

FOR THE CHILDREN.
"WE MUST BUILD THE LADDER BY WHICH WE RISE."
Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vander roof,
And we mount our summit round by round,
While the angels are in the van of our feet,
By the pride we have mastered of green and gold,
By the pride we have mastered of green and gold,
And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet,
We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the
Our lives are trailing sorrid dust.
Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We must borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope, and receive, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.
—Arthur's Home Magazine.

TAKING HIS PLACE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

"Oh, Charlie! Why did you do it?
On my birthday! I am so sorry!
You will miss all the fun of the
Fourth!" And as she spoke, Mary
sat down, dangling her head, but by
no string, and looked disconsolately at
her brother, who had been sent to bed
as a punishment.
"How was I to know that just a little
bunch of fire-crackers like that was
going to smash the goblet? I did not
think it would do anything but just
lift it up some."
"Who told you to do such a thing,
Charlie?"
"Nobody, I thought of it myself. Oh,
dear! I wish I had a grandma, or an
aunt, or somebody like that!"
"What for, Charlie? I am sure no-
body could be half so good as mamma."
"I like grandmas and aunts. Eddie
Bates has a grandmamma, and she al-
ways gets him out of scrapes; and Tom
Taylor has an aunt that does lots of
things for him. People ought not to
get married if they don't have mothers
and sisters to make grandmas and
aunts for fellows who are always get-
ting blamed for nothing at all."
"But, Charlie, you did break the
glass."
"No, I didn't; either the fire-crackers
broke it. Oh dear! dear! I wish there
wasn't any Fourth of July, nor fire-
crackers, nor nothing! What's the use
of fire-crackers if a fellow can't fire
them off? It was real mean to let me
spend all my money on fire-crackers,
and then not let me have any fun with
them. There's my pin-wheel too. I
promised Bates to fasten it to the top
of the highest clothes-pole in his back
yard to-night."
"I am so sorry, Charlie dear!"
"And, Mary, I am so dreadfully hot. I
have got a raging fever; I know I
have."
"Why do you not say you are sorry?"
"Didn't I say so?—over, and over,
and over. And father just said he
thought bed was the best place for
boys who exploded fire-crackers under
goblets. If I'd a father, and wanted
to kill a boy, I'd do it out and out,
and not roast him to death in bed on
a Fourth of July. I wouldn't be mil-
ions of dollars sent a poor boy to bed
on his sister's eighth birthday! But
what's particular attention was due to
his sister's eighth birthday Charlie did
not explain.
"You knew the crackers would break
the goblet."
"No, I didn't; I never saw them
smash one. Didn't they bang, though?
And at the recollection Charlie's eyes
grew bright, and a delighted expres-
sion illumined his sombre little face.
The next moment, however, he was
crying bitterly; and Mary, having
watched him a moment, ran down
stairs just in time to stop her father
as he was going out.
"Papa, please forgive Charlie. He is
so sorry, and he wants to go out so
much!"
"He must have a lesson, Mary, that
will teach him not to be so destruc-
tive." But he added, smiling, "If you
choose to take his place, Charlie may
go out."
Mary bounded away to her brother's
room. "Papa says you may go out,
Charlie. Get up, dear."
Charlie needed no second bidding,
and he asked no questions. Five min-
utes later he was explaining to Eddie
Bates the principles upon which he
had blown a goblet all to smithereens
in his back yard.
"What a glorious Fourth it was!
Charlie did not go home until ten-
ten. He would not have gone then,
but for the pin-wheel and the rockets
were under his clean shirt in the bot-
tom drawer of his bureau, and must be
gone for."
"Up stairs he ran, as gay as a cricket,
and burst into his room. "Let me see;
they are in this one. Mother! Where
did I put them?"
"What are you looking for, Charlie?"
"What are you doing in bed?"
"What?"
"Papa said if I would take your
place, you might go out; and girls do
not care much about the Fourth of
July, said Mary, cheerily.
"And you have been in bed all day?"
"Of course; papa said you were to
stay in bed all day, and I am taking
your place."
"But I am your substitute."
"Oh, Mary, you dear, dear, darling
sister! You are better than all the
grandmothers and aunts in the world.
Catch them going to bed a whole day
for a fellow! I tried Charlie, kissing her
proudly.
"I am, very glad I took your place,
Charlie."
"You get up now, Mary, and I'll give
you my pin-wheel and my rockets, and
you and Ella Bates can fire them all off.
I wouldn't be so mean as to let you lie
there any longer," said Charlie, begin-
ning to remove his coat.
"That will do, Charlie," said papa,
coming into the room. "Get up, my lit-
tle daughter. Charlie has learned his
lesson, I am sure."
"Indeed I have, papa, and I am real
sorry."
That same evening Eddie Bates was
boasting to a crowd of boys about his
grandmother having saved him from
an evening of sorrow in his own room.
When Charlie spoke up.
"Grandmas and aunts are all well
enough, boys, but sisters are a hell
of a lot. You just listen." And in a
voice of pride and love he related his
sister's generous act.
All the gay little crowd gave Mary
three cheers and a tiger, besides firing
off the starry rockets simultaneously
in honor.

