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A FADED VIOLET.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

What thought is folded in thy leaves?
Kind tender thought, what speechless pain?
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!

I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Though scent and azure that are fled—
Odry, mute lips! ye are the type
Of something in me cold and dead.

Of something wilted like thy leaves,
Of fragance flown, of beauty done;
Yet, for the love of those white hands
That found thee by a river's brim—

That found thee when thy dewy mouth
Was purple as with stains of wine—
For love of her who love forgot,
I hold thy faded lips to mine!

That I, too, should'st live when I am dead,
When fate is dead for me, and wrong,
For this, I use my subtlest art,
For this, I hold thee in my song.

MISS BABY'S NEW SHOES.

BY JESSIE F. ARMSTRONG.

"The fact is, Miss Baby," said nurse, "you got out of bed the wrong side this morning; you have been cross all day."

"I didn't getted out at all," answered Miss Baby, "you took me out your ownself, nurse. And O, *do* put on my new shoes, because they are so pretty!"

"No, you cannot wear them to-day, so it is no use to ask. Here are your other shoes; try to put them on yourself while I go and dress." And nurse put down a nice little thick pair of shoes by Miss Baby, who sat on the floor pouting.

Then nurse went into the next room, and baby, who was dressed to go out, looked around. Opposite to her was a wardrobe, and through its open door baby could see the new shoes.

They had been bought for her birthday party the week before the day she was five years old—very pretty little bronze shoes they were and Miss Baby was rather proud of them. She looked at them, and then in two minutes they were on baby's little feet, and these very soon carried Miss Baby herself into the garden. She was tired of waiting. Nurse was so long dressing. And she could hear music, and wanted to know what it was. And also, deep in her little mind, baby had an idea that if she could get the start of nurse, and wait for her in the garden, she would never know that she had on her new shoes.

A little black-eyed boy with a violin, was looking through the garden gate, and when he saw Miss Baby coming he laughed and nodded to her in the most friendly manner, as he played.

Soon nurse, who was still in her bedroom, heard such merry sounds coming from the garden that she quickly went to the window to see what was going on.

"Surely that is Miss Baby's voice!" she said to herself; "how naughty of her to run out alone!"

Now nurse was rather a "slow-coach" It took her a long time to put on her jacket and bonnet; and then she generally found she had buttoned her jacket wrong, and she had to undo it, and do it all again. So she had plenty of time to watch baby and the little violin boy, as the stood dressing at the window.

And this is what she saw.

First of all baby stood at a little distance from the gate, shyly laughing at the little musician, as he sang his merry song, rolling his black eyes and tossing his black curls. Then the little girl drew nearer to the gate, and stood, beating time with one tiny foot. At last the boy began to dance with his little bare feet, and nurse heard a shriek of delighted laughter from Miss Baby, and then she saw her open the gate and drag the boy into the garden.

"O, Miss Baby!" screamed nurse. "You naughty child! How dare you?"

Quickly she finished buttoning her jacket—all wrong—for the third time, hastily she caught up her garden hat and put it on, wrong side before. Down the staircase and through the hall went nurse, really in a hurry for once. When she reached the children on the lawn she could hardly believe her eyes. At first she was too amazed and shocked to speak.

The little Italian boy sat on the grass trying to force a grimy, bare foot into one of baby's bronze shoes, and baby, deeply interested and unaware of nurse's approach, stood watching him, with the other shoe ready in her hand. In another moment nurse had joined the pair.

Then there was such a noise as is not often heard anywhere but in the parrot-house at the Zoological Gardens. Miss Baby's mamma heard it, and came running from the house, wondering what it could mean.

There stood the little Italian, rubbing a dirty little fist into each eye, and shrieking shrilly at the top of his voice. Nurse, with a face like a turkey-cock, was talking loud and fast, as she shook her finger at the boy and threatened him with the dog and a policeman, and Miss Baby, screaming and stamping in a passion of rage, was beating nurse with the "Grannie' bonnet she had snatched from her head for the purpose.

"O, baby, baby! What is the matter?" cried mamma, as she came up.

"He—he—hadn't gotted any shoes—and so—I gaved—I gaved him mine!" sobbed baby.

"Well, well, darling, but you must not beat poor nurse. Come, leave off crying, and tell me why nurse is angry and why that little boy is crying?"

Then mamma sat down and took baby on her lap, and while nurse put on her shoes, she and the little girl together told her all about it.

"But he is a poor little boy, and I wanted to give him my shoes," said baby, dolefully.

"Well, darling, I am glad you are sorry for the little boy, but your shoes will not fit him, he shall have some others. Go upstairs, please, nurse, and bring down an old pair of Master Harold's; they will fit him, I should think."

Nurse went away, and then baby's mother told her that she must tell nurse she was sorry that she had put on her best shoes when she had told her not to do so; and that she ought not to give any of her clothes away without asking leave.

