

The Arizona Sentinel.

"Independent in All Things."

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GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S LOOM.

My great-grandmother, here she sat
At her loom and wove her web—
Fabrics gay in coloring—
Till the yellow sunlight ebb
Sent the shadows shifting through—
Thus great-grandma used to do.

High coiled hair of glossy gold,
Till back comb of tortoise shell;
Puffed out sleeves and short cut waist—
My great-grandma was a belle;
That was when she went to balls
Or received her evening calls.

Through the sunny daylight hours,
Like a rosebud in its bloom,
Weaving, weaving busily—
Here she sat beside her loom,
Weaving web and weaving dream
In the sunshine's wavering beam.

Fitted by the tranquil hours,
While a young man in the door
(That was my great-grandpapa)
Told her tales of thrilling lore—
Tale and legend, wild and weird,
While she wove, and dreamed, and smiled.

Weaving stripes of blue and brown,
Brilliant plaids and sober checks;
Cunning little scolding curls
Kissed the whiteness of her neck.
And she sat weaving here
At a double web, I fear.

—Hattie Whitely, in Good Housekeeping.

"THEM WIMMEN."

What They Could Do When They Were Tried.

"Deary me, Ann," murmured a fisher wife, as she turned one corner of the net she was mending out on the sunny sands one morning, "het sma' cot up yonder on their cliff bez at last been let again to a couple of them fine women wot come out here putty nigh ev'ry summer ter get tanned an' smell ther salt air. Alack! if they knew o' ther graves away down below, an' thet ther waves they make sich talk about her washed many a dead face ere they touch ther shore!"

"Aye, aye!" crooned another woman, wrinkled and brown from a long life on the sands. It's a sorry day when the boats go out at dawn with all sails set that never come back ter ther beach! Et them idle women knowed wot ther waves could tell!"

"An' wot'll we do," chimed in a younger woman, holding aloft the long, shining needle in one hand, and turning with the other the blackened sail on her lap, "wot'll we do wi' them fine wimmin botherin' 'bout us day in an' day out, gossipin' 'bout ther weather an' ther boats an' our bizness, ez ef we hed nothin' better do 'n ter tell 'em mebbey et'll be a fair day, an' mebbey et'll be foul, an' ther boats out over ther water 'b'long ter our men, till one's heart's like ter break wi' ther senseless chatter o' wot they kyan't understand from never havin' ter bear 't all!"

"An' ten ter one," joined in another woman just beyond the excited group, "they'll hev goin' on like all thet other, a settin' on ther rocks wi' 'brellas over ther heads ez though ther sun might spile 'em, a-whisperin' 'bout love an' summer forever, when they know no more 'bout life an' what love bez ter bear than babies in ther cradles! An' it be jes' like 'em ter take ther boats, ez those uns did las' summer, an' swamp 'em on the rocks, an' larf et for ther loss! What do them wimmin know 'bout sich lives ez ours?"

"Nothin'" was the crisp reply of a young, black-eyed woman, who mended her net with deft fingers, roughened and brown. "They jes' couldn't guess et our lives, Mary Ann—how could they know? An' we know no more 'bout 'em. S'pose we wait 'n see 'fore we judge 'em! Ther's my Jinnie paddin' off outen her depth agin! I'm kept in continual worry 'bout thet child! She's got no more fear in her than her ferther, 'n ther sea's a secon' mither ter her!"

"Jane's quick wi' speakin', but her heart is soft in spite o' it, an' she's a mightily soft spot, special fer her an' Jinnie!" murmured Mary Ann, taking a fresh knot in the sleek rope of the net.

Knowing nothing of this that had passed about them, nor of the distrust and dislike felt toward them by the fisher people along the sands, the two "fine wimmin," orphaned sisters, took up their abode at the tiny rose-bounded cottage high on the cliffs, full in the face of the ocean, and went their quiet way, seeking the rest for which they had come, lying sometimes for hours together upon the cliffs where the sun shone warmest, watching in a half-dazed silence the wonderful life of the sea restlessly surging to and fro beneath them.

"Arfter all, them ain't sich silly creatures ez some of 'em that comes here," acknowledged Patience Blake one morning, pausing with her needle in the net to glance up the sands to the sunny cleft where the two quiet figures were sitting. "An' Nancy Juvv seen one of 'em pat Jinnie on ther head 't other day."

