Published Every Wednesday,
—BY—
WM. D. McMASTER.

TERMS:
$1.50 in advance, post-paid; if not so paid, $2.

The following are authorized agents for the AGE:—
S. R. NILES, No. 6 Tremont St., Boston.
T. C. EVANS, Rooms, 2, 4, and 8, Tremont Temple, Boston.
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, N. Y.
HORACE DODD, 265 Washington St., Boston.
GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York.
J. H. BATES, 41 Park Row, New York.
N. W. AYER & SON, Philadelphia.
DAUCHY & Co., No. 7.

Spirit of the Age.

The People's Rights--A Representative Democracy--The Union and the Constitution without any Infractions.

VOL. XLV.--NO. 17. WOODSTOCK, VT., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1886. WHOLE NO. 2253.

Woodstock Business Cards.

DR. F. R. JEWETT'S
Dental Rooms,
OPEN DAY AND EVENING.
First-class work. Prices moderate.
Office and residence, "Barker House," East end of the Park.

O. G. KIMBALL,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,
Whitcomb's Block, Elm Street,
WOODSTOCK, VT

FRANK J. SIMMONS,
Dealer in
Choice Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco, Etc.
Oyster stews a specialty. Drop in.
Mellish Block, Main Street, Woodstock, V

EAGLE HOTEL,
Central St., opposite the Park, Woodstock, Vt
The several stages that leave this town always call at the House to leave or call for passengers. The Springfield and Charlestown stage makes its head quarters at this House.
FRED D. MERRILL, Proprietor.

GEORGE W. PAUL,
Dealer in
Choice Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery, Cigrs, Tobacco, Etc.
Paul's Block, Elm Street, Woodstock, V

O. H. FREEMAN,
Druggist and Appothecary,
And Dealer in
HARDWARE, GROCERIES AND FLOUR
Woodstock, Vt.

GEORGE FISHER,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
FURNITURE
of every description. Also
Coffins and Caskets in great variety.
WOODSTOCK, VT.

E. P. TEWKSBURY,
House, Carriage, Sign and Ornamental Painter,
The best of Stock constantly on hand.
All kinds of Papering, and tinting of walls done to order.
Agent for Averill Chemical Paint, the best Paint in use.

PURPLE & NUTTING
Have a large assortment of
Coffins, Caskets and Robes.
—ALSO,—
CATHOLIC ROBES and TRIMMINGS.

MICHAEL MYERS,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
Shop in the Tracy Block, Elm St.

J. R. MURDOCK,
Practical Watchmaker,
Also keeps a
FINE STOCK OF GOODS
In his line.
☞ All Goods and Repairs warented as represented.

PARK COTTAGE HOTEL,
CENTRAL STREET,
Opposite the Public Library and Court House,
WOODSTOCK, VT.
H. FAILS, Agt.

WOODSTOCK MARKET.
MEAT AND PROVISIONS
Usually kept in a country market, at the lowest living prices, for cash or short approved credit. O. L. RICHMOND & Co.

A. N. LOGAN, M. D.
(Successor to Dr. Colton),
Physician & Surgeon.
WOODSTOCK, - - VERMONT.
Office at the late residence of Dr. Colton; South side of park.
At Office Saturdays only, from 1 to 5 p. m.

O. T. MARSH,
House, Carriage & Sign Painting
Particular attention given to Paper Hanging and Tinting of walls and ceilings. Agent for Averill's Paint, the best in use. Best stock always on hand and paints mixed to order.
Shop rear of Phœnix Block, Woodstock.

W. R. Junction Business Cards.

J. HARDING,
Marble and Granite Cemetery Works,
MONUMENTS,
Tablets, Grave-Stones, &c.
White River Junction, Vt. ptf19.

E. H. BAGLEY,
Dealer in Stoves,
Furnaces, Pumps, Lead Pipe, Hardware Paints and Oils and Blacksmiths' Goods.
Also, Jobber in Coal and Kerosene,
Manufacturer of
TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE
White River Junction, Vt.

PIANOS AND ORGANS
Old Established and of World-wide reputation. Strictly First-Class with every known improvement, and fully warranted six years. Extraordinary Inducements during the Summer months. Lower Prices and Easier Terms than ever before offered. We ship Pianos to all parts of the country, taking $25 down and $10 monthly, until paid. Organs, $10 down and $5 monthly. Now is the time to get a BARGAIN. Send for Catalogue with Special List of Reduced Prices and Terms.
HORACE WATERS & CO.,
124 Fifth Ave., New York.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE.

