DUETTO.

A Cupid-mid-the-birds did see
Disconsolate linnets on the tree,
And with his wondrous potent darts
Transfixed their love-lorn languished hearts.

He heard their cry, and did decree
That those of anxious minstrelsy
Should, by their own delicious speech,
Be brought the nearer—each to each.

Their love-lays in the evening air
The sweeter grew to fond despair,
Until in each the other's note
Did kindle rapture as it smote!

O tender hearts! O purest joy,
To think such bliss without alloy
All gained was by Cupid's dart
Which made their loneliness to smart!

THE DANISH GREENLANDER AT HOME.

O. GORDON SMYTHIES.

Far away amidst the icy-fields and the snow dwells a race whose habits and inner life are but little known to the general world. Now and then, when some Arctic expedition is fitted out, and ships freighted with hope set sail, seek the North-West Passage, only to return with the old story of despair and disappointment, now and then our eyes turn with a spasmodic interest to that ice-bound coast, and we listen with an ephemeral interst to talk concerning the desolate land and its isolated inhabitants. The Danish Exhibition, too, with its realistic triumph of the scenic painters and the taxidermist's art, brought vividly before the mind a picture of that group of dwellers in Greenland who have now for more than a hundred and fifty years been under the protection of the kings of Denmark.

I have thought, therefore, that to many a short account of the inner life of this unique race, this strange member of the great human family, might prove interesting, and also give a more correct notion of what kind of people the Esquimaux are.

Indeed, until some thirteen years ago, when Dr. Rink's books appeared, the Greenlander was looked upon as a savage of the lowest type, a cannibal, a being far below the seal or walrus which it is his only ambition to kill and eat—uncooked.

Rough and unkempt they are, as well befits those whose life is one long battle with the elements, whose daily food depends upon their skill in tracking down the seal and reindeer amid blinding snow and seventy degrees of frost, or harpooning whales upon tempestuous seas, tossed in their frail canoes. But under this rough exterior there lies hidden much that is noble and good. Mr. Hall, who spent a long time with them, thus writes in his "Arctic Researches." Speaking of the Esquimaux character, he says: "They are hospitable, honest, and good-natured. As for eating a man up, they would sooner let a hungry man eat them out of house and home, without saying a word, except: 'Welcome, stranger; as long as I have, you shall share with me.'"

Mr. Hall travelled through the length and breadth of Greenland, living part of the time the life of an Innuit, *i.e.* Esquimaux, hunting and fishing with them, eating their "raw seal-steaks" and blubber, and finding "hot seal blood soup" "delicious," and, like Oliver Twist, asked for more! Sitting in their Igloos (huts), in which, as a stranger they instinctively gave him the place of honor on a pile of skins, and close to the indispensable lamp, which serves for light and warmth, and which consists of a large stone receptacle filled with oil, over which they boil their coffee and their soup.

The name Esquimaux is derived from *ush-ke*, "raw," and *un-waw*, "he eats," so we get *ush-ke-un-waw*, "raw he eats," and a noun derived from this verb as a national demonstration must be some such form as *ush-ke-un-oog*, "raw flesh eaters," the double o being pronounced like *oa* in boat. All that remains is the consideration that the French traders, of course, used the French orthography.

The modern Danish Settlements owe their existence to Hans Egede, the missionary, who landed in Greenland with his wife and children in 1721. His object was two-fold: to induce the natives to trade with Denmark, and to place the cross of Christ upon those desolate shores! Through ten weary years he persevered, surmounting giking, who touched by the devotion of gantic difficulties. Trading was established, but did not flourish. Converts were made, but the good work from many causes progressed but slowly, till one day Hans Egede received an order from the King, Christian VI., to the effect that the Danish Government was about to withdraw its support from both the establishments for trade as well as that for missions. Turning their backs upon the dreary ice-bound coast, most of the Europeans set sail for home, but Hans Egede had put his hand to the plough and would not look back. Surrounded by a handful of faithful followers, like some lone beacon on that Arctic strand, the indomitable missionary stood, determined that the light of the lamp which he had kindled should not flicker nor go out. He wrote a letter of passionate entreaty to the the old priest, sent answer back that Denmark would still continue to support the mission, and to develop trade in Greenland. And to this day Denmark fulfils the promise.

