

### WHERE SLEEP THE BRAVE?

Where sleep the brave to-night?  
Ask the pines in a sunny land,  
Ask the cranes that wave  
O'er the dust of a gallant band  
Laid in a hurried grave.  
There sleep the brave to-night.

Where sleep the brave to-night?  
Ask the waves of the mighty seas,  
That once the heroes bore  
They sing a parting throng,  
Against the rocky shore.  
There sleep the brave to-night.

Where sleep the brave to-night?  
Ask the winds from the starry sky  
Where hoary angels dwell,  
They have roamed where the ashes lie,  
And they alone can tell  
Where the brave sleep to-night.  
—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

### A Romance of Cole Alley.

BY ERNEST A. YOUNG.

Wan't it a queer, daddy, that he should 'a' happened just as he did, and picked me up when I fell on that crossin', and come nigh being run over wid the trucks and carts? Wan't it a queer, daddy?"

"Yes, yes, it was a queer, Judy," and the old man laughed in his childish, hysterical fashion.

"And wan't it odd, too," persisted Judy, in her eagerness to arouse the cripple to a more enthusiastic demonstration, "that he should a-took such a shine to me the first thing, and a fetched me home in a hack, and not axed me a cent for doin' it? Wan't it real romantic, daddy?"

"Yes, Judy, it was a queer," and the cripple laughed again. Then, under a flash of intelligence which was as brilliant as it was rare to the weak-minded old man, Daddy Grimes added,—

"But it wouldn't be done no good for him to axed you for a bringin' of you, long as ye didn't have no money to pay him, Judy."

This remark was not so gratifying to the young lady's vanity as she could have wished. To have the well-dressed driver of an Armstrong hack show her so much attention, and treat her with such undoubted deference, was an episode more than ordinary moment in the existence of Judith Grim. She had always felt a vague yearning for a higher sphere of society than that afforded by Cole Alley, where she lived.

"He didn't know but I had a plenty of money, daddy," said Judy, with a faint flush of resentment in her small, pale eyes.

"Most folks as lives here ain't very rich," returned the perverse old man, "no so much to oppose Judy, because he did not dream how the words cut into her ambitious and sensitive soul, as to make some response to what she was saying. It was a long time since Daddy Grimes had felt any real discontent with the surroundings and denizens of the obscure alley.

"He took me for a lady, so he did," cried Judith, unable longer to restrain her indignation. "He axed me if I lived close by, he did, and there we was right on Park street, he a-comin' down and me a-goin' up, like enough he thought I was a lady's maid in one of the big bug houses on Beacon street or thereabout. Don't I wish I was!"

And Judy rolled up her pale eyes in the ecstasy of contemplation.

"I doesn't know nothin' about Beacon street, nor none of them places, Cole Alley is high-toned enough for me," said Daddy Grimes.

The discussion was stopped at this point by the unceremonious entrance of a tall young man with a wooden leg, and a broad scar across one cheek.

"Hey, Daddy! good mornin', Judy," was his double salutation, and he added interest to the half of it by bestowing a hearty kiss upon the young lady's freckled cheek.

She drew away from him a little scornfully.

"I didn't say ye might, Dan Vokes!" she exclaimed. He gave her a keen glance to see if her tone was feigned or genuine.

"You'd 'a' been offish enough if I'd passed ye by with jest a how-de-do," he returned.

"I could 'a' stood it well enough if ye hadn't come a-stumpin' in here, 'thout knockin' no nothin'." Gentlemen never call on ladies 'thout knockin' afore they come in."

Dan Vokes stared at Judy as though he doubted the evidence of his own senses. Never had she spoken like that to him. She got impatient with Daddy sometimes—and who would not—but to him, her affianced husband, she had ever been as affectionate and gentle as heart could wish.

Dan was a rough fellow, but he was a trifle sensitive, after all. Judy's reception cut him more keenly than his limited resources of language could express.

"What's come over ye, Judy?" he exclaimed, going up to her and taking one of her large, red hands in both of his own, which were proportionally larger still.

"Nothin' has come over me, as I knows on," was her sullen answer.

"Then what makes ye so offish?"

"You couldn't understand a lady's feelin's if I told ye."

"Wall, I've got to go to work, and nighby ye'll feel more good-natured when I get back ter-morrow."

Dan turned to go; but at the door he was brought to a pause by Judy suddenly coming toward him and saying—

"You needn't trouble yourself to call ter-morrow, Mr. Vokes. I'm a-goin' to choose my compny in future. I don't callate to stay in Cole Alley all my days, anyhow."

