A CITY NIGHT.

Come, let us forth and wander the rich, the murmurous night.
The sky blue dusk of summer trembles above the street.
On either side uprising glimmer houses pale.
But me the turbulent bubble and voice of crowds delight.
For me the wheels make music, the mingled cries are sweet.
Motion and laughter call: we hear, we will or fall.

For see in secret vista, with soft, refulgent stars,
With cheered eyes, that stare upon the throng below,
With pendant dazzling moons, that cast a noonday white,
The full streets beckon. Come, for toil has burst his bars,
And idle eyes rejoice, and feet unhasting go.
Oh, let us out and wander the gay and golden night.
—Lawrence Binyon in New York Tribune.

A DIPLOMATIC TRICK.

AN INCIDENT THAT PROVED THE CUNNING OF BISMARCK.

The Roundabout Manner In Which He Secured the Safe Transmission of His Official Correspondence to the Foreign Office.

Stepping to the counter, Herr von Bismarck asked a grinning young shop-boy in shirt sleeves, a blue linen apron, not of maiden freshness, and blessed with a pair of large, red, greasy paws, engaged in weighing some Dutch cheese, to oblige him with a sheet of writing paper, some sealing wax and a pen to direct a letter.

On the boy producing the needful with the traditional "What else, sir?" Bismarck said: "My hands are rather cold. You had better do it for me." And he handed the boy a couple of letters wrapped in the sheet of bluish paper forming an envelope, for in those days made up envelopes were still unknown in Germany. Evidently flattered by the request of such an imposing looking client, for Herr von Bismarck's tall hat was almost touching the ceiling of the squalid little shop, the greasy tousled youth took the parcel, and, having closed it skillfully with some brown sealing wax and indorsed it with the initials of the firm, he returned it to its owner to write the address.

"Sorry, my friend, to give you more trouble," said the future chancellor in his jovial way, "but I can't manage to write with my gloves on, so just address it for me." And he handed him a penciled slip with the name of Herr Fritz Piepenbrink or some such name, oil and colonial warehouseman, No. 000 Friedriche strasse, Berlin.

"Thank you, young man; that'll do capitally," and paying for the paper, etc., with a small tip to the oily boy with the stereotyped grin, he pocketed his letter, and we left the place to continue our walk.

"I dare say you are wondering why I treat my correspondents to such greasy, evil smelling missives?" And he showed me the cheesy finger marks of the boy on both sides of the improvised envelope. "I'll tell you a secret, and teach you a useful lesson for future times. You may some day thank me for the hint," exclaimed Herr von Bismarck, laughing heartily.

"You know we are blessed here in Frankfort, as throughout all south Germany, with the Thurn and Taxis postal administration, a mine of wealth to that fortunate family, but the most wretchedly managed concern under the sun. As you may imagine, it is under the thumb of Austria, hence slow and the triumph of red tape, with a pronounced weakness for diving into other people's business and skimming, of course, the correspondence of all German and foreign envoys, accredited to the diet, with a preference for mine, the ever suspected Prussian culprit and traitor.

"They have established a regular black cabinet in the princely postoffice, where specially trained imperial and royal wiseacres peruse our prose with critical eye, transmitting copies of extracts of all 'treasonable' matter, or particularly interesting reports, to the august Ballplatz, where Gentand and after him Klindworth have established a lynx eyed system of political espionage (politisches schnuffeln) extending all over Europe, and comprising eo ipso all German courts and chancelleries.

"Not being particularly anxious to gratify the morbid curiosity of our Austrian ally, I have thought it advisable to send important reports to the Berlin foreign office, as well as all my letters to the king, to Herr von Mantenfel, and to my sister and some particular friends, under cover to some mercantile firm in Berlin, changing frequently and usually asking a counter jumper in a cheesemonger's or oilman's shop to address them for me—and you can easily understand that the imperial and royal sniffers (schnuffler) don't manage to guess the correspondent of the Prussian representative under a greasy, ill smelling cover, such as you have seen.

"It stands to reason that the smell of cheese or herring and the scribbling of a shopboy must deceive sharper men than the Thurn and Taxis post officials and the specially delegated Austrian postoffice clerks. The only precaution I have to take is to go to different shops in quarters of the town where I am not known and to vary the Berlin address from time to time. Thus I'm perfectly safe.

"Le tour est joue, and I snap my fingers at the Ballplatz. It is simple enough, as you have seen, yet it wouldn't do to send everything through that channel, as they would otherwise get suspicious, so I treat my Austrian friends at least once a week to some of my diplomatic prose—unimportant stuff, and occasionally something I want them to know—or to believe," and he indulged in a boisterous laugh.—Baron de Malortie in Cornhill Magazine.

A Close Shave.