The benefits to Greenland of the tender rule of Denmark has been great. With fostering care has the Greenlander been looked after. All that would increase his prosperity and diminish his privations and inevitable hardships has been done. A market has been provided for the spoils of these cunning hunters; weapons of scientific make placed in their hands, instead of the rude spears and harpoons that they were forced formerly to be content with; schools built to which their children go, Dr. Rink tells us, as "a diversion" and not as a duty; churches founded which the parents attend with scrupulous regularity.

The sale of intoxicants is restricted by the Danish officials. Spirits being given out in small quantities to labarers, or for special services rendered. The most popular articles purchased by the Danish-Greenlanders are coffee and tobacco. A cup of coffee and a quid of tobacco serve in many cases as the last resource to raise the drooping spirits of the weary, half frozen seo hunter. The pipes are very short, for the cold is so intense that otherwise the stems would be oustructed by frost.

The yearly income of each family averages eight pounds a year, and the worldly possessions of a rich Greenlander are thus summed up by Dr. Rink:

"A house, with sloping roof of boards, in which he lives with his wife, a son of sixteen, and three younger children, a married brother and sister, a widow of a deceased brother with her five children, fifteen persons in all. The interior of the "house" is two hundred square feet, or some ten feet broad by twenty long. He has a boat, a stove, copper kettle, some iron pots, twelve stone vessels, and four skins for sledge covers. He has his kayak (canoe) with clothing and tools pertaining, the bladder and line in duplicate, one rifle, a chest of tools containing axe, saw, files, and plane; of clothes he has a reindeer-skin jacket, another of a bird-skin with two staff coverings and three to four suits of the other articles of dress. The son has his kayak (canoe), so has his brother, and a rifle, but no utensils of his own. The widow and her children are well dressed. The whole party possess in common a temporary refuge at an isolated hunting station—a rare possession for a native. In North Greenland to these possessions must be added the indispensable sledge and dogs."

Hoarding and saving are things unknown among the Greenlanders. There is a community of all goods amongst them: if the lamps in one igloo burn low for want of blubber, so it is within all the neighboring huts. The successful hunter never thinks of hiding the result of his skill and nights of sleepless watching—no, he calls his neighbors, who come down to the shore in crowds, women and all, with their *ulis*, (women's knives), and there and then "dense" *i. e.*, skin and cut up, whatever game the unselfish Innuit has brought home. Although throughout Danish Greenland, the religion of the Lutheran church is firmly established, there still are many curious traces of their old beliefs, which in many instances they have managed to weave into the doctrines inculcated by Hans Egede and his successors.

Mr. Hall found that the Eskimo took little pleasure in occult science; to him speculation of "The Beginning of Things" had but few allurements. His account of the creation of man, has a dry, unconscious humor about it. According to him, the first man made by "The Great Being" was a failure, and was cast aside and called *Kod-lu-na*, which means white man. A second attempt of the Great Being resulted in the formation of a "perfect man," and he is called Inun or Eskimo.

Of heaven and hell he thus sums up the attributes:

Kood-le-par-mi-ung (heaven) is upward. Everybody happy there. All the time light, no snow, no ice, no storms; always pleasant, no trouble, never tired, sing and play all the time—all this will go on without end.

Ad-le-par-ne-un (hell) is downward. Always dark there, no sun, trouble there always, snow flying all the time, terrible storms, cold, oh, very cold; great deal of ice there. All who go there must stop forever.

Only good Innuits (Esquimaux go to *Koodleparmiung*, those who have been kind to poor and hungry. No one killed by accident or who kills himself can get there.

They have a tradition of the Deluge which they attribute to "a very high tide," and will say: "Earth once all covered with water. Why? Look at the tops of the mountains and you will find shells and stones that live only in the sea."

The Esquimaux language contains no "scolding words," nor does a father or mother ever think of beating an undutiful child. A prolonged silence follows upon any act of misconduct; the offended, child or adult, is ostracised for a time, no one speaking to the culprit. But where a neighbor has done another a wrong, the one who thinks he has been wronged or insulted, calls all his friends around him and then a war of words ensues. The friends sit round, while the injured one takes a drum, and there and then commences to sing a satirical song, extempore, relating the other's misdeeds and turning him into ridicule, beating on the drum the while.

When he has finished comes the turn of the other, who sat stolidly by during these cutting attacks. He rises up with a sealskin tamborine and sings his song. He who makes the audience laugh most is judged to be in the right. These "nith songs," as they are termed, are very quaint, containing, as they invariably do, smart hits at blunders made in Kyaking or seal fishing, or vain attempts made by some unfortunate swain to get a wife.

