THE EDITOR.

A man who runs a paper should know every human caper, and hold up the torch of knowledge like a gleaming midnight taper.

He should be profound as Plato, pliant as a boiled potato, and as humble to his patrons as a street and crossing scraper.

He must write the funny column that makes his readers solemn, with the fashions, frills, and flounces, furbelows and—what-d'ye call-em?

Quell the cozy fiend's wild revel, squelch and massacre the devil, and put on a brow of thunder that shall petrify and appall 'em.

He must be a news reflector of the lyceum and lecture, and rain down his taffy torrents on the veteran milk inspector.

He must be a prompt adviser to each foreign king and kaiser, and keep out his key-hole telescope to dodge the bill collector.

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

HUGH CONWAY.

A wakeful night with stealthy tread
O'er weary day had crept.
As near her dying infant's bed
A mother watched and wept.
She saw the dews of death o'erspread
That brow so white and fair,
And bowing down her aching head,
She breathed a fervent prayer.

"O Thou," she cried, "a mother's [illegible]
Blest known—a mother's grief—
Pass down from starry heights above,
And send my heart relief.
Sweet lips that smiled are drawn in pain,
Yet rest his life may keep
And give him to my arms again,
Oh, let my baby sleep!"

When sickly dawn a gleam had cast
Of light on night's black pall,
Through gates of heaven in mercy past
An answer to her call.
On sombre wings, through gloomy skies,
Death's angel darkly swept—
He softly kissed those troubled eyes.
And lo! the infant slept.

A CRY FROM IRELAND.

I heard a voice come moaning over sea:
"England, and ye who fain would legislate,
Heart-cankering woe and immemorial hate
Are not the servants of a law's decree;
Cease ye asunder! we are bound, not free.
League-makers tyranize, the priests dictate;
Give us the land! yet famine will not bate
Her stern demands of all she holds in fee—
Our bodies' breath and marrow; we are slaves,
Staves to tradition's wrong and tribal scorn,
And though our acres, bog and moor and fen,
From dragon's teeth may yield its armed men
Poor hunger stands above our shallow graves,
And, wringing empty hands, cries out for corn.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE.

Joconda sat on her balcony and looked down the golden slope, across the steep, white stretch, to the sea. The languid life of Malta was starting to meet the breeze, which rose as the heat of the day declined. Lateen sails of various colors flapped by the quay and grew resplendent in the level, yellow track of the sunset. Fisherman came down the hill and put of to net their suppers. Idlers strolled to the water's edge, where the crowd gathered and puffed at their cigarettes as the P. and O. steamer disembarked a crate or two of freight and a motley group passengers. The blue of the air and the water brightened and grew more and more alike. Even Alteranto, careless of these things, noticed the beauty of the evening as he raised the latch of the garden gate and came straight up the narrow path through the fig trees. As he opened the gate a ragged fellow had slouched up the hill on the opposite side of the way.

Joconda gave a slight start and rose to her feet as her eyes rested for a moment on that haggard face. Then the Marquis came in sight and distracted her gaze and when she looked into the street again the fellow was gone. She sat down as Alteranto approached and reclined on the low marble steps at her feet. She was evidently accustomed to seeing him there.

"There's more than usual color in your cheeks, Princessa. May I hope the sight of your devoted servitor inspired it?"

"There, Marquis, kiss my hand and be content. I'm too well used to have you steal through my garden gate to be inspired at your appearance. The servants adore you because you never require them to announce you. I am not sure that I shall not reclaim the latch key, however, for fear you may wear it out. After all, why should the Marquis Alteranto be allowed so signal a privilege, even if he is my cousin and an 'Original Noble?' Plenty of nobles and better too—who knows—knock at the front door!"

"You are pleased to be severe, fair cousin. I had hoped the force of your caprice blunted long since by my devotion and the cruelties you have practiced on others. There's not a violet in your grounds but has caught up and whispered to the night wind the sighs of some disappointed lover. You are [illegible] the coldest of the Chianti, the most morseless of the Zammit, the haughtiest of the ladies of Malta. Perhaps it is for these reasons you decline to marry, lest you perpetuate this fateful combination."

"Altranto, as you opened the gate I thought I saw Rimano—scowl if you like—creep up the white street behind you from the wharf, with the rabble from the steamer. He looked this way for a moment and hurried away, perhaps at sight of you. I couldn't help shuddering, although already I loathe myself for it. So be comforted, proud signor, instead of turning pale at the mere suggestion of a miserable outcasts's rivalry. Trebly outcast, from love, home, and honor! There, look; he was just such another as that wretch—unkempt, reeking perhaps from the company of cutthroats—by heaven, it is himself! Do you not recognize him? Here, look between these vines. I believe he recognizes you. As for me, he will never forget me."