A circus paid a flying visit to a small country town, and the price of admission was sixpence, children under 16 years of age half price. It was Edith's tenth birthday, and her brother Tom, aged 13, took her in the afternoon to see the show. Arrived at the door, he put down sixpence and asked for two front seats.

"How old is the little girl?" asked the money taker doubtfully.

"Well," replied Master Tom, "this is her tenth birthday, but she was not born until rather late in the afternoon."

The money taker accepted the statement and handed him the tickets. But it was a close shave.—London Tit-Bits.

The cod fisheries of Newfoundland have been followed for nearly 400 years. They greatly exceed those of any other country in the world. The average export of cod is about 1,350,000 cwt. per annum.

SUNDAY.

Cabman (sitting in the street amid the ruins of his cab and horse, to driver of the bus which occasioned the disaster)—You — — ! — — — !! — — !!! — — — — !!!! — — !!!!

Constable (to the orator)—Now, now! You mustn't call him such names as that.

Cabman (in frenzy)—Him wot smashed me cab an killed me 'orse an left me a 'elpless cripple! Wot the —— do yer expect me to call 'im—a 'owlin hangel? —London Judy.

George IV's Wit.

Mrs. Byrne, in her "Social Hours With Celebrities," tells this anecdote of George IV's wit: "I remember one of the Rev. Mr. Wagner's stories concerned some nobleman who had enjoyed an unenviable reputation for assininity. It had been suggested to the king to confer on him an order of the Thistle, which had become vacant. 'Give the Thistle to ——!' exclaimed the king. 'Why, he'd eat it!'"

MICA MINES OF INDIA.

The Methods of Hundreds of Years Ago Still In Use.

The mica mines of India are in the interior of the country and very inaccessible. The Abraker mine, it is stated, produces the finest mica that has ever been mined, both for lamination and color. It has been sunk about 200 feet, following the pitch of the vein, and all this mica and refuse have been raised and carried away by the natives. No machinery of any kind except drill and hammers is used in their mining operations.

The refuse and the mica are placed in baskets each holding ten pounds, the baskets being passed up from hand to hand by women, who stand in a line on ladders. The contents of the baskets are deposited at the top, and the baskets are returned down the ladder in the same manner as they went up, but by another line of women. Water is taken out of the mines by means of jugs. It is supposed that this method of operation has been carried on for many hundreds of years, except that there is more care to protect the miners.

After the crude mica is taken from the mines it is first roughly trimmed and then sorted into different grades, according to sizes and quality. It is then taken to the mica workers, who split it up and scribe out the size for it to be cut into by the shearers, the cut pieces then being cleaned, weighed and packed ready for shipment. The mica is then transported to general warehouses in baskets on the backs of bullocks and in bullock carts. In this way it is carried hundreds of miles to shipping points at a speed of about ten miles a day.

The mica can be split down to .0002 of an inch in thickness. Being both fireproof and transparent, it is very useful for many purposes in the arts, besides being an excellent insulator.—Electrical World.

COLOR BLIND PAINTERS.

A London Oculist Asserts That There Are Such Artists.

To speak of a color blind artist sounds like joking, said a noted oculist; but, strange as it seems, there are several persons so affected who can nevertheless paint extremely well. Numbers of color blind people there are, of course, who draw perfectly in pencil, ink and crayons, but I myself know a scene painter attached to a provincial theater who, though "color blind," paints all its scenery, and is quite a local name, not only for his "interiors" and oak chambers, but even for landscapes.

I can tell you also of two London ladies who consulted me for color blindness who paint really beautiful pictures. One is the daughter of a late famous artist and was taught painting by her father. She is quite unable to distinguish red from green, but her colors are all labeled with the names, and she has been taught which to use for certain effects. Possibly her painting may seem to her eyes, as it were, drawing with a brush and "shading" with the colors.

The other is a lady artist of some celebrity, who has for years exhibited annually in London. The public is not aware that she is color blind. She painted the "Wedding Group" for a certain noble bridegroom a year or two ago and also several public men's portraits and one of an eminent physician fetched 500 guineas.

There is a gentleman residing at Kensington who, having years ago left the navy through finding his advancement hopelessly barred by his color blindness, is at present making several hundreds a year by his brush as an artist, designing most artistic and brightly colored picture posters for advertisement boardings.—London Answers.

Carved His Epitaph and Died.

"John Harmon died here from the bite of a rattlesnake."

This is an inscription on a beech tree standing on the knobs, in Monroe township, back of Jeffersonville. A date once followed the words, but it is now indistinct. There is a strange story connected with the inscription. An old resident relates it.