This delivered with a rapidity that sounded almost like anger, and Dan, mystified, cut to the quick by the unnumbered rebuff, gave her a single reproachful glance and then went out without a word.

Judy covered her face with her hands and sobbed hysterically for a few moments after he was gone, and then, hastily wiping away her tears, went to her corner of the single dingy apartment, which was curtained off from the rest by means of a sheet and some ragged cast-off clothing suspended from a pole. The principal part of the room was kitchen, parlor and bedroom in Cole Alley all in one. It was something in Cole Alley to have a sleeping apartment partitioned off from the living room, even though the division was somewhat frail in material.

In half an hour Judy came out "dressed" for the street. She hastily gave Daddy a very warm "broth," with a few crackers, for breakfast, and then hurried to a restaurant on the adjacent street, where she was engaged for the day as a scrub-girl. She was supplied with food by her temporary employer, and received fifty cents for her work besides. Evening found her

walking slowly up Park Street, past the spot where she had slipped on the crossing and been assisted by the driver of an Armstrong carriage.

Her heart beat fast as she saw the one whom she hoped to meet driving slowly down the steep descent towards Tremont Street. "She slackened her pace as the vehicle approached. She saw that the driver was the one who so chivalrously aided her, and she felt the warm blood flushing her freckled face and neck until they burned. She dropped her eyes and advanced with a most modest bearing, until she reached the crossing, then she paused for the vehicle to pass, she raised her glance with an air that was meant to be irresistibly coy.

The driver had a companion on the seat with him, and they were chatting and laughing as she looked up. Her eyes met those which had so quickly gained the power to thrill her soul. She smiled her recognition and—but her smile was frozen into a look of pain as she saw the driver nudge his companion, saw them both look at her and laugh, and heard him utter a coarse brutal comment on her complexion that drove the blood back to her heart so quickly that her head swam and she could barely totter across the street.

Click, click—clatter, clatter! and the Armstrong hack was gone, joining the multitude of hacks of every description that filled the single bright gleam of romance which had come into the life of Judy Grimes.

She was hardly conscious of her weary walk back to Cole Alley; she certainly did not know that a cold rain was driving in her face every yard of the way, or that her feet were drenched, and that she herself was shivering with cold.

"No, Daddy, I ain't hungry to-night," she said, in response to the old man's invitation to join him in his repast.

"There'll be enough for both on us, Judy," he returned.

"I don't want nothin'," she repeated.

"I don't want jest right to-night, Daddy, and I guess I'll go to bed so's to be up early and find another job in the mornin'." I didn't find none to-night. There's lots of girls lookin' for jobs."

With that she retired behind the cloth partition, and flung herself shivering and miserable on her bed. She did not expect to feel any better in the mornin', but she had spent the time she ought to have occupied with looking for work in going up to Park Street to get a glimpse of the Armstrong hack-driver.

Morning found Judy in a raging fever. The cold storm to which she had exposed herself, the insufficient food which had been her portion for a long time, with the intense disappointment she had suffered the evening before resulted in the most natural way.

"She crawled out and tried to kindle a fire with Daddy's broth, but the kindlings wouldn't burn.

"Never mind, Judy," said the old man. "I can cut it cold. But you ought to take some. There's enough, Judy."

But even her appetite was gone then, and she crawled back to her bed, and stayed there all day, scarcely knowing how the hours passed. She thought that daddy must be hungry, but she had not the strength to get him the broth. The truth was, daddy had taken the last of the broth in the morning, but paups of the street would have reacted the limit of his endurance before he would disturb her.

In Judy's brain was the wildest jumble of strange thoughts, in which Armstrong vehicles, and jeering drivers, and reproachful Dan Vokes were indiscriminately mixed up.

"I save many faces amid her dream-like ravings, but all of them jered at her except Dan Vokes. He looked sad and reproachful, but never unkind. She seemed to see him more and more, and then she heard Daddy Grimes calling to her. Night had come again, and in another moment, as it seemed, it was morning again.

"Daddy must be very hungry!" she yelled, and tried to get up. But she sank back again, her head throbbing.

"If Dan would only come!" she muttered. "If Dan would only come, only come," was the refrain that kept running in her head after that, and more than once it was on her lips.

When he did come, she could never have told, for the first she knew he was by her side, and urging her to eat something he had brought for her.

"Eat, Judy—ye must have something to keep up yer strength," said Dan, forcing a morsel into her lips.

It was a strange delicacy for a fever patient, who had taken no food for two days, but it was the most delectable, in the estimation of Dan Vokes, of anything that money would buy.

