

HOTEL DEADBEATS.

SHARP RASCALS WHO ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE SHREWDEST CLERKS.

One of the tricks by which they obtain accommodations without paying and also borrow money—empty trunks and boxes packages.

Despite every precaution taken by shrewd hotel clerks a large number of persons are constantly engaged in securing board and lodging by fraud.

It is usually supposed that when a guest arrives at a hotel without baggage he cannot secure accommodations unless he pays in advance, but the shrewd "deadbeat" not only will get into the hotel for a week's board, but in many cases will secure a loan from the unsuspecting gentleman behind the desk.

The "deadbeat" constantly evolves new tricks to "do up" the hotel man, and it was not many days ago that a well known hotel was defrauded in a way which cost the cash in the till. The "deadbeat" walked into the hotel lobby and in a confident manner placed his name on the register as hailing from Chicago. He was neatly dressed and carried a small grip. He informed the clerk that he was traveling man on his first trip to the coast.

Traveling men are good customers, so the new arrival was assigned to a good room. He handed two baggage checks to the clerk and requested that his trunks be sent for from the depot. In an hour or two he inquired why his baggage had not been sent up to his room. The porter was sent for and explained that the transfer company had been able to find it. Inquiries were made by telephone, but the railroad people could give no information of the missing baggage.

"Well, I am in a nice fix," said the new guest to the hotel clerk, "for all my clothes are in my trunks, and I suppose the things have gone astray."

The clerk was very sympathetic, for a traveling man without his clothes is indeed to be pitied. The fellow managed to borrow \$30 to buy some shirts, collars, ties, etc., and went out of the hotel wearing vengeance against the railroad company. He even had the hotel clerk pay for a telegram to Chicago inquiring at the depot there as to where the trunks bearing certain numbered checks had been sent to. The reply came back that they would look the matter up, and pending the information the new guest had a royal good time at the hotel. In a few days he disappeared, and it then dawned upon the hotel men that they had been nearly swindled by the means of two baggage checks which evidently had been stolen at some time in Chicago or elsewhere.

Another trick to defraud a hotel is done by means of a confederate. One man will go to a first class house and secure a good room. About the second day he will be in a room which while the hotel clerk will receive a telephone message purporting to come from a well known store asking if Mr. So-and-so desires the goods he ordered sent up to the hotel. The clerk will naturally ask the guest the question, and he will reply that he desires the goods sent up. When the package arrives, there is always \$10 to \$25 to be paid. The hotel man is requested by the guest to "settle the amount and charge it up in my bill." It does not pay to offend a guest whose appearance indicates wealth, so the money is handed out in payment. The guest then disappears, and his trunk is found to be a cheap one and generally full of paper, while the package which had been paid for by the hotel people is also worthless.

Bogus telegrams and lettershead are frequently used by "deadbeats" in order to secure a little ready cash until "my money arrives," and very often the scheme works all right, for a hotel clerk is always afraid of offending a guest in these matters, for should he distrust an honest man he will injure the hotel's reputation. While most hotels make it a rule not to dispense with checks or loan money, still very often the "deadbeat" will make them break it.

A scheme which has recently been worked all over the country was for the "deadbeat" to send by express a package to a hotel in another city. It would be heavily sealed and marked "Valuable package." The hotel man, thinking that it contained jewelry intended for a guest soon to arrive, would put it in the safe. In a few days the "deadbeat" would turn up at the hotel, register and inquire if a package had arrived for him. He would be told that it was in the safe, and he would tell them it contained watches and valuables. The same night a loan of \$30 would be asked for, and the hotel man, remembering the valuable package in the safe, would in nine cases out of ten hand out the coin. The guest would disappear, and when the package was opened it was found to be of no value.

As all accounts in hotels are rendered weekly it is impossible for dishonest persons to obtain free living for longer than a week, for they will be requested to pay or vacate.

A man and his wife, by placing a supposed jewel case in a hotel safe, managed some time ago, to secure over six weeks' living in a well known hotel in this city. The landlord, who had seen the woman wearing a quantity of jewels, naturally supposed they were in the jewel case in his safe. When the guests disappeared and the package was opened, it was found to be a trunk strap, carefully coiled up and tied with string.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Reminiscence of the Maria.
The famous yacht Maria once loaded around Newport harbor with a big iron chain suspended from her centerboard in order to get up the courage of the competitors, but on the day when it meant for keeps and for the cup she let it go and left the whole fleet hull down and out of sight.—Boston Globe.

