

HALLIDAY AND SON.

In the cozy little private office appertaining to their business house sat Halliday and son. Halliday was a bluff, heavy old fellow of fifty or thereabouts, with a pair of keen, bright eyes, which twinkled incessantly, and was seated in his chair with heels upon his desk. Son was a young man of twenty-five, tall, dark and handsome, clad in a suit of navy blue flannel, and was seated on a corner of the desk looking down upon his father.

"Who is the object of your all-devouring passion, eh, Dick, my boy?" The old gentleman asked. "Some chit of a school girl?"

"Her name is Wilkins," replied the young man. "She is a widow—a double widow, I will say—for she had been married twice, and—come don't let your chin drop to such an alarming extent, for outside of all she is worth \$50,000, although that, in my case, is a feather's weight in the scales. She is actually thirty-six, but looks ten years younger, and is pretty as a picture. She has one child, a daughter who is at school in Paris, but as she is heiress to a cool \$100,000, she is not an incubance by any means."

"Dick Halliday, you're a Cool!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "The woman is almost old enough to be your mother."

"Not quite as bad as that." "I say, sir, she's almost old enough to be your mother! Have you committed yourself—has she ensnared you?"

"Don't you remember the old agreement, father, that when I thought of marrying I would consult with you before taking the step? I will therefore introduce you to Mrs. Wilkins, let you study her character, and then abide by your decision; for I have no doubt as to what it will be."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "that's better. That's decidedly better. You may introduce me, Dick, and I will promise you my unbiased opinion of the bewitching creature."

"All right. When will you go?" "To-night, to-morrow, any time you please; but see here, Dick, to change the subject, how about this London business? It's going to ruin."

"Well, suppose we will have to send a man to look after it."

"Send!" cried the old man, "that won't do at all; one or the other of us must go. We've trusted entirely too much of late, and home interests are almost as bad as our foreign. Now, Dick, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go to London and straighten things up, I'll give you my answer concerning your fame the moment you return. I've been over so often that the very thought of going makes me sick. Come, what do you say, Dick?"

"If you desire it, father, I'll go, certainly."

"Then that's settled. Where are you off to now?" "I was going up to the Astor, but I'll wait until evening, and then you can accompany me."

"All right, Dick, all right; only don't commit yourself. Beware of widows, you know."

That evening Halliday and son repaired to the Astor House and were conducted to one of the private parlors. In a few minutes Mrs. Wilkins entered, and it was plain to be seen that the old gentleman was amazed. He did not wonder at his son's infatuation, and afterward acknowledged her to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. When at length they took their departure after spending a delightful evening, the son said:

"What do you say, father?" "Give me time, my boy, give me time," was the reply.

The next day at 1 o'clock Dick started for London. The weather was fair, the passage a prosperous one, and he reached his destination safe and sound. He found the business in a terrible state and had his hands and mind fully occupied, and a week slipped by. One morning he received a letter from his father, a portion of which ran as follows:

"Concerning the widow, I am well pleased with your choice. She is a good woman—as good as beautiful. A trifle too old for you is my only objection."

Another week went by and another letter came, in which, speaking of the widow, the old man said:

"I am astonished at your extraordinary good judgment in such a matter. The more I see the lady the better I am pleased. She is a most excellent lady in every respect. A trifle too old for you is my only objection."

"Good!" said Dick to himself. "I guess I will stay a week on my own account, now that the business is cleared up, and go to London. The old gentleman seems to be well pleased, and guess by the time I get home his only objections will have been over-

come. Not that I care a straw for his opinion one way or the other, but peace is preferable to war at any time."

And taking a picture of the widow from his pocket he embraced it most affectionately.

So Dick remained another week and did London thoroughly. On the day before he was to have sailed for home he received another letter from his father, saying:

"My Dear Boy:—I never was more pleased with a woman in all my life. She is an angel. I don't wonder at you loving her. She is pure, honest, everything you imagine her to be, but she can never marry you. It is impossible. I don't like to be severe, but it can never be. The truth is, Dick, she has become my wife. Don't be a fool, now, but come home at once. A trifle too old was my only objection."

Your affectionate father,
RICHARD HALLIDAY."

