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Song.

A word said in the dark,
And hands pressed, for a token,
"Now, little maiden, mark
The words that you have spoken:
Be not your promise broken!"

My lips upon her cheek
Felt tears amid their kisses.
"Oh, pardon I bespeak—
If for my doubting this is:
Now all my doubting ceases!"
—*Scribner for October.*

The Baby's Hand.

What is it the baby's hand can hold?
Only one little flower, do you say?
Why, all the blossoms that ever blew
In the sweet wide wind away from the dew,
And all the jewels and all the gold
Of the kingdoms of the world to-day
The baby's hand can hold.

What is it the baby's hand can hold
Why, all the honey of all the bees,
And all the valleys where summer stays,
And all the sands of the desert's ways,
And all the snows that were ever cold,
And all the mountains and all the seas,
The baby's hand can hold.

What is it the baby's hand can hold—
The baby's hand so pretty and small?
Why, just what the shoulders of Atlas bear,
Bending him down in the picture there
(Now all I can tell you is surely told)—
But that is the world? Well, that is all
The baby's hand can hold.

How is it the baby's hand can hold
The world?—yes, surely I ought to know
For oh, were the baby's hand withdrawn,
Down into the dust the world were gone,
Folded therein as you might fold
The sad white bud of a rose—just so—
For the baby's hand to hold.

OUR FRIGHT.

Down East, where I used to live, the boys had a way of earning a little pocket money every fall, by gathering and selling hazelnuts. The hazelnuts which grew there, like those on the St. John's and the St. Francis, were much like "filberts," and fully as large.

Our way of gathering nuts, however, was a peculiar one, and as I think now, a very cruel one. We did not pick them up, one by one from the ground, nor gather them in the burr from the bushes. We had what we considered a much better way.

We used to wait till about the twentieth of October, and then rob the squirrels' nests! Not the gray squirrels, for there were very few gray squirrels in that Northern country; nor yet the red squirrels, for these latter never lay by large hoards of food for winter; but the thrifty little striped squirrels, or "chippers," as we called them.

The region around was unsettled, and for the most part covered with forest. While trapping one autumn, three o us—boys of twelve or thirteen—had discovered a famous place for hazelnuts. It was on a small river, called Lurvey's stream, in an unsettled township to the northwest, which the people designated as No. 17. Seventeen was the number it bore on the survey map.

From the farms where we lived, up through the woods to Lurvey's stream, the distance was about five miles. The place where the hazels grew was in a valley, between two mountains, in a sort of natural meadow or interval, with grass and bush clumps. The hazel bushes grew along the stream, overhanging the banks.

It was a lovely wild spot, a quiet nook of nature's own making, walled in on each side by high, spruce-clad ridges. The valley was narrow. From the bank of the stream back to the foot of the ridges, it was nowhere more than seven or eight rods—often not more than four. Just at the foot of the knolls, above high-water mark, the squirrels used to dig their holes and locate their storehouses.

Rough boys as we were, we had a keen sense of the beauty of this secluded valley. It was a place to which we delighted to come. For more than four years we kept the locality secret, so as to enjoy a monopoly of the trout, partridges and nuts; for this natural interval, half open and sunny, swarmed with partridges. On a bright autumn day, the grass would be alive with them. Trout and partridges were worthless to us, save to eat; but the hazelnuts sold for four and five cents a quart. Naturally enough, we valued the nuts highest. All through August and September, the busy chipmunks worked. In October we dug them out. The striped squirrel digs a hole in the earth—generally in a bank and on dry ground—from two to ten feet in length, and at the end of this tunnel it hollows out its capacious granary.

Usually, the squirrels go deep enough to get below the frost; and in here, comfortable and cozy, they pass the winter, when snow is deep on the earth above. Sometimes, when there comes a "thaw," with warm weather and rain for a number of days, a few of them will venture out, but not very often until the first of April.

We used to set off for Lurvey's stream after nuts, armed with shovel, hoe, crowbar, a two quart measure, and one or more meal bags. There was no trouble in finding the squirrel holes. We could see the squirrels running back and forth, or our dog would find the entrance to a nest.

The nests contained from four quarts to half a bushel of the nuts each—ordinarily, from seven to ten quarts. I recollect that in one nest we found eleven two-quart measurefuls—all the work of one little creature, of not more than two ounces' weight. Ned said it was too bad to take them all away from him. He was right, and I am sorry to record the fact that we took any of his store; but we left about two quarts, and thought then that we were acting very generously. Two quarts of nuts were worth ten cents; and ten cents was quite an item with us in those days.

The fourth fall we had a rather disagreeable adventure while we were on our annual nut gathering, and by it the whole neighborhood learned of our hazelnut plantation. On the morning of the twenty-fourth of October, we had gone to dig out squirrels, and took with us Tom's gun to shoot partridges. We had also five or six steel traps that we intended to set for mink on the stream. Our purpose was to stay out two days and nights, get all the hazelnuts possible, and catch trout for food.