SCOTCH HUMOR.

It Crops Out Occasionally Among Elders of the Kirk.

The elder of the kirk, like most of us, can blunder occasionally. The pastor of a small village on the borders had gone for a few days to visit some relatives, when an old lady was suddenly stricken down and not expected to live more than a few hours. The elder was hastily summoned to attend; but, having been lately elected to the post, which he had accepted in order to satisfy the hostility of his wife, he did not feel able to face the trying ordeal. His wife entreated him to do his duty, and whispering a few lines of Scripture into his ears sent him off on his errand.

An hour later his wife beheld him stepping homeward as brisk as a March hare. She inquired how he had come on. "Oh, fine, woman, fine!" was the reply. "She was dead when I got there!" A short time ago, when disestablishment was in everybody's mouth, an old lady created quite a sensation in a church not far from Annan. Having been from home a considerable time, she was unaware that the election of elders had taken place. She attended services the following Sunday, when the minister, commenting on the result, remarked that in David Richardson the church had a new pillar of strength, which lady retorted: "David Richardson is a pillar! Nae wonder the old kirk's gaun to fa'!" David, who had the misfortune to have a wooden leg and a hump back, quietly rose up and answered: "Whae h't, ye zowk. Critter's (a mountain in the neighborhood) not straight."

On one occasion the minister met Donald coming from Dumfries Road fair in rather a muddled state. "David! David! Do I see you double?" "Eh, guidakes, minister!" exclaimed the elder. "Guidakes, are ye for tae?" A minister, feeling imposed on one occasion, did not put in an appearance, and the elder, apologizing for his absence, gave it out that "his reverence was unco had in the roomatic" (for so he pronounced the word rheumatism) "and couldn't get on."

On hearing this startling intelligence an old lady who happened to be present shrieked out:

"Eh, that auld hizz'y o' his! Has she locked pair man in the attic because he was enjoying himself at Farmer Bell's kirk?"—Scottish American.

SARDINE FISHING.

The Process From the Time of the Catch to the Canning and Cooking.

Toward the end of April the sardine fishermen along the coast of Brittany begin to watch for the bobbing of the sardines on the surface of the sea. For they know that vast shoals of the little fish are on their way from the coast of Africa up through the bay of Biscay to the north, and that they must be caught, if at all, as they pass. When any one sees the water agitated, word spreads rapidly and the boats put out from the shore and race to the shoal.

When the net is extended, the water is "baited" by throwing balls of "roque" into it. As the bait dissolves and sinks the sardines rise and remain long after to nibble it, and their doom is sealed. For this reason "roque" is a most important part of the sardine fisherman's outfit. It is made of the eggs of mackerel and codfish mixed with clay, and is rather expensive, costing from 25 shillings to 70 shillings a barrel.

Within the curing factories or canneries everything is done with precision, for there must not be a moment's delay in cleaning the fish. All night long the work is carried on by the light of blazing oil wicks. The sardines are spread out on benches or tables, where salt is dusted over them. Then the women go along and snip off the heads with great scissors.

The little flat boxes so well known to commerce are taken one by one and filled from the glistening pile of fish, after which pure olive oil from the province of Bari, in Italy, is poured over them and the tops soldered on. In the meantime a great caldron of hot water has been raised to the boiling point ready for the real operation of cooking the fish. The sealed boxes are thrown into it and left for two or three hours. If any oil appears on the top of the water, the master workman knows that some can has not been properly soldered, and the loss is charged up to the man who did the work. A good workman will not lose more than two or three boxes in 100.—New York Recorder.

The Hanging.
Young folks are apt to judge of words by their literal meaning, without any attempt to reason upon the subject. The descendant of a celebrated general of the Revolution, quite a small boy, was visiting Independence hall with his mother, when she pointed to an oil portrait and said:

"There is a picture of your great-great-grandfather, hung by General Washington."

The boy took little notice of what she said at the time, apparently being more interested in the Liberty bell and other curious relics in the hall. But some weeks afterward, when distinguished guests were dining at his father's table, he broke an interval of silence by asking:

"Mamma, what did you tell me in Philadelphia about my great-great-grandfather being hung?" "The question was a startling one, but it was soon explained to the entire satisfaction of the guests.—Exchange.

A Sharp Turn.

"After a young man has been properly brought up he will never steal any more horses," says the Dallas News. Yes, "brought up," with a sharp turn—of the rope.—Rocheester Post-Express.

