

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JAN. 13, 1893.

The population of Berlin is growing rapidly. It was in September that it passed the million and a half limit, and on October 26 the actual record stood at 1,517,673 souls—5217 having been added in a single week from October 19 to 26.

One of the most remarkable manifestations of modern times is the alarm as to the possible spread of leprosy in civilized countries. This alarm has begun to show itself in England more especially, and to some extent has been expressed by physicians of our own country.

In the fifteen years from 1874 to 1889, the number of postoffices increased from 31,369 to 59,099; the gross revenue doubled; the total pay increased from \$5,800,000 to \$13,195,000; stamps issued from 632,000,000 to 1,381,240,810; the number of postal cards from 31,000,000 to 388,808,500; money orders from \$74,400,000 to \$115,081,845. The employees in the entire postal service number 130,965.

The United States set the great example in the eighteenth century of republican government by organized action of the people. France, following the genius of Latin civilization and the circumstances of her peculiar environment, showed the world how to make republics by coup d'etat. If the French and Brazilian way is found on trial to be as effective for those nations as ours has been for us, says the Washington Star, the world can afford to be satisfied with out instituting odious comparisons.

The latest and most unique inventor is a machine for buttering bread. It is used in connection with a patent bread cutter, and is intended for use in prisons, workhouses and other reformatory institutions. There is a cylindrical-shaped brush, which is fed with butter and lays a thin layer on the bread as it comes from the cutter. The machine can be worked by hand, steam or electricity, and has a capacity of cutting and buttering 750 loaves of bread an hour. The saving of butter and of bread and the decrease in the quantity of crumbs is said to be very large.

There is widespread dissatisfaction among the working people of Germany, according to the American Critic, over the laws excluding importation of foreign meats. These laws are ostensibly for the preservation of the public health by excluding meat from diseased animals, but this thin disguise does not deceive the people as to the real purpose of the exclusion. In many places under these laws meat has been made so dear that it is inaccessible to workmen. The large landed proprietors profit by these laws, but they result in so much popular dissatisfaction, which finds expression by emigration to this country, that the Government cannot much longer resist the inevitable necessity of changing them.

Chauncey M. Depew, the distinguished railroad president and after-dinner orator, before the Philanthropic Society of Vassar College, said: "In Europe there is manifest to every intelligent visitor the dominant power of some commanding intellect. Bismarck rules the fortunes of Germany, and all Europe, in truth, but not more truly than the great minds of other lands control the feelings and the thoughts of their people, and of the stranger that visits them. It is when one goes to Scotland especially that he realizes most this power of thought over men and things, for the whole land seems to be ruled with the presence of three men—Scott, Knox and Burns. Everywhere one meets with something that reminds him of them, the scenes they described, the places where they lived and wrote."

The great town of Shoshong, north of Cape Colony, South Africa, has been abandoned by the entire population. All that are left of the people, about 20,000 in number, who lived in Shoshong, are a few white traders, who stay there to traffic with the natives of the surrounding country. A while ago Rabamba, the famous King of Bechuanaland, and his counselors, decided that Shoshong had suffered so severely from scarcity of water for several years past that they would seek a new site for the town. A desirable situation was found about 100 miles north-west of Shoshong, and not a great way from the Limpopo River. It was a large undertaking, as the people are quite well to do and have a good deal of personal property and about 50,000 cattle. The fields of corn and millet which they abandoned extended for many miles around Shoshong. The transfer occupied about a month, and the people in their new huts have at least the certainty of an ample water supply. Shoshong was the largest native town in South Africa.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

There never was a day so long

It did not have an end; There never was a man so poor He did not have a friend; And when the long day finds an end It brings the time of rest, And he who has one steadfast friend Should count himself as blest.

There never was a cloud that hid The sunlight all from sight; There never was a life so sad It had not some delight.

Perchance for us the sun at last May break the dark cloud through, And life may hold a happiness That never yet it knew.

So let's not be discouraged, friend, When the shadows cross our way, Of trust and hope I've some to lend; So borrow from me, pray.

Good friends are we, therefore not poor, Though worldly wealth we lack; Behold, the sun shines forth at last, And drives the dark clouds back!

—Eben E. Redford, in the Ledger.

MARK, THE CHORE BOY.

"Please, ma'am, will you give me something to eat? I hain't eat nothing but green apples and wild onions, since day before yesterday, and oh, ma'am, I'm so hungry."