"Are you angry, mamma?" asked baby, tearfully.

"No, dear; I am not angry now I see you are sorry. It always makes mother very sorry when baby is disobedient and passionate; but I always love you, darling, even when you are naughty."

Baby was silent for a few minutes, then she asked:

"And does God, too?"

"Yes, my darling; God loves us always, even when we are naughty. And because he loves us so much we ought to try to please Him, don't you think so? Because it makes him so sorry to see us naughty."

"Yes, mamma." said baby.

And then nurse came back with brother Harold's shoes, and baby gave them to the little Italian boy, who by this time had stopped crying.

"These are bigger," she said to him, and your feet will go into these because they are brother Harold's, and Harold is a big boy!"

Then they made the child sit down on the grass and put on the shoes, which really did fit. And then baby's mother gave him sixpence, and Miss Baby picked a flower and gave it to her little friend, and then stood holding her mother's hand and smiling at the little boy as he walked away nodding and smiling, with his little violin tucked under his arm.

"And he never once said "Thank you!"" remarked nurse.

"But he *looked* it," said mamma.

"And now, dear, you must go back into the house and have another pair of shoes put on."

"Yes, mamma, I will," said Miss Baby; "and I *am* sorry, nurse; and I feel good again now, really."

"Hum!" said nurse, "I hope it will last!"

Gems from Sam Jones's Sermons.

You old skunk, you!

I, the biggest fish that swims.

You boys keep quiet, or git out.

Christianity is the science of life.

Just mash their mouths and you've got 'em.

Now don't you feel mean, you old devil, you?

I don't know who is these fellows spiritual daddy.

A preacher who does not hold family prayer ain't fit to be pastor of a litter of pups.

Some of you will go off and criticise. You blab-mouthed fools, who care what you think?

The penitent sinner is the man who falls down, jumps up, rubs his shins, and goes a-running.

Brother Jack there don't want any more members in his church, for half he's got ain't worth killing.

The Lord can catch these infidels: the only trouble is he hardly has a hook small enough for them to swallow.

You are all black-mouthed devils who belong to the church, and when the yellow fever came were white with fear.

I can put a hundred of these little infidels in my vest pocket and never know they are there except I felt for my toothpick.

I don't know of anything too bad for you old mangy hounds who refused to vote against the damnable whiskey traffic.

The only difference between the Baptists and the Methodists is the difference between high-cock-a-lorum and low-cock-a-highrem.

If any merchant here keeps open during these meetings, it will be some little fifteen-cent-skin-a-flea-for-his-hide-and-tallow member of some church.

A high-license preacher won't be in hell ten minutes before the devil will have him saddled and bridled, riding him around and exhibiting him as a curiosity.

If any one here don't believe what I say, and will tell me so, I will give him a hat and some dentist a job of replacing his teeth from the wisdom tooth down.

What are you old Presbyterians kicking about—you old possum-eared hounds? Live ones kick, dead ones don't. If a man was to come to my town and talk about my church like I have yours, I would either cowhide him or build a new church.

A Word for the Young Man.

Give the young man a chance. It is common enough to hear such statements as: "he is too young," "he is all right, but not old enough," which remarks are usually made by men who are beginning to feel the charm of youth slipping away from them. Admitted that all young men, no matter how promising, have much to learn, it is not fair to condemn them upon the ground of youth alone as is frequently the case. Young men often do brilliant professional work which is either unnoticed, or reproved as being an undue exhibition of youthful enthusiasm which, were it performed by an older man would be promptly commended. "He won't last long, he is too young" we often hear. Admitted again that many young men of fine promise do flash up like a rocket and come down like a stick, yet there are many who gain in brilliance with years, as history gives abundant evidence. Charles James Fox was in Parliament at nineteen. Who ever questioned his work or worth? At twenty-four Gladstone was lord of the treasury. How many times must the taunt of his youth have been flung at him. At thirty-two Judge Story was on the supreme bench. At eighteen Leo X. was cardinal and at twenty-four a pope. Peel, Beaconsfield, Seward, Washington, Napoleon, and Bacon were all famous before their twenty-fifth year. When that brilliant youth in the halls of Parliament pleaded guilty to the "atrocious crime of being a young man," he fought the battle all young men have had to fight since—the distrust, the bitterness, the envy of those who having held the reins of power, find them slipping from their hands only to be grasped by younger men. It is inevitable. Time marches on, silvering the hair, diminishing the eye's luster and decreasing the energy, while younger generations follow closely, eager for a chance to win their spurs in the world's battle. The time will soon come when the young men of our day, who so boldly and confidently take up the work, will be forced from the scene of action by those who are now kicking their baby toes in their cribs. It is inevitable, we say. So let us have a little mercy for the man who is so unfortunate as to be young. Judge him by his work—not his years.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

—Lieutenant Henn and his wife, who came over here in the yacht *Galatea* several seasons ago to contend for the *America's* Cup, are to spend the summer along the shores of Ireland, their yacht accompanying them.