"Aye," joined in the eager mother, "an' she speaked ter that chit, too, an' ca'ed her a bonnie lass!"

"An' she's wot your heart, Jane!" laughed one of the women, a tender ring under the rough voice.

But one day—one fatal day—the hearts of the women were tried. The women among the roses and the women among the fish nets proved that each were women with hearts to suffer together.

Mischievous Jinnie Blake had strayed from sight of her mother's watchful eyes, around the cliffs up toward the north while the tide was low, until tired out with the tramp and the heat, she nestled beside a shady rock, and resting her flushed face on her dimpled arms, floated off into dreamland.

There were clouds in the western sky. They had hung there threaten-

ingly all the afternoon in sullen blackness, and by and by spread out and up across the heavens; the soft, low breeze from over the waters changed its song to moaning, and rose and rose with the rising cloud till it wakened the waves and the wild storm spirits to battle with the beach; the birds swarmed over the jagged rocks, screaming defiance to the elements.

"Jean," Adelaide Elwood said to her sister, as the clouds conquered the struggling sunbeams, and the blackness settled over sea and sky, "let's us go out together and watch the storm rise; we have had no such chance before!"

As they stood on the cliff with the winds around them, watching the fleeing clouds and tumbling breakers white with foam from the ragged reef beyond, Adelaide suddenly uttered a cry of fear and pressed nearer the dangerous edge.

"What is it?" shouted Jean in unaccountable terror, struggling to her sister's side with the gusty wind beating in her face.

And for reply Adelaide pointed to the sands below, along which the maddened breakers were leaping nearer and nearer to the foot of the cliff as the tide came in.

And there, with the cliffs and the waves hemming her in, Jinnie Blake, the fisher wife's pride and darling, crouched on the frowning rock around which the waves were leaping, her brown face whitened by terror, her bare feet cut on the rocks.

Then, with a sudden quiet determination on her face, Adelaide turned to her sister.

"Jean," she shouted above the mad winds and the thundering waves, "Jean, the men are out, but the women are in. Send Jack for them while I find a rope, then come back with me!"

The younger girl obeyed, not comprehending her sister's intention, and swiftly the errands were done.

As the women, leaving their unfinished nets, hastened up in reply to the message, Adelaide, with deft fingers, fastened the coil of rope around her waist, and secured the other end about a strong, stunted tree near, calling to her sister to assist her, that they might be ready when the women came.

"Adelaide, Adelaide!" cried Jean, fearfully, pressing close to her sister's side, her face raised excitedly to hers, while a full knowledge of what the other was about to undertake flashed into her mind. "You must not go down by that—you shall not go down, I say! What is that child to us that you should risk your beautiful life for hers? You shall not go—you shall not go, I tell you!"

"Jean!" the dark eyes were flashing with her noble spirit. "Jean, you know not what you are saying! It is only that you fear for me. Surely, if the child is nothing to us, what is she to her mother? Be quiet, dear, and help me! Quick, the minutes are precious!"

Jean grew desperate. "Adelaide, Adelaide! if you go what will become of me?" she cried. "Let the child go! What is she to you or me that you should throw away your life?"

Adelaide turned to her with a slow, brave smile.

"Jean," she said, "do what you find to your hand," mother always said, "beyond that is God's?"

And Jean dared not answer, and the women were ready.

Their hands were hardened to rough labor; and steady, with prayers in their hearts, they let out the rope longer over the ragged, perilous edge, the terrified child waiting below, the hungry waves leaping around her.

The rough winds whirled around the girl going down the face of the cliff, tossing her loosened hair, tearing at her garments, shrieking in her ears of the dread out yonder at the edge of the ragged reef.

Jean's hands were cut deep by the rope, but she was unconscious of it as she worked with the toil-worn fish wives, forgetting all but the lives below.

But the lightnings touched the heavens with fire beyond the veil of rain, and the thunders mingled with the thunderous breakers in vain endeavor to discourage the girl, for, lo! as the white-toothed monsters leaped the last ledge of rocks and dashed up the frowning cliff, Adelaide Elwood swung up the cliff with Jinnie Blake in her slender arms!

And to-day there is not a fish wife on that beach or in its vicinity, who will not lay aside her slender needle and coil of rope any time to tell you of "them wimmin," who came to them from the outside world and learned what lay beneath the smiling surface of the sea, and how one saved a little child at the risk of her beautiful life, from the teeth of the wolf-breakers to the lee of the reef!