"If that be the once gallant Rimano, prime favorite of your highness, the Princess of Coquettes and First Lord of the Garden Latch Key, then indeed have the mighty fallen. I would not swear to him, however. And if it is Rimano, how can he even reconcile himself to such company?"

"One might think of the leader of a pack of thieves, who had been to spy out lodgings for them. There, he looks here again. I am sure he saw us that time. Quick, call Guiseppe."

"Do you really mean it?" said Altranto.

"Yes, quick. It happens to suit my pleasure to know more of his movements. Guiseppe, you see that tall, ragged young man just ahead of the crowd passing the garden gate. Follow him discretely, find out where he goes, what he does. You may recognize him."

"Can it be possible," said Altranto, "that the sight of that man raised the color I saw in your cheeks when I came? He is not even now indifferent to you. Fool, to believe that I had made you to forget him."

"And yet, after the infamies you have heaped on him, he can only hate you."

"Just as you please, Signor. I know how to appreciate the compliment you pay me when you suppose I could waste a thought or else than idle curiosity on Rimano. But as for his hating me, I doubt it! I don't believe any man would hate me, absolutely! I would even wager I could have him here at my feet, restored to his old 'unreason' this very night, did I choose."

"The conceit of the Princess is superb. I might almost be tempted to wager a box of bon-bons against—against even a kiss—of the the Princessa's hand, that her reconquest on such conditions is impossible. I should like to be an eye witness, however."

"Done," said the Princess.

II.

It was scarcely possible for Joconda to recognize Kimano in the drawn features of the gaunt man who was shown that evening into her drawing-room, although she sat expecting none but him. She looked entrancing in a long robe of salmon colored satin, with an opal clasping a bunch of jessamine at her bosom. He was all in black, his eyes two centers of darkness, which seemed to irradiate his personality with gloom. "I saw Giseppe," he said; "I asked after you; he said you had forgotten me, and so I have come once more."

She had risen to her feet, and gazed at him with the spectre of the old love mocking the disdainful pity of her splendid eyes. She held out her hand to him, and, as he clasped and kissed it over, she shrunk slightly from the burning touch of his haggard lips.

"I must seem no better than a cur," he hurried on, to kiss the hand that struck me. But one can not entirely forget, madame, is it not so? And for once more only I could not refrain from seeking you. I am no longer the old self. If I were, you would not now have to wonder at the humility of the Rimano you knew, and loved and threw over your garden wall, as you would last night's bouquet. I have been ill at death's door, and sick in body as at heart, and among strangers, reeking in poverty, perhaps worse. I came here again only to make preparations for permanent departure. But the sight of you unnerved me. Ah, if only—do not shrink, the old Rimano spirit is no longer fierce. Give me at least a white blossom from your breast."

He sank painfully on one knee, his eyes flaming and fixed, and reached out his hand while she dropped a jessamine into his trembling fingers. His breast heaved under the lace and satin, and a faint glow came into her cheeks. The great crimson portiere behind her parted slightly, and through the folds peered the face of Alteranto, lowering.

As the soft, white petals fluttered down Rimano spring toward Joconda, and throwing one arm around her waist and the other about her neck, kissed her lips with fiery passion. She uttered a slight scream, the first time she had opened her mouth during the interview, and shuddered violently. The portiere parted, and Alteranto sprang out, livid clutching her as she fell backward. At sight of him Rimano was convulsed and fell forward, rigid foaming at the mouth. The Marquis and Giseppe carried him down the path and threw him over the garden wall.

The pest-house was a square building of brick, covered with yellow stucco, on the top of a weather-worn bluff which sloped into the ocean. The scanty shurbbery about it appeared itself diseased. The crumbling chalk on which it stood suggested earthy decay.

The morning sky was growing yellow and pale blue when a doctor in the regulation dress threw an open upper lattice and looked out to sea. The dawning day flared on the pinched, discolored features of Rimano, as he lay quite motionless on the his narrow cot.

"Thirty-six hours, doctor, of the plague bring one to the crisis. Is it not so," he struggled to say. "I must be at my thirty-six, and may now look forward, I believe, to being the first victim this summer on the island. Pull the cot nearer; I'd like to die looking out to sea."

"Be quite," replied the doctor; you have no right to sentence yourself. Let me feel your pulse." After a silence he continued: "How did you come to have the piague, and why were you not more prudent than to communicate?"

