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B. F. SCHWEIER. THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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WHATEVER aids the advance of education contributes to the acceleration of all true progress. William Waldorf Astor has proposed to give half a million dollars to establish a colored university in the Territory of Oklahoma and to add $100,000 for the erection of buildings. If the millionaires will emulate this lately enriched young man, the good that will be done cannot be fully estimated.

COLORADO can certainly boast of a varied climate. A few days ago a picnic party went to Colorado Springs to have a nice time. The weather was warm and springlike when they started. The next day the same party was rescued with difficulty from death by freezing. A terrible snow storm suddenly came on, and the thermometer dropped from sixty degrees above to several degrees below zero inside of ten hours. This was a sudden change even for Colorado.

BERLINERS now claim to have made the discovery that the Socialists were greatly aided in the recent political campaign by the receipt of considerable sums of money from America, especially from Chicago. The popular impression in regard to Chicago Socialists has been that they were lazy and shiftless, expending their time in beer drinking and denouncing the police as tyrants; and it is news to hear that they could supply the sinews of war at a German election.

NORTHWARD the drift of trade on the Pacific coast takes its way. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company is considering a proposition to run some of its steamers from Tacoma to Yokohama and other ports in China and Japan. The matter is said to depend on what arrangements can be made at Tacoma for dock and terminal facilities. It will not be many years before steam communication with Tacoma will be so necessary that the steamship company will be ready to create its own terminal facilities in order to get there.

A STATUE commemorating a touching little episode in the life of the late German Emperor Frederick is about to be erected at Kaiserlauten. When Frederick was Crown Prince he visited one of the orphan asylums of that town. Among the children was a sickly and sad-faced little boy. Frederick noticed him, took him in his arms, and thereupon agreed to become his godfather. The child, to whom circus was a stranger, appeared somewhat frightened at first, but soon got over his difficulty and began to play with the Prince's medals and decorations. The statue in question will represent the Prince with a baby in his arms and the youngster tugging at his cordons and crosses.

A SEARCHER among old deeds and records in London recently came across a statement that Samuel Wilson bequeathed a sum of £20,000, which has considerably increased, "to be lent to men who have been set up for one year, and not more than two years, in some trade or manufacture in the city of London or within three miles thereof, and who can give satisfactory security for the repayment of same." It has not been claimed for many years.

ELECTRIC lights are generally accounted pretty good policemen, but some burglars in Kansas City are said to have broken open a safe in a jewelry store directly under the glare of an electric light and carried off $4000 worth of jewelry. Perhaps, however, the use of these powerful lights has given rise to undue security, leading the real policemen to neglect their duties. The most that the light's can do is to expose the operations of thieves to watchmen and other passers-by. But if no one is to look after property because it is well lighted, the extra illumination is of advantage to the thieves.

THE Alaska seal fisheries have passed into new hands. In spite of the advantages in bidding enjoyed by the old company, and the enormous advance in its new bid over the amount previously paid, the privilege of taking seals for the next twenty years has been awarded to the North American Commercial Company of San Francisco, which made a still higher bid. The revenue to the government from the contract entered into recently will be about $1,900,000 annually, or three times as much as the Alaska Commercial Company paid. If the new company can afford to pay this rental without raising the price of sealskin sacks, the old one must have made a very handsome profit. By the way, a million dollars is pretty good interest on the purchase price of Alaska.

NATURALIZED citizens of Maine are in doubt about their standing. It appears to have been the custom there for aliens to apply to the municipal courts when they desired to take out naturalization papers, but Judge Libbey, of the Supreme Court, recently decided that these courts were not "courts of record" and were not competent, therefore, to take and certify to declarations of intentions or to complete the naturalization process. There is nothing new about the ruling, for the law is very specific as to the courts to which aliens may make application for naturalization, but it seems strange that the custom of applying to the municipal courts should have been established if they are not in fact courts of record with a clerk and seal. The decision from its very nature affects the standing of all who have been naturalized in these courts, and, according to the Lewiston *Journal* they number many thousands.

ALL ABOUT CIGARS.

It Will Interest Smokers and Some Others as Well.

Almost all smokers have tobacco superstitions. It may be "superstitions" is not the proper term for them, but they are ideas and beliefs which are founded on something else than knowledge, and which a man cannot well give reasons for. A few of these are that a man should not smoke after breakfast or before meals, that imported cigars are better than domestic cigars, that a cigar that has once gone out does not smoke so well as a cigar burned through steadily, that the last inch of a cigar is the best and that the strength of a cigar is determined by the color of the wrapper. It would be hard for any smoker to give reasons for these beliefs, unless he should say that they are founded on universal experience. But every smoker has them more or less.

