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

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THE United States Government has turned nine hundred tons of silver bullion into standard dollars, since it began the coinage of the big pieces. The profit from seniorage on this branch of mint business has been over $56,000,000.

THE indications are that the actual work of removing the islands in the Delaware and of deepening and cleaning out the Philadelphia harbor will be begun during the coming summer. The channel all the way to the mouth of the bay needs attention.

WALT WHITMAN, "the good gray poet," has selected his burial place. It is in Harleigh cemetery, about a mile from Camden, N. J., the prettiest part of the grounds. It is a natural mound, beneath majestic oaks and chestnut trees, while 200 feet below a stream of water flows over a precipice from an artificial pond.

MURDER seems to be the least perilous of all the felonious practices known to the country. Out of 14,770 murderers who took human life in the six years from 1884 to 1889 only 568 paid the penalty of their crime by yielding their own lives to the law. Electricity cannot make a showing more shocking than that.

NO CLERK in the employ of the Provincial bank of Ireland is allowed to marry if he receives less than £150 a year. Some of the principal banks in London have a similar rule. The reason is self-evident. In a preliminary examination of a defaulting cashier in a northern city recently his wife confessed that her extravagance had been the cause of his fall. Such are the perils of matrimony.

AN EXCHANGE says that the latest swindle is carried on by means of a double fountain pen, one end of which is filled with good substantial ink, the other with ink that fades away in a day or two. The sharper writes his agreement, contract, or whatever particular lay he may have chosen, with the ink that fades, and he has his victim sign with the other end of the pen in the ink that lasts. In a few days he has nothing on it but a good signature, over which he writes any sort of a note that he can turn easiest into cash. Look out for the fountain pen swindler for he is dangerous.

AND now the butter men want the "original package" decision nullified by a law which shall give the States police power over oleomargarine transported from other States. These special laws proposed in Congress to meet the original package decision are mere patches. What is needed is a general law, enacted under the power of Congress, to regulate inter-state commerce, that shall prescribe that articles transported from one State to another shall at all times be subject to the police power of the State in which they may be found, provided that they shall not be subject to laws which discriminate between such articles and similar articles produced within the State.

THE new German chancellor, General Caprivi, is another Bismarck. In his maiden speech to the reichstag, the other day, he declared that he would scrupulously follow his predecessor's foreign policy, and that whatever the cost the German colonization scheme would be maintained. "We must found stations," he said, "and bullet and Bible must act in the cause of civilization. Without killing slave-dealers you can never abolish slavery." This was both Bismarckian and Cromwellian, and it touches a responsive chord in German bosoms. His speech instantly popularized the new chancellor, and it is the verdict of people and press that he is well fitted to wear the mantle of the creator of the empire.

THE Ornithologists of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, are in luck, a violent storm, combined with the attractions of their electric lights, having brought them a good supply of a great number of birds strange to the locality and some of them very rare. The lighthouse at Atlantic City frequently brings to the keeper similar flocks of birds with occasional strangers, and the keeper has his rooms decorated with many fine specimens. The birds bewildered by the storm, fly towards the light and are dashed to death against the lantern or its covering. The same effect was evidently produced at Cedar Rapids, the electric lights taking the place of the lighthouse as a blinding attraction.

AN ATTEMPT is being made in New York to reduce the nuisance attending the collection of garbage by reducing the business to a kind of system. A time table is to be made out for the collection of garbage and each householder will be notified at what hour to set out garbage for collection, and after a specified hour each day ashes and garbage will have to be removed within the house line. There is no reason why this cannot be done with such degree of accuracy as to leave a margin of not more than one hour, instead of a day, for the deposit of garbage on the sidewalk for collection. Routes can be laid out and time of service calculated with sufficient accuracy to notify householders in one block that their garbage would be collected between, say, 10 and 11 o'clock; of another block between 11 and 12 o'clock, and so on, the business being thoroughly systematized. Besides reducing the garbage nuisance to a minimum, such a system would give the Bureau of Highways accurate information as to the amount of work done and any cases of neglect on the part of contractors.

My Choice Window Plants.

BY RUBY RAYMOND.

I called to see my neighbor, Mrs. Shuler, a short time ago; and, as soon as I entered her parlor, I was attracted by the lovely blooming plants in her east and south-east windows. She was quite pleased at my interest, and we, at once, entered into a conversation on the cultivation of window plants.

She gave me many good points, as how to produce healthy growth and an abundance of blooms, and ended by saying, "The secret of success is an abundance of sunshine; we may give plants the right soil, and the proper amount of moisture, but if we do not give them plenty of sunlight they will not thrive."

I presently said, "I have not seen your children yet."

"Very well," she replied, we will go down to my room, as I seldom have the children here. They pull and upset my flowers."

So we crossed the hall at the farther end, and entered a rather dark room, with windows opening toward the north. I soon made the acquaintance of her four children. A girl seven years old, a boy five, another little girl three years of age, and the baby boy just taking his first steps. They were delicate looking children, with no color and betrayed listless manners.

The mother began to speak of her children's poor health. "They were rather dyspeptic, hadn't a healthy color, and were so listless in their play," she said. "Thought she would call in a physician soon."