Near Austin, Texas, are the finest gray and red granite, lithograph and graphite quarries.

The Chinese Government has negotiated a loan of $50,000,000 with France and England.

HOW AN INDIAN PRAYS.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE CHEROKEES IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Various Spirits to Talk to and Earnest Supplications.

"In the most mountainous part of Western North Carolina, isolated among the wildest and roughest hills of the Alleghenies, are 1,200 pure bred Cherokees on a reservation of 73,000 acres," said James Mooney, ethnological expert. "The missionaries claim that most of them are Christians, but extended observation has convinced me that very few of them do anything more than profess the white man's religion. They like to gather at meeting and gratify their musical instinct by singing hymns, but that is usually as far as their conversion carries them. At heart, in nearly all cases, they remain true to their ancient faith. The final test, however, is found in the sick Indian. When in good health, he may be the most promising convert imaginable, but the moment he feels indisposed he calls in the native medicine men with their charms and incantations. The latter address formulæ in the ancient ritual language, among other things, to various animals."

"And why to animals?" he was asked.

"It is the custom to address prayers to animals in sickness always. The Cherokee religion, you must understand, is a worship of nature and all her manifestations—birds, beasts, fish, water, the sun and moon, the mountains, storms, thunder and lightning, and so on indefinitely. If the patient has a toothache, for instance, the medicine man tells him that it is a worm in the tooth, and he prays: 'O good squirrel, do come and take out the worm from this tooth and carry it away to the dark side of the mountain, and put it inside of an old dead log.' A certain small fish is supposed to cause a great deal of sickness. You see, the fish are angry at being caught and eaten, and their ghosts often come back to torture the people who devoured them, with various complaints. When a person is thus attacked by a fish ghost, a prayer is addressed to the blue cat, who is king of all the fishes, to come and drive out the other fish. If the case is bad the red man, the blue man, the white man and the black man are invoked."

"Water and fire are worshipped, too?"

"With great awe. Water is prayed to under the name of the long man, who has his head in the mountains and his foot in the ocean. To the Cherokees the river is a live person. 'Oh make me like you,' they say, 'who are so big and so strong that you carry immense logs vast distances and no power can resist you.' And fire is called the ancient white, because it is very old, the dead ashes are white and the flame is white. We don't call flame white, but they do, their differentiation of colors being less distinct than ours. The red-hot coals are the ancient red. Lightning and thunder together they call the great red men. He is red, you see, because he is powerful, red being the color signifiying power. The sun is called the measurer, because it measures time. When he is in love, the Cherokee prays to beautiful birds, to the river, to the sun, and to the moon.

"Most frequently he addresses the yellow-hammer beseeching it to make him handsome and attractive to the women. Also, he prays to the red spider—red being symbolic of success—to wind its meshes around the heart of his loved one. Of the prayer formulæ used in supplicating all these objects and many more I have brought back with me from North Carolina a very complete collection. They are all wonderfully poetical. Very prettily imaginative is the prayer addressed to an approaching storm that threatens the corn crop, which supplies their staple food. The priest stands at the corner of the corn-patch with one hand uplifted as if to warn the storm away."

"Do they worship the mountains?"

"Yes; and all the plants that grow on them. For instance, they pray to the ginseng, which has a forked root crudely resembling the shape of a human being. They call it the very great man, and when they find one of the plants they repeat a formula taught them by the priests, for a consideration, saying: 'O mountain, I have come to take a small piece from your side.' Then the finder digs the plant up and puts a glass head into the hole, to pay the mountain for the plant. The seventh plant found has an especial medicinal value, and the first four plants discovered must not be touched, though after others have been gathered the searcher may go back and collect those four."

"How do these people live?"

"In the simplest log cabins, many of them without windows or floors. The people are often very cold in winter, but they don't seem to mind it. They are purely agricultural and corn bread and salt pork chiefly compose their diet. Such game as they get—rabbits, squirrels, birds and other small fry—is shot with blowguns made of hollow bishpole cane with the joints bored out. In the use of this weapon they are so expert that they can bring down a small bird from the top of a tall tree with one of the light reed arrows feathered with thistle-down which they employ for projectiles. The canes they need for making the blowguns are obtained from brakes in South Carolina mostly, 100 to 200 miles away.

To illustrate the value set by a Cherokee upon his time, it occurs to me to mention that on one occasion when I wanted a blow-gun, possibly worth 75 cents, I asked one of the Indians to sell me one. He said he had none to spare, but would go over to South Carolina—perhaps a three-weeks journey there and back—and get a reed for the purpose. The fish, whose ghosts torture them so much, they catch in great numbers by traps in the stream; the finny prey is led into a sort of pound and dipped out with baskets or speared. The men handle the spears and the women the baskets. When this method fails a section of a stream is dammed in two places and the space between poisoned with walnut bark. The medicine brings all the fish to the surface, belly-upward, and they are quickly gathered in.