We arrived at the stream about ten o'clock in the forenoon, dug out three squirrels, and then began to shoot partridges, so as to have a stew for supper that night.

Ned's dog, "Rover," would scour through the grass, among the hazel clumps, and start up the partridges. Tom could then shoot them almost as fast as he could load. I do not think we were more than an hour shooting thirteen; and we should have shot more, but Tom's powder gave out. In the excitement, he had shot his powder-horn empty before he knew it.

Then we turned our attention to fishing. The stream abounded in crooks and bends, with deep holes under the banks, which were well stocked with speckled trout. Grasshoppers served for bait, and we were not long pulling out as many as we thought we should use that night. Ned caught one that would have weighed nearly two pounds. That was certainly one of the best places for hunting and fishing that ever was found.

The locality we chose for our camp was well up the valley. A great rock of many tons' weight had some time rolled down from the mountain, and stopped a few yards from the bank. Here we built an open shed-camp, between this big stone and the stream. First we put up some poles on crotched stakes, then covered them with flat hazel-boughs and long dry grass.

Our fire was placed in front of this "shed," between two stones, and close to the water. We began to get our supper by four in the afternoon; for we had had no dinner, and were hungry as bears.

It takes some time to dress and cook partridges, and fry trout. Night, too, comes on early the last of October. So it was dusk before we had our stew half done. The camp fire brightened, and the light gleamed in a ruddy streak across the stream. Crickets sang and chirruped in the dry grass, and the many wild sounds of the forest came to our ears from the mountains on either side. Here an owl was hooting, and there a raccoon gave its quavering alto cry.

Presently Rover growled and dashed off down the bank amongst the hazels. Then we heard him barking excitedly.

"There's something round here!" said Tom, setting the spider of trout off the fire, and getting up to look about.

Ned was splitting wood a few steps away. He stopped and came up to the fire.

"It's a bear," said he; "and we haven't a grain of powder!"

We were not much afraid that bears would come very near our fire. But as we stood there, we heard the twigs snap, and saw Rover running towards us, barking and growling furiously. Tom caught up the crowbar, and at the same moment I heard a queer snuffling noise, such as a wild animal makes when eating fresh meat, and saw, not three rods off, a large, dark-colored creature stealing up towards us through the bushes and grass.

It would be false to deny that we were badly scared. 'Rover, in his excitement, fairly backed into the fire. All three of us jumped to the other side of the blaze.

The animal was crouching close to the earth, and crept forward as if about to spring. It then raised itself quickly, and seizing the string of partridges, which Tom had hung on a bush a little back from the fire, turned and ran off with them. That was evidently what it wanted—we thought it surely meant to jump at us.

"He's gone!" exclaimed Tom. "But what was it?"

We had never seen any creature like it before. Though as large as a very large dog, it did not look in the least like a bear. Besides, it had white on the under parts of its body, as we had all three seen when it reared itself up. It was much larger than an otter or a lynx, both of which animals we had frequently seen. It did not look like the description we had heard of the catamount, either; yet we had never seen a catamount, and feared it might be one.

As quick as the animal ran away, Rover darted after it. We could hear him barking in the bushes at a little distance, and concluded that the creature had stopped to eat the partridges. It did not seem to trouble itself much for the dog; and Rover clearly did not dare to spring upon it.

We did not eat much supper after that. Rover's actions showed plainly that the beast was prowling about, and not far from our camp. Ned was so afraid that it would smell the trout and come into the camp, that he threw those we had not cooked back into the stream. They floated down, and presently we heard something splash heavily into the water below. We suppose it was the animal jumping into the river after them, as they floated past.

Rover continued to bark in the woods for more than an hour. Then he came back to us for a few minutes, but soon ran off again and continued to bark at intervals. We did not dare to go to sleep.

About midnight, the dog came back to the camp again, with his back to us and his head pointed in the opposite direction, making a great outcry; but the animal did not come out in sight.

Towards morning Ned and I went to sleep, but Tom kept watch. Altogether we passed a very uncomfortable night. Glad enough we were to see daylight again.

As soon as the sun rose, we gathered our things and waded the stream to the other bank, then set off for home, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides. But we saw nothing of the animal; and reached home about nine o'clock in the forenoon.

On the way home we had decided not to say much about the fright we had received. But we told Tom's older brother, Addison, and another young man in the neighborhood, named Dan Murch. They laughed at us at first, but finally said they would go back with us in the afternoon, and take their guns with them. But they was sure it was a bear we had seen.

So after dinner we all five set off, and reached our camp of the previous night about three o'clock. On looking about, we found tracks in the mud on the bank of the stream, near where the partridges had been devoured, as large as the palm of a man's hand, with marks of claws. And close by our camp, where we had cleaned our trout, there were more of the tracks, as if the creature had eaten up the refuse after we had left in the morning. When they saw these tracks the older boys changed their minds, and said it must have been a very large wood-shock or fisher-cat.