I said to her, "Don't you think the children need more sunshine? The surroundings are purer, and more invigorating, in a room where there is plenty of sunshine and pure air—and sunlight aids digestion greatly. In fact, we may give children proper food to eat, and suitable clothes to wear, but if we do not give them the warmth and light of the sun they will not thrive."

"Oh! I do let them play out in the sunshine, when the weather is fit, but to-day it is too cold."

"Yes, it is too cold; and there are so many days during the winter, that the weather is not fit for them to play in the yard. Days, when bursts of sunshine are followed by showers of rain; days when the sun shines warmly, but the ground is too damp for play; and days, like this, when the sunlight glistens and lights up everything, but the air is so crisp and cold, that the children would be numb, directly after they left the door. When we have sunlight, and it is not practicable for the children to seek it out of doors, we should give it to them in the house."

While we were talking, I glanced around the room. It was quite comfortably furnished, and had bright lambrequins at the windows, several bright pictures, and a gay rug here and there, but God's sunlight was not there to brighten it. I glanced through the two long windows, and a dreary outlook it was. There was the gray light, that comes in at a north window in the afternoon; the dull gray earth, a heap of rubbish, and an ash barrel—the usual furnishings of back yards in small towns.

I couldn't help thinking that those children would grow rosy and gay, in the bright sunny room, where her flowers thrived and bloomed. As I was a stranger, I didn't express my thoughts, but determined to try to impress my new acquaintance with the necessity of sunny rooms for children as well as plants. It was now time for me to go, and as we went by the parlor to get my wraps, Mrs. Shuler called my attention to a very fine flower and said, "if you would like to have plants in your windows, you are welcome to cuttings of mine."

"I dearly love flowers," I replied, "and my house is seldom without a bouquet—if only a little bunch of violets, in a fancy basket or shell, to perfume the room, and make one think of the woods in springtime. My hot house is right pretty with blooms now, but I seldom have window plants, as I have our east and south rooms for the family's constant use—and children and plants don't do well in the same room. However, I have two at present that are the choicest window plants I ever saw. I will be glad for you to come and see them."

"I shall be delighted—are they blooming now?"

"Yes, nicely."

"What color are they?"

"They are variegated—there is rich scarlet, creamy white, golden yellow, chestnut brown, and a lovely pink, in the combination."

"How remarkable—they must be perfectly splendid!"

"I think so," I replied, "and now I must go; for they need my attention right constantly."

"Did you leave your house closed?"

"No, my nurse is there, but she does not give them as good care as I do. I hope you will call right soon."

"Indeed, I will, and am quite delighted at the prospect of seeing such rare plants."

"I will take great pleasure in showing them to you, and in giving you my method of cultivating them."

The next week, in answer to the door-bell I had the pleasure of welcoming Mrs. Shuler. Knowing that she would wish to see my window plants, I invited her, at once, into the family sitting room.

Well, they were ready for inspection—just glowing with color.

My children's rocking chairs sat in the recess of a large south-east window. Vera, my little girl four years old, sat rocking in one and Urell, my baby boy, not two years old, was in the other; and no birds ever sang and twittered more merrily over their morning bath, than did these children, as they sat rocking, to and fro, enjoying their sunbath.

Mrs. Shuler was quite warm in her praises of my splendid looking children.

During our conversation, I noticed her eyes wander quite frequently towards them.

I noticed their rocking become slower and slower, and finally cease. Mrs. Shuler said:

"Look, Mrs. Raymond, your children are fast asleep, in their chairs!"

"Yes," I replied, "they generally go to sleep while taking their sunbath. The warmth of the sun will produce sleep, when all the narcotics in the drug stores have failed."

She glanced at the large sunny window and said, "Mrs. Raymond are your window plants not in this room?"

"Yes," I replied, "here are my choice window plants, and hasn't the sunlight brought out the coloring beautifully? These rich scarlet lips, these shining curls, these lovely pink cheeks, this smooth white brow, and these sparkling brown eyes, now veiled by the curling lashes."

A pleased light began to dawn in her eyes, and with a charming smile she asked, "Did the sunlight do all this?"

"A very great deal of it," I replied. Then with a half-teasing, half-tender look, I said, "Plants may have the right soil, and the proper quantity of moisture; but if they do not have an abundance of sunshine they will not thrive."

With a sudden impulse, she took my hand and said, "My friend, I thank you for inviting me to see your choice window plants. Children are, indeed, the choicest of flowers and I see that you would teach me, that a bright sunny room, is just as essential to animal life as to vegetable life. In my thoughtlessness, I have sacrificed my children's health to the blossoms on my plants."

"But it is not too late," I replied. "Bring your children out into your bright, cheerful room, where they can have floods of sunshine; and you will see the rich color gradually appear on their cheeks and lips, and their listlessness, indigestion, and nervousness will vanish, like mist before the sun; while their merry laugh and gay song will make that room more cheerful than it ever was before."

"Ah!" she replied, "how I have robbed my children, that my plants might thrive, but I will make what amends I can."

The next week I received a note from Mrs. Shuler asking if I would do her the kindness to come over that afternoon.