"Years ago, when that section of Indiana was little explored and when the heavy bush was the dwelling place of the wild turkey, deer and rattlesnake, John Harmon started to Charlestown to attend court. He was armed with an old fashioned rifle. A rattler bit Harmon's leg. Harmon killed the reptile. Then he began to prepare for death. It was he who carved the words in lighter lines on the tree, with the request beneath, long since obliterated by the tree's growth, to bury him on the spot. A few days later Harmon's body was found. A grave was dug by the tree and there it can be seen today."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Excessive Precaution.

A southwest Georgia couple going to be married, the prospective husband said:

"Molly, the last time I was married I lost the ring 'fore I got to the parson's. But I'm shore of it this time."

"Wher is it, John?" she asked.

"I've got it in my mouth," he said. "I'm shore of it now."

But when they stood before the preacher the latter asked:

"Where is the ring?"

The groom gulped—choked—stuttered, and finally exclaimed in despair:

"Fere de Lord, I done swallered it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Feeder.

Bangin—Kilmmkwick, the reading editor of The Asterisk, is a busy fellow. I saw him at the office today with a wastebasket beside him filled to the brim.

Tollow—Yes, confound him! But I'll bet I furnished the most of the material. He couldn't fill the basket if he didn't have the stuff to fill it, could he?—Boston Transcript.

A Lawyer's Retort.

The greater number of cases are tried before judges without juries, and the occupants of the bench are accustomed to resent an eloquent appeal as something in the nature of an insult to their mental powers.

"Do you think to soften my heart," sarcastically asked a well known chancery judge when a member of the equity bar, making a rare attempt at rhetoric, drew a pathetic picture of his client's wrongs.

"My lord," replied the counsel, who who at once recognized the failure of his appeal, but was quick to find success in his retort, "I know it is impossible."—London Globe.

He Wasn't a Germand.

That wary old fellow, Bailie Macduff, was enticed into a friend's house the other night, and his host managed to win 50 shillings from him at "nap." What is more remarkable, when the baillie had parted with his last shilling he rose, full of wrath.

"Won't you stay to supper?" pressed his host. "We have a fine bit of ham waiting."

"No, not I. Dae ye think I eat 50 shillings' worth of ham?"—London Answers.

A Trifling Change.

"I guess I'm willing to go," said the farmer, when they told him his hours would be but few. "It is just a change from havin my nose to the grindstone to havin it to the tombstone."—Indianapolis Journal.

In ancient Egypt when a cat died in a private house the inmates shaved their eyebrows. The killing of a cat, even accidentally, was considered a capital offense.

The psaltery of Spain is supposed to have been introduced into that country by the Moors. It is still in common use among the peasants.

"Detectives."

There are probably not less than a score of men walking about New Orleans today who are decorated under their lapels with large tin stars bearing the cabalistic word "detective." They are patrons of the various private agencies of the north that advertise for "shrewd men as operatives in all parts of the country," and supply the tin star and a beautifully lithographed "certificate" for the trifling sum of $5. The wearers of their insignia labor under the hallucination, as a rule, that they are vested with some special right to collar their fellow men. The same agencies do a land office business in wigs, false beards and other disguises which the amateur sleuth believes firmly are part of the necessary equipment of the profession.

Now and then one of these deluded individuals, who are to be found in all large cities, gets himself into trouble by attempting to make an arrest; but, as a rule, the mania is harmless and its victims confine themselves to prowling through side streets and looking mysterious. They find great joy also in posing in boarding house circles and hearing folks say in awed undertones, "Do you know Mr. So-and-so is a detective?" It is one of the queerest of all queer phases of city life.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Both Are Married.

The ordinary paragrapher in referring to a marriage nearly always says that Mr. John Smith or Mr. James Brown was married to Miss Nellie Green or Miss Fanny White. It would lead one to think that the man only was married, while the fact is both were married. The woman is as much married as the man. The man was not simply married to the woman. The woman and the man were married, and the announcement should be that Mr. So-and-so and Miss So-and-so were married. Rev. Dr. Sunderland wrote a series of articles on this subject some years ago which were published in this city. He laid down the general principle that he did not marry the man to the woman, but that he married the man and the woman, and married one just as much as he did the other. He discountenanced the issuing of wedding cards by parents that their daughter was married to any particular person, and said he did not want to perform any marriage ceremony in which any such announcement was made.—Washington Star.

Peabody and the Boatman.

Many years ago John Bright and George Peabody, the philanthropist, were fishing in a little Irish stream. Late in the evening, after a hard day's work, the party arrived at the landing stage, and Bright, accosting the inevitable policeman on the bank, said:

"What is the proper price to pay these boatmen, constable?"

He replied, "Seven shillings and sixpence, yer honner, but some gintlemen give them 10 shillings."

Bright, turning to his companion, said, "I have no change, Peabody; have you three half crowns?"

