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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 UNIVERSAL SIGNS OF RAIN.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep;
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel,
The squalid toads at dusk were seen,
Slowly crawling o'er the green;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh;
How hoarse the shrills and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
And see you rooks, how odd their flight,
They hither the gilding kite,
Or swim precipitate to fall
And they feel the piercing ball;
How restless are the snorting swine!
The noisy fowl disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cat sneezes, how loud she sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sleeping o'er her whiskered jaws:
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow,
Our planet must be put off to-morrow.

Fenella.

One evening I went with Charles, whose engagement ring I had worn just one week, down to the little bridge that rose over the stream, to look at the reflection of the moon in the water.

We said it was for that; and as an artist, Charles was always supposed to be on the lookout for moonlight effects and season beauties, and all that sort of thing; but when one has only been engaged a week, the midst of a circle of merry tourists (in Italy), is not always the pleasantest place to stay in. We longed to be alone for a moment or two! that is the truth of the matter.

But when we had reached the bridge, we found we were not alone. There, leaning over the handrail, a pretty picture in her peasant dress, with her long, black braids hanging down her back, was my Italian maid, Fenella. Beside her stood a man—a gentleman, I could see even in that dim light. He held Fenella's hand, and as we passed I heard a soft, whisper of endearment. They were lovers evidently, and the next day, when we were alone, I spoke to Fenella about it.

She only dropped me a little courtesy, and blushed shyly, and said nothing; and I—I was not old enough to press a point, and I was quite romantic enough to believe that any gentleman might fall in love with beautiful Fenella and be glad to make her his wife. Would I have loved Charles less had his birth been humble? or would he have thought me less his equal had I been a peasant girl? We believed not. So I took counsel of my lover, and we decided that it was all very sweet and beautiful, and that all lovers were as true as we were; and we said nothing to the older folks about Fenella's lover.

I think that somehow Fenella and her lover conjectured what we thought. They never seemed to heed us when we met in lonely spots. It was always evening, and I never quite saw his face, but he had a fine figure, bore himself exquisitely, and beneath the cloak he wore we saw the flash of jewels. He was some one of wealth, if not of consequence—that was evident.

We carried in that old villa only a few brief weeks. Those who had the direction of the party whisked us away to "do" other places before we two were tired of it. But ere I parted with my maid Fenella (engaged only for the time of our sojourn) I had grown to like her very much, and somehow I could not help saying to her as she braided my hair for the last time, "Fenella, before next Summer comes I shall be married. You can guess who is to be my husband, of course. Would you like to come to our native country and be my maid when I am married?"

She blushed, and gave me that little courtesy of hers.

"I am glad Miss Maria is to be so happy. I should like to be her maid, if I were any one's; but—Miss Maria will tell nobody?—I am married." She put her hand in her bosom and drew forth a ring.

"My wedding ring," she said. "He is very well born, and we must keep it secret a while; but he loves me very much, and I—ah, how well I love him!"

So we exchanged confidences, I and my maid, and the next day we parted.

I returned to England, she remained in her native land; but it was long before I forgot her pretty face and pleasant ways. Indeed, I cannot say truly that I ever quite forgot them, but I heard no more of her.

I was married before the next spring came, and I lived a happy life with my husband for five pleasant years. Every spring we spoke of Italy, and planned to visit again the town where we had met and learned to love each other; but it was not until the sixth that we really carried out our plans, and after a brief travel found ourselves in the quaint old place where Fenella had been my maid, and where I had dreamed my love-dream, and knew she had dream here.

The old villa in which we had dwelt stood empty that summer, and, to make our visit still more full of sweet memories, we hired it for the season. With it we also hired the same old man and woman who had ministered to the wants of the large party of tourists who had crowded the villa during that vanished summer.

We two only had returned to it, and we lived in two or three of the many rooms in a sort of Bohemian fashion we found very pleasant.

The very first day I had questioned the old woman about Fenella, and she had shaken her head.

"Fenella is dead," she said. "She died nine months ago."

"And her husband?" I asked.

"Nobody knows where he is," the old woman said. "While madame was here with her party, so long ago, Fenella had a sweetheart; but he vanished, no one knew how or where. Then Fenella was very unhappy; but she told no one anything. She lived here in this house with an English lady, who took her as her maid, until the lady herself died. She used to sit by the window of that little room and weep. I have seen her; but she never told any one why. Never!"

Then my old servant shook her head again, and departed kitchenward, leaving me to think over poor Fenella's story. Somehow grief had come to my little waiting-maid. That, at least, was evident.

The little room that had been Fenella's opened out of mine. It was a small apartment, with a little folding bedstead placed against the wall, an image of the Virgin on a bracket, a chair, a table, and in the window a great box, in which grew some plants, and a great creeping vine, which clung to the latticed panes and made an exquisite curtain.

