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

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BEFORE THE GLASS.

Damsel fair, in the mirror peering,
What is it you see reflected there?
A pretty face? That I grant, ma chere;
With sweet red lips, just a trifle sneering.

Whither now in your life-bark steering,
And what is it brings that look of care?
Damsel fair, in the mirror peering,
What is it you see reflected there?

'Tis that your face requires veneering
You're seven-and-thirty, I am aware,
But do not, pray you, for that despair.
You may succeed yet by persevering,
Damsel fair, in the mirror peering.

—Harry B. Smith.

FUN.

This Year's Style—Treasurers' accounts are being worn very short this season.—Columbus Dispatch.

"This is an add junk to my business," said the ragman, as he gathered in a lot of old iron.—New York Journal.

A correct statement—Patient—"Do encumbers distress all people, doctor?" Doctor—"No, sir; only those who eat them."—Judge.

Lady guest to a small boy—"Why, Willie, how tanned you are?" Willie (frankly)—"Yes'm; father done it."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

She—"As the Vassar girl said to the West Point cadet." He—"What was that?" She—"It's a long time between ice-creams."—Puck.

Wife (tearful)—"You've broken the promise you made me!" Husband (kissing her)—"Never mind, my dear don't cry; I'll make you another."—Munsey's Weekly.

The Uses of Words—Lawyer's Clerk—"Will you take a chair, Miss?" Boston Girl—"No, thank you, I wouldn't know what to do with it. But I'll sit down if I may."—Life.

A fell tale sign.—Ted—"Why are you so sure Miss Lonely hasn't a beau?" Ned—"I called on her the other evening, and there wasn't an arm-chair in the parlor."—Epoch.

As it were, fire light.—"In what light," asked the teacher, "did the Emperor Nero regard the Christians at Rome?" And the smart bad boy thought it was torchlight.—Burdette.

Something new in bric-a-brac.—Ethel—"Oh, I saw such a sweet match safe this afternoon." George—"What shape was it in?" "It was in the shape of a marriage certificate."—Time.

He (on the piazza at night)—"There's a cool wave coming." She anxiously—"Oh, dear! I hope it won't come between us." And he drew nearer, so it couldn't.—Chicago Globe.

Slightly personal. — Magistrate — "Describe the man whom you saw assaulting complainant." Policeman—"He was a little, insignificant looking matur, about your size, your worship."—Grip.

Ebenezer—"Did you water the cows tonight, Hiram?" Hiram—"No, I forgot." Ebenezer—"You shouldn't have forgotten, but then we will water the milk, and that will do just as well."—Grip.

A terrible burden.—Clara—"What a terrible noise that wagon makes!" George—"Yes, it's dreadful, isn't it?" "What makes it groan so, George?" "Why, it is filled with green apples."—Yonkers Statesman.

Tommy—"Paw, what is a philanthropist?" Mr. Figg—"A philanthropist, my son, is a man who would rather supply a dozen men with a collar apiece than give one man a shirt."—Terre Haute Express.

At the cashier's window.—Robber—"I have you in my power! I am the king of the outlaws! Hand out the cash." Cashier—"I have never seen you before. You will have to be identified before we can do business."—Omaha World.

Philological.—Nolan fresh from the "old sod"—"Oi wonder phwat makes thim Dootchmen spake such a quare lingo, Teddy. Sure Oi can't understand thim at all, at all!" Dolan—"Faix, it musht be the beer, barney. Oi can't even undherstand mysilf very well afther dhrinkin a couple av cans."—Puck.

"It's hard to be left here alone," said Simpkins, whose wife had gone away for the summer, "very hard." "Seems kind o' lonesome, does it?" "Yes, intensely lonesome. Everything around me seems to wear an air of melancholy." "Yes, I notice it. Even that bottle on the mantel-piece seems low spirited."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Spouting of Whales

Whales do not spout water. They spout vapor or breath. When a whale spouts his "spout hole," as whalers call it, is always above water. The enormous volume of the whale's breath, expelled suddenly into the different temperature of the air, causes the white, bush-like vapor to remain suspended for a moment like the steam from a locomotive. The only time a whale spouts liquid is when he has been mortally pierced by a lance, and then he spouts warm blood. The sound of a whale's spouting is like the roar of a locomotive blowing off steam.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Something of How He Actually Looked and Acted.