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HALF-MAST.

Ex-Governor JOHN J. BAGLEY, died in San Francisco, July 27, 1881.

From the land far towards the sun,
Came a messenger stern and true,
And the light of hope was quenched
In a flash of grief.
Half-mast are looms as usual flags,
For one has gone away
Who will not come back to-morrow
Nor yet another day.
For his boat has cast its anchor
On a fairer shore than this,
Where no darkness mars the glory
Of the sun of perfect bliss;
But the shadow of the spectre
Which laid his hand upon his heart,
Reaches into his people,
Feltier than all pain of earth.
Hushed the eloquence which thrilled us,
Cold the ever tenuous hand
That never closed to an appeal
From the poorest of the land.
From the lofty and the lowly
Come rapt tributes to his worth—
Righter than the songs of conquerors,
Feltier than all pain of earth.
For, though he climbed not up the heights
Where the fabled ages stand,
Yet his was a grander mission,
His a nobler brotherhood,
A mission reaching far and wide
Unto poverty and sin,
A brotherhood which gathered all
Of the good God's children in.
With a cross for pain and simple
That men understand,
Yet broad in his humanity
As the boundless love of God,
He drew blessings in his pathway
On the tolling and the poon,
And, though he comes no more among us,
Yet shall his deeds endure.
We shall miss him in the councils,
And the children of the state,
All will weep for him who loved them
With a love so strong and great;
But while all mourn him with that grief
Which is never in pain,
We mutely say, "God will be done,"
For our loss is his great gain.
—In Lansing Republican.

THE FREE ICE-WATER FOUNTAIN.

O blessed fountain in the fervid street,
O draught of life in hot and toiling ways,
Unto thy plashing coolness what tired feet
Come yearly thronging sick and fainting days!
From stifling tenements the wailing bears
In fevered ranks the fevered, mother child
And feeble limbs and aches almost dead
To hope for life, and is from grief beguiled.
The children, with unchilled labor sick,
Lift now, flushed faces to the dripping
The eager worker from the very thick
Of toil and strife stops gladly for a drink,
And calls, "God bless the crystal water cool."
For sick and thirsty lips, for young and old,
And free to all—a gift beyond a price,
Some healing angel stands there, I think,
And cries, "Come here" from out life's ho,
turmoil,
Stooping lowly and give the children drink,
And cool the lips of fever and of toil.
It was a blessed thought. Then freely take
The cooling cup that has no taint of sin.
This gift for humanity's sweet sake:
The one step toward the march we take,
And return shall "thanks and usage"
win.