"Have another mouthful, Judy," he urged. "I got one whole lobster for daddy, and 'nother for you, 'cause I calleded you was to be hungry. Eat, Judy, eat, and ye'll be stout as a pair o' horses afore night! That's the talk, Judy! Eat—eat!"

It is said a special Providence protects children. So there must be the simple people of all ages as well, else Judy Grimes could not have survived Dan's kindness.

All that day Dan's wooden leg stumped in and out of the miserable room, which was the least some Daddy and Judy had known for many a day. He brought them more food than they could eat in a week, and as a large portion of it consisted of the richest pastries he could buy at a bakery, he must have come very near killing them with kindness.

In a day or two Judy was able to wait upon herself and Daddy, and she began to talk about going out to look for a job.

"I've found ye a job, Judy, that ye can keep," said Dan when he came in that night.

"You found me one, Dan?" she asked.

"Yes—awaitin' on table at a place up street a piece. It ain't a tony place, but it'll be steady. They'll let ye fetch a heap of nice stuff home to Daddy, and ye'll get two dollars a week and three square meals every day! Think, Judy! Three square meals every day for you and Daddy! Hooryay!" and Dan Vokes danced a weird sort of hornpipe, which was characterized chiefly by a fearful clattering of the wooden leg upon the floor.

Judy accepted the situation humbly enough, and not a word was said about the rebuff she had given Dan upon that memorable day of her folly—of nearly a year. Then, when he urged her to set an early wedding day, she hid her freckled face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Ye won't want me to set no weddin' day, ever, when I come to tell ye something that I can't keep back any longer," she sobbed.

"Come, Judy, brace up, and don't act like that," said Dan.

"But you'll hate me when I come to tell ye."

"None o' that nonsense, Judy. You're a reg'lar daisy of a gal, Judy, and there can't nothin' make me say any different."

"But you don't know, Dan, why I sent you off that time, and told ye ye needn't

come any more, nor how I got that awful cold that made me sick, and if ye hadn't taken pity on me I'd a-died, for shore!"

Dan raised her face and looked squarely into her pale eyes. What a homely, ridiculous, grotesque-looking couple to love and pity each other, and be so sentimental, just as though they were akin to the rest of the human race who lived up-town in houses and apartments, and down-town in garrets and rookeries. And yet they did all these things, as though they had the God-given right to do them.

"Ye needn't tell me what I knows a-ready, Judy," said Dan. "D'ye s'pose I was goin' off 'thout findin' out what had made ye so offish? That wouldn't be like Dan Vokes. What he did was ter watch ye that day, and when ye was hangin' round tryin' to get a bow from that hack driver, Vokes was a stumpin' along behind ye with his wooden leg! Vokes was mad, though. But he couldn't hold out, when ye come to be sick, nohow. That's all, Judy, except—hooryay for the weddin'!"

A wedding in Cole Alley? Yes, and a what a romance there, too.—[Yankee Blade.]

### A Floating Tabernacle.

In North St. Louis a boat is being built for some what novel purpose. It is a flatboat of two decks, which is being equipped by the Free Will Baptists for mission work along the Mississippi river and its tributaries. It will be used for combined tabernacle, floating Bethel and colporteur work, and is expected to draw the attention of the towns and cities along the banks of a navigable stream in the Mississippi system, stopping from one to four weeks at each point. The work of the Gospel Tabernacle in a large tent was started in May, 1889, by this denomination and met with remarkable success. The twin sister of this tabernacle is the floating Bethel, which combines the best features of the tabernacle works with lodgings on the second deck of the craft, where the bands of Christian workers are provided with a comfortable home. Three bands of workers will inhabit the boat, namely: One band to hold daily meetings in the Bethel for the benefit of all classes of river men and residents along the river; another band to hold daily services in the tabernacle, which will be erected in such towns or cities as are visited, and a third band, which will visit families and distribute evangelical literature. The boat itself and the Christian bands will be under the direction of Rev. M. A. Shepherd, who, for twenty-five years, has been a minister of the Gospel. It is proposed to drift down the river during the winter and visit the Southern towns. Next spring the floating Bethel will be towed up the Mississippi to St. Paul and will stop at the cities in the North during the warmer months, again dropping down to the South with the return of winter.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

### How our Navy Used to Shoot.

The proficiency of American gunnery in this war of 1812, is perhaps best illustrated in her action with the Guerriere, with the Guerriere, in which she was hulled but three times, while her antagonist, to use the words of her commander, was reduced to a "perfect wreck" within forty minutes from the time the Constitution began to fire. This battle occurred on August 19, 1812.