"My God! I woke only an hour ago, and found myself here! Do you tell me how I came to this place."

"You were found in the street, by the Princess Joconda's garden wall, just twenty-four hours ago, and brought here by the Brothers of San Bernadino. You were then in the first fatal rigor, and I had been called already to two other cases—strangely enough in the palace of the Princess, by which you were found. What connection could there have been between your case and theirs—and yet some there must have been! Explain, in the interests of science!"

The dying man smiled; his countenance fairly glowed in the growing light. "And what of those others," he asked, "who take it so promptly?"

The weird chant of the brothers of San Bernadino was at that moment borne into the window. The measured click of their pattens on the stony cliff path to the hospital cemetry came nearer and nearer. Victims of the plague are always buried in the early morning or at night.

"They are both dead," said the doctor. "as you will be in hour."

Rimano struggled to a half-sitting position and, leaning on his elbow, saw there beneath his window, on the edge of the cliff, two black coffins lowered into shallow, chalky graves. Quicklime rattled on the coarse boards, and his glazing eyes could almost distinguish the names of "Joconda" and "Alteranto," his victims, as he sank back like stone. He died happy.

A correspondent says: The modes of flirting which are known in the North, and which are supposed to be innocent, though to some extent mischievous, are altogether to slow for Washington. A great many cheeky young society men here are in the habit of introducing themselves to ladies, and they are not often snubbed. Women who move in respectable circles are accustomed to sending notes to members of congress, with whom they have no acquaintanceship, soliciting private interviews. Usually they want an office, but are not above accepting promises from these men. It is very difficult to draw the line between the good and the bad. Anybody attempting to do so is apt to become terribly confused. Probably the great mass of people here, as in other places, mean well, but they are extremely reckless in their social conduct.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

The girls have abandoned the banjo and taken to the mandolin with their customary enthusiasm.

Of course a Chicago woman claims to have been ahead of Mrs. Potter in reading "Ostler Joe" in public.

The ladies of Cleveland threaten to boycott Miss Jennie Chamberlin because of her excessively English airs.

Dr. Gertrude Kelly of New Jersey has been lecturing in Boston on socialism. She is described as a rosy-cheeked lady with a soprano voice.

The widow of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher has presented her husband's sword to the Young Ireland society of Waterford, Ireland.

Two daughters of the late Secretary Folger have been living for a year in the pine forest region of the Adirondacks, hoping for relief from throat and lung complaints.

It is claimed that the paper thrown into the queen's carriage turns out to be a copy of Tennyson's latest poem. The man who threw it has been arrested, but the writer is still at large.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont is said to be hard at work upon her husband's memoirs. In that event it is safe to say the book will be a great deal better than the public has been led to expect.

The fact that in Wyoming where women have the right of suffrage, a candidate's mother-in-law voted for him repeatedly, will not convince politicians that such experience could be expected as a rule.

A Louisville man, the father of ten girls, has committed suicide because one of his daughters ran off and got married. Excessive joy has been known to kill, but it is new to discover that it tempts one to suicide.

The authorities of Vassar college indignantly deny that the girls ever steal. That may be, but the wonder is where such stupid girls come from. The college girl that wont poach a little is not very promising, and it is a waste of money to send her to school.

Some startling statements are made as to the prevalence among English women of the habit of drinking a preparation of opium diluted with alcohol. The drink is said to be a most injurious one, and the habit is most common among the wives of miners.

A Ridgeway (Mich.) woman has kept track of her baking for a year and finds the score to stand thus for a family of six: Cookies, 4,605; pies, 592; cakes, 263; fried cakes, 987; loaves of bread, 698; besides numberless johnneycakes, shortcakes, pancakes and puddings.

As the recent ship wrecks have left a large number of widows at Gloucester, Mass., the newspapers in surrounding towns publish occasional advertisements showing that the bachelors of that region intend to seize the opportunity thus offered for bettering their condition.

American women who have contracted aristocratic matrimonial alliances in England do not generally care much for the society of their countrywomen, but manage to meet them enough to keep a constant succession of reports coming across the water as to their doings and sayings in London.

Countess d' Archot, wife of the counsellor of the Belgian legation at Washington, formerly Miss Detmold of New York, is said to be the most elegant and most courted in the social world of all the ladies of the diplomatic corps. She is a tall, handsome woman, with dark hair and eyes, splended neck and shoulders, and a suberb poise of head.

Japanese women uniformly have long, coal-black hair of even length, very thick and as glossy as satin. The secret is said to be in the laborious brushing oft repeated and the frequent cleaning with fresh eggs. An interpreter, who has lived long in Japan, says he had never seen a gray-haired person there and that baldness was extremely rare.