Smokers have their peculiarities, too. Every man has his own way of cutting off the end of a cigar, of striking a match, of knocking off the ashes, and of holding the cigar between his fingers and in his mouth. Some men smoke in the left side of the mouth, and other men in the right. There are few men who hold a cigar at right angles to their noses. Some men have an idea that their mustaches grow less strongly on the side where the cigar is held. These men say the cigar often burns the ends of the mustache and keeps it shorter where the cigar is held.

Some men always bite the end off a cigar. It will be noticed that few men bite the end with the same teeth. Some men use the front teeth and other men the incisors. If the man gets into the habit of biting the cigar with his left incisors, he is not likely to change to the right any more than he would feel comfortable with the cigar held in a different corner of the mouth from its accustomed place. Then there are men who break the end of the cigar between their teeth and finish it by pinching it between the tip of their thumb and forefinger. Different from these are the men who use cutters, which they carry on their watch chains, or with their knives. Some men take out their penknives and carefully cut the end of a cigar, moistening the loose wrapper and smoothing it with their forefinger.

It will be a long time before the majority of smokers judge of the strength of a cigar not by the wrapper, but by the kind of tobacco that is inside the wrapper. Most smokers know that claro is the mildest grade of a cigar. Colorado claro is the next, then Colorado maduro, then Colorado medium, and maduro strongest. But they do not think that the wrapper forms but a small part of the bulk of a cigar, and that its strength or mildness is determined by the filler and not by the wrapper. A smoker who wants a mild cigar will not take one with a dark wrapper, though the filler and binder may be mild. He cannot see the filler and binder without digging in the end of it or taking off a part of the wrapper only.

Different manufacturers grade their cigars differently. Some manufacturers' colorado claro is as mild as other manufacturers' claro. Americans run to light cigars, and the importers cater to this demand. Most grades of cigars are either colorado claro or colorado judging from the marks on boxes in a New York cigar store.

There is a common belief that imported cigars are better than domestic cigars, even at the same price. It is hard to get a good imported cigar cheaper than $9 or $10 a hundred. An excellent domestic cigar can be bought for that price. The tobacco for cigars can be imported and the cigars made in this country cheaper than the imported cigars can be sold here. The duty on imported cigars is proportionately higher than the duty on imported tobacco. There are as skilled cigarmakers here as in Cuba, though they do not work exactly the same way. Usually an American-made cigar is firmer and has a better finish than an imported cigar of the same price.

Cigars have a nomenclature of their own which few smokers pick up. A man who buys his cigars by the box acquires a more extensive knowledge about them than the man who buys the cigars that he smokes two or three at a time. Cigars are named according to their strength or mildness, their shape and the factory. There are five degrees of strength as marked on the boxes in the ordinary course of trade, though an expert can tell different grades between them. This is beyond the necessities of a man who only smokes cigars and does not deal in them. Then there are the various terms used to describe the shape of a cigar. Coqueta is one of the smallest cigars, concha a medium and perfecto large. Figaro is a shape between coqueta and concha. Invencible is perhaps the largest of all, though perfecto cigars are made that have as much tobacco as invencible.

The invencible are the largest, some of them being seven inches long. The panatella shape is well known. It is about two-thirds as long as a lead pencil, with almost the same diameter throughout. The perfecto is fairly long, big bellied, and usually dark in color. The invencible is the longest smoke. Besides these there are numbers of other names corresponding to their shapes, but these are the ordinary ones found in imported cigars. Domestic cigar manufacturers do not pay so much attention to naming the cigars accurately by their shapes, and their customers do not pick up the knowledge of them from the boxes. Domestic cigars have not as many marks on the boxes describing the cigar as the imported ones have.

Imported cigars can be told by the green import stamp on the box. There is a penalty against using a cigar box twice, and particularly against putting cigars in an imported cigar box, but the only way to make sure the cigars are imported is to see that the import stamp has not yet been broken. Some unscrupulous cigar dealers put domestic cigars in the imported cigar boxes. One way to discover this is to notice whether the cigars just fit the box. It is not easy to put one cigar into another box and make it fit exactly. Besides this, these unscrupulous cigar dealers count fairly understand the marks, and they put the colorado madura cigars in a box that is marked colorado claro. Almost every man can tell the difference in color between the two.

The name of the factory is a further distinctive adjective besides the name of the shape and the name of the strength. For instance, a Henry Clay coqueta claro means a small cigar with tapering ends and small belly, mild, and made at the Henry Clay factory. That is, if it is a real Henry Clay coqueta. There are factories in this country which make what they call Henry Clay cigars, and Henry Clay has come to be the name of a shape of domestic cigars. The difference between the real Henry Clay and the domestic Henry Clay can be told by the lack of the export stamp on the box. Another way of telling is that the pictures on the domestic on cigar boxes are usually better done than the imported cigars. It is usually a safe rule to follow that the more elaborate the pictures on the boxes the worse the cigars. The big Havana factories have their distinctive names, and a difference in grades. The Garcia factory stamps its name on its boxes, as does the Clay factory. They classify their cigars in the same ways, and use the same names for the different shapes, though each factory naturally makes a specialty of certain shapes and grades.

