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BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of music, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
Wheresoever you may be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

It was in Boston. The first snow of the season had fallen the night before, and the wind was dashing it off the tops of the high buildings, filling the air with tiny particles that glittered like diamonds in the brilliant sunshine. It wasn't quite so pleasant to have it come with a rush right into one's face, but every one was merry and brisk this morning, and why shouldn't the wind be so too? Two bright-faced girls were rapidly threading their way through the crowds that thronged around the great dry goods stores. For an hour they had been flitting from place to place, attending to matters important or otherwise, hovering over the pretty things piled high upon the counters, but laughingly shaking their heads over their empty purses.

"I shall have to appoint myself your guardian, Alice, and put a veto on your buying what you don't need." And the speaker linked her arm with that of her companion, and drew her towards the door.

"I ought to be grateful, for I am in debt now, and I really ought not to spend a cent. Did you ever see such a good-natured crowd? Now, you have that call to make, and while you go there I will run in and see Mollie. Don't stay long, will you, Grace?"

"No, I won't. What a wind! I should think it came straight from Labrador. This was rightly named Winter street! Here, give me your hand. Let us get into the sunshine, somehow, as quickly as we can.

Hand in hand, laughing, breathless, with heads bent to meet the fierce winds that came tearing around the corner, the cousins struggled forward until they gained the corner, where Alice halted for breath; but Grace ran on, across Tremont street, and stood in the flooding sunlight, waiting for her companion.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Alice, when they were together again. "Up Park street or across the Common?"

"Across the Common by all means," said Grace. "I go out of my way when in Boston, to walk on the Common. It is such a relief to me to escape from the cold shadow of the high buildings."

So on they went, with faces so bright from the cold air and their merry hearts that all who met them smiled and went their ways more blithely. Suddenly their path was blocked by the snow, on which men where still at work. An unbroken white expanse lay between them and their goal.

"Three alternatives," exclaimed Grace, gayly; to wade through this snow, which looks rather deep; to wait till the men finish the path for us, or to take this path over to Park street."

"In view of the lateness of the hour, perhaps we had better make a concession and accept the last. See, there is Mollie's house. You see the house with the roof higher than the others?"

"Yes," said Grace, not very decidedly.

"Well, it is the third house from that. If you finish your call first you can stop for me, or *vice versa*, I will go to meet you. Now don' stay long."

And they parted. Alice keeping on down Beacon street in the sunshine, Grace turning north over the hill. Neither had far to go from the corner where they separated, and Grace was soon waiting for admittance at her friend's door. The servant who took the card returned presently with the intelligence that her mistress was so ill that she was quite unable to receive anyone. So it happend that in a few moments Grace was again upon the street.

This is nice," she said to herself, as she retraced the steps. "Alice will not hurry herself, and, meantime, what is to become of me? I do not wish to shorten her call. I will walk down the street very slowly and try to kill time."

What an exquisite picture it is! And truly it was beautiful. The leafless trees on the Common lifted the delicate tracery of their branches against the cloudless sky. The newly fallen snow lay, still spotless, on the streets and housetops. Along the few paths that had been opened on the Common people passed and repassed. The roar and rush of the great city came softly to the ear across the white plain. Near at hand the State House raised its shining dome high in the air, and the tinkle of sleigh bells and the merry shouts of children added life and interest to the scene.

"I am getting somewhat tired of this promenade, although I doubt if there could be found a pleasanter place for it in all the city. Which house did Alice say? I'm sure I don't know. If I walk slowly past this club house a few more times I shall create a sensation. That will not do at all. Let me try—— street." But as she turned the corner the north wind met her, and her feet slipped dangerously on the icy pavement.

"Can't stand this, in more senses than one. Why doesn't that girl appear? If it was not for the snow, now, I might walk in the Common in the most unnoticeable way possible. I will cross over and study these roofs. What did Alice say? What a stupid not to ask her the number. But then I shouldn't have heard it if she had told me. Serves me right for giving such careless attention to what people are saying. I declare I don't even know her friend's name. Mollie, Mollie—what? I ought to know. I have heard her name times enough when I have been here before. She was one of Alice's classmates, but she did not mention her last name this morning. This must be the house. Shall I try it?

Grace, who had been carefully surveying the house that she was approaching, suddenly looked very determined, mounted the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened almost instantly by a dignified old servant in livery.

"I beg pardon if I am makeing a mistake," she began, in her most winning voice. "Indeed, I am quite at loss to explain myself. Has a young lady called here within a half hour to see a friend, a Miss Mollie——; my cousin did not mention her surname." And she paused with an embarassed half smile. But the old servant had already shaken his head.

"No, miss; no one has called. I know, because I have been right here all the time."