TAKING BOARDERS.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors
said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged
to take boarders, after all she'd been
through; and Heaven knows boarders
did not help a body to work out her
salvation. And so much money in the
family, too, taking in by small and
large. Want't her Uncle Eben, over
at Dover, well-to-do, and not a chick of
his own to care for, except the boy I
had adopted, who was no credit to him?"
It was odd, now, that a man with poor
relations should take to a stranger,
when his own flesh and blood was
needed; but sometimes it does seem as
if folks had more feelings for others
than for their own kith and kin. Then
there were notions in the city, fore-
hand and fashionable, who were
never worth a rope of pinto to Delia,
and there was her great-uncle John's widow
larking on the continent, a-gaming at
Baden-Baden, and trying the waters
of every mineral spring in the three
kingdoms, for no disease under the sun
but old age. She'd been known to say
that her folks were too rich already,
and probably she would endow some
hospital with her property. "Hah! rich
wealthy relatives were of no value to
Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never
seen her great aunt since she was a
child, when her uncle John had brought
her into their French maid and dresses,
her jewels and fallals, which won the
heart of her namesake. Since then
Uncle John's widow has become sort
of a glided creature, always young and
beautiful; for, though Ella had re-
ceived little gifts from time to time
across the sea, for the last fifteen years,
she had never heard nor seen any-
thing of the being who had inspired her
youthful imagination, and was quite
uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John
Rogerson was in the land of the living.
Dead or alive, she seemed to have made
no material difference to Delia's hum-
drum life. After having nursed her
father through a long sickness, Delia
found that she had left a heavy mort-
gage on the homestead, and her mother
and herself on the high road to the
poorhouse, unless they should bestir
themselves. As the mother was al-
ready bedridden, the stirring naturally
fell upon Delia, and she advertised for
summer boarders:
"Good board in the country, by the river-side,
seven dollars a week, clean, classed,
broad piazzas, fine views, berries, and new
milk. One mile from the station."
Address: Ella Rogerson,
Croftsbrough, Maine.
"Cheap enough" commented an elder-
ly lady, who happened upon it. "Ella
Rogerson—an old maid, I suppose,
obliged to look out for herself. I've
a good mind to try her broad piazzas and
new milk. If I don't like it, there'll
be no harm done."
And so Delia's first boarder arrived—
an old lady with false front hair,
brown wrinkled skin, faded eyes,
black alpaca gown, and hair trunk.
Delia made her as welcome as if she
had been a duchess; lighted a wood-

fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night
was damp, and brought out her faint-
cup and saucer, with the fadeless
old roses wreathing them.
"Wonderful kind!" reflected Mrs. Cle-
ment, as she comb'd out her wisps of
gray hair and confided the kindness
to a box. "Wonderful the fadness for
seven dollars a week! She's new to the
trade. She'll learn better. Human
nature doesn't change with latitudes.
She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the
comfort of a poverty-stricken old crea-
ture."
But, in spite of her strictly old widow
Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that
Delia had begun as she meant to hold
out, though other boarders came to de-
mand her attention, to multiply her
boarders. The fret and jar of conflicting
temperaments under her roof was a
new experience to Delia. When Mrs.
Gresome complained of the mosquitoes,
with an air as if Miss Rogerson were
responsible for their creation; of the flies,
as if they were new acquaintances;
of want of appetite, as though
Delia had agreed to supply it, along
with berries and new milk; of the
weather, as if she had pledged herself
there would be no sudden changes to
