

IMMIGRANT VOYAGES.

Days When Nearly Half the Passengers Died on Unventilated Ships. The great hardships of an immigrant passage one hundred years ago is illustrated by an oration delivered in 1788 before the German Society of Philadelphia, by Rev. Dr. Krunze, in which he said that of nine hundred passengers shipped within that year in one vessel from Amsterdam to Philadelphia, four hundred had died on the way. The accommodations in the first-class cabin of a vessel of one hundred years ago were not a bit better or more comfortable than those of the steerage of a large transatlantic steamer of to-day. A sea voyage in those days required more than ordinary courage, and a person who had crossed the ocean was looked up to as almost immortal.

As late as 1819 the lower decks of the vessels carrying immigrants were no better than those of slaves. The height of the steerage deck rarely exceeded five or six feet. It more usually was four. The mortality reached an enormous amount. Ten per cent. was nothing extraordinary, and the rate often ran as high as one-third. In 1710 the English Government sent out to New York three thousand Palatines. Of this number four hundred and seventy died on the voyage and two hundred and fifty immediately after their arrival. A well-known authority, in writing on the subject, says that the construction of ships for the express purpose of carrying passengers began only about 1830. Up to that time all space which could not be used for shipping merchandise was temporarily arranged for steerage passengers. This superfluous room was sold to an agent, and in those days a steerage five feet high was considered fully sufficient for making two tiers of beds along the sides. From this the nature of the atmosphere of the steerage can readily be imagined. One has but to visit Castle Garden during the arrival of a lot of immigrants to appreciate this fact. There were in the old immigrant ships no other apertures for the admission of fresh air than the hatches and these were always closed in bad weather and at night. This place, for the sake of a name, called steerage, was crowded with passengers, of whom the greater part were strangers to the virtue of cleanliness. There was an atmosphere created which acted like poison on those who were obliged to breathe it.

As soon as America came to be recognized as a haven of rest for all those who chose to seek its shores, benevolent and humane laws began to be enacted looking toward the comfort of immigrants. The first law of Congress prescribing the space to be allotted to each steerage passenger was passed in 1819. A ship was forbidden to carry more than two passengers for every five tons, Custom House measure. It was left to later laws to provide for proper ventilation and the height of the steerage. From this beginning the good work has gone on until almost every thing possible has been done to alleviate the hardships of immigrants during sea voyages.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

PANTING FOR BLOOD.

Bill Nye's Chivalrous Challenge to an Insulting Rural Editor. The following copy of a letter has been handed to the World with a view to general publicity: Mr. George W. Tidd, editor Cranberry Palladium—SIR: My attention has just been called to a printed statement made over your own signature some time ago, in which you spoke in a light and flippant manner of my hair. The remark was carefully worded, but calculated to cast obliquely and reproach upon me in the eyes of the public. I have spoken to several friends in relation to it and they are of one opinion in the matter. They unite in saying that the term "Mexican hairless hummer" demands a challenge, to say nothing of the statement that "while on board a train which was robbed in Nebraska" I succeeded in "concealing my jewelry in my hair until the danger had passed."

For this, sir, I beg to state that my address is at No. 231, Rue de Bowery, opposite the Place du Rahway Mystery, and to ask that you will send me your own address. I forward this by the hands of a slow messenger boy, who will bring me your answer as soon as he gets thoroughly rested. I need not add that he is my friend, and will act as my second should you refuse to retract the statements referred to. You may also settle with him for this message and your own. I will settle with you. I hope, sir, that you will excuse any thing that may seem coarse or brutal in this challenge, for I desire only to take your life without giving you any offense, and I want to be polite like other duelists. May I ask, therefore, that at your earliest convenience you will name a quiet place, as free from malaria as possible, where we may kill each other undisturbed?

May I trouble you also, sir, to select two as dangerous weapons as possible, and also to bring with you the surgeon who generally sews you up at such times. The De Nyes have always been a hot-blooded race ever since they left France, and they can none of them brook an insult or bear to be trampled on.

When I first read your stinging insult in the paper I became delicious with passion, and although I am not related to the Knickerbockers my breath came in short pants.

The De Nyes are pleasant people to meet, but the man who infuriates one of them is liable to meander up the

flume in an oblique manner. Pardon any thing, sir, in this communication which may sound harsh or clash with the smooth and scholarly style of assassination peculiar to the Code. I desire to meet you in mortal combat, but I want to do it in a polished way, and I desire to word this note so that it will read well in print, like other challenges.