Ages and Appetites of Birds.

A German ornithologist has been looking into the subject of birds' ages recently. The swan, he concludes, is the longest lived of all birds. The oldest swan of which there is a record lived 300 years. Many falcons are known to have lived 162 years. The vulture and the eagle are also very long lived.

In 1819 an osprey died which had been caught in 1715, at which time it was full grown and probably five or six years old. A white-headed vulture caught in 1706 died in the bird house of the imperial palace at Schonbrunn, near Vienna, in 1824.

Parrots often live a century after they have been captured and tamed. Sea and swamp birds usually live several generations. Geese, if left to themselves, and cuckoos also reach a very old age. Ravens rarely die under 100 years of age. Magpies seldom pass more than twenty or twenty-five years in confinement. When free they live forty or fifty years.

The barnyard rooster in good luck is generally healthy and strong till he has passed his fifteenth year. Pigeons are good for ten years; singing birds for eight to eighteen years. Nightingales in captivity live about ten years; blackbirds about fifteen years; canaries, in captivity, twelve to fifteen years, although on the islands where they originated they often live twenty-five or thirty years.

Just why birds get so much more of life than men is something that nobody knows. One reason often given is that they eat so much. A bird's appetite is tremendous. A thrush puts down with one swallow the biggest snail. To perform a corresponding feat a man would have to take a whole keg of beef at a bite. A robin redbreast is also a terrible eater. It has been calculated that a mass of food equivalent to an angle worm fourteen feet long is required daily to keep a robin in good condition.

Honored.

Old Elder K——was one of the "odd sticks" one often heard of in the Connecticut Valley half a century ago. In his younger days he preached the gospel with great vigor and in a manner calculated to strike terror to the hearts of all evil-doers; but as he grew older his mental vigor waned with his physical forces and it began to be whispered around that Elder K——wasn't "exactly right," which was a polite and indefinate way of saying that his mind was going from him. He insisted, however, on filling the pulpit he had so long filled until his friends were compelled to keep him away by force.

One Sunday morning, when his successor was about to begin his sermon Elder K——surprised the congregation by marching down the aisle and up to the pulpit, where he began haranguing the congregation, regardless of the rights and presence of his scandalized successor.

Here was a dilemma. The four deacons and others of the brethern hastily consulted together and Elder K——was gently remonstrated with, but all to no purpose. He flatly refused to leave the pulpit, and kept right on preaching a terrifying sermon.

Finally the four deacons, vigorous men in spite of their years, walked into the pulpit, seized the struggling and rebellious elder, and started out with him on their shoulders. When half way down the aisle, he still further scandalized the congregation by bawling out satirically:

"How much better, after all, am I treated than my blessed Master, for he had but one ass on which to ride, while I have four! Hallelooyer!"

A Lake Under Indiana.

T. P. Smythes, who has made some important geological discoveries in Indiana, stated to an Indianapolis reporter: "There is a great lake under a part of Indiana, as you are already probably convinced. I have explored it. I was sinking a well on my place in Orange County when suddenly the drill knocked a piece out of the bottom and disappeared. Through the opening cold, clear water rushed, filling the well to the depth of twenty feet. At this level it stands. I have pumped water for hours, using a steam engine once, and the water does not lower an inch. One day I drew up a fish in a bucket of water. I had heard neighbors tell stories of subterranean fish, but this was the first I had seen. I have it here in alcohol. As you see, it is eyeless." The fish was small, of reddish color, and almost transparent. Holding it before the light one could count every bone in the fish. The part of the state where the underground lake exists is hilly, full of gulches and caves. It is there that Lost River, a considerable stream, gradually sinks away and finally disappears altogether. A few miles west, at Orangeville, a great body of water (commonly believed to be a lost river) gushes from the earth. It foams and gushes against the rock and comes forth in sufficient power and quantity to furnish power for a mill.

Expelled for Attending a Funeral.

Sixteen students of the Military Academy of Medicine in St. Petersburg have been expelled for attending a funeral service of M. Tchernichewsky, the nihilist, who died recently. For several days the authorities have been investigating what they believed to be a plot against the emperor. The result is that several persons who were supposed to be connected with the plot have been expelled from the capital.

Miss Willard on Woman's Dress.

Miss Willard, in a recent lecture upon woman's dress, makes the following interesting statement:

Catch Edison and constrict him inside a wasp waistcoat, and be sure you'll get no more inventions; bind a bustle upon Bismarck, and farewell to German unity; coerce Robert Browning into corsets, and you'll have no more epics; put Parnell into petticoats, and home rule is a lost cause.

It Beats Vaccination.