The millionaire produced the coins and gave them to one of the boatmen.

"Is that all ye're giving me?" asked the latter.

"That's all," said Peabody.

Holding the coins in the open palm of his hand, and slowly scratching his head with the other, the boatman said:

"And they call ye Paybody, don't they? Well, I call ye Paynobody."—New York Tribune.

A Tough Contract.

"Well, Caleb," said Captain W. of Massachusetts years ago, "what will you ask a day to saw wood for me? I've got several cords that I want sawed in two for the fireplace."

"I should charge you about half a dollar a day if I had a saw," replied Caleb, "but I ain't got none, captain, so I don't see how I can accommodate you."

"If that's all that's lacking, I guess we can manage it," said the captain. "I've got a prime new one, keen as a brier, and I'll let it to you reasonable. How would ninepence (12½ cents) a cord do for the use of it?"

"I reckon that's a fair price, captain. I'll be over in the mornin."

Bright and early that next July morning Caleb was at work, and he kept at it so faithfully that he finished before sunset, when he went to the house to settle.

"Let's see," said the captain, "you were to have half a dollar a day. We'll call it a day, although it ain't sundown yet. That's 50 cents for you, and you were to pay me ninepence a cord for the use of the saw. There were three cords and a half in the pile. That makes 43¾ cents due me. Somehow, Caleb, you don't have very much coming to you."

"How unfortuit," said Caleb, after scratching his head dubiously for half a minute, and then looking up quickly, as if a new light had broken in upon his mind—"how unfortuit that you didn't have half a cord more, for then we'd a' come out jest square!"—Success.

Musical Family.

When Audubon was traveling in Labrador, he came, one day, upon a house where the friendly inhabitants made much of him and his companions and where the good wife asked him if he played on any instrument.

"I, myself," she said, "am extraordinarily fond of music and have an instrument which has been sent away for repairs. We miss it greatly, for we can all play on it, and when we are tired the servants use it for us."

"You must be a very musical family," said the naturalist. "What sort of an instrument is it?"

She was perplexed.

"Gentlemen," said she, "my instrument is large, longer than broad, and stands on four legs like a table. At one end is a crooked hand, by turning which, fast or slow, I do assure you we make most excellent music."

"A hand organ!"

She smiled delightedly.

"Ah, that's it!" said she. "It is a hand organ, but for the life of me I could not recollect the name."—Youth's Companion.

Impromptu Justices.

The St. James Budget tells the following somewhat unbelievable story gleaned from the columns of the London Times:

Herr Wolff, special correspondent of The Tageblatt, having an idle day somewhere between Kiao Chou and Tsingtau, went out in quest of adventures with his dog, Schuster, and his clerk. Arriving at a courthouse, he found a mandarin preparing to try 13 Chinese, charged with murdering German missionaries. Waving a piece of paper, which he declared was his warrant, he promptly took the highest seat, ordered "Herr von Schuster" to take the next to dignity to his right, placed his clerk on his left, waved aside the bewildered mandarin, who doubtless thought that this was the "mailed fist" in person, and called for the prisoners, whom, without hearing evidence, he promptly acquitted. He then rode off, followed by Herr von Schuster and the clerk, declaring that the order of the day was at an end.

Alaska's Sky Pillar.

The newly discovered peak in Alaska, which is said to be taller than Mount St. Elias, is away over on the American side of the boundary line and is thus indisputably ours. It will be somewhat rough on Elias to lose his long reputed pre-eminence, but as the great landmark of the international boundary line he may yet get some consolation.—New York Tribune.

Three things too much and three too little are pernicious to man—to speak much and know little, to spend much and have little, to presume much and be worth little.—Cervantes.

There are 60 different kinds of wood grown in Arkansas.

How Doctors Differ.

"For ten solid years," said a New Orleans broker, "I lived in perpetual apprehension of sudden death. A doctor in Texas told me—confound his picture—that I had valvular heart disease, and if I wanted to stay on earth I must avoid every species of excitement. I did my best to follow his advice, but that miserable specter was at my elbow day and night and embittered my whole existence. I don't believe I am a coward, but the thought preyed on me until I began to fear for my sanity.

"At last, after all these years of infinite precaution, I went to a first class specialist to find out how much longer I'd last and was assured that I hadn't one single symptom of the malady. Talk about removing a mountain from a man! That assurance knocked off an entire range. It changed the color of the universe in a twinkling, and I was so happy I wanted to just throw up my hat and yell.