I went, and on entering her cheerful parlor, found it converted into the family room. Mrs. Shuler said, "I hope I have not presumed too far on your friendship in sending for you, but I was not well enough to go out, and as you have already given me such good advice, I wanted so much to hear your method of clothing and dieting your little ones. Since I have seen your splendid children, my earnest desire is to have my own to blossom out in such perfection."

"Well," I replied, "you know, in growing plants, there is some difference, each month, in the manner in which you care for them; so in dieting and clothing my children, I vary my method, in some way, every month. I cannot give you a correct idea, except by giving you my plan for each month. As this is May, I will tell you what my children eat and wear during the month of May.

For breakfast, they have eggs, oatmeal, graham bread, and a cup of fresh warm milk. I will tell you my way of preparing eggs for children, as I found it very valuable when I first began to feed Vera. I beat the eggs until they begin to rise. I then add one tablespoonful of sweet milk to each egg, a pinch of salt, and a tiny pinch of black-pepper. Put a small lump of butter in a pan, allow the butter to get hot, but not scorching hot; then pour in whipped eggs and cream. Directly, it is the consistency of boiled custard light, moist, and puffy. Just melts away in your mouth, and is delicious. I learned this, by experiment, when I weaned Vera, at eleven months old. She was very delicate, and I could find no food that agreed with her. The prepared foods, that I bought, all disagreed with her badly—cow's milk seemed almost poison and we thought our child would die. Some one suggested boiled custard, but the state of her bowels was too bad to give her sweets, so I thought of the custard, with salt and pepper for seasoning, instead of sugar. It did admirably, and I kept her alive, one whole winter, on eggs prepared this way, and nice, lightbread soaked in weakened blackberry wine. These things are both astringent and nourishing, and it was a lucky hit."

"Who would think she had ever been a delicate child! She is a picture of blooming health now," interrupted Mrs. Shuler.

"So she is, and I am truly thankful."

"In speaking of eggs, let me tell you, that the weakest stomach will bear eggs in some form or other.

My baby was very sick last summer, and vomited every thing we gave him, until I whipped the white of an egg very light, added enough sugar, nutmeg, and whiskey, to flavor it, and and gave it to him. He liked it, and retained it, and began to get better right away.

For dinner I generally give them a little of such vegetables as we have cooked; rice and gravy, perhaps; a little tenderly cooked chicken or beef; and some of the desserts, unless it is something very rich and indigestible—and I seldom have such dishes on my table.

For supper, they have milk and bread, or oatmeal and milk. My children drink warm milk night and morning, and in very cold weather I warm it a little, by pouring boiling water in it, if it has been milked so long as to be cold.

I never give my children pork and cabbage, under any circumstances. In fact, I give them very little meat of any kind. Meat is too heating; and while we may not notice any injurious effects in cold weather, the little things will pay for it the following summer; and we will wonder how came their little stomachs so inflamed and out of order—never thinking of the too strong diet we gave them in cold weather."

Mrs. Shuler said, "I find more trouble in finding a suitable diet for my baby, than for the children who are not teething."

"So we all do," I replied, "and I find the best diet for teething children is eggs and milk. I also give them some of the cereals; thoroughly cooked, and if they are costive, a ripe apple or pear, scraped or baked, is good for them.

As my children are through teething, I give them a more varied diet now, but not any and everything, I can assure you. I think the habit of sitting children to the table, and giving them everything they call for, has done more towards giving Americans the name of a dyspeptic people, than any other one thing. Children should never be given hot bread. The English seldom eat hot bread, and they are much hardier, as a nation, than Americans. Their children are half grown before they come to the table and eat a mixture of rich food. They have a table in the nursery, set with wholesome food, and their children eat there. It is true, that many of us cannot afford a nurse and nursery, but we can use judgment in the selection of food for our children, always choosing such things as are nourishing and easily digested. We should be careful in our selection of vegetables. At this season, nothing is more suitable than turnip-greens and tomatoes—my children like them, and these form part of their dinner nearly every day during this month. For dessert, rice pudding with plenty of sweetmilk and eggs and a small lump of butter, is nourishing and easily digested. I use it very often during this month.

Suitable clothes, are just as essential to health as suitable food. My children's garments are made of flannel during cool weather.

The soft, little woolen shirt, with high neck and long sleeves. Two flannel undershirts, with long sleeves and high necks, a woolen dress, and heavy woolen stockings, long enough to reach above the knee. The other garments are of cotton flannel except the aprons. When I can't get the children's hose heavy enough, and long enough to suit me, I get the colored yarns and knit them, or cut my own down to fit them.

Now, I must go—it is getting late."

"Oh! how I wish you could stay longer, and tell me how you take care of your children when they are sick."

"I haven't time now, but one month from to-day, I will tell you how I take care of my children, in sickness and in health.—*Woman's Work.*

Too Late.

'Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!' sings Tennyson, of the foolish virgins who were unprepared for the bridegroom.

There is no phrase in the long vocabulary of sorrow that has a sharper sting than 'Too Late.' It is the knell of hope, and its echo often leaves despair:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—'It might have been.'"