annoy her boarders; of the shabby
house and antiquated furniture, "too
old for comfort and not old enough for
fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking
boarders was her mission.
"What makes you keep us my dear?"
asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when
ever ything and everybody had seemed
to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever
marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"
"Yes; a long, long time ago."
"Tell me about him—"
"There isn't much to tell. He asked me
to marry him. He was going to
Australia. I couldn't leave father and
mother, you know (they were both
feeble), and he couldn't stay here.
That's all."
"And you have never heard of him
since?"
"Yes. He wrote; but where was
the use? It could never come to any-
thing. It was better for him to for-
get me, and marry. I was a mill-stone
about his neck. I didn't answer his
letter."
"And suppose he should return
some day, would you marry him?"
"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently,
as if the idea were familiar, "let the
neighbors laugh ever so wately. I've
thought of it sometimes, sitting alone,
when the world was barren and com-
monplace. One must have recreation
of some kind, you know. Everybody
requires a little romance, a little poetry,
to flavor every-day thinking and do-
ing. I'm afraid you think me a silly
old maid, Mrs. Clement."
"No. The heart never grows old.
The skin shrivels, the color departs,
the eyes fade, the features grow pinched,
but the soul is heir of eternal youth—
it is as beautiful at fourscore as at
"sweet and twenty." Time makes
amends for the ravages of the body by
developing the spirit. You didn't tell
me your lover's name. Perhaps you
would rather not."
"His name was Stephen Langdon,
Sometimes Capt. Seymour runs against
him in Melbourne, and brings me word
how he looks and what he is doing;
though I never ask, and Stephen never
asks for me, that I can hear."
Delia's summer boarders were not a
success, to be sure. If they took no
money out of her pocket, they put none
in. She was obliged to eke out her
support with copying for Lawyer Dun-
more and embezzling for Mrs. Judge
Dorr. One by one her boarders
dropped away like the autumn leaves; all
but old Mrs. Clement.
"I believe I will stay on," she said.
"I'm getting too old to move often.
Perhaps you take winter boarders at re-
duced rates. Eh? You think my terms high?"
"By no means. But when one's purse
is low—"
"Yes, I know. Do stay at your price.
I can't spare you." She had grown such
a fondness for the old lady that to re-
fuse her at her turning terms would have
seemed like turning her own mother
out of doors; besides, one month more
would not signify. But she found it
hard to make both ends meet, and often
went to bed hungry that her mother
and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough,
without their appearing to be "just a
pattern." At Christmas, however,
she came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in
the shape of a hundred-dollar bill from
an unknown friend.
"It can't be meant for me," she cried.
"It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said
her mother; "and there's nobody else of
that name, now that your aunt Delia's
dead."
"We are not sure she's dead," object-
ed Delia.
"Horrors! Don't you know whether
your own aunt is dead or alive? asked
Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.
"It isn't our fault. She is rich and
lives abroad. I was named for her. I
used to look in the glass and try to be
like her. I'd inherit her beauty with the
name, though she was only our great-
uncle's wife."
"She ought to be doing something
for you."
"How can she, if she's dead? I
don't blame her, any way. Her money
is her own to use according to her
pleasure." Uncle John made it himself
and gave it to her."
"But if she should come back to you,
having run through with her, I'll be
bound."
"I suppose I should," replied Delia.
"The winter wore away as winters
will, and the miracles of spring began
in fields and wayside; and Delia's