There is a prejudice in the minds of most smokers against a cigar that has once gone out. There seems to be no consistent objection to this. No one cares to smoke a cigar snip, but the fact that half an inch of a cigar has been smoked does not make the rest of it worthless, because the cigar has gone out before the rest of it has been smoked.

A good deal can be told about a man's disposition by watching the way in which he smokes a cigar and particularly the way in which he disposes of the ashes. Some men of a tranquil, placid disposition can smoke a cigar without the ashes falling off. A nervous man cannot. It is hard for him to keep from tapping with his little finger on the cigar and knocking off the ashes. Even if he does not tap the cigar the motions of his hand will cause the ashes to drop off. Some men always smoke a cigar steadily and evenly. Other men make a cigar ragged in smoking and use four or five matches to it, particularly in conversation. As much can be told about the disposition of a man from watching his cigar as from the movements of his hand or his expressions.—*New York Sun.*

Old Men With Young Wives.

"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?" asks the poet. The problem is no doubt difficult, but, according to the official statistics of Scotch marriages just issued, it is one that a good many "lassies" are not unwilling to face. In the year embraced in the latest return 49 bridegrooms were older than their brides by 30 years and upwards. No instance in which the figures are reversed is recorded by the registrar general, and though there were two wives between 20 and 30 years older than their spouses, there no fewer than 186 instances in which the disparity was the other way. When we come to a difference of 15 to 20 years, the elderly brides are just 10 to 389 elderly bridegrooms. When the difference is from 10 to 15 years, the elderly wives are only 71, while the elderly bridegrooms number 1,054.

How the objection on the part of the men to seniority in their partners gathers strength, however, will be best shown by going to the other end of the scale. Thus in 2,961 marriages the contracting parties were of the same age; in 3,070 the husbands were one year older than their wives; in 1,774 the wives were one year older than their spouses; in 2,780 the husbands were two years older than their wives, and in 1,679 the wives were the same as regards their husbands. In 2,387 the husbands were three years older; in 668 the wives were so; in 2,001 the husbands were four years older; in 486 the wives were the same; in 1,508 the bridegrooms had the advantage by five years over their brides; in 280 the latter claimed the same; in 6,679 the husbands were between five and ten years older than their wives, while in only 456 cases were the conditions of the case of Burns' ballad reversed.—*London News.*

The Secret of Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerful and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.

Two Hundred Wounds.

A extraordinary attempt at suicide has been made in Paris. A shoemaker, described as a decent, industrious man, having fallen into misfortunes, and suffering from extreme poverty, decided to take his own life and end the struggle. He took a knife used in his trade and commenced to stab himself in the arms and legs, it is supposed with the idea of opening one of the chief veins, but finding that the end did not come quickly he continued, with a sort of fury, and had just rolled upon the floor exhausted, when a brother, who had been apprehensive of his state, appeared on the scene. The wounded man was conveyed to a hospital, where it was found that he had inflicted on himself two hundred distinct wounds.

A Word for Mothers.

Mothers, let us bear in mind that what we desire our children to become we must be before them. If we wish them to grow up kind, gentle, affectionate, upright and true, we must habitually exhibit the same qualities as regulating principles in our conduct, because these qualities act as so many stimulants to the respective faculties in the child. If we can not restrain our own passions, but at one time overwhelm the young with kindness and at another surprise and confound them by our caprice and deceit, we may with as much reason expect to gather grapes from thistles or figs from thorns as to develop moral purity and simplicity of character in them.

ALMANACS OF LONG AGO.

Some of the Mile Post Records of Ancient History.

The invention of the Almanac was the beginning of history, in the sense that history is philosophy, teaching by example. Previous to that important and convenient revelation, there was practically no basis of comparison, no process of marking the course of time, no means of connecting the past with the present and the present with the future.

The art of calculation, the whole great system of mathematics, had its origin in the pebble device, used to count sheep by dropping a pebble in a basket for each one as it is passed, until an entire flock got by, then enumerating another flock in the same way, and finally determining the relative numbers of the two by alternately taking a pebble from each basket until one was exhausted. Next came the chalk marks, or straight lines in blocks of five, the last being drawn across the other four at an angle, which plan is still largely employed; then the plan of two notched sticks—the first double entry idea—was volved; then came the digit system, or counting in fives and tens with the fingers; and finally the Arabic notation, with its ten symbols or figures, superseded all other methods.