Superintendent Jackson, of the Castle Garden matrimonial bureau some days since received the following letter from one Jack Huntington of Hard Times landing, Missouri river; Mister Jackson—I want yer to hunt up ther red-headed gal as came across with me on ther Southampton near about ten yer ago. I cottoned uncommonly close to that gal, and would hev froze on entirely ef her red hare hed not thawed me out every time I tried. The freeze is powerful strong this yer, and ef yer could only get on to that gal and send her up I guess I could stand the har or use it for fuel.

A Painful Situation.

Detroit Free Press.

At a landing below Baton Rouge about thirty colored people came aboard the boat. Among them was a likely young woman, with whom one of the colored roustabouts at once fell in love. We all noticed them making eyes at each other during the afternoon, and finally a gentleman from Illinois said:

"I don't see any reason why they shouldn't marry."

"But we haven't a clergyman abroad?" queried another.

A third gentleman replied that we had, and he went off and hunted up a man wearing spectacles and a choker and informed him that his services would soon be required. The man from Illinois went down to the colored woman and asked if she thought the roustabout would make a good husband, and she replied in the affirmative. He went over to the man, and he owned up that he was dead gone. The couple were at once brought upstairs to the cabin, and all the passengers collected. We chipped in $1 apiece, the clergyman gave his services gratis, and the marriage ceremony went on in good style. After everybody had got through congratulating the happy couple some one inquired of the groom what he was going to do.

"Dat's what I doan' 'zactly know," he replied as he stood with uncovered head.

"You have now enough to go to housekeeping in New Orleans."

"Yes, but de ole woman would hunt me out down dar."

"Old woman? Your mother?"

"No, sah; my wife! I'ze got a wife an' fo' chill'en in Vicksburg."

At this the bride uttered a yell, the clergyman sank into the nearest chair, and the silence became profound and painful. We had gone and married a married man to a young woman.

"'Twant my fault," said the groom, as he jingled our collection in his pocket.

"I didn't know nuffin' 'bout it" added the bride as she walked out of the cabin.

The preacher said nothing could be done, but the captain took the groom by the ear and remarked;

"John Henry, you can keep the money, but you let that woman alone. If I find you speaking to her I'll break your back. Move along, now."

And that was a Mississippi river marriage and divorce.

How to Use a Grindstone.

American Agriculturist.

A grindstone is one of the worst used implements on the farm or in the workshop. Few take the trouble to think about their work, and consequently the majority of people fail to get the best use from their tools. The few who do think will agree with us when we say that a grindstone is both badly used and badly chosen. It is too small, too thick; it is not evenly and truly set and centered; it is not properly speeded, and is turned either too fast and made to throw the water around, or too slow, and so fails to do its work well; it is not well taken care of and is badly used.

A grindstone, to do good service, should be at least 3 feet in diameter and 2½ to 3 inches in thickness, having a bevel on each side of the face for grinding on. It should be quite free from hard spots or from pyrites, which are injurious to tools, although these may be taken out with a sharp-pointed punch. If it is not centered truly, it will work out of shape and soon require truing up. It should run as fast as possible, as it does work both better and more quickly. To prevent it from throwing water, a piece of bagging should be fastened to a staple fixed across the frame on each end, but not so close as to grind it out; this will catch the excess of water and yet keep the stone wet enough and clean it. The stone should be kept in the shade, and never in water, which softens it and makes one side wear faster than the other. The water-box should have a hole in it to let out the water and keep the stone dry when not in use. In grinding it should mostly turn from the tool, and if used otherwise great care should be taken by the one who holds the tool not to gouge the stone.

Enforced Piety in 1770.

Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Leonard R. Weles, son of the late Gen. Leonard R. Welles, the respected citizen and owner of the old family Welles homestead, on the corner west of the state prison, has been in town a day or two. Looking over old papers left by his father, he found several of interest, among them the following grand jury complaint. It tells something of the state of public sentiment and the laws under which the people lived prior to the Revolution. People of the present day can hardly imagine the severity of the oppression, ostracism, and tyranny, practiced in the name of religion in those days. Solomon Wells, "one of his majesty's justices of the peace," was grandfather of the late Gen. Leonard R. Welles:

GRAND JURY COMPLAINT, OCTOBER, 1770.