In a memoir written by David Akerson in 1811 is found this description; Washington had a large, thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in the use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterward that this was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a small camp fire, evidently lost in thought and making no effort to keep warm. He seemed six feet and a half in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude that seemed a vital part of the man.

Washington's exact height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eye was so gray that it looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of woollen tied round his throat and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat trouble from which he finally died had its origin about then.

Washington's boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be almost painful to look at. At that time he weighed 206 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His large tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddlebags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a pistol. His lungs were weak, his voice never strong.

He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. It was his regular custom to take a drink of rum or whiskey (neat) on awakening in the morning.

Of course all this was changed when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit his mouth, and pushed his under lip outward.

Calvin Fairbank.

The Rev. Calvin Fairbank is now living in Angelica, Allegheny county, broken in health and very poor. He will be remembered as one of the heroes of the anti-slavery contest. About the year 1840, while a teacher in a Kentucky school, he was appealed to by a beautiful girl to save her. Upon learning her history he found that she was the daughter of a wealthy slave-holder by a slave mother. Her father had allowed her taught at home, and she had proved an apt scholar and was far in advance of the other daughters in the home, and the wife demanded of the husband that she should be sold South. She was extensively advertized, and, on account of her beauty of person and accomplishments, bidders were promised from hundreds of miles distant. Upon Fairbank listening to the history and appeal of the slave girl to save her he set out at once for Cincinnati and laid the matter before Levi Coffin and Edward Harwood, the great Abolitionists of that day in Cincinnati. They raised $5000 and sent him to Salmon P. Chase. He gave $200 and took Fairbank to old Nicholas Longwood. He listened to the story, and sat down and wrote a check for $1000. Chase, Harwood, and Coffin then met and pledged $2,000 more if necessary. Fairbank got back in time for the sale and bid the girl in for $1,485.

The poor girl, at the last stroke of the auctioneer's hammer, fainted dead away, not knowing whether she had been saved or was the property of a gay Frenchman from New Orleans, who had boasted what he would do with her. To make the story short, Mr. Fairbank took the girl to Cincinnati, freed her, and she was made the adopted child of Gamaliel Bailey, the editor of the National Era. It was not generally known that she had any African blood in her veins, and she entered a young ladies' seminary and graduated with great honor. From that time on Calvin Fairbank was a marked man in the eyes of Kentucky slave holders. He was imprisoned in the penitentiary of Kentucky and lashed nearly unto death, under the charge of aiding slaves to escape.

The Cosmopolitan East Side.

New York, July 19.—I came across something the other day that well illustrates the cosmopolitan characters of the great and only east side. It was in lower Second avenue. In one end of a double-ender baby wagon was a red-headed infant with dark brown eyes. In the other end lay a babe with liquid blue eyes and flaxen hair.

"Not a very good match for twins," I said to the 14-year-old girl who was propelling them. "They ain't twins," said the girl. "The wan wid the red head belongs to Mrs. Carney beyant, and the other is Mrs. Lochmuller's, the street down. They bought her wagon together, and they hire me to gether to take care of the kids."

Just then the infants began to kick and howl, and the girl addressed her remarks to each in turn, thus:

"Howld yer tongue, ye red-headed spalpeep, or I'll bate the life out of yez; and you, Dutchy, nicht so machen, or you'll kick the sides of the kintet-wagen owet."—St. Louis Republic.

Little Lettie—"Will I ever grow to be as large as you are?" Mamma—"I expect so." Little Lettie—"And will I talk, talk, talk all the time, the same as you do?"—Ex.

QUEER INVENTIONS.

HUNDREDS OF ODD AND FUNNY DEVICES.

The Nickel in the Slot and Its Many Uses.