In her action with the Java, December 29, 1812, off the coast of Brazil, the Constitution was hulled but four times, and with the exception of her maintop-sail yard she did not lose a spar. The Java, on the other hand, was "totally dismantled," while her hull was so shattered and pierced with shot-holes that it was impossible to get her to the harbor of San Salvador, which was only a few hours' sail.

In her action with the Cyane and Levant the forces opposed were: Constitution, 51 guns with 1287 pounds of metal; British, 55 guns with 1508 pounds of metal. In this extraordinary action the Constitution was hulled only thirteen times, while the Cyane had every beam and bow-line cut away, her masts and mizzen masts left in a tottering state, and other principal spars wounded, several shot in the hull, nine or ten between wind and water." The Levant also was roughly handled.

Before dismissing the subject of gunnery we should take into consideration: 1. The interior quality of American cannon and shot. 2. The deficiency in weight of American shot. 3. The fact that in two of the four actions between single frigates the English used French cannon and shot, which were eight per cent heavier than their nominal English equivalents.—[Century.]

### A Great Prison at Night.

As one rushes by Sing Sing in a Central Hudson train a glance can be had of the main prison building. At night rows of lights can be seen, lights that illumine the long galleries upon which are the cells in which the convicts sleep, and the thought at once arises that the big building is alive with moving figures, keepers with loaded rifles guarding each gallery, on the alert for any outbreak. After a clock not a sound is heard. The cell lights are all soured at 5:20 every night, the day keepers are replaced by a few night men, the convicts are locked in their cells, iron entrance doors take the place of the wooden ones during the day, and the prison is closed for the night. Even to the warden's residence, where dinner is served at the residence of the quiet inmates, and about a dozen everyone is asleep or apparently so. With 1,539 people in that vast inclosure not a sound is heard except the tread of the night guards or the plashing of the river against the bulkheads.—[New York World.]

### Paper Gaspipe.

Paper tubes are coming into use in Europe for carrying gas, water and electricity. The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder.

Young Lady—I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water anyhow, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it.—[New York Weekly.]

### NOT THE HAND HARRY WANTED.

"Papa, young Harry Samson is coming to see you to-night."

"What for?"

"To ask you for my hand."

"Well, shall I give it to him?"

"Yes, I have just heard that he proposed to Helen Armstrong and was rejected last week. Give it to him, papa, for all you are worth."—[Harper's Bazar.]

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

### JESUS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Wedded Bliss—Too Thin—Not a Liar—No Ground the Cause—Engaging Ways, Etc., Etc.

WEDDED BLISS.

Mrs. Mulvaney—An' how do yer husband an' yerself get along together, Mrs. O'Brien? Good, I hope.

Mrs. O'Brien—Oh, yes; very good, Mrs. Mulvaney. Here we've bin married goin' on six months, an' I ain't had to call in the police but twice.—[Life.]

TOO THIN.

Young lady—Did you make an excuse for me, Mazy, when Mr. Jones called?

Hired Girl—I did, miss.

"What did you say?"

"I said you were in bed with a tooth-ache."

"Mercy! And he knows every tooth in my head is false."

NOT A LIAR.

Landlord Hooks (of the Tanner House)—Can you refer me to a work from which I can learn how the ancients constructed those catapults that would throw stones half a mile?

Friend—Don't believe I can. Why do you want such information?

Hooks—Well, you see, I've advertised that the Tanner House is within a stone's throw of the depot, and now I have got to rig up some plan for throwing that stone. I am enterprising, but I am not a liar.—[Munsey's Weekly.]

NO GROUND THE CAUSE.

"On what ground, Mr. Cautious, do you propose to break our engagement?"

"There is no ground, Miss Bellows; that's the trouble. I had supposed, when we became engaged, you owned a large farm."—[Epoch.]

A HARD CASE.

A Fort-st. car, which was traveling the northerly end of its route, was hailed by a bareheaded and excited housewife, who said to the conductor as the car came to a stop:

"Oh, sir, you and the driver and all the passengers come into my house as quick as ever you can!"

"What's the matter?"

"It's perfectly awful, sir! I opened the stair door and a mouse ran into the sitting-room, and he's there yet. That's my daughter crying in the back yard, and she's the poor baby yelling in the kitchen, and the boy with his revolver and a club and—"

The conductor rang two bells and the car rolled on.—[Detroit Free Press.]

ENGAGING WAYS.

Miss Suipperton—Miss Filippante was fance to no less than four men at the same time last summer.