And not a heart under the rough jackets but beats with love for "them wimmin," who taught them what women can do when they are tried!—*J. K. Ludlum, in Woman's Magazine.*

He Refused to Pay.

"See that old fellow coming this way?" said one of the traveling men to a clerk as they were sitting together on the counter of a wholesale cloth-house.

"That bald-headed old man?"

"Yes."

"Certainly I see him."

"Well, I'll bet you a cigar I can tell what he wants."

"Take the bet. What does he want?"

"No hair, of course."

But the clerk refused to pay the bet. —*Merchant Traveler.*

PRINCE AND NIHILIST.

Strange Career of a Russian Nobleman Orator, Author and Patriot.

There is now living, in a somewhat obscure lodging in London, a Russian nobleman, who asserts that his right to the Czar's throne is better than that of its occupant himself; but this nobleman is, and has long been, an exile from his native country, for he has for years been an active conspirator against the government of the autocrat. Both the character and the career of Prince Kraptokine are interesting and suggestive. His adventures have been many and startling; nor is it probable, though he has now passed middle age, that his restless career is yet finished. Prince Kraptokine has the blood of Kurik, the founder of the Russian monarchy, in his veins. There is no prouder or more ancient name than his in Russia. He inherited great landed estates and a princely fortune; yet he gave up wealth, lofty social position and luxurious repose, to embark in what he regarded as the cause of Russian liberty.

When quite a young man, Prince Kraptokine conceived an ardent love of scientific study. From boyhood he was serious, thoughtful and hard-working. He did not indulge in the costly pleasures which usually occupy the time of young Russian nobles. He went to Siberia, in order to make geological and geographical researches, and traveled far and wide in search of scientific knowledge. At last he found himself at Geneva, in Switzerland, where he engaged in labors on a new universal geography. It was while at Geneva that Prince Kraptokine became a Nihilist and joined in the great conspiracy to overthrow the Czar. He became the leader of the circle of Russian conspirators at Geneva, and, throwing aside his scientific work, gave himself heart and soul to the revolutionary cause. He soon became known as a fervent and brilliant orator, and to secret, out-of-the-way places would address his followers with burning harangues. A recent Russian writer says of him: "He is all fire and passion on the platform. When he rises, he seems almost as one transformed. He trembles with emotion, while his voice vibrates with an accent of profound conviction."

Kraptokine went to St. Petersburg, where his eloquence at secret meetings gained him many new disciples. At last the imperial police got an inkling of what he was doing. His house, which was a headquarters of the conspiracy, was watched, and he was arrested and thrown into the grim fortress-prison of Peter and Paul. Fortunately for the Prince, his health failed in his gloomy prison, and he was transferred to the Nicholas Hospital. It was here that he and his friends planned one of the most artful and romantic escapes recorded in history. He got well, but still pretended to be ill and weak. His keepers did not dream that the man who feebly dragged himself along, with the hollow face and tremulous voice of one at the point of death, was daily gathering his energies for an attempt at liberty.

"He was allowed to walk," says an account of the affair, "in the courtyard of the hospital, attended by a soldier. It was winter, and the hospital gate was left open and unguarded, for the bringing in of wood. A plan of signals with his friends was duly arranged by secret letters. The great difficulty was to evade the soldier, who kept in parallel line with the Prince, but always five paces nearer the gate than he. One day, some notes of a violin were heard. With a sudden movement, Kraptokine cast off his hospital coat, and made for the gate. The startled soldier forgot the gate, described two sides of the triangle, and allowed his prisoner to reach the exit before him. A carriage was in waiting, and Prince Kraptokine, his attire completely changed by the way, was rapidly driven to a place of concealment and safety."