In a conversation had recently with Commissioner Mitchell of the Patent Office, he alluded to the flood of patents for the slot machines in which you drop a coin and get something. "Yes," said he "the slot division is being pushed, night and day. It begins to look as if the drummer and the saleslady would equally be superceded by this speechless monster, and every mortal want would come to be supplied through the slot. Why, just look here." And he produced drawings and specifications of numerous machines, standing about as high as a man, and of incredible fecundity. "Here's the first," he went on. "Drop a nickel in the slot and it will weigh you and push you out a little card with your avoirdupois stamped neatly upon it. Here's another that will tell your age for a nickel without the slightest assistance. Here's one that sells ice water—a glass for one cent and makes change for you from a coin of any sort. It has made its appearance on the streets of Chicago and Minneapolis, and the mayor has ordered the police to protect it. It is a temperance ally, and it is anticipated that it will shortly stand near all the crowded corners of every great city. Here's one that dispenses soda water all by itself—punch in your nickel and you get your soda. Here's another that proffers any one of fourteen sorts of liquors, including a Yankee cocktail. And here's the best of them all—look at the elaborate clockwork in the interior. See the kerosene lamp on one side and the ice chamber on the other, and the asbestos between." This is supposed to stand solus and majestic on a corner of the street, its fires always burning like those of the Aztec altars of sacrifice, its ice always freezing like that of the Icelandic hades, silently offering its treasures to the passer-by. Of any one of sixteen things it gives him five cents' worth. The fluids come out of the faucets; the solids are shoved down the little inclined planes on either side. Only one thing is wanting—a city directory; and that will doubtless come later. After the slot has engulfed the stipulated coin, it immediately responds with the required refreshment on the hand being turned to the mark and allowed to remain over it.

I looked into the bowels of this unspeakable salesman. Its interior is wonderfully elaborate; wheels and cogs and elbows and levers and shafts and eccentric movements conspiring to the desired end. I turned away with a sense of dizziness. There have been three hundred patents granted for the slot machines and two hundred are pending. The very latest is the application of the device to toilet rooms—one cent being dropped in the slot. The cannon plough is a presumably convenient implement for subsoiling and warfare on the frontier, for, as the ploughbeam is hollow and loaded, it can instantly be wheeled and fired, killing the Indians and horses—whichever happens to be in the way. But the same inspired genius has patented the pistol pocketbook—when the innocent and unsuspecting burglar asks you for your pocketbook you carelessly take it out and empty its contents into his abdomen.

There is a claim in the patent office for a patent on the Lord's prayer, the specification being that the repetition of the same, rapid and in a loud tone of voice, will cure stammering. Among odd inventions are chicken hopples, which walk the chicken right out of the garden when she tries to scratch; the bee-moth excluder, which automatically shuts up all the beehives when the hens go to roost; the tape-worm fish-hook which speaks for itself; the educational balloon with a map of the world outlined on its surface; side-hill annihilators—stilts to fit on the down-hill legs of a horse when he is ploughing along a side-hill; and the hen-surpriser, a device that drops the new-laid egg through the bottom of the nest, with intent to beguile and wheedle the hen into at once laying another.

One of the latest patents is an automatic bath-tub, which starts the hot and cold water at a given moment in the morning to which it has been set, maintains exactly the right temperature of it by graduating the flow of the water, rings a bell when all is ready, and two minutes later suddenly drops the sleeper's pillow about a foot and turns him out.

The illuminated cat was devised by a genius. She is built of pasteboard and made luminous with phosphorus, and she sits in the corner the live-long night and fills the souls of rats and mice with terror. There is tremendous activity in the toy division of the patent office, especially in automatic toys that can walk and talk. There are whistling tops, dogs that jump and bark, cackling hens, kicking mules, fighting roosters.

When you feel like calling a big man a liar, be sure you're right, then use the telephone.—Life.

The Sacred bird of Siam.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why don't you get a chair to sit down on?"

The voice was rather loud, but not disagreeable, and the tone somewhat muffled, as of a person half choking with laughter.