It is easy to understand that, while the world was thus slowly learning how to count, it could have no history. There was no way to record events or to adjust and combine facts. The pebbles and chalk marks and notched sticks only answered the crude purposes of a life that took no account of yesterday or to-morrow. It was not possible for the average mind to have any conception of dates or periods, distances or localities. The relation of what was to what had been and what might be, did not enter into the prevailing order of thought and feeling. One day was as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

There was no intellectual growth, no permanent escape from the right of savagery, so long as the gift of measuring space and time was absent; men began to be men only when, they acquired that advantage, and were able to connect the experiences of one generation with the necessities of the next, or, in other words, to grasp the doctrine of accumulation, which is the source of all development. When they came to see that the whole was greater than any part, and that a part was nothing unless rooted to the whole, they were placed in the way of harmonizing themselves with their environment and accomplishing sane and useful results. Time was invested with appreciable value, and the procession of the days took on a practical purport. Wings were provided for intelligence. The caged reason of the race secured the soaring privilege, and its horizon widened with every effort. First the pebbles were cast away, then the notched sticks, then the digital device; and thus the dawn of history slowly but surely approached.

The first almanacs—that is to say, the first histories—were of Arabian origin, and reflected the local genius of the people in a very striking way. They served as models in other countries for hundreds of years. The oldest known copy of such a work is preserved in the British Museum, and dates back to the time of Rameses the Great, of Egypt, who lived 1,200 years before the birth of Christ. It is written on papyrus, in red ink, and covers a period of six years. The entries relate to religious ceremonies, to the fates of children born or given days, and to the regulation of business enterprises in accordance with planetary influences. "Do nothing at all this day," is one of the warnings. "If thou seest anything at all this day it will be fortune," is another entry. "Look not at a rat this day," "Wash not with water this day," and "Go not out before daylight this day" are some of the additional cautions. This almanac was found in an old tomb, and is supposed to have been buried with its Egyptian owner, when he was converted into a mummy for future explorers to dig up and dissect in the interest of science and literature.

Next after this in point of age, among the existing specimens of ancient almanacs, are some composed in the Fourth century. They are Roman church calendars, giving the names of the saints and other religious information. The Baltic nations who were not versed in papyrus making, had calendars engraved on axe helves, walking sticks and other articles of personal use. The days were notched, with a broad mark for Sunday, and the saints' days were symbolized in various devices, such as a harp for St. David's, a gridiron for St. Lawrence's, a lover's knot for St. Valentine's, and so on. The Saxon almanacs are numerous and contain historical as well as ecclesiastical entries. It is possible to trace in these curious records all the changes of popular belief and taste. They were prepared to meet the current demand and to constitute a systematic story of what took place in successive periods and how knowledge increased with the revolving years. We owe to them most that we know of the people, for whom they were made and by whom they were endorsed.

Surprised.

The Mahometan's scorn of women is the logical outcome of his religion, which refuses to recognize their claim as human beings deserving of respect. As they are of use to man, they are worth food and shelter, but they are not in the least entitled to standing ground at his side. The Countess Cowper, in "A Month in Palestine," gives an instance, far more telling than any sermon, of this dreadful state of things:

"I was told by a Christian in Cairo that he was once walking with a well to do Mahometan, with whom he was intimate and who had often discussed with him the differing position of women in their respective sects. As they passed an old, veiled figure in the street, who shrank on one side out of their way, the follower of the Prophet delivered a passing but well directed kick at her.

"'There,' said the Christian, 'that is what I complain of; you kick a woman as we should not even kick a dog.'

"'That,' said his companion, with a look of genuine astonishment, 'why that is only my mother!'"

Recent observations of the waters of Great Salt Lake prove conclusively that the statements made that no form of animal or plant life exists in the lake are erroneous. No fish or other large form of animal life has been discovered, but the presence of vegetable organisms in the lake may be considered a fact from the abundance of animal existences.

Fortune's Flower.

Ah, Norah, yet the grass is wet—'tis early times you're out!
And, sure, the sun and you, my pet, should light us turn about.
The buds uncurl, the swallows whirl, you lead the year astray;
And what's the happy news, my pearl, that warms your heart to-day?

Ah, can't I trace the darling face I've loved for twenty years?
And don't I know the April grace where smiles just touch the tears?
There's store galore your basket fills of blossoms golden gay,
But more, ashore, than daffodills you're bringing home to-day!

A four leaved shamrock! happy hour! that promise must come true;
And lucky flower that owns the power to bring good to you!
At other's tread it hides its head, and crouched away in fear,
And pushed its four leaves forth instead the moment you drew near.

And what's the boon the omen brings? for wealth you'd never seek;
And health and bloom were mocking things to such a May-day cheek;
A secret's cheap those eyes would keep!—I know the happy lad—
But, Oh, one lover's rapture deep will leave a county sad.

AFRAID SHE HATED HIM.