A short time after this happy escape, Kraptokine turned up at Lyons, in France, where he was detected in a Socialistic plot. He was tried, condemned to five years' imprisonment and confined in the prison of St. Paul, in Lyons. Before his term was completed, however, he was released, and took up his residence in London, where he now is. All the troubles of his career have not dampened his ardor or decreased his revolutionary energies; and he is still one of the most formidable living enemies of the Russian despotism. —*Youth's Companion.*

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Judge Douglas said one day that the first and last duel ever fought in Illinois was in 1820, at Belleville, between Alphonso Stewart and William Bennett. The seconds had made it up to be a sham duel. Stewart, one of the parties, was supposed to be in the secret, but Bennett, his adversary, believed it to be a reality. It was supposed that Bennett somewhat suspected a trick, and after receiving his gun from his second, rolled a ball into it. At the word fire Stewart fell mortally wounded; Bennett was indicted, tried and convicted of murder. A great effort was made to procure him a pardon, but Governor Bond would yield to no entreaties, and Bennett suffered the extreme penalty of the law by hanging, in the presence of a great multitude of people. Judge Douglas gave great credit to the prosecuting attorney in the case as having prevented dueling in Illinois by making it a crime. —*Ben: Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

The man who propels a wheelbarrow sees his work ahead of him all the time. —*Boston Courier.*

PREHISTORIC FRUIT.

The Great Antiquity of the Apple, Pear, Grape, Walnut and Cherry.

The botanist informs us how the prehistoric host adorned his little feast; the cates he offered his guests for grace rather than for need; the dessert he sat before a wedding party, and the provender he placed before the no less joyous convivial lists bidden to rejoice over the advent of a first-born! These archaic boards were not so scantily furnished as we might suppose. Foremost figured the time-honored pear and apple; the homely fruits, so dear to school-boys of all ages and all countries, we now know delighted the palates of children born ere recorded history began. The prehistoric area of the apple was chiefly in the region lying between Trebizond and Ghilan. The lake dwellers of Lombardy, Savoy and Switzerland made great use of apples. "They always cut them lengthways and preserved them dried as a provision for the winter," writes Deandolle in his interesting work on "Origin of Cultivated Plants." Two varieties of apples seem to have been known to the lake dwellers before they possessed metals. Whether they ever solved the problem that hopelessly puzzled George III., and got them into a dumpling archeology does not as yet inform us. The abundance of the fruit found in prehistoric stores would seem to indicate some kind of cultivation. The pear is of less frequent occurrence, although it is found in the prehistoric dwellings of Switzerland and Italy, usually in a dried state and cut lengthwise. Then, as now, therefore, the pear was a greater luxury than the apple. The abundance and variety of names testify to the very ancient existence of the latter from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic. Philology comes largely to our aid in this interesting study. The more ancient and widely spread a plant the more numerous its names. But prehistoric diners-out possessed one of the best of all fruits—the grape. Seeds of the grape have been discovered in the lake dwellings near Parma, dating from the age of bronze; also in the prehistoric settlements of Lake Varese and of Switzerland. M. Deandolle, moreover, informs us that vine leaves have been found in the tufa near Montpellier, where they were probably deposited before the historical epoch, also in the same formation in Provence. Whether they combined the two we know not, but it is quite probable that wine and walnuts delectated the palates of primitive feasters. The walnut is of great antiquity. Walnut leaves have been found in the quarternary tufa of Provence, and a species of walnut in some of the Swiss lake dwellings. The species possesses a Sanskrit name, a fact testifying to its early cultivation in India. The tree was introduced into China about 140 B. C. Only one cherry-stone has been as yet found in any prehistoric settlement of Italy or Switzerland, nor is the antiquity of the stratum quite certain. —*Chambers' Journal.*

TOURISTS' PERPLEXITIES.

The Troubles That Beget the Traveling American in Foreign Lands.

A person speaking only the English language may meet with amusing incidents while traveling in Europe. For example, an English clergyman stopping at a Swiss hotel, desiring ink, got out his "phrase book," looked it carefully through to find the French word for ink, and failing in his search, concluded to ring his bell and "sail in on his English." The chambermaid came to the door and he said: "Will you bring me some ink?" She stood statue-like, and he repeated, "Ink!—Ink!—Ink!" She closed the door, but very soon returned and asked him politely in French and partly in English, whether he would have it warmed. Again, on one occasion, I gave a railroad conductor in Germany a small silver coin, in order to have the compartment we were in all to ourselves. After riding for some distance we came to a station where he was replaced by another conductor. Before leaving, he came, opened our door and said something to us in German. Supposing he desired to see our tickets, I extended my hand with them, at which he shook his head. We then thought we must change cars again, having ridden at least twenty miles without doing so, and all rose up, at which movement he a second time shook his head. We next decided that it certainly must be time to have our baggage vided, since at least four hours had elapsed since the last examination, and we accordingly pulled down our valises and started for the door, whereupon the conductor not only shook his head, but pushed us back and shut the door.