Whenever I entered this room I felt a chill creep through me, and grew sad. I had noticed that from the first, and supposed it to be because the story the old woman had told me had had a strong effect upon me.

The image of Fenella weeping at the window seemed to have impressed itself upon my mind, so that I could almost see her sitting there.

I wakened one night with a strange chill upon me. It was not the chill that precedes an illness—we all know it very well. A thought given to those mysteries, which all sensible people profess to doubt, will send it creeping through the blood of almost any human being. I had been thinking of nothing, dreaming of nothing; but I wakened with this chill upon me, and looking through the door of the little room I have spoken of, which I naturally did whenever I opened my eyes, I saw Fenella.

Yes, my maid, Fenella, just as she had looked when she lived with me. Her black petticoat, her red bodice, the white sleeves of her chemisette were as plain as though they had been tangible garments. Her black braids fell to her knees. Around her neck hung the black velvet ribbon on which I knew she wore her wedding-ring. She was weeping bitterly, and bending as she wept over the box in which grew the vines and flowers which flung their shadow on the moonlit floor, so that she seemed to water them with her tears.

My first thought was that the old woman was mistaken—that Fenella lived and had returned to the villa in the night without guessing it was inhabited.

"Fenella," I called. "Fenella, it is Miss Maria; don't be afraid."

But, as I spoke, she was gone—gone without moving from the spot—gone as a bubble bursts and vanishes. I uttered a scream that aroused my husband from his slumber.

I was advised to believe the whole scene as a dream, and tried my best to think it so; but before three days had passed I saw Fenella again.

This time I was not sleeping. I was in the garden and looked through the window, and what I saw this time was Fenella kneeling beside the flower-grown box, making the sign of the cross above it. Her face was like the face of death; her hands waxen white, like those of a corpse.

The sight was so terrible that I lost my senses, and was found by Charles lying in a death-like swoon upon the grass ten minutes after.

Weeks had passed. I had accepted my husband's version of my vision. I looked upon myself as the victim of optical illusion. I saw Fenella no more. I laughed at myself for having seen her, or for having fancied it. And the time had almost come for our return home, when one night we entertained one or two English friends in our little villa, and between the pauses of song and chatter, some curiosity that we picked up in our travels was spoken of, and I ran into my room to get it.

It was a dark night. No moon flung its radiance through the windows. Only a little swinging lamp illumined my apartment, but that inner room, once my maid Fenella's, was bright with a strange silvery light, that seemed to grow as I looked upon it. And, as I stood motionless, gazing towards it, I saw my vision once again.

Fenella, paler than ever—but this time strangely occupied. She was digging in the earth about the roots of the vines, and heaping the mould into the form of a new-made grave.

"Fenella!" I said. She did not vanish. "Fenella!" I screamed. She turned towards me. I saw that a newborn babe lay upon her breast. She made the sign of the cross above it, and was gone.

I crept back to my guests without having screamed or fainted. I had determined not to be scoffed at as a ghost-seer. I even kept my secret from my husband; but that night a strange thing happened. A tempest swept across the country, and took our villa in its way.

It demolished a chimney and the deep window of Fenella's room; with it the flower-grown box and the great, luxuriant vines.

We sent for workmen to clear away the rubbish, and this is what they found among it, deep down in the mould from which the vine had grown—a little box, in which lay the tiniest skeleton human eyes ever rested upon, and about its neck a little golden chain, to which hung a heavy, plain, gold wedding-ring, with this name engraved within it—Fenella.

Both Shot in the Air.

Fitz Greene Washington, a great-great grand-nephew of George Washington, has recently described the Hamilton-Burr duel as it was seen by his grandfather, Captain Fitz Hughes. In the following words:

"When Captain Hughes discovered that his friends had gone to fight, he took a boat and a couple of slaves—both of them good oarsmen—and rowed as fast as possible to the battle-ground. He got there in time to see the fight occur as follows, but not to stop it, as was his hope: Hamilton and Burr were each to fire twice or thrice at one another. At the word of command for the first fire Hamilton fired at Burr, and Burr fired in the air—Hamilton, of course, missing Burr—but at the second firing Hamilton fired in the air and Burr shot Hamilton. Hamilton thought Burr meant to kill him as he meant to kill Burr; therefore, Hamilton, at the first firing, aimed to shoot Burr. Burr, deeming that Hamilton would, of course, at the next shot endeavor again to shoot him, of course changed his tactics and shot Hamilton. Hamilton, wishing not to be outdone by Burr, and presuming that Burr would again make no effort to shoot him, fired his pistol off in the air. This is the true history of the duel fought by these two great men."

WHY CUES ARE WORN.