If They Are Then the Pad.
It is almost time to hang the bloomers up in the red cedar closet, ready for another year.—Boston Globe.

THE VEILED WARBLER.

A Street Singer That Puzzled the French of Paris, and once only, was it given to Paris to be puzzled by a street singer. The apparition only lasted three months, but while it lasted it was most perplexing to us. One evening all the loungers on the boulevards, who were sipping their beer, or "strangling a parrot," as the French phrase hath it to describe the process of imbibing a dose of that subtle poison, absinth, were mildly bored by observing the approach of three street musicians. One man trundled a piano, a second carried a violin and a third, a tall, slight woman in deep mourning, her cravat well sweeping over her face, took up her station between them. They paused and prepared for action, whereupon many people, knowing the wilfulness and discord of street music, made ready to leave, when, to their utter amazement of all, to the accompaniment of two fairly good instruments, arose in the night air an exquisitely modulated and very powerful female voice, singing, with a heartbreak in every note, the wild wail of Traviata over her approaching death. "Gran Dio, morir si giovane!" she sang, and the people of applause and a rain of coin, both gold and silver, rewarded the trio's efforts, but they never reappeared every evening and they disappeared. The adventurous men who followed the supple grace of the woman's tall figure returned, disoriented, scared away by the truculent aspect of her two companions.

During that whole summer the streets of Paris would resound every night, and every night would reap a harvest, but when the summer departed they, too, vanished and never again reappeared. The Veiled Songstress, as she was called, came from the darkness and vanished into the night, and who she was or where she vanished in a mystery. Of course the prefects, and the archives of the prefects are sacred from the gaze of the profane, and as that is the case, and as Paris forgets as speedily as she remembers, we had the arithmetical puzzle, inaudible, the lightning calculator, to distract our attention that another part of the case, and the Veiled Songstress sank out of sight, and the waves of oblivion have closed over her now and forever.—Paris Letter.

St. Giles, Cripple-gate.

There is no church in London more grimly affecting or more grotesquely picturesque than St. Giles, Cripple-gate. Its lantern is strangely gaunt and blackened, its towers stark and solemn. The approaches are all straggling and curious. We fancy ourselves in a bit of an old foreign city. The curious skulls and horseshoes over the entrance to the churchyard are vigorously done. It escaped the great fire and is an interesting church altogether and picturesque. Here we find Milton's tomb, Ford's (of the "Book of Martyrs") and that of a daughter of Shakespeare's, Lucy. And, as if this were not sufficient to reward one's curiosity, they will show us the registry of the marriage of Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Boucher. In the churchyard a large fragment of the old city wall is to be seen.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Honor in the Family.

"One of those lady, good for nothing tramps called today and wanted a piece of pie," said the landlady during a momentary silence. The bachelor boarder faltered and laid down his knife and fork.

"And did he get it?" he queried anxiously. "Not much," returned the landlady. "He got a piece of my mind instead. Which probably destroyed his," piped the landlady in a detour voice from the foot of the table.

"His what?" demanded the landlady sternly. "Peace of mind," explained the thin boarder apologetically. Everybody cried out in applause at this.—Exchange.

Walters and Tips.

There was astonishment in a Paris cafe recently when a new waiter pocketed the tips he received as his own property, and he was arrested on the complaint of his employer. It is the custom in Paris for waiters employing more than one waiter for the patrons to deposit in a box all the tips received by them, and at the close of the day the head waiter opens this box, counts the money and divides it pro rata, after deducting a certain percentage for the proprietor for brokerage. This head waiter is called "the corporal." In Boston head waiters are called "captains," but they do not appear to have any such military designation in New York.—New York Tribune.

Love's Fidelity.

A Michigan avenue youth was dilating to a friend upon the charms of his adored one. His friend was disposed to distrust somewhat the accuracy of the young man's vision.

"She is beautiful, yet say?" "As a star?" "And rich?" "Bah! I know not her care." "True, that is a secondary consideration. But is she very wise?" "Wiser than Solomon!" "Excellent. I suppose she is also of fine family?" "Fam'ly my boy? Family? Why, that girl has a family tree that would shade Lincoln park!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Mine.

The poor young man was trying to win the rich young woman. "Be mine," he implored. "What kind of mine?" she responded. "gold mine?"—Detroit Free Press.