To Solomon Wells, Esq'r., one of his majestie's justice of the peace for the county of Hartford, in the colony of Connecticut, in New England, comes Jonathan Smith the 2d and Josiah Francis, Jr., both of the town of Wetherfield in the county aforesaid, two of his majesties grand jury men for said county, and in the name and behalf of our sovereign lord, the king, complaines too and informes said justice that Bengeman Griswold, Samuel Deming, Jr., and Ephram Griswold, all dwellers in the first society in the town aforesaid, hath for near twelve months past neglected, and still do neglect, to attend to the worship of God in any congregation by law allowed without any reasonable excuse therefor, which is contrary to one paragraph in a statute of said colony, instituted an act for the due observetion and keeping the Sabbath or Lord's day, and for punishing disorders and prophaneness on ye same, &c.

JONATHAN SMITH, } Grand
JOSIAH FRANCIS, } Jury Men.

WEATHERFIELD, Oct. ye 16, A. D., 1770.

Among the names presented and at first written in this complaint ware John Treat and his wife, Joseph Smith, David Williams and his wife, John Crane, Gershom Smith, but these names are erased by lines drawn straight through them. A large proportion of the words in the complaint are begun with capital letters, which in copying we do not follow.

A Suggestion to Feeble Churches.

Warwick (N. Y.) Times.

When it takes the combined congregation of three churches to comfortably fill one of them, as was the case in Warwick at the union services last Sunday night, we are driven to the conclusion that it would be better in every way for them to unite their forces and worship God harmoniously together. If it is really necessary to have a variety of preachers in order to meet the taste of all, they could take turns in preaching under one roof, and thus save the expense of running three separate establishments. It would also seem reasonable that a preacher would much prefer talking to a large congregation once in three weeks than to speak twice each Sunday to a handful of listeners and an unsympathetic array of empty seats. There is no more energy wasted in attempting to sustain churches where there is not a sufficient population to support them than we can calculate, and a combination of different societies which, after all are only different in name, would be a blessing to the churches and the community as well.

A Long Lived Ministry

Within the last half century there has been only one precedent for a ministerial crisis within six weeks after the formation of a cabinet, and that was in 1855. On the defeat of the coalition administration over the question of a Crimean inquiry Lord Palmerston, after Lord John Russell and the late Lord Derby had tried in vain to form a government, reconstituted the old ministry. The seals were accepted on the 6th of February, and seventeen days later three of the cabinet—Mr. Gladstone, chancellor of the exchequer; Mr. Sidney Herbert (the late Lord Herbert of Lea), colonial secretary, and Sir James Graham, first lord of the admirality—resigned because their chief had assented to the appointment of an inquiry committee. This was the ministry of which as Lord Salisbury remarked in a speech after the formation of his own administration last summer, it was prophesied that it would not last longer than the frost which accompanied its birth; and which yet, with a break of but eighteen months, practically lasted ten years.

A farmer's garden in rows clear across the patch and cultivated as far as possible by horse power and given as good cultivation as the best farmers give their corn fields, will require only half an acre to supply half of the living of the average family and add largely to the health of its members.

COLLEGE DAYS OF NOTED MEN.

The Longfellow Brothers—Hawthorne, Cilley, Pierce, and John P. Hale.

I read in some newspaper during the last year the proceedings of an alumni meeting of Bowdoin college. One of the speakers stated that Prof. Longfellow when a student was an awkward boy and walked with a slow, shuffling gait. He had forgotten—mistaking Stephen for his brother Henry. When the Longfellows were in college they were roommates, having a room at Parson Titcomb's on Federal street. My father lived in the next house toward the college and I saw them pass daily. When the bell rang for recitation or prayers Henry left the room forthwith, walking sprightly with a military gait. At that time he was tall and slim and as straight as an arrow. On the contrary, Stephen would not leave his room till the bell had about ceased ringing, walking with a slow gait, stooped in his sholders, carrying his book under his arm, with both hands thrust into his pockets. Henry was social and familiar, while Stephen was reserved and made but few acquaintances.

Frank Pierce when in college was a close student; wore his hat tipped on one side, giving him a care-for-nothing appearance. Usually spent his vacation in Brunswick; was a zealous disciple of old Ike Walton, and spent much time in gunning and fishing—game being plenty on our blueberry plains. I have been with him when he brought down seventeen pigeons at one shot, taking them on the wing.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and John Hodgdon were of Quaker extraction, and of course were rather reserved. Both confined themselves closely in study hours. Hawthorne, I think, was suspended or severely reprimanded while a student for not raising his hat and bowing when he passed Prof. Allen, but never neglected doffing his hat to Peter McGill, who saw the student's wood.