I have consulted several friends about the prospect of our meeting in a duel at no distant day, and all of them seem to be highly gratified. It affords me great pleasure to know that I go into this thing with the hearty endorsement and godspeed of all, without distinction. If you would prefer to wait a few weeks, till the weather is cooler, so that you can lie in state longer, I will try to muzzle my wrath, but would advise you not to cross my trail in the meantime.

My second will no doubt inform you that I am an expert and deadly swordsman, and will try to convince you that it will be best not to name the sword. Do not be too proud to heed his advice. It may save your life and mine also.

I hope you will not treat this challenge lightly, sir, and try still further to heap ridicule upon an old and mildewed name by suggesting soft gloves or watermelons as weapons. Let us meet as gentlemen, sir—fire and fall down, stagger to our feet, lean heavily against a tree, mutter a few words in a hoarse voice, gasp two times in rapid succession, put on our coats, and go home.

I feel almost certain, sir, that you will treat this note in a slighting and jaunty manner, but I beg that you will not do so. For the sake of the Tidds, who were always a plain but rather pleasant set of people, and for the sake of the De Nyes, whose only fault has been their fondness for fresh, hot blood, furnished by other parties; for the sake of all our ancestors, sir, let me beg of you to assist in making this duel a success.

If I have been brutal in the wording of this challenge, sir, or violated the Code, or misspelled any words, will you please have it corrected before you send it to the printer? I ask this favor of you in all sincerity and in as courteous a manner as possible, hoping that you will grant it promptly and that you will lose no opportunity to do all the good you can during the next few days.

I have arranged all my earthly affairs with the exception of paying my poll-tax. I have turned off the gas meter and am prepared for any accident, though the police have promised to come in and arrest us at any time we may agree upon.

In closing, sir, allow me to express the hope that you will surely be at the duel and that you will bring your dinner. My second will offer you the choice of weapons, with an opportunity for retraction. If you enter into life and its enjoyments with real zest, I would advise you to avail yourself of the opportunity to retract, for, although, sir, I would be a great deal happier with your heart's blood, the retraction will do me just as well, and you need not humiliate yourself in writing it. I do not ask you, sir, to grovel. You can write a retraction which will not compromise you at all and yet one that will give me much pleasure.

In the meantime, sir, I shall remain at the above address, awaiting your decision, and whatever it may be, sir, I beg to remain your most obedient antagonist and well-wisher.

WILLIAM DE NYE, Formerly Duke of Sweetwater County and Referee during the Modoc War.—N. Y. World.

THE DROUGHT OF 1813.

An Interesting Extract From an Unpublished Letter of Jefferson.

From the fork of James river and the falls of other rivers upward and westward, we have had the most calamitous year ever seen since 1755. It began with the blockade, so that the fine crops of the last year made in these upper parts, which could not be at market till after Christmas, were shut up by that and lost their sale. After keeping my flour till the approach of the new harvest, I was obliged to sell it, lest it should spoil on my hands, at a price which netted me only forty-seven cents a bushel for my wheat, of course a tota' sacrifice. In the year 1755 it never rained from April to November. There was not bread enough to eat, and many died of famine. This year in these upper regions we have had not a single rain from April 14 to September 20, five months, except a slight shower in May. The wheat was killed by the drought as dead as the leaves of the trees now are. The stems fell before the scythe without being cut, and the little grain in the head scattered on the ground. From five hundred acres sowed here I have not got in fifteen hundred bushels, not three times the seed. Our corn has suffered equally. From two hundred and seventy acres planted, and which in common years would have yielded from eight hundred to one thousand barrels, I shall not get a barrel an acre, and a great portion of that will be what are called rubbins, being half-formed ears with little grain on them. Corn consequently starts with us at three and one-third dollars, and being the principal food of our laborers, its purchase will be a heavy tax. I am told the drought has been equally fatal as far as Kentucky. There have been a few local exceptions here from small bits of clouds accidentally passing over some farms. Should the little wheat we have made be shut up by a continuance of the blockade through the winter, we shall be absolutely bankrupt by the loss of two successful crops

THE PENSION RECORD.

What the Democratic Administration Has Done for the Veterans.