To lure the creature, several partridges were shot and hung up on the bushes a few rods from the camp; and Addison caught a string of trout, some of which he hung in the same way.

Now that we had the older boys with us, and the guns well loaded, we felt very much braver, and ate our share of trout and the potatoes we had brought and roasted. As soon as it became dusk, we got under our shed and sat quiet, keeping Rover with us. Save the lonely hooting of the owls and the chirp of the crickets, no sound was heard till quite late in the evening. Then Rover growled, and we saw the hair begin to rise on his neck and shoulders.

"Whist!" muttered Dan. "He's coming, sure!"

A few minutes later we heard twigs snap. Every gun was now held ready. A little after, I heard the same snuffling sound that we heard the night before, and soon saw the creature creeping toward the partridges that were hanging from a bush. The boys all saw it. The animal raised itself stealthily, showing the white on its breast and under parts. Dan fired, and Addison, too, at almost the same instant, and Tom let his gun go somewhat at random. I recollect hearing a harsh snarl, but saw nothing more of the animal, for there was a great smoke. We heard it rush through the brush. Rover dashed after it. Away they went up the side of the mountain. Then we heard Rover barking loudly.

"He's run him into a hole," Dan said. And as soon as the guns could be reloaded, we followed the noise made by the dog.

We found Rover in a great crevice, or cleft, in a ledge which overhung the side of the valley. Addison thrust in a pole, and we threw in stones. It seemed to be the mouth of a den into which the creature had probably gone. But it was too dark for us to see distinctly, and after groping around a while, we went back to our camp; but the dog would not come away.

For my own part, now that the excitement was over, I was soon asleep under the shed, and slept soundly till sunrise. When I awoke, Dan and Addison and Ned were just coming back to the camp. They had been to the ledge into which Rover had chased the animal. There were spatters of blood, they said, all along on the grass and leaves, and on the rocks at the mouth of the den; but they could hear nothing of the creature, and a smoke which they had made in the crevice had failed to drive it out.

But Addison and Dan were as much at a loss as we had been as to the kind of an animal it was. They had never seen anything like it. It had a broad head and short ears, not in the least like a lynx or a wildcat. Then, too, its color was different from that of any wild animal we had ever seen in that section. So it remained a puzzle to us, as boys, what it could be.

Since that time, however, I have seen what Canadian hunters call a *carcajou*, or glutton, also sometimes called a wolverine; and, from what I recollect of this creature, I have no doubt it was a *carcajou*.

The *carcajou*, or wolverine, is common in the northwestern States of this country and in British America, about Hudson bay; but I have heard of only two or three instances of its being seen in New York or New England.

The Hudson bay trappers say that it will eat a deer at one meal, and that it often comes fearlessly into their huts after game or fish which they have taken. During the winter season it is said to come around the fur forts, and to dig through the snow to get the old boots and moccasins which have been thrown out.—*Youths' Companion.*

All About Advertising.

Of course all newspapers want advertisements, just as all merchants desire to sell goods—just as all manufacturers desire orders for their wares—just as all farmers desire customers for their produce—just as all laborers desire a position in which they can get an equivalent for their labor. The solicitor for advertisements is not in any sense a different man from him who waits upon you for an order for goods, and yet he is generally considered a bore if he asks for your advertisement. You look at him as though you were about to confer an immense favor if you yielded to his request. You don't advertise as though you were investing in something that would prove advantageous to yourself. You seem to think that when you pay for advertising you are donating to the newspaper man. You do other things to bring your name and business before the public—you ornament your place of business to attract customers—you hang out an expensive sign, and arrange your wares attractively, and hire men to ask people to buy your goods. But when you are invited to make your wishes known through the best and cheapest medium in the world, you begin to wonder how you can get rid of this newspaper man without absolutely kicking him out of your establishment.

Here you make a great mistake. Because you don't hear from an advertisement as soon as it is inserted is no proof that the advertisement is doing no good. One seldom hears any good of himself. To prove how much effect notices of one's business are, note how sensitive most men are in regard to what is said of them in the newspapers, especially if the notice is not altogether complimentary; note, too, how jealous are many about what is said favorably of another in the same line of business. Thus do men tacitly admit the power of good and evil of notices in the public prints, and yet these same men will cry out: "Well, I don't see as it does me any good to advertise." This theory that advertising is simply conferring a favor upon the editor of the newspaper is the silliest of notions. One might as well say he buys his groceries at Smith's just to patronize him, or his dry goods of Brown just to keep him from starving, or gets shaved at Thompson's because he wants to encourage the tonsorial art. It's all bosh. You trade where you can get the best return for your own good, and not from any desire to sustain your newspaper.—*Hubbard's Advertiser.*

Making Horn Combs.

