

WOMAN GOSSIP.

The Miller's Wooing.

"Love me little, love me long,
Sing the dusty miller
To his wheat art, and his song
Did a maize and thrill her.

A New Style of Wedding Cake.

At a wedding in Chicago, the bride cake was built in four tiers. Around the lowest of these six satin bows were arranged, each hung on a pearl button, which formed the handle to a diminutive drawer. Just before the cutting of the cake each of the half-dozen bridesmaids laid her hand upon a bow and drew out the drawer, which, needless to say, contained a pretty gift.

The Medical Profession for Women.

This is the only business or profession that is not overdone, and cannot be for many years to come. Every town of over 3,000 inhabitants ought to support a good woman physician. Every city ought to support one to each 5,000 inhabitants. The demand, too, for able teachers to lecture upon hygiene and physiology is on the increase and cannot be supplied for a century to come. Hundreds of women possessed of talent, education and experience, desirous of a financial independence and dissatisfied with a do-nothing life, ought to enter the medical profession, and could do so profitably.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Stick to the Kitchen.

While New England journals are loaded with long-winded efforts to tell where and how woman can enjoy the independence for which she is supposed to long, a Western editor has solved the problem by suggesting the kitchen. If any one doubts the correctness of this view let him invade his own kitchen and attempt to assert authority. He may be a tyrant in the parlor and a nuisance in the dining-room, but in the kitchen woman reigns supreme, no matter whether she is a feeble wife or a brawny servant. It is strange that women never made this brilliant discovery for themselves, for any one of them who has hired help in the kitchen knows that the servant is autocrat in her own domain, and before her the queen of the rest of the house is but a poor, timid, fluttering creature. But such independence implies the ability to work in the kitchen, and of this the American knows about as much as she of Patagonia, who has no kitchen at all.—New York Herald.

A Defense of Mod'rn Women.

Let no man say that the change of woman from the sentimental, insipid and angelic creature of the last century to the vigorous and hearty person of today is a change that begins and ends with eating and drinking habits. Let the pessimists say what they will, the present is an age of genuineness and candor. There is less mock modesty, less of the lumbag of seeming, than in any generation that has gone before us, if we may accept as true the pictures of life given us by Smollet, Fielding, Fanny Burney, Thackeray and the writers of the time of Queen Anne. The civilized world admires the delicate and fragile beauty of American women. But it is the pride of the country that feeds the world with beef, grain and game that the rare flower of American loveliness is no hot-house plant, reared in a nicely-adjusted atmosphere. The womanliness and the manliness of our country spring from a rich and nutritive soil. We have the best provision for the table in the world.—New York Times.

Frizzes, Bangs and Powder.

It being generally known that no collection would be taken up, there was an unusually large attendance of Lime-Kilners, and when the bell rang the audience to order, every bench seemed taken. Brother Gardner looked the picture of perfect health as he shook the kinks out of his spine and said: "Gem'len, what am dat ob'ject on dat sky-blue stool ober dar?" "Dat's de water-pail," was the answer. "Jess so, gem'len—jess so. If that pail war painted red or blew, what would it be?" "Nuffin' but a pail," "Jess so, again. If we shud paint dat pail, an' fresco de hanle, an' silver-plate de hoops an' call it de Tower of London, it wouldn't be de Tower any moar dan it is now. We is all agreed on dat—all but de women. My ole woman, who am black as de one-spot ob spades, lame in de leff leg, and wid no moah bewty dan de hind end of a butcher-cart, frizzes a curl over her leff ear, ties a red ribbon round her froat, puts on a bustle, squeezes her corset till she can't holler, and salls down de street wid de idea in her ear dat she's a turkey ob de fust water. She reckons dat nobody can gaze on her widout a shiver of admiration, and dat folks will e-magine dat I own all de corner lots on de Brush fa'm. But she's nuffin' but my ole woman after all—nuffin' but a bundle ob aches. Walk out de street, and what d'ye see? Ebery female in de lan' rubs paint on her cheeks and powder on her face. Dey frizz der ha'r, squeeze up on der corsets, nip along on der toes, an' der hull air is de deceive de men into believin' dat dey am han'sum and lubly. De uglier and meaner lookin' de woman am, de moar she frizzes and de harder she nips. De less money dey hab to dress on, de richer de duds are, an' de moar jewelry dey wave aroun'. A man