"Then I have made a mistake. I am sorry to have troubled you. But, could you, possibly?"—she hesitated.

"I think there is a young lady next door," indicating the house with his hand. "We have no young ladies in this family."

"Thank you," aloud. To herself: "That accounts for a slight trace of crustiness in your bearing, my good sir. However, you treated me very well—for a tramp."

Should she dare again? Her blood was up. The merry mood of the morning had not passed. It would be no worse than this horrid promenading, and she might find her.

This time the door was opened by a pleasant-faced young mulatto, who seemed instantly to appreciate the situation, for a suppressed twinkle in his eye answered to the smile that, do what she would, Grace knew was twitching at the corners of her mouth.

"I beg pardon,' she said, with an air of frankness that would have disarmed the most suspicious mind: "My cousin Miss Raymond, left me to call on a friend, while I made another call in the near neighborhood. My cousin pointed out the house to me, but really I do not know the house, the number, or her friend's name. She called her only Mollie. Is there a Miss Mollie—? Has a Miss Raymond called? You see, I—. It is really very absurd," and the young lady ended with a little appealing gesture of the hands that would have done credit to a French woman.

The young fellow smiled, yet very respectfully. "There is a Miss Molly," he said, Grace looked relieved. But she was not yet sure.

"A lady may have called." he continued, "although I did not see her. Miss Mollie is in New York."

"Oh, then," began Grace, preparing to retreat. But he went on.

"If you will step into the parlor, if you please, miss, I will go and inquire."

"I thank you. I am sorry to trouble you."

"How utterly ridiculous this is," she said to herself, as she took the proffered seat in a most elegant apartment. "To think that I, Grace Carter, should be in such a scrape as this! That man is a true gentleman. How does he know what I may intend to carry off in my pocket while he is gone? What would Alice—"

The sound of a half suppressed cough in another part of the room started her. She became conscious that she had been thinking aloud. Throwing, for the first time, a rapid glance around the room, her eyes met those of a gentleman who was almost hidden from her view by an angle of the room and the deep chair in which he was sitting. He rose from his seat, seeing himself discovered. Grace arose also, turning towards the door, for she heard the sound of returning footsteps.

"The lady is not here miss, I am sorry."

All Grace thought of now was to get out of her awkward position as soon as possible. The gentleman advanced to offer assistance, but Grace rapidly and somewhat incoherently uttered her thanks and apologies to the servant, fled and drew a long breath of relief as she reached the sidewalk once more.

"I feel as if I had lived an age, and it is not fifteen minutes since I blundered into the first place. If that girl does not appear before I reach the next corner I shall go home without her. There she is this very minute, blissfully unconscious of the mischief I have been into."

"How nice; you are just in time, Grace. I told Mollie you might call for me, and I have been listening for the bell for some time. Did you have a pleasant call? Mollie was looking very lovely this morning; she had on a new wrapper that is extremely becoming."

"Mrs. Benton was indisposed, so that I did not see her at all," said Grace, rather grimly.

Alice looked up and laughed a queer expression on her cousin's face. "Why what did you do all this time?" she asked.

Grace hesitated. "Can you keep it to yourself, if I tell you something?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, then, I have been making morning calls, on New Year's Day, upon the elite of Beacon street, Boston!"

"Grace Carter!'

"Percisely; that's just what I say." And half laughing, half rueful, she told the whole story.

Meanwhile the gentleman who had been so suddenly disturbed in his quiet doze did not seem inclined to return to his chair.

"You say she gave her cousin's name as Miss Raymond, Alfred?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. That will do. How long before dinner? I think I will go to the store after dinner. My headache seems to be better."

"What a face that girl had!" he continued, when left alone. "She must be a stranger in the city. She is not a Bostonian. A needle in a haystack! Yet I am bound to find her, and I will Raymond, that is all I have to guide me."

Alfred went away chuckling to himself: "Mr. Frank's struck at last. With a country girl too. But she is a little lady, that's a fact!" But Mr. Frank went to the store and studied the directory with great care.

He had been invited to a little New Year's party that evening, and as it was to be a very quiet, informal affair, he had consented to going, for although belonging to one of the most aristocratic wealthy families in the city, he was no society man. He wished now that he had not promised to go, for he wanted to take steps toward beginning his search for the apparition of the morning.

"Fortune favors the brave." As Mr. Ellis turned away after paying his respects to his hostess, his eyes met the very eyes that had looked into his that morning in his mother's parlor, and although they were instantly turned away the swift rush of color showed that he was recognized. With an adroit excuse about "a very striking resemblance," he soon gained the desired introduction and made himself so agreeable to the young lady that Grace forgot her determination to be frigidly polite, and ere long the two were chatting together like old friends, to the utter astonishment of those present who knew Ellis. Among his companions he was considered a little short of a "woman hater," and there he sat completely engrossed by a little, plainly dressed country girl.

