dying. At the foot
of his bed stands Marshal Soult, holding
out a platter for pennies, which when
obtained he flings into a box. French
officers in gorgeous costume move their
heads and arms in admirable time. The
melodies accompanying this lugubrious
scene are the opening chorus from "Pin-
afore" and "Brannigan's Band."

A Walking Barometer.

After the discussion of human
electrical batteries, it may be well to
add that there is in this city a young
man, a resident of the Ninth ward, who
is known as the "Walking Barometer."
He predicts storms and changes of
atmosphere during the warm months
with wonderful accuracy. He will fore-
tell a steady rain sometimes three days
before it comes and will predict a
thunder-storm the same day of its
occurrence, although there be not a
cloud in the sky at the time. He
attributes his power to foretell these
storms to calomel in his system. He
says that several years ago, while suffer-
ing from a bilious attack, his physicians
gave him a dose of calomel. At the
same time he was using one of Kidder's
galvanic machines, which contained a
Smees' battery for a nervous complaint;
the solution of this battery contained
several ounces of quicksilver with
which to keep the zinc plates of the
battery coated. His physicians told
him to give up his battery until after
the effect of the calomel had passed off,
as there was a possibility that the
electric quicksilver solution might,
through the electric current, form a
sympathy with the calomel he had
taken, return it to its natural state of
mercury and set it permanently in his
system.

After some ten days the young man
commenced to use his battery again,
and almost immediately, he says, he de-
tected a dull pain along the bones of his
legs from the ankles to the knees, and
this pain came whenever he used the
galvanic battery, and could not be re-
moved. After giving up the use of the
battery he noticed that the pains seem-
ed to come at regular intervals, and
finally he noticed there would be a
storm, but as soon as rain fell or there was
an explosion of electricity in the shape
of thunder, these pains instantly ceased.
In cold weather he loses his faculty of
telling when there is going to be a storm,
as the mercury in his shinbones is in a
painful state of activity all the while.
It does not seem to bother him, how-
ever, and few people, as they see his form
moving with swift and sure step along
the streets, know the pain he is in. He
says that if quicksilver would only give
him rest once in a while during cold
weather, he could beat Venner all to
pieces on predicting storms. His storm
predictions during the spring, summer
and early fall months are rarely known
to fail.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

A conscience-stricken man confessed
to a Syracuse lawyer the other day that
he voted for President when he was but
nineteen years old. As he is an influen-
tial citizen and of good family, he will
not be prosecuted. The vote was cast
in 1804 for Thomas Jefferson.