stan's up in de broad light ob day, an' de whole worl' can see if he's humbly, an' ugly, an' lame, an' sneaky, but de woman sails along in a cloud ob gorgeness, an' de lameness and de deception doan' come out until after she's got you fas'. Ef a pig is a pig, why should we call him a cook-stove? Ef a woman is a woman, why de need of all dis paint an' powder an' pippin aroun'? De white man doan' appreciate it, de nigger is sick ob it, an' I tell you, gem'len, dat de time am comin' when dis country am gwine to sigh mighty hard for a return ob de days when a clean calico dress an' a healthy woman went rou'n' in company." Detroit Free Press.

Dimples Manufactured to Order.

Some poet it was who said that whenever a man has a dimple in his chin then Venus is his friend, but maybe that rule won't hold good in these days when dimples are manufactured by art. For there is a place on O'Farrell street in this city where dimples are made to order. I went there out of curiosity. I was shown into a parlor somewhat resembling a dentist's operating-room. There was a glass case full of bottles, washes and wigs and a regular dentist's chair that suggested a world of comfort. This sign was displayed over the fireplace: "M. Alphonse Pondumk, Improver and Beautifier, from Paris."

A dapper little gent in a velvet cut-away coat and deep purple neckcloth, whose face wore a complacent smirk, claimed the name as his. I bashfully suggested the dimple question and asked for some points. I really did want a dimple in my arm, and told him so. But I insinuated my disbelief in his ability to produce the necessary article.

Whereupon he convinced me by practice. This is how it was done:

My arm being bare and the exact spot indicated, he placed a small glass tube, the orifice of which was extremely small, upon the spot. This tube had working within it a piston, and was so small that when the handle was drawn up the air was exhausted from the tube and it adhered to the flesh, raising a slight protuberance. Around this raised portion Monsieur Alphonse daintily tied a piece of scarlet silk, and then took away his suction machine. The little point of skin which was thus raised he sliced off with a wicked-looking knife, bringing the blood.

I tried hard not to scream, but it was so unexpected I had to.

Then he bound up the arm, placing over the wound a small silver object like an inverted cone, the point of which was rounded and polished. This little point was adjusted so as to depress the exact center of the cut.

Then he told me to go away and not touch the spot until the next day. When I came at that time he dressed my arm again, and this operation was repeated for five days, when the wound was healed. The silver cone was removed, and there, sure enough, beneath it was the prettiest dimple in the world! And all John had to pay for it was ten dollars.

Now, theoretically considered, dimples are most entrancing. Cleopatra had a dimple directly over her heart, and Antony said that it was the mark made by the lips of Eros, who kissed her at her birth. Ninon de l'Enclos had dimpled toes which were renowned for their sea-shell pinkness and beauty. Helen of Troy had a large dimple on her left shoulder, and Anna Dickinson has one on the end of her nose. A woman without dimples is never ever even sure of one proposal; with them they come in dozens.—Rosamond, in San Francisco Truth.

Feminine Small Talk.

DISCREET wives have sometimes neither eyes nor ears.

DR. ANNA WARREN, of Emporia, Kansas, makes \$5,000 a year by the practice of medicine.

THE Yonkers Statesman discusses "Women as Wives." The idea seems feasible.—Norristown Herald.

MRS. MARY DEFRANT, of Elkhart, Ind., blind for twenty-five years, claims that her eye-sight was restored through prayer.

A DOUBTFUL statement is afloat in the papers to the effect that cigarette and cigar smoking among all classes of Boston women is becoming general.

THERE is a girl in Plymouth county, Mass., who had eighteen different lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs 384 pounds.

THE daughter of the late Commodore Maury, who assisted him in the compilation of his well-known geographical series, is a school teacher in Richmond.

THE dislocated leg of a man at Lafayette, Ind., was treated by a woman physician as though it had been fractured. He demands \$10,000 damages, the mistake having crippled him for life.