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

Genesis 1. 1. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."—First Lesson. Revelation 21. 1. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Second Lesson. The Epistle for the day speaks of the interest in the new order of things: "the gospel, as a day's work in a vineyard."

Whence? and Whither? cry the soul. Here they cease, here they go. Here they feel of man's first birth. There they sing new heaven, new earth. 'Twill be a new sea to run. 'Twill be a new earth to be done. Life is battle; life is toil. Man was born to till the soil. Who for fight the path would bear. Plants his bow nor beats the air. Whatso'er the Master send. Work unweary to the end. May they have who strive to teach Grace to practice what they preach! Made from dust and prone to sin, May they feel God's breath within! —P. Cornish in Week by Week.

MEERSCHAUM.

How It is Mined and Dried and Prepared for Market.

Meerschaum is extracted in the same way as coal. Pits from 25 feet to 125 feet deep are dug, and as soon as the vein is struck horizontal galleries, some of considerable length, are made, but more than two galleries are seldom to be found in one pit. The stone as extracted is called "ham tash" (rough block) and is soft enough to be easily cut with a knife. It is covered with a yellowish taint, and is white with a red clayey soil of about one inch thick. In this state the blocks are purchased by dealers on the spot, not by weight nor by measurement, but according to approximate quantity, either per load of three sacks or per cartload, the price varying from £3 to £30 per load, according to quality. These rough blocks are ready for exportation, but preparation before being conveyed to Eski-Shehr. Some of them are as small as a walnut while others attain the size of a cubic foot. Those which combine regularity of surface and size are the best. The manipulation required before they are ready for exportation is long and costly. The clayey soil attached is removed and the meerschaum dried. In summer exposure for five or six days to the sun's rays suffices, but in winter a room heated to the required temperature is required, and the drying process takes of from two to four days. We well dried, the blocks are well cleaned and polished. Then they are sorted into about 12 classes, each class being packed with great care in separate cases and each block being wrapped in cotton wool.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Training a Locomotive.

It may not be generally known that locomotives intended for express trains require as much training in their way, for fast running as do race horses. The Pennsylvania Railroad company builds its own engines, and those built for express trains are known as class P. They are very large and built, with slight variations, after the pattern of the big English engine imported into this country several years ago, and which at that time was a curiosity in its way. One of these big engines is taken out of the shops to be placed on the road, instead of putting it to the work it is intended for at once it is run for two or three weeks on some one of the local branches in order to train it, so to speak, for fast running. By this means all the bearings and journals connected to their work, for should anything about the new machine not work harmoniously there is ample time to adjust the defect. Usually the new engine proves itself a good one, and is ready to go to make fast time, and at almost every station the train is found to be a little ahead of schedule time and must wait for ten seconds to a minute.—Philadelphia Record.

A Greek Devil Belief.

The Greek conception of their devil, whom they call Yama, makes that personage one of the most satanic of the whole devil tribe. According to their ideas of him, he is 240 miles high and the hairs on his body stand out like palm trees on a mountain side. He pushes the doomed beings submitted to his charge by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead in their ears and such other little pranks as pulling out their tongues, toe and finger nails and gouging out their eyes. He is a heartless, cruel, and malicious being, and has many other exquisite little tortures laid up for the helpless wretch consigned to his "chamber of horrors."—St. Louis Republic.

Italian Superstition.

Superstition reigns tyrannically in many rural districts in Italy. Lately a fortune teller prophesied to a young farmer and his sister, living near Noto, Sicily, that on the evening before a certain feast day both would die a violent death. This so affected the minds of the poor couple that they became insane and rushed shrieking through the streets. A brother of these unfortunates then came somehow to the conclusion that the calamity was due to the witchcraft of their stepmother, and in a fit of blind rage he killed the poor woman with a hoe.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kind Offer.

Impoliteness may sometimes perhaps be answered properly with impertinence. A struggling author went to an editor with a manuscript.

"On," exclaimed the editor, "don't bother me now. I've other fish to fry." "Well, I'll fry your fish for you," said the author, "while you read my manuscript." "So the editor had to read it.—Youth's Companion.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dress by a well-fancied suit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a spirit to a whole sentence by a single expression.—Gay.

The Kentucky river had its name from an Indian expression, Kaintuckee, "at the head of the river."

THE CAMPAIGN OF DECEIT.

How the Quay Bill Fact Campaign Failed in Centre and Northampton Counties.