The salutation came to the news gatherer as he was on his daily perambulations about the city, and was traced to a handsome blue black bird in a cage hanging under the shade of a fig tree at the residence of Dr. Gildea, on Sixteenth street, near H.

As the reporter approached nearer he was received with more laughter and inquiries as to whether he came to see the "Mino," if his health was good, etc.

A few inquiries directed to a pleasant-faced lady near by elicited the information that the bird was the sacred Mino of Siam, which as a nestling had been smuggled from the temple where it was bred by a roving sea Captain and sold to Mr. Gildea at Honolulu some eight years ago.

Minnie, as she is called, is about half the size of a crow and nearly as black. In the sunlight the feathers take a blue and green tinge and there is a spot of white upon each wing and a necklace of bright yellow above the throat.

The bill, which is large and strong, tapers to a sharp point, and is orange hued near the head and lemon colored at the tip.

The prominent eyes are dark and bright, the feet and legs lemon colored.

The bird is valued at $250.—San Diegan.

A Whiff of Lavender.

Lavender, the favorite perfume of our grandmothers, has again come into favor. The lavender is put into little bags of cambric or silk, and placed between the sheets and table-cloths, as well as in the drawers where underwear is kept. Some women prefer rose or violet perfumes, and make long mats of thin silk or cotton, fitted to the size of a drawer or trunk-tray, sprinkle them well with satchet-powder, cover with another piece of the silk and "tuft" it with embroidery silk. Sometimes these bags are made of cheese-cloth, which are less costly and answer the purpose equally well. They retain their perfume for a year or more, and if kept in the bottom of a trunk or drawer will perfume the entire contents.

A Popular Mistake.

One cold day in winter, a lady, accompanied by her little boy, was making a friendly call upon a medical man and on entering the warm drawing-room told her son—as mothers would, from having been similarly admonished when children—to take off his overcoat or he would not feel the benefit of it when he went out again. "Excuse me," interposed her host; "but that is a mistaken idea. Let the little fellow keep it on and get all the warmth he can into his body; for if he starts off with a good stock of warmth he will remain warm." We are not prepared to offer an opinion one way or another on this point, but can affirm that ever since that visit the doctor's advice has been followed in that family with the best results.

He Had Enough of It.

An English canon of note used to tell a good story of himself. In his capacity of magistrate he was once visiting the county jail, and expatiated to a friend who was with him on the virtues of the treadmill. Warming with his theme, he declared that he often wished he had one at home to give him the gentle exercise he required, but was too lazy to take, except under compulsion; and, to remove his friend's scepticism, he asked the warder to give him a turn. Round went the mill, the canon declaring that the movement was delightful, but after two minutes of it he had had quite enough, and called on the warder to stop the mill. To his honor the warder answered, "Very sorry, sir, I can't; it's timed to go fifteen minutes, and won't stop before."

Care of the Eyes.

Sit erect in your chair when reading and never attempt to read by a flickering light. No one should read in bed or in a railway carriage. When you come to an age that suggests the wearing of spectacles, let no false modesty prevent you from getting a pair. If you have only one eye, an eyeglass will do; otherwise it is folly. Go to the wisest and best optician you know of, and state your wants and your case plainly, and be assured you will be properly fitted. Remember that bad spectacles are most injurious to the eyes, and that good and well-chosen ones are a decided luxury.

Secret-Tight.

If you must have a confidant be sure he is secret-tight. The mischief that the non-retentives do is infinite. In war they often mar the best-laid schemes and render futile the most profound strategy. In social life they sometimes set whole communities by the ears, frequently break up families, and are the cause of innumerable misfortunes, miseries, and crimes. In business they spoil many a promising speculation, and involve hundreds in bankruptcy and ruin. Therefore be very careful to whom you trust information of vital importance to your own interest or to the interest of those you hold dear.

THE LESSON OF THE VINES.

The green Madeira vines stretch'd up aloft
Like fairy ladders to the sheltering eaves
And bore their wealth of snowy bloom beyond
My utmost reach, above the shim'ring leaves.