The months fly swiftly, and again it is the eve of the New Year Come with me to a house in one of the pleasantest suburbs of Boston. A few snowflakes are beginning to fall. Look! the door is opened and a servant stands on the threshold, and, shading his eyes, peers into the surrounding gloom to see if there is a promise of a storm. We recognize Alfred. Let us slip past him into the light and warmth of the hall, and looking into the drawing room where the ruddy fire light is dancing on the wall. Two persons are standing before the open fire, and the the taller has his arm thrown carressingly around the slight little figure at his side.

"Grace, my darling," he is saying, "I never can be thankful enough that you got into the wrong house last New Year's. It was the making of my fortune—and Alfred's," he adds laughing.

"Do you know," Grace answers demurely, but with the merry sparkle in her eyes as of old, "I am not sure, in the light of subsequent events that it was the wrong house."

Borax.

There is one article of merchandise enumerated in the new tariff bill on which an import has been laid for the purpose of discouraging its importation and encouraging its home production, which is largely a California product This is borax, of which large quantities are gathered in that state and in Nevada. Few people, except those engaged directly in its production and sale, are likely to take much interest in the tariff on borax, and yet it is an article of almost universal use. Prior to the discovery of the California and Nevada fields large quantities of the mineral were imported from Turkey and Italy. Its value then was about thirty-five cents a pound. At present the production of American borax has depressed the price to ten cents a pound, and it would have gone still lower and caused the cessation of mining operations in California, if minjng it can be called, if Congress had not imposed a customs duty upon the foreign product. This duty is five cents a pound, and is to be levied after July 1st. The local producers look forward with much satisfaction to that period.

The production of borax in the United States at present is not sufficient to supply the demand. But it is thought that when the price shall have risen a few cents under the fostering influences of the duty first imposed the production will increase sufficiently to supply the entire market. At now ruling prices, borax making in the Pacific states is not a business which yields a great profit. There are; it is true, immense fields of the mineral, but they are in distant districts, not easy of access, and while the cost of condensation is not great, the cost of freighting is so heavy that there remains but a very small margin. A number of incorporated companies, who, in the enthusiasm engendered by the first discovery undertook the business, have gone the way of all flesh. Some years ago there was one company which operated quite successfully in Lake county. There was in the employ of this company a young engineer who sometimes struck an idea. The borax in that particular locality was conducted from the waters of a little lake, which was very strongly impregnated with the mineral. The engineer, therefore, conceived the idea that if the water on top contained so much borax, that underground must contain so much more. He therefore induced the company to bore at the banks of the lake. The auger went down and struck, not borax, but a good, strong stream of fresh water, which began to flow into the lake, and thinned it so much that it did no longer pay to condense its waters for the sake of the mineral.

The borax fields which have been worked so far have been generally small in extent. Only those in the neighborhood of good roads have been operated upon. These are easily exhausted, and the operators have to hunt for new borax-fields. This is the cause and origin of the numerous borax mining companies which are incorporated each year. Several of those lately formed are to operate in Inyo county, where the borax fields are very extensive. The water of Lower Owens' lake contains a very large percentage of borax. In early days prospectors loved to wash their gray or black woolen blankets in this water, because it removed not only dirt, but also color. They also liked to bathe in it, behause the poorest swimmer would float in its saline fluid. But the water was not good for drinking or cooking purposes, and a very small quantity is sufficient to produce sea-sickness. The use of borax has materially increased of late years. It is now used for a great many manufacturing purposes, such as making agate household ware, pigments, &c. The trades, also, use it in liberal quantities, and so do the soap-makers and housewives, who hate grease-spots and cockroaches. The industry promises to become important in California.

Not Insulted.

"That man to whom you sent me, insulted me," said a young drummer, who had only been a few months in the business, to his trainer in a large house in this city.

"Insulted you," reiterated the trainer, with an expression of contempt almost sufficient to make the novice sink into the floor.

"Were you never insulted," timidly responded the young man.

"Never, sir; not even during the period of my novitiate, which passed through very rapidly, and I have twenty years in the business."

"That is very strange," said the novice, skeptically.

"Very strange if you don't understand it," ferociously observed the old drummer. "I have been often badly abused. I have been ordered peremptorily to leave the premises. I have been frequently knocked down for standing on the order of my going, and several times I have been unceremoniously kicked down stairs; but," he continued, gazing fiercely and triumphantly at the young man, "I have never been insulted. The moment a drummer feels himself insulted he is no longer fit for business."

