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## Remember the Poor.

Now winter has come, with its cold, chilling breath,  
And the verdure has dropt from the trees,  
All nature seemed touched by the finger of death,  
And the streams are beginning to freeze;  
When wanton young lads o'er the river can slide,  
And Flora attends us no more—  
When in plenty you sit by a good fire-side,  
Then you ought to remember the poor.

When the cold feathered snow shall in beauty descend  
And when the prospect around  
When the keen cutting winds from the north shall attend,  
Hard chilling and freezing the ground—  
When the hills and the dales are all covered with white,  
And the rivers concealed to the shore;  
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,  
Then you ought to remember the poor.

When the poor harmless hare may be traced to the wood  
By her footstep's indent in snow;  
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood,  
When the fishermen a cock shooting her  
When the poor robin redbreast approaches her nest,  
And the icicles hang at the door,  
When your bowl smokes with something reviving and hot,  
Then you ought to remember the poor.

When a thaw shall ensue and the waters increase,  
And the rivers all in flood gain,  
When the fishes from prison obtain a release,  
When in danger the travelers go;  
When the meadows are hid by the pond swelling flood,  
And the bridges are unsafe to more,  
When in health you enjoy everything that is good,  
Sure you ought to remember the poor.

Soon the day will be here when our Saviour was born;  
All tongues shall unite as one voice,  
All nations shall join to salute the best morn,  
All the ends of the earth shall rejoice,  
Grim death is deprived of his all-thing sting,  
And the grave is triumphant no more;  
Saints, angels and men hallelujah shall sing,  
And the arch shall remember the poor.

## DEB.

The solemn bell was ringing the mill girl in by broad sunlight one noon,  
When there came a knock at the door,  
And behind it the young lady of whom I heard.  
Deb was startled by the knock,  
And frightened by the young lady. It was not often that visitors came to Brickley's, and it was still less often that Brickley had a visitor that knocked.  
This was a young lady for whom Deb's mother did the washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and placed a chair, and the young lady sat down. She was a straight lady, with strong feet, and long brown feathers in her hat, and soft brown gloves upon her hands. She had come, she said, with that Cluny set, she found she should need for a party this very night; indeed, she was in so much haste for it that she had hunted Deb's mother up—which was a matter of some difficulty—as she never had the least idea where she lived, and how crooked the stairs were! But the lace was very yellow, as she saw, and would she be sure to have it done at nine o'clock to-night? and—  
And then, turning her head suddenly, the straight young lady saw poor crooked Deb in her high chair, with wonder in her eyes and—  
"I wonder if I frightened her," thought Deb; but she only wondered, and did not speak.  
"Is this your—"  
"Yes," said Deb's mother, "the eldest. Fifteen. I'll try my best, making; but I don't know as I ought to be proud of it." She spoke in a business-like tone, and turned the Cluny lace—a duty color and a pair of soft cuffs—about in her hands in a business-like way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck in a little gust against Deb's face. She wondered how people could wave sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasant it was that the onions that Mrs. McMahony cooked for dinner every day in the week but Sunday, upon the first floor. But it gave her quite enough to do to wonder without speaking.  
"Fifteen!" repeated the young lady standing up very straight, and looking very sorry. "How long has she been—like—that?"  
"Born so," said Deb's mother; "she has just set in that chair ever since she's been big enough to sit at all. Would you try on these, miss?"  
"But you never told me you had a crippled child!"  
The young lady said this quickly.  
"You have washed for me three years, and you never told me you had a crippled child!"  
"You never asked me, miss," said Deb's mother.  
The young lady made no reply. She came and sat down on the edge of Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand up between her two soft, brown gloves, and her long, brown feathers drooped and touched Deb's cheek. Deb hardly breathed, the feathers and the gloves, and the young lady's sorry eyes—such very sorry eyes—were so close to the high chair.  
"Fifteen years!" repeated the young lady, very low, "in that chair—poor little girl! But you could ride," said she, suddenly.  
"I don't know, ma'am," said Deb. "I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker." "I ain't like the grocer and the baker."  
"You could be litted, I mean," said the young lady, eagerly. "There is somebody who lifts you?"  
"Mother sets me, generally," said Deb. "Once, when she was very bad with a lame ankle, Jim McMahony set me. He's first floor, Jim McMahony."  
"I shall be back here," said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but speaking to Deb's mother now. "In