Dewy-fresh, the silken leaflets glistened,
I watch'd them waving in the breeze's play,
When suddenly, a wee child standing near me
Cried; "Ah! what useless vines these are, I say!"

"Just taking all the sun and dew God sends them
And growing, growing through the Summer hours,
Only giving back these leaves that flutter,
With not a bit of fruit or pretty flowers!"

"No, tiny critic, you mistake," I said.
"'Tis that you look not high enough to see
Yon fringe of creamy blossoms hung
About the eaves to tempt the wand'ring bee.

You judge the judgment of the world that sees
Only the stems and leaves of human life
Nor dreams how many seeming barren souls
Bloom beyond its ken above earth's dust and strife.

"Nor guesses that the noblest things we do,
Each truest motive and each great emprise
Find their fruition in a higher world
Out of the sight of all save Angel eyes."

—Lucy E. Buck.

TOM'S SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

The theory of a special providence will account for one little matter connected with my personal history that nothing else will. It's nothing of a story; it's only a simple fact, but as it had quite an important bearing on my life it is something I am not likely to forget. It was during my first year as cashier of a bank. It was a memorable year in one other respect, for I had gained the consent of the one dear girl on earth to make me the happiest of men.

So, with a good position, good health, correct habits, the confidence and good will of my fellow-men, and the love of the sweetest and dearest of girls, I ought to have been happy—and I was. There was only one obstacle to the perfect consummation of my happiness, and that was the fact that I was poor and must of necessity wait a year before I could ask Nell to share my lot with me. But Nell understood this and was content to wait.

In fact, it didn't occur to either of us that we had any alternative but to wait, so we were philosophical over the matter—and happy. One evening, as I sat in my room cutting the pages of a magazine I was going to take to Nellie I heard a quick rap at my door, and, opening it, I admitted my old friend, Bob Bowen. Bob was an energetic, dashing, enterprising young fellow, with a good reputation in every way, and remarkably clear-headed on business matters; so when he remarked in his brusque, off-hand way, "Tom, I've got a good thing for you," why I pricked up my ears at once, prepared to accept the fact that he really had."

"Now, Tom," said he, drawing his chair up close to me, "I'll be brief, for we have no time to lose. A friend of mine has the option of buying a farm, on which a valuable vein of coal has been discovered, for the pitiful sum of $5,000. His option runs out to-night at 12 o'clock. Now, he has a purchaser ready to take this land off his hands tomorrow morning at the snug little sum of $30,000. You see, the party thinks he already owns the land. Now, my friend has been delayed in getting his money. He won't get it until tomorrow morning, too late to do him any good. So you see he has got to have $5,000 to-night."

"But what is this to me?" said I. "I haven't any little $5,000 to help him with."

"Of course not," said Bob, "but here, my boy, my friend offers to divide with me what he makes in the transaction if I will help him out, for he hates like the deuce to be beaten at the eleventh hour. Now, I want to help him, and if you will help me in a way that you can, I'll divide with you, and before breakfast tomorrow morning you will have the snug sum of $6,250, which may have the effect of hurrying forward a certain happy day—eh?" and he nudged me playfully in the ribs.

"Very well," said I, "conceding that would be a very agreeable little sum to possess, I am as much in the dark as ever to the help I can render——"

"But, Tom," interrupted Bob, "let me impress one fact upon your mind. The money is wanted only until tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock precisely. That is just as certain to occur as the sun is to rise. I saw the man who is to pay the money. I saw the money. Now, Tom, you know I am your friend, and wouldn't do anything that is not perfectly straight and honorable. Now, Tom, you can have the $6,250 without doing one any harm or perpetrating any wrong."

"You mean," said I, coldly, for I was beginning to get the drift of his scheme, "that I could steal this money from the bank."

"Nonsense, Tom," interrupted Bob, "you insult me by supposing that I could hint at such a suggestion. Listen to my plan now. You know very well Tom, that if you should say to the board of directors tomorrow morning, 'my friend here wants to borrow $5,000 and I will indorse his note for him, they wouldn't hesitate a moment in letting me have it. Now, I want to borrow $5,000, and I can't wait until the bank opens tomorrow morning. I want it and I must have it tonight. You can sign a note with me for the amount; we will go to the bank and get the money, leaving the note in the place of it. In the morning before the bank opens the note will be taken up, nothing done that has not been straight, businesslike, and honorable; but you will be richer by $6,250. Now if you can find any moral flaw in this simple little matter of business, you have sharper perspective powers than I have."