45 Govt. and 40-60 Grain Cartridges.
VERY STRONG. PERFECTLY SAFE.
THE BEST RIFLE in the world for large game. Superior in accuracy, range, model and finish to any others.
BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles. Send for catalogue.
Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

Rutland Business Cards.

BERWICK HOTEL,
C. F. RICHARDSON, Prop'r,
RUTLAND - - - - VERMONT
Heated Throughout by Steam.
Good Sample Rooms, Billiard Room and Livery Stable connected with the Hotel

W. H. JOHNSON.
General Repair Shop. Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Sewing Machines, &c.; in fact, all kinds of light repairing and light jobbing done promptly and in a good and workman like manner. I also sell the light running
'Crown Household' and 'American
SEWING-MACHINES,
At prices from 25 to 40 per cent. less than any other concern in this section of the country. Remember the place—Center street opposite "Bakery."

A. C. Bates & Son,
WHOLESALE DEALERS,
Offer this day the Largest and Most Complete Assortment of
Builders' and Saddlery Hardware,
NAILS, WAGON WOODS AND WHEELS, AXLES, SPRINGS.
Trunks and Bags,
HORSE BOOTS AND HORSE CLOTHING
Light Driving and Heavy
TEAM HARNESSES.
Leather and Rubber Belting
CIRCULAR SAWS,
CARPENTERS' TOOLS,
The largest stock ever offered in the state.
HAMMOCKS of Every Description.
We can save you money if you come and see us.
Opposite the Berwick House,
RUTLAND, VT.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES
Made of the very best material, by the most skillful workmen, expressly for road use.
COLUMBIAS
Are the favorites with riders, and their superiority in beauty, structure and finish is acknowledged by all. It is a practicable road vehicle, and can be ridden 50 miles a week over average roads. Professional and business men all join in bearing witness to its merits.
Send 3-cent stamp for 36-page illustrated catalogue with price list and full information.
THE POPE MFG. CO.
597 Washington St., Boston, Mass

A TREATISE
ON THE
HORSE

—AND—
HIS DISEASES.
Containing an Index of Diseases, which gives the Symptoms, Cause, and the Best Treatment of each. A Table giving all the principal drugs used for the Horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison. A Table with an Engraving of the Horse's Teeth at different ages with Rules for telling the age. A valuable collection of Receipts and much other valuable information.
100-PAGE BOOK sent postpaid to any address in the United States or Canada for 25 CENTS.
Address
Horse Book Company,
85 Purchase Street, Corner Oliver
BOSTON, MASS

Payne's Automatic Engines.

Established 1840.
Reliable, Durable and Economical, will furnish a horse power with ½ less fuel and water than any other Engine built, not fitted with an Automatic Cut-off. Send for Illustrated Catalogue "G" for information. And Prices. E. W. PAYNE & SONS, Box 820, Corning, N.Y.

WANTED
RELIABLE SALESMEN
To introduce and sell the trade the well-known and celebrated Cigars of the NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR COMPANY. Liberal arrangements. SALARY or COMMISSION paid to the right men. For further particulars and terms address, at once,
The New York & Havana Cigar Co.,
57 Broadway, New York.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC & SCHOOL OF ENGLISH BRANCHES, LANGUAGES, ARTS, ELOCUTION & PHYSICAL CULTURE.
HOME SPLENDIDLY-FURNISHED. IN THE HEART OF BOSTON. RARE ADVANTAGES, LOW RATES. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. TOURJEE.

REST not, life if sweeping by, go and dare before you die something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you make great pay all the time, write for particulars to
H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Only a Boy.

Only a boy!
Only a healthy and rosy face,
Bearing of pain and grief no trace,
Save where at times the shadows play
Like the light clouds on a summer's day.

Only a boy!
Only a loving and trusting heart
That throbs and strains for a long life's start,
That yields in love to the gentle touch
Of one who will chide not overmuch.

Only a boy!
Only an earnest and longing soul
Through which wild fancies and wishes roll,
Peering from out those eager eyes
At the untried world that around them lies.

Only a boy!
Only the germ of some unknown gain
To a world that wavers 'twix joy and pain,
Tell me of better gift who can,
To give to the world, than an honest man.