just an hour I shall come in an easy sleigh, with warm robes. If you will have your daughter ready to take a ride with me, I shall be very much obliged to you.  
The young lady finished her sentence as if she did not know what to say, and so said the truest thing she could think of, which is what we are all in danger of doing at times.  
"Well, I'm sure," said Deb's mother. "Dabitra, tell the lady."  
But Dabitra could not tell the lady, for she was already out of the door, and down stairs, and away into the street. And, indeed, Deb could not have told the lady—has never told the lady—can never tell the lady.  
If all the summer skies, and the gold of summer sunlight, and the shine of summer stars fell down into your hands at once, for you to paint scrap-books with, should you know what to say?  
Into the poor little scrap-book of Deb's life the colors of heaven dropped and blirled her on that bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride.  
In just an hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions, and the warmest robes, and bells—the merriest bells—and the straight young lady, and Jim McMahony was there; and he carried her down stairs to "set" her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her up in an ermine shawl, for Deb had no "things" like other little girls. The young lady remembered that, and she had brought the prettiest little white hood that Deb had ever seen, and Deb's face looked like a bruised day lily beneath the shining wool, but Deb could not see that; and Mrs. McMahony was there, saying to her, "Do wish her good luck; and all the little McMahonys were there, and all the children who did wonder; and the grocer turned in at the alley corner, and the baker stopped as he turned out, and everybody stood and smiled to see her start. The white robes paved the snow, and held up his head—Deb had never seen such a horse—and the young lady had gathered the reins into her brown gloves, and the sleigh bells cried for joy—how they cried—and away they went, and Deb was out of the alley in a minute, and the people in the alley hurried, and hurried, and hurried to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was! How the cushions sank beneath her, and the fur robes opened like feathers to the touch of her poor thin hands! The bells rang to her, and the snow drifts blinked at her, and the icicles and the slaked roofs, and sky, and the people's faces smiled at her!  
"What's the matter?" asked the young lady; for Deb drew the great wolf's robe over her face and head, and sat so for a minute, still and hidden. The young lady thought she was frightened.  
"But I only want to cry a little," said Deb's little smothered voice. "I must cry a little first."  
When she cried a little she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her eyes and her cheeks. The bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride!  
Streets, and a crowd, and church spires were in it—yes, and a wedding and a funeral, too; all things that Deb had seen in her high chair in the daytime with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride with her eyes opened wide.  
She was very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. The horse held up his head. It seemed to Deb to be flying. She thought that he must be like the great chariot horses in Revelation. She felt as if he could take her to heaven just as well as not, if the young lady's brown gloves should only pull the rein that way.  
They rode and rode. In and out of the merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the great church spires—all over, and over, and over the laughing town. They rode to the river, and the young lady stopped the white horse so that Deb could look across, and up and down at the shining stream and the shining bank.  
"There is so much of it," said Deb, softly, thinking of the creek of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years. For the creek seemed to be very much like fifteen years in a high chair, and the long, broad shoulders, silvered river seemed to her very much like this world about which she had wondered.  
They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up to their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look down out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then, in a minute she trembled again, for, as a fellow got a fearful blow on the head with a stone spittoon at a South O street saloon. The blow left his head all out of shape. There was a dent in one side of it about four inches deep. As he lay there on the floor of the saloon, the man was a horrible-looking object. Some of those present said the fellow's head could never be got into shape again. A wise-looking, little old gentleman in spectacles came to the front, however, and said he would fix it. Procuring an ordinary hand-bellows he inserted the nozzle into the ear of the injured man. After a few puffs with the little machine the fellow's head was brought out as smooth and plump as a fresh-blown bladder, and he got up and walked off as fine-looking a man as he was before he incurred the injury.