Bob's reason began to look plausible It was quite true, as he said, that the board of directors would willingly loan him $5,000; but, after all, this business was a little irregular and I didn't feel quite right about it.

"Time is passing," said Bob, glancing at his watch, "and if you can't favor me in this little matter of business I must try elsewhere. I am going to have the money tonight, sure, and if you won't help me there are others who will. Why, Tom," said he earnestly, "how can you hesitate one moment? "You have my positive assurance that everything is all right. I only ask you to do tonight what you wouldn't hesitate a moment in doing tomorrow. Then think of your duty to yourself—to Nell——"

"Say no more said," said I, "you shall have the money."

Bob and I hurried to the bank, and after going through the form of drawing up and signing the necessary note, I went to the vault to get the money. A queer, nameless feeling crept over me as I approached the door and seized the handle to work the combination. To my great surprise, to my horror I may say, I found that the combination was completely obliterated from my mind. I couldn't remember a turn nor a figure. I was as utterly helpless as if I had never seen a combination lock in my life.

I shut my eyes and rubbed my forehead. It was no use. The combination wouldn't come. It was something that never had occurred before, the combination being always so ready in my mind that I worked it almost mechanically. But to-night it was no go. Some influence had so upset my mind that the combination was entirely wiped out of it.

"Hurry up, Tom," said Bob, "and let's get through with this business."

"But I can't," said I, helplessly; "I've actually forgotten the combination."

"Come, come, Tom, said Bob, "that won't do, you know. If you don't want to let me have the money, why, say so, but don't resort to a subterfuge like that."

"It's no subterfuge at all," I answered, indignantly. "You shall have the money if I can unlock the vault, but I declare to you positively that I know no more how to work this combination than you do."

"Well, that's singular," said Bob. "Haven't you a memorandum of the combination somewhere?"

"Yes," said I. "I have—and it is locked up in the vault."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Bob. "Well, wait a little while and it may come back to you."

We sat down and tried to converse on other matters, but I couldn't help cudgeling my brain to try to make it yield up that combination. But it was of no use, my mind was a blank so far as those numbers were concerned.

"There's no help for it, Bob," said I, at length. "If my life depended on it I couldn't open that vault at this time. Deuce take the luck, anyhow. Six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars just within my grasp, and now to lose it, all on account of this confounded mental freak——"

"Tom," interrupted Bob, who had been doing some serious thinking, "it may be all right. I confess I am a little superstitious, and what you call a strange mental freak may be something else—I don't know what—but something that seems to say, 'Stop right here,' and I am going to. Tom, I'll let this opportunity slide and trust to time for further explanations."

And we left the bank with the money in the vault undisturbed. I went to bed, still trying without success to recall that combination. I finally dropped off to sleep, but awoke as the town clock struck 12. Just as the last stroke died away, quick as a flash the combination appeared clearly in my mind again.

"The time is up," I said to myself. "Was Bob right in his theory?"

The next morning, about 9 o'clock, who should rush into the bank but Bob, his face lighted up with some unusual excitement. Beckoning me into a private room he opened the interview by exclaiming impressively: "Tom, it was a special providence"

"What on earth do you mean, Bob?" said I.

"Just this. By your forgetting the combination we were prevented from being duped to the tune of $5000. My friend was an innocent tool in the hands of the most adroit set of sharpers it was ever my fortune to encounter. It was the most cleverly-concocted scheme the mind of mortal man ever conceived, and plausible enough to deceive better and sharper men than either you or I. So I say, Tom, you are under the care of a special providence, and you must be singled out for some great work in life."