The speaker was a ragged, dirty, unkempt lad, of perhaps twelve years of age, who stood at the kitchen door of Josiah Green's farmhouse, one sultry afternoon in July, and looked up into Mrs. Green's face with eager, famished eyes.

"Where did you come from, and what's your name?" asked the housewife, viewing him with suspicious, though not unkindly eyes, and speaking in a motherly voice.

"I'm from the city," said the boy, "and I've been a bootblack there, and a news-boy, and an errand-boy, and do my very best, could hardly keep from starving. There's a dozen boys for every job, and some of 'em are worse off than I am, for I am all alone in the world. One day a fine gentleman, who was having a shine, told me that he used to live on a farm when a boy, and that if I would go into the country, I could get a job at doing chores for my board, and have all the milk I could drink, and go to school in the winter, and perhaps grow up and be a President."

The kind-hearted Mrs. Green laughed as she invited the lad into the house, and said that for once, at least, he should have all the milk he could drink. She was better than her word, for she not only brought him milk, but sweet home-made bread, the like of which he had never tasted before, and doughnuts, and to crown all, a mammoth piece of dried-apple pie, and a goodly slice of cheese.

Placing a chair at the table, she said: "Now, my little man, eat your fill. Mr. Green and my son, who is about your age, will soon be home from the village, where they have gone for the mail, and then we will see what more can be done for you."

The motherly heart of Mrs. Green was evidently stirred with sympathy for the poor little orphan, for she softly murmured to herself: "My boy Arthur's age, and alone in the world. Poor little lad."

"You asked me my name, ma'am, and I forgot to tell you," said the lad, his mouth full of pie. "It's Mark Bloomer. The boys called me 'Bloom' for short."

"But before Mark could complete another sentence, Mr. Green drove up to the door, the horse was halted, with a loud 'whew,' and Mrs. Green was soon busily engaged in unloading sundry packages of groceries, for which her husband had bartered butter and eggs at the combine village store and postoffice. She was assisted by her son Arthur, who was so greatly astonished at the unexpected sight of Mark Bloomer, that he dropped a paper bag he was carrying, which, bursting open, permitted the milk crackers it contained to roll like so many small wheels in every direction. Mark and Arthur both sprang to pick them up, and in doing so bumped their heads together. Neither was hurt, and it proved to be the best introduction they could have had, for they both laughed very heartily, and when two boys laugh over the same thing it usually ends in their becoming friends. The two boys had just finished picking up the crackers, when Farmer Green entered the kitchen.

"Hello, mother!" he shouted, in his rough but kindly voice. "Where did you find this 'ere youngster?"

"O he happened along," laughed Mrs. Green. "He is from the city, and he is looking for a place to do chores for his board, and in the winter, go to school."

"O father, let him live with us. O do keep him, father; I do so want some one to play with."

"I don't believe 't would be a very profitable speculation to hire a boy just to play. Doing chore ain't play."

"But we would make believe it was," urged Arthur. "Please, father, let him stay."

"Well, see about that. Come here, youngster," said the farmer to Mark, who during the foregoing short dialogue had remained perfectly silent, hoping against hope that Arthur would prevail upon his father to permit him to stay. Mark at once stepped up to Mr. Green.

"You're an honest looking lad enough, though you are ragged and dirty. And so you want to do chores for your board, eh? What do you know about farm work?"

"Not anything," said Mark, "I've always lived in the city. But I know I could learn. I will do my very best, sir, if you will take me."

"Well, well, we'll see about it in the morning. In the mean time you had better go down to the creek, and take a bath. I s'pose we'll have to keep you over night anyway, and them feet and hands of yours ain't just the things to put between clean white sheets. Arthur may go with you and show you the 'swimming-hole,' but don't stay in the water long, and be sure and put up the bars, so that the cows won't get into the meadow," shouted the farmer after them as they started for Oaks Creek, a

stream flowing through Mr. Green's farm.

As soon as the boys had disappeared, the farmer turned to his wife, and said: "Well, Polly, what do you think? Had we better keep this young tramp, or not? I really need a boy to help do the chores; Arthur ain't at all strong, as you remind me twenty times a day. If I thought the lad would be of any earthly use to me, I'd try him for a month."

"He seems an honest, bright lad," said Mrs. Green, "and, besides, he's just Arthur's age. Let's give him a trial."