'Ten o'clock, and the lunch basket not ready for the field—as usual!' said Farmer Brewster, as he threw himself into the rocking-chair in the kitchen, and fanned his flushed face with his straw hat. 'A quarter of an hour wasted, very likely, waiting here, right in the midst of as fine a hay day as a man would wish to see. Now, my mother used to have her lunch ready to the minute whenever we came for it, and I don't see why—'

His grumbling was checked by the appearance of his wife, who came out of the pantry, tugging along the great lunch basket, almost too heavy for her strength.

Farmer Brewster was a young man, in spite of his grumbling. Only twenty-three, tall, straight, healthy, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, fair curly hair, and handsome face, which it was not darkened, as now, by a scowl of discontent. An only son, he had inherited a large and handsome farm, clear from mortgage and debt, which supplied all the wants of his household most literally, and gave him a nice little sum of money to deposit in the bank each year.

There was no reason why he should be mean, and yet miserly habits were gradually growing upon him far faster than he knew. Nor was there need of grumbling over the household arrangements, since the wife of his choice was a farmer's daughter who knew well how to work, and who had taken delight in getting her home in faultless order when first she came as a bride to the pleasant Brewster farm.

The same order reigned still from garret to cellar of the square old house, but Mrs. Brewster went through her tasks mechanically now, or with nervous haste and hurry that made them almost unendurable sometimes.

The constant dropping water will wear away a stone, and the constant fault-finding, in which her husband saw fit to indulge, had nearly worn the patience, the hope, and the endurance out of the young wife's heart. The comfort and happiness of that home hung upon a thread which frayed more and more, hour after hour, under the pain of unmerited blame. But George Brewster saw nothing of this until the morning of which I write.

'There is your lunch, and it is exactly five minutes past ten,' said Mrs. Brewster, setting down the basket with some emphasis at his feet. 'I was delayed that much with the butter. It had to be seen to before the sun got too high.'

'My mother always churned before breakfast,' observed George Brewster, rising slowly to his feet.

His wife said nothing, but the color rose hotly in her cheeks till the last bloom of her girlhood seemed to have come back again, and she raised her eyes to his with a look that startled him.

Very handsome eyes they were—dark, soft and velvety, with a world of love and tenderness in their depths. Yet now they met his own coldly and sternly, with such an expression that he exclaimed:

'Good gracious, Letty! You look as if you hated me!'

'I'm afraid I do,' was the astounding reply.

With a swift glance at the clock Letty hurried down to the cellar, with a knife and a pan to make preparations for dinner for six hungry hay makers.

'Afraid she hates me! My wife! She that was Letty Glover!' he muttered to himself in his bewilderment. 'Why, what on earth—she must be going crazy, or something or other! Letty!' he called at the cellar door.

'It is ten minutes past ten,' she answered from the depths of the cellar. 'If I don't see about the dinner now it won't be on the table at twelve to the minute, as your mother used to have it. I can't come.'

'Well, if this don't beat all!' said he to the maltese and white cat, who came up from the cellar and rubbed herself against his legs.

A shout from the hay field roused him to the recollection of the day's business. He went out and dispensed the treasures of his basket among the hungry men, who praised Letty's excellent cooking with every mouthful they swallowed.

'It is enough to make an old bachelor like me sit down and cry to eat such raspberry shortcake as that,' said Solomon Wyse, wiping the crumbs of the feast from his lips before he drank hard cider from the jug. 'Tell you what it is, George, you drew a prize when you went courting.'

'So he did. And here's to her good health,' chimed in another mower, as he took up the jug.

George assented vaguely. They were talking of his wife—his wife, who was afraid she hated him.

Never had the two hours between lunch and dinner dragged so slowly. As he rode round and round the field with a sharp rattle of the mower, which he guided with care, his mind was continually busy with Letty's looks and her words, and his eyes turned often toward the cream-colored farm-house, behind whose spruce-green blinds his wife was busy preparing dinner.'

'I used to think how happy I should be if I ever persuaded her to come here,' he thought 'It is two years—why I declare it is two years this very day that we were married! I wonder if she remembers it? But it isn't very likely, when she says she is afraid she hates me.'

Did she remember? Ah, in that remembrance lay the sting!

All that morning, while she got the breakfast at five o'clock, and washed the dishes, swept the rooms, made the beds, churned the butter, and prepared lunch for six men, her heart turned back to that other morning, two years ago, when the bright-eyed country maiden rose at four o'clock to complete her preparations for her wedding-day.

How good, how kind, how handsome, her George was then! How his eyes followed her; how his love blessed her! Was it all her fault that the bloom and beauty of life had departed in those two short years? Looking back she could see no day in which she had not at least tried to do her duty.

Looking in the glass she saw how the light and glow of youth had passed from her face, while accomplishing the task uncheered by the approval of the man she loved.

'George has kept his color and his good looks because his work lies out of doors,' she mused, 'but I have worked in this kitchen until I look old enough to be his mother. His mother—' She paused with a bitter laugh. 'I almost wish I was his mother, then he would be suited with what I did.'