The male and female Greenlander dress nearly alike. The narrow doorway precluding the adoption of any sort of petticoat. The dress consists of a tight-fitting jacket and trousers, made of sealskin, several pairs of warm stockings, and over these top-boots of sealskin. The women bind handkerchiefs around their heads, allowing their top-knots of black hair to stand straight up upon their heads, and to their jackets is attached a hood or "amowt," in which the babies nestle, warm and snug, just peeping over their mother's shoulders.

The house consists of one room, divided by a ledge, which is partitioned off into stalls or sleeping compartments. The walls are hung with skins and the floor paved with flat stones. The entrail of the seal, strained on a frame, serves as a window, while in the middle of the room stands the stone trough, which, filled with oil, is the Greenlander's "all in all;" without this lamp he could not live—he has no water other than the snow melted over the precious lamp; by the lamp they dry their clothing, mittens, boots and stocking, and stockings, and boil the seal's blood and the grateful coffee; round its glowing light they gather and tell tales of "hair-breadth 'scapes by sea and land."

The duty of keeping the lamp well filled devolves upon the ladies of the household, who bite off bits of blubber, chew them, suck out the oil and spirt it into cone-like dishes. So expert are they, that the oil comes out of this dental mill unmixed with any particle of moisture, and so rapidly is it done that a lamp is filled in a few minutes.

Space will not permit of a description in detail of the curious laws and customs of this interesting race, which, alas! in spite of Denmark's maternal watchfulness, is fast dying out. They have a peculiar reluctance to pronounce their own names. On being asked his name, a Greenlander will nudge his neighbor, who then, also reluctantly, whispers something to him, whereupon the first one plainly replies: "Iakugok" i. e, "he says (that my name is) Jacob."

Thus does Dr. Rink describe this amusing trait, and, among the many quaint episodes in the life of the primitive Greenlander so graphically described by him, our lady readers will be interested in the account of: "A Greenlander's Courtship and Marriage."

The suitor comes to the priest and the proceedings are then as follows:

The suitor: "I should like to have a wife."

The priest: "Whom?"

He names her.

"Hast thou spoken with her?"

Sometimes they say, "Yes, she is not unwilling, but thou knowest womankind." More frequently they answer "No."

"Why not?" says the priest.

"It is difficult; girls are prudish, thou must speak to her," answers the wooer, who, though a brave hunter, is a timid lover.

In this case the priest summons the girl. She comes, and after some casual questions, he begins the proposal in the following way:

"I think it is time now to have thee married."

"I won't marry," says the maid.

"What a pity, I had a suitor for thee."

The priest names him.

"He is good for nothing; I won't have him," she replies.

Then the priest enumerates his good qualities.

"He is a young and clever provider; throws the harpoon with dexterity and power, above all, he loves thee."

She listens to his praises with attention, and, as her manner indicates, with pleasure, but still she answers:

"I won't marry; I won't marry."

"Well, I will not force thee. I shall soon find a wife for such a clever fellow."

The priest then keeps silence, as if he considered her "no" as a decisive answer. At last she whispers, with a sigh, and with tears in her eyes—

"Just as thou wilt have it, priest."

"No, as thou wilt; I will not persuade thee," says the priest.

Then follows, with a deep groan, "Yes," and the matter is settled.

Thus, cut off from all possible communication with the outer world for nine months out of every year, nine thousand seven hundred and fifty-two Greenlanders dwell in peaceful intercourse with about two hundred and fifty emigrants from other lands. Two hundred feet above the surface of their frozen seas, rise the fantastic forms of giant icebergs, while below, this mighty wall of ice reaches down, down some sixteen hundred feet. Far, far away stretches a flat tableland of virgin snow. Against the black sky the mountain peaks rise up four thousand feet, their sloping clefts all glacier filled. Then, as if by touch of some magician's wand, the ebon sky is lighted up, the doors of heaven seem to open wide, and waves of golden light and rainbow hue spread all across the sky. Upward and athwart the azure dome fountains of many colored sprays of light shoot forth. There is no moon, no sun, yet all around is bathed in ever varying floods of light. Such is the splendor of the Aurora Borealis, and awe-struck and dazzled as he gazes on the grandeur of the scene, the traveler feels his pity for the Greenlander's lot somewhat diminished since it is vouchsafed to this dweller in cold dark regions to live also within the circle of that wondrous light.