Miss Quipperton—Well, you know she has such engaging ways.

HE OBJECTED.

Mrs. Bowers—Shall we have a celebration on our wedding, my dear?

Mr. Bowers—Oh, goodness, no! Just think of the lot of tin horns that the people might bring for the use of the youngster. A thousand times no!—[Munsey's Weekly.]

A FREQUENT STRIKER.

Gazzam—Snodgrass is on a strike again.

Maddox—Is he?

Gazzam—Yes; he struck me for \$10 this morning.

Pikupson—I tell you, Koltover, that youngest boy of mine is a genius in his way.

Koltover (who knows the prodigy)—Yes; and in everybody else's.

CHANGE FOR ARGUMENT.

Cultured Mother—Did you write to the tailor about that suit of clothes?

Small Son—Yes, ma; here's the letter.

C. M.—Mercy! You've spelled suit soot.

S. S.—Isn't that right?

C. M.—Of course not. Soot is the black stuff.

S. S.—These clothes are of black stuff.

C. M.—But soot is the black stuff that gathers in a chimney. The word you should use is s-u-t. It comes from the French, and means set.

S. S.—But these clothes don't set. That's why we're sending 'em back.

—[Good News.]

THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE PLACE.

Will Putogah—Cutaway, who is that nice clerical-looking old gentleman that called around yesterday with a statement of my account?

Cutaway (the tailor)—That is Professor Muttet, the famous collector of antiquities. I have just engaged him.—[Puck.]

A FIGHTER.

Your son has joined the Four Hundred and Fourteenth Regiment, I hear."

"Is he likely to make a good soldier?"

"Yes, indeed. John is a fighter. Not afraid of anybody. Why, he knocked his captain down the other night for reprimanding him."—[Bazar.]

A QUICK CHANGE OF TUNE.

Boy of the Neighborhood—Wot's yer name?

New Boy—Jim Hodge. Wot's yours?

Tom Kadger. Got any big brothers?"

"No."

"Father and mother 'blong to church?"

"Yes; but I don't. I know what yer a-drivin' at. If ye want to fight I kin do ye up in two minutes."

(Adapting himself to changed conditions of things.)

"Let's you an' me go an' lick Bob Burnham."—[Chicago Tribune.]

THE POWER OF ORATORY.

Primus—Johnston intimated to me just now that he had been the orator of many brilliant occasions. How do you suppose he managed to hold his audience?

Secundus—By the buttonhole, I imagine.

A SMALL MATTER.

Young Lady (out yachting)—What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?

Captain—The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder.

Young Lady—I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water anyhow, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it.—[New York Weekly.]

NOT THE HAND HARRY WANTED.

"Papa, young Harry Samson is coming to see you to-night."

"What for?"

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"Well, shall I give it to him?"

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### THE REASON OF ITS DANGER.

Gaggs—Now, do you really think ice water is dangerous?

Waggs—Yes, in the winter, when the ice is thin.

KEPT HIS PLEDGE.

Foggs—I have never yet been able to stand up to a New Year's resolution.

Boggs—I am proud to say my pledge for 1890 has been kept secretly.

Foggs—What was it pray?

Boggs—I quit quitting.—[Bazar.]

HIS SACRIFICE.

Highwayman (to deaf individual)—Money or your life.

Deaf Individual (in carriage with wife)—What's that? Money or my wife. Well, then, take my wife.

NO CYCLOPEDIA.

"I tell my wife every thing."

"I don't."

"You ought to."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I don't know every thing."

HE GOT THERE.

Paterfamilias—This won't do, young man; you are altogether too late getting away when you call on my daughter.

Young Man—Oh, but sir, haven't you kept track of how early I always come?

—[Judge.]

HE SOUGHT IN VAIN.

"Five years ago," began the stranger to Wentman, "I sought that woman to be my wife. I believed her congenial, light-hearted and beautiful. Has our married life been pleasant?"

"No! Why not?" asked Wentman.

"Why not? Because she declined to marry me, of course!"—[American Grocer.]

THE VALUE OF THE INITIATIVE.

She—Miss Perkins is very intellectual, to be sure, but why should she wish to be a man?

He—Well, her chances for matrimony would be vastly increased, don't you see?

HINT TO A BORE.

Borum—I fear I let in some cold air when I opened the door.

Business Man—It is not the cold air that you let in that I object to.

MY MOTTO.

Gurley—My adorable one, will you marry me?

Adorable one—Sorry, but I promised another gentleman a while ago. First come, first served, you know.