Only a boy!
Only a man with a saddened face,
Bearing of grief and sin the trace,
Craving a love that might cleanse the stain
Of the old thoughts that will come again.

Only a boy!
Only a spirit that soars at last
O'er the chains and blindes of a pretty past,
Hardened, but faithful, saddened, but true,
Saved—but the praise is not for you.
—*Charlotte H. Conrsen.*

The Waif of the Plains.

An endless sea of sandy plain, almost a dead level, save the sand-dunes which here and there, like billows from some far-off sea beating upon the endless shore, crossed the country in long lines lost in the distance, cactus, sage-bush, and a few wild flowers of vivid coloring, whose very existence on the dry desert waste was a marvel, composing the only vegetation visible. Occasionally in the distance, along the banks of the sluggish, turbid river which flows hundreds of miles across the desert, could be seen a few cottonwoods and willows which form the cover for numerous antelope. Away in the opposite direction, however, stretching into the far distance until lost in the horizon, was the same dreary, monotonous level waste. It was early morning, and the sun was shooting its horizontal rays across the glistening sands. Two horsemen were riding along the trail, when a small object, moving slowly along, sometimes seemingly walking upright, anon crawling on the ground, excited their attention and curiosity. Nearer the object comes and, wonder of wonders, the men discover while yet at some distance that it is a human being, apparently a child. Turning their horses they rapidly approach the waif on this waterless sea, and discover a child of perhaps 5 years of age, now walking then falling to the ground in its apparently aimless journey. Upon reaching the lonely atom of humanity it is found to be a girl with face and hands scratched and bleeding and clothing torn nearly to shreds from frequent contact with the thorns of the cruel cactus. Upon the approach of the men she ceased her crying and gazed at them with a frightened look. Where did she come from and how did she get here? Did she drop from the clouds? Nothing else of life was visible; the whole expanse of plain was a blank. It was some time before the child could be reassured and coaxed to talk, and then only incoherently between her sobs. The men gathered that some time about daybreak an emigrant train of two wagons with the child's parents and several other persons had been attacked by Indians, the women carried off, and the men all killed. The child tried to indicate the place of the massacre, but was so bewildered by her wandering that it was impossible to learn anything from her confusted talk. One of the men took the little thing on his horse in front of him, and after a fruitless search for an hour or two, the men pushed on, as the sun was getting high in the heavens and there was a long journey before them ere arriving at the ranch and cattle corral for which they were bound and wished to reach before night. After some hours of hard riding their destination was reached without incident. On the following day one of the men at the ranch, having business in Denver, brought the foundling to the then young city. The child's story excited considerable attention and smypathy from the citizens, and a childless married lady of West Denver named Clark, who had crossed the plains some years before, adopted the waif as her own. The only name the child could give was Rita, and there was nothing about her clothing or person to indicate who her parents were or where she came from. All she knew of her former home was that it was in a large city far away. Rita grew rapidly, and in the course of several years bid fair to become a beautiful young lady. Her foster parents were in thriving circumstances, and lavished their means freely on the education of the child, whom they cherished and loved as if she were of their flesh and blood. One day Mr. Clark, having business at Pueblo, was induced by a friend to visit the insane asylum. The official, in accompanying them through the different wards, explained the various phases and peculiarities of the fancies of the patients. Finally they reached an apartment occupied by a woman, whose case, the official explained, was rather peculiar. She was rescued from the Cheyennes several years ago by the troops. How long she had been a captive was not known, but it is supposed that the indignities she had suffered and the horrors she had passed through had turned her brain, as when found she was insane, and ever since the burden of her talk had been massacres, fights, and all the horrors of Indian brutalities. Then she seems to have a child for whom she is constantly calling. The party entered the room and found quite a lady-like looking person, who at first received them pleasantly and as any sane person would. Something about her features, which, although careworn and haggard, gave evidence of former beauty, struck Mr. Clark as of some one he had seen before. After a few moments' conversation with him, she startled him with the question: "Where is my Rita? You have taken her from me—my beautiful child." Mr. Clark was so astonished for a moment that he could not speak.