The fact of his being "just Arthur's age" seemed to be his strongest recommendation in the eyes of the loving mother. Arthur was a sickly though merry lad, and the "chores" that naturally fall to the lot of boys of his age on all farms had, in great part, been done by his father; the doing which kept the latter from his other duties to such an extent that he was continually behind with his work.

In the course of half an hour, Arthur and Mark returned from the creek, the latter looking very clean and rosy, and the former very blue.

"We have concluded, Mark," said the farmer, slowly, "to give you a month's trial."

"Hurrah, hurrah," shouted Arthur, throwing his cap in the air. "Ain't that jolly. Now I shall have some one to play with."

"I shall expect you," continued the farmer when Arthur's enthusiasm had somewhat abated, "to help milk, feed the pigs and hens, water the horses, bring in the wood and water, and do such other light work as I may call upon you to do. If at the end of the month we are mutually satisfied with each other, we will make a bargain for a longer period."

That night, for the first time in his life, Mark Bloomer slept on a feather bed, between snow-white sheets. The next morning he was up at daybreak, and had the fire made, and the teakettle singing right merrily, before Mrs. Green made her appearance. In a short time the farmer came into the kitchen with two large tin milk-pails, one of which he handed Mark with the remark: "Now, my lad, come out to the barn with me, and I will give you your first lesson in milking."

Mark was rather awkward at first, but soon learned to milk as well as the farmer himself. In fact, he did so well, and so endeared himself to the whole Green household, especially Arthur, that, at the end of the trial month, they were not only willing, but anxious to have him stay through the fall and winter, and do chores for his board and schooling.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," Farmer Green, being a sensible man, recognized the truth of this old saying, and gave Mark one day each week, "all to himself." Instead, however, of its being all to himself, it was all for Arthur; for he gave up the entire day to the amusement of the latter, making for him kites, balls, bows and arrows, traps, etc.

In fact he worked harder on his play days than at any other time. Arthur was constantly singing his praises; he could out-run, out-swim, out-skate any boy round. At school he fairly astonished the teacher by the rapid progress he made. At Farmer Green's everything about the barn and sheds was in order; every tool had a place of its own, and was kept in its place; the cows were sleek; the horses shone like glass bottles; the washbasin and water pails were never empty.

"I don't know what I should do without him," said the well-satisfied farmer. "He's worth his weight in gold."

Things went along thus pleasantly until the holiday vacation. The day but one before Christmas, Mr. Green handed a sealed envelope to Mark, saying: "I want you to take this to Mr. Perry. He lives over on the Cherry Valley road, you know. I'd let you have one of the horses, but I've got to go to the village for that load of feed. You'd better put the letter in your inside coat pocket, for there's money in it. It's the pay for that yearling I bought. I didn't agree to pay for it till the first of March, but Perry's just heard that his daughter in Ohio is very sick, and is going to see her; consequently, he wants the money for car fare."

Mark placed the letter in his inside pocket, as directed, and started on his errand, whistling a merry tune. The farmer went to the village, got his load of feed, and returned home and unloaded it.

"Seems to me it's about time Mark got back. It's almost chore time," said Mr. Green to his wife.

"O, maybe he has met some of his schoolmates on the road, and is having a play-spell. Boys will be boys, you know," said the kindhearted Mrs. Green.

At five o'clock Mark had not made his appearance, and the farmer went out to milk alone. "Tain't like him to dilly-dally when on an errand," he muttered to himself, as he took down his milking-stool. "I hope he hasn't run away with that money. He's been a good boy since being here, but what do I know about his past record? I do hope he hasn't run away. Not that I care so much for the money, but I had learned to like the boy."

The chores done, the Green family sat down to supper. All were silent until the farmer said:

"That boy had twenty dollars in an envelope in his inside pocket, and there can't be any doubt but that he's run away with it. I'd give another twenty dollars, cheerfully, if I could think otherwise."

"Mark is honest, father," said Arthur. "He'll come back all right, see if he don't. I don't know what, but something has happened to him. I know it. He'll return some day if not to-night, and clear up the mystery."

"I think so too," said Mrs. Green. "Perhaps he has met with an accident. Hadn't you better drive to Mr. Perry's in the morning and see?"

"Yes, I'd go to-night if it wasn't so stormy," replied the farmer.

But when, in the morning, he drove up to Mr. Perry's door, he found the house locked up. The whole family had

gone to Ohio. He inquired at the few houses on the road between Mr. Perry's and his own home, but could hear nothing of the missing boy. Sadly, he unhitched his horse, firmly convinced he had seen the last of Mark and his twenty dollars.