Bob's theory began to make some impression on my mind, but something happened afterward that clinched my belief. I called on Nell that night, for —would you believe it?—I hadn't seen the dear girl for forty-eight hours, and it seemed as many years—when, after we had given testimony to the stability of our joint and separate affections, which didn't take more than forty minutes, Nell remarked in the most artless manner.

"Tom, I had such a funny thing come into my head last night that I must tell you of it. It was about 8:30, and I couldn't for the life of me keep my mind from running on the vault in your bank, and don't you think I even got to imagining that I could work the combination. Why, the figures came into my mind so distinctly that I jotted them down on a piece of paper, and here they are. Of course, they don't amount to anything, but I thought I would show them to you."

I glanced at the figures she had noted down, and almost gasped as I recognized the exact combination. What had gone straight out of my mind had gone straight into hers, where it was in safe keeping. I made Nell occupy the same chair with me, and then told her the whole story.

"You are indeed my guardian angel," said I, "for you have guarded in a mysterious manner not only my position, but my honor, which, next to you, I value above life itself."

Then I kissed her and we took a walk under the silent stars.—Omaha World.

Aphorisms.

It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever aiming to appear great; for they who are really great, never seem to know it.—Cecil.

The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little except in trifles, from one of another country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a country.—Goldsmith.

There is nothing so elastic as the human mind. Like imprisoned steam, the more it is pressed the more it rises to resist the pressure. The more we are obliged to do, the more we are able to accomplish.—T. Edwards.

It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend.—Chilton.

We often console ourselves for being unhappy by a certain pleasure that we find in appearing so.—De Barthelemy.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart, one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—Napoleon I.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.—Sidney Smith.

It is very pleasant to follow one's inclinations, but unfortunately, we cannot follow them all; they are like the teeth sown by Cadmus—they spring up, get in each other's way, and fight.—Landor.

He who hath neither friend nor enemy, is without talents, powers or energy.—Lavater.

How Ah Sin Worked the Boys.

Sergeant Wittman arrested a highbinder on Monday night, and while searching him found a clever device which explains the phenominal luck that wily Mongolian has been enjoying at poker of late. The arrangement consists of a steel clip, which is fastened inside of one sleeve. Two cords reach up the sleeve, across the breast, and down the other sleeve to the hand, where one is fastened to the thumb, and the other to one of the fingers. By a pull of one cord the clip reaches out and takes in a card, which is at once drawn up the sleeve. Pulling the other cord causes the card to be shot out into the hand of the player with lightning rapidity, and without any part of the mechanism being exposed. The fellow who had the machine fought strenuously against giving it up.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Our Legation in London.

The official quarters of the American Minister in England would be a disgrace to the United States if they were no bigger than Henrico County. A small tin sign beside a door in a tall building in Victoria street, contains the legend that this is "The Legation of the United States of America." You are fortunate if you can find the place, for no one you ask has ever heard of it. Some think it is at a steamship company's. Having found the place you ring a bell. After a long time a maid opens the door. You say you wish to see the American Minister. Instead of showing you into an ample office she waves her hand towards the back of the passage, where it is narrowed by the stairway, and with a sniff disappears. You wander darkly back and find a door with a card signifying that this is "The Legation" of the great country from which you hail. The upper panel is of smoked glass, to admit a ray of light into the passage, but as it does not enable you to see, you feel until you find the bell, when you ring again. This time a messenger opens the door, and you are ushered into "The Legation"—three or four little rooms—with old faded table and chairs and old faded, worn carpets.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Envelopes were first used in 1829.

—Salaries of pastors in Germany are very low.

—The button-behind-shirt was a purely American invention.

—The first white child to be born within the limits of the Thirteen Colonies was a girl.

—Two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages are spoken by the inhabitants of the world.

—Two eight-year old boys are in custody at St. Paul, Minn., for attempting to "crack" a safe.

—A bill to forbid and punish the making of caricatures has been introduced into the Legislature of Vermont.

—The Australian sailor who traveled in a truck from Vienna to Paris has just made the trip from Paris to London in the same manner.

—A great hydraulic canal is proposed to convey a portion of the water of Niagara River, and thus utilize this enormous power for manufacturing purposes.