MRS. TELLEB, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is tall and slender, with black hair and the blackest of black eyes, and is the possessor of an unusually gentle and attractive manner. "THE most beautiful woman in Washington" is the wife of the Swedish Minister, Countess Lewenhaupt. She is a delicate and slender blonde, with fair complexion, golden hair and blue eyes.

TWENTY-FIVE women physicians in Russia who took part in the military operations of 1877 have been decorated with royal honors. The number of female medical students in Russia is said to be rapidly increasing.

MRS. CHANDLER, the wife of the new Secretary of the Navy, is a delicate but handsome woman, with a fine and refined face lighted by large black eyes

and framed in heavy black locks. Her carriage and her manner are full of dignity.

A WOMAN was committed for contempt of court by a New York Police Justice because of her refusal to take an oath or testify in a case of assault. "Judge," said she, "I never took an oath in my life, and I'm not going to take one now. These people can settle their difficulties without calling me in."

A WOMAN who does all her own housework, attends to seven children and turns her dresses half a dozen times to make both ends meet, may be a good Christian, but when a lady in a \$1,000 carriage and a \$500 dress halts at the door and asks her to subscribe to some charitable object she can hardly be expected to act and talk like one.

APPLES AS FOOD.

From the earliest ages apples have been in use for the table as a dessert. The historian Pliny tells us that the Romans cultivated twenty-two varieties of the apple. In these latter days we probably possess over 2,000. As an article of food they rank with the potato, and, on account of the variety of ways in which they may be served, they are far preferable to the taste of many persons; and, if families would only substitute ripe, luscious apples for pies, cakes, candies and preserved fruit, there would be much less sickness among the children, and the saving of this one item alone would purchase many barrels of apples.

They have one excellent effect upon the whole physical system, feeding the brain as well as adding to the flesh, and keeping the blood pure; also preventing constipation, and correcting a tendency to acidity, which produces rheumatism and neuralgia. They will cool off the feverish condition of the system; in fact, they are far better for these purposes than the many nostrums which are highly praised in the advertisements, and are so constantly purchased by sufferers. A ripe raw apple is digested in an hour and a half, while a boiled potato takes twice the time.

While apples can be purchased at cheap rates every family should keep a dish of them in the dining room, where the children can have access to them and eat all they please. They will rarely receive any injury from them if they are thoroughly masticated. Baked apples should be as constant a dish upon the table as potatoes. Every breakfast and tea table should have a plate of them. Baked sweet apples are a very pleasant addition to a saucer of oatmeal pudding, and, when served with sweet cream, they are very appetizing.

They are not so commonly used as much muscular and nervous support as dishes of meat and vegetables. Thousands of bushels of sour apples are used for pies and puddings in hundreds of families where well-baked sweet apples would prove more nourishing food and much more economical. They are also good food for old people, and are usually greatly relished by them. In my own family they are always, when in season, a part of the meals of the day, and are as commonly used as a slice of bread.—Country Gentleman.

INSECTS AS TALKERS.

"Two ants," says Buchner, "when they are talking together, stand with their heads opposite to each other, working their sensitive feelers in the liveliest manner, and tapping each other's head." Numerous examples prove that they are able in this way to make mutual communications and even on definite subjects. "I have often," says the English naturalist Jesse, "placed a small green caterpillar in the neighborhood of an ant's nest. It is immediately seized by an ant, which calls in the assistance of a friend after ineffectual efforts to drag the caterpillar into the nest. It can be easily seen that the little creatures hold a conversation by means of their feelers, and this being ended they repair together to the caterpillar in order to draw it into the nest by their united strength. Further, I have observed the meeting of ants on their way to and from their nests. They stop, touch each other with their feelers, and appear to hold a conversation, which, I have good reason to suppose, refers to the best ground for food." Hagué writes a letter to Darwin that he one day killed with his fingers a number of ants that came every day from a hole in the wall to some plants standing on the chimney piece. He had tried the effect of brushing them away, but it was of no use, and the consequence of the slaughter was that the ants who were on their way immediately turned back and tried to persuade their companions, who were not yet aware of the danger, to turn back also. A short conversation ensued between the ants, which, however, did not result in an immediate return, for those who had just left the nest convinced themselves of the truth of the report.