Now that certain blatherskites of the Tuttle-Fairchild stripe are seeking to transform the Grand Army of the Republic into a Republican partisan machine, by assailing President Cleveland's record for the purpose of showing that he is an enemy of the veteran soldier, it becomes a patriotic duty to present the fact to the public so that every veteran soldier may appreciate the ineffable scoundrelism of those who would obscure the truth for the sake of partisan ends. An official document has been issued which will enable all who want to know the truth to comprehend at a glance what Mr. Cleveland's Administration has done for the Union soldier in regard to pensions and positions.

It is stated that "an investigator with a keen regard for figures has gone over the statistics of the United States Pension Bureau, and by actual count has made up these statistics regarding the Pension office business, which shed clear light on that part of President Cleveland's Administration." These figures, as to private pension acts, are of a character to silence all adverse criticism. They force the conclusion that Mr. Cleveland has stood ready to sign every meritorious claim for pension. No veteran soldier can contemplate the record for a moment without realizing that in President Cleveland the brave, meritorious soldier has a conscientious, inflexible friend. The records relating to private pension acts and the employment of soldiers, are as follows:

General Grant, from 1870 to 1877 inclusive, a period of eight years, approved 483 private pension acts; Hayes, from 1877 to 1881, inclusive, a period of four years, approved 933 private pension acts; Presidents Garfield and Arthur, from 1881 to 1885, inclusive, a period of four years, approved 788 pension acts; while President Cleveland, from 1885 to 1887, inclusive, a period of only two years, has approved 863 private pension acts.

This is 77 more than Presidents Grant and Hayes approved in twelve years, and 137 more than Presidents Garfield and Arthur approved in four years. President Cleveland has, also, to begin with, appointed more ex-Union soldiers to office than any other President. He approved the act of March 13, 1886, which increased to \$12 per month the pension of 73,289 widows, minors and dependent relatives of Union soldiers of the late war. He approved the act of August 4, 1886, which increased the pension of 10,930 crippled and maimed Union soldiers of the late war. He approved the act of January 23, 1887, which placed upon the pension rolls over 25,000 survivors and widows of the war with Mexico.

We challenge the entire Republican party to show the foregoing figures to be incorrect. There they stand—figures for the people—figures for the veteran soldiers—figures for the present and for all time.

But this is not all. The work of the Pension Bureau during the past two years, should be studied by the people, and by the Union soldier. Here they are:

From July 1, 1885, to June 30, 1887, inclusive, 268,099 pension certificates of all classes were issued by the Bureau of Pensions.

From July 1, 1883, to June 30, 1885, 129,517 pension certificates of all classes were issued—an increase of 138,582 certificates in favor of the first two years under Democratic rule over the preceding two years under Republican rule.

From July 1, 1885, to June 30, 1887, there was disbursed on account of pensions, \$139,564,270.45.

From July 1, 1883, to June 30, 1885, there was disbursed on account of pensions \$122,967,243.46, showing an increase of \$16,617,026.99 for the first two years under a Democratic Administration over the last two years under a Republican Administration.

On July 1, 1885, there were 303,653 pensioners on the rolls. On July 1, 1883, there were upon the rolls 315,825 pensioners, being a net increase to the rolls during the last two years under Republican rule of 12,172.

On the first day of July, 1887, there were upon the rolls 492,000 pensioners—unofficial, but a low estimate—or a net gain of the rolls during the last two years under Democratic rule of 164,175, or a net gain of \$4,068 to the rolls during the first two years of President Cleveland's Administration over the last two years of President Arthur's Administration.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, 113,393 pension certificates were issued by the Bureau of Pensions, of which 54,194 were "original," being 5,017 in excess of the highest number ever before issued in the history of the bureau.

With such facts and figures in view, comment is not required—they speak for themselves. Partisan malignity may assail them, but they will glow the brighter by the assault, and will become more conspicuous. Democrats may well feel proud of the record. The truth is always more powerful than a lie. The truth grows in public favor. This being the case, the Democratic party has only to keep the truth before the people.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

DRIFT OF OPINION.

No Democratic candidate should pay any attention to the Republican effort to fight the war over.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It is base ingratitude for a working-man to fail to vote the Democratic ticket. The Democratic party has always fought his battle, and is fighting it yet.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It looks as if Tuttle and his apologists had crawled into a very small hole and pulled the mouth of the hole in after them. At least, they are not exhibiting so much mouth as they did some time ago.—Dubuque Telegraph.

Governor Foraker, of Ohio, the young Republican roaring bull, is a hypocrite. After abusing President Cleveland without stint, in and before the Ohio Republican Convention, he now volunteers a letter inviting him to that State on his Western tour.—N. Y. Telegram.