ORDERED BY A FORMER EMPEROR OF THE COUNTRY.

First Worn by Compulsion, and Later by Choice.

Every one knows that a Chinaman does not care to return to his native land if, while in this country, he has for any reason become separated from his cue, or "pigtail," as it is more commonly called by the Americans. Most people believe that cueless Chinamen are prohibited from returning to the scenes of their childhood under penalty of death. While this is an exaggeration, it is nevertheless a fact that were he to return without that national emblem he would lose the respect of his countrymen, and, through unofficial but just as effective persecution, be compelled to leave the Celestial Empire.

As every result has a cause, it will be interesting to know the reason why a patriotic Chinaman must wear a cue. Dress, like other things, undergoes its change in Chinatown, and fashion alters there every now and then; but the style of the "pigtail" has remained the same for centuries, and is handed down from parent to child without fear of its being adopted or fancied by any other nationality.

For many years prior to the year 1644 the native Emperors of the Chinese dynasty compelled the Chinese subjects under them to wear long hair over the whole head and wear it in a tuft or coil, something after the manner in which ladies wear hair switches at the present time.

The first Emperor of the present dynasty, who ascended the throne in 1644, determined to make the tonsure of Manchuria, which was his native country, the token of the submission of the Chinese of the entire country to his authority.

Shortly after his accession to the throne he issued a general order that carried the greatest consternation with it throughout the kingdom. He ordered his subjects to shave all the hair from their heads except on the crown, and to allow the hair on that particular part to grow long and dress it according to the traditional custom of Manchuria. His proclamation was received with universal manifestations of disapproval, particularly among the more æsthetic Mongolians, and it required considerable time for them to become fully accustomed to the change.

But the custom finally prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the great Chinese Empire, and the style that was then adopted as a duty is worn now by choice. As a reward for their punctuality and obedience, those who were first to conform with the new capillary rules were presented with a tael of silver. Then the present was reduced to only a tenth of a tael, and later on only an egg was given. Finally the egg was dispensed with and no present given as soon as the custom became widespread and general.

The law that required the people to shave their heads and braid the cue was not often rigidly enforced by the penalty of immediate death, but it was soon an established fact all over the Empire that those who did not do as the Emperor desired would never become successful in a law suit against those who did conform, nor would they succeed in their business or other enterprises or undertakings.

Some time ago when the Empress and co-regent died the whole nation went into mourning, and in memory of the deceased the law forbade the Chinese shaving for a month.

In the city of Foochow the Mayor of the town made the discovery that the higher powers were being disregarded, and he accordingly made a raid upon the barber shops and sixty Chinese were caught in the act of being shaved. They were arrested, taken before the chief magistrate, heavily fined and then severely bastinadoed. More than this, their heads were painted a bright blue, which is the color for mourning in China, and a coat of varnish was put over the paint. Every week while the mourning ceremonies lasted the culprits were compelled to present themselves weekly to receive a fresh supply of paint and varnish.

The ancient Chinese wore their hair long, bound up on the top of the head, after the style of the Soochowans, and taking pride in its glossy black called themselves the "Black Race." The members of this peculiar sect believed that without the aid of the "pigtail" they never could be saved, as Confucius would find it an extremely difficult task to lift them into the blissful regions without the aid of this flowing capillary adornment.

As it is to Confucius and the "pigtail," the Chinese look for salvation, it may not be out of place to say a few words of this remarkable man, who after the lapse of three and twenty centuries has a temple in every Chinese city, and an effigy in every schoolroom. Born in the year 551 B. C., and endowed with more than common talents, Confucius soon became distinguished for his love of historical and religious research.

Reading without thought is fruitless, and China being at that time possessed of immense treasures of literature and history, he at an early age stored his memory, and by the aid of reflection digested them into a system for the use of posterity. He was made premier of his native state, and soon afterward a great improvement in public morals was made manifest. Valuables might be exposed in the streets without being stolen, and shops and houses might be left open all night without fear of molestation.

Honored during his lifetime to such a degree that the princes of several States lamented his decease like that of a cherished brother or a revered father, his influence has deepened with time, and extended with the swelling multitudes of the people. He is venerated as the fountain of wisdom by all the votaries of letters, and worshipped by the mandarins of the realm as the author of their civil polity, and one who on the last day shall hoist them up to Heaven by means of the cue.

The Chinese are proud of a long cue, and now and then play each other tricks with it, as well as use it as a ready means of correction. In China men and women often go bareheaded and ward off the sun by means of a fan, to show their cues to an admiring multitude and parade their symbols of the ease with which they can thus be transplanted into a happy eternity.

In this country the Chinese who become American citizens and who accept the Christian faith as their belief do not hesitate to cut off their cues, and dress their hair in the American fashion. Those who retain their native religion and who intend at some future time to return to China retain the cues.