If, in a vision, we could behold ourselves when, with untrimmed lamps, we stand, and the words 'Too Late!' freeze our souls with horror, we could live so that to hear them would be impossible. Who that has lost a friend can forget the coldness that has seized his heart as he remembers acts of commission and omission, small in themselves, but which must have given intense pain to the heart that can feel earthly pain no more. The roses on the coffin very often outline the words 'Too Late!' A surge of remembrance floods the yearning souls as it recalls the days that are no more,—

"O death in life, the days that are no more—"

it longs to devote itself entirely to repairing the fault of the past. But the roses on a coffin are soulless—a chain of roses can not reach Heaven. And then comes the thought of prayer; and this brings hope and consolation. It is not too late—prayer can atone for all. It seems strange that any man who has ever lost a friend should doubt the doctrine of prayer for the dead, which is, indeed, 'a holy and wholesome thought.'

John Brown's Clothes.

The clothes in which John Brown, of Ossawatomie was hanged, are in possession of a Brooklyn undertaker, Jacob M. Hopper, and his coffin was also there until twelve months ago, when it was chopped up by mistake.

After the hanging the body, in the same ragged, shot-riddled clothes in which John Brown had made his last fight, was placed in a walnut coffin and given to a Charlestown undertaker. Through the influence of the agents of Northern friends the coffin was secretly shipped on board a north-bound steamer and in due time arrived in New York. There Jacob Hopper was on hand to receive it and removed the coffin to his New York rooms, 163 Bowery. John Brown's body was properly reclothed by the undertaker and a new casket made for it and shipped to North Elba, where it was buried. The old coffin and the tattered clothes were brought from New York and secreted in the cellar of Undertaker Hopper's rooms in Brooklyn. There they remained for nearly thirty years, until, in a clearing up which was instituted in the cellar during Mr Hopper's absence, the coffin was broken to pieces and carried away. The clothes are still in the undertaker's possession.

'I will swear to the part I had in the disposal of John Brown's body,' said Mr. Hopper. 'It is a fact. His body was not mutilated, but his clothes were torn as if they had been cut with bayonets.'

The Curse of Fame.

Poor Dr. Holmes! It is no wonder he wants people to stop trying to write poetry, when, as he says, he has for the last thirty years received a volume of poems or a poem, printed or in manuscript, nearly every day. Then he adds amiably: "Of late I have found it impossible to read critically all the literary productions, in prose and verse, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library, like snow drifts along the railroad tracks—blocking my literary pathway so that I can hardly find my daily papers." Can good nature go farther than this? Has the good doctor no energetic friend who will clear his library of these drifts and bundle them all into a bonfire? Think of the conceit, the impertinence and utter want of kindly consideration of the senders!

Definitions of Bible Terms.

A gerah was one cent.
A cab was three pints.
An omer was six pints.
A shekel of gold was $8.
A firkin was seven pints.
A farthing was three cents.
A talent of gold was $13,809.
A talent of silver was $538.30.
A cubit was nearly 22 inches.
Ezekiel's reed was nearly 11 feet.
A hin was one gallon and two pints.
A mite was less than one-fourth a cent.
A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.
A piece of silver, or penny, was 13 cents.
A finger's breadth was equal to one inch.

A "Grippe" Coincidence.

A rather singular coincidence is noted by Congressman Margan, of Mississippi, in reference to the appearance of the "grippe" during Harrison's term. "I remember very well," he said, "in my boyhood that after the election of Harrison and Tyler, and after the death of Harrison, when Tyler had become President and was overturning things in a political way, that an epidemic of influenza swept over the country, just as it is doing now. It had the same name, too, 'the grippe,' and I remember that everywhere it was spoken of as 'the Tyler grippe.' It was the same sort of thing as we have now, and it is a little odd that it should come back again during the term to which another Harrison was elected in it."

Lady (calling on friend)—Oh, isn't it splendid? I have made six calls, and you are the only one I've found at home.

"My Papa's Asleep."

The father was dead, they laid him
All calm in his coffin bed.
They closed his eyes and arranged him
In the gloomy garb of the dead.

The stricken were tearfully kneeling,
Without in the darkening gloom,
When his best loved baby came stealing
Into that silent room.

Her step was child-like and fearless,
As she entered that sorrowful place,
And her eyes were laughing and tearless
As she looked on the motionless face.

Look thou thy last and love him
Thou poor little shepherdless sheep.
For she hung like a rose-bud above him,
And whispered "My papa's asleep."

Loath was the babe to forsake him,
And forth from the silent one creep,
For she loyally wouldn't awake him,
For the father she loved was asleep.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The fast-growing custom of wealthy New Yorkers coming over to England and renting country-houses has lately led to an amusing occurrence, the facts of which might be profitably worked into a scene in a novel or a play. It seems that two fine country-houses, each surrounded by a splendid park and situated close to each other, in one of the home counties, are severally owned by a certain peer, whom we shall call the Earl of Portcullis, and by a certain baronet, whom we shall call Sir Roderick Biennerhassett. The nobleman's place is called Grassland Park; that of the baronet Oakden Manor. Sometime during the autumn months, both Lord Portcullis and Sir Roderick, for reasons of quite a distinct character, determined to spend the winter on the continent and to let their houses for six months. To that end, they put the houses in the hands of two West End house-agents to be let, and, ere long, satisfactory tenants were found in the persons of two New York families. It should be remarked that neither house-agent was aware that the other house was for rent. So that when the two New York families applied to each, one was told that Sir Roderick was a near neighbor, while the other was informed that the Earl of Portcullis lived near by. A house owned by an earl, with a baronet next door, suited one Anglomaniac down to the ground, while a house owned by a baronet, with an earl next door, exactly filled the bill for the other. Nothing could be better. Rent, accommodation, and habitable condition were minor considerations in both cases, and the houses were taken instantly.