WANTED ONE MORE.

Customer—What is this, waiter?

Waiter—Just what you ordered, sir—pea soup.

Customer—Please bring me another pea as a side dish.—[Boston Herald.]

SHE WAS TIRED.

He—I always pay as I go.

She (yawning)—Well, how is it that when you are paying attentions you never go?

WITHOUT ADVERTISING.

"Ah, good morning!" said the early bird to the worm.

"Looking for a job?"

"That's what. Any thing I can do for you?"

"Yes, you'll about fill the bill, I think."—[Brooklyn Life.]

Old Parr.

November 16th, 1635, were buried in Westminster Abbey, London, England, the remains of Thomas Parr, "Old Parr," who was born at Wington, Alberbury parish, Shropshire, in 1483, and thus attained the age of 152 years. This is as though one living to-day had been born in 1738, when George II. was King of the loyal colony of New York, the same year George III. was born and a college was founded at Princeton in the Jerseys; when Louis XV. reigned over our French neighbors and the great Frederiek of Prussia was yet Crown Prince, and Maria Theresa sat secure on her throne under the treaty of Vienna, signed November 18 of that year, 1838, and Spanish war ships enforced the right of search against English merchantmen, and the foundation of British empire in the East had not yet been laid by Clive, nor had Cameron of Lochiel followed the Young Pretender to Culloden the same year Louisbourg was captured by colonial troops under William Pepperell. That is the kind of a life-time Old Parr covered with his 152 years, who, conversing with Charles I., had been born before the Reformation, under Henry VIII., nine years before the discovery of America. "At the age of 105 Parr was obliged, in consequence of an intrigue with Catherine Milton, whom he afterwards married as his second wife, to do penance in a white sheet at the door of the parish church at Alberbury. When presented to Charles I. at court, that monarch remarked to him: "You have lived longer than other men; what have you done more than other men?" Parr's reply was: "I did penance when I was a hundred years old."—[New York Sun.]

Cable and Electric Roads.

On August 1, 1873, early in the morning, the first trial trip of the cable railway system was made in San Francisco. The inventor was A. S. Hallidie. Today, after seventeen years, there are forty-four cable railways in the United States. In August, 1884, the first electric railway was started in Cleveland, Ohio, on the Bently-Kinkaid conduit system. To-day, after six years, there are 263 electric railways in operation or under construction in this country. These figures would seem to indicate that the electric railway has advantages which the cable has not. The one great advantage of the cable is that it can overcome grades which are insurmountable by the other systems, but this advantage is rapidly being overcome, for the efficiency of the electric motor is being so wonderfully enhanced that steep and steeper grades are being surmounted. There is no question that electricity will furnish the motive power for all street railways in the very near future.—[Electric Journal.]

The Mexican is the Ideal Socialist.

The Mexican is the only natural-born bred-in-the-bone socialist in the world. He has no regard for the subject; he never hears our long-haired ranters vociferating about the beauties of their system, nevertheless he is the ideal socialist, and, although he is not up to the average in arithmetic, he knows the rule of division to a nicety. The average Mexican will share his blanket and his last loaf of penny with you, should you expect him to be fully as liberal; if you don't, he compels your liberality by taking your possessions away from you forcibly. In short, if you have not, he gives; if you have, he takes, whether or no.—[Chicago Times.]

### HOMING PIGEONS.

### SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS.

They are Keen-Eyed and Intelligent—Some Very Remarkable Journeys and Feats of Endurance.

One of the most attractive features of the recent American Institute Fair in this city was an exhibition of something like a thousand homing pigeons. The birds were the property of the various members of the Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers. The exhibition at the Fair was the tenth annual show of the kind which has been held by the owners of homing pigeons.

Of the thousands of persons who followed the line of cages wherein the beauties of these birds were confined, there was not more than one out of a hundred who had even a faint idea of the nature of these home-loving birds, or who did not apply to them the familiar but incorrectly used name of "carriers."

The carrier pigeon is the bird of song and a scented love knot hanging upon its white breast; and when it is pictured, most likely it is about to leave the hand of some fair maid on a mission of flirtation.

The homing pigeon is not this kind of a bird. It is a creature of action, gifted with the highest intelligence, the keenest sight, the most accurate memory, and a supreme love of home. This last named characteristic is the incentive which gives power to the other faculties of the bird and enables it to cover thousands of miles of strange country, always in a direct line for its home. It is a well-known fact that a homing pigeon has only one home, and within that home only one perch. Birds which have been caught and held for years, have, upon being liberated, sailed into the air and returned to the one spot they knew as home.