The Prudent Kentuckian's Weapon.

"As between a knife and a pistol as an offensive or defensive weapon, give me the knife every time," remarked Congressional Delegate Smith of Arizona the other day. "I've seen both used a good deal in my time, and I never knew the man with the pistol to get away with the man with the knife. The latter is a terror."

Mr. Smith was discussing the Swope-Goodloe tradegy in Kentucky, and remarked that Col Swope was a fool to draw a revolver on a man who he knew habitually carried a knife. "You see," and here Delegate Smith crossed his legs and lighted a fresh cigar, "a man unless he is a dead shot and quick as a flash, has no business to carry a gun anyhow. Many a good man has been killed because, having a gun, he didn't know how to use it, whereas, if he had no gun at all he wouldn't have been hurt. Down in my country, people don't shoot a man who is not armed. Hence, unless a man knows how to use a pistol with prompt effect, he'd better not carry one. Now, Col. Swope carried a pistol, didn't know how to use it, fired at his man, missed him, and then, before he could fire again, the man with the knife was at work on his person with the fury of a tiger.

"I tell you," continued Mr. Smith, as he pushed the bell button, "I'm not afraid of a man with a gun, but I'm in mortal dread of a man that carries a knife. A good many people think a knife is a coward's weapon, and so it is when used to stab a man in the back; but, it is the most-confidence-begetting arm that a man ever carried. Most Kentuckians carry a knife of some kind. If it isn't a 'bowie' it is a dirk or a dagger. The favorite knife among Kentuckians—or was when I was a boy and lived in that State—is the double-edged dagger. It is carried in a sheath and the sheath is attached to the left suspender. It is the fashion, you know, in the South to wear low-cut vests, and the knife, therefore, can be reached in the fraction of a second, and as it requires no preparation, arm or anything, its possessor can rush upon an opponent with a quickness and force that are irresistible, and there is no escape. I have seen a number of duels between men armed with knife and pistol, and I never knew the pistol man to escape but once, and he shot the man with the knife before the latter could reach him.

If a table or any other barricade can be interposed, why the man with the pistol has a great advantage, but in open ground, unless he is a quick and dead shot, the man with the knife is going to kill him—provided, of course, he has the nerve. I have seen in Martin Joyce's saloon, in Tombstone, one slender fellow with a six-inch blade hold a dozen desperate fellows at bay. All of them were armed with guns, and most of them dead shots, but the sight of that glistening steel in the hands of a man who they knew would use it, seemed to paralyze every nerve. Not one dared to shoot, lest before the smoke cleared that awful knife would be in his vitals. Ugh!" and Delegate Smith shuddered at the mere thought.

"The knife, however, is not popular with any but Kentuckians. The late Judge Terry of California was more feared because he was known to carry a knife than from any other cause. There was once a gentleman, a lawyer in Nevada—Gen. T. H. Williams his name was—who always carried a blade in a sheath fastened to his suspender. The General was sickly and feeble and ill-tempered at times, but you can bet nobody in Nevada ever dared tackle him in court or out of it. He ran for the United States Senate in 1874 against Bill Sharon and made a hot canvass, but nobody ever insulted the General. He was a Kentuckian, and his knife never left his suspender."

Stanley's Last Achievement.

In the history of exploration and adventure few things are more memorable than the dispatch lately received from Stanley announcing that he and Emin Pasha are well advanced upon their journey to the east coast of Africa. It is almost a quarter of a century since, to the amazement and admiration of the world, a man previously unknown undertook to find Livingstone, and found him. Of the career thus begun it was a fitting crown that Stanley should determine to rescue Emin, and should triumphantly fulfil his purpose.

We had learned from former dispatches that when Stanley, after accomplishing the long and difficult ascent of the Congo and one of its main affluents, first encountered Emin Pasha, the latter was unwilling to forsake the equatorial province which his self devotion had carved out of the heart of Africa. Although cut off from Europe by the capture of Khartoum, Emin Pasha continued faithfully to humanize and civilize the people committed to his care, and he had up to that time succeeded in protecting them from Mahdist aggression. Should he abandon them he knew that they would speedily relapse into savagery and be anew subjected to slave-hunting devastation. He would stay at his post, therefore—so he told Stanley—as long as there was work for him to do.

It is fortunate that Stanley did not take the man, whom he had come to rescue, at his word. Had he done so, and returned to Europe by way of the Congo, we now know that Emin must have shared the fate of Gordon. He retraced his steps, however, only as far as the place where he had left a large deposit of arms and ammunition with his rear guard. Once possessed of these resources, Stanley hastened back to the last surviving representative of the Khedive's authority in Central Africa, but found that in his absence Emin had been made a prisoner by some of his own men, and that the ferocious Mahdists were advancing up the Nile.