Jonathan Cilley was one of the handsomest students in the college and stood high in his studies, to which he devoted but few hours daily. He was companionable to all and popular among townspeople and students. After finishing his profession he practiced at the court in Topsham, boarding at Brunswick at one of the hotels. As soon as the court opened inquiry would be made; "Has Cilley got along!" His old friends would assemble evenings and listen to his mirth-provoking jokes and amusing stories. He was the soul of wit and possessed a vast fund of stories and anecdotes. One evening some friends said to him, "Give one more story before we part." He replied, "If I do it will be a silly one," and gave one of his best. He was killed in a duel while still a young man, at Washington, representing at the time Lincoln district in congress. Had he survived, his prospects for the United States presidential chair surpassed those of any politician in Maine, having defeated Hon. John Ruggles, then in congress, with whom he studied law.

William Pitt Fessenden when in college was a else student, tall and of noble appearance, gentlemanly in manners, but rather reserved to strangers, and often the arbitrator in the little troubles among the students, strictly conscientious, and should have been president of his country in preference to some who were.

John P. Hale when in college was a heavily built young man, the picture of health, and he kept well up with his class, happy and jolly, but was confoundedly lazy, seldom arising in season for morning payers, and although he posessed a good appetite, had to have his breakfast sent to his room. His fellow-boarders would often take it, but for a joke would substitute something which they knew would be offensive to him, perhaps Indian meal gruel, of which he complained to his boarding mistress, and I had to carry his meals when he was too lazy to come after them mornings. He must have met with a remarkable change later in life to distinguish himself as he did.

Lock the Stable Door Now.

Chicago News.

Cholera still lingers along the Mediterranean coast, as shown by the recent arrival of another infected vessel at Venice. Contrary to its course in every preceding epidemic the disease has failed to reach this country within the first two years of its invasion of Europe. This may be due to improved sanitary methods limiting it to the countries most directly exposed to importation from its native region. The prolonged and fatal epidemic in Spain—where sanitary science is almost unknown—strengthens this view. But whether this be the real cause, or whether its tardy extension is only one of the many capricious diseases, it remains certain that so long as any trace of the infection exist in Europe this country is in danger.

American authorities are agreed as to the entire feasibility of preventing its introduction, and even England, which, in the interest of her commerce, has presistently and strenuously fought all quarantine measures, is beginning to yield to the logic of facts. A recent number of the official organ of the British Medical Association cites the immunity hitherto enjoyed by the Australian colonies as furnishing the strongest evidence of "the efficacy of a rational system of quarantine and inspection in excluding it from countries in which it has not permanently established itself." After stating the favoring conditions of exposure, climate, imperfect sanitary measures, etc., it sums up in these words: "The dangers to Australia are great, but they are more easily obviated than elsewhere. In other words, quarantine has been successful because it is practicable, and so it might be in preventing another invasion of America from Europe."

Dr. Rauch, secretary of our state board of health, has fully set forth what is necessary to this end. As the result of a recent inspection of the quanantine defenses along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts he insists upon the establishment of at least two or more national refuge stations and the full equipment and active maintenance of those already nominally in existence. With these and a uniform general system of inspection at all ports—the authorities to be kept fully informed of public health conditions abroad by consular agents and intelligent medical officers when necessary—he says "there would be no reason to apprehend the introduction of cholera or any other foreign pestilence." To secure this exemption national legislation is absolutely necessary—and this we will probably get after the epidemic has begun.

Natural Depravity of Children.

New York Tribune.

While a reporter waited in a small stationery store in Houston street untill the old woman in charge of the place could change a $2 bill the other day he was treated to a lecture on the natural depravity of the youthful mind. The occasion was given by three little girls who entered the shop in Indian file and made a bee-line for the candy county in the rear. Their faces wore expressions of injured innocence.

"Well! What do you want now?" the old woman inquired.

"Oh!" said the oldest girl, barely 7 years of age, jerking her elbow expressively in the direction of one of her smaller companions, "she gave you a nickel instead of a cent. The old woman went behind the candy counter and took out a tin box containing a number of coppers. She peered into the box, shook it, to make sure that no nickel was lurking among the other coins, and then held it under the noses of the girls, exclaiming sharply:

"There, now! Do you see any nickel in there?"

Without replying, the girls filed out of the shop, each childish face clouded by an expression of hopeless dissapointment.