Upon entering the factory where horn combs are made, says a correspondent, the first sight presented to view was the pile of horns in the rough. The odor was not pleasant. A man sat in front of a cutting machine. He had leather patterns of the size wanted, and would wrap it around the horn and put it under the cutter. One horn makes two pieces of different shapes, both of which are large enough for two combs. These pieces are thrown in one pile and the odds and ends in another. Those designed for combs are subjected to a process through hot oil, which softens the horn, so that it can be reduced from a round to a flat shape. Then it is laid away to dry and season. After that it is cut the right length, allowing an inch for shrinkage. The machinery is exact, and beautiful for cutting the teeth in the comb. A man stands by the feeder. The strips are laid on a part of the machine, which is heated by steam.

While the horn strips are warm they are placed between the two horizontal bars of the machine, which has sharp knives, and also a dial, upon which are numbers. These numbers represent the number of coarse teeth, which are the first ones made on the comb, and then it gives a little turn backward, or a skip, and proceeds to make the fine teeth. When the horn is taken out you can scarcely see that any impression has been made, but if you pull the two ends the combs separate, for there are two, the teeth of which were interlaced. The combs are handled many more times before they are finished.

The Value of Fish as Food.

Many elaborate comparisons have been made as to the comparative food values of butcher's meat and fish, and occasional controversies have arisen on the subject, in which the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food value worth speaking of. Others say that fish food must occupy a middle position between vegetables, beef and mutton. Again, a learned authority says that fish, well cooked with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, "is chemically the same as butcher's meat so far as nutrition is concerned." Another writer says that fish as food is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support the health and vigor of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many people following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and, as a class, fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives, who undertake a part of the men's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous and brave people.

SHIPBUILDING IN CANADA.—It is claimed for the Dominion of Canada that it ranks third, certainly fourth, in importance among the ship-owning countries of the world. The list of vessels on the registry books of the Dominion exhibits a total of 6,930, measuring 1,158,363 tons. Of these 834 are steamers, measuring 76,487 (with a gross tonnage of 122,836).

Mr. Warner Tries It.

Mr. Warner, a respectable and law-abiding citizen of Baker street, rode home in an express wagon the other day having a hand fire extinguisher and the driver for company.

"What's that thing?" asked his wife, in contemptuous tones, as she opened the hall door.

"What's that? Why that's a fire extinguisher—best thing you ever saw—meant to have got one a year ago."

"Jacob, you are always making a fool of yourself," she continued, as she shut the door. "Every patent-right man gets around you as a cat lays for a mouse."

"Does, eh? If you know anything at all you'd know that every store and office in Detroit has got one o' these. They've saved lots o' buildings, and may save ours."

"You throw it on the fire, don't you?" she asked, in sarcastic tones.

He carried it up stairs into a closet without replying, and she followed on and asked:

"Does it shoot a fire out?"

"If you don't know anything I'll learn you something! It is full of chemicals; you strike on this knob on top and she's all ready to open this faucet and play on the fire."

She grinned as she walked around it, and finally asked:

"Do you get a horse to draw it around?"

"No, I don't get a horse to draw it around. You see those straps? Well, I back up, put my arms through them, and here it is on my back."

"I see it is," she sneered.

"And can't I run to any part of the house with it?" he demanded. "See—see?"—

And he cantered along the hall, into the bedrooms and out, and was turning the head of the stairs when his foot caught in the carpet. He threw up his arms and she grabbed at him, and both rolled down stairs. He yelled and she yelled. Sometimes he was ahead, and then she took the lead, and neither of them had passed under the "string" when the extinguisher, bumping and jamming, began to shoot off its charge of chemicals.

"You old ——!" she started to say, when a stream from the hose struck her between the eyes, and she didn't finish.

"What in—o-u-c-h!" roared Mr. Warner, as he got a dose in the ear.

They brought up in a heap at the bottom of the stairs, the stream playing into the parlor, against the hall door, and up stairs by turns, and she gasped:

"I'll have you sent to a fool asylum!"

"Who's a fool!" he roared, dancing around with his eyes full of chemicals.

"I'm fainting!" she squeaked.

"And I've broken my back!" he shouted.

It was a sad house when those two highly respectable old people got so that they could use their eyes and discuss matters calmly. And she doubled up her fist and hoarsely said:

"Take that investigator, or extinguisher, or whatever you call it, back down town and tell everybody that you are a lunatic!"

And he said:

"I know more than all your family put together!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Making Up a Complexion.