—Of the 4200 species of flowers now cultivated in Europe, only ten per cent. give forth any odor. Therefore it cannot be said that most flowers are fragrant.

—The latest invention is clothing made of a fabric in which fine threads of cork are interwoven with wool or silk, which renders it impossible for the wearer to sink in water.

—One of the latest inventions in the bicycle line is a whistle that is operated by the automatic application of a small wheel upon the revolving tire of the steering wheel.

—Farming in Washington's day knew nothing of machinery; even the first iron plow, patented in 1797, was a failure, for New Jerusalem farmers thought it poisoned the soil.

—A prominent member of the New York Stock Exchange has been arraigned before the governing committee on the charge of indecorous conduct in the board room. His offense was resting his foot in a chair.

—There is a family in Armstrong County, Penn.—father, mother and 4 children—whose combined weight is 1300 pounds, an average of 216 pounds. One of the girls weighs 336 pounds, and is only eleven years old.

—Miss Tickner, of Boston, has done more to encourage home study than any woman in New England. She founded a Home Society seventeen years ago, which has a membership of 5240.

—Professor Cohen, of Breslau, Germany, has found by careful experiment that the heating of damp hay to a temperature sufficient to cause spontaneous combustion is due to a fungus.

—The distance from which a lighthouse becomes visible on board an ocean vessel depends upon the state of weather and the ocean. In clear, calm weather a powerful light can be seen thirty miles.

—Miss Alice Rosalli was the first singer who brought out Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." She sing it with great success at one of her annual concerts at the Prince's Hall, London.

—The Phrygian cap is again coming to the front as a form in ladies' head gear. It is made of the back of some of the most choice French hats and bonnets of the season that are seen at fashionable millinery openings.

—Miss Lou Cochrane, a compositor at Oregon City, successfully manipulates a engine that runs the presses, and thoroughly understands the workings of the machinery to the minutest detail.

—A tree planting society has been inaugurated, through letters received from societies in the leading cities, of the difficulties of urban tree planting. The chief enemies to trees in cities are gas, horses and electric light and telephone men.

—A silver knee buckle was found recently in Swift Run Gap, Rockingham County, Va., which was set with diamonds. It is supposed that they may have come to Gov. Spotswood in a famous expedition described in Fontaine's history.

—Since ladies' pockets have become so effectively concealed within the folds of their dresses, pickpockets have been forced to invent a new method of securing purses. It is to artificially elongate the first two fingers, so that they may serve as delicate pincers.

—A traveler has discovered that brunettes are not the rule in Spain. Many Spanish women are fair, with blue eyes, especially in Cadiz, where even the Basque women often have auburn hair.

—A boy's strange mania was brought to the notice of a London magistrate. The boy was five and a half years old, his favorite pastime being mailing a cabman off a rank and telling him he was wanted at some distant street in order to get into the vehicle and have a ride.

—Three little boxes of Ceylon tea, each weighing five pounds, were sold by auction in London lately at the extraordinary price of $7.62 per pound. It was a very rare variety known as "choicest golden tip flowery pekoe." The leaf was small but literally blazed with golden tipping.

—Sammy Brazelton was caught in one of his own bear traps at Trafton, Cal., and while waiting for assistance nearly starved to death. Postmaster Esterbrook happened along, however, as Sammy was about to faint from hunger and released him from his unfortunate predicament.

—Gin Non, a Chinese merchant of Riverside, Cal., is about to return to China to secure himself a wife, and, in order to be allowed to land upon his return, he has drawn up a certificate setting forth who he is, and had his photograph pasted on the same sheet, and had the different county officials sign the document.

It is interesting to know that the hair which waves from the helmets of French dragoons is the real article, being the product of Chinese and Tonkin skulls. It is finer and lighter than horsehair.

The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to every 1000 individuals born; the time when the greatest number of marriages takes place is in June and December about the time of the summer and winter solstices.

The population of Vienna by the annexation of several suburban villages now amounts to 1,360,000, ranking as Europe's fourth city in point of inhabitants.