A Half-and-Half.

Little Dick—You said you was goin' to pray for a pleasant day today.

Little Dot—I did.

Little Dick—Well, it's raining.

Little Dot—'Tisn't raining, it's only drizzling. I guess somebody else must'a' prayed for a reg'lar pour.

Had Found Each Other Out.

Wife of Ten Years—I read a lot of your old love letters to-day.

Husband of Ditto—Did you? What was the effect?

Wife of Ten Years—I could not help wondering which was the greater fool—you for writing them or I for reading them.—Exchange.

Pretty Rough.

Father (wishing to impress the lesson)—Now, my son, tell me why I punished you.

Son—That's it—you've pounded the life out of me, and now you don't know what you done it for!—Puck.

Preferred Dogs.

Visitor—Why do the residents of this town keep so many dogs?

Mr. Suburb—For protecion. They are cheaper than police.

Visitor—But dogs are dangerous to inoffensive persons.

Mr. Suburb—So are police.—New York Weekly.

A Mistaken Idea.

"Well, Mr. Bronson," said the domine, "I hope you derived profit from the service this morning."

"Sir," returned Bronson, inclining to be indignant, "I assure you I drop business on Sunday and attend church with no hope of profit."—Exchange.

He Thought They Might Need It.

Man of House—It strikes me that I've seen your face before.

Stranger—Yes, you have. I sold you a cook book a year ago.

"What are you seeing now?"

"A sure cure for dyspepsie. Only 50 cents."—Quips.

A Torture Indeed.

Belle—Isn't it horrible how the Chinese women squeeze their feet?

Blanche—Yes; and that isn't their worst suffering. In China one's age is counted two years back from the first birthday.—Kate Field's Washington.

Illustrated Advertisement.

Great rush in clothing—gents' underwear one-half off.—Life.

Small Wonder.

Spatts—How on earth did Hillow get to be such a favorite with Mrs. Small? He doesn't pay his board in advance, does he?

Skidds—No. He's always two weeks behind, but he frequently asks for a second helping of prunes.—Truth.

Purely Technical.

Judge Duffy—What is the charge against the boy, officer?

Officer—He stole 5 cents, your honor.

Judge Duffy—Well, let him go. That is merely take-a-nickel offense.

Every Man His Own Humorist.

She—Why do you suppose Mr. Tompkins always wears such an amused smile?

He—Well, he ought to. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous and is very self-conscious—Life.

A Dangerous Proposal.

Clara—How did you come to accept Mr. Saphead?

Dora—I had to. He proposed to me in a boat when out rowing and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset.—Rare Bits.

The Hard Part.

Proprietor—Did you let the lady know it was no trouble to show your wares?

New Clerk—Yes, sir. I told her that selling them was where the rub came in.

Woman's Density.

Wife (to her husband)—I say, my dear, how badly the tailor has put this button on your waistcoat! This is the fifth time I have had to sew it on again.—Bauern Kalender.

THE COMRADE YEAR.

Four hand, New Year, since we must comrade be
Through the strange circles of the seasons four!
Plodding in lonely paths 'mid drifting snow
When days are dark and whirling tempests roar
Will your strong guiding arm be round me pressed?
Will you, then, share my happy springtime dreams—
The waking song that birds and poets know?
And when red roses born on beaded sprays,
And lovers roam through shadowy, woodland ways
Will you keep kindly pace? and last, when brown
Lie the sweet fields and faded leaves come down
And we are tired both and fain to rest—
Will you be friends with me, still true and near?
Then take my hand and heart, dear comrade year.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

These are the dark days, "when dark tempests roar," the bare trees bend their branches to the blast, the evergreens hum their low, murmurous songs, white snow covers the meadows and the brooks, fast locked in ice, have ceased their babbling, but the tide of human life flows on as ever, joy and sorrow, birth and death, meet us every day and we must be ready to meet with brave hearts whatever the year brings us. Our joys may be fleeting, but we may be comforted and stayed by them while they last so that in dark days, the radiance of a sunny yesterday may still be around us, and hope, like a budding flower may cheer our hearts with promises of future brightness; and, as in a sunny window, green plants and colored blossoms will grow and thrive, so a contented spirit may cheer troubled lives and comfort lonely hearts, let the storms of adversity blow as they may. Then, while we tend our flowers, let us also cultivate in our hearts the sweet violet of humility, the red rose of love, and the pure "lilies of eternal peace," and thus the attending year may be to us the best of comrades, whose memory in after times will be sweet as the scent of gathered rose leaves.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Society establishes an uneven moral standard, demands an equal observance and casts out the woman who descends to man's level.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of $100 for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
{SEAL} Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The mother of a murdered man sleeps, but the mother of a murderer remains awake.