A very curious industry in Paris, and one that is more extensive than might be supposed from its nature, is that of paints, pencils and powders for making up the complexion. Most of the great perfumers, such as Guerlain, Pirer, etc., have a back room to their shops especially devoted to this mysterious commerce. The ordinary method of daubing the face, first with a white paint and then with a rouge, finds no favor with the consummate artists who teach the use of these beautifying compounds. For whitening the skin a preparation is shown that is composed of some insoluble powder in a liquid. The bottle must first be well shaken and a very small quantity of its contents must then be taken on a fine old linen rag or bit of cotton and rubbed round and round till the preparation has penetrated the skin thoroughly. This wash, they say, makes the complexion "beautifully white" without a trace of the flouriness of powder or ordinary paint. It is very costly, being sold at $12 for a small bottleful. Next comes the rouge, which is also very costly, being valued at $8 for a box of the best quality. From this superfine article the grades descend through different prices, until the coarse sixty cent rouge is reached, which no well-bred beauty will condescend to use. Different shades of rouge are sold for different occasions; there is a shade for daylight, one for the theater, one for the ball-room, one for the racecourse, etc. Then there is a scarlet liquid used for coloring the lips, and a black powder for blackening the edges of the eyelids; this last requires some dexterity in its use, as it must be put on as a powder and then delicately "washed in" with a fine linen rag and lukewarm water. Black and brown pencils are used for marking the arch of the eye heavy, and a pencil of most delicate blue comes for tracing the veins on the white surface of the painted skin. To aid in this last crowning touch of the whole artistic performance, a chart has been prepared which gives with medical accuracy the position of every vein in the human face, neck and chest. The negative quality of harmlessness is claimed for most of these pigments, yet deaths from too free a use of them are not uncommon. M. Obin, of the Grand Opera, was killed by the white paint wherewith he whitened his head when he played William Tell, and Mlle. Mass, the celebrated actress, fell a victim to the poisonous effects of the hair dye wherewith she restored the raven hue of her profuse tresses.

What They Live On.

"What do you think of this matrimonial business, anyway?" said a free-and-easy young man on a Chicago street car to another at his side.

"What? you mean that which the papers are talking about so much—married people living on $1,200 a year?" inquired the other.

"Yes, that's what I mean," said the first speaker, "do you think they are correct in saying that a man can live on that amount?"

"I do," was the reply, "in fact I know from experience that they can. I'm a reporter myself," the speaker continued, "and live on $360 a year—$7 a week."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the other. "Why, I'm a reporter, and live on $6."

How Raisins are Cured.

The climate in the northern part of the temperate zone is not warm enough to produce sugar in the grape sufficient to make a good raisin. Every experiment of that sort so far has resulted in failure. There are two ways of curing grapes. Some are allowed to shrivel and dry partly on the vine, after which they are cut off and dried in the sun, and called sun raisins, to distinguish them from others dried in ovens, and also jar raisins, because they come to us in jars. Others are dried in ovens. By drying they lose about two-thirds of their weight. The most highly prized are the Malaga or Muscatel, and are produced by the provinces of Valentia and Granada in Spain.

GIFT ENTERPRISE SWINDLES.

How They Are Run—The Gettysburg Swindle, and the Sharpers Who Made a Fortune Out of It.

Like many of those which have gone before, and, indeed, just as all lottery schemes may be expected to, the Alexandria Gift Concert scheme has fallen through, and a few New York rascals have gobbled all the funds. It is not the first time these same men or men of their ilk have been engaged in just such schemes. Indeed, they make a living by it, and a fat living it is, too. Whenever any association thinks that by a lottery it can improve its treasury, build new buildings or inaugurate a library, it gets a charter for a scheme. Then these New York sharpers step in, advance the money to carry on the work, absorb all the receipts and wind the thing up in a grand swindle.

Probably the grandest scheme of this kind ever attempted in the United States was just after the war. A charter was obtained for an asylum for soldiers' orphans on a noted battlefield, and all the prominent men and women in the country lent their aid to the scheme. Let us see how it started.

A noted tobacco dealer in New York had made his fortune and retired. One day there came to him a lady dressed in deepest mourning. Her husband had died, and the expenses of his sickness and burial had absorbed all her ready means, and she must wait until she could hear from her relatives in Europe before money could be obtained; meanwhile she must raise a small sum on her diamonds. She did not like to take them to a pawnbroker, but had come directly to the tobacco king for aid. There was so much apparent candor about the case and the distress of the woman was so great that the tobacco man, after learning of his jeweler that the diamonds were valuable and worth ten times the amount desired, advanced it. In a short time the woman returned, paid the amount borrowed, and with tears in her eyes thanked her benefactor over and over again. She insisted upon his taking a commission for his money and departed.

A few weeks after this another lady in black called upon the tobacco man. She had heard how kind he had been to Mrs. A., and being in distress she had come on a similar errand. She also obtained a loan on her diamonds, and in a few days still another came. The tobacco man, although retired, found that he could make a good thing in advancing on diamonds and did so. He grew a little careless as he found his knowledge of precious stones increased, and in a remarkably short time had advanced $286,000 on diamonds. There was less promptness in redeeming them than formerly, and the tobacco man grew a little fidgety. He called in Tiffany's expert, and that gentleman declared it his belief that every off-colored and defective diamond in the country had been gathered into this lot. He valued the whole lot at about $30,000, and then the tobacco man awoke to the realization that he had been the victim of a lot of unprincipled sharpers. He most certainly had. He quit the business of advancing money on diamonds, and as a matter of course nobody came to redeem those on hand.