"That was a couple of years ago, and I have enjoyed myself tiptop ever since up to one day last week, when I happened to be chatting with the specialist and remarked that I'd like to murder that sawtones in Texas. 'I don't blame you,' he said. 'That man had no right to tell you that you had heart disease. If I had found you right at death's door, I certainly would never have let you know it.' Now, by Jove, I don't know who or what to believe and am drifting back to the old state of uncertainty. I wish I lived in a cannibal island and had never heard of doctors."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Milk and Mathematics.

When Thomas drove up to deliver the usual quart of white mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired, "Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver daily to your customers?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early winter and the state of the roads, and then asked, "Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah, um!" said the gentleman, as he moved off.

Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon cover: "Nine cows is nine, and I set down seven quarts under the cows and multiply. That's 63 quarts of milk. I told him I sold 91 quarts per day. Sixty-three from 91 leaves 28 and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a big cavity in these figures to be filled with water!"—London Sketch.

Italy In London.

Many Londoners have visited the Italian district, which lies in the neighborhood of Theobald's road and Hatton Garden, and some with inquiring minds have strolled up Leather lane and watched the Italian ice cream venders and fortune telling women with pretty love birds, intermingled with the dirty, noisy, street hawkers, common to all London slums. It is amazing to learn how there Italians crowd together in the poky little houses of the courts and alleys. Generally a house is hired by an old padrone, who sublets to as many of his countrymen as he can respectably squeeze in. The cellars are utilized as sleeping apartments, and in the morning as many as 20, even 30, men will emerge from the bowels of the earth, clinking and winking in the daylight after a night spent in the cellars under one small dwelling house. A whole family, consisting of a husband and wife and eight or nine fanciulli of various ages, often sleep in one small garret or cellar.—Judgate Magazine.

A Crusher.

Legge, bishop of Oxford, who had not youth as his excuse for his vanity, asked his friend Canning to come and hear his first episcopal sermon. They dined together afterward, and from the politician's silence the other ought to have known better than to push him, but being rather nettled he exclaimed, "Canning, you have said nothing to me about my sermon." "Well, it was short." "Oh," said the bishop, "it is better to be short than tedious." "But," replied Canning, "you were that too."

Athletic Missionaries.

Two English home missionary workers were recently introduced by the Rev. A. J. Robinson to a Birmingham audience in these words:

"You Birmingham chaps have a lot of athletics, and quite right too. The two missionaries are both old athletes, you will be interested to learn. One, an old chum of mine, was in the Cambridge eight, and the other was famous among his fellows as a jumper. He could jump as high as his head."—Liverpool Mercury.

Why Maud Blushed.

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Maud, did Mr. Jules take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Maud—Why, of course not! Why should he?

Bobby—That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did because I heard him say when he was going out, 'I am going to steal just one,' and— Why, what's the matter, Maud?—London Fun.

Steel Balls.

The largest center in the world for the manufacture of steel balls for ball bearings is situated at Schweinfurt, in Bavaria. A couple of factories there, owned by one firm, produce close upon 300,000,000 balls annually with the labor of 600 men working ten hours daily. The total production of Germany is stated to be about 650,000,000, while England and France combined turn out only about 70,000,000 additional.

Nauseous Doses.

Nauseous medicines nowadays possess none of the terrors that many of us remember when "powders" were given in jam and castor oil in hot milk, as pharmacists have invented no end of ways of giving the nastiest drugs without any flavor at all.

Castor oil, cod liver oil and things of that disagreeable kind are made up in little flexible capsules, which slip down the throat like a strawberry.

These capsules are also made in two parts, so that any one can buy them empty and put the powder or other drug in himself, sealing them and then swallowing them without knowing that the drug has a taste. Then there is the round wafer paper, in which can be inclosed any kind of bolus, pill or powder and which, when moistened, can be swallowed with ease.—New York World.

A Clever Witness.

In a recent county court case in which a man sued another for balance of wages the defendant called a witness.

Witness—I beg pardon, your honor. Before I give my evidence I want my expenses.

Judge (to defendant)—Pay him 7s 6d.

The defendant having done so, the judge said, "Now that you have had your expenses, what do you know of the case?"

Witness—Nothing at all, your honor.—London Tit-Bits.

Cautious Tennyson.

A clergyman is quoted by Sir M. E. Grant Duff in his memoirs as authority for the story that on the occasion of Hallam's going down to Richmond to be godfather to Tennyson's eldest boy the historian asked, "What is to be the child's name?" "Hallam," answered the poet. "I don't like surnames for Christian names," said the other. "Why not call him Alfred?" "What if he were to turn out a fool?" was the reply.

The Mad Poet's Retort.

Many stories are told of McDonald Clarke, known 50 years ago in New York as the "Mad Poet," which show that he had a vein of great shrewdness, such as is often possessed by people who are counted insane.