So Grassland Park fell to Mr. Schuyler Van Winkle and Oakden Manor to Mr. Hiram T. Bassett. November saw each gentleman with his family in residence. Now, the Van Winkles and Bassetts, though both New Yorkers, did not know each other. The Van Winkles were an and of the world-famous Four Hundred. The Bassetts were not. That was sufficient. The Van Winkles consisted of Mr. and Mrs. and their daughter Julia, a handsome, high-bred girl of two and twenty, who had been nearly but not quite a belle in New York society for a couple of seasons. The Bassett family was made up of Mr. and Mrs., their daughter Dora, a pretty but somewhat loud young lady of nineteen, and their son Hiram T., Jr., commonly designated among his family and intimate friends as 'Hi.'

Let us hark back to November, when the Van Winkles and Bassetts have been in residence about a fortnight.

'I'm considerably disappointed,' says Mrs. Bassett, one morning at breakfast; 'I've been overhauling the card-receiver and I find there isn't a single title among them all.'

'All double ones, eh?' asks Hi, who thinks himself a wit.

His mother does not deign to notice him; Mr. Bassett reads in silence the London morning paper while he eats (he could not do a more un-English thing if he tried), and Dora says:

'How very provoking! What can be the reason? I'm afraid the house-agent took us in. He said Lord Portcullis lived very near.'

'Yes, I know he did. Perhaps I've overlooked him. Let me have another try,' and Mrs. Bassett, with a hopeful look in her eyes, produces the china card-receiver from her lap beneath the table-cloth, and spreads the contents out, one by one, on the table in front of her, pushing aside her plate to make room. 'No, I was right. There's no name of that sort. As I say,' and she gathers up the cards and throws them disdainfully back into the receiver, 'there is not a single title among them.'

'The Earl of Portcullis,' says Dora, meditatively; 'I wonder—I wonder—'

'Well, what do you wonder?' asks her mother, with some misgivings as to the drift of her daughter's cogitations; 'if he's a myth?'

'My, no!' exclaims Dora; 'I know better than that. Our groom knows one of his lordship's grooms very well. Only if Lord Emtihed knows him.'

Mr. Bassett looks up quickly from his paper.

'What about Lord Emtihed?' he asks.

'I only said I wondered if he knew Lord Portcullis.'

'Who's Lord Portcullis?'

'How tiresome you are, papa! He's Lord Portcullis—or the Earl of Portcullis, if you like it better. That's all I know about him, except that he lives at Grassland Park.'

'Oh, yes, to be sure. That's the man. I forget his name. By-the-bye, I saw him out driving to-day. That is to say, he drove out of the park gates as I was passing in my four-in-hand coach. A tall, handsome, distingue-looking man, and he had a mighty pretty daughter—at least, I presume she was.'

'What? Pretty or his daughter?' queries Hi.

'Both,' answers Mr. Bassett, with an annihilating nod at his son; 'anything further to offer?' Hi has not, and his father goes on. 'I guess,' he begins with one of those lapses back to his natural individuality, not common with the average Anglomaniac.

'What?' cry Mrs. Barrett and Dora in a breath.

'Eh?' says Mr. Bassett; 'what? Oh! Well, I fancy it was the earl. He looked like an Englishman, anyhow.'

'Of course it was,' says Mrs. Barrett; 'who else could it be? And there is a wife—there must be, of course, if there's a daughter.'

'Yes, a wife, daughter and son,' remarks Dora; 'so George—our groom, you know—says I wish I had a 'Peerage.''

'Where is it? Lost it?' asks her mother, anxiously.

'No. Forgot to pack it.'

'Of all things to forget!' exclaimed Mrs Bassett; "we're in a pretty fix now!'

'I'll telegraph up to London for one at once,' says Mr. Bassett.

'I'm not talking of the 'Peerage,'' replies Mrs. Bassett; 'I mean what are we to do about these people not calling?'

'Give a ball and invite them all,' suggests Hi.

'It does seem so unfair—such awful hard lines, after coming over here and taking a house and every thing,' bemoans Dora; 'we might have done as well if we'd stayed in New York.'

'Better,' replies her mother; 'we made Lord Emtihed's acquaintance there. How fortunate, too, that he is away in Spain, traveling.

'Who told you that?' asks Hi, with a suspicious smile.

'You know perfectly well papa was told so when he went to call on him in London,' says Dora, impatiently.

'All I know is, I saw his name in the Morning Post the other day among the guests staying at somebody's country house.'