What Stronger Proof

Is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of marvellous cures it has effected after all other remedies had failed?

Hood's Pills cure Constipation.

When a man's hoping powers are gone he should seek the cemetery—and find it.

"That unrivalled complexion," said a prominent New Yorker, alluding to a lady acquaintance, "was the result of using Garfield Tea." Send for free sample to 319 West 45th Street New York City.

It has been discovered that drafts, bills of exchange and promissory notes were in use among the ancient Babylonians.

An Extended Popularity. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat Troubles.

A resident of Albany, Ga., claims to have seen recently a flock of sixteen wild turkeys in an intoxicated condition.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

The largest orchard in the State of Kansas is that belonging to Judge Wellhouse. It is located near Tremont and comprises 1078 acres.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

FLORAL GIFTS FOR CHILDREN.

As gifts for children for birthday or holiday festival, in fact, for any occasion, says a writer in Park's *Floral Monthly*, I know of nothing sweeter or more appropriate than flowers. A Tom Thumb Fuchsia was once received as an "extra" among a lot of plants from a florist. I gave it my best care, and when it had grown to be a fine, large plant and hung thick with its crimson balls just ready to burst into bloom, as sweet and graceful as a bright little girl I knew, I gave it to her for her collection. A Cyclamen found its way to another little flower lover. No gifts of mine are ever received with more evident delight than the flowers I give the children. I always seek to have it something that blooms freely and is of easy culture, so that the small recipients can care for it all by themselves.

The toys for which we pay our dollars are old in a week and seldom renew their youth; perhaps they are lost or broken. But flowers, living, growing flowers are indeed a "joy forever" to little people, as well as to us of larger growth. I do not mean to object to toys; they are a matter of course where children are concerned, but let us think twice whether it would not be better for the children as well as for ourselves, if a part of the money we pay over the toy and candy counters found the way to the florist.

The hop yield of New York last season is given at about 115,000 bales, that of Washington at 20,000 bales, Oregon 17,000 bales and California probably about 40,000 bales.

Place 500 earths like ours side by side, yet Saturn's outermost ring could easily inclose them.

CALICO printing was first executed by the Dutch in 1670; first made in England in 1771.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

SENTIMENT is glorified prejudice.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

The Ages at Which Some Noted Men Have Made the Race.

In speaking of the peculiarities of the men who have secured or sought the presidential nomination, a writer in the Chicago News says:

Many of those who were candidates or were prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency and two or three who served as president died in poverty. Stephen A. Douglas, after his brilliant career, was practically penniless when he died, although had he lived a few years some land which he owned in the then suburbs of Chicago would have brought him a fair sum. James Monroe died in almost absolute poverty in New York City. John Tyler was a poor man after he left the presidency. Daniel Webster did not have much property, except the estate at Marshfield, and Henry Clay's place, called Ashland, was about all he left to his heirs. Jefferson's struggles with poverty furnish the saddest episode of his career and John C. Breckinridge struggled hard in his practice at the bar to support his family.

A change in the disposition of conventions respecting the age of candidates has been noticed. Formerly the tendency was to select men who were well on in years. Jackson and Buchanan and William Henry Harrison were old men when they were elected to the presidency. The average age up to 1850 of candidates and presidents when elected was about 62 years. With the war era, however, the tendency to choose younger men began to be very marked.

Stephen A. Douglas was only 47 when he was nominated. Fremont was nominated when only 43, but was the first candidate of a new party. John C. Breckinridge was barely 40 years of age when he was nominated in 1860 and he had scarcely passed the constitutional limit when he was nominated and elected vice president in 1856. Gray hairs have not been the rule with candidates, whether defeated or elected, since 1860. McClellan, who was the youngest candidate ever nominated for the presidency and who was of most youthful appearance, was associated with another young man, George H. Pendleton, who was only 42 years of age, while McClellan was 39. Grant was only 46 when he was first elected, Garfield was 48, and Cleveland 47.