The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise gives the following story of Western surgery: A fellow got a fearful blow on the head with a stone spittoon at a South O street saloon. The blow left his head all out of shape. There was a dent in one side of it about four inches deep. As he lay there on the floor of the saloon, the man was a horrible-looking object. Some of those present said the fellow's head could never be got into shape again. A wise-looking, little old gentleman in spectacles came to the front, however, and said he would fix it. Procuring an ordinary hand-bellows he inserted the nozzle into the ear of the injured man. After a few puffs with the little machine the fellow's head was brought out as smooth and plump as a fresh-blown bladder, and he got up and walked off as fine-looking a man as he was before he incurred the injury.

The latest Acrobat Dodge.  
In Paris a trapeze performer allows himself to be fired out of a mortar a distance of some forty-five feet before he catches the swinging bar. The mortar is actually charged with gunpowder, which is lighted in the ordinary way and makes a loud report. The effect of the powder is to loosen a spring, which sends the man spinning through space. At first there was some difficulty in adjusting the spring to the required nicety, and when the performer came to try if he was shot about six feet too far, sustaining a dislocated shoulder and a broken rib. He persevered, and has now succeeded in having himself ejected at the required rate. "L'Homme Obus," as he is called, is just now one of the sights of Paris.

## The Nervous System.

A striking instance of the danger of disregarding a nervous dread is related in the memoir of Charles Mayne Young. A young gentleman had been appointed attaché to the British legation at St. Petersburg. On his arrival that capital, he was congratulated by the ambassador on being in time to witness the celebration of a grand fête, and invited to accept in the great church a seat among those reserved for the ambassadorial party. Though, in such cases, an invitation is equivalent to a command, the attaché begged to be excused. Being pressed for his reasons, he gave them with much reluctance.  
"There will be martial music," he said, "and I have an insuperable objection to the sound of a drum. It gives me tortures that I cannot describe. My respiration becomes so obstructed that it seems to me that I must die."  
The ambassador laughed, saying that he should esteem himself culpable if he allowed his attaché to yield to a weakness so silly, and commanded him to be present at the fête.  
On the day appointed all were in their places, when suddenly he heard the clang of martial music and the beat of the great drum, and he felt, with ironical smile, turned to see the effect upon the "young hypochondriac." The poor fellow was upon the floor, quite dead. On a post-mortem examination, it appeared that the shock to his finely-strung nervous organization had caused a rupture of one of the valves of the heart.  
If then, as we see, the adult, with every reason for subduing nervous sympathies, apparently so unreasonable and ridiculous, finds it impossible to do so, how can a little child be expected to control or explain them?—*Scribner for January.*

## Weights and Measures.

The following weights and measures are recognized by the United States. A bushel of wheat weighs 60 pounds; shelled corn, 56; corn in the ear, 70; rye, 56; oats, 32; barley, 48; white beans, 60; Irish potatoes, 60; sweet potatoes, 55; castor beans, 40; cloverseed, 60; timothy seed, 45; flax seed, 56; hemp seed, 40; millet seed, 30; peas, 60; blue grass seed, 47; buckwheat, 30; clover, 32; dried apples, 24; onions, 57; salt, 65; stone coal, 80; malt, 38; bran, 20; plaster, 80; corn meal, 48; fine salt, 55; Hungarian grass seed, 54; ground peas, 20; a bushel of African peanuts weighs 32; Tennessee, 48; Virginia, 22. A box 24 by 16 inches, 22 deep, contains 1 barrel. A box 16 by 16 inches, 8 deep, contains 1 bushel. A box 8 by 8 inches, 8 deep, contains 1 peck. A box 4 by 4 inches, 4 deep, contains one-half peck. A box 4 by 4 inches, 4-10 deep, contains 1 quart.

The standard bushel of the United States contains 2,150.4 cubic inches. Any box or measure, the contents of which are equal to 2,150.4 cubic inches, will hold a bushel of grain. In measuring fruit, vegetables, coal, and other substances, one-fifth must be added. In other words, the measure must be filled even full makes one bushel. The usual practice is to heap the measure.