Both rescuer and rescued deserve the homage of the world. The high aim of Emin's self-consecrating labors and the brilliant gallantry of Stanley's achievement will shine forth on the dark background to which, it is too probable, the heart of Africa is now condemned for many years.

ABOUT WOMEN.

News and Gossip from Far and Near for the Fair Sex.

Flowers are fading as trimmings for evening dresses, and the fashion is setting in towards birds and insects. Flights of jet swallows are seen fleeing across the skirt of an evening dress. Perhaps the bodice will be ornamented with a swallow, too. Huge butterflies made of jet, gold tinsel, or of pearls and irridescent beads, are made large enough to come right across the front of the bodice of an evening dress. The wings are outspread, and the butterflies are said to be made led from natural specimens. Smaller butterflies hover about the shoulders and on the skirt.

In New York the fashionable widow not only attires herself in the habiliments of woe, but loves to adorn every trifle—her lingerie, scent bottles, chair bags, sofa cushions, looking glass, umbrella handle and pen-holder with a bow of black, purple or mauve; slippers, purse, blotting pad, prayer, letter and bank books are all bound in ebony leather; her jeweled watch is incased in steel, and any jewelry worn on her fingers, wrist or neck is of blackened silver or platinum. No flower but the pure white lily is allowed to perfume her room, and she will endure nothing but the odor of violets to scent her sachets. But this is not all.

The leader of fashion summons the upholsterer as soon as the undertaker has been dismissed, and at once the oriole suite is consid red. Black and yellow are the colors for chamber and boudoir. The crape-room is done in silk hangings, or else the walls are dead black or hard, white varnish finish. Purple prayer rugs, white or black skins cover the polished floor, a pedestal-lamp burns low under a black lace shade All the furniture is white enamelled wood, the dainty toilet-table having a drapery of black silk and the escritoire a pad of purple velvet and a scarf of fine India silk.

The woman who starts out to be a model housekeeper, in the true exemplification of the term, will be healthy. The trouble, however, is that what is commonly understood to be "a model housekeeper" is far removed from the ideal. She of the ultra, extremely conscientious type, is generally successful only at the expense of health; moreover, the sacrifice is perfectly needless, and, indeed, defeats the very end for which it is made. Not only can housekeeping be well done and health retained, but, in order to do it well, health is an absolute essential. In the opinion of these martyrs to mistaken notions, the washing, ironing and scrubbing must be done at any cost on the appointed days; mending the instant following that on which the rent occurs; and, in sickness and health, a routine as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians must be observed. Emergencies must be met without interfering with this clock-work routine. Evenings when they ought to be at some entertainment, or at least engaged in relaxing conversation with their husbands, they, as likely as not, spend in the kitchen washing china, or upstairs sewing buttons on the children's clothes.

They literally fag themselves out by doing needle work. When sweeping day comes round they religiously sweep the whole house, when, perhaps, the spare room, the parlor, and, possibly, other rooms, have not been used since the last sweeping, and at most need only a light dusting. Their annual house cleanings are enough to terrorize all concerned. On baking day, whether or not, they bake—as if not to do so were a capital crime—bread, cake and pies, though good bread might be bought of the baker, and occasional desserts composed of fruits would constitute an agreeable and healthy change that would allow them, instead of toiling over the kitchen fire, to go out and take a stroll in the open air.

The fact may never have occurred to you that the beauties of the cities who take the great matrimonial prizes are almost all bred in country towns, where their outdoor life has done more for their lasting good than all the indoor calisthenics ever dreamed of. You seldom find a lasting beauty who has not had a semi-Greek education of out-door life and exercise behind it. There is no reason why the Boston girl should deny herself the real genuin life-giving out-door exercise. She has acres and acres of parks at hand in which to walk, she has fairly good sidewalks in the suburbs and 15 minutes ride will put her into pure country with as fresh air as anybody gets.

There are plenty of examples of the benefit of thorough out-door exercise. Take the beautiful Gunnings, who ran wild in their Irish country home till the calculating mother had raked and scraped enough to take them to Dublin and thence to London. The Gunnings were unlicensed hoydens, but their races over the hills gave them matchless complexions. Later still Mrs. Langtry took her beauty course roving the Jersey lanes with her brothers in sea air, living on peaches and coarse bread, with as little lessons as sufficed to fit her for London drawing rooms.

Swipsey—Well, go over dere on Broadway and ye'll see a safe tipped off a truck, an' hear de driver swear in seven languages. If dat ain't a safe tip I don't know what a safe tip is. See?

And Swipsey had business around the corner.