After recovering somewhat from his surprise, he endeavored to question her, but could get no intelligible answer, and after some little delay left the asylum. The interview, however, preyed on his mind, and on his return home he communicated to his wife the strange interview. She, with a woman's quick perception, at once jumped to a conclusion, which succeeding events proved to be correct. It was finally arranged between them that Rita should be taken with them to the asylum and Mrs. Clark's theory tested. Accordingly on the pretense, of an excursion the three took the train one day and arriving at Pueblo proceeded at once to the asylum. After a slight delay they were shown into the crazy woman's room. At first she did not see the girl, then in looking at her visitors she suddenly discovered her and with a cry that was hardly human in its intensity she threw herself upon her screaming: "Rita, my Rita!" hugging and kissing her and crying at the same time, the tears, probably the first shed for years, rolling her cheeks. The frightened girl endeavored at first to disengage herself, but at a reassuring sign from Mrs. Clark submitted to the caresses of the insane woman. With considerable difficulty they tore themselves away from her, and, making a solemn promise to return the next day, they departed. On the following morning, according to promise, they called at the institution and learned that a wonderful change had come over the patient, that instead of raving the whole night long, she had been very quiet and had wept a great deal. Being shown into her presence, she seemed only to see Rita, who, having been instructed by her foster parents, submitted to the caresses lavished upon her, but in a more quiet manner, by the unfortunate woman. Feeling satisfied that her suspicions were correct, Mrs. Clark insisted upon remaining in Pueblo for a few days, during which frequent visits were made to the asylum, the woman seeming to become more sane with each visit and talking more coherently about the past. Finally the whole cruel history was told by her, proving beyond a doubt that she was the long-lost mother of Rita. Her discharge was easily secured, the Clarks agreeing to care for her, and she was taken to the pleasant Denver home, where she entirely recovered after a time. Rita, blessed with the love of two mothers, was happier if anything than before, and some time afterward married an estimable gentleman of means, being comfortably dowered by her foster parents, is living in a cozy dwelling on Broadway with her mother and husband, an ornament to the circle in which she moves.—*Denver News.*

The Peacock Not Vain.

"It seems like a pity to shatter a belief that has existed for years," said a dealer in pug dogs, pigeons and peacocks this morning to a news gatherer, "but the old, old story about the vanity of the peacock is a miserable myth. I cannot understand why people have believed it so long. Why, sir, are you aware that the peacock has less brains than the chicken? Do you know that the peacock is practically the idiot of the feathered tribe, the same as the pug is of the canine race? A peacock, sir, hasn't sense enough to go in when it rains. No, sir. What I say is literally and actually true. I have seen 'em stand out in a storm and pick up corn, while every sensible turkey, goose or duck would be under shelter. It is simply the gaudy plumage of the peacock that has led to the story of its vanity.

"It is true that when the peacock hoists his tail and struts around it looks as if he was trying to show off, and all the women folks say: 'Just look at the vain thing!' The truth is that the peacock rarely, if ever, exhibits his magnificent tail except when courting. A male pigeon swells out his chest and raises his neck-feathers, while a barnyard rooster seeks for dainty morsels for the hens and clucks complimentary clucks. The peacock takes a different style, that's all.

"I don't suppose that a peacock has sense enough to know that his feathers are gaudy or his feet ugly. It's a dead sure fact that he has a smaller head and less in it than any bird you can mention that is half his size in body. Vanity be blowed!"—*Philadelphia News.*

Better than They Looked.

Speaking of visiting Englishmen I am reminded of a story of Matthew Arnold which has never yet seen the light of print. When he made his lecturing tour through America he was accompanied by his wife, and in Cleveland they were entertained by one of the leading families living on Euclid avenue. One morning buckwheat pancakes were served at breakfast. Matthew Arnold looked at them dubiously, sniffed suspiciously and passed them by without taking any. But Mrs. Arnold was more venturesome, and she took a couple of the steaming cakes, helped herself to maple syrup as she saw the others doing, and took a bite. Evidently she was surprised. The buckwheat cakes proved to be delicious, and turning to her husband she remarked:

"Do take some, Matthew, they're not half as nasty as they look.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Navigating Under Water.

Submarine navigation seems to be going ahead of late. Goubet of Paris, who four years ago constructed a submarine boat with such success as to receive an order from the Russian Government for three hundred sets of his machinery, has now improved his device. In the Russian boats the locomotion was effected by a crew of four men, working treadles; now electricity is the moter, the speed obtained being five knots. The crew can accordingly be reduced to an officer and one man, who enter the craft at the top by a dome-shaped hatch, secured with hinges and bolts, and fitting into a rubber-lined recess. In a reservoir is a supply of compressed air said to be sufficient to last the two men for ten hours, while the carbonic acid they give off is absorbed by caustic potash distributed through the boat. In this, as in all submarine craft, the object is not pleasure, for little of that is to be had, but warfare. At one end of the boat is fastened a torpedo, charged with 110 pounds of dynamite, arranged so as to be operated from within.