Patient—How is it, doctor, that the medical fraternity seldom contract contagious diseases, even during an epidemic?

Physician—Oh, they frighten the diseases away.

"Frighten them away! How?"

"By presenting their bills to them."—Arcola Record.

FAMOUS TURKEY DRIVING

FLOCKS OF THOUSANDS ON QUEBEC'S HIGHWAY.

Hustled by Boys During the Day, Roosting on Trees by Night

To the stranger who visits that part of North America in which Quebec is situated, in the fall of the year, particularly during the latter part of October, nothing is likely to be more interesting than the great flocks of poultry driven along the public highways to stations on the Vermont Central Railway for shipments to various points in the States, where they are rested and fed up before killing and dressing for the market in New York city.

Droves aggregating many hundreds of turkeys, and other hundreds still of ducks, go straddling and waddling, piping and quacking along the road with a man in front to coax and a lot of happy-go-lucky boys behind to drive, without attracting any other sort of attention from a native than a farmer would bestow on a passing bunch of steers; but to the stranger it is a sight not soon to be forgotten. One drove that contained 1,500 turkeys alone arrived here the other day, and was quickly huddled in a cattle car and shipped off into Vermont. That was a big flock for these days, and it made quite a little stir hereabouts. Time was when an ordinary flock consisted of 2,000 turkeys, 1,000 geese and 700 or 800 ducks, while flocks of 5,000 turkeys, and a corresponding large number of geese and ducks were not unknown. These would be strung along over a half mile of the public road, and a small army of boys was needed for the care of them.

The poultry drovers were almost invariably Yankees, and Vermont Yankees at that. The driving season began in September and ended in November. At the opening of the season the boss drover would drive up through Quebec in a two-horse wagon, going often as far as the St. Lawrence River, either above or below Montreal. He had his agents at every village along his route, and to each agent he had previously sent the price he would pay per pair for each sort of birds. The prices in the old times were about 60 cents a pair for turkeys, the same for geese, and from 30 to 35 cents a pair for ducks. Since the building of the Vermont Central prices have advanced, and this year the dealers have been paying 8 cents a pound for prime turkeys, such as sell for 18 cents in Fulton Market, New York, while geese have brought $1.40 a pair, and ducks 60 cents.

Having, as one may say, billed his route, the drover began buying at the river end of it. The agents everywhere along the route on the Sunday before or perhaps two Sundays before the drover was expected to come back over the route would go to the parish church as the people were coming out from the service, and getting upon the church steps where they could see the people and all could see them, they would announce in a loud voice that the drover would reach that village on a certain day and would pay such and such prices in cash for turkies, geese and ducks delivered at a certain place in the village—usually the yard or garden of the agent.

The day named was a great event in the year's history of that parish. The arrival of the boss drover at a village for the purchase of the surplus crop of poultry in that vicinity was usually on the day before the arrival of the main drove, which he had purchased further up the road. This gave a night's rest and a comfortable feed to the fowls purchased, and they were ready to fall in line the next morning and travel away on the road to Vermont.

The buying began up on the St. Lawrence River somewhere, and the drove on the first day it started toward Vermont consisted, of course, of the fowls purchased in one parish, the number amounting perhaps to no more than two or three hundred, seeing that it was a river parish. But each village added its hundreds, while purchases were made at about every farm house passed by the drove.

The driving along the road was done by a man and from three to thirty boys, according to the size of the flock. As many boys as could be obtained were hired for large flocks. A man would walk in front with a sack of corn, oats or peas, or all three in one, maybe, slung over his shoulder as a farmer carries his grain when sowing it broadcast. At intervals this man would take a handful of grain from the sack and scatter it in the road. This kept the fowls next to him in a constant state of expectation, and they followed readily. Those further away saw what the front ones were doing, and came along, too, but this only served to keep a small bunch on the move, after all, and the man in front was not infrequently dispensed with. The boys were depended on to keep the flock or drove moving. To enable the boys to do this with certainty the drove was divided into bunches of about 800, and each bunch had three or four boys to care for it.

Ordinarily the birds walked along without trouble. On pleasant, cool days, with dry roads, a flock would cover twenty miles between sun and sun. On stormy days, or when the roads were muddy, they not infrequently marched no more than eight or ten, and it was a mighty hard day's work for the boys at that. In the rain or mud the turkeys were very easily tired, and when a turkey gets tired he gets discouraged and squats down in the road. The boys were only ten or twelve years old—sometimes lads of eight were employed, and a turkey of twelve or eighteen pounds was a mighty big load for one of them.

When nightfall came the turkeys would fly upon the fences and thence into the trees and shrubs along the roadside. No efforts would make them go further, though it sometimes happened that the flock began to roost when less than a mile from their ultimate destination. The feelings of the drover anxious to reach home at such a time can be imagined. But nothing could be done to keep the turkeys travelling. So when the birds began to show a disposition to go to roost, the boss would bring out the corn and oats and peas and give them all a liberal feed.