One day a gentlemanly looking fellow came to the tobacco man and said that it was in contemplation to build an asylum for the children of deceased soldiers on the Gettysburg battlefield. To aid the enterprise a charter had been obtained for a gift scheme, and all the distinguished men and women of the country had lent their aid to it. It was to be a mammoth affair, the prizes being diamonds and jewels. The gentlemen offered to take the lot held by the tobacco man, and use them as the prizes, paying him for them as receipts came in. It was a good opportunity to get back the money he had advanced, and the holder of the diamonds yielded. It need scarcely be said that this was another move of the sharpers, whose success had been so great that they meant to carry it further on. How they managed to get the names of so many good men and women to aid them is still a mystery. They did it, and the Gettysburg Gift Concert scheme was all the talk of the country. The diamonds were arranged in the most tasty manner and exhibited in New York, and money flowed in rapidly.

The day drew near for the drawing. The sharpers hesitated whether they would postpone it and go on, or wind up. The authorities and the papers were beginning to grow suspicious, and so it was arranged to wind up the affair with something that should show the character of the men. With the consent of the tobacco man the diamonds were taken to Philadelphia for exhibition, and it was arranged that on a certain night the place in which they were deposited should be broken into and the diamonds stolen. The day before this grand wind up was to take place the tobacco man had his suspicions aroused, and rushed on to Philadelphia just in time to save his property.

How much money the sharpers divided from their swindle is not known, but that it was a large amount there is every reason to believe—probably not less than half a million dollars. It is just such men as these who run the gift enterprises in the United States, and people invest their money in them expecting to make a fortune thereby.

Ladies' Gloves.

Each number of gloves, says a fashion journal, comes in three shapes, viz.: short-fingered, medium, and long-fingered—a thing to be remembered by readers out of town who send to the city for their gloves. Gloves fastened by but one button cost $1.65; those with two buttons are $2; with three buttons, $2.50; with four buttons, $3. Undressed kid gloves are the favorite choice for general wear with stylish people. A novelty this year is the white undressed kid glove that will be worn at receptions as well as in the street. There are also more serviceable shades of drab, wood, and mode. Undressed kid gloves fastened by two buttons are $1.75; by three buttons, they are $2; and by four buttons, $2.25. Double-stitched gloves, called "dog-skin," but which are really made of heavy kid-skins, are liked for service in traveling, country drives, and cold weather; these are as pliable and as nicely finished as the choicest kid gloves, and cost $2. Castor gloves, that bleach and soften the hands and prevent them from chapping, are $1.75 for those fastened by one button; twenty-five cents is added as the length is increased and another button required. Children's gloves fastened by two buttons now begin with infants' sizes that are small enough to fit a babe of twelve months. There are also the stylish three-buttoned gloves for misses; these are $2.

Good Prices.

There was a huckster in good old Continental times who sold a pumpkin pie for $100 in Continental money. Gen. DeKalb, in a letter, says he had to pay $400 for a hat, and $400 for a pair of boots. He also wanted a horse, but as the price was equivalent to ten years' pay, he went without it. He says: "My six months' earnings will scarce defray the most indispensable outlay of a single day. For a bed, supper and grog for myself, my three companions, and their servants, I was charged, on going off without a breakfast the next day, the sum of $850."

How to Make Rag Carpets.

Scribner's Monthly tells us how to make rag carpets as follows: If you want something for your kitchen floor, firm, warm, and durable, from which spots can be easily removed, which can be shaken, turned, and be as good as new again for several years, use rag carpets. They can generally be obtained of carpet dealers at from sixty cents to one dollar a yard; but often a smoother and handsomer article can be made at home, at least ready for the loom. For this purpose save the old clothes—old flannel, sheets, and under-garments, old dresses—in fact, everything which will make long strips. Old clothes of good colors are doubly valuable. Calicoes not too much worn are excellent material. Cut into strips about an inch wide, sew end to end, and wind smoothly into balls of about one pound weight. Allow from one and one-fourth to one and one-half pounds of rags to a square yard of carpeting. Collect all odd pieces of any color for the mosaic or hit-and-miss stripe. Cut and mix these thoroughly before sewing, so as to make this stripe as uniform as possible. A few pounds of remnants from a woolen factory or soft listings, of any needed color, make a nice stripe, and require little sewing. Do not put too much black into a kitchen carpet, as it is not a strong color and shows the dust more than other colors. A stripe of several shades of red brightens up a carpet wonderfully—and who objects to a little brightness in the kitchen? White woolen rags take a nice cochineal red, white cotton a durable green from fustic and logwood set with blue vitriol. A cinnamon color may be dyed with copperas. Select a coarse strong warp of some dark color—brown and slate colors are good—allowing one pound of warp for every three and one-fourth yards of carpeting. Keep the exact weight of rags and warp to compare with weight of carpet when returned, and employ a good weaver. Many prefer a kitchen carpet put down with rings, as it can thus be easily taken up and shaken.