"You wouldn't beleive it!" said the old woman, bitterly. "I wouldn't believe it myself if I didn't stand here all day and see it with my own eyes. The deceit of such children is enough to drive me almost crazy. They look you right in the face with angel eyes and lie to you as easy like as if their tongues were oiled. Many a penny I have lost because I could not believe that mere babies would try to swindle me. When I catch them at it they run out, just as those girls did, without saying anything; but that doesn't keep them from coming back with new tricks. The boys about here are just as bad as the girls. One little rascal wanted change for a silver dollar, telling me that his mother had sent him. He kept the dollar in his hand until I counted out the change, and then he slipped the big silver piece into his mouth. I didn't see him do it either, and if he hadn't tried to say 'thank you' with his mouth full I would have lost the dollar. Why, half a dozen girls were in here getting sticks of candy but hadn't paid for it, when a boy stuck his head in at the door and shouted: 'Say, missus, your sign has tumbled down!' His eyes bulged out as if he was scared, and my heart gave such a jump that I could hardly get out to the sidewalk. That sign was all right. The girls left the store while I was trying to catch the boy, and afterwards they declared that they paid for their candy when they got it. Oh, it is horrible to think what bad men and women these children will be when they grow up. Such deceit in babies didn't exist when I was a girl. I wouldn't believe it if I didn't have to stand here and see it with my own eyes."

The old woman wiped her left eye with a corner of her apron, but her right optic was dry enough to see distinctly the change which she dropped into the reporter's hand. When the reporter afterward took the trouble to count the money he found that it was a dime short of the required amount.

THE PILOT'S LONG VOYAGE.

Taken from Liverpool to San Francisco Against his Wish.

San Francisco Examiner.

When the ship Occidental, Capt. Williams, coal-ladened from Liverpool, dropped anchor in the harbor on Tuesday, one of the first to come ashore from her was a bronzed and weather-beaten man. His name is Harry Peletier, and he is an English pilot, who was caried to sea on the vessel owing to the obdurateness of the captain. Upon his arrival at the British consulate's office he received a letter, which was a sad surprise to him, and which reveals the hard-heartedness of a British landlord. Capt. Peletier, for such he rates, left in England a wife and four children, nicely housed in Liverpool, and it was from his wife that the letter came. It contained a tale of woe and suffering almost unheard of.

It appears that when it became known that Capt. Peletier had been carried to sea on the ship, which he was to have left at Cape Clear, malicious reports as to his having abandoned his family were circulated. The vessel was scarce half way down the coast when a fifth child was added to the pilot's family. It was then that the owner of the house in which they lived became imperative and notified the family, that unless the rent was paid within a certain time, and a very short one at that, they would be turned into the street. Friends aided them all within their power, and it was a close scratch to keep above water for several weeks. The finale was that the family were turned into the street, and the cruel landlord sold the furniture over their heads. A refuge was given to the woman and her little ones, and a desperate struggle to keep the wolf from the door was begun. As detailed in the letter the wife refused to believe the calumnies cast upon her husband. The communication is very touching, and completely unnerved the captain. His first thoughts, however, were for his family, and yesterday he sent a cablegram to his wife, and in a few days expects to start homeward.

In connection with Capt. Peletier being carried to sea there is something very strange. As stated, he was to leave the vessel off Cape Clear, on the Irish coast, having a contract to pilot her that far. The cape was made some fourteen miles off, the ship at that time being on the wind. Capt. Williams, so Peletier states, would not lay to and give him an opportunity to signal for a boat from the cape, but kept on his course, claiming that he was afraid of getting on the lee shore. It was thus that he was carried out and reached here only to learn of his family's misfortunes. He has reported the facts to Williams, Dimond & Co., the consignees of the vessel, and will demand full compensation, according to law, which is $5 a day and expenses, including passage home. Pilot Peletier stated that he could have been put ashore at several places where he could have got steamers home, but the master of the vessel refused to lose any time.

There is no mystery about making neatsfoot oil. The only thing necessary is to boil in a kettle as many cattle's feet and hoofs as can be obtained and skim off the oil until no more rises. From the four feet of one animal a pint of oil is generally obtained, and it is well worth the trifling cost of making it.

The ladies of Seneca, Nemaha county, have organized a broom brigade.

WOMAN'S WAR.

Two Generals, Friends in the Field, Fall Out at Home.

Philadelphia News.