A discription of this boat, given in a recent number of *Engineering*, shows that there are seven glazed openings in the hull, with glass half an inch thick, protected by external grating and internal shutters. The two men sit back to back on the compressed air reservoirs. The craft seems to be full of machinery, except in the space occupied by the men, and their heads go up into the dome. But the boat can thus be made small and compact, so as to be rowed with oars if the dynamo fails. There is a pump for expelling water from the reservoirs, when the boat has to rise, and these reservoirs, which effect the immersion of the boat, are divided into several compartments to prevent the water in them from surging forth and back. There is an air pump for extracting the vitiated air, and a double-acting pump to secure the stability of the vessel. As a safety appliance a heavy weight is attached to the bottom of the boat, which may be released and dropped off in case of an accident requiring a rapid ascent. An explosive signal for help can also be sent to the surface.

When the two men enter the boat they turn on the compressed air, which is passed through the water reservoirs so as to become humid, and start the electrical motor. The officer steers the boat under the ship to be attacked; and when the right position is gained he casts off the torpedo, which floats up and attaches itself to the vessel by contrivances provided for the purpose. The boat then rapidly withdraws, and at a safe distance explodes the torpedo by electricity. This, at least, is the theory of Mr. Goubet. —*New York Sun.*

Crime Waves.

Sometimes a great wave of crime passes over the land. This was the case about the year 1850, when there was a general epidemic of burglaries. For some time the Annual Register devoted a special paragraph in its index to burglaries, an unpleasant feature which has now happily disappeared. It began with a burglary and murder at Frimley, where one Mr. Hollest, an elderly clergyman, was cruelly killed. He was awakened in the night and saw two figures, with their faces covered with crape, standing at the bottom of the bed. He at first thought it was his two sons indulging in a practical joke, and he rebuked them for their untimely and unreasonable conduct. He was soon undeceived, and while he was offering a gallant resistance he was wounded by one of the burglars. It is remarkable that in the excitement of the time, and for some hours afterward, he did not even feel the wound. But when the surgeon came to examine it he perceived that it soon must prove fatal. Two men were executed for the crime. One man, who was accepted as approver, was a man who had been the loudest in proclaiming his innocence before the magistrates and the most skillful in cross-examining the witnesses. The effect of his evidence was to implicate other men, including one who had been acquitted of the Frimley murder, in other burglaries, and broke up a gang which had been the terror of Surrey and Sussex.—*All the Year Round.*

The Useful Porpoise.

"Yes, that's a porpoise," said a fish dealer in the Quincy market to a reporter; "yes, it's a porpoise. Cape Codders call them puffing pigs, and I suppose nothing short of phocæna communis would satisfy you newspaper fellows."

"Are porpoises good for anything?"

"Good for anything? Why, bless you yes. Their meat is splendid eating, and makes just as good mincemeat as any bit of beef you ever saw. Then their blubber dried out makes a fine penetrating oil, which is great for rheumatism. Take some of the oil and put it on your hand and it'll soak right in to the bones."

"You said porpoises were calle' 'puffing pigs.' Why it that?"

"Well, they root around for their grub, and then when they're swimming very fast they look around like a fat old hog Some folks say they can swim a hundred miles an hour, but I'm willing to cut it down to about eighteen and call it square."—*Boston Herald.*

No Novelty to Her.

"Here is a curious case, ma'am," said the superintendent of the insane asylum. "This man imagines he is the motive power that runs the world. He's perfectly harmless, though, but he thinks the world wouldn't move without him Very queer notion, isn't it?"

"I don't know about that; my husband has got the same notion in his head."—*Maverick.*

STREETS OF TEHERAN

Scenes to be Witnessed in a Persian Thoroughfare.

How the Tradesmen Ply Their Various Occupations in the Open Air.