Blaine has done many foolish things in politics, but he isn't fool enough to rush home because Sherman has captured a single vote that Blaine will get when he needs it. If Blaine wants Ohio next year, he will either get it or he will give it to Sherman with such a cluster of prickly thorns protruding from the rose that Sherman won't be able to handle it.—Philadelphia Times.

THE REBELS OF TO-DAY.

A Term That Can Justly Be Applied to the Republican Party.

The New York Tribune says the Democrats constitute "the party of rebellion." In the name of common sense, if the Democrats constitute the party of rebellion, what shall be said of the Ohio Republicans who nominated Foraker the man who, in connection with the question of the return of the flag, threatened to organize a rebellion against the United States authorities? What shall be said of the Republican party as a whole, seeing that for over twenty years it has been in an attitude of "rebellion" against every effort to obliterate sectional lines—seeing that it persistently antagonizes every sentiment tending to allay the passions engendered by the war.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Republican party lives in the past, and has no affinity with the issues of the present day. Its leaders would subvert the constitution, trample on the liberties of the people, and usurp the functions of the Government, if they had the courage to put in practical operation what they most earnestly desire. They maintain their control of the Legislature in this State by a shameless disregard of sacred constitutional obligations, and by refusing to grant an equitable reappointment. They have held possession of the Legislature in Connecticut by a monstrous system of misrepresentation, whereby certain small towns, casting a few hundred votes, have as much representation in the law-making body as Hartford and New Haven, which cast thousands of votes. While the South has cast behind it the passions and evil feelings of the war, and has entered with marvelous energy upon an unexampled career of prosperity, the Republican leaders and their organs are ceaselessly proclaiming that the war is not over, and are endeavoring in every way to re-ignite the embers of sectional hate.

Mr. Blaine, immediately after his defeat in 1884, indulged in a tirade of abuse against the South, and declared in effect that Mr. Cleveland was not fairly elected. The Republican press quickly took up the cue, and has maintained ever since the most dastardly warfare on the Administration ever known in the history of politics. Senator Sherman, in his Springfield (Ill.) speech, deliberately spoke of the Government at Washington as the Confederate Government, and, ghoul-like, violated the graves of the dead past. The warm, enthusiastic invitation of the citizens of St. Louis to the President of the United States to visit them caused Tuttle, an Iowa Republican leader, to prostitute the position he occupied in the Grand Army of the Republic to the basest partisan ends, by threatening the President with personal violence if he should visit that city. The offer of Adjutant-General Drum, a Republican, to return to the various States the battle-flags stored in the War Department, caused another Republican leader, Fairchild, to curse the President in the most blasphemous manner.

The Republican leaders and their organs, by their incessant efforts to tear open the wounds of the civil war and to promote disunion, are the only rebels of the present day. They can not realize the spirit of the age, but live in the past and persist in their fruitless and disloyal work of breeding hate. The Democratic party deals only with the issues of the present day. Since it obtained the control of the Government all its energies have been directed towards purifying the Federal service, which had become honeycombed with corruption during the long reign of Republican rascality, developing the illimitable resources of the country, checking the iniquitous tendencies of the monopolies, which were the creation of Republican Government, and seeking in every way to weld in the bonds of union and fraternity all sections of our common country. It is the Stars and Stripes against the Bloody Shirt, a reunited people against a coterie of disappointed politicians. It is not difficult to forget the result. The American people will put down the Blaine-Sherman-Foraker-Tuttle-Fairchild rebellion as efficiently as they did the one twenty-two years ago, and the Bloody Shirt will be buried by their votes beyond the power of resurrection.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

THE VOTE IN KENTUCKY.

Republican Organ-Grinders Clutching at an Invisible Straw.

The proverb that "a drowning man clutches at a straw" was never better illustrated than in the attitude of the Republican press in discussing the Kentucky elections. The Democratic majority has fallen some 14,000 below that cast for President Cleveland, and these papers are at once edgeling their brains to figure out how long it will require for the State to give a Republican majority at the same ratio of loss.

In 1886 President Cleveland's majority in Kentucky was 34,000. This year the majority for General Buckner, the Democratic candidate for Governor, is about 20,000. The loss is in the total vote. This is what is known as an off year in Kentucky and the vote was not brought out fully. But there is very little difference in the proportion of losses between the parties. Of course, in an off year the light vote shows stronger against the majority party.