Current Topics.

An ex-Union soldier applied some
time ago to collector Merritt for a position
in the New York Custom House.
The Collector referred him to the ex-
aminers committee, whereupon the sol-
diers claimed precedence over all civil-
ians by reason of the statute requiring
the presence of Union soldiers and
seafarers in making appointments to the
civil service. This question, was refer-
red to Attorney-General MacVeagh,
who has disappointed the soldier by
holding that he must stand his examina-
tion and can be preferred only over
civilians if the same standing is de-
clared by the examiners.
At the funeral of Elder White the
great leader of the adventists, at Battle
Creek, one of the most touching address-
es was made by his wife, who, much to
the surprise of the audience assembled
in the tabernacle, arose and spoke as
only a woman could speak under such
circumstances.
The Matrimonial Aid Society of
Michigan has been organized and pro-
poses to soon commence operations on
a large scale, with its general offices and
headquarters in Detroit, and agents in
every county of the state.
The society has been incorporated,
like other mutual benefit associations,
and its constitution and by-laws are
modeled after those of the Pennsylvania
"Hand-in-hand mutual aid society for
unmarried persons," which has now
been in operation since last April. The
only other prominent society like it in
the United States is the "National
dowry association of Union City, In-
diana." Both of these associations
have become widely known through the
medium of the newspapers.
The by-laws of the Michigan society
are short, sweet, and to the point.
There is no limitation as to age. All
members are welcome, "from the cradle
to the grave." The rates are as fol-
lows: \$2.50 secures a certificate for
\$50; \$5 secures a certificate for \$1,000;
and \$10 secures a certificate for \$2,000.
No certificate for more than \$2,000 will
be issued to any one person.
Holders of certificates will not "be-
come defunct" until five months from
the date of said certificate.
Any party marrying will be subject
to assessment until 30 days after mar-
riage, and on giving proof of said mar-
riage, and be entitled to receive the
amount of his or her certificate in 60
days from the date when the ceremony
was performed.
When a member marries, an assess-
ment of \$1.10 will be made, and the
pro rata amount realized will be paid
beneficially; not, however, exceeding
the amount named in the certificate.
Any member unable to pay the as-
sessment on his or her certificate may,
by applying to the secretary and re-
turning \$1, get a new certificate of the
same date for a smaller amount—in no
case less than \$50; but all moneys
paid on old certificates in excess of
what should have been paid on the
new certificate will be forfeited to the
society.
Members forfeiting certificates may
be reinstated within a reasonable time
by paying all arrearages and \$1 addi-
tional.
It follows that the best new results
will remain to be seen what departure.
The Land bill now awaits only the
royal assent; having received the sig-
nature of the Queen, it will become a
law. "As to the means by which the
Lords and Commons finally adjusted their
differences, it can only be said
that through the government protests
against the use of the word com-
promise in this connection, the process
can be adequately described by no
other name. The concessions made by
the house of commons appear trivial
only when compared with those wrung
from the Peers, who, in fact, concede
everything in assenting on any terms
to a measure which in principle and
detail is repugnant to their interests as
a class. But even a land-owning
aristocracy is not wholly impervious
to the lessons of passing events, and
the majority of Irish landlords, al-
though none at least will be likely to ac-
cept the new Land law in good faith
without seeking to take too much ad-
vantage of those provisions which re-
served their final shaping at the hands
of the Lords."
Among numerous messages of sym-
pathy from all parts of the country call-
ed forth by the critical condition of the
President was one from New York, the
sender a stout, healthy man, offering to
furnish some of his blood if trans-
mission would save the President's life.
One of the features of the Atlanta
Cotton Exhibition will be the manufac-
ture of a suit of clothes from raw cot-
ton in twenty-four hours. The cotton
will be picked, ginned, spun, dyed, wov-
en, and made into a suit of clothes
for Senator Brown inside of one day.
The Schoolcraft Pioneer gives a wel-
come to emigrants as follows: "North-
western Michigan wants more brain and
muscle; Schoolcraft county can make
room for thousands of men having
those qualifications. We have the tim-
ber and location for manufactures, and
we have the climate to insure good
health. We are between two of the
best water courses on the continent,
with railroads coming to us, and soon
we will be connected with all the
world in winter as well as summer.
Our arms are open to welcome all so-
ber, energetic people to our shores.
Come unto us all ye that want to live
long, prosper and then die happily."
There is proper and then die happily."
The sheriff of Lebanon, Indiana, evi-
dently does not believe in squandering
the people's money. Two men convicted
of horse-stealing were put in his
care to be delivered at the State-prison
in Michigan City. Deeming it unneces-
sary to pay three fares, he handcuffed
the convicts together, put them aboard
the train, and forwarded the handcuff
key by express to the warden of the
prison. They arrived promptly, and
were locked up for five years. The
conductor of the train explained this
circumstance by saying that the con-
victs showed no disposition to escape,
and as they had money with which to
pay their way, he could not take them
off the train.