We afterward learned that he, through innate politeness and in return, no doubt, for the small silver coin I had given him, was simply endeavoring to bid us "good-bye." While going up the Rhine we saw four English gentlemen on the deck sitting together; they called a waiter and ordered "lemonade for four." The waiter went away, was gone nearly half an hour, and at last appeared with ham and eggs for four. Nor was he astray as to the sound of the order, different in nature as were the viands he brought, as anybody with a bad cold will perceive, if he will repeat the words "ham and eggs" and "lemonade" alternately. —*American Magazine.*

We hear a good deal of its rainin' pitchforks, but the price of pitchforks haint fallen any on that account as yet. —*London Times.*

AFTER WATERLOO.

How Napoleon Appeared After His Surrender to the British.

Whether any course was open to Napoleon after the disaster of Waterloo other than that which he adopted, a second abdication, is certainly very doubtful. Had he taken the precaution to dissolve the chambers before setting out on the campaign, he probably would have rallied the nation and protracted the struggle. But the chambers were unfriendly; any parliamentary body is naturally unfriendly to a military despotism, and, at that juncture, nothing less than a military despotism could possibly have saved France from the calamity of the Restoration of the Bourbons by foreign bayonets. Hence, unless Napoleon should execute a new *coup d'etat*, there was nothing for him but abdication.

On the 15th of July, 1815, Napoleon surrendered himself on board the British man-of-war Bellerophon. Of his appearance and bodily condition during the two months of his stay on this vessel we have an interesting account in the narrative of Captain Maitland, who commanded the ship. Maitland describes him as "a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five-feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well-formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes light gray, teeth good, and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark, gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a gray hair among it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light, sallow color, differing from any other I ever met with. From his having become corpulent he had lost much of his personal activity, and if we are to give credit to those who attended him, a very considerable portion of his mental energy was also gone. It is certain his habits were very lethargic while he was on board the Bellerophon; for, though he used to be at eight or nine o'clock in the evening and did not rise until about the same hour in the morning, he frequently fell asleep on the sofa in the cabin in the course of the day. His general appearance was that of a man rather older than he then was." —*Scribner's Magazine.*

CHEERFUL DINNERS.

Agreeable Social Intercourse at Table Essential to Good Digestion.

It is said by medical authorities that cheerfulness at meals is a great promoter of health, and that whatever increases agreeable social intercourse at table is therefore a matter of practical importance. In fact, one of the strongest pleas in favor of dinner parties, large or small, public or private, is the fact of social intercourse at and after dinner being favorable to health. It is pronounced by high authority that solitary meals are decidedly difficult of digestion; that there is no situation in which digestion goes on so favorably as during the cheerful play of sentiment in the after-dinner small-talk of a genial social or family circle. More than this, the merrier the assembly, the better their digestion. "Laughter," says a famous doctor, "is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our ancestors of exciting it at table by jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles; what nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good and light blood."

It is upon this rule (though without knowing that there is any rule in the matter) that people usually act. They make any excuse first to have the meals, and then to collect at them; pleasant and cheerful companions; or, if those companions be not naturally of a cheerful temperament, they make them so by a good dinner, which, when skillfully managed, acts directly upon the mind, and changes the very nature of a man. Entice a miser to a charity feast, and his contribution will be liberal. At public dinners, discontented patriots have been heard to utter the most loyal speeches; at private ones, bitter enemies have shaken hands. It is almost impossible for any one to resist the conciliating influence of the genial cheerfulness which is manifested at a social board surrounded by agreeable companions. —*N. Y. Ledger.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

How Good Soldiers, Teachers, Artists and Workmen Are Made.

No amount of pay has ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist or a good workman. You pay your soldiers and sailors so many pence a day, at which rated sum one will do good fighting for you, another bad fighting. Pay as you will, the entire goodness of the fighting depends always upon its being done for nothing, or rather less than nothing, in expectation of no pay but death. Examine the work of your spiritual teachers and you will find the statistical law. "The less pay the better work." Examine also your writers and artists; for ten pounds you shall have a "Paradise Lost," and for a plate of figs a Durer drawing; but for a million of money sterling, neither. Examine your men of science: paid by starvation, Kepler will discover the laws of the orbs of the heaven for you; and, driven out to die in the street, Swammerdam shall discover the laws of life for you—such hard terms do they make with you, these brutish men, who can only be had for hire?