Noon came. The twelve o'clock whistle sounded sharp and clear from the factory in the village a mile away; and before the whistle ceased a little figure stepped out on the side porch of the Brewster farm and blew a horn.

'There's a woman for you!' said Solomon Wyse, admiringly. 'Dinner to the minute—and won't it be a good one?'

The dinner was indeed a success; every dainty of the season and farm was there, skilfully cooked and neatly served on a table in the cool dining-room—a table covered with a snowy cloth fresh from its fold, and glass and china.

In the centre of the table stood a great china bowl full of red roses that perfumed the room. Letty's cheeks were red, her eyes shone dark and bright, and her words and smiles were ready for every one save George.

As she sat grave and silent at the foot of the table, he looked at her wonderingly. She wore a dress of silver gray alpaca that had been her traveling dress when they were married. A large white apron, with a bib, shielded the glories of the costume.

But why did she put it on? Surely she could not think of going visiting that afternoon, with six haymakers to get tea for, and the milk of eight cows which must be afterward attended to.

But he finally went out without asking it. The wife, who was afraid she hated him, seemed almost like a stranger, although she looked on this occasion like the girl he had married just two years before.

As George neared the door of the wood-shed, where the men were lounging away the rest of their noontime, he heard his own name uttered by Solomon Wyse, in tones of anger.

'Yes, I knew George from a baby up, and I always said he'd make a lively man. But I vow it is a shame to see how he treats that pretty little creature! Such a lunch this morning, and such a dinner this noon, in such a nice, cool room, with the red roses and the rest of it; and she looked just as pretty as a picture, with her red cheeks and bright eyes and her wavy hair, and dressed as neat as a pink, too! And he sitting there as glum as a cross old man of ninety. I was ashamed of him.'

'I've heard he does nothing but find fault with her all day long,' said a second voice. 'My wife says that if I threw my mother into her teeth, as George does his into Letty's, she'd run away from me before she was a day older.'

'And serve you right,' chimed in a third. 'I'll tell you what my wife says. She says it is confounded mean and small of George not to keep a woman here to help his wife. And when I saw the dinner to-day, the pretty little thing had got for us all alone, I thought so too. Hang me, if I hadn't half a mind to stop here this afternoon and help her wash up that great pile of dishes, and let the haying go to thunder. It is enough to kill that woman to have all that work to do. And George is rich. What can he be thinking about? But he'll be sorry for this in a year or two hence, when we have to come here on a different errand.

'To carry her out in a coffin,' said Solomon Wyse. 'Yes, I suppose it will come to that if some of us don't talk seriously to George. She don't look at all strong now, and her hand trembled when she changed my plate. It is a burning shame—and it none of you will talk to George about it, I will.'

But when George Brewster joined them Solomon Wyse deemed it prudent to defer the proposed talking to, for his brow was as black as night, and he had no more to say to his neighbors now than to his wife at the dinner table.

This, then, was the way they spoke of him behind his back, these men who labored beside him, and took their wages from his hand, and pretended to be his friends.

And his wife was afraid she hated him. To whom could he turn for comfort; from whom could be expect true friendship, if she, who should have been nearest and dearest, was only an enemy in disguise?

Lost in moody revery, he paid little attention to his work. And at last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a sudden uproar in the hay-field—a tramping of hoofs, a rush of terrified men, a confusion of voices, and among them all George Brewster lying on the ground beneath the mowing machine, his right arm and leg broken by the wheels, his head cut and bleeding with his heavy fall.

Meanwhile, Letty, in the cream-colored house, had not been idle. Tying on a great calico apron in place of her white one, she had quietly washed and put away the dinner dishes, and reduced the dining-room to order.

Tea was easily arranged, since it was to consist of cold dishes, with glasses of milk for the men. She threw a clean table-cloth over the whole as soon as it was finished, and went up stairs into the spare chamber to pack her trunk.

Yes, Letty had made up her mind at last. She was going away. Life had degenerated into slavery, unbrightened, as she fancied, by a ray of love.

'And slavery will support me anywhere,' Letty thought, as with trembling hands she strapped her trunk and fastened her few lines to George upon the lid.

At the porch door she paused for one last look around the house that might have been so happy. She did not intend to glance toward the hay-field. Yet in spite of her resolution her eyes turned that way to single out the tall figure that guided the rattling, clinking mowing machine.

'I wonder if he will miss me a little—just at first?' she mused. 'He can get a divorce, I suppose, if I desert him, and then he will marry again. I hope he will be kinder to his next wife than he has been to me!'

With the tears that rose at the thought of her successor blinding her eyes, Letty failed to see the figure she sought.

'I am foolish to look at him again. I have never been more than a housekeeper to him from the very first,' she thought, stumbling blindly on toward the gate and opening it, to find herself in the centre of an excited group.