¶ *Red* ink is a solution of alum colored with Brazil wood, or an ammoniacal solution of cochineal.

About the Bed.

A Spanish minister signalized his accession to power by going straightway to bed and staying there, lest he should be expected to do something. No English minister ever adopted that ignoble expedient to escape performing his duties; but Walpole relates that William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle once held counsel together in bed. Pitt had the gout, and, as was his custom when so afflicted, lay under a pile of bed-clothes in a fireless room. The Duke, who was terribly afraid of catching cold, first sat down upon another bed as the warmest place available, drew his legs into it as he grew colder, and at last fairly lodged himself under the bed-clothes. Somebody coming in suddenly beheld "the two ministers in bed at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some time, added to the grotesque nature of the scene."

The great Commoner was abed and asleep when Wyndham and others of his colleagues burst into his room and shook their chief out of his slumbers to tell him there was mutiny in the fleet, that the Admiral was a prisoner on board his own ship, and in danger of death. Sitting up in bed, Pitt asked for a pen, ink and paper, and wrote: "If the Admiral is not released, fire upon the ship from the batteries;" and turned over on his pillow, and was in a sound sleep a few minutes later.

When, in 1814, the military affairs of the allies looked somewhat unpromising, it was around the bed of General Knesbech, at Barsur-Aube, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, Hardenberg, Volkousky, Schwartzenberg, Metternich, Radetsky, Diebitsch, Nesselrode, and Castlereagh held their council of war; and the issue of the campaign culminating in the occupation of Paris was virtually decided by Castlereagh insisting upon the immediate transference of wavering Bernadotte's battalions to Blucher's command, and taking the responsibility upon his own shoulders.

It was in bed, at the little inn at Waterloo, that Wellington received the terrible casualty-list of the memorable 18th of June; and as name after name fell from Dr. Hume's lips, he threw himself back on the pillow and groaned out: "What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?" Wellington, who possessed the faculty of sleeping at will, held that when it was time to turn over it was time to turn out.

Napoleon, a man of another temperament, provided for wakefulness by keeping the returns of his army under his pillow, to be conned and considered when tired nature's sweet restorer refused to share his "bed majestical."

One of Johnson's earliest ventures in book-making was the translating of Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia," which put fifty dollars into his pocket. Lying in bed, he dictated sheet after sheet to his friend Hector, who carried them off to the printer without waiting for Johnson to look over them.

When the fit was on him, Rousseau remained in bed, carefully drawing his curtains to keep out the daylight, and gave himself up to the fascinating delights of composition.

In bed, Paesiello composed his "Barbiere di Seviglia" and "La Molinara." One at least of Rossini's operas was composed under the same conditions.

Swift, fond as he was of lying in bed of a morning thinking of wit for the day, wrote to his friend Sheridan: "Pray do not employ your time in lolling abed till noon to read Homer." Better, perhaps, do that than imitate George IV., and lie in bed devouring newspapers the best part of the day. Many very clever people, however, have scouted the idea of health, wealth and wisdom coming of early rising.

Macauley read much in bed, and anxious to keep up his German, imposed upon himself the task of perusing twenty pages of Schiller every day before getting up.

Maule won his senior-wrangleship by studying hard, long after ordinary folk were up and about, snugly esconced under the blankets.

John Foster thought his sermons out in bed; methodical Anthony Trollope regularly read for an hour before rising; and Mary Somerville made it a rule not to get up before twelve or one, although she began work at eight; reading, writing, and calculating hard—with her pet sparrow upon her arm—four or five hours every day, but those four or five hours were spent in bed.

A Wooden Leg Under Fire.

A fashionably dressed matron sat in the rear cabin of a Fulton ferry boat, New York. She was accompanied by a thin-legged, restless-eyed little girl of 4 or thereabouts. A few seats away was a man with a wooden leg. With unerring instinct the child's eye had lighted upon this man. That eye at once became fixed, dilating with concentrated interest. The child crawled down from her seat, upon which she had been kneeling, in order to afford that eye better facilities for observation. The object of scrutiny squirmed uneasily in his seat. Turning to the mother the child exclaimed in a portentous whisper:

"Oh, ma! Look at that man."

"Hush, my dear. You must not be rude."

"But ma" (in a very audible whisper), "do look at his leg."

"Be quiet, Ethel, I tell you," frantically urged the matron in agitated tones. "The poor man has lost his leg. It's very rude to notice it."

"What's that one made of?"

"Hush! of wood, my dear. Look at that pretty little boy over there. See how good he is."

"Did you ever have a leg like that, ma?"

"No, my dear. Look over there at that——"

"Will pa or Uncle John or I ever have one, ma?"