To say that Dick was enraged would but faintly describe his feelings; he fairly boiled. He wrote immediately to his father, telling him:

"In the future your foreign business may go to the deuce, and your home interests, too."

Then, after drawing a good sum of money, he started for the continent. For two years he wandered from place to place, and at the end of that time found himself in Paris. Here he fortunately fell in with an acquaintance he had made while in London; and who had since married, and was then doing business in Paris.

At his friend's house, one evening, he was introduced to an American young lady of whom he became enamored at first sight.

The young lady, Miss Julia Kentridge by name, was to start for New York in a few days, and, on hearing this, Dick engaged passage on the steamer. The voyage was a pleasant one, and before they reached Sandy Hook, Miss Julia promised that, with her mother's consent, she would become Dick's wife. When they reached the city the young lady found a carriage in waiting for her, and Dick, having determined not to enter his father's house, for the present at least, went direct to an obscure hotel.

The next day he mounted the steps of the Madison avenue mansion and rang the bell. A servant ushered him into the parlor, and shortly afterward entered Miss Kentridge.

When they had greeted each other after the usual manner of lovers, Julia said:

"If you will excuse me for a moment, Richard, I will go and inform my mother that you have come."

Dick was seated under a window looking out, and did not notice her return till she said:

"Mr. Halliday, allow me to—"

Dick had turned at the sound of her voice, ready to appear at his best, but he staggered back fairly thunderstruck, for there behind him stood the late widow—his father's wife.

"I really—" he gasped, "I—that is, I did not—"

"Of course you did not," said the lady, helping him out. "How could you? But here is your father."

"Yes, here I am, Dick, my boy," cried the old gentleman, rushing in. "How are you, lad, how are you?"

They shook hands cordially, and the old man said:

"Dick, my lad, you're trapped—you're ensnared. My wife and I were in Paris to bring Julia home, and when she told us of her meeting with you we just put our heads together to make a match of it. We came over with you on the same steamer."

"Really, though," said Dick, addressing his step-mother, "when I heard you speaking of your daughter being at school, I imagined her to be a little girl, not a young lady!"

"Oh, no! I was married to Mr. Kentridge when quite young, and Julia is now nineteen."

"I've no objection this time, lad, none at all. A trifle too old was my objection before, you know; ha! ha!" and he went off in a fit of laughter that nearly choked him."

After dinner the old gentleman said:

"Well, Dick, our foreign business is going to the bad, sure enough, and I think the best thing you can do is to marry at once and take your bride abroad and look after it. I did not sell the old house when I bought this one and upon your return I will have it ready for you to occupy."

And thus it was arranged. The house of Halliday & Son still flourishes, and the children, grand-children and what-not bearing that name, for their relationship is rather mixed, are numerous.

In Australia and New Zealand 4,000,000 people have about 90,000,000 sheep, and have an area sufficient for the easy pasture of 200,000,000 sheep at the least. With one-twelfth of our population, they have twice our aggregate stock of sheep.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The condition of Russia, according to a St. Petersburg correspondent is chaotic. He thinks that the empire is rapidly going to pieces.

Three of the Swiss cantons which abolished capital punishment several years ago have restored it. They think that there is no other way of preventing crime.

The United States postoffice department wants the name and address of those who send transient newspapers by mail written on the wrappers.

While in most kinds of business capitalists, or large firms or corporations are swallowing smaller ones, it is gratifying to learn from census reports that the number of farms is multiplying, and the soil is not becoming possessed by large landholders.

Since the close of the war the American people have paid out \$530,000,000 in pensions. At the end of the present fiscal year there were 85,697 names on the roll, representing an annual outgo of \$54,296,280, and in the last year 27,644 new pensions and 10,231 increased pensions have been granted, and there are yet 269,678 applications.

The world's stock of locomotives consists of 66,000; of passenger cars, there are 120,000; and of freight cars 1,500,000. The capital invested in railways, which are in all 200,000 miles long, is \$20,000,000,000. The commerce of the seas is carried by 12,000 steamers and 100,000 sailing vessels, whose tonnage amounts to over 20,000,000 tons.