If a farm house was handy by, the drover and his boys would make their headquarters there. If not, they built fires and camped out.

As the Vermont line was approached camping out was necessary for the safety of the birds every night. It was a hilly country there, and foxes that knew all about turkey drives abounded. Highgate, Vt., is in a famous country for foxes. In that country five or six fires would be built about the flock, while sentinels stood guard at times.

The distance which poultry was driven was often more than 100 miles. Drives lasting ten days and of an average of eighteen miles a day are told of here.

There is no way of telling how many turkeys and other sorts of poultry were driven through into Vermont in the old days. This year, up to Nov. 23, about 25,000 were shipped south over the Vermont Central.—Ex.

"To Err is Human."

Some years ago, an editor of a bi-weekly paper published by the students of Yale College was astonished, and even more scandalized, to learn that an editorial which he had regarded with fond pride referred to old maids who served as pudding for a dinner party. Turning the page he scanned another product of his pen, a thrilling romance, and discovered that the baffled villain had fired three ballets into himself.

The said editor had written in the first article:

"— old maids who served as padding for a dinner party."

In the second article he had written:

"— fired three bullets into himself."

It is often asked with virtuous indignation why such typographical errors as these occur. The explanation, aside from the total depravity of inanimate things, can readily be given. In fact, the wonder grows that such mistakes do not far oftener occur.

Immediately before a written article is given to compositors to be "set," the "copy," as the manuscript is termed by printers, is scissored into "takes," or portions of ten or twenty lines. Sometimes, slight attention is paid to the paragraphing and the punctuation of the written page when the article is thus cut up, and consequently the last line of a "take" may often end in the middle of a sentence. When such is the case, the "take" is said to "end even."

After a manuscript is cut up, the "takes" are commonly put on a copy hook, and indicated by a letter of the alphabet, followed by consecutive figures. For instance, the editorial which brought such consternation to the student-editor was cut up into three "takes," indicated as E 1, E 2 and E 3. The first "ended even" with the word "as," and the second "began even" with the words "padding for a dinner party." The compositor who took from the hook the first "take" set it according to copy, while the compositor who took the second "take" made the error (a very common one) of mistaking *a* for *u*, and so converted "padding" into "pudding." The first compositor finished his "take" quickly, and a proof of it was immediately read by the proof-reader.

The other compositor was slow, and did not finish his "take" until several minutes after compositor No. 1 had finished his. In the meantime, the proof-reader, having been busied with important and pressing statistics, had forgotten the exact ending of E 1. Seeing that E 2 began with "pudding for a dinner party," and believing that pudding was proper and desirable at a dinner party, he did not detect the compositor's error. This error, in fact, should have been detected by the "copy-holder," or person who followed with his eye the wording in the "copy," as the proof-reader read aloud from the proof; but in this case, the "copy-holder," duplicating the mistake of the compositor, also mistook *a* for *u*.

A similar mistake was made in the case of the scheming villain who "fired three bullets into himself"—with the exception that *u* was mistaken for *a*. The first "take" "ended even" with the word "three," and the next "began even" with "bullets." The compositor who set the second "take" subsequently observed that he didn't have time to make sense of the "take," and thought he had done his duty in following (as he believed at the time) the "copy."

The same editor who experienced the two harrowing surprises referred to, subsequently wrote, in reporting an evening address by Chauncey M. Depew, the sentence: "We do not thus sully our arms." In reading the printed account next morning he saw to his horror: "We do not thus Sally our arms." The considerate compositor had mistaken the *u* in "sully" for an *a*, and, to make sense, had made the first letter in the word "upper case," or a capital.

MORAL: Write your *u*'s and your *a*'s in such wise that type-setters cannot mistake them.

A Young Monarch.

One of the youngest monarchs in the world is King Thantai of Annam. He is 9 years of age, very precocious, and fully conscious of the importance of his position. He is solemn and thoughtful, disdains all childish sports, and spends all of his time in the seclusion of his palace, studying, conversing with aged counselors, and poring over books and manuscripts. He is learning Chinese and French, and shows remarkable aptitude in the acquisition of foreign tongues. He is very arbitrary and exacting, and his teachers stand in great awe of him.—New York World.

A Widow of Sixteen Remarried.

Mr. Jesse Breedlove was married at Clermont a few days ago to Mrs. Lillie Ludington by Squire L. H. Todd. The bride was a widow only sixteen years of age, she having been married when only twelve years old. Her husband died two and a half years ago. They will live at their new home, Mount Vesta.

A Novel Mode of Election.

Boyle county has just tried the Fayette plan of holding a private election. This consists in two men in each precinct carrying a sealed ballot-box from house to house, the voter being furnished tickets by a representative of all candidates. It required four days to collect the votes and sixteen hours to count the ballots.