Mrs. Rustler (to her husband)—I certainly wish, dear, that you would keep up appearances more and dress better. Now look at Mr. Slasher, who moves in our set, how stylish he is.

Rustler—You forget, dear, that it was but recently that Slasher failed.

There is an ancient ecclesiastical law in the Rhine Province which prohibits mercenary marriages, and a rich and aggrieved father proposes to spring it on his unwelcome son-in-law. It is needless to say that the aggrieved father is not Mr. Huntington, though it ought to be.

A Matter of Etiquette.

A woman who has studied the question a good bit was speaking to me the other day of the difference between New York and Chicago cafe etiquette. "In Chicago," she said, "no lady thinks of taking a glass of wine at a public restaurant. Should she order wine for her luncheon at Kinsley's or the Richelieu she would be socially ostracized. At Del's or the Brunswick here the reverse is true. It is a common affair to see ladies order wine at either of these places and nothing is thought of it." The New York feminine swell never goes to the opera or to an assembly with a man. She goes with her maid unless she is to be of a party. A veritable sensation was made the other night at the opera by the appearance of a sweet creature who came in in the middle of the second act accompanied by her maid. The lady was fair to look upon, and her frock was very smart, but she had, as it were, laid herself out on her Dorcas. The maid was a very pretty girl, several years younger than her lady. She wore the stiffest and smartest of caps, and as she slipped off her cape showed to an awe-stricken audience that she wore a black stuff gown, high-necked but with shoulder-sleeves! Long black gloves were worn which did not quite reach the shoulder and which left an inch or two of the pretty, bare arms exposed. There really seems to be no valid reason why a maid should not expose her anatomy as well as her mistress, but it is an innovation, to say the least.—New York Letter to Chicago Herald.

Lincoln's Half Hour as a Watchman.

James Etter, an old soldier, who for over twenty years has been one of the day watchmen in the Winder building at Washington, which is occupied by the Bureau of the Second Auditor of the Treasury, relates with pride an interesting experience he had in 1863. As he was alone in the building one sultry July Sunday morning, a tall, clerical-looking man entered from 17th street and politely asked him whether Surgeon Barnes was in his office. He replied that Barnes had not been there since the preceding day. The stranger thanked him and retired, but returned half an hour later with the same inquiry. Again receiving a reply in the negative, he said: "I am Mr. Lincoln, the President. You allow me to take your place as watchman, while you go to Surgeon Barnes' house and tell him I want to see him. Let me have your badge, and I will sit right here in your chair and carefully attend to your duties till you come back."

The veteran in relating the story, says that for a moment he was speechless from astonishment, but quickly recovering himself, he pinned his badge on the coat of the President of the United States and hurried off after Dr. Barnes, whom he brought back with him. "Well," said the President, as he returned the badge to its rightful possessor, "I have proved true to my trust as your substitute; and nothing has gone wrong while you were away." The old watchman feels proud to think that he is the only policemen who was ever relieved by the President. Surgeon Barnes lived on Lafayette square, and it took Etter half an hour to go there and back; so for that space of time Abraham Lincoln acted as a watchman at the Treasury Department.

Oberly's Little Joke.

They say that when Mr. John H. Oberly, the "bishop," was a younger man than he is now he was an irrepressible joker. A member of the Jefferson Club, who claims to know what he is talking about, tells us that John was born at just 1 o'clock in the morning, and relates the following circumstances concerning the twenty-first anniversary of that event: The entire household was asleep excepting, presumably, young Oberly. At a few minutes after 1 o'clock he went to the door of each bedroom and with feigned cautiousness aroused the sleeper, saying:

"There's a man in the house."

Presently everybody was up half dressed. Some ventured out into the halls and others stood timidly in their half-open doorways, while still others remained out of sight behind locked doors.

"Come out here," said John to those who had not left their rooms; "I tell you there's a man in the house."

"Finally he succeeded in getting everybody into the hall, where the group stood, half afraid, half ashamed to show fear.

"Where is he?" said one.

"Here I am," answered John, "I am a man. I was 21 fifteen minutes ago."—Washington Post.

Pertinent Advice.

Professor—"Well, Roberts, have you selected your subject for sophomore ex. yet?"

Sophomore—"Yes, sir."

Professor—"That's good. Now let me give you a piece of advice. Whatever your subject is, let it become for the next two months a part of you. Saturate yourself with it."

Sophomore—"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

Professor—"By the way, may I ask what your subject is?"

Sophomore—"'Alcohol and Insanity,' sir."—Burlington Free Press.

Mushrooms.