One day about the middle of January, just as the Greens had set down to dinner, the kitchen door slowly opened, and Mark Bloomer stepped in. He was "as poor as a crow," as Arthur expressed it; his eyes and cheeks were hollow, and he was so weak he could hardly walk. At this unexpected apparition, Mrs. Green arose from her chair so suddenly as to nearly overturn the table. Arthur uttered a loud: "Hurrah! I told you so!" while Mr. Green could only sit and stare in open-eyed wonder.

"Why, where have you been? and what makes you so thin and pale?" asked the good housewife as she placed a plate and cup and saucer for Mark.

"I've been in the pest-house, and I've had the small-pox," said the boy. "When I've had something to eat, I'll tell you all about it. I'm awful hungry."

After dinner, Mark told his story, as follows: "Although I didn't say anything about it, I hadn't been feeling well for some time before I went away. I thought it wasn't nothing more than a cold until that day I went to Mr. Perry's. I felt sick enough to die before I got half way there. My head and back burned and ached, and the trees and houses and things looked as though they were just spinning round. I couldn't think what was the matter of me at first, but soon made up my mind I was coming down with the small-pox. The day before I went to Mr. Perry's, Ike Pier told me that Sam Smith was 'down with the small-pox' and in the pest-house. About a fortnight before, you remember, Sam and I worked together in the woods. When that came into my mind I knew what was the matter of me, and I says to myself: "It won't never do for me to go back home and give Arthur the small-pox. Weak and sickly as he is, he would die sure. I'll just go to the pest-house and bear Sam Smith's company." I managed, somehow, to get to Mr. Perry's and give him the envelope. I told him all about it, and where I was going, and made him promise to tell you; but he was so frightened, and in such a big hurry to get rid of me, that I don't believe he realized what he said."

"He went West that very day," broke in the farmer, and I got a letter from him yesterday, in which he says he got the money all right, and told me all about your—your—"

"Heroic behavior," said Mrs. Green, who used to be a "school-marm," and prided herself on having a better education than her husband.

"Well," continued Mark, "I got to the pest-house somehow—I can't remember how myself—and the doctors said it was a 'fine case'; though what there was 'fine' about it is more than I, for one, can tell, for I was sick as a horse. They pulled me through all right, however, and here I am, and that's all there is about it."

"Well, Mark," said Mr. Green, "I will say this much, your home is here just as long as you care to stay. When you get strong enough you can go to work, and I'll pay you ten dollars a month the first year, and more the next, and you can go to school winters. I feel that your presence of mind saved my son's life, for he never could have lived through what you've endured. God bless you!" and to hide his emotion, the farmer abruptly left the room.

Good Mrs. Green, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, clasped the two boys in her arms, and said: "Henceforth, instead of one son, I have two. Arthur, you must love Mark as a brother, for he just the same as saved your life."

"I knew he wasn't a thief," said Arthur, squirming from his mother's arms. "Hurrah, for brother Mark! Hurrah, for everybody!"—Yankee Blade

Where Toys Come From.

Wooden carved toys are chiefly made in Germany and Switzerland, the cheaper kinds in the neighborhood of Nuremberg, and the better qualities at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, from which latter place about twenty-four million articles, valued at \$800,000, are annually exported. Large quantities of wooden toys are also made in Saxony, where an ingenious process is in use for diminishing the labor involved in the production of animals. A circular block of soft wood is turned into a ring of such a pattern that by slicing it vertically a representation of an animal (say an elephant) is secured. Each rudimentary figure is then trimmed by hand, the ears, trunk, tusks and tail, all of which are separately turned and sliced by the same method, are inserted, and when the animal has been painted and varnished it is ready for use.

Clay marbles also come exclusively from Saxony, being made from a clay not found elsewhere. The better qualities come from Holland, where they are made from fragments of alabaster and other stones. Taw and alley, the common names for the two qualities principally used in this country, are abbreviations of tawny and alabaster.

A great ten days' toy fair is annually held at Leipzig, where more than six thousand merchants exhibit their goods in every available inch of space, even in the garrets of the six-storyed houses. Marburg, in Hessen, is chiefly occupied with the manufacture of musical toys, while Biberach, in Wurtemberg, is noted for substantial metal articles, such as carriages, locomotives, furniture, etc. The specialty of Switzerland is wooden cottages, models, etc. Some of the large dealers do very well out of the industry, but the actual toymakers in both countries are miserably paid, and find it very hard, even by the most unremitting toil, to gain a subsistence from their employment, many of them being obliged to supplement their earnings by engaging in outdoor labor during the summer. The productions of Holland are very similar to those of Germany.—Chambers's Journal.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Sharon stove works has resumed.