Plantation Sugar Houses.

The sugar house was a picturesque sight on those nights, says a writer on "A Blasted Home" in the St. Louis Republic. The darkeys, half-nude, stalwart and black, fed the roaring fires and stirred with long-handled ladles the boiling, seething liquid, dipping and lifting, watching the consistency of the falling torrent with practised eyes until it was ready to pour a beautiful, molten stream into the coolers, square box-shaped receptacles, where it cooled and grained. The mistake of a few moments was worth thousands of dollars; if poured too soon, the mass would not grain properly; if too late, the quality would be impaired; so each "strike" was a matter of anxious attention until proven successful.

The constant arrival of the loaded cane carts, and departure of the empty ones; the whir of the vast machinery, and "crunch" of the huge rollers crushing the transparent juice from the rich succulent cane; the constant tumbling of the flattened remains of the once juicy stalks into the "bagasse" heaps; the crowds of busy darkeys, laughing and romping when off duty a few moments, but steady and attentive when at work; all these make a picture that hangs "on memory's wall," and almost "seemeth the best of all," when the past, with its panorama of happiness and trouble, comes before one's eyes.

The Bite of Death.

Victor Poissant, a young electrician of Omaha, has a very ingenious way of killing rats. As he has been practicing his method of electrocution at intervals for the past three years he may be fairly credited with having anticipated the New York scientists who are now puzzling themselves and the rest of mankind as to the propriety of sending Mr. Kemmler out of the world by the overhead wire system. The prying rodent is caught in an ordinary oval trap, the bottom of which is covered with tin. Mr. Poissant has a small dynamo of his own manufacture. One wire, connected with the dynamo, is fastened to the tin lining of the trap, and another is thrust into the prisoner's cell. The well-known propensity of a caged rat to do battle asserts itself, and he seizes the wire between his teeth. In doing so he makes the mistake of his life. The circuit is completed, his jaws close on the wire with a death grip, and without a squeak and almost without a quiver he passes into a state of eternal quietude.

Boys That Are Too Smart.

In a little town near Chicago there is a school house close to the tracks of a trunk line railroad. The consequence of this juxtaposition of the two things is one that never would occur to any but the boyish mind. The boys got up a game which consisted in their seeing which one should be the last to jump across the track in front of the express train that passes there at fifty miles an hour just after school lets out. This game has already cost at least three lives. The other day a railroad employee went to the mother of one of the boys to tell her what her son was doing. She told him she could take care of her own children and wanted no interference by tattletales. She gave him a scolding he will never forget. One reason why he will never forget it is that the boy was killed by the express train one week afterward. The engineer said he saw the boy standing by the track, but never dreamed he meant so try to cross it ahead of the train.

Snobbery Snubbed.

The kind of snobbery that scorns what it calls the "working-classes" is sickening. No true gentleman or lady, however wealthy or educated, is guilty of it. Narrow-minded, shallow-brained nincompoops who indulge in affected disdain of the "working classes" are a disgrace to their country. But the number of such people is increasing, and they cannot be too often held up to public ridicule and contempt. These people set themselves up as the "better element," when in fact they constitute one of the most dangerous factors in un-Americanizing society. This outgrowth of English snobbery deserves to be rebuked whenever met with. The theory of our government is that "all men are free and equal. As fast as we fall away from this ideal, in the same proportion will grave social dangers increase. Honest labor is honorable wherever it may be performed.—N. E. Home Read.

A Sure Cure for Cigarettes.

Habitual tobacco users and whisky drinkers have been cured by the following plan: Those who smoke their first cigarette, say at seven o'clock in the morning, begin by putting it off just ten minutes past the hour for a few days, then make it fifteen or twenty minutes, and so on until it will be noon and then night before the first one is smoked. If it is slow it is certainly a sure way of tapering off, if faithfully followed.—Medical World.

A Short Prayer.

The small boy of a Trumbull avenue home was very sleepy one night and asked his mother if he might say a short prayer. She told him that he could.

"Can I say just what I please?"

"Yes, dear; any prayer you please."

The little fellow gave a sigh of relief, dropped down on his chubby knee, clasped his little hands and sweetly lisped:

"Amen, God."

Accomplished Servant.

"What do you wish?" asked the servant who answered the ring at the door.

"Baron de Veauminet."

"What do you wish to see him for?"

"It is in relation to a promissory note."

"The Baron went out of town yesterday."

"Now, that is too bad; I wanted to pay him the amount I owe him."

"But," added the servant, "he returned this morning."—French Joke.

Pearl Will Be Higher.

The strike of the 3000 workers in mother-of-pearl in Vienna is likely to compel American importers to pay a trifle higher rate than usual for the article, but they have thus far declined to do so. Vienna is the chief manufacturing centre for the article.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Metal shingles are here.

—Silk is made from paper pulp.

—Copper is melted by electricity.