The New Chinese Coinage.

The Chinese are to have a new coinage, and ninety coining presses and all necessary machinery for fitting up a mint in China will be ready by next April. The presses, which are being prepared in England, are noiseless and automatic, and are capable of producing 2,700,000 coins per day of ten hours. The coins are to be dollar pieces and three subdivisions, a half, a fifth and a tenth in silver, as well as the "cash" or "mills," equal to one-thousandth part of a dollar, in rolled brass. The silver dollar is equal to 5s. English money. Of the 2,700,000 coins which are to be struck per day, 100,000 are to be (if required) silver dollars. The extent of the order may be estimated from the fact that the Royal Mint in London is only furnished with sixteen presses. The value of the daily coinage in English money is £25,650. —*London Times.*

WIFELY ECONOMY.

Mrs. Bixby's Idea of Retrenchment in Her Household Expenses.

Mrs. Bixby became convinced the other day that retrenchment was absolutely necessary in her household expenses. "Business is dull," she said, "and I must make our bills as light as possible. Poor husband is quite worried over our affairs. Now, how can I save five or ten dollars, and show Mr. Bixby that women can be economical if necessary? I know," she said suddenly, in the joyful tone of one who has had a happy thought. "I will do without the hat I intended getting to wear with my new gray suit. I can wear my black imported straw with it very well, and I will, too. I just must learn to economize."

Then she put on her hat and went down town, so elated over her "clear saving of five whole dollars," that she intended walking home with Mr. Bixby at noon and telling him all about it. "I wonder now," she said, as she stopped before the windows of a glove store, "I wonder if I couldn't afford a new pair of those tan kid gloves with stitching on the back. I really need them, and I've saved five dollars by going without my hat, so—yes, I'll get them; they'll cost only two dollars."

Ten minutes later she stood before the ribbon counter in a dry goods store. "This ribbon is really very cheap," she was saying to herself, "and I need a lot of ribbon awfully. I wonder if I could afford it to-day. Let me see, I—oh, of course I can, after saving five dollars on that hat."

And she bought ten yards of ribbon at twenty-five cents a yard. "Great Sale of Embroidery," she read on a flaring placard a moment later. "Just what I need," she said, "but I've been doing without because I wanted to economize; but I'm sure Charles couldn't say any thing if I bought a little when I've saved five whole dollars."

So she bought "a little" for \$1.75. Then she got "the greatest kind of a bargain" in remnants of French Gingham for \$1.50.

"I never would have bought it," she said to herself, "but it was so cheap, and then I'd saved five dollars this morning."

Before reaching her husband's office with the cheering news of her economy, she had bought four yards of lace, three of insertion, a pound of candy, two collars and a pair of cuffs, a pair of slippers, two pairs of shoes, handkerchiefs, three yards of lawn, a fan, a bunch of roses, another pair of gloves and six linen handkerchiefs, and two neckties for Mr. Bixby.

Then she repaired to Bixby's office with the tale of her economy, and ended by saying: "And here's a few little things I thought I could afford after saving so much by going without my hat."

Bixby asked a few questions, made rapid calculation and said in an utterly heartless tone: "See here, Sally, don't you economize any more. You'll break me sure if you do. You've got \$16.98 worth of things already out of that five dollars, and—"

"You're just too mean for any thing, Charley Bixby!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE POWER OF LOVE.

How Good Soldiers, Teachers, Artists and Workmen Are Made.

No amount of pay has ever made a good soldier, a good teacher, a good artist or a good workman. You pay your soldiers and sailors so many pence a day, at which rated sum one will do good fighting for you, another bad fighting. Pay as you will, the entire goodness of the fighting depends always upon its being done for nothing, or rather less than nothing, in expectation of no pay but death. Examine the work of your spiritual teachers and you will find the statistical law. "The less pay the better work." Examine also your writers and artists; for ten pounds you shall have a "Paradise Lost," and for a plate of figs a Durer drawing; but for a million of money sterling, neither. Examine your men of science: paid by starvation, Kepler will discover the laws of the orbs of the heaven for you; and, driven out to die in the street, Swammerdam shall discover the laws of life for you—such hard terms do they make with you, these brutish men, who can only be had for hire?