S. G. W. Benjamin, recently United States minister at the court of Persia, describes his impressions of that country in the Century. He says: "In such a climate as that of Teheran life is naturally passed chiefly in the open air. The chill of winter, rarely severe, seems to make little difference in the habits of the people. The shops are all open to the streets; the customers stand outside, and even the shop-keeper attends to most of his business from the exterior of the shop. If he is a baker, grocer, or costermonger, in all probability he and the customer both stand in the street, retreating into the shop only when a string of camels or a dashing cortege forces them to move out of the way. A carpenter may frequently be seen arranging a piece of joinery on the pavement in front of his shop. The schools often in no-wise differ from the shops; in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare one may see twenty or thirty lads seated on their heels repeating the lesson together in monotonous tone.

"Another common sight in the streets of Teheran is the itinerant barber. The Koran enjoins the masculine Mohammedan to shave his crown. The Sunnees shave the entire head excepting a long lock in the center whereby, it is said, the archangel may pluck them out of the grave. But the Sheahs or Persian Mussulmans shave from the forehead to the nape of the neck, leaving a highly prized lock on each side. It is, therefore, common to see a man of the lower classes seated on the pavement, going through the operation of having his head shaved. The remaining hair and the beard are dyed, and it is rare that one sees gray hairs in Teheran. The first tint applied is henna, an orange-yellow vegetable dye. Many consider this so handsome as to prefer it without the further application of indigo which most select. The last tint, combined with the henna, imparts a durable and rather agreeable dark-brown color to the hair. The women also have their hair dyed and join the eyebrows with the pencil. All classes make use of the bath at least once a week, the wealthy having steam-baths attached to their dwellings. No Christain is ever permitted admittance to the baths of the Persians. The public baths answer the purpose of clubs and sewing circles; the women go in the morning, take their sewing with them, and, after being thoroughly steamed and scrubbed, devote several hours to smoking the "kalian," embroidering, and discussing the scandal of the neighborhood, which they assiduously circulate on their return home.

"Another street sight of Teheran is the tea-house, equivalent to the coffee-house of Constantinople or the beer-garden of Munich. These establishments are generally thronged towards the close of the day.

"Both wine-drinking and card-playing are forbidden to true believers; and therefore, neither is seen in these places of public resort. But both are freely indulged in at home. The card-players of Persia use a set of twenty cards in five suits of four each.

"It is an interesting fact that America must relinquish the claim of having invented the gambler's favorite game of poker, for it was known in Persia centuries ago. The game played by the Persians is in principle poker or brag pure and simple, and betting often runs high with them.

"Another characteristic sight in the streets of Teheran is the bread. Persian bread is made in sheets the thickness of sole leather; the best quality is somewhat thinner. It is formed in the shape and size of a side of leather. The baker with bare arms dexterously raises a sheet of this dough from the counter where it is rolled out, tosses and rolls it over his left arm until reduced to the proper tenuity. With a rapid fling of both arms he then spreads it over the hot floor of the oven. In a few moments it is baked and spread out to cool. If there is a convenient ledge in the street near the shop, one may see it covered with layers of bread. This bread is cheap, one cent a sheet, and what is more it is sweet and nourishing, and, with curds, cheese, and fruit, forms a staple article of diet with a large part of the population. Consequently, one constantly meets with people carrying sheets of bread home with them, the women holding them in front like leather aprons."

Destroying the Effect.

I remember hearing "Curfew Shall Not Right To-night" recited by a young lady of considerable elocutionary talent. She was making a very favorable impression, and as she neared the end she prepared to wind up with a flourish on the final line—

"Thy lover lives; curfew shall not ring to-night."

But the cursed alliteration "queered" her, and, as might have been expected, she said, in a voice that quivered with emotion:

"Thy liver lives; curfew shall not ring to-night.—*Courier-Journal.*

Corn and Corns.

"I see by the papers that in Kansas the yield of corn is forty to the acre. Isn't that remarkable?"

"Not at all; only it seems to me that item is upside down."

"Upside down?"

"Yes. My experience is that the yield is about forty achers to the corn. Get off my foot, please."—*Call.*

Took Him For a Bunco Steerer.

George W. Cable, the novelist, came to town the other day, as he often does, from his New England home, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. He wished to meet Mr. Rushton, the Texas cattle rancher, and went to a Broadway hotel where the man was a guest. Cable had never seen Rushton. "He is about the corridor somewhere," said the clerk; and so Cable looked about for a somewhat unfashionable and rustic figure, such as he guessed the stranger might be.

"Ah," he said affably to the first individual of that sort who came along, "are you Mr. Rushton?"