One day he was seated at a table in a New York hotel quietly eating his simple dinner when two young men took their seats at the same table. They were not gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and it occurred to them that they might have some sport with the poor poet. Consequently one of them said in an unnecessarily clear tone:

"I have seen almost everything and everybody in New York except McDonald Clarke. I have a great admiration for his poems, and I would give a great deal to see the man."

When he paused, the mad poet leaned forward and said with evident gratification:

"Sir, I am McDonald Clarke, whom you say you wish to see."

The young man stared at him with much rudeness for a moment, and then, drawing a quarter from his pocket, he laid it on the poet's plate, saying: "That's for the sight!"

Clarke looked at the coin for an instant, and then, placing it in his pocket, he took out a "York shilling," 12½ cents. This he handed to the young man, saying gravely, "Children half price."—Youth's Companion.

A Decidedly Novel Claim.

A claim once made on the explorer, Cameron, in the neighborhood of Gaboon, Africa, shows the peculiar workings of the native African's mind. Some of Cameron's possessions proved unduly attractive to a native, and he determined on transferring the ownership to himself. He accordingly paid another native $200 to procure for him the coveted goods.

The assistant took the money and did his best to earn it, but Mr. Cameron had perversely locked up the very articles that the fellow's employer had set his heart upon. The man could not carry out his bargain, and neither did he feel that he could part with the money. Therefore he ran off with it. What more logical than that the man who was the loser by $200 should expect the explorer to make the loss good? This he assuredly did expect.

He went to Mr. Cameron and told him the story, demanding in the first place the $200 which he, Cameron, by locking up his goods, had compelled the complainant to lose, and, secondly, the actual price of the goods themselves, which, but for these arbitrary measures, would now have been in his possession. It is not stated that his expectations were realized.—Watchman.

Sterne's Destitution.

Laurence Sterne, the writer, was the victim of the intensest poverty. A little time before his death, being in a state of destitution, he went one evening to borrow £5 from his friend Garrick. Upon arriving, he heard music and knew that a party was going on. He heard the merry laughter, and, gently replacing the uplifted knocker, retraced his steps.

We never feel our miseries so keenly as when contrasted with the joys of others, and it is only then that we realize Wordsworth's picture:

And heedless near a thousand homes I stood
And near a thousand tables pined for food.

Another story of this writer does not evoke so much sympathy. It was known that Sterne used his wife very ill, and in talking with Garrick one day in fine sentimental style of conjugal love and fidelity he said, "The husband who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burn down over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick quietly, "I hope yours is well insured."

A Malay Sultan's Letter.

In the cover there were three inclosures—a formal letter of extreme politeness, written by a scribe; secondly, a letter written in my friend's own hand; and thirdly, another paper, headed, "Hidden Secrets," written also in the sultan's own hand. At the top of the first page of the second letter is written, "Our friendship is sealed in the inmost recesses of my heart." Then this, "I send this letter to my honored and renowned friend" (here follow my name, designation and some conventional compliments). The letter then continues: "You, my dear friend, are never out of my thoughts, and they are always wishing you well. I hear that you are coming to see me, and for that reason my heart is exceedingly glad, as though the moon had fallen into my lap or I had been given a cluster of flowers grown in the garden called Benjerana Sri, wide opening under the influence of the sun's warm rays."—"Unaddressed Letters," by Swettenham.

An Antenuptial Understanding.

"There is one question I want to ask you, dearest," said the beautiful girl as she toyed with the diamond ring on her third finger. "When we are married, will you expect me to bake my own bread?"

"You can do as you like about it, darling," he replied, "but I certainly shall insist upon your not baking mine."—Chicago News.

Unhappy Hindoo Women.

The Hindoo holy books forbid a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband and allow him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

A Newcastle (England) man wrote this to the editor on a postal card: "What ho, Mr. Editor, what price this? If the mouth is the window of the intellect, toothache must be a sort of window pain."

That Confederate Badge.

"There has been a misapprehension," said Senator Bacon, of Georgia, "as to the character of the badge which a Confederate veteran pinned on the President's coat in Macon during his recent Southern tour. If it had been an ordinary Confederate badge, the act might, under the circumstances, have been considered a breach of hospitality," reports the Washington Post.

"The badge was, however, gotten up especially in honor of the President. On the top of it were the national colors. Then, in large letters, was the word 'Welcome,' with the President's picture, and an extract from his Atlanta speech relative to Federal care of Confederate graves. Underneath was simply the name of the Confederate camp which prepared the badge, several hundred of the members of which were present as an organization to receive and welcome the President.

"There can be no legitimate criticism of the presentation or acceptance of such a badge. If the President expressed any doubt at the time of the propriety of his receiving it, there was doubtless in his mind the thought that there might be a personal embarrassment in his wearing a badge upon which his own picture was the most conspicuous feature. There could have been no other suggestion of impropriety. It may be proper to add that I did not hear the remark attributed to the President in the published reports, although I was within a few feet of him at the time."