'Utterly impossible!' exclaims Mrs. Bassett; 'he's in Italy—no Spain.'

'I'll tell you what,' says Mr. Bassett, presently, with a burst of enthusiasm, 'why not take the bull by the horns and call yourself? If will look as if you were returning their call. Swells like that forget who they've called upon, and will think it all right.'

'Not a bad idea,' assents Mrs. Bassett; 'there's nothing like asserting your self in this world. You never hear of the keep-backs anywhere. Yes, well call this very afternoon. Thank you, my dear, for the suggestion.'

* * * * *

'It's very odd,' remarks Mr. Schuyler Van Winkle, that same afternoon, as he and his wife and daughter are together in the drawing room at Gassland Park, awaiting the stroke of five for tea to be brought in. He has been conning over a long sheet of paper which he holds in his hand, and takes off his eye-glasses as he looks up.

'What is?' asks Mrs. Van Winkle.

'Why, that the Biennerhassetts haven't called upon us.'

'Do you mean the people that live at Oakden Manor?'

'Yes.'

'Haven't they called upon us? No, I remember now, they have not. They are the only people, though.'

'I can't at all make it out,' goes on Mr. Van Winkle; 'every one else has called. Why shouldn't they?'

'Perhaps they have heard we are Americans,' suggests Miss Julia.

'That should be no reason,' replies her father.

'There are some English people who don't like Americans, I know. Don't you remember those people at Cannes last year, who refused to be introduced to us, or, rather, refused to allow us to be introduced to them? Nasty, hateful things!'

Mr. Van Winkle winces both at the uncomplimentary reminder and at the 'pronounced American' in his daughter's concluding words.

'Yes, I remember them,' he replies, loftily; 'but I don't altogether blame them.'

'Why, papa?'

'You forget the sort of Americans they had constantly before them, my dear Julia. Vulgar, purse-proud, pushing people. They supposed us to be the same, no doubt. I'm sorry they did not give us the opportunity of showing them the contrary,' he adds, drawing himself up.

'But, my dear, haven't we carefully avoided letting our nationality be known? I thought you said we were not to tell anyone we were Americans,' says Mrs. Van Winkle.

'Certainly I said so,' says Mr. Van Winkle; 'after people got to know us I thought would be time enough to tell them what we were.'

'I'm sure I've told no one,' urges Mrs. Van Winkle.

'Nor have I,' adds Julia.

'I feel confident that no one has found it out from me,' says Mr. Van Winkle, proudly.

'It is certainly very strange,' observes Mr. Van Winkle; 'the house-agent told us they were the nicest people in the neighborhood, next of course to the Portcullis family.'

At that moment the rumble of carriage wheels sound on the gravel of the drive.

'Perhaps it's the Biennerhassetts now,' says Julia, rising quickly and going to one of the windows, as a carriage drives past in the dim light without; 'yes, it's a brougham and pair with coachman and footman, with cockades in their hats. Of course it must be them. Talk of the et cætera, et cætera.'

'I trust you have not instructed Watkins to say 'not at home,' says Mr. Van Winkle, as he pulls down his shirt-cuffs and wipes some specks of dust from his coat-sleeve; taking at the same time a glance at his scarf in the mirror over the chimney-piece. 'I am most anxious to meet these people.'

Before Mrs. Van Winkle can reply, the door is thrown open and the butler's lips move in the articulation of an announcement whose phonetic effect upon the ears of his listeners is:

''Assetan' 'ss 'ass-tt!'

'Ah!' murmurs Mr. Van Winkle to himself, as Mrs. Bassett and Dora march majestically into the room; 'the Biennerhassetts at last!'

After mutual greetings of intensest British frigidity in the utterance of 'How d'ye do's' and the mechanism of its hand-shakings, both sides doing their best to appear English to the other party, Mrs. Van Winkle says:

'It is so good of you to come and see us.'

'Yes, we have been wondering why you didn't call,' Julia adds.

Mrs. Bassett and Dora exchange glances.

'Of course it is some new English custom for strangers to call first,' thinks Mrs. Bassett; 'I musn't appear to be ignorant of it. How lucky we came!'

'Yes?' she says aloud; 'it's very good of you to say so, I'm sure. We should have called before, but several things prevented.'

'We are so anxious to see Oakden,' remarks Julia; 'it's such a fine place we he—'

'Well, yes; it isn't a bad sort of place,' replied Dora; 'we should have prefer—'

She stops short at a glance from her mother, prefaced by the usual admonitory, and premonitory 'A-hem!'

'I beg your pardon?' demands Mr. Van Winkle, bending forward in his chair to listen, much to Dora's discomfiture, for she doesn't see her way out of the faux pas she has all but made.

'I don't know what it is,' she says to herself, 'but it must be something wrong, from mamma's face.'

Her mother comes to her rescue:

'Do you mean to say you have never been there?' she asks; 'how very odd.'

Mrs. Van Winkle is vaguely conscious that Julia's remark was an inopportune one, and favors her daughter with a glance in accord with her feelings in consequence.

'Least said, soonest mended,' is her mental conclusion, and 'Do you think so?' is all she says.