"No dear."

"Could he kick a ball with that leg?"

"Hush, do!"

"But, ma——"

At this juncture the man with the wooden leg sought, in turn, to create a diversion He drew from his pocket a pretty little bonbon box and offered the child some sweetmeats. The child accepted them with some hesitation and mistrust. An instant later the boat reached the slip. The mother rose, and smiling graciously, said:

"Thank the gentleman, Ethel, and say good-bye."

Ethel advanced, her eyes still firmly fixed upon the object of interest. She held out the tips of her little fingers.

"Good bye," she said, in a voice full of emotion; "good-bye, you poor man."

The mother seized the child by the hand and, hurrying through the boat, gained the bridge."

Mexican Common Life.

You will find the miserable jacals (huts) of the Mexican lower class on the outskirts of every town, made of mud, sticks, straw, cornstalks, barrel staves, shoe boxes, tin cases any old drift that will hang together when once fastened into place. They are tightly roofed with tule thatch, which slopes almost to the ground. Sometimes they stand in rows in the suburbs, sometimes they are perched on the top of a clay cone, and sometimes tucked away in the cracks of dry ravines. Every jacal has its garden patch, where the women cultivate a few onions, red peppers, beans and sweet potatoes. A little mud oven stands close by. A Mexican family can live on a bill of beans per day. In the winter a five penny soup bone and a yam will satisfy their needs. Nearly every one keeps a small donkey and a few chickens, a couple of goats and a blue-skinned dog, with no hair on except a white tuft on the top of his head and the tip of his tail. They singe the thorns off the cactus and feed the pods to the donkey; give the soup-bone to the dog and the goats have what is left in the bean-hill. Other dogs have they, marvelous in number and variety, whose bite disturbs no one, but whose nocturnal baying divides the voices of the night with the cock-crowing that resounds from house to jacal, and from farm to ranch, in surges of sound like the waves of the sea."

Of the interior of these huts, it may be said that the earthen floors are always swept, and the gaudily covered bed looks clean and neat, thanks to the house-thrift of the women, who seem always busy. There are abundant evidences of extreme poverty, but not of filth or squalor. As for pater familias, who dozes in the sun or shade alternately, according to the season, it costs him a mighty effort to turn over, even to light his cigarette is too great an exertion. Occasionally, in desperate straits, he musters energy enough to bestride his donkey and ride out to the chaparral for a black load of mesquite sticks, which he will sell for a "bit" on his return, driving his beast before him. This is the most momentous event of his life, and stimulated with the proud consciousness of having earned a shilling, he rises in his rags and salutes you with the grave courtesy of a Spanish don. It is the climax of his ambition, but it is painful. His children are more active, and they vary their out-door play by throwing the lasso at each other, the dogs and the goats; but they never lasso the old man. He is too dignified to be trifled with. And you will notice that he never demeans himself by attempting to speak English—he has not sunk so low as that; but he will accept American money without question, if presented to him in a respectful way. Vulgame dios!

It is interesting to walk through these strange purlieus of the towns and watch the beggars at the church doors; visit the coffee stalls on the plazas; note the water carts on their merciful errands; the women at their spinning wheels or pounding corn for their frugal meal, and the grotesque alkman astride his donkey, going his morning rounds, dipping from one can or the other as he serves and sells. It is all very strange and foreign, but not a whit like the halls of the Montezumas or the Alhambra. I see the acequios running through the streets, and the irrigating ditches dug by the early Spanish colonists. I saunter under the shade of huge grape vines with stems as large as a tree, and hear the clang of the iron bells in the old stone belfry, built two centuries ago. I recognize all these traces of an attempted civilization, like half-obliterated footprints in the mire, it is the imprint of the sterling coin upon the basest sort of composition. I would fain flee in disgust from the squalor, poverty, ignorance and semi-barbarism which has settled in the valley like a miasma—but already I behold the sun of a new dispensation; I see that all these Mexican features are being rapidly wiped out by the settlements from the East, which have followed the completion of the railroads.

Female Hallucinations.