Beavers are building across Feather river, in California, a dam, by which they are using large cottonwood trees. All the dams that the miners have built for protection against spring freshets have been washed away, and as it is said that beaver dams are never thus destroyed, the miners are watching with deep interest the results of the little animal's engineering.

What is called the biggest copper mine in the world has been discovered in Nevada, 100 miles northeast of Bodie. Nearly 2,000 feet up the mountain above Soda Springs Valley the ore bed shows a width of 100 feet, and in many shafts the ore assays eighteen per cent. copper. The ore now uncovered is estimated at 45,000 tons, valued at over \$2,000,000.

An old Mormon temple near Kirtland, Ohio, has been opened after a number of years of disuse. It originally cost \$40,000. There are forty Mormon families in the new congregation. They do not practice polygamy, their creed declaring that the law of God forbids more than one companion in wedlock. They hold that the doctrine of the plurality of wives was a heresy introduced by Joe Smith.

Since the steam-heating men began to get in their work, an exchange facetiously remarks: "New Yorkers can sing with new fervor the words of the old hymn:

"Beneath our feet and o'er our heads
Are equal warnings given."

When they take their walks abroad of a morning it is with a pleasing uncertainty as to whether an elevated railroad locomotive will tumble on them, or an underground pipe explosion send them kiting skyward in an environment of paving stones, apple stands, curbstone vendors, and other wreck and rubbish."

Although Secretary Teller was unable to grant the request which the Turtle Mountain Chippewa Indians brought to Washington not long ago, he was compelled to pay a tribute to the antiquity of the band. He told them that their claim to the Turtle Mountain country had been traced back two hundred years, but that they had no better claim to this tract than the other Chippewas, because they could base their claim only on the tribal title of immemorial occupancy. There are ten thousand white settlers on the tract claimed by the Turtle Mountain Chippewas, which embraces nine million acres of desirable land in Northern Dakota.

M. Pasteur, a French scientist, for the last ten years has been spending much of his time in the company of mad dogs, in order to test the value of his inoculation theory. He has just communicated the most recent results of his investigations to the French Academy of Sciences. He states that all the dogs which he had inoculated with the virus, and which had been cured of the disease thus communicated, enjoyed perfect immunity from a second attack. Hence he argues that dogs, being the originators of hydrophobia, should be compelled to pass through the ordeal of inoculation in order, that they might thenceforth be powerless to drive men mad.

Those people who have suffered from

having their trunks smashed while traveling will be gratified to learn that redress has been obtained by at least one victim. Joseph Mitsche, of San Francisco, sued the Union Pacific Railroad Company for damages inflicted on his trunks while in care of that company. A verdict was given in his favor, and damages assessed at \$123.73. The court charged that, when a railway company assumes charge of a passenger's trunk by giving him a check for it, it becomes responsible for its return to him in good condition. This ruling, with a statement of the damages awarded Mr. Mitsche, should be posted in large type in every baggage room in the country.

Over 4,000,000 ounces of quinine are consumed annually throughout the world, and it has become the universal medicine since its discovery in 1640, when it was introduced into Europe by the Countess Cinchon, after whom the bark was named. Its abundance or scarcity may be said to be a matter of international concern. Wars and epidemics operate to advance its price. It occupies about the same place in materia medica that breadstuffs do among articles of food. Yet it is said the natural supply of the cinchona bark is failing, and that resort must be made to cultivation in order to supply the world's demand. Cultivation has already begun in the East Indies, but must be extended to every country producing this indispensable bark.

At the crematory in Gotha, which is located in the new cemetery, and is the only one in Germany, erected at a cost of \$22,000, the incineration is started with the body incased in metal, usually zinc. The zinc case rapidly melts, then the garments are consumed and the body burns for a period lasting from one hour and three-quarters to two hours. The ashes fall into a receiver, which, after the burning, is drawn out from below. They are then placed in an urn and stationed in the columbarium, or in a tin cylinder prepared for the purpose, and taken away by the friends of the deceased. It takes a day and night to heat the apparatus thoroughly, so that bodies that reach Gotha one day cannot be cremated till the next. Those who desire cremating generally belong to the wealthier classes of society. The charge for cremating is \$37.50, paid in advance.