AMERICAN COIN.

In all United States gold and silver coin the percentage of alloy is always the same, and all our coin contain 900 parts of pure gold or silver to 100 parts of alloy. They are called 900 fine. This would make them nine-tenths pure metal to one-tenth base metal, or twenty-two and six-tenths carats fine. What is called the new standard is gold eighteen carats fine, but from this is made the finest watch-cases and other of the very finest jewelry.

NINE THOUSAND Marshy Neil roses were picked from one bush in a year at Newport, which at 10 cents a rose, afforded a fair profit.

THERE are 207 chartered railroads in Texas.

LONGFELLOW.

Some of the Queer Visitors He Was Wont to Entertain.

[Prof. Boyesen, in the Christian Union.] During the Centennial year we were sitting together one beautiful afternoon, on his piazza, smoking and talking. While we were in the midst of our conversation I observed two men and two women coming toward us across the lawn. They were obviously New England country folks returning from the Centennial Exhibition. The men had the slow, deliberate, rustic walk, and were dressed in ill-fitting broadcloth, the very look of which made one perspire. The women, who were leading the way, had an appearance of pluck and enterprise, as if they were determined to conquer the modest diffidence of their companions. Mr. Longfellow was sitting with his back to the street, and did not observe them until they were within a yard of the piazza. He looked a little surprised, but arose and saluted the intruders with his wonted courtesy.

"Be you the poet Longfellow?" asked one of the women, in a voice that was incredibly melodious.

"Yes, I am Mr. Longfellow," he answered.

There was an awkward pause, during which the visitors stared at the poet with unabashed glances as if he had been a Centennial relic on exhibition.

"Now, how old a man might you be?" queried the other female, abruptly.

"I am 69 years old, madam."

"Pears to me you look considerably older," said one of them, looking sideways at Mr. Longfellow's face with a critical air.

"My looks may belie me. I am no older."

I could not but wonder at the extreme urbanity with which he answered these blunt questions, showing no annoyance in his face and no resentment. And when, finally, at their request, he conducted the party through the house, he submitted with the same gentle courtesy to a cross examination regarding his family and personal affairs which would have tried the patience of the archangel Gabriel. When, at the end of half an hour, he returned, apologizing for his absence, I made a remark which was, perhaps, a little disrespectful to his late visitors.

"They meant no disrespect to me by their questions," he answered, with that beautiful gentleness which was so characteristic of his manner. "It is perfectly proper, where they come from, to interest one's self in the personal affairs of everybody."

"But it must be a great inconvenience to you," I observed, "to be so frequently disturbed by such excursions."

"Well, during the present year I admit it has been a little trying. Nevertheless I always dislike sending a man or woman away who has come out here for the purpose of seeing me or my house. Of course I have to do it occasionally, but it is always disagreeable to me needlessly to disappoint any one. Those women whom you saw here a good staunch New England type, and I like them in spite of their lack of tact and their abrupt manners. They are good, hard-working women, who make good wives and good mothers. And yet, the other day, I was greatly amused at one of the same class who came here with a large basket—whether she had anything to sell I did not ascertain—apparently for the purpose of telling me that she had read 'Evangeline' from beginning to end, and, she added, 'there ben't many folks can say that.' I am convinced now that she had no intention of being rude to me; she was merely awkward and nervous, and said what she did not mean to say. I asked her if she had found the reading of 'Evangeline' such a dreadful task. The question seemed to surprise her; she grew embarrassed, and showed plainly that she had no recollection of having said anything uncomplimentary."

JOURNALISM AND WOMEN.