At Johnstown Peter Rader blew out his brains. He was a millman and seemed to be enjoying life.

Tramps arrested at Connelleville, Pa., are made to serve a term in the lockup and given 15 minutes to leave town.

Benjamin Barnett, of Scranton, got out of a sick bed to see his brother's funeral pass. The effort caused his death a few moments later.

La grippe is so prevalent among Pennsylvania Railroad employes at Altoona that there is a freight blockade in the yards there.

The strong wind blew down a large number of oil derricks near Butler. The wires of the United Pipe Lines are down, and communication is shut off with some of the districts.

Hon. R. Milton Spear is lying seriously ill at his residence in Huntingdon. His recovery is doubtful.

John Heinlein, a Johnstown butcher, fell into a vat of hot water Wednesday night and may not survive the scalds.

William H. Knecht, who blew out the gas in the Pacific house at South Bethlehem, died.

Fulton Cline, of Washington, baggage master on the Chartiers railroad, died suddenly of heart disease.

The Economic Society has taken hold of the Whittia Glass Company at Beaver Falls, increased its capital stock and will at once resume operations.

John McKinnon and F. M. Bagley, while coon hunting in the vicinity of Williamsport, caught a coon weighing 40 pounds with a steel trap attached to its leg.

Murphy Bros., oil well contractors of Washington, have caused the arrest of John C. McCoy, whom they claim has cut their cables in a spirit of revenge for having been discharged.

A movement has been started by A. J. Koracy, an educated Hungarian interpreter of Connelleville, and Rev. L. Noremesky, of Freedom, to include all the Hungarian and Slavish residents of the coke regions. This will be the first institution of the kind in this district.

A syndicate of capitalists, of which H. W. Hartman is a member, has purchased 900 acres of ground at the intersection of the Pittsburgh & Western Railroad and Connoquenessing creek, and will locate thereon a number of manufacturing plants. Several dams will be thrown across the stream and the natural resources developed. A six-foot vein of coal and a twenty-foot vein of limestone underlie the tract. It is also stated that oil and gas are found 3,000 feet below the surface.

Stewart Chambers, one of the oldest men in Erie county, dropped dead on Wednesday night at his home in Harbor creek.

Postmaster George Perrette of Canonsburg, who has been suffering from a carbuncle on the neck, died yesterday morning.

The Spink brothers of Tiona, Pa., convicted of conspiring to send the wife of one of them to an insane asylum, were sentenced to 30 days in jail and fined \$200 each.

The Mutual Coal and Coke company will begin the erection of 300 coke ovens in two months on the coal land purchased from Joseph W. Steel, in Mt. Pleasant township, Westmoreland county. The price paid was \$50,000.

The Tyler Tube Works Company, of Washington, has decided to move its plant to Washington, and invest \$50,000. Local capitalists will put another \$50,000 into a rolling mill to supply the tube works with material.

The new steel works of the Cambria Iron Company at Johnstown are approaching their full estimated capacity of 1,000 tons per day. The new Siemens furnaces at No. 1 mill, with the new mechanical charging rig, will be in operation next Monday.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FANNY DAVENPORT has decided to add "Thouora" to her repertory next season.

WILSON BARRITT is to deliver a lecture in Richmond, Va., on "Society and Drama."

MILK J. ANOTIA, the pianist, recently played 5555 notes in four minutes and three seconds.

The Russian pianist and composer, Rubinstein, has a pension of 3000 roubles from the Czar.

It is estimated that the Kordels will make between \$75,000 and \$100,000 by their tour in this country.

MARY ANDERSON will open a dramatic season at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on October 25.

BENJAMIN LEVINSKY, the author of "My Jack," the English melodrama, is only twenty-one years of age.

PATTI has been on the stage since 1850, when as a child of seven years of age she appeared in New York city.

GEORGE, the composer, is a man of frugal habits. He smokes little, drinks less, and does not eat a great deal.

MILK LITKA had a severe attack of the grip while playing at Rochester, N. Y., but she pluckily played all the time.

Lecocq has brought out a new opera in Paris. The music is said to be inferior to that of "Mme. Angot," but much of it is very good.