The Northampton county convention on Saturday and the Centre county primaries on the same day established two important points—first, the utter weakness of Senator Quay in these counties, and second, the misrepresentation, subtlety and trickery by which his campaign is being conducted.

The election of the entire delegation in favor of Governor Hastings and Judge Reeder, and the killing of a resolution to endorse Senator Quay showed the sentiments of the Northampton Republicans pretty clearly. In Centre county the election of about 112 out of 124 county convention delegates was proof positive that the governor's home county is where it was expected to be.

A specially notable feature of the Saturday proceedings, however, was the proof furnished with startling distinctness of the bad faith and deceit of the Quay management. When Senator Quay precipitated the present conflict he caused it to be understood that he would fight General Hastings and his friends in every county in the state. He required his agents to be understood that his chances in Centre, Northampton and Bucks, among other counties, were very poor indeed. Then Andrews and Leach, the Quay managers, replied that no fight with the Quay headquarters sent out the intelligence that no fight would be projected by Senator Quay in these counties.

This surrender did not deceive any one. The fact that Centre is the home of the governor, Northampton of the secretary of State Reeder and Bucks of Colonel Gilkeson, was stated by Mr. Leach as the reason for magnanimously permitting these counties to go by default, the expectation being, of course, that the friends of the administration would relax their efforts to an extent that could be taken advantage of by Quay's followers.

While the Quay organs were yet damp with Leach's printed declaration of non-interference, money was being spent lavishly in both Centre and Northampton in an effort to obtain by corruption and treachery what was unobtainable by fair means. Charged with double dealing, the Quay managers replied that no fight was directed from headquarters, and that the opposition in Centre and Northampton to the governor and Colonel Gilkeson was purely local. "Jack" Robinson's raid from Delaware county into Northampton, and his appearance at Bethlehem on the eve of the convention and his futile work for Quay, were certainly specimen bricks of "local" opposition.

The victories of the administration forces on Saturday was not a surprise to anybody (unless to Senator Quay), but the circumstances attending them furnished a valuable object lesson of the disreputable methods in vogue by the Quays to bolster up a bad cause. If any evidence was wanting it is now forthcoming that no dependence can be placed in any agreement, promise or pledge made by them. Their campaign is a campaign of deception and fraud. According to the Fine Arts and Pennsylvania Railroad company and county will be left unopposed for Hastings and Gilkeson. In the same way that Centre and Northampton were the Bucks county Republicans know what this means, and should not be caught of their guard. Quay's managers have been publicly convicted of deceit and general dishonesty in the two cases named; the Bucks county people know what they may expect.

FEELING IN WASHINGTON.

Silver Men Anxiously Watching the Quay Fight and Praying He Will Win.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—The declaration by Mr. Quay that Mr. Cameron is not a factor in the fight in Pennsylvania does not count for much among those who are as all familiar with the plans laid out for the Cameron boom. Should Mr. Quay win it would very soon develop that Mr. Cameron's interests were advanced in spite of Mr. Quay's announcement, which will bear a second careful reading. A victory for Quay now would be regarded by the silver men as a triumph for their cause, and they would look forward very hopefully to a "Cameron delegation" from Pennsylvania to the Republican national convention. The explanation of Quay's making this declaration is not believed by those familiar with the national bearing of the contest to be that Quay is trying to help himself, but that, foreseeing defeat, he wants to relieve Cameron from being involved in it.

The silver Republicans are seriously and earnestly bent upon making Cameron their presidential candidate, with or without Pennsylvania. They intend to make the fight, and think that by throwing the election into the house they may succeed. If in the electoral college they can secure him a few votes, so as to make him one of the three candidates before the house. A victory for Quay, it is said, would help Cameron, but if "the combine" is to win it is important that it should not appear that the blow was aimed at Cameron, rather than Quay. The belief is, therefore, that it is Cameron rather than himself whom Quay seeks to serve by his announcement. He does not want to involve his colleagues in defeat.

A New Industry.

A Paris beggar has been living very comfortably by hanging himself. He would choose a tree where young children were playing, string himself up and groan to attract attention so that they would run for help. He would be cut down and restored, and a letter in his pocket would explain his attempted suicide by a statement of his destitution.

A Gigantic Enterprise.

London's constant trouble over the lack of sufficient water supply has brought up a proposal which will require the \$70,000,000 to carry out. It is to build two aqueducts, one 130 miles long, the other 170 miles, and each is to convey 300,000,000 gallons of water a day.

Bold Straw Hat Wearer.