Monarch over pain, burns, cuts, sprains, stings. Instant relief. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

Elizabeth Cromwell.

Cromwell legends are so ubiquitous in England that it is a real relief to lay one's hand upon a bit of solid fact relating either to the protector or his family. Elizabeth, the second and favorite daughter of Cromwell, married John Claypole of Northborough, and appears to have spent a considerable portion of her 12 years of wedded life in his substantial fourteenth century house. Carlyle asserts Elizabeth Claypole to have been "a graceful, brave and amiable woman," and of her home that it is "now ruined—patched into a farmhouse."

The second statement is not characterized by his usual accuracy, and the first probably needs some modification, for Elizabeth Claypole is credited with some turning of her head over her father's elevation, and at a wedding feast is reported to have exclaimed, when asked why the wives of the major generals were absent, "I'll warrant you, washing their dishes at home, as they used to do." Not a particularly "amiable" sentence that.

Cromwell seems to have had some insight of her little weakness. "Tell her," he wrote once, "to take heed of a departing heart and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which, I doubt, she is too subject to." It is agreed by most authorities that John Claypole himself was little enough of a Puritan, but let it stand to his credit that, after Oliver died, he provided a haven for his widow for the rest of her life in this manor house.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Barbers on the Ocean.

One of the most important persons on board a well equipped ocean liner is the barber. If he is gifted with a good business instinct, he is in a position to make a good deal of money.

To the average man shaving while at sea is a difficult and hazardous operation. He therefore calls into requisition the services of the ship's barber, a man who by long training is qualified to wield the razor with skill and safety, no matter how much the vessel rolls or pitches.

He is always one of the most heavily "tipped" officials on the ship. If the ship travels on a route with interesting ports of call, the ship's barber makes it his business to lay in a stock of native knickknacks and curios of all kinds.

The inexperienced traveler is naturally a little suspicious of the native peddlers who swarm on board with their wares directly the ship is at anchor. He prefers to purchase his mementos of foreign travel of the barber, who, having bought his stock at wholesale rates, is able to retail the various articles to passengers at prices little if at all higher than those charged by the native tradesman.—Exchange.

Goldsmith's Actor.

Lord Nugent was one evening very eloquent to Goldsmith in praise of M. (a bad actor). "But, my lord," said Goldsmith, "you must allow he treads the stage very ill—he waddles." "Waddles?" said Lord Nugent. "Yes, he waddles like a goose. Why, you know we call him Goose M." "Well, and then, you know, when he endeavors to express strong passion he bellows." "Bellows?" said Lord Nugent. "To be sure he does—bellows like a bull. Why, we call him Bull M." "Well, then," continued Goldsmith, pursuing his triumph, "His voice breaks and he croaks." "Croaks?" said Lord Nugent. "Why, the fellow croaks like a frog. We call him Frog M. But M. is a good actor." "Why, yes," said Goldsmith, "barring the goose, and the bull, and the frog, and a few other things I could mention, and not wishing to speak ill of my neighbors, I will allow M. is a good actor."—"Memoirs of the Earl of Nugent."

The Sea Gull and the Fisherman.

In the fishing village of Auchmithie (the Musselcraig of Scott's "Antiquary") you may frequently witness sea gulls flying into the houses of the fishermen and partaking of food from their hands. One of these sea birds was in the habit of staying in a fisherman's house all the year round except at the breeding season, when it left. Quite recently, while the gull was away, the fisherman removed his home from Auchmithie to Arbroath (the Fairport of Scott's "Antiquary"), distant some 3½ miles from the former place, taking up his residence in South street of Arbroath. The fisherman never expected to see his old friend the gull again. It was therefore much to his astonishment that he beheld a fortnight later the sea bird come walking into his new residence with stately steps to resume his old familiarities and household ways with his housekeeper.—London Lady.

The Better Drawer.

"Your money or your life!" cried the robber.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the artist, and drew a pistol. The artist had no money, and, according to the critics, not much life, but that was not why he laughed. He laughed because he belonged to the school which draws rapidly and boldly rather than the school which draws laboriously, with great attention to detail.—Detroit Journal.

London Landlords.

There is perhaps no tenant who is so completely at the mercy of his landlord as the occupier of a house in London which belongs to one of the great ground landlords. He is an absolute prisoner within the four corners of his lease. The slightest deviation is accompanied with pains and penalties, but, on the other hand, the landlord reserves all kinds of privileges to himself.

Very little furniture is used in the bedrooms of Turkish houses. Rarely is a chair seen in any of them. A few mats adorn the room, and the bed is stretched on the floor.