## An Electrical Likeness.

We learn that within the last two weeks, says the Charlotte (Va.) Chronicle, a singular discovery has been made at the house of Jesse Garth, for many years deceased. It is said that a distinct and accurate likeness of Mrs. Garth, who has been dead for twenty years, can be seen on a pane of glass in the upper sash of one of the windows, presenting very much the appearance of a photograph. The discovery is said to have been made by a woman who was washing clothes in the yard, who imagined some one was watching her through the window, and went inside to see who it was. We gather these facts from Dr. Charles Brown, who has himself seen the singular phenomenon. Brown remembers that about twenty years ago Mr. Garth told him that his wife, while standing at the window, was stunned by a sudden flash of lightning, and the doctor's theory is that the outlines of her features were photographed on the window pane at that time. The youngest daughter of Mr. Garth, and others who were well acquainted with Mrs. Garth, have seen the picture, and pronounce it a striking likeness. It is said to be more distinct about nine o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon than at any other time of the day.

## Western Surgery.

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## Frightened at his Shadow.

This is an Indian story, told by the Evansville Journal: A night of two or a boy one of our prominent merchants went home late with his mind distracted by columns of figures and a little absent minded. The house is on the corner, and a gaslight throws its culminating rays straight through the front window. He opened the front door, and after looking it over the parlor door to walk through. The blinds had been allowed to remain up, and as he walked in the room his shadow fell full and plainly on the opposite wall. He stopped short at the sight, and in a moment thoughts of burglars sailed through his mind, and he felt for his pistol pocket. But there was no weapon at home. Then he began to back quietly out of the door, with the hope that if he got quietly out without giving the alarm he would not be shot by his pistol simultaneously with himself. Then he backed to the front door and opened it rapidly, losing sight of the intruder. As he was backing out of the front door, however, the shadow fell on the front door also, and it looked so familiar that he stopped and reflected—and then went in and got to bed.

## Wise Sayings.

You cannot whip the fear out of a boy.  
It is a safe plan to watch the man close who suspects everybody.  
Men's judgments often make a blunder, but their conscience never does.  
To supply a man's necessities takes little, but to feed his desires takes an empire.  
I never knew a lazy man yet but what thought he was the hardest working man in all his neighborhood.  
Most men profit by experience as they do by their daily bread; after it is earned and eaten, they forget all about it.  
When a man gets so old he has no taste for the follies of life, then he begins to reprimand them severely in others.  
It is very hard to define economy; all we seem to know about it is, that one man will make a dollar buy twice as much as another man can.  
The man who expects to get through this world by following other people's advice, will travel over as much ground, as little purpose, as a lost dog does.