—Cleveland has a $10,000 street car.

—A railroad car registers the condition of the road.

—A sheet of plate glass is 358 square feet, 128 inches.

—It has been recently discovered that Shakespeare never speaks a good word for dogs.

—A lamp that burns cologne and flings delightful scents is a new thing for the boudoir.

—The Duke of Wellington was born at Dungan Castle, County of Meath, Ireland, in 1769.

—A saw has been designed for cutting iron, mild steel or other metals of fairly large sections.

—All the bridges over the Erie Canal, at Rochester, N. Y., are to be operated hereafter by electricity.

—A Spanish potato, raised at Clarkville, Ga., this season, was four feet and eight inches in length.

—A West Philadelphia poet in his latest effort attempts to make "toboggan" rhime with "oh, come again!"

—A postmaster in Texas committed suicide the other day because he had been indicted for stealing forty cents.

—An alderman in Janeville, Wis., has been fined $25 for allowing a chicken fight in front of his place of business.

—There are now 1034 compound locomotives at work or building, 523 being in England, 330 in Germany and eight in North America.

—At Kingston, Jamaica, oranges sell at two cents per dozen, and bananas are so plentiful that the owners are glad to get rid of the fruit at any price.

—The steam hammer used in forging the armor plates of Bethlehem, Pa., has a plunge equal in weight to 125 tons. The anvil that receives this blow weighs 1400 tons.

—A volunteer vine at Hanford, Cal., yielded forty-two monstrous pumpkins, and another vine thirty. The product of either vine would make a good wagon load.

—William Fowler is the name of an eight-year-old tramp now in Memphis, Tenn. He began to travel when barely six years old, and has been all over the country.

—To prevent the evaporation of water in fire pails it has been suggested that fifteen to twenty drops of oil will form a coating sufficient to obviate the difficulty.

—There has been invented a machine for cutting tubes of paper for pill-boxes. The operations are all automatic and the work is said to be rapidly performed.

—Proprietors of the Pullman car invention report that paper car wheels have run 400,000 miles under their cars, while the average running power of an iron wheel is but 55,000 miles.

—During magnetic storms earth currents on the British lines of telegraph have been known to attain the strength of forty milliamperes. This is stronger than the usual working currents.

—The only man tried, found guilty and executed for treason during the existence of the United States was William B. Mumford, in 1862. The execution took place in New Orleans, under an order of Major General Benjamin F. Butler.

—The British soldier's life at Indian frontier stations cannot be altogether happy. One noon recently the thermometer registered ninety-four degrees at the Gnatong fort in Silkkim. That night it fell to seventeen degrees above zero,

—In shooting at wild geese on the wing, the gunner has to hold about eight feet above the leader if he wishes to hit him, and even then he is apt to hit the fifth or sixth in one string and see him strike the ground in his fall at a distance of three or four hundred yards from the stand.

—American shoe machinery has been introduced in Leicester, England, and has created considerable interest among the manufacturers. A writer in a Manchester paper says that "Americans are miles ahead" in shoe machinery.

Louis Cyr, the strong man of Canada, twenty-seven years old, at a recent exhibition at Lewistown (Me.,) picked up a barrel of flour with one hand and put it on his shoulder. By his famous upward back lift, he raised a platform weighing 261 pounds, on which stood twenty men whose combined weight was 3790 pounds.

The South Kensington Museum in London has obtained from Sizergh Castle, in Westmoreland the oak lining of a room which dates from the time of Elizabeth. It is 120 feet long and 12 feet high. The panels are inlaid with holly wood and ebony and divided by pilasters. The ceiling, paneled and with pendants, is also present.

—Fish are attracted by the electric light, the same as insects and birds, and it has been found that the placing of an electric lamp of high power in the sea, even at a part not frequented by fish, causes members of the finny tribe to flock in great numbers.

—Lima (Ohio) oil is being used successfully in a number of Pittsburg mills and factories. Rolling mill owners favor it because it does not oxidize the iron, and for that reason it is thought that natural gas will soon be superseded by it. The oil is shipped from the field in tank cars, and a movement is on foot to build a pipe line to that city.

—Dr. Armand Jeanoutot, a young physician of Paris, is the latest in the field as a consumption cure discoverer. His cure is by inhalation. His apparatus consists of a small tubular brass boiler, connected with a brass pan with a lid. When in operation, from under the lid escape vapors which spread about the room, one of the parts of which is prussic acid.

The Mickey Breen Mine, in the Ouray (Col.) district, has been sold to a French company for $1,300,000.

In Great Britain there is one elector to about six of the population; in Belgium only one to about forty-six.

The original Rockfellers in America—the ancestors of the oil kings—were four brothers, who came from the Rhine provinces during the last century and settled in New Jeresy.

The Arkansas Legislature has approved a joint resolution favoring the election of United States Senators by the people.