The accosted man gazed impudently into the enquirer's face and then shortly answered "No." Cable is a polite little fellow, and he was hurt by the lack of that quality in the other; but he passed quietly along until he encountered a second apparent prairie denizen.

"This is Mr. Rushton?" he said affably.

"No, sir," and the tone as positively insulting, "this is not Mr. Rushton."

Cable went to a big mirrior and looked at himself to see if any thing in his personal appearance had become offensive. The reflection was that of an unobtrusive man clothed soberly, and with nothing in his aspect to rouse antipathy. He sauntered away, and soon met an ideal Texan ranch-owner.

"I am not mistaken this time," he exclaimed, extending his hand; "you are Mr. Rushton, from Texas. I've been—"

"Yes, you are mistaken," was the brusque response, and there was fire in the eyes of the speaker; "a big mistake if you take me for a greenhorn. I ain't Rushton, and I shan't be fool enough to give you my name, neither. O, I've read of you rascals. If I was to tell you who I am, it wouldn't be ten minutes afore your pal'd get at me, pretending to be a son of somebody that lives in my town. I've a notion to hand you over to the police."

Cable was dumbfounded, and then amused, for he had merely learned a fact that any curious experimenter can substantiate on trial—that the feats of the bunko swindlers have become so widely known that the simple question whether a tourist is somebody whom he isn't arouses suspicion and resentment.

How the Oyster Aids the Church.

The following is from the pen of a writer in the St. Louis *Christain Advocate:* "If a church is to be built the oyster is summoned to assist in laying the foundation, and when the cap-stone is brought forth with shoutings he graces the occasion and gives zest to the hour. If a debt is pressing heavily upon the people of God and all other help fails, the oyster (in his season) never fails. If the salary of the pastor is in arrears, the oyster must liquidate. If improvements are to be made in the building or the church prepares to enlarge its sphere of usefulness, the oyster must be interviewed. The days of martyrdom, after all, are not yet past, for the oyster is dying daily for the glory of God. His bones are bleaching upon every field where the church has fought with the powers of darkness. The highway along which the church is marching her victorious columns is paved with ghastly evidence of his mortality. His shells whiten in the sun at the door of the sanctuary. Every pastor and deacon is a walking cemetary, and the grand army of dyspeptics, for the glory of God, is multiplying every day. Oh! wonderful bivalve, great is thy renown. The whale has aforetime put on airs because he was called upon to assist the Lord in that little affair with the prophet Jonah. The Galilean pike that brought the tribute money to Peter has always claimed a patent for nobility, because he helped the Master to pay His taxes, but henceforth the whale and the pike must hide their diminished heads, for the oyster has come to the front and he is greater than all."

The Chinamen's Hands.

The Chinaman shows a pair of handsome hands. They are small, the fingers taper and the skin does not readily harden under rough labor. I saw 800 Chinamen at work upon the Central Pacific railroad, and studied their hands. Not one hand showed the usual large joints and clump fingers of the pick and shovel brigade. The overseer pointed out a group, with the remark:

"They have been at work upon the Central Pacific four years, and it is rare that one of them misses a day."

These men all had the pretty, taper fingers. I spoke of it to the overseer He said:

"After four years of pick and shovel, their hands are handsomer than those of our dry goods clerks."

"Why do not their joints swell like those of the white laborer?" I asked.

"I don't know, unless they are a finer-blooded race. You know that is one o the peculiarities of the blooded horse,—his joints and limbs never swell, while the legs of the scrub swell by simply standing in the stable." This was an intelligent white man's reply.—*Dio Lewis.*

Why Ladies are Called Ducks.

Because they are not all tame. Because there is a good deal of sport to be got out of the wild ones. Because they may be captured. Because they may be sold. Because, as proved by the results of public examinations, they may be plucked. Because, as we can see in the illustrated newspapers, they may be drawn. Because they may be beautifully done, a good deal of butter being usually employed in the process. Because they are often well basted. Because they are always dressed in some fashion for dinner. Because they have long bills. Because there are always plenty of them in the market.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Nothing Like Mother's Kisses.

A kiss when I wake in the morning,
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head.

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins,
My mother's as full of kisses
As nurse is full of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair,
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy,
There's nothing like mother's kisses
To her own little baby boy.

Jumbo as a Gentleman.