But the difference between General Buckner's majority this year and President Cleveland's majority in 1884 is not as great as that between Mr. Blaine's majority in Pennsylvania in 1884 and General Beaver's last year. Yet the Democratic papers didn't claim that diminution in majority as a Democratic victory. Nevertheless it was just as much a Democratic victory as the election in Kentucky was a Republican triumph this year.—Harrisburg Patriot.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

Some New Light on an Agricultural Topic of Great Interest.

Perhaps this subject engrosses the mind of the farmer as much as any other connected with his business. Many articles have been written on the subject, published in the agricultural journals, and discussed by the readers, and yet, to-day, many farmers are undecided as to which is the most successful course for them to pursue. In selecting a course for myself I bore in mind the fact that manure was of the most importance on the corn and root crops, from the fact that the roots of corn go deeper than those of other crops in my rotation. I therefore start out with corn the first year with all the manure, spread from the wagon, (not dumped in piles to leach out for a month or more, and then scattered) before plowing. Then after corn has been gathered I plow in the fall, if weather will permit, and sow in the spring to oats. After this crop is off, I seed it to wheat and clover. After allowing it to remain in clover two years I put it into wheat a second time, allowing all the fall crop of clover to remain and be turned in, and after wheat this time, I return to corn as in the start.

By this system, as the manure is turned under for corn, its roots generally find a portion, and the piece is plowed for oats the rest of the manure comes to the surface to benefit the oats. After the wheat, which follows oats, the clover sowed with or upon it is cut the following spring and fall, but the second fall I plow the second crop of clover to get as large as can be turned under for the next crop of wheat. Some years it may be best to allow the seed to be taken from the clover, with success depending on suitable weather for threshing; but upon the whole, in a series of years, I believe the additional quantity of wheat resulting from the green crop plowed under will overbalance the clover seed crop. The potatoes being planted the same year with the corn, and at the ends of the corn rows, get the full benefit of the manure plowed under. I believe potatoes should be planted deep. By making four or five hills of potatoes at the ends of corn rows it is better to turn the team upon in cultivating.

This system is based upon the fact that the roots of corn and potatoes go deep, while those of oats and wheat branch out horizontally at no very great depth. Consequently by the time I get through the rotation the land is in better heart than when I commenced.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

THE HIGHEST SUCCESS.

The Kind of Life Which Can Not Be Defeated by Outward Disasters.

There is nothing more inspiring than the story of a triumphant life; a life that overcomes great difficulties, works itself clear of sharp limitations, and issues at last in a large, free activity. It is an old story, but it remains the one story of which men never tire, but which seems to assuage a thirst of the soul. For the end of life is freedom and power, and those of us who miss these supreme results of patience and toil and character feel that we have been defrauded of that which was our due. The old stories of magic carry a deep meaning under their wild extravagances; they betray the mighty passion of men for supremacy over things material and over inferior orders of life. The man with genius at his command could build palaces in a night, and rejoice in a marvelous mastery over the forces against which so many of his fellows seem to measure their strength in vain. These magical successes are only dreams of the real successes which all men and women crave; which the noblest and most aspiring must conquer, or lose utterly the joy and sweetness of living. These successes are, fortunately, not external, though they are generally accompanied by visible trophies; they are achievements of character, and are independent of conditions and largely of human recognition. The man whose life, outwardly all defeat, is steadily expanding in its interest and sympathies, steadily growing in power to bear and suffer and be strong, has the blessed consciousness of coming into his kingdom. No outward disaster, no external obstacle or limitation, can ever defeat a true life; it can escape all these things as the bird escapes the perils of the snare and the net by flying above them. This highest of all successes lies within the grasp of every earnest man and woman, and it is rarely without attestations of its presence and value, even in the eyes of those who take small account of spiritual things. There is a force which streams from a noble nature which is irresistible and pervasive as the sunlight. The warmth and the vitality of such natures, while they invigorate the strongest men and women about them, penetrate to the heart of clouded and obscure lives, and minister to their need. There is no success so satisfying as that which is embodied in one's character, and so can not be taken from him, and the influence of which, embodied in the character of others, is also indestructible.—Christian Union.

Apples and Bacon.—Use tart apples and slice them without paring. Fry thin slices of breakfast bacon; when done, but not brown, remove them to a hot dish, fry the apples in the fat, and when brown drain off the fat, and serve with the bacon.—Cincinnati Times.