WILHELM SEIBELMAYER, a tenor of the German Opera Company now singing in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, has died of the grip.

SIGNOR SALVINI, the great Italian actor, at home in Florence, is said to be one of the most hospitable of men, and his house is continually thronged with guests.

The new opera of Gilbert and Sullivan, the "Gondolier," has been produced in New York. The general verdict is that it is not up to the standard of their former works.

MR. ELWELL, of Brooklyn, has made a contract with Strauss to take his whole orchestra from Vienna to America for a three months' engagement. They will sail May 7.

STRELE MACKAYE's play, "Colonel Tom," which will afford the first appearance by proxy on the dramatic stage of the noted Colonel Thomas Ochiltree, will be produced in Boston for a run of one week shortly.

A New York manager has offered Henry M. Stanley \$1000 a lecture for fifty lectures to be delivered in America during next winter, and the great explorer has not yet signified whether he will accept the offer or not. This is probably the biggest offer ever made for a series of lectures in this country.

Last year Germany granted only 221 pensions against England's 9779 and the United States 29,480. The number granted in Germany has fallen off 927 in five years.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

INVENTOR EDISON expects to go ashore again in March.

EX-EMPEROR DON PEDRO has received 800 telegrams of sympathy.

SECRETARY BLAINE spends an hour or every day in literary work.

PRINCE BISMARCK is, it is asserted, doing expect to live through the year.

REV. DR. JOHN HALL, of New York, paid \$30,000 a year by his church.

AMERICANS in London will give a banquet to Stanley on his return from Africa.

SECRETARY RUSK is acquiring a reputation in Washington as a story-teller.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER's economic art is the subject of considerable gossip in Washington.

The Pope is supposed to have an annual income of considerably over half a million dollars.

DR. P. SHILLABER, who is known to the public as "Mrs. Partington," is seventy years of age.

MINISTER LINCOLN has returned to London from Paris, where he visited his son, who has been seriously ill.

GENERAL SPINKER, ex-Treasurer of the United States, is now ninety years of age.

THE only colored man in Congress is Representative Cheatham of the Second District of North Carolina.

SENATOR INGRALES has a great weakness for red neckties and is rarely seen without one of a different color.

GLADSTONE is eighty years old, but colored and healthy, and in as fine a condition when he was only thirty-three.

THE Emperor Francis Joseph is one of the most accomplished horsemen in Austria, whose good horsemanship is well known.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, of San Francisco, has given \$250,000 to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of California.

WILLIAM ARMOUR, the rich Chicagoan, has purchased an island in California and has built a penitentiary for the Arizona Territory.

SENATOR MORRILL, of Vermont, first elected to Congress in 1854, and for over twenty years has been in the Senate. He is now ninety years of age.

BARON FAVA, the Italian Minister to the United States, is a man of the diplomatic type, which has been completely reconstructed during the last year.

JUDGE GRESHAM, of Chicago, was a standard of excellence in the legal profession, not as high as it was twenty-five years ago, when many lawyers go into politics to get a son.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, of Germany, is fond of hunting, is obliged to wear a hunting cap, and is especially fond of the only one hand. He uses his pistol as well as a pistol.

SENATOR PETERBURGH went out to Alaska as a laborer in the employ of a United States surveyor with a few dollars of borrowed money in his pocket. He is a Vermont man by birth.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER is early riser. He is always out of bed by six o'clock, and has a full breakfast by seven o'clock. Then he reads the morning papers and at eight reaches his office.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is believed to be at Washington, as he was at Baltimore for his fondness for quiet little excursions to the city mentioned by any distinguished adjutant that would indicate his official position.

ORION FLAZER, the sculptor, who was late Editor Grady sent to New Orleans to edit a death mask of Jefferson Davis for a monument in Atlanta, did not see Mr. Davis until he went to take a rest of it. Both masks are perfect.

COLONEL JAMES BELMONT, who was next to General Sherman in the volunteer officer of the regular army, is spending the winter in Kansas City, Mo. Colonel Belmont was killed upon the battlefield less than a year ago after serving forty-one years in the army.

M. PASTEUR, the famous French chemist, is in very precarious health. He has been unable to regain his strength since the removal of a gall stone, which he had voted so much time and thought to the injury of his institute that he has had no more recuperation.

THE LABOR WORLD.

THE early closing movement in St. Paul, Minn., has been quite successful.

THERE are now over sixty women's changes in this country, all efficient and working order.