Promised Land for Women.

Olive Harper writes of domestic life in Greece, that in one respect it is the promised land for women; for the husbands, in devotion to their wives, are themselves their only parallel. She says: A Greek man is only content when he can lavish upon his wife all the luxuries in the way of dress the female heart can desire. He is only happy when, in company with his wife in the house, in the garden or on the promenade, she is the best dressed of all the fair. With the Greek husband there is no grumbling consent to bestow upon you enough to buy a pair of boots, while he spends ten times that amount with his friends in champagne suppers; no long-drawn visage as he doles out a stingy sum, while delivering a solemn lecture as to female extravagance. Not a bit of it. On the contrary, the Greek husband does not lead his wife through by-streets for fear of dry goods stores when she wishes to go out for a little walk. He leads her, on the contrary, past the most fashionable stores, and observes, with the eye of a critic, all the new styles, and is really, ladies, really and truly willing to spend his money for his own wife. Even for fear that she should not be considered so lovely as some one else, he goes to a perfumer's, he buys cold cream, rice powder, delicate pinks for cheeks a little blanched by the stern realities of motherhood; he buys a little black for eyelashes, to brighten eyes that have become somewhat dimmed by tears, perhaps, or vigils over sickly babies, and he not only gives his full and free consent to their use, but he himself will artistically apply them, and afterward compliment his wife upon her beauty till her heart swells with love that he knows so well how to retain, fresh as when the first vows were plighted. Yes, of a verity, the Greeks are bad men, but good husbands and tender fathers.

The Food of Yankee Yeomen.

Dr. Loring, in his address at the Bloody Brook anniversary, said: Perhaps a word upon the subsistence and diet of your ancestors may interest you here. Palfrey tells us that in the early days of New England, wheaten bread was not so common as it afterwards became; but its place was largely supplied by preparations of Indian corn. A mixture of two parts of the meal of this grain with one part of rye has continued, until far into the present century, to furnish the bread of the great body of the people. In the beginning there was but a sparing consumption of butchers-meat. The multiplication of flocks, for their wool, and of herds for draught and for milk, was an important care, and they generally bore a high money value. Game and fish, to a considerable extent, supplied the want of animal food. Next to these, swine and poultry—fowls, ducks, geese and turkeys—were in common use earlier than other kinds of flesh meat. The New Englander of the present time who, in whatever rank in life, would be at a loss without his tea or coffee twice at least in every day, pities the hardships of his ancestors, who, almost universally for a century and a half made their morning and evening repast on boiled Indian meal and milk, or on porridge, or broth made of peas or beans and flavored by being boiled with salted beef or pork. Beer, however, which was brewed in families, was accounted a necessary of life, and the orchards soon yielded a bountiful provision of cider; wine and rum found a ready market as soon as they were brought from abroad, and tobacco and legislation had a long conflict, in which the latter at last gave way.

A Worthy Association.

Gouverneur Kemble, who died on the sixteenth of September, at Cold Spring, N. Y., was one of a class of men who in this country are quite rare. To fine abilities and culture he added inventive faculties and business capacity of a high order. His house was for over half a century proverbial for its hospitality, and his guests were among the foremost in the country in social, political, literary, and professional position. He was one of the seven surviving nominees of the Tontine association. The share on his life was purchased by his father at the formation of the association, in 1792, when he was only five years old, the compact of the shareholders being that the property of the association should be divided when the number of nominees, originally two hundred, had been reduced to seven. This occurred a year or two ago, and suits are pending for the division of the property. His share cost $200, but is worth $150,000. It has been owned by different persons, and the holders have been paid their proportion of the income of the association every year. Mr. Kemble's death leaves only five nominees living. William Bayard, who was one of the seven survivors, died a few months ago, aged eighty-eight years.

SEA SICKNESS.—The following drink for relieving sickness of the stomach was introduced by Dr. Halahau, and is very palatable and agreeable: Beat up one egg very well, say for twenty minutes, then add a pint of fresh milk, a pint of water, sugar to make it palatable; boil, and drink when cold. If it becomes curds and whey it is useless.

A STRANGE WILL CASE.

A Wealthy Citizen of Michigan and his Peculiarities—Contesting a Will.

The will of the late Captain Eber B. Ward, of Michigan, now before the probate court in Detroit, presents some unique features, and is attracting the attention not only of the legal profession but of all classes of the community. Capt. Ward left an estate roughly estimated to be worth $5,000,000. He had been twice married. From his first wife, who had become a paralytic, he was divorced, and within sixty days thereafter he was married again. The first wife soon after died, leaving a family of five children, of whom all but one are of age. By his second wife he had children, who are yet under age.