Mr. Barnum sends the following short account of Jumbo's introduction to his herd of elephants:

"The day after Jumbo's arrival at Madison Square Garden we resolved to introduce him to the thirty-five Indian elephants which we had there. Some of us feared the result, but Scott insisted that Jumbo was too much of a gentleman to misbehave. So we placed our thirty-five elephants in a row, each being chained one leg to a post, and then Scott led Jumbo in. He passed in front of the string of elephants, looking at first a little surprised, as did all the other elephants when they first discovered him approaching. But Jumbo and all the other elephants at once looked kindly, and each extended its trunk as Jumbo passed, which he fondly took with his own trunk, giving each elephant a kind caress. Mutual affection seemed at once established, and it extended without interruption till the day of his death."—*Harper's Young People.*

A Chinese Game-Song.

"Loy Yow, a bright, red cheeked little Chinese girl, "blinded" her eyes and eyes and the rest of the players fell into line with their hands held open in cup-shape behind them, while Wong Hay circled around the line lightly touching the open hands as she passed, and crooning in a peculiar Chinese sing-song tone the following little game-song, much as American children sing, "Tread, tread the green grass," or "Green gravel, green gravel, how green the grass grows"; "Come maidens all, and stand in line.
Put back your flower like hands to mine
The pledge now flies, it flies away
To the Eastern land—to the land of day.
'Tis the lantern feast! Ninth moon commands!
Now, maidens, lift your flower-like hands."

To Loy Yow, whom they now called "Hide-Your-Eyes," Wong Hay now sang:

"Come, thunder-shower, with all your power,
And open this four-fingered flower!"

Meantime, as she sang, she had dropped in one of the hands the little pledge—a thimble or some little keepsake selected for the occasion, much as American children use a button in a similar game. At the words, "Maidens, lift your golden-flower hands," as it is literally translated, all the hands were raised high above their heads, but closely shut, so that none could tell who held the little pledge.

At the words addressed to "Hide Your-Eyes," Loy Yow came out from the shed, and, using a long stick as if it were a wand, pointed to the one whom she suspected of having the little pledge.

She was not successful, however, for the hands opened and nothing was found there. So she had to try it all over; while Wong Hay walked about again and sang the little oriental melody.

The second time, she looked very closely in the faces of her Chinese playfellows, and she saw so funny a look on Qui Fah's that she immediately pointed her out. Qui Fah's hands were opened amid much laughter and merriment, and there was the sought-for keepsake! Then they changed places, and Qui Fah became "Hide-Your-Eyes.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Great Seal of the Confederacy.

There is a mystery as impenetrable as the authorship of the Junius letters surrounding the great seal of the confederate states of America. Where is it? No man but its possessor knows. It had a curious history. Not until February 22, 1862, did the provisional government become permanent, and not until April 30, 1863, was an act approved by the confederate congress for a seal. The design had for its centre a representation of the equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond, with the legend encircling it, "Confederate States of America, February 22, 1862." In a wreath were mingled cotton, rice and tobacco plants, emblematic of southern products. Below was the motto, "Deo Vindice." John W. Mason, notorious from the Trent affair, was then in London, and was entrusted with securing the manufacture of the seal. It cost, with accompanying press, wax and wafers, nearly $700. It was from solid silver, and a marvelously beautiful specimen of the engraver's art. Not until July 6, 1864, was it committed to the charge of Lieut. Chapman, who sailed for Bermuda via Halifax. It was safely brought to Richmond, and a few foreign documents and very few domestic papers received its impress. It has been erroneously said that it was never used. In the final panic that accompanied the closing of the Union forces upon the confederate capital the seal disappeared.—*New York Sun.*

A Confederate Giant's Sabre.

Among the relics of the late war stowed away in the United States Ordnance Museum on Seventeenth street is a sabre, fully five feet long, which was found on the battle-field of Manassas. This formidable-looking weapon was evidently made in some village blacksmith's shop, from the fabled plowshare, at the outbreak of the war and its handle appears to have been carved with a jackknife from a cow's horn. A Virginian who visited the museum last week recognized the sabre as one that had been used by a giant Virginia cavalryman in "Jeb" Stuart's command.

"The cavalryman in question," said the Virginian to the *Hatchet*, "was nearly seven feet high and broad in proportion. He had that big sabre made by a crossroads horseshoer and promised to hew his way through the Yankee lines with it and enter Washington, but, poor fellow, he was shot at Manassas before he could carry out his rash purpose."—*Washington Hatchet.*