In the earlier days it would have been esteemed a rash thing to think of choosing a president who had not passed 50 years, although Henry Clay was only 46 when he was first a candidate, and Alexander Hamilton might have been a candidate had he permitted it soon after he passed his 35th year; for, although Hamilton was of foreign birth, yet the Constitution provided that persons who were of foreign birth at the time of the adoption of the Constitution might be eligible for the presidency, and it has always been thought that this clause was put in for the possible benefit of Hamilton. Blaine was only 44 when he made his exciting race for the presidential nomination the first time and but 48 when he and Grant tested strength for many days before the Chicago convention of 1880.

It will be seen, then, from these few illustrations that the tendency of conventions is to make an unexpected nomination, and also that men of great wealth, or even fair fortunes, are not likely to be put in nomination, and, moreover, that in this day of activity conventions are likely to look for men who have scarcely entered their prime.

"He's a Little Feller."

Walking down the street the other day I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside he cautioned,—

"Look out, now; don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow, just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was tuckered."

"What will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little feller, and so he orter have a fair show."

"And he shall!" said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin git along most any how," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast sweeping up from the river, but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' hist and tote 'em round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-by to you."

"Good-by, Jackie," I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chappie flew round the corner.

Lost Her Teeth.

A contributor to a New York paper says: "I met a hotel chambermaid the other day whose lower teeth were nearly all missing, and from a singular cause. She had been for many years in the habit of holding the pillows in her teeth while she drew on the slips with both hands and it resulted in the loosening and gradual loss of those teeth upon which the strain was the greatest."

The Dear Girls.

Maid Marian—What a ridiculous figure you cut in the park yesterday!

Maud Muller—Oh, did I? I'm truly sorry; I'm sure I'd have spoken if I'd seen you.—Truth.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

A TELEPHONE TALK.

There is something to my mind intensely amusing in listening to an operator on the telephone. It is so fascinating to speculate what (in the buzz bzzz which is all I can ever hear standing by) was the reply which caused the composed first question to be followed by an irascible "No! *No*! I tell you! Tuesday," or tames down perhaps an indignant beginning, and calls forth a meek "O, very well! I suppose I must."

As a listener to the telephone when addressed to myself, I confess to being a dead failure! Happening to be present in the board-room of a Telephone company, when a new instrument was tried, I was courteously invited to listen thereto, and spoke but the truth in saying I "only hear Punch and Judy," which guileless remark, being immediately followed by weird "Punch" laughter, overcame, I suppose, the gravity of "the other end," dutifully waiting for a remark from the chairman, and covered me with speechless confusion. But I have always felt great interest in these wonderful machines, and therefore hailed with joy an offer to go over the works of the Consolidated Telephone Company, and found myself, early one May morning, in company with the energetic chairman, at their spacious establishment. Here I saw the curious "Diver's" telephone, for speaking under water, with its helmet transmitter, and queer looking ear pieces. Small wonder the Admiralty have found it worthy of their notice, while a neat looking little polished case, which looks first cousin to one of the many surprise cameras of the day, so portable is it, is a "Field Telephone," which must surely prove of equal value to the sister service. Again, in a large establishment, how invaluable would be the "Domestic desk telephone," by which, without leaving her writing table, the mistress can speak to ten different departments; can order the carriage, tell the gardener to hurry in with the flowers for the dinner table, or to the upper housemaid to prepare rooms wanted unexpectedly, etc., etc.

Those who know the etiquette, circumlocution, and consequent waste of time the transmission of the simplest order means in a "big house" will indeed understand how much compressed utility this dainty little affair contains.

But let us go down into the whirr and clash of the machine-room where every single part of the telephones sold by the company is made. The first thing to arrest my attention is a wondrous machine for cutting wheels, notching the hard metal with faultless precision; another is making hinges as fast as a boy can feed it. We pass on and see a flat piece of metal placed on a large machine, when lo! a huge drop press relentlessly descends, and it is converted into a neatly-fashioned "cap." I see a thick square bar of steel cut off as easily as if made of cheese; it is then passed on to an uncanny-looking machine, which by a slow persuasive push of a vicious-looking flat bar, converts it into a "magnet" form, and—with an effect of being "glad to be rid of you"—shoots it impatiently into a receptacle placed a convenient distance for the purpose.