'Why, certainly,' begins Mrs. Bassett, and then suddenly recollecting herself, not without the aid of Dora's elevated eyebrows, turns very red and coughs.

Mr. Van Winkle takes the remark as an intentional bit of quizzing. He is angry at what he is pleased to consider an affront, and vexed that his national incognito should have been so unsuccessfully maintained.

'It couldn't be anything I've said,' he says, comfortingly, to himself. 'I've said nothing but 'How d'ye do?' and 'I beg your pardon,' since they came in. Any Englishman might say as much. Perhaps,' he ruminates further, 'she's picked it up on the continent somewhere from some Americans she has been thrown with, and feels ashamed of herself for using the expression to us. I shall take that view of it, at all events.'

Meanwhile, Dora endeavors to help her mother out. A silence has ensued which is painful to all parties, and in a nervous anxiety to break it, she says the first thing which comes into her head:

'I don't believe you would think much of Oakden. In my opinion there are dozens of old manor houses on the Hudson much prettier.'

'There again!' exclaims Mr. Van Winkle; 'it must be intentional this time. One can't resent it in one's own house except by a snub, and there is no greater snub than ignoring a remark and changing the subject, no matter how apropos of nothing the introduction of the new topic may be. Bye-the-bye,' he says aloud, 'how is Sir Roderick?'

'Sir Roderick?' asks Mrs. Bassett, hazily; 'do you mean—'

'Sir Roderick. I trust he is quite well?'

'Ye-es, I believe so. I don't know,' answers Mrs. Bassett.

'Then he's away from home?' says Mr. Van Winkle, in a painfully disappointed voice.

'Oh, yes; he's away from home,' replies Mrs. Bassett, laughing. 'How fond the English are of chaffing,' she says to herself; 'I must enter into it.'

'What the dickens can there be to laugh at?' thinks Mr. Van Winkle; 'it is the one great fault—the only fault, indeed—I notice in English people. They turn every thing into a subject for their levity.'

'Are you going up to the drawing-room?' asks Mrs. Van Winkle, anxious to say something and forgetful that there are no court functions in the winter. In the correction of her mistake by the others, the conversation assumes a congenial tone and flows on without check or hitch until tea is brought in.

'Pray stay and have tea,' says Mrs. Van Winkle, as Mrs. Bassett and Dora rise to go.

'Thanks, awfully,' answers mother and daughter in a breath, and sit down again.

'Five o'clock tea is such a charming custom,' observes Dora, taking her cup from Mr. Van Winkle and helping herself to the cream and sugar he hands her. 'We are awfully fond of it.'

'So are we,' Julia says; 'I think it makes such a delightful event, especially when the days are short and there is nothing else do.'

'It has become quite a custom in America,' goes on Dora.

'This is more than accident,' mentally exclaims Mr. Van Winkle; 'it is the third time. They must know, or suspect at all events, and are trying to catch us.'

Neither Mrs. Van Winkle nor Julia speaks. It is one of those occasions with them when silence is golden.

'Yes, indeed,' continues Dora, who, conscious of an ominous 'A-hem,' does not dare to look at the frown which she knows is puckering her mother's face; 'I can remember the time when you never—'

'Dora, my dear, we must be going,' and Mrs. Bassett stands up abruptly.

'So sorry you have to go,' smiles Mrs. Van Winkle; 'it is so very good of you to have come to see us.' ('What charming manners the English aristocracy have,' thinks Mrs. Bassett.) 'I hope we shall see a good deal of each other.'

'Thanks, awfully,' thus Dora and her mother say; 'good-bye.'

'I can't say that I care very much for them,' Mr. Van Winkle says after they have gone; 'I thought their constant reference to America very rude.'

'So did I,' concurs Julia; 'they were quizzing us the whole time and smothering laughs. I never saw anything like it.'

'I'm glad you noticed it,' says her father; 'I don't think we need return the call.'

'And yet,' remarks Mrs. Van Winkle; 'it might show that they never suspected us.'

'Perhaps,' says Mr. Van Winkle; 'I'll think it over.'

'Quite delightful people,' says Mrs. Bassett, lying back among the comfortable cushions of her brougham, as it bowls down the broad avenue; 'I think we made a good impression. If any thing spoiled it, it was your continual reference to America.'

'Why, certainly,' remarks Dora, quietly.

Fat.

Growing fat seems to be a constitutional and hereditary affair, and to depend very little on one's own personal habits, or the amount that one eats and drinks. Although at his death Daniel Lambert weighed more than seven hundred pounds, and was not quite six feet tall—his vast bulk never, however, seeming to incommode him—yet when he weighed over four hundred he walked long distances with less fatigue than was endured by his companions who weighed comparatively nothing, and until shortly before his death he was active in field exercises. He never spent much time in bed, sleeping less than eight hours in the twenty-four, was a moderate eater, and drank only water, and still, in spite of all this, he went on accumulating adipose in a way that leads one to inquire seriously if eating, and drinking, and indolence, and self-indulgence have really a great deal to do with the laying on of fat.—*Exchange.*

A Self-Extinguishing Candle.