The English language contains 41 distinct sounds.

Seasonable Hints.

Sweet Potato Pie.—One pint of potato rubbed through a sieve or colander, four well beaten eggs, one full cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, nutmeg to taste; make into a very thin batter with rich milk; fill three under crusts; bake in moderate oven.

Ham Salad.—Chop fine cabbage and onion, mix one pint of cabbage, one tablespoonful of onion, season with salt, pepper and crushed celery seed; sprinkle over the cabbage and onion one cup of minced, boiled ham; pour over all good vinegar, and serve quickly.

Cabbage salad.—One head of cabbage chopped fine, two cups of vinegar, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoonful of mustard, two eggs; place this on the stove and let it come almost to a boil, then pour over the cabbage, add a little salt and pepper, and mix well together.

Pork Cakes.—Chop raw fresh pork very fine, add salt, pepper, one chopped onion, half as much stale bread crumbs as there is meat, soaked until soft, two well-beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of finely powdered sage; mix well together; make into little oblong cakes, and fry in boiling lard; serve with sliced lemon, if you like.

Mince Meat.—One quart of chopped, boiled beef, two quarts of chopped apples, one pint of molasses, one pint of sugar, one teacup of vinegar or cider, one quart of chopped raisins or currants, two teaspoonful of cloves and cinnamon, one nutmeg, one gill of butter; cook until scalded through, seal in glass jars until wanted, or pack in an earthen jar and cover with melted lard.

Horseshoes.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes, which, in their cases, are tied around the ankle with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a halfpenny a pair. In Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horn. In discussing this subject a writer in The Horseshoer's Journal says: In the valley of the Upper Oxus the antlers of the mountain deer are used for the same purpose, the shoes being fastened with horn pins. In the Sudan the horses are shod with socks made of camel's skin. In Australia horseshoes are made of cowhide. A German not long ago invented a horseshoe of paper, prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained, and the shoes thus made are durable and impenetrable by moisture.

Lander's Retort at School.

One day in full school Master Lander had an apple of singular size and beauty. He had his Livy in one hand and this apple in the other and read and read and munched and munched till the sound struck the doctor. He espied the delinquent and ordered him to bring that apple to him. He put it on his desk, coram populo, and then, half relenting, said: "There, sir. Now, if you want that again you had better go and sit down and make me a short line on the occasion." "Oh, I can do that and stand here," says Master Lander. "Do it then." The boy thought a moment, and soon obliged him with a pentameter, "Esuriens doctor dulcia poma rapit."

"Hum!" says Dr. James. "And pray, sir, what do you mean by e-su-riens doctor?" "The gormandizing doctor." "Take it, sir. You are too hard for me, you are too hard for me," said the doctor, delighted with his pupil.—"Rouse's History of Rugby School."

Chinese Back Scratcher.

No Chinese home is without a back scratcher, while many there be in otherwise happy American households who do not know its joys. Therefore are they compelled to hitch around on chairs to dislodge the fleh.

The oriental does better. He shoves down his back an instrument which has a carved bone or ivory hand with sharp claws. This is mounted on a flexible handle of cane or bone, and with a few pushes the annoyance ceases.—Hongkong Correspondence.

For Bed and Board.

It is said that when John Jacob Astor was once congratulated for his wealth he replied by pointing to the bonds and maps of property, at the same time inquiring, "Would you like to manage these matters for your bed and board?"

The man demurred.

"Sir," continued the rich man, "it is all that I can get."

Pretty Girls, These!

"The Houtzdale (Penn.) Journal says: 'The [illegible] of the Houtzdale girls are slender and delicately tinted, their [illegible] are like [illegible], and they are without [illegible] in this or any other [illegible]. Their frowns are like [illegible], and their 123450 excite [illegible] of pleasure and a desire to m[illegible] them. Read this [illegible] closely, and do not [illegible] its veracity."

Hickory Nut Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of melted butter, six tablespoonsful of milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and one cupful of chopped kernels cut into the dough.

Egg Sauce.—One cup of stock, heated and thickened with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, poured over two beaten eggs; boil one minute, with a tablespoonful of parsley chopped in, add the powdered yolks of two hard boiled eggs; stir well, and serve with boiled meat or fowls.—Jessie Lynch, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Jan. 18, 1899.

Apples	per bu	50 @ 75c
	dried, ℔	3c
	evaporated ℔	12c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 45c
Butter	roll per ℔	22c
	Fresh keg, per ℔	22c
	creamery, per ℔	32c
Beeswax, per ℔		25c
Bacon	country ham, per ℔	10 to 11c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12c
	side, per ℔	8 to 8½c
	shoulder, per ℔	10 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	1.50c
	Lima, per ℔	5c
	green, per