I cannot resist an amused glanced at a notice—the necessity for which, however, we shall none of us regret—"Employes are strictly forbidden to wash themselves before stopping time"—as we turn into the burnishing department, with its bright brass pins and pretty ornamental finishings, and peep into the large dusky-looking tank for nickel plating, where my worn aluminium pocket knife is to receive more than its pristine beauty.

Out again into the noisier part of the room, and we watch a machine making screws; there is a strange fascination in seeing it cut off just the right length and as it drops its finished work it begins at the same time the end of the next screw. Here is an employe making lock-centres, another "nuts," and all almost as fast as the eye can follow.

But the most extraordinary machine of all is one with a small round revolving part with six or seven different tools (set in like the spokes of a wheel) each of which *it uses in turn*, with the utmost precision, in making an elaborate brass "terminal top."

We time this process, and, from the start to the moment the "finished article"—with milled edge, thread for screw, and all complete—drops into the box below, but forty-three seconds have sped away! What hours would such a thing take without machinery. It is always so difficult nowadays to imagine how this poor old world ever got on at all without the latter. After all the marvels I have seen, I am not surprised to learn that all the tools used are made on the premises, where also many of the machines have been invented.

With an eye to business while pursuing pleasure, I note, amongst the "waste," some long strips of brass, from which the pinching out of the crescent-shaped metals have left a capital suggestion for a letter rack, and, in view of a common bazaar, I beg some of them "in the cause of charity." Alas! that time fails us to go over the wood-work shop and polishing department. We can but glance therein, for we are both busy folk, and breakfast waits, and the horses have been champing their bits for an hour in the street, so we pass out to enjoy the drive back through the incomparable early freshness of morning, which even the great city cannot entirely destroy.

An English Court Scandal.

There has been considerable scandal recently at the English court in connection with the apartments which the Queen places at the disposal of impoverished members of the aristocracy at several of the palaces which are not inhabited by herself, such as, for instance, Kensington palace, St. James' palace, and Hampton Court palace. The Queen has discovered to her horror that those recipients of her bounty have for some time past been coolly letting out their rooms and apartments to whoever was willing to pay for them, in some cases even to people of the most objectionable character. In fact, they would let them to anybody who was able to pay the price which furnished them with the means to make a trip to the continent or to the seaside. The scandal became all the greater owing to the fact that there are sentinels on duty at all these palaces, and that guardsmen were thus forced to patrol residences inhabited by quite the reverse of royal—people, indeed, whom the Queen would never even have permitted to presentation at her drawing rooms, functions to which nearly everybody of respectable character is admitted. Her majesty has now issued a strict order that henceforth no apartments in any of her palaces are either to be let or even lent by the occupants to third parties under the pain of forfeiture of the favor and privileges which they enjoy.—New York Recorder.

Royal Baking Powder.

THE GOVERNMENT TESTS
ESTABLISH ITS ABSOLUTE SUPERIORITY.

(*Data from the latest Official U. S. Government Report on Baking Powders, Department of Agriculture, Bulletin 13, page 599.*)

Royal is placed first of the cream of tartar powders, actual strength, 160.6 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder.

Every other powder tested exhibited a much lower strength than the Royal, the average being 33 per cent. less.

Every other powder likewise showed the presence of alum or sulphuric acid.

The claim that this report shows any other powder of superior strength or purity has been denounced as a falsehood by the Government officers who made the tests.

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

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$3.00 Hand-Sewed. } FOR LADIES
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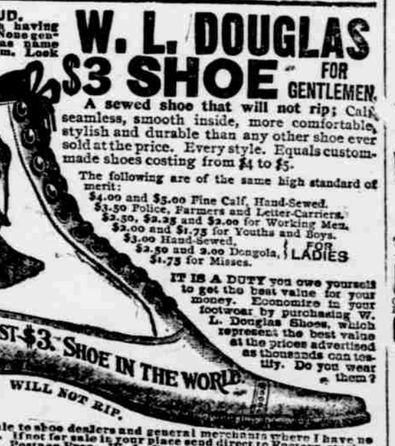

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THE GRIP

Geo. W. Cook.

Left me in a terribly weak condition; my health nearly wrecked. My appetite was all gone. I had no strength, felt tired all the time, had disagreeable roaring noises in my head, like a waterfall. I also had severe headaches and severe sinking pains in my stomach. Having heard so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I concluded to try it. All the disagreeable effects of the Grip are gone. I am free from pains and aches, and believe Hood's Sarsaparilla is surely curing my catarrh. I recommend it to all." GEO. W. COOK, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

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