A New York man has invented a machine for playing the piano. It is not an organette or an orchestrion, but a case placed over the keyboard and strikes that hit the keys, which are turned by a crank that is moved by pedals. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, who has heard it, says that all the time he was listening he felt as though he was at a boarding-school "commencement," and the crack pianist of the school was playing her crack piece. There was a labored attempt at expression and a girlish disregard for time; but, aside from that, the touch was powerful and the execution brilliant. Mr. Gally, the inventor, says that he can imitate the playing of any pianist in the world, and he warrants to give his patent all the fire and passion of Liszt if any one orders it. When this is perfected, with an electric motor to turn the crank, a man who is able to own a piano will not have to spend the rest of his fortune educating his daughter to play it.

Since the astronomers who originally predicted terrible things from the falling of the great comet into the sun a few months hence have found out that the comet is not coming back in nearly 800 years, popular interest in the celestial visitor has rapidly waned. The comet, however, says the New York Sun, continues to be a puzzle to the men of science, who do not appear to be much nearer the solution of the question what comets are composed of than they were years ago. The world was formerly scared by stories of comets that were about to strike it, and of comets whose tails, sweeping the earth, would produce pestilence and death. The latest scarecrow of this kind—a comet which was going to burn the surface of the earth by falling into the sun and stirring up his fires—has turned out to be as harmless as the old stories. When astronomers have found out what comets really are, it will be time enough to predict what harm they are going to do to the earth.

General Sheridan's explorations in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana last August and September, of which he has recently sent a report to the adjutant-general, suggested to his mind a new Indian policy. The Crow nation numbers 3,470 souls, and its reservation, on which a few cattle graze and a few berries grow, contains 6,000,000 acres of valuable land. "I would recommend," writes General Sheridan, "that the government give eighty acres to the head of each family, buy the balance from the Indians, paying them, say, half a

dollar per acre, if thought proper, then purchase government bonds with the money, and each year use for their support, through the commissioner of Indian affairs and their agent, the interest upon the bonds, without touching the principal. This interest would be very much more than is now appropriated yearly, and the Indians by these means would have a perpetual fund, the principal of which should never be touched except by acts of Congress. In fact, if all Indians and their reservations were treated in this way a better system of government for the Indians could be obtained. It would also be a good bargain for the government, as the purchased land could be sold to actual settlers for an advance, and be occupied by people paying taxes, to say nothing of the opening up of the country."

That the country is healthier than the city is generally understood, but the mortality statistics of the census furnish data upon which to base an opinion as to the difference in their sanitary advantages. The death-rate in the census of 1860 was 12.5 per thousand of the population, 12.8 in the census of 1870, and 15.1 in the census of 1880. The increase is attributed to the greater accuracy in the work of the enumerators for each successive census rather than to any increase in the actual mortality. It is believed that the enumerators have yet failed to obtain the full mortality statistics, for a canvass in two States has shown that about thirty per cent. of the deaths are not included in the census statistics. It is therefore supposed that the true death-rate is not far from eighteen per thousand of the population. As the death rate for our cities averages about twenty-five per thousand, the chances of long life are vastly greater in the country than in the town.

Skobelev.

Skobelev has been called the poet of war. Perhaps it would be more accurate to define him as the military Byron of Russia. A more daring, a more insubordinate, and a more original mind it has not been the fate of Europe to see for many a long day. If we want to find his equal it is almost necessary to go back to the times of Charles XII, for we shall not find him within the limits of our conventional nineteenth century. He delighted in battle, yet confessed frequently that it was not the bubble reputation, but a soldier's grave, which he sought at the cannon's mouth. He went forth to battle in his newest and brightest uniform, mounted on his famous white charger, and waving his white cap in the air. Skobelev was a wonderful military artist. He must have studied the soldier closely to have acquired so accurate a knowledge of his heart. On one occasion, at the third battle of Plevna, he met his troops flying panicky back to the camp. On seeing him they drew up and saluted. "Ah, my fine fellows," he exclaimed, "you have fought like lions!" The troops recovered their self-respect. Seeing the effect his words had produced upon them, Skobelev pretended only to have discovered that they were without their muskets. "Where are your muskets?" he shouted. No one dared answer. "Cowards! I do not want to command such dogs as you. Come, pick up your muskets and follow me at once!" and, proceeding in the direction where the Turkish fire was thickest, he put them through their facings as though they were raw recruits drilling in the quiet back yard of a provincial barrack. When they had gone through their evolutions he led them against the enemy, and not one of them thought of running away.—*London Athenaeum.*

A Remarkable Fish.