General Alfred Pleasanton is one of the most noted figures upon our streets. That dashing and brilliant cavalry leader who drove Price out of Missouri, who checked the confederate advance at Gettysburg, and who did a hundred or more other things which ought to have made the public grateful, is now a private citizen. He is slightly below medium height, and even now walks with the peculiar swing of a cavalryman. General Pleasanton will never be able to disguise the fact that he is a born soldier. He has the look of a military man from head to feet. His hair is now frosted nearly a pure white, and his mustache and imperial are of a greyish tinge. He still wears the black slouch hat of the style in vogue when he commanded the cavalry of the army of the Potomac, and his favorite is a cape overcoat. The General is one of the most entertaining talkers in Washington. Speaking, the other evening, to your correspondent, he said: "Two of the greatest generals of the war were model husbands. Grant and Hancock, although able to command and hold in absolute obedience hundreds of thousands of men, took "back seats" when they were at home. Perhaps you do not know how the unfriendly feeling rose between Grant and Hancock. It is a most interesting story, and extends back before the war, when Grant and Hancock were both young men. Both were stationed at St. Louis at the time I refer to and neither had been married a great while. Mrs. Hancock came from a southern family. Her feelings were all that way, while Mrs. Grant was intensely northern. There never was any good feeling between Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Hancock. Mrs. Hancock snubbed Mrs. Grant, a fact which Mrs. Grant never forgave.

After the war Grant came to Washington with his family to establish his headquarters here. They went to Willard's hotel, but the bills were too high for the general's purse; so he told his wife that he would like to go to housekeeping, and asked her at the same time to select a proper residence. Mrs. Grant went out, and finally decided that General Hancock and Mrs. Hanock were occupying the house which she would like. She went home and told her husband, and he made out the necessary order. You see Grant outranked Hancock and was entitled to the house according to precedent and established usage. Mrs. Hancock, however, was not to be outdone by Mrs. Grant, so she persuaded her husband to write a sharp note to the General. Then came Mrs. Grant's turn. She made up her mind to have that house or die, altogether there were a thousand other houses just as good in the city, so she influenced her husband to reply in kind to Hancock. There was quite a correspondence, but of course Grant came out ahead and got the house. A few days afterward Grant and Hancock met in the street. Grant extended his hand as though nothing had happened, for he was not a man to bear ill will against another for some petty, foolish thing; but Hancock deliberately turned his back on him. When the assignment of divisions came later Grant sent Hancock way up in Minnesota, where he kept him six years. Meade was given the division of the Atlantic, with authority to establish his headquarters in Philadelphia or New York. As Meade was a Pennsylvanian he chose Philadelphia. After Meade's death Grant assigned Hancock to the command of the Division of the Atlantic, with authority to establish his headquarters either at Philadelphia or New York, in precisely the same language as had been given Meade. As Hancock was also a Pennsylvanian the Philadelphia people supposed that his headquarters would remain where they were. Mrs. Hancock, however, remembered that the Philadelphians had given Meade a house in that city, and that they had neglected to similarly remember her husband, she determined that the headquarters should be transferred to New York, and transferred they were, and remain so to this day. Women have more to do in national affairs than you have any idea of."

Beats a Ghost Story.

The Rockingham (N. C,) *Spirit of the South*, is entitled to the honors of the season. It says: "The Rev. Mr. Lindsey, who formerly resided and preached in this county, was able to boast that he was born four months after his mother had been dead and buried. Here is the explanation: His mother, who resided in Stewartville township, in this county, fell ill and, to all appearances dead, and was buried in Stewartville cemetery. The night following her interment ghouls, for the purpose of securing some jewelry that was buried with the body, unearthed the remains, when consciousness returned, and she was enabled to return to her home. Arriving at her late residence she rapped at the door, and was answered by her husband, who demanded to know who was there. To his great astonishment the answer came: 'It is your wife.' He was not quick in opening the door, but finally did so, and was overjoyed to meet again in life his beloved wife, whom he had mourned as dead. Four months afterward the Rev. Mr. Lindsey was born, and she survived several years. This is indeed a strange story, but we are assured that it is literally true."

Wanted Time To Think.

They say a Scotchman can't see a joke. If he can't he is only honest enough to show it. But he is not quite as honest as an Englishman who is at present here. At a little reception the other evening this Englishman was present. A young gentleman in the company repeated that old story put upon Paul Neumann many years ago. He went home one morning early in a slightly befudled state of mind and unsteady condition of body. His wife awoke as he entered the room.

"What time is it?" she asked sleepily.

"A quarter of 12," said Paul.

"What nonsense! The clock has just struck 3."

"Well, ain't that a quarter of 12?"

Everybody laughed, out of politeness, I suppose. Perhaps, really, some of them had not heard the "gag" before. This Englishman got his eye-glasses up.

"Ha, ha, ha! Y-a-as. There a point somewhere there. I see, but somehow I fail to catch it."

It pays to paint plum trees and flight the curculio, as the labor of so doing deters from planting trees, and causes the fruit to be scarce, the result being high prices.