A candle has recently been brought out that extinguishes itself after it has burned for an hour. This is done by a tiny extinguisher of tin which is fastened in the wax by wires and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is ready to burn another hour.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—It is not generally known that Dr. S. Filmore Bennett, the author of the well-known hymn, "The Sweet By and By," is living in his old age in an obscure town in Illinois.

—At a recent ball in London the electric light was arranged to vary in color, being alternately red, blue, green and yellow. The ladies didn't like it, as it ruined in alternation the effect of their costumes

—The great tower of the Cathedral of Ulm is at last on the eve of completion. The tower when finished will be 524 feet high, which exceeds the height of St. Paul's in Hamburg. The celebration will probably take place on the 30th of June next.

—The instruction classes in laundry work in England have proved a great success as well as a great benefit and have raised the standard of the work. It is a scheme that might be copied to advantage, also to give instruction in other kinds of household work.

—The first German Catholic church to be lighted electrically is the grand old cathedral at Strasburg. Arc lights have been used outside with fine effect, and it is stated that many of the noble lines of the architecture are accentuated by night as they never have been by day.

—A new museum will soon be started in Paris, to be known as the Museum of the French Army, and to comprise ancient uniforms, equipments, arms and everything relating to the history of French regiments. An enormous amount of material has already been secured.

—Thunder storms are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the globe. On an average they occur in the island on ninety-seven days in the year. In England the average marks thunder storms on about seven days in the year—only half the number recorded in France.

—The little island of Iceland, 300 miles long and 200 broad, and isolated from the great continent of civilization, is found to have as great a number of newspapers as are printed in the vernacular tongue of the empire of China. The newspapers of Iceland are published at a point farther north than any other journals in existence

—The Duchess of Westminster, whose husband is the richest man in England, finds herself unable to give $100 a year for five years towards a scholarship at the Female School of Art, London. She writes that she "has so many claims" upon her, and that when she subscribed to the fund she did know that it was to run five years.

—A woman has been found living in New York city whose expenses average four cents a day. She makes button holes—when she can get them to make—and finds that the revenue derived from her toil compels her to depend for sustenance on bread without butter, and tea without milk. A five cent loaf of bread lasts her two days.

—There is a very curious stone about which very little is ever heard. It is called the "Alexandrite" in honor of Alexander of Russia, who was very fond of them. In the daytime they resemble an emerald, except that they are somewhat darker, but at night they are a deep, purplish red. They are found in India, and, like all rare stones, vary much in their qualities.

—Henry M. Stanley is in the field for "boodle." He said to a friend before he left America in search of Emin Pasha: "I'm getting past middle life. I have not saved a cent. My books and lectures shall pay me within the next five years enough to make my old age comfortable. This African expedition is for money, not glory."

—Our imports of merchandise for the year 1890 were $770,000,000, and our exports $827,000,000. This is a good showing so far as it goes, but then we sent abroad $52,000,000 more gold and silver than we received from other countries, which about evens up the balance sheet for the year. If the new tariff bill goes through, as is most probable, we hope that a year after it goes into operation we shall show a large balance of trade in our favor.

—The champion fine-hand writer of the world is believed to be Mr. Rlia Kitteridge, who resides at Belfast, Maine. He is 78 years old, but has written the Lord's Prayer six times repeated on the space covered by a silver five-cent piece, which is at the rate of 3,600 words on a postal card. He has written the Lord's Prayer on a space of three-sixteenths of an inch, and says he will come under a contract to put 39,000 words on a postal card.

—Mrs. Gen. Grant has a girl's fondness for candy, and she always has a box on her writing desk while engaged in writing. She is at her desk three or four hours daily now, being engaged in the preparation of memoirs and correspondence, in which she is being assisted by her son Jesse, who came back from California, where he was engaged in mining and farming, for this especial purpose.

—The rare metal, uranium, a lode of which was discovered in a Cornwall (Eng.) mine recently, has been developed, and is believed to be extremely valuable. Hitherto the only source of uranium has been isolated pockets and patches. The Cornwall works expect to turn out about a half a ton of metal a week. Owing to its great scarcity the market price has been about $2,000 per ton. It is thought that it will be highly valuable to electrical engineers.

—A correspondent hears from Japan that the latest western innovation in that land of flexibility and innovation is a system of railway book-stalls at all the principal railway stations in the empire, which an enterprising bookseller in Tokio has decided to introduce. The Japanese are a nation of readers, but they are, indeed, far from being a nation of travelers, but, fortunately labor and the materials are cheap, so that the pioneer of the new system does not risk very much.

—A strange battle is reported to have lately taken place in Tokio, Japan. "A stream runs through the compound of Tobukuji Temple at Sugamo, and some hundreds of bull-frogs gathered on either bank. Then a terrific battle ensued, lasting from 9 A. M., to 4 P. M., and it is stated that when the combat was finished the brook was blocked to such an extent with the bodies of the slain that the course of the water was almost totally impeded. Large numbers of people visited the place to witness the strange spectacle."

Hydraulic power is now being applied to the manufacture of seamless steel boats. It is contended that, in every respect, the seamless steel boat will be superior to the wooden one, and the cost of the one will not be materially greater than that of the other.