It is a popular error that mushrooms grow to their full size during a single night and that they dissolve and vanish after the sun shines upon them. They are rapid in growth and rapid in decay; but the same mushroom may be watched growing and expanding for two or three days, and then gradually decaying away. Much depends on the dampness or dryness of the season. In some seasons they are exceedingly plentiful, while at other times they are comparatively rare. This also is believed to depend chiefly on climatic conditions. It is not unusual for cultivated mushrooms to become attacked by a parasitic mould, which renders them unfit for food. This misfortune rarely happens to the wild form, until it is in process of decay. The catacombs of Paris are noted for their production of mushrooms in immense quantities. From the Mercy caves as many as 5,000 pounds are sometimes sent to market daily. We have heard of a crop being grown in a bathox.

ALL SORTS.

How the Funny Men Earn Their Money.

THE DUDE.

He's a man of many charms,
The largest is a locket;
Huge checks he fins upon his clothes
But rarely in his pocket.

His collar often rises high,
Though mild his disposition;
He serves as a glass into his eye
Although he's no magician.

His voice is low, his scarf-pin loud,
His cane his greatest passion;
All tailor-made is he, and yet—
A man—after a fashion.

Say, Pop, what is meant by "dead sea fruit?"

"I don't know, my boy, unless it is ocean currents."

Grocer—What kind of tea did you ask for, madam?

Customer—Five o'clock tea, please. I hear that's the most stylish, now.

"Never strike a man below the belt' is my motto."

"You don't live up to it. You struck me in the pocket the other day."

Mme. Patti's picture on the magazine covers, in the attitude of singing the praises of soap, leaves no doubt that she is indeed the great and only "soaprano."

They were discussing Bilkins, the dead beat, when Groggs said:

"That fellow is always hard up, and though he lives to be a hundred years old his will be a 'short' career."

"There is one thing I don't understand about a crab."

"? ?"

"Why, whenever a crab wants to see anything he puts his eye out."

Edith—I wonder why Lent lasts so long?

Maud—Why, how can you say that? I'm sure forty days is little enough time to study up an Easter costume.

"Miss Browning used to be very cool towards you."

"Yes; but I took her skating and it's all right."

"I suppose you took a tumble and broke the ice.

Husband (at 1.30 A. M.)—Don't say a word. I know it's awful late, but I had a hard tug of it.

Wife—Yes, you look as if you had a hard tug. How many schooners did you tow in to-night?

Little Benny—Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute.

Mother—I am afraid, Benny, you might let her fall.

Little Benny—Well, if she does fall she can't fall very far.

"How did the colonists manage to exist the first winter after their arrival? asked the teacher of the class in American history.

"The Indians took hair of them," replied Freddy Fangle.

"There is something so poetic about a marriage ceremony!" whispered a fair girl to her escort as the procession swept up the aisle.

"Yes, the license," replied the matter-of-fact young man.

First Poet—Have you done well this Winter?

Second Poet—Very well.

F. P.—So have I; but I'm afraid—

S. P.—Afraid of what?

F. P.—That the Winter's work will be followed by a Spring idyl.

"A New York woman walked all over that city the other night in her sleep and never encountered the police. What do you suppose the cause was?"

"The cause was that the policemen were not walking in their sleep."

"Mr. Varrell, I think your impersonation of the villain on the life raft in mid ocean the most realistic thing you do."

"Thank you, madame. The tears and sesickness are real, I can assure you."

Western Merchant—Your expenses were very high on your last trip, Mr. Mendall.

His Drummer—Yes, sir; blamed high. I got snowed in with a poker game at Pike's Peak and had to stay a week.

Lawyer—Did you ever notice any signs of insanity in the defendant?

Witness—Only on one occasion. A passenger picked up a dollar in a horse-car one day and he was the only man on board who said he hadn't lost it.

"I passed, dad," shouted a Montana school-boy, rushing into his father's arms.

"Passed, did you, you young scoundrel. Why didn't you raise 'em a stack of blues and keep up the honor of the family."

Tommy (studying his lesson)—I say, pa, where does the Ashko h rise, and into what does it empty?

Pa—I don't know, my son.

Tommy—You don't know, eh? And to-morrow the teacher will lick me on account of your ignorance.

Swipsey, the bootblack (to Park Row sp rt)—D've want a safe tip?

Sport—Yes, don t care if I do.

Wickars—An artist friend of mine once painted a banana peel on the sidewalk so natu ally that the first man who came along slipped and fell down on it.

Vickars—It couldn't have been very natural, if the first man that came along tumbled to it.

Jones is a good salesman, but a trifle careless about his dress. Moreover, he despises "traps" on the road.

"I can't see," said Walker, "where Jones carries all his samples, can you?"

"Maybe in the bags of his pants," suggested Howlinswell.

Teacher—Johnny, how many Presidents has the country had?

Johnny Knowitall—Twelve.

You must be thinking of the twelve apostles. Now let me hear you count the Presidents. Begin!

One, two, three, four!

Whack! whack! whack!