"Dr. Legrand du Saulle, physician to the Salpetriere, Paris, describes in his standard work, 'Les Hysteriques,' some remarkable cases of hallucination, where females labored under the belief that they have been struck or stabbed by others, even after having inflicted blows and wounds upon themselves. In one instance a young woman was found by her husband lying on the floor of her room in a fainting fit, her face covered with blood. On reviving from her swoon she stated that she had been attacked by armed men; the Paris newspapers related the case, and within three weeks two similar events occurred in the French metropolis. All these cases proved to be fabricated by the supposed victims. A young girl wounded herself slightly with a pistol. She gave the police authorities the most minute details about an imaginary assassin, who, according to her account, fired the weapon, but she was found to be highly hysterical, and it was proved that she had wilfully wounded herself. In a third case in Dr. du Saulle's experience, a young woman was found in a railway carriage stabbed in the left side. The incident caused great excitement, but it was proved, contrary to her assertions, that she had inflicted the wound herself, and was a hysterical subject. A housemaid was found lying behind a door, bound, gagged, and covered with bruises, She stated that she had been brutally attacked by two burglars with blackened faces: but she was a highly hysterical woman, and there appears to have been strong evidence that she had contrived to tie her own hands and to gag and bruise herself. Perhaps the strongest case of all occurred in M. Tardieu's practice. A young lady living at Courbevoie wished to make herself an object of public interest by passing as a victim of a political conspiracy, which she pretended to have discovered. One night she was found in a state of the greatest mental perturbation at the door of her apartment. She could not talk; but stated in writing that she had been attacked outside her own house by a man, who had attempted to garrote her, at the same time striking her twice with a dagger. Only the lady's clothing was injured, and the body of her dress and her corset were found to be cut through, but at different levels. She tried to make out that the attempt at strangulation had caused dumbness. M Tardieu remarked in her hearing that this infirmity rapidly disappeared when produced under circumstances of this kind. She soon managed to regain her speech; and, in a short time, admitted that the whole narrative had been developed out of her inner consciousness."

Every invention that reduces the cost of a material, or makes it cheaper, increases the consumption, and consequently the demand for it.

A Queer Joke.

The cash office of the Treasurer's Department in the Treasury Building at Washington often contains many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and great care is taken against the possible depredations of thieves: The room is very high studded and contains a gallery which can be reached by the general public from the floor above. The interest clerk is an auburn-haired individual of the most nervous temperament, and notwithstanding the fact that he has been in his position for many years he has never lost sight of the tremendous responsibility of handling the vast sums of money which daily pass into his possession. His nervousness has grown chronic, and he is made the butt of many a quite practical joke. The greatest of these was played some time ago by one of his intimate personal friends who obtained permission from Treasurer Gilfillan to try his little scheme. The gentleman armed himself with about twenty-five feet of twine, and attached to one end of it a machine composed of a steel prod pointed as fine as a needle, and a solid piece of rubber as a ballast. He stationed himself in the gallery directly over the interest clerk's desk, where there were heaps of money all nicely done up in packages. Then he slowly let down his string until it was directly over a large package, and releasing his hold on the twine, the steel prod impaled a bundle of notes, which he quickly drew to the gallery, and having secured them, rushed to the Treasurer's office with his prize, which proved to be $6,000 in legal tenders. Meanwhile the interest clerk saw his money going skyward and gave the general alarm, but not in time, however, to detect the culprit. The clerk was nearly crazed when he received a note signed "James Gilfillan," asking him to come at once to the Treasurer's office. He went as fast as his legs could carry him, and imagine his joy when the Treasurer handed him the missing $6,000, advising him to be more careful that his money did not "take unto itself wings and fly away" in the future. This practical joke has taught the department a good lesson, to-wit; that it was possible for a clever thief to abstract money in the method mentioned, and so double precautions have been taken, and under the existing state of affairs such an event is not at all likely to happen again.

Saved by a Sea-Bird.

A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark "Gladstone," which arrived from London at Sydney, Australia, on the 22d, of March. While the vessel was in latitude 42 degrees south and longitude 90 degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard" being given she was rounded to, and the starboard life boat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating, but exhausted, clinging for bare life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the sailor battling with two enemies—the water and the albatross—both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, peeparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide spread wings. Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and seized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge creature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue, and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had so narrowly escaped a lingering death. But another danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the extraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross' body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the bark, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

A Bad Man.

A story is told of a prominent Wilmingtonian, who several years ago was inclined to be full of fun, a little irreverent and somewhat short of cash. One afternoon, perhaps seven or eight years ago, he was met by a friend who addressed him thus: "I say, Charley, who was that nice looking old lady, you had out riding the other day on the Kennett pike?"

"That," replied the young man, "was my rich aunt. She is about 95 years old, and I was afraid she had been forgotten and was never going to die, so I took her out to show her to the Lord."

The questioner was somewhat shocked at the reply, and made no further remarks. In about three weeks, however, he met his friend Charley, the old lady in the meantime having died and been buried, and thus addressed him: "Well, Charley, I see you plan worked, and the Lord has taken your aunt. How did you make out by her will."