Neither is good work ever done for hatred any more than hire, but for love only. For love of their country, or their leader, or their duty, men fight steadily, but for massacre and plunder feebly. Your signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," they will answer; your signal of black flag and death's head they will not answer. And, verily, they will answer it no more in commerce than in battle. The cross-bones will not make a good shop sign, you will find ultimately, any more than a good battle standard. Not the cross-bones, but the cross. —*Ruskin.*

The New York World's examination of the drugs sold in the metropolitan reveals a rather startling state of affairs. Of the samples analyzed, bought impartially along the five avenues on the eastern and the western sides of the city, it was found that nearly forty per cent. were below the legal standard of purity. The most important adulteration discovered was in the tinctures of nuxvomica and opium, preparations for the ingredients of which the retail dealer is alone responsible.

PITH AND POINT.

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his bride a young woman of small waist.

London Times editorials are so heavy that boys can't fly kites made out of that paper. —*Philadelphia North American.*

The parting of a lady visitor and her hostess reminds one of Shakespeare's play, "Much Adieu About Nothing."

It is only a question of preference whether you will leave your money when you die, or allow your money to leave you while you live.

A full hand at poker often costs a man more in twenty minutes than his subscription to the synagogue amounts to in a year. —*Hebrew Standard.*

The baby believes in the motto, "A place for every thing and every thing in its place," and her place for every thing is her mouth. —*Somerville Journal.*

A Minneapolis man has invented a dust collector, but it is hardly expected that it will surpass the top surface of a center table. —*St. Albans Messenger.*

Green—"Since he had that slender suit, Pryor has gone out of business." Brown—"Why, what was his business?" Green—"Other people's." —*Tid-Bits.*

The waiter's ready explanation: "How can you give out such a dirty napkin as that?" "Beg pardon, sir, that folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir, how's that now?" —*New Age.*

The Globe's idea of a reckless man is one who appears on the street without his coat and with a lot of ten-cent cigars sticking in his vest pocket. —*Achison (Kas.) Globe.*

Green—"What sort of figure has the Gushington, Jack?" Jack—"I haven't the faintest idea." Green—"Why, I thought you had met her?" Jack—"I have, but she had on a tailor-made dress." —*N. Y. Sun.*

"A good man always dies too soon," observes a Buffalo paper. That may be questioned. Look around you and see how many of us old fellows are still hanging to it and growing fatter every day. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Mistress—"I am sorry to have you leave me, Mary." Mary—"And I'm sorry to go. There isn't anybody I'd sooner do a favor for." Mistress—"Ah, indeed! Then won't you be so kind as to give me a recommendation to hand to the next cook who applies?" —*Harper's Bazar.*

It Can't Be Beat.—
A joy unexpressed may
Much passive wretchedness hold;
But hasn't half the witchery
Of wretchedness consoling.

—*Texas Sittings.*

"I can not understand, my dear, why it is that you, who have such an excellent man for a husband, should quarrel with him so often." "Don't you? Well, it is because he always brings me home a present at night to make up for it." —*Judge.*

"I deeply regret it, sir, but honor and my altered circumstances compel me to release your daughter from her engagement. I can not enter your family a beggar. In the recent deal in the North End stocks I lost my entire fortune." "Not another word, my boy—not another word, I got it." —*San Francisco Examiner.*

Neighbor—"What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup." Mrs. Stuckup—"Yes, they are all imported fowls." Neighbor—"You don't tell me so! I suppose they lay eggs every day?" Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)—"They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day." —*Texas Sittings.*

IN SEARCH OF FREAKS.

A Rare and Unvaried Combination of Human Curiosities.

A gentleman of this city thinks of starting a dime museum as soon as he can obtain the following curiosities. He expects to make a fortune. He wants:

A man who can bring proof that he has kept a diary for one hundred consecutive days.

A man who never lost an umbrella.

A church choir tenor who never flirted with the soprano.

A third-rate actor who never boasted of his so-called "masses."

A man who is so strong-minded that he don't feel a little uneasy if he sees the new moon over the wrong shoulder.

A girl graduate whose commencement essay was worthy of serious attention.

A college graduate who does not think himself able to manage the affairs of the nation considerably better than those who are at present struggling with them.

A man who, no matter how profound his learning or consistent his philosophy, can not be twisted around the little finger (so to speak) of any pretty woman who thinks it worth her while to trouble herself about him. (A large salary will be paid this person, and he will be starved.)