## RATES OF INTEREST.

The Rates Allowed in the Several States in the Union, and in Canada.  
The Philadelphia Ledger has compiled the following statement of the rates of interest allowed by the laws of the several States and Territories of the United States, and of Upper and Lower Canada:  
Alabama—Eight per cent. On usurious contracts the principal only can be recovered.  
Arkansas—Six per cent. But parties may contract for any rate not exceeding ten. Usury forfeits both principal and interest.  
California—Ten per cent. After a debt becomes due, the principal only can be recovered.  
Colorado Territory—Ten per cent. On money loaned.  
Connecticut—Seven per cent. Usury forfeits interest taken in excess of legal rate.  
Delaware—Seven per cent. Parties may contract for any rate not exceeding twelve. Usury forfeits all the interest taken.  
Florida—Eight per cent. Penalty for usury forfeits a sum equal to the money lent.  
Georgia—Six per cent. Parties may stipulate in writing for ten. Usury forfeits all the interest.  
Idaho Territory—Ten per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate not exceeding twelve. A higher rate than twelve prohibits the recovery of any interest on the debt.  
Illinois—Six per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate not exceeding ten. Beyond that rate is illegal as to excess only.  
Iowa—Six per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate not exceeding ten. Beyond that rate is illegal as to excess only.  
Kansas—Seven per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate not exceeding ten. Beyond that rate is illegal as to excess only.  
Kentucky—Six per cent. But contracts may be stipulated for in writing for any rate not exceeding eight per cent. in the face of the obligation, but no higher than eight per cent.  
Louisiana—Five per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate.  
Maine—Six per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate.  
Maryland—Six per cent. Usurious contracts are void, but the principal may be recovered.  
Massachusetts—Seven per cent. Parties may contract for any rate not exceeding ten. Usury forfeits all the interest taken.  
Minnesota—Seven per cent. Parties may contract for any rate not exceeding ten. Usury forfeits all the interest taken.  
Mississippi—Six per cent. Parties may contract in writing for ten. Where more than ten is stipulated, the excess is void, but the principal may be recovered.  
Missouri—Six per cent. Contract in writing may be made for ten. The penalty for usury is forfeiture of the interest at ten per cent.  
New Hampshire—Six per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate not exceeding ten. Usury forfeits all the interest taken.  
New Jersey—Seven per cent. Usury forfeits all the interest taken.  
New Mexico—Six per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate.  
New York—Seven per cent. Usury is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of \$1,000 or six months imprisonment, or both, and forfeits the principal, even in the hands of third parties.  
North Carolina—Six per cent. Parties may stipulate for any rate in writing.  
Ohio—Six per cent. Parties may stipulate for any rate in writing.  
Oregon—Ten per cent. Parties may agree in writing for any rate not exceeding ten.  
Pennsylvania—Six per cent. Usurious interest cannot be collected. If paid it may be recovered by suit therefor within six months.  
Rhode Island—Six per cent. Any rate may be agreed upon.  
South Carolina—Seven per cent. Usury is a misdemeanor, and parties may contract without limit. Contracts must be in writing.  
Tennessee—Six per cent. Parties may contract in writing for any rate not exceeding ten per cent.  
Texas—Eight per cent. All new laws abolished by the Constitution.  
Utah—Six per cent. No usury laws. Any rate may be agreed on.  
Vermont—Six per cent. Usury forfeits all the interest taken.  
Virginia—Six per cent. Lenders forfeit all interest in case of usury.  
Washington Territory—Ten per cent. Any rate stipulated in writing is void.  
West Virginia—Six per cent. Excess of interest cannot be recovered if usury is pleaded.  
Wisconsin—Seven per cent. Parties may contract in writing for any rate not exceeding ten. Usury forfeits all the interest taken.  
Wyoming Territory—Twelve per cent. But any rate may be agreed upon in writing.  
Upper Canada—Six per cent. But parties may agree upon any rate.