"Only a part of the scheme worked, George," replied the young man, with a lugubrious cast of features and 1-haven't-got-a-cent-in-the-world-voice. "The old lady was taken, that's true, but when her last will and testament was read I found she left all her wealth to two old darkey servants and a home for aged men, while I only received as my share of the estate a dog-earned and thumb-marked family. Bible. The trouble didn't pay at all, besides I am a dollar and a half out for carriage hire. The next time I trot any one out that has been overlooked, you'll know it."

THE Navajo Indians in Arizona have 900,500 sheep and 2 0,000 goats, the result of an investment of $30,000 for them by the Government 2 or 3 years ago. This heretofore expensive tribe required an appropriation of only $5000 a year and are now considered self sustaining. They occupy an immense tract of land, however, which is held for settlers.

BAD points, or unsoundness, are as easily transmissable by the parent stock as the good qualities; therefore, the greatest care should be exercised in selecting breeders.

The Canadian Pacific

When completed, together with connections, this line will extend 2,850 miles, from Montreal, Canada, to Port Moody, on the Georgian Gulf. The main line begins at Prince Arthur's landing, on Lake Superior, and has been built to Winnipeg, 435 miles. Westward, of 500 miles contracted to be built, grading has been completed 480 miles. Iron has been laid to a point within 61 miles of the Saskatchewan river. A portion of the last sixty five miles has been graded, and reduced crews have been left at different points along the uncompleted sections, so that work has not altogether been suspended. The line is open for traffic west from Winnipeg 935 miles. On the Thunder Bay division, the road is operated from Winnipeg to Rat Portage, 155 miles east of Winnipeg. The remainder of the distance, about 325 miles, to Thunder Bay, is being operated by the Canadian Government contractors, trains passing over the entire road two times weekly. Contracts have been let upon the Lake Superior section east from Prince Arthur's Landing, and work will be continued simultaneously along the whole section. This eastern line is near the shores of Lake Superior, making a more costly road, perhaps, than if the builders had sought easier paths, but the facilities for getting supplies along the numerous rivers which the road will cross so helps them in their construction work that this route was considered the most feasible. On the west the proposed point of crossing the Rocky Mountains, as found by Engineer Rogers and settled upon by the company, is Kicking Horse Pass, which is about 140 miles north of the boundary line between this county and the British Possessions, and nearly 200 miles north of Pend d'Oreille, where the Northern Pacific enters the mountains from the west. From Kicking Horse Pass the Canadian Pacific road passes due west to Shusway lake, and then turns almost due south and runs 200 miles to Thompson river, then bends to the west and strikes the Pacific coast at Port Moody, on the Georgian Gulf.

A Color-Blind.

"I should think you would meet with funny mistakes!"

"I do. I often get on the wrong car late at night, and, after a while, find myself almost beyond walking distance of my destination. Of course I swear; but that don't help matters. The other day my wife said: 'Henry, do get a black suit of clothes this time, and don't come home here wearing that eternal brown cloth.' I said 'all right.' I bought what I was supremely confident was a jet black suit. Upon going home I gazed proudly at my partner and said: 'See, I have got this time a black suit.' She laughed, and to this day I am wearing those clothes, which are a deep brown in color. When I want a little circus all to myself, I close my eyelids and vigorously rub my eyeballs. I never see over seven colors, but I see these seven mighty quick and they dance around in spots and streaks and zigzag shapes like demons. Blood has a dull gray appearance, like stone. My inability to distinguish colors renders me more susceptible to music than most people. The lost power is thus compensated for.

"I am also magnetic, but whether this depends upon my color blindness I do not know. See! I brush my hair, you hear a cracking sound and sparks jump from under my hat. I do this without any effort. To a certain extent I am insensible to pain. I think this is consequent upon most color blindness. My nerves are blunted. Once I dropped a heavy piece of iron on my toe, cutting it completely from the foot. It did not hurt me. I saw blood, but that was all. But I must say good-bye here; we are at the depot," and the stranger jumped out and disappeared.

The Color of Horses.

Considering how important a factor color is in the selling value of a team, especially if the buyer places a high value upon the general appearance—the attractiveness of his turn-out—it is a little singular that no greater attention is paid to breeding for colors that are especially attractive. It is well known that a team of richly dappled grays, having long, well carried tails, never go begging for a buyer, even though they may be a little plain in form, have only a medium gait, and feet and limbs that require gentle usage and frequent aid from the veterinary surgeon. Such a team does fairly well for service before the family carriage, if put to light use, and in the hands of a careful groom will wear pretty well.