'There, don't take on like that!' said Solomon Wyse, who came first and saw the tears upon her cheeks before she had time to wipe them away. 'Were you coming to meet us? We were in hopes you didn't see anything of it. It's a bad accident, but George is so strong and hearty that he will be up and around again almost before you know it. We've sent Ben Hill off on one of the colts for the doctor, and if you will only tell us where to carry him—'

'Carry him?' repeated Letty.

Solomon stepped aside. She saw behind him a litter, roughly made with hay rakes and covered with coats, and on the litter George was lying, pale and bleeding, with his eyes closed.

'Oh, Mr. Wyse, is he dead?' she asked, turning even paler than George.

'Not a bit of it. He's worth twelve dozen dead men yet! Only a bit of a break in one arm and one leg, and a little knock on the head when he fell. The horses didn't kick, and he'll be all right as soon as the doctor sees him. Shall we take him up stairs, or where?'

'Bring him in here,' said Letty, recovering herself.

She led the way to the bed-room on the ground floor, and helped to shift the maimed figure from the litter to the bed. Her soul was dying within her for fear, yet not a word passed her lips.

When the doctor came he found a capable nurse, dressed in dark print, who listened intelligently to his directions, and promised to carry them out fully.

And so it happened that as George Brewster returned to life the first words that fell upon his ear were uttered by the doctor outside the window, as he mounted his gig.

'Yes, he will do, Wyse; he will pull through all right if his wife nurses him. And she can do it so nicely if you will send some one to take care of the house. She is a woman in a thousand. I hope that he knows how to value her.'

Letty, bending over the bed, absorbed in the invalid, had not heard him.

'What is it, dear?'

'The doctor is right. You are a woman in a thousand. I always knew it, Letty, if I never said it. So I tell you of it now, before I die,' he added, going off into another faint.

It was all Letty's sore heart needed. Beside the bed of suffering she spent two of the happiest months of her life.

The first act of George Brewster on his recovery was to secure help for his wife; so that now she has plenty of time to get back her lost color and plumpness. They are one in heart, as one in name and home now. And Solomon Wyse has never seen occasion to administer the talking to.

'Somehow or other,' drawls Solomon, 'getting run over by that machine was the making of George Brewster.'

And Letty and George think so.

How Much Time for Education.

The American idea is to put boys and girls into the primary school when they are 5 and 6 years old, and keep the boys at their studies until they step off for business or a trade, or have finished their professional studies; while the girls are expected to go to school until they are old enough to be married or are compelled to go out into the world and earn their own living. The youth do not advance, in the aggregate, so rapidly as they did when the schooling took less time and was not made the drudgery of one's earliest years. The difficulty is felt by all intelligent educators in our public schools, but it is appreciated in a different way by those whose duty it is to stand by the highest education and see that it reaches the greatest number of intelligent youth of the country. We are multiplying colleges and universities, but we are not multiplying students in proportion to the numerical increase of the population. The difficulty is a serious one, and it cannot be met, we shall find that the college and university will be more and more neglected by young men who cannot afford to spend ten years in acquiring their professional outfit. Everybody is straining to-day for a shortened system, and the pressing question is whether the American youth can not obtain their intellectual outfit as quickly and as thoroughly as the European youth obtains theirs. In Europe the young men on the average enter professional life at twenty-two; in this country the majority are not through with their studies until they are twenty-five or 26 years old. This is an injustice to young men, and cripples them for the future. In a given family the son enters upon a business life, and by his twenty-sixth year is married and has an income of from $1,000 to $3,000 a year, while his brother at the same age has simply an education for which his diploma is the only voucher. He has still to make his mark in the world, before reaching his 30th year. This is a practical statement of the difficulty, and it is just for this reason that hundreds of young men forego the advantages of a college education.

Doctor Adams, President of Cornell University, suggests that the college and university, in the work of the junior and senior years, should be allowed to anticipate at least a first year of professional study. It is not difficult to do this, at least in the university, because the higher elective studies can be chosen with this end in view.

President Adams also suggests that the vigorous pruning of the course of study in the secondary schools would, perhaps save a year or more in that direction, and observes also that, if there were better teaching in the primary schools, the greatest gain of all might be made in American education. The two suggestions here made are practical and possible, and unless they are wisely worked out through the joint action of the heads of colleges on the one hand and the conference of leading public school teachers on the other, we shall have an increased and just complaint that our American system of education is too clumsy and inefficient to meet the exacting conditions of American life.

MONEY makes the man in cases where the man has honestly made the money.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—What are supposed to be the first playing cards used were recently found in Pompeian excavations and are now in the possession of a collector in Philadelphia. The cards are perfectly square.

—Before paper came into general use our Teutonic forefathers wrote their letters, etc., on wood. The boc, or beech, being closely grained and plentiful in northern Europe, was employed for the purpose, and hence the word book.