Jumble.—Rub to a cream a pound of butter and a pound of sugar; mix with it one and one-half pounds of flour and four eggs; roll the cakes in powdered sugar; lay them on flat buttered tins, and bake in a quick oven.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A diamond weighing a carat and a half was recently found in a gravel mine in California.

The importation of American flour into the United Kingdom so far this year has largely exceeded last year's receipts.

The first book containing musical characters was issued in 1495 from the press of the celebrated "Wynken de Worde."

It is said that not less than two million pounds of dried sage leaves are used annually in the United States for various purposes.

Mrs. Flora, the wife of a merchant at Sand Hill, Ky., walked up to Tom Miller a few days ago and filled his mouth full of dough with her fist.

Susan Cooley, of Analomink, Pa., arose in her sleep, climbed upon the cowcatcher of a Philadelphia & Erie engine, and took a ten-mile ride at thirty miles an hour before she awoke.

A new substitute for cloth or leather for use in the bookbinding industries is a substance made by preparing fibers of linen, cotton, wool, wood and such materials with a solution of albumen and glycerine. This is said to be absolutely water-proof.

An old man dressed in white duck was selling needles and other articles in Warren, Pa., the other day. He had a wheelbarrow on which was loaded his stock in trade. He said he had pushed his paddy carriage all the way from Ohio and was on his way to New York City.

The San Francisco Alta boasts that the voting citizens of that city come from sixty different political divisions of the world, Egypt being about the only country not represented. The "American" party certainly stands a poor chance in a city where there are 23,348 citizens of foreign nationality and 25,236 born in the United States.

To sharpen razors, says the Electrical Review, place in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of hydrochloric acid, removing after one-half hour, wipe and rub upon bone. The acid acts like a whetstone and corrodes the whole surface uniformly. The process never injures good blades, and often improves bad ones.

At Kirkwood station, N. J., recently, Frank Besse, colored, twenty-three years old, jumped from the Atlantic City express, which just then was making forty-five miles an hour. He landed squarely on his head in a dry ditch; rolled over, got up and walked to Camden. "His head was slightly cut," says an awe-struck reporter, "and one leg was bruised, but otherwise he was uninjured."

At Monticello, Fla., a day or two ago Dr. G. B. Glover extracted from the back of a negro man named Kiah Hall a piece of knife-blade two inches long which had been placed there four years ago by a colored man named James Miller. Kiah had not the remotest idea that he was carrying cold steel in his body, and went to the doctor with the idea that a boil was developing. He was mad when he found that he had been taking care of Jim Miller's knife-blade for four years.

A Georgia mule fell into an old well thirty feet deep. He took his position in a sitting posture and was the unwilling "monarch of all he surveyed" until his excited owner summoned a posse to his aid. A rope was tied around the body of the mule and he was drawn to the top of the well. The rope broke and the mule again went to the other end of the well. A second attempt was successful. He leaped to his feet and commenced feeding on grass as though nothing had happened.

Dooly County can boast of the tallest man as well as the smallest woman in Georgia. Sam Cason stands in his stocking feet seven feet and two inches and there is room enough for several more inches. Cason is so slim that he hardly casts a shadow, but he can get over ground about as fast as a locomotive. Mrs. A. Hall has a daughter, Anna, that was born in 1872; consequently she is fifteen years old, yet is only thirty inches in height. She goes about her household duties like a little lady, but, being so small, she is not required to do much. She is about the smallest woman in the world.

ANECDOTES OF KRUPP.

Some of the Strange Peculiarities of the Famous Gun-Maker.

The following stories of the late Herr Krupp are curious: "It was a standing order to all those who surrounded or approached him that the word 'Death' was never to be mentioned or referred to in conversation within the precincts of his great establishment. Some years ago a relative of his wife came to stay with him, and was taken suddenly ill and died. When Krupp heard of it he fled immediately to the neighboring town of Dusseldorf, and would not return until after his relative had been duly buried. This very naturally led to a scene with his wife, the result being that they separated. Mrs. Krupp went to live at Dresden, and not even the entreaties of their son prevailed on Herr Krupp to see her before he died. The same stubbornness was shown by him when his son Fritz, who contested the parliamentary borough (Essen) at the last general election in the interest of the Government, was defeated by the 'Ultra' or 'Clerical party.' Herr Krupp issued an edict that no employee should take into his cottage or read the local papers of the Ultramontane party. A few days after this edict a poor workman being found wrapping up his Butterbrod in a sheet of the journal was instantly dismissed."—N. Y. Post.