## COL. GOWEN'S CLAIM.

Dealings with High Officials in St. Petersburg—How a Claim was Disposed of.  
Col. John E. Gowen, the American engineer, who is treating with the British admiralty for the contract of raising the iron-clad Vanguard, sunk in the British channel, in 1862, completed the great work of raising the Russian fleet in the harbor of Sebastopol, and presented his bill for payment. The demand was 355,000 roubles, which is equal to about that number of dollars in greenbacks. The Grand Duke, in the meantime, from whom Col. Gowen received the commission, approved the claim and ordered it paid. It was handed to Governor General Glaznapoff, who recommended that bonds be issued for the amount. Minister of Marine Krabbe, however, thought it too small a sum to be paid in bonds, and proposed to pay the money in ten years in annual installments. The colonel would not agree to this.  
"Well, the Grand Duke has ordered that you be paid," said the minister, "and we'll have to find you the money; but my budget is made up and I don't see how I can get it. You'll have to wait a month, and when you come back your money will be ready for you."  
A month later the colonel again presented himself to the minister.  
"Well, sir, you've done a pretty thing, haven't you? You've mischieved my department." This was the colonel's greeting from Krabbe. "You and your 16,000 roubles. I was your friend, but understand henceforth I'm your enemy, and shall oppose you even getting one dollar of your claim."  
The 16,000 roubles (about \$25,000) were a claim of which some officer of the marine department had tried to defraud him, and before leaving St. Petersburg, acting upon the advice of assistant minister of marine Gregg, he had laid the facts of the case before the minister of justice, who made them a subject of complaint to Krabbe, and hence the latter's anger.  
"If you don't pay me," said the colonel, "I'll have to see his imperial highness, the Grand Duke Constantine, about it."  
"You may if you like; but you'll never get a dollar if I can help it," was the reply.  
The Grand Duke wrote the Grand Duke, saying that he had not been paid, and requesting an audience. What followed is best told in his own words:  
"An aide-de-camp called upon me with the message from the Grand Duke that I should be paid before I left St. Petersburg, and requesting me to call at his palace before nine o'clock the next morning. On arriving at the palace I was shown into the Grand Duke's apartment, where, to my surprise and annoyance, I found him conversing with the minister of marine, my declared enemy. The Grand Duke arose, shook hands with me, and said: 'Col. Gowen, I have had a higher opinion of you than of any other foreigner who has ever come to this country, and I am very sorry that you should come here a second time to be paid.'  
"I have never been paid one cent," I replied.  
"The minister tells me he has paid you," said he, turning to Krabbe.  
"He has been paid. I paid him myself," said Krabbe, throwing a significant glance at me.  
"No, sir—you know that I have not received one penny," I exclaimed.  
"I cannot allow this alteration in my presence," said the Grand Duke.  
"But, I assure you," I continued, when he interrupted me, saying: "Col. Gowen, whom do you suppose I would believe—you, a stranger, whom I have known only a few years, or a minister of the empire?"  
"It is not necessary to believe either of us," I said. "If I have been paid surely there is some record of it in the department. Have the books examined—'No, sir,' he said, rising, 'this audience is at an end, and I was bowed out.'"  
Col. Gowen had not been paid, having received no other rewards for his valuable service than the thanks of the crown and the decoration of the order of St. Stanislas. He has made frequent applications to Secretary Fish for an official letter in his behalf to our minister at St. Petersburg requesting him to lay the facts before the imperial government, but Mr. Fish has refused to interfere. The colonel brought strong influence to bear upon him, and at one time had some hope of success, but the Fish-Cataclysm trouble followed, and he has now abandoned all hope of help from the incumbent Administration. The injustice of his treatment is well known in European diplomatic circles. Prince Gortchakoff, when he met in Baden, told him that he knew him to be one of the worst-used men in the world but could not help him, and Lord Palmerston once, speaking of the claim, said to him: "If you were a British subject, colonel, I promise you, you would not have to wait long for your money."—*Sun.*

## A Golden Girl.

There is a servant girl living with a family in Detroit, says the Free Press, who wouldn't be permitted to change places if \$10 per week would be any inducement for her to stay. She makes it her special duty to meet all agents and beggars at the door, and to dispose of them without the least annoyance to the family. She has a rule to meet each case, and her rules are perfection. The door bell never fools her. She can tell a caller's ring from a beggar's ring as certainly as the bell is touched. When she opens the door and finds a man with a red gaiter, having a clothes-wringer in his hand, she doesn't wait for him to hem and haw and say that his clothes-wringer beats all the other wringers ever made. She gets the start by saying: "You seem like a decent, respectable man, and as a friend I warn you that the owner of the house saw you come up the steps and he ran into the back yard to unchain his Russian bloodhound."  
The man with the red gaiter slings that wringer over his right shoulder and centers out of that neighborhood with his teeth on edge and cold chills playing tag up and down his back.  
The next one may be a young lady, who boldly inquires for the lady of the house, and has a new kind of face-powder to sell.  
"You can go in," whispers the girl, "and I will stand at the door so as to rush in when you call. If the mistress asks you to taste anything, beware of poison. She may not have her revolver with her this morning, and I guess it will be safe for you to go in."  
"Why—why?" stammers the young lady.  
"Go right in; she may not be dangerous."  
"Never mind. I'll call again. I'm in a hurry."  
And that settles that case.  
The next is one of those claps who go about with tears in their eyes, willing to work if work can be had; but never finding any work their health will permit them to do.  
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"But, I assure you," I continued, when he interrupted me, saying: "Col. Gowen, whom do you suppose I would believe—you, a stranger, whom I have known only a few years, or a minister of the empire?"  
"It is not necessary to believe either of us," I said. "If I have been paid surely there is some record of it in the department. Have the books examined—'No, sir,' he said, rising, 'this audience is at an end, and I was bowed out.'"  
Col. Gowen had not been paid, having received no other rewards for his valuable service than the thanks of the crown and the decoration of the order of St. Stanislas. He has made frequent applications to Secretary Fish for an official letter in his behalf to our minister at St. Petersburg requesting him to lay the facts before the imperial government, but Mr. Fish has refused to interfere. The colonel brought strong influence to bear upon him, and at one time had some hope of success, but the Fish-Cataclysm trouble followed, and he has now abandoned all hope of help from the incumbent Administration. The injustice of his treatment is well known in European diplomatic circles. Prince Gortchakoff, when he met in Baden, told him that he knew him to be one of the worst-used men in the world but could not help him, and Lord Palmerston once, speaking of the claim, said to him: "If you were a British subject, colonel, I promise you, you would not have to wait long for your money."—*Sun.*