—The revolver caused more than one hundred deaths in England in 1889 including murders, suicides and accidents—a large increase over the number for 1888. Some of the English newspapers fear that this indicates an approach of cowboy manners.

—A Boston drummer had a narrow escape from death while being shaved, at Manchester, N. H., recently. The barber dropped the razor on the Bostonian's wrist, severing the cords and blood vessels, and the fortunate presence of a physician alone saved his life.

—A dime is the smallest coin in value that circulates in Virginia City, Nev. Numerous attempts to introduce five cent pieces have been made, but they all failed. A storekeeper who attempted to force nickels into circulation thereby made himself disliked with the result that his trade soon fell off and he had to retire from business.

—Upon the death of the Italian Prince Amadeus the lottery offices in Vienna were besieged with tickets bearing the number 47, which according to the lottery dictionary signifies "death of a prince;" 47 came out, and the players won several millions from the imperial treasury.

—An interesting aerial contest was witnessed at St. Augustine, between an eagle and a fish hawk. The fish hawk was being pursued by the eagle, and, in order to make its escape, had to drop its burden, which proved to be a large flounder. The fish fell in a yard, and was taken in and a meal made out of it.

—A little toddler, the son of an Indiana saloon keeper, going behind the counter to play, ran and got hold of some whiskey and drank his fill, and then stretched out for a nap. When found by his parents he was almost dead. Physicians worked for several hours before he recovered consciousness. His jaw and limbs were stiffened like those of a corpse.

—While a boy was cutting bananas from a bunch hanging in front of a Burlington, Vt., grocery store, a large tarantula sprang at him, striking him on the side of the neck. From the boy's neck the insect leaped into a barrel half full of crackers. No one caring to meddle with such an ugly customer, at the suggestion of a policeman the barrel was doused with kerosene, and then carried into the street and set on fire.

—Standing Cloud, the Sioux chief, was considerable of a poet, and he found a translator of no mean ability in Wambeli-oyuhapi-win, a remarkable full-blood Uncapapa Indian woman of Dakota, who used to participate in all the conferences held by the Sioux chiefs, with whom she had a great deal of influence. Some of her lately published verse, containing translations of Standing Cloud, is characterized by eloquent simplicity.

—A gentleman from Russia tells the New York *World* that with the first symptoms of grippe, if a bag of all spice or pimento to be worn over the chest and a little sprinkled in the boots, immediate relief will be obtained. The spice creates a certain glow which relieves quicker and is more efficacious than mustard or any drug that can be used. The bag should be made of fine linen, and be large enough to cover the entire chest.

—California engineers have accomplished the difficult task of lifting the Feather river, a fast flowing stream, fifty feet, and carrying it for more than half a mile in an artificial bed at that height above its old channel. It has been accomplished in a little less than a year. The object was to drain the river near Oroville, in order to reach the very rich gold deposits believed to exist in its bed. The promoters of the great enterprise are chiefly Englishmen.

—A historic tree, on the old Elder Winsor farm in Johnston, R. I., has been felled. It was a chestnut, and "had been utilized by the Dorrities in the exciting times of the Dorr war as a hiding place for guns." It stood in an open field on the farm. The trunk, which was nine feet four inches in diameter, had been hollow as long as "any one living can remember," and a tall man could enter and stand erect with several inches to spare above his head. One of the limbs measured four feet in diameter. The tree was cut down because there was danger of its falling.

—A unique lunch club has been started by a New York dry goods king. A local paper gives these facts about it: "The rooms are in a vault under Broadway, and are the ordinary white-washed stone walled affairs of that sort. The table consists of four packing boxes, the cloth a roll of Wamsutta, and the table ware two dozen large-sized tin pie plates. There are knives and forks, but no napkins or spoons. The bill of fare consists of a vast piece of roast beef, lamb or boiled mutton, a haunch of venison or a lot of poultry or game. They are roasted in an adjacent bakery, and are served with boiled potatoes and three kinds of bread. Each member helps himself, and eats standing or perched on a dry goods case, as the case may be. The meal is served at sharp 12, noon, and is cut short at 1.30, when the engineer turns a cock and fills the room with waste steam. The members then divide up pro rata and the lunch is over. The club meets every Monday and has 20 members."

It is now proposed that London shall dig the deepest hole. The pit would have an elevator and be lighted by electricity, and in each stratum would be excavated a museum for exhibiting specimens of the minerals, fossils, etc., afforded by it.

The relative values as foods of the grains named below are given by Professor Wiley as, first, wheat; second, sorghum; third, maize; fourth, unhulled oats. Sorghum-seed furnishes a flour like buckwheat that makes passable bread, and is coming into considerable use.

—Bryennios, Archbishop of Nicodemia, has found in a Turkish library at Damascus a manuscript of the New Testament dating from about the middle of the fourth century.