Berlin has six great playfields for children. All sorts of amusements in these places are free, and teachers of gymnastics direct the exercises.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The peasants' insurrection in the south of Russia has been suppressed.

—The Mussel Shoals Canal, in Alabama has formally been declared open.

—Cable service has been established between New York and the Bermudas.

—It is reported that 7,970,000 bushels of 1889 wheat still remain in California.

—The potato crop in the United States this year is 100,000,000 bushels short.

—French outposts in Tonquin, China, have been frequently attacked by pirates.

—The sugar cane crop in Louisiana excels any grown in that State for many years.

—The number of exiles in Siberia this year (up to October 1) amounts to 16,000 souls.

—A year ago there were but fifty people in Middlesborough, Ky. To-day there are nearly 7000.

—Excessive rains have caused serious damage to the cotton, corn and pea crops of Georgia.

—The wheat crop of Minnesota and the Dakotas is now generally conceded to be about 90,000,000 bushels.

—England's military garrison in Ireland is numerically stronger than the regular army of the United States.

—The Sultan of Turkey has refused his consent to the opening of a Russian national school in Constantinople.

A final dividend has been declared on the estate of Jay Cooke & Co., who failed in 1879 with liabilities of $11,000,000.

—China has 191 telegraph stations. The system is mainly controlled by the Government, and the operators are all Danes.

—Mount Ætna, in Sicily, is throwing out showers of ashes, and peasants are fleeing in terror of the threatened eruption.

—Sixty years ago the aggregate wealth of the United States was less than $1,000,000,000; at present it is estimated at $65,203,000,000.

—It is proposed to establish a charity hospital in Berlin, Germany, where patients can be treated for consumption according to Professor Koch's system.

—Cincinnati, Ohio, is a wire centre, and claims to make among other things 20,000 bird cages, 25,000 rat traps, 120,000 fly traps and 300,000 sieves annually.

—It is the latest theory that the electricity of thunder storms is due to the friictions of water drops on ice.

—The dynamo is replacing the battery to such an extent in telegraphy that its use will, it is thought, be universal in a few years. It is both cheaper and more efficient.

—One of the largest warehouses in New York city is conducted and owned by a woman, Mrs. H. C. Hague.

—It is said that there are over 45,000 women and young girls engaged in the manufacture of artificial flowers in Paris.

—Two women hold positions as station agents at Rockford, Ill., and have won the good will of everybody thereabouts.

—Utilizing scrap steel rod by welding it and drawing it into fence wire is one of the recent successes of electric welding.

—Butter, wrapped in parchment paper, is said to be greatly improved in flavor. This is especially true in warm weather.

—French physiologists have found that alcohol produces the same effects, including a derangement similar to delirium tremens, on dogs as on men.

—The United States man of war San Francisco's official speed is 19.66 knots, or just a trifle below that of the Philadelphia.

—The United States is by far the largest consumer of postage envelopes of any nation in the world, over 500,000,000 having been used the last year.

—Queen Victoria's fortune was increased to the extent of nearly half a million dollars last year through the "Crown's share" of estates that have reverted.

The Italian Navy leads the world in heavy guns. Its armament of guns of eighty tons and over at the close of last year was thirty. Great Britain had twenty-two; France, sixteen and Germany ten.

—A Massachusetts lady, who has recently died, left a legacy of $50,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in her State.

—The high explosive carbonite has recently given very satisfactory results, and it has been proved that it is a staple compound that can be stored for a length of time without deterioration.

—From geological observations on the Alps, vegetation on the higher portions seems to be retreating, and the poplars that one time adorned the crest of the hills are now nearly all dead.

—"Wherever you find potatoes you won't find mosquitoes," says an old old country man. "The insects can't stand the smell of grease, and wherever oil wells are plenty there is no call for mosquito bars."

—Expectation proved to be the principal subject of discussion at the last meeting of the British Medical Association.

—More than one-fifth of the land of the world has no outlet for drainage to the sea, and in all that area evaporation is greater than precipitation.

—Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is forty-seven and still beautiful. She and the Princess of Wales, who is also forty-seven, are two of the prettiest women in Europe.

—Frank Berlin, a blind editor at Salt Lake City, is to have a remarkable operation performed on his eyes. It will be the transplanting of rabbits eyes and connecting them with the optic nerves. The operation has been successful in a number of cases.

It is all important that fashion should be perfumed with as much morality as possible, for it controls more people than law or piety does.

If you wish to become acquainted with Divinity do not seek it in the society of the illustrious, but in the intercourse of the good. Genius does not explain God—goodness proves him.

A pleasant manner attracts a man; brightness of brain holds him.

The collective length of the London streets would reach 22,000 miles.

A trade is a demand note which passes current everywhere.