While selling quite readily at $500 or $600, for city use, on account of its show qualities, if it were stripped of these, by giving it a plain color and the tail of a common plug, such a team would go slow at $250 or so. That is but an illustration of what we see in other lines, for instance furs, certain shades selling for very high prices as compared to others. What is true of a nice dapple-grey, is also true of a rich black or bay team, provided they have the accompaniment of full, flowing mane and tails, and fine, stylish appearance. Therefore, when it is considered that the demand for horses, for the purpose of making up showy equipages, is very great in all the larger cities, it is a little singular that no special attention is given to breeding horses through which scientists term methodical selection. Through adherence to a system, the qualities mentioned could be secured, whereas now, rich colors and ornamentation only come occasionally, through chance.

"May I Kiss That Baby?"

To a soldier, far away from home, there is no more touching sight than that of a baby in its mother's arms. While on their way to Gettysburg our troops were marching by night through a village over whose gateways hung lighted lanterns, while young girls shed tears as they watched the brothers of other women march on to possible death. A scene of the march is thus described by the author of "Bullet and Shell."

Stopping for a moment at the gate of a dwelling, I noticed a young mother leaning over it with a chubby child in her arms. Above the woman's head swung a couple of stable lanterns, their light falling upon her face. The child was crowing with delight at the strange pageant, as it watched the armed host pass on. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jim Manners, one of my men, as he dropped the butt of his musket on the ground, and peered wistfully into the faces of the mother and her child. "I beg pardon, but may I kiss that baby of yours? I've got one just like him at home, at least he was when I last saw him, two years ago." The mother, a sympathetic tear rolling down her blooming cheek, silently held out the child. Jim pressed his unshaven face to its innocent, smiling lips for a moment, and the walked on, saying: "God bless you, ma'am, for that!" Poor Jim Manners! He never saw his boy again in life. A bullet laid him low the next day, as we made our first charge.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Many Catholic priests in Italy receive only $80 a year.

—Monks have doubled in number in Belgium since 1850.

—A ton of pure gold will make something over $602,785.

—There is a project to revive ancient Roman names in the Coliseum.

—Snow has fallen for eleven successive Sundays at Bar Harbor, Me.

—Longfellow's daughters are spending the winter in Washington.

—The *Parisian Florist* says that spring is the very worst season for selling flowers.

—Oscar Wilde is studying for the stage. One of his first efforts will be "Romeo."

—In the United States one person in 285 is said to be a pauper; in England one in 35.

—There are 2,187 miles of telephone wire in Paris, and what is better, they are all under ground.

—Under the new law, the State Treasurer of Colorado has to give bonds in the sum of half a million.

—Ex-Senator David Davis is to be presented by admiring friends in Texas with a chair made of ox horns.

—Dr. Yates, of Shanghai, says the Chinese pay $154,752,000 annually to quiet the spirits of their ancestors.

—On each 1,000 of silver dollars the Government clears $183.75. The silver costs $803.75 and the labor $12.50.

—The Crow Indians of Montana number about 3,400 and are chiefly engaged in agriculture and stock raising.

—A thousand dollar bill was placed upon the contribution plate in St. Paul's Church, Pawtucket, R. I., Easter morning.

—A lady tourist at Jacksonville, Fla., took to a jeweller a live lizard, asking that it be mounted in gold for a scarf pin.

—Franklin Pierce's old home in the outskirts of Concord, N. H., is to be transformed into a Protestant Episcopal school for girls.

—A man up town made a wager with a lady that he could thread a needle quicker than she could sharpen a lead pencil. The man won.

—Tarring and feathering is a European invention. It was one of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seamen in punishment for theft.

—Edward the Confessor was the first monarch of England who used a seal in his charters. This is the origin of the broad seal of England.

—Between the years of 1783 and 1857 six great earthquakes took place at Naples, which lost thereby 1,500 inhabitants per year for that period.

—Orange trees are cultivated from seed. A tree requires fifteen years to reach maturity, but produces both flowers and fruit in the fourth or fifth year.

—Canal locks were known in Upper Egypt from the most ancient times known to history. They were introduced into England from Flanders in 1652.

—Of the $150,000,000 worth of wheat imported by Great Britain last year $100,000,000 worth was from the United States.

—There is talk in Georgia of purchasing Liberty Hall, Alexander H. Stephen's late residence, by voluntary contributions, and to retain in it his famous rolling-chair and other relics.

—Mrs. Carter, of Bellair, O., says in her application for divorce that her husband compelled her to swallow spools, buttons, long strings of wrapping yarn and marbles as punishment for smiling at other railroad men as they passed the house.

—Of the 11,000,000 acres of land occupied by the Sioux Indians in Dakota Uncle Sam will take 8,000,000 for white settlement, placing the Indians on separate reservations. The Indian territory west of Arkansas will be the next customer.

—For a long time official circles in London have been agitated over the question whether or not a woman should be appointed to be superintendent of the female employes in the post-office