Boston correspondence: No work is more strangely and more curiously misunderstood than that required by journalism. It not only requires special talent of a high order, but the greatest amount of technical discipline, general information, adaptability, quickness of dictation and facility of resources. With all this it requires, too, what is almost a sixth sense, the mental habit of keen analysis and swift combination. While these qualifications are, in their perfection, the result of experience, they must also be natural gifts. The journalist, even as the poet, is born, not made. The young woman who aspires to do "critical literary work" would, upon trial, probably be found incompetent to write a local paragraph satisfactorily. If she is earnest in her desire to enter journalism she must be content to begin at the beginning. She must realize the importance of that sympathetic perception, graphic delineation and power of representation that characterize the able reporter. It is a department whose discipline is invaluable and whose scope it may well be a young woman's aspiration to ably fill, and there is not the slightest danger of her work being too good for it.—the anxiety should be to have it sufficiently good. If the aspiring young woman is ready to begin in the simplest manner, and bring her best abilities to whatever she is set to do, she may, in time, grow to other work. That depends wholly on innate ability and her power of perseverance.

Again, the professional journalist is so often amazed as amused over the attitude taken by the young woman whose contribution he rejects. Now it is an unwritten law well understood in the profession of journalism that the editor is not under the slightest obligation to give a reason for his acceptance or re-

jection of a manuscript. He is not called upon to write a private critique on the article to the author of it. His acceptance or rejection is an absolute and unquestionable fact. Among amateur writers this does not appear to be understood.

"The article is hardly available for the columns of the Daily Designer," writes the editor of that journal. Now that is sufficient. That should end the matter. The article may be better in some respects than a dozen others he accepts, but if he be in any sense worthy of his place he has an innate intuition of subtle fitness and intellectual adjustments, which he could no more communicate than he could put his mental life on exhibition. Moreover, there is not the slightest necessity of his communicating them. But his contributor cannot let the matter rest. Perhaps she has written a book, and she is not gratified with his review of it. She must write him a letter deprecating his judgment. She wants to know if he has read her book carefully. She tells him the Critical Connoisseur gave two columns of extracts from it, and that she thinks it too bad, she does, that he referred to it so unkindly. She favors him with nine pages of her views upon his conduct. She alludes touchingly to the fact that seven of her dearest lady friends each sent her a copy of the Daily Designer that contained his cruel allusion to her volume on "Transatlantic Hurricanes," and she begs him to devote one little half hour to her production and then write fairly of it.

All sub-editors and reporters understand that it is an unjustifiable impertinence to ask the managing editor his reason for publishing or not publishing any matter submitted to his judgment. Outside writers and aspiring amateurs rarely seem to comprehend this truth, and their transgressions are largely from ignorance rather than from intention. The nature of editorial work requires absolute power of decision in order to preserve the unities of the journal the editor conducts, and the amateur contributor should not permit his amour propre to incite him to open any discussion regarding the justice of the editorial judgment.

CATS AND THE WEATHER.

Cats have the reputation of being weather-wise, an old notion which has given rise to a most extensive folk-lore. It is almost universally believed that good weather may be expected when the cat washes herself, but bad when she licks her coat against the grain, or washes her face over her ear, or sits with her tail to the fire. As, too, the cat is supposed not only to have a good knowledge of the state of the weather, but a certain share in the management of it, it is considered by sailors to be most unwise to provoke it. Hence they do not much like to see a cat on board at all, and when one happens to be more frisky than usual, they have a popular saying that "the cat has got a gale of wind in her tail." A charm often resorted to for raising a storm is to throw a cat overboard; but, according to a Hungarian proverb, as a cat does not die in water, its paws disturb the surface; hence the flaws on the surface of the water are nicknamed by sailors "cats'-paws." In the same way, also, a larger flurry on the water is a "cat's-skin;" and, in some parts of England, a popular name for the stormy northwest wind is the "cat's nose." Among other items of weather-lore associated with the cat, there is a superstition in Germany that if it rains when women have a large washing on hand, it is an infallible sign that they have a spite against them, owing to their not having treated these animals well. We may also compare the Dutch idea that a rainy wedding-day results from the bride's neglecting to feed her cat; whereas, in the valleys of the Tyrol, girls who are fond of cats are said always to marry early, perhaps, as Mrs. Busk remarks, "an evidence that household virtues are appreciated in them by the men." Once more, there is a German belief that any one who, during his lifetime, may have made cats his enemies, is certain to be accompanied to the grave amid a storm of wind and rain.—Harper's Weekly.

HOW THEY USED TO TALK.