THE COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH.

It is in Siberia, and its name is Werkh-
ojansk. Here, it is said, the "ultima-
point of excessive climate in all the
world is reached." In other words, it
is the pole of the greatest cold in the
known Northern Hemisphere. The
lowest recorded temperature ever ob-
served in the highest arctic latitude, is
that noted by Sir George Nares at Flo-
berg Fahrenheit, was 74° below zero
of Fahrenheit. For a long time it
was supposed that Yakutat, 400
miles distant from Werkhojansk was
the coldest spot on earth. The soil of
these places is frozen 380 feet deep.
The cold in these regions often reaches
81° below zero. It is pleasant to read
about such places in the torrid season
we are now passing through.—Democrat's
Monthly.
Cocoa trees produce nothing for ten
or twelve years, and then bear fruit
annually for fifty years.

have anything to do with Burns "was
too democratic in his political ideas."
We should have supposed that the
kindly and benevolent notions which
Burns called his politics, and which
were as harmless as possible, could
hardly be remembered by any rational
man against him at this time of day.
He certainly was not more democratic
than the average Briton of the nine-
teenth century, and not more than an
honest man should have been in those
days of stupid, blind, and heartless
 Toryism in which he lived. Whoever
cannot subscribe to whatever politics
there may be in "A man's man for a
that" is behind this age, as Burns was
somewhat ahead of his own. The
poetry of Burns is of the immortal
class, while his political errors, or, if
cherished any, are harmless now, and
his best political opinions of almost
universal acceptance.—N. Y. Tribune.
The following statistics show how
expensive are criminals to the country:
1880—Population of the United
States 2,219,576
Criminals and paupers annually . . . 2,145,202
1860—Population of United States . . . 3,142,221
Criminals and paupers annually . . . 4,446,143
1870—Population of United States . . . 4,588,274
Criminals and paupers annually . . . 10,930,422
It is expected that the completion of
the recent census will show that \$20,
000,000 have been expended in the
United States every year during the
last decade for the maintenance of
criminals and infirm people. This es-
timate does not include the enormous
outlay involved in the arrest and trial
of criminals, but simply their main-
tenance in prison.
Personal Notes.
Dean Stanley left \$450,000.
James Gordon Bennett had an income
of \$800,000 a year.
A lady living in Adrian aged 27, is
said to be reduced by consumption to
the weight of only thirty pounds.
Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who
is a worker of beautiful embroidery, has
recently sold one of her designs for
\$500.
It is said \$5,000,000 worth of stock
in the various companies formed to
introduce his incandescent light.
A Three Rivers woman who destroyed
a few days ago pulled up and moved
all the garden "sassa" she had raised, so
that the tenant who succeeded her
should not use it.
For the past two years Ann Eliza
Young, at odd spells has been telling
Michigan people what she knew about
the late Brigham Young, and she pro-
poses to keep the thing going as long
as the door receipts are satisfactory.
The studies of James and Harry
Garfield have been interrupted since
the first week of the President's term.
Their tutor expects to graduate both
and enter Lowell well in time for them
to don Locksall college in September.
In spite of General F. A. Walker's
acceptance of the presidency of the
Boston Institute of Technology, he will
remain Superintendent of the Census
until the census of 1880 is complete.
This is the condition which he made
before taking his new position.
Gov. Hamilton, of Maryland, has
good reason to be as mad as was the
Dublin ghoshtman when Daniel O'Con-
nell called her a hypothesis. The
Baltimore Gazette accuses him of "as-
sisting at the gemparous, dissipa-
ous and very equivocal generation of
100 factions of the Democratic party."
We don't know what that means, but
it must be something dreadful.
Anna Dickinson has a grievance
against the Lincoln Monument Associa-
tion of Philadelphia. "It was I who
proposed the monument," she says,
"and I gave the \$1,000 which came
from a lecture to the cause in question.
The rest of the fund of \$20,000 was
made up in small subscriptions, the
greatest being \$20. When it had given
one-twentieth of the fund was not
even mentioned. The pamphlet which
tells of the association alludes to me
in no way."
Daniel Woods, an Indianapolis seis-
sors-grinder, 104 years old, but hale and
hearty still, loves to tell how he went
from Nova Scotia, where he was born,
to England, to serve under the Duke
of Wellington in all his great campaigns.
He took part in forty battles and skir-
mishes, including Waterloo. During
his long career he received 132 sword
cuts, a sabre stab in the eye, and eleven
pistol or gunshot wounds. Since his
return to America he has lived in
Montreal, St. Albans, Boston, New-
York, Philadelphia and Indianapolis.
He has had seventeen children, of
whom the eldest survivor is eighty-
nine, and the youngest, by a second
wife, twenty three years old. This is
the story which Daniel Woods tells,
and if he can go three years through it
without changing color he ought to
abandon scissors-grinding and take up
diplomacy.
The family tree of the Vassars will
be a list of philanthropists. Mathew
Vassar, nephew of the founder of Vas-
sar College, after devoting many years
of his life to its service, bequeathed
a large share of his property to that
and kindred institutions in Poughkeepsie.
The college receives \$130,000, the Vas-
sar Brothers' Home for Aged Men \$15,
000, the Vassar Brothers' Hospital
\$85,000, and a last named institution
is also made residuary legatees, giving
it probably a very large endowment.
These latter charities are the work of
the two brothers, who bear the same
name as the Vassar brothers of the last
generation. Another charity, the In-
stitute for the Poughkeepsie Scientific
and Literary Association, is not re-
membered in the will, as the project
was begun after the will was drawn.
The surviving brother, John G. Vas-
sar, announced that he renounces in
advance all legacies under Matthew's
will, and will erect the Institute as a
monument to his memory. This is a
rare partnership in good works, the
recollection of which will be sweet in
men's mouths for many a day.
A Laramie man who used to own a
watermelon patch and a bull dog in
Iowa is having a cub constructed for
the world's fair a log cabin bed quilt
containing 2,135 pieces. The blocks are
relics of boy's pants, pried out of the
jaws of the bull dog during the years
that the owner was general manager
of the melon patch.—Laramie Boon-
crang.