FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Phrygians, a people of Asia Minor, were the first to coin gold and silver.

—Through the efforts of Ouida, the practice of skinning frogs alive has been stopped in the markets of Florence.

—Japan possesses 2,000 newspapers. Not a single journal of any kind existed or was thought of in the country twenty-five years ago.

—A woman who had been fourteen years in the service of Queen Victoria was convicted at Middlesex Sessions recently and sent to prison for two months for theft.

—A Venetian gondolier makes on an average four francs (about eighty cents) a day the year round. On this he will marry, rear a family, and put some money away.

—At a recent caucus meeting of the senior branch of the Bonapartists it was ruled that no orator, when he addressed the sovereign people, "should speak with a plug of tobacco in his mouth."

—Nicholas Leblanc is to have a monument. He was the French chemist who, in 1742, discovered how to produce soda artificially, thereby contributing immensely to the modern progress of industries.

—There has been a heavy decline in many securities in the past few years, but the Shapira manuscripts lead the list. A couple of years ago they were offered for $5,000,000. Not long ago they were sold for eighty cents.

—Disease germs are probably much less affected by extreme cold than might be expected. Experiments have been reported to the Glasgow Philosophical Society in which a temperature of 120 degrees below zero was insufficient to stop processes of putrefaction.

—The King of Siam is a very much married man. He has some three thousand wives. The establishment where they are housed is a city almost in itself. They are kept very close from the eyes of men. No European and very few natives of the male sex are allowed to enter the sacred precincts.

—One hundred and fifty-four thousand pounds of orange blossoms, 13,000 pounds of accacia blossoms, 154,000 pounds of rose leaves, 122,000 pounds of violets, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 9,000 pounds of tube roses and a large amount of Spanish lilacs are annually used in the manufacture of perfumery at Cannes and Nice.

—Among the most recent acquisitions made by the trustees of the British Museum are a series of pen-and-Indian-ink drawings executed by the Venetian artist Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo. Tiepolo assisted his father in decorating the palace at Madrid, and died in Spain in 1795. The subjects represented are chiefly mythological, resembling in manner some of his etchings which are in imitation of Benedetto Castiglione.

GLOUCESTER.

How Fish Are Packed in the Atlantic Seaport.

"I want you to go through one of the fish curing and packing establishments," said a citizen of Gloucester to a reporter a few days since. "I doubt if you have any idea of the work that is done in one of them. Great changes have been made in the business. Years ago curing fish was synonymous with dirt and offensive smells. All that has been done away with, and the curing and packing of fish is done with as much regard to cleanliness as is the grinding of wheat and packing of flour."

"Where shall we go?" asked the journalist.

"Anywhere, into any of them; in all of them the processes are clean and wholesome." Being near the establishment of Messrs. John Pew & Son, the representative asked the proprietors to show him about, which they kindly did. The establishment covers two or three acres. The first thing which attracts one's attention is a huge reservoir which is filled from an artesian well by power furnished by a windmill. "We are obliged to have an abundance of pure water," said