It is little known that within the immediate vicinity of New York pigeons are more widely used as couriers than in any other part of the country. A hunter occasionally finds in his game bag a bird of "refined" plumage and differing in frame from the dove and other pigeons he may have shot. A closer examination reveals to him a number on a narrow band of metal about the bird's leg close to the claw. He has shot a wanderer returning home, and often along the quill of the wing has been found a message.

Homing pigeons are used extensively for business purposes, as well as in war and love. The "Angel of the Stege," a bird which made many a journey to Paris when the Germans had closed all the gates, is celebrated in history and verse. A. De Cordova, the Wall Street broker, during the summer months has employed the homing pigeons to convey messages of the stock reports from New York to his summer residence at North Branch. The system was a great success. Even longer distances are covered by these swift and sure flyers. The home of many a manufacturer is brought very close to him by bird flight, while for obtaining news of yacht racing from the yachts themselves no other means has been found practicable.

Many interesting stories are told of the wonderful feats of endurance and intelligence accomplished by homing birds. There is one of the greatest birds that ever lived, records were shown at the fair. They were Petroleum, the property of George H. Bowerman, Newark; Waxem, belonging to W. B. Garbrandts, also of Newark, and Montgomery, a bird from the lofts of J. R. Husson, New York. The flight of Petroleum and Waxem is of great interest, as their records stand unbroken. It is told as follows:

On the morning of August 9, 1889, twelve birds were liberated at Mississippi City, Miss. They were owned by George W. Bowerman, W. B. Garbrandts, Ben Elwell and Wm. Bennett, members of the Newark Fine Homing Club, of Newark, N. J. The morning was clear and beautiful, a very light breeze blowing towards the south. The birds rose 200 feet, paused in air a moment and sailed away in a bee line for their homes, 1,093 miles away. The first bird heard of was one Wizard, belonging to Mr. Bowerman. It had been shot on August 11, at West Point, Miss. This was one of the greatest birds that ever soared the air. Half of his lower bill had been shot away in the June previous to his death while on a flight of 300 miles; but notwithstanding his wound he reached his loft, his bill shattered and his breast covered with blood, which had flown from the wound and was as he flew. Other birds were trapped. One had flown to a perch at Seneca Mills, Md. A Miss Magaha caught the pigeon, and finding it to be a homer notified the race secretary. Later the bird was liberated and went on its way. Both Waxem and Petroleum were trapped in the same county of Pennsylvania. Both were liberated at the same time, after having a rest of several days, and both made their lofts in Newark in due time.

Petroleum is a silver cock of rather small size, thick set, with a plump round head and eyes of remarkable brilliancy. He has been a flyer ever since he was sure of a good coat of feathers on one of his early pilgrimages from Winton, Del. The bird returned covered with petroleum—hence his name. Petroleum was a half-brother of Wizard, the gamey little bird spoken of above.

Another incident of the strength of the homing instinct in these pigeons is told of a bird belonging to Mr. Baldwin. A gentleman walking in the country with a retriever dog as his companion, was astonished by seeing in his pet's mouth a pigeon. Upon examination the bird was found to bear a number and the owner's name upon the wing. Mr. Baldwin was notified. The gentleman into whose hands the bird had fallen was requested to keep the pigeon until it had recovered, and then to liberate it. The bird was petted and its wound healed, and its cage was opened. The following day the bird arrived at the loft of its owner and took its place on its accustomed perch. It was supposed that the bird had flown beyond its strength, had fallen to the ground, and was resting when seized by the dog.

The Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers, which is an organization uniting the several clubs of the country, was founded in 1880. Under its rules and by the personal supervision of a race secretary, appointed by the Federation, all competitive races are conducted and all birds flown. The owner of homing pigeons and members of the association are supplied with numbered leg bands, which are put upon the birds when very young. A careful register of these numbers is kept by the Secretary, so that at any time the owner of a bird found by a stranger and bearing a certain number about its leg may be ascertained by applying to this secretary.

Regular races are flown each year, the old birds contesting in the early summer and the spring birds flying during the

month of September. For these races it is necessary to train the birds as an athlete would be trained before a long run.—[New York World.]

### A Text to Fit Each Case.

A tired-looking man applied to a country clergyman for work. He was sent to dig potatoes. At the end of two hours the minister went out to see how the work advanced. He found that the man had uncovered at least two quarts of the tubers.

"Well," said the parson, "you don't believe in injuring yourself, do you?"

"Oh," replied the laborer, "I work according to Scripture."