A unique organization called the Annual Straw Hat association has just been formed in Boston. Its object is to persuade men to wear straw hats after Sept. 15, provided the temperature makes it justifiable.

For over 400 years Nov. 13 is commemorated in England as a festival. It commemorated the death of Hildebrand and the accession of Edward the Confessor, by which the country was delivered from the yoke of the Danes.

STORIES OF THE DAY.

A Waiter's Stupidity and the Chance to Get Dinner.

They sat at his favorite table in an up town restaurant. Both were dressed in the height of fashion. The attention of the other guests in the dining room had been attracted to the couple by the evident anxiety of the young man to make a favorable impression upon his fair companion. He gave orders to the waiter with an air of self-styled superiority, and his tone of voice was warranted to reach the ears of all those present.

As the courses progressed the time for serving dessert came. The young woman was heard to confess a weakness for huckleberry pie.

"Ah," exclaimed the youth, "so funny, you know! I, too, am passionately fond of huckleberry pie. I have it almost every day here."

"I say, waiter," he called, at the same time snapping his fingers above the table, "bring two portions of huckleberry pie!"

The waiter executed the order with due haste, and as he set the plates upon the table the final act of the little drama that was being enjoyed by the persons at other near by tables began. The young woman frowned, then blushed, and leaning over complained to the young man in a stage whisper that the powdered sugar had been omitted.

"How stupid!" he cried, as he beckoned the waiter again. "Brooks," he said to that functionary, "what is it that I always order with huckleberry pie, and which you invariably forget?"

"I know, sir," replied the waiter, after a moment's hesitation. "Go at once, then," continued the youth, "and bring it to Miss —"

The Earth's Sestack.

The explanation of Lord Kelvin's estimate that the "sestack" of the earth in its daily rotation round its axis amounts to 23 seconds per century is reported to be that such retardation is owing to the friction caused by the tides, the latter acting as a brake, and such action is calculated, according to this same authority, to be equal in weight to some 400,000 tons applied on the equator. Other causes, he says, have also to be taken into account, as, for example, the increase in the size of the earth, due to the falling on it of meteoric dust, which, if deposited at the rate of one foot in 4,000 years, would produce the observed retardation by itself. Further, such a phenomenon as the annual growth and melting of snow and ice at the poles, by abstracting water from the other parts of the globe, introduces irregularities into the problem, the abstraction accelerating the earth's motion, and the melting, by restoring the water, retarding it. Again, as opposed to the retarding forces, it is urged that there is to be taken into account a probable acceleration, due to the gradual sinking of the earth by cooling, this, however, being not more, perhaps, than one six-thousandth part of the retardation due to tidal friction.

A Timeless Village.

From the notebook of a recent traveler in Alsace: "On my return from Belchen I looked upon the beautiful villages of the Leuen valley, and being a tourist who likes to poke his nose into everything I turned by chance into the church at Kirchberg. On coming out I took out my watch to regulate it by the clock in the church tower. But there was no clock to be seen. Hence I went into the village inn, and there asked the time. But mine host could not oblige me. 'You see,' he said, 'we have no use for clocks. In the morning we go by the smoke rising from the chimney at the parsonage upon the hill. The parsonage people are very regular. We dine when dinner is ready. At 4 p. m. the whistle of the train coming from Muesmunster tells us that the time has come for another meal, and at night we know that it is time to go to bed when it is dark. On Sundays we go to church when the bell rings. Our parson is a very easy going man. He doesn't mind beginning half an hour sooner or later.'"

Talk at 31 a Minute.

At the yearly meeting of Friends at Wilmington, O., Edward R. Walton, formerly a missionary among the Indians, offered to pay \$5 if the meeting would give him five minutes' time to make a speech. The meeting closed the bargain, and Walton began his dollar a minute discourse.

At the end of the five minutes paid for the clerk called a halt. As he was in the middle of a story, Mr. Walton thought a minute, then gravely and deliberately marched to the clerk's desk and laid down \$2 more, and finished his story in seven minutes.—New York Recorder.

A Sure on Our Good Sense.

Is not the frequent granting of new trials, especially for serious offenses, something of a refection upon our jurisprudence? Ought we not at the present stage of civilization to have such laws and judges that there will remain little chance for the commission of the errors that give cause for retrials? Juries are not charged with many mistakes. The granting of a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against the evidence is exceedingly rare. The worst of criminals escape through the delays secured through new trials.—Denver Post.