Looking back to the fate of the Webster Booths and Guiteaus of a century ago, one must own that judicial punishment has become wonderfully civilized during the last four generations. The assassins of the late Czar and of President Garfield were tried and hanged like any other murderers. How they would have fared in the days of our great-grandfathers may be learned from the still extant sentence of the peasant Da Miens, who attempted the life of Louis XVI., about the middle of the last century. The hurt which he inflicted was a mere flesh wound which speedily healed; but he was nevertheless sentenced to have "his right hand burned from his body with flaming brimstone, the flesh torn with red-hot pinces from his breast, arms and calves, boiling oil poured into the wounds thus made, and his body torn limb from limb by four horses," all of which humane injunctions were scrupulously carried out. If this was the punishment of an assassin who failed in his purpose, what would have been done to him had he succeeded?—New York Times.

THERE are 40,000 square miles of almost unbroken forests in North Carolina, comprising pine, chestnut, oak, maple, beech and hickory timber.

WEBSTER'S PRESENCE.

In the speaking of Webster this was very noticeable. His personal presence was so remarkable, the figure and mien so Olympian, the gleaming of the eyes in the dusk of the swarthy and projecting brow so weird, and the whole impression so imperial, that it was impossible to suppose that what was said would not be as weighty, majestic and memorable as the speech of such a man ought to be. That it was always so was not the fact, but the grand aspect and manner were so overpowering that it was impossible not to recall the majestic presence again and again, and to believe that you have heard a great speech. In the famous Wyman case, when Mr. Webster was associated with Mr. Choate, and he was suffering from his annual catarrh, and his overcoat was buttoned closely around him, and he constantly used a huge red bandana handkerchief—one of the eight, perhaps, which he said a friend similarly affected "took" for a remedy—and his voice was hoarse, and he seemed to be half surly; but he produced the same unquestionable effect of power as when he stood in his blue and buff Whig uniform in the Senate on one of his great field-days. At another time he was announced to deliver a lyceum lecture. The audience was immense. The expectation was very great. But his discourse was a prolonged common-place essay, absolutely unrelieved by any felicity of phrase or striking thought, and it seemed as if consciousness of the character of his discourse made him more majestic than ever. His poet was magnificent. The greatest of orators pleading sublimely for his country in the very crisis of her fate could not have had the air of saying momentous and solemn truths more completely than Webster upon this occasion when he was saying nothing in particular. Probably the great audience felt that they had never received more fully the worth of their money, and describe to their children and grandchildren the imperial grandeur of Webster as an orator.—Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine.

TYPE-SETTING MACHINES.

A London letter says: Type-setting machines have had a fair trial in this city at the office of the Times, having been used for several years past. There is an idea extant that they are labor-saving machines, and this is so far exact that they can be worked by boys, and when once filled do their work with considerable rapidity. Concerning this there is no difference of opinion. When the tiresome work of filling the tube has been performed the type-setter works quickly under the care of a boy. This being granted, even by the work-people themselves, it remains to consider the drawbacks to the type-setter in use by the Times. It destroys a great quantity of type, as much, it is said, as three or four columns per die. No satisfactory method of "distributing" the type for it has yet been discovered, and so they have fallen back upon an automatic type-casting machine which daily sends in page after page of absolutely new type in tubes for the type-setter. A foundry has been established on the premises and the Times makes its own type. Every day three or four columns are sent from the foundry into the office. It is also said, on good authority, that at the Times office there is a marked disposition to acknowledge a failure of any kind; and that as the type-setter is what may be called a "fad" of Mr. McDonald, the manager, it must be made a success, or at least made to appear one. There has been endless trouble with the machine; but, inasmuch as the manager has made up his mind that it shall succeed, everybody puts the best face on the matter and lets it down as easily as possible. It is hinted that the accounts are made up so as not to accentuate too sharply the charges against the type-setter. By these means a species of spurious success has been "manufactured" for composition by machinery; while, in fact, it is a gross failure from an economical or financial point of view. The machine does its work, it is true, and so "show" is very good; but it breaks more than it saves.

MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Probably no character in our history is so hard to analyze as that of Martin Van Buren. The secret of his power seems to have died with him. He was not renowned as an orator, and yet must have possessed great powers as an advocate. He is not usually credited with having devised any great public measures, yet, during the most important epoch of his party's history, every measure to which it owed success not only required his approval, but showed his shaping, modifying touch. He was not eminent in debate, but was always a leader of his party in legislation. He is said to have been personally calm, self-poised and unconfiding. He heard every one's opinion, but took no one's advice. He was accounted shrewd and cunning, but never was accused of personal treachery. He was cautious to the verge of timidity, and, at the same time, confident to the verge of rashness. He never exulted over victory nor whimpered at defeat. He had few personal friends, but an amazing popular following. In theory he was the broadest of democrats; in practice the most exclusive of aristocrats. None of his associates seem to have regarded him with affection, and few of his opponents looked upon him with animosity. Perhaps no political life in our history shows so few mistakes. In no single instance did he fail to make the best of the occasion, viewing it from his own standpoint; unless it were the last and greatest of his life—the opportunity to lead the movement that eventually trans-

formed the nation. He seems to have had all men's regard, but to have given none his trust. By his followers he was called cunning; by his followers sagacious. More justly than almost any other politician, he may be said to have achieved his own successes. Living, he was the envy of all who would succeed; dead, he has been the model of unnumbered failures. Few statesmen would covet his fame, fewer still do not envy his success. He is the Sphinx of our history—the hidden hand in many great events—a man in whom the elements were so deftly mixed that no friend knew his heart and no enemy ever came within his guard.—Our Continent.

"ONLY THE MANAGER."

At a station on one of the railroads leading out of Detroit, the train had arrived and departed, when the station agent, who had been in the place about three weeks, and was looking for a call every hour to come to Detroit and take charge of the line, was approached by a quick, well-dressed man, smoking a cigar, who asked:

"Keep you pretty busy here?"
"Yum," was the jerky reply.
"Business on the increase?"
"Yum," again.
"Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after a turn on the platform.
"Nobody else runs it," growled the agent. "Have you got a patent car-coupler?"
"Oh, no."
"Want special freight rates, I suppose?"
"No, sir."
"I don't give you passes."
"I don't want any."
"Waiting for the next train?"
"Not particularly."
"Want to charter a car?"
"No."

The agent left him on the platform and entered his office and busied himself for half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked:

"What's the salary of a position like this?"
"That's my business," was the prompt reply.
"What's the income of this station?"
"Ask the baggageman."
"Your name is —, isn't it?"
"Suppose it is?"
"Oh, nothing much—only I'm the general manager of the line, and I'd like to exchange cards with you."

THE OLD MAN'S VETO.

An easy-going, honest-minded old country merchant in Iowa had been in trade for a dozen years when he took in his son as a partner. The boy had lived in Chicago for three or four years and was up to snuff. One day, after the partnership had lasted six months, the old man came down in the morning and found the doors of the store closed, and a sign up to the effect that the firm had failed. He walked over to his son's house and asked:

"James, did you lock the door?"
"I did."
"What's the matter?"
"Why we have failed and can only pay 15 cents on the dollar."
"James," continued the old man, as he pulled down his hat, "I'm going down to open the door with a crow-bar and resume business at 100 cents on the dollar! For thirteen long years I have given fifteen ounces to the pound, and measured both fingers with every yard of cloth, and the idea of taking any further advantage of the Lord goes agin my conscience. Just consider that we have resumed, and come along and scrape out them sugar barrels."

LAY A FAINTING PERSON DOWN.

It is surprising how everybody rushes at a fainting person and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep his head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit fall into the recumbent position death is more imminent. I must have driven a mile to-day while a lady fainting was held upright. I found her pulseless, white and apparently dying, and I believe that if I had delayed ten minutes longer she would really have died. I laid her head down on a lower level than her body, and immediately color returned to her lips and cheeks, and she became conscious. To the excited group of friends I said: Always remember this fact—namely, fainting is caused by a want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position, the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive blood, while if you lay him down, with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity, and, in fainting, in sufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage the fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.—Medical Journal.

THE expenditure of revenue forms the great level from which all heights and depths of legislative action are measured.—James A. Garfield.