"Where in the Bible can you find anything that justifies your taking two hours to dig two quarts of potatoes?"

"Why this: 'Let your moderation be known to all men.'"

The minister thought this rather witty, and took him in to dinner. The moderate worker did not prove to be a moderate eater; in fact, he cleared the table.

"You can't seem to get according to your text," said the clergyman, agitated, seeing the dinner disappearing like mist before the sun.

"No," replied the tired man, plying his knife and fork faster than ever, "I have another text for this: 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"—[New York Tribune.]

### Outwork Again in Fashion.

Outwork, now in fashion again, was especially dear to the heart of Queen Elizabeth. Her ruffs were trimmed with outwork of lilies, spangled with seed pearls, and a mantle was wrought with red and blue pomgranates and crowns. This work, strictly speaking, is formed of stuff gummed to a network of threads. The pattern is outlined with buttonhole stitching, the stuff afterward cut from around the design, leaving the network to form a background. There are several modifications of outwork, and all European nations seem to have employed it more or less extensively.

Italian outwork is very ancient, and figures largely in old chronicles. Outwork on linen is a Danish industry, but the most perfect linen outwork comes from Sweden. It is a favorite industry of the Swedes, and is taught in the schools. Heavy lines of carving cloths, all bordered with outwork, a pattern of vine leaves outlined with coarse white linen floss, and the outer edge of the leaves cut away, being particularly effective.—[New York Star.]

### From Slavery to Affluence.

The will of the late Roswell J. Jeffries has been admitted to probate by Surrogate Adlington. The deceased was a slave before the war and often related in the prayer meetings which he attended some of his experiences and the incidents of his conversion to Christianity in his early life. Upon obtaining his freedom he came to this city and bought a small farm upon what was then the outskirts of the city and which has since been built up into the fine residence section now bounded by Park avenue, Brighton avenue, Meigs and Howland streets. Although real estate speculators reap some of the benefit of the tremendous increase in the value of this property, Mr. Jeffries was at his death a rich man. He lived to the advanced age of ninety years. His wife and four children survive him. The exact value of his estate is not known, but it is certainly over \$50,000.—[Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express.]

### Squirrels in Corn Cribbs.

There is no kind of vermin that makes worse havoc among corn than does the common red squirrel. One of our earliest experiences was in catching a squirrel that had made its way into the corn crib, and had carefully selected the brand of ears hung at the top of the crib for seed corn the subsequent spring. Taking down ear by ear the squirrel had stripped all the soundest grains from the cob, eating out the chit or germ, and leaving the husk as a shell for the farmer to use for hog feed. It is the peculiarity of the squirrel's ravages that he eats only the chit, though the active field mice are liable to do the same when grain is plentiful. We have known squirrels to make their way into house lofts to eat the seed corn hung up to dry against the chimney, and to eat the chit of the squirrel, unless badly pinched by human hands, is sure to be of the best.—[Boston Cultivator.]

### The Czar is a Nimrod.

Czar Alexander III. is a great hunter, a real Nimrod, who does not like the official huntings, in the course of which animals are driven by foresters just under the hunters' guns. At the recent hunt in the forests of Russia, a deer came out from under a bush near the czar, who was about to shoot it, when suddenly General Techeverin, commandant of the Imperial Guard and an outspoken soldier, exclaimed: "You know, Majesty, they have just led the deer here with a string!"

"Well," cried the czar, half laughing and half angry, "do they take the deer by the string?" And, lowering his gun, he let the deer quietly pass away. But he left on the next morning with only two or three persons of his suite, in order to enjoy the chase on hunting grounds not managed in such an easy and official manner.—[New York Tribune.]

### The Welsh Fasting Girl.

Sarah Jacob was known as the "Welsh Fasting Girl." She had no food in the stomach during the year 1867, and these pains were followed by hysterical spasms. She refused to take food, and the story was eventually circulated throughout London that she fasted for sixteen months.

A corps of trained nurses from Guy Hospital was sent to watch Sarah. At the end of the year she was found that the fast had been given up. They said the girl was dying. The parents declared the girl was only in her usual state during a fast.

On the sixth day the girl died of starvation. The father and mother were sentenced for manslaughter.—[New York Journal.]

### Underground London.

Underground London is far more wonderful than underground Paris. Take, for example, its 3,000 miles of sewers, its 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, its 4,500 miles of water mains, its 3,200 miles of gas pipes, all definitely fixed. Yet not even these compare with the vast cellarage area beneath the feet of pedestrians. In Oxford and Regent streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140 acres.—[Chicago Herald.]