The strange feature of the will is that the infant children are left to the guardianship of their mother, and to them and their mother the bulk of the great estate was devised, while to his other family he gave only some heavily incumbered property, out of which it was at first thought not more than $200,000 would be realized; but there is now a better prospect. This property was not given to them outright; but put into the hands of trustees or executors; and by a codicil to the will, executed on the 25th day of August, he directed that these executors should pay to each of the children by his first wife a sum not exceeding $200 a month for their support out of the income of the estate, except in case of sickness, when the sum may be increased at the discretion of the executors. The executors may make the payments quarterly or monthly, but in no case anticipate any payment. It is this codicil of the will, which makes the older children perpetual pensioners, that is most obnoxious.

The main reliance of the petitioners to have the will set aside is founded upon the claim that in the making of it Mr. Ward was unduly influenced by the delusions of Spiritualism. It is asserted that until Captain Ward became a believer in Spiritualism he believed not in God, nor Providence, nor inspiration, and that he became a convert to Spiritualism as a relief from the oppressive expectation of annihilation. When he had accepted Spiritualism as a reality he became fanatical on the subject, and to a certain degree insane. He consulted mediums on all important concerns of business, and submitted to what he imagined were the directions of the spirits. He had withdrawn from an important lawsuit in obedience to the spirits. He taunted one of his sons so intolerably on account of something he said the spirits had communicated to him, that the young man committed suicide with laudanum. He hired mediums to do the materialization business, and fancied he saw materialized spirit hands and faces.

In support of the theory that his subjection to spiritualistic influences was a case of insanity, a strange record of family tendency to mental disease is produced. His grandfather, David Ward, died insane at the age of sixty-one. Of David Ward's children, four were insane or left insane descendants. Captain Ward's father was not absolutely insane, but perverse, high-tempered, and the victim of fanciful delusions. One of his sisters in a fit of insanity killed her infant and herself. Of Captain Ward's children, one is unable to take care of herself, one is at times dangerously insane, and another, who was weak-minded, committed suicide. Captain Ward himself had had two attacks of apoplexy before the one which caused death, and it is represented that these affected his mind, if not to the extent to incapacitate him for business, yet so as to make him more easily deluded by imposition.

The representations made by counsel as to the influences under which the will was made are strange enough. Shortly after Senator Howard's death, Captain Ward visited a medium who put him in communication with the senator's spirit, by which he was informed that sudden death would soon come upon him, and warned him to set his house in order. Thus admonished he made the will, which was witnessed; but afterward consulted Mrs. Kane, who gave him communications that were framed into another will, which does not appear to have been executed. Early in 1874 he went to New York and consulted other spirits, and the will now in controversy was drawn up substantially according to their supposed directions.

Counsel intimated that if the jury did not reject the will on these facts he should ask its rejection on another ground—namely, that Captain Ward had been unduly influenced by his young and attractive wife and her relatives in the disposition of his property. The progress of the case will be watched with much interest, not only by those who know the parties and have a personal interest in the result, but by a much larger number who will be curious to know how these points touching Spiritualists will be decided. At the last reports, a medium having been called as a witness, his evidence was objected to as irrelevant, and the lawyers were arguing the point at length.

A Queer Challenge.

Potter Palmer, proprietor of the big Chicago hotel bearing his name, thus throws down the gauntlet to rival hotel keepers in what the poet Saxe calls "that inn-famous city": The chief proprietor of any hotel may bring on his back all the kindling he can carry to any chamber in the Palmer House proper (not including the Wabash avenue extension), in which chamber the furniture, carpets, curtains, and mirrors are to remain the as they now are. A fire may then be built in the middle of the room, after which the door shall be kept closed for one hour. If, at the expiration of that time, the fire has not spread beyond the room, the proprietor of the opposing hotel is to pay for the damage by fire and smoke to the furniture, etc.; but if the fire extends beyond the limits of the room, there will not be any charge for the damage, but I will pay the proprietor five thousand dollars, on condition, however, that I have the like privilege afterward, on the same day, and, if I do not reduce it to ashes in one hour, I will pay the proprietor of the hotel all the damage to the furniture and room, and twenty thousand dollars besides. Deposit of the money to be made in any bank that may be agreed upon. This challenge may be accepted entire, or simply as to the fire proof quality of the Palmer House.

A Hint to Advertisers.

An exchange puts the case very clearly when it says: If the publishers of this journal were to offer to put one of your cards inside every copy of the paper sent out, you would jump at the chance, for though half or three-fourths of them would drop out and be lost, and only the first one opening a paper would be likely to see the inclosed card, you would reason that if only one in a hundred were preserved and examined, it would probably pay. Well, your card handsomely inserted in the paper so that it could not fall out and where it will be constantly before each reader and be ready for frequent and future reference, and read by ten persons for every one who would read the card, would cost you much less than the printing of the cards. This is a hint for advertisers to act upon.

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