During the recent scientific cruise of the Travailleur there was taken off the coasts of Morocco, and from a depth of about 1,270 fathoms, a fish of very singular character. It is about a foot and a half long and of a deep black color. Its most distinguishing feature, however, is a huge mouth cavity, which is quite disproportionate to the small tapering body, and capable, through the arrangement of the jaws, presence of extensible membranes, etc., of very wide enlargement of the cavity. It may be fitly compared to the well-known pouch of the pelican, and M. Vaillant thinks it probable that food accumulates in the pouch and is there partly digested. The locomotive organs are of the most rudimentary nature. The paired fins are represented merely by two very small appendices, which may be considered pectoral fins; there are no ventral fins, but a dorsal and anal are present. The respiratory apparatus is of unique composition. There is no swimming bladder.—*London Times.*

A young lady at a ball called her partner an Indian because he was as her trail all the time.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It is asserted by a Brazilian that coffee is a natural antidote to alcohol, and that the consumption of alcoholic stimulants is comparatively small where coffee is a popular drink, as in his own country.

What has been called "sewer gas" is composed of air, vapor and gases in constantly varying proportions, together with living germs—vegetable and animal—and minute particles of putrescent matter.

The skeleton of a Dinosaurian reptile thirty-five feet long, has been unearthed in the Bad Lands of Dakota. The creature is supposed to have stood twenty-five feet high. The weight of the skull is 694 pounds, and of the whole skeleton 1,900 pounds.

Dogs, under favorable conditions, live to an age much beyond that which is usually assigned to them. Mr. R. Cordner, of Oxford, England, knows a black retriever aged thirty-one, and there is no doubt that others are acquainted with like aged individuals of the canine species.

It is well known that minute metallic particles are often collected in places remote from terrestrial sources of dust. Recent investigation shows that many of these particles must have undergone fusion, which evidently proves that they have come from the smoke of factories, from volcanic fires of that they had a meteoric origin.

A mixture of twenty parts of hard soap, forty parts of kerosene, and one part of fir balsam had been found very effective in destroying the insects which damage the orange tree. Professor C. V. Riley is the authority. Other valuable plants, notably the vine might be similarly protected by a spray from an application of the same recipe. It can be diluted at will with water so as not to interfere with the constitution of the plant.

The coal supplied to the Nagasaki market comes from a field in Japan situated along the coast line between Cape Momo and the mouth of Nagasaki Harbor and thence to nearly the most northerly of the Goto Islands. It is referred to the tertiary period, and is highly bituminous, of irregular fracture, but somewhat cubical. When freshly broken it has a lustrous black appearance, which changes by protracted exposure to the atmosphere to a dull, rusty black.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

On the day of victory no weariness is felt.

A wise man reflects before he speaks, and reflects on what he has uttered. The head, however strong it may be, can accomplish nothing against the heart.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.

It is better to be reproached by a friend than complimented by a flatterer.

The wise man looks for happiness beyond the narrow ken of personal interest.

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether.

Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clench your hands on the other side.

You can't judge of the value of a man by his talk any more than you can judge of the value of the tree by its bark.

One should be careful not to carry any of his follies of youth into old age; for old age has follies enough of its own.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not for light of the sun because you can use a candle.

Some minds are so constructed as not to be amenable to the ordinary rules of judgment; they deserve pity rather than censure.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purpose.

An average day's work for a brick-layer is 1,500 bricks on outside and inside walls; on facing and angles and finishing around wood or stone work not more than half of this number can be laid.

It is estimated that not less than 19,000,000 barrels of ale and beer will be brewed in the United States during the current year, an increase of about 17 per cent. over the year previous.

Fortress Monroe, Virginia, is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost the government over \$3,000,000. The water battery is considered one of the finest military works in the world.