## Items of Interest.

They call tight boots corn-cribs now-days.  
Everybody is anxious to lend the man something who does not want to borrow anything.  
"All is vanity," remarked a tin ware peddler the other day. "What's life to me, anyhow, but holler and tin-sell?"  
A bill for compulsory education recently received only one vote in the House of Delegates of West Virginia.  
An economical Japanese family can live on six cents a day at home; but to obtain the cents is what causes the suffering.  
Canes or umbrellas containing swords or other weapons cannot be sold here in Paris without a permit from the chief of police.  
Circumstances alter cases. There are times when things are not themselves any more than men are. A tooth is not a tooth when it is a-king.  
The average yearly cost of each prisoner in England and Wales is about \$100. The daily average number of prisoners last year was 17,816, and the profit on their labor was \$257,490.  
"Does cooking injure the health of stock?" inquired an agricultural exchange. We are inclined to think it does. There are numerous instances of bees and porkers having been cooked, and they've never entirely got over it.  
A Boston clergyman advanced the idea in a sermon that striped stockings are a detestable mode of dress. "But a little while ago," said he, "young ladies refused to go up stairs in advance of gentlemen. Now they seem anxious to do so!"  
The pearl fisheries of the Gulf of California threaten to be entirely ruined unless the government shuts down on the wholesale use of submarine armor. Last year they yielded about \$100,000 worth of pearls and \$200,000 worth of shells, while this year's operations will hardly pay expenses.  
Arthur Wilson, fourteen years old and permeate with admiration of Claude Duval, broke into a London store and stole \$60. A few days afterward he was arrested in Paris. He had bought arms, ammunition and a horse, and was taking riding lessons to qualify him for life as a mounted highwayman.  
A farmer in Cambria county, Pa., having the deed of his farm in his vest pocket, hung the garment on the fence, while at work in his field, and a cow coming along, ate part of the vest and the deed. The question in that vicinity now is: "Is that cow a freethinker? What is the last—our duty visited in her!"  
Leaves of the pineapple, now being extensively cultivated in the East Indies, are turned to account by being converted into a kind of wadding, which is used for upholstering the head of hair. A sort of flannel is also manufactured from them from which substantial waistcoats and shirts can be made.  
A Detroit, who didn't exactly know how to get a letter registered, sent some money away the other day, and he wrote on the envelope: "Registered with a two dollar bill inside." Fearing that this might not be strong enough, one of his friends wrote: "I'll swear that I saw Jim put two dollars in this." The man who fools with that letter will get into trouble.  
We like fine writing when it is properly applied; so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence: "As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courses bounds in her rear riding lessons to qualify him for life as a mounted highwayman. A sort of flannel is also manufactured from them from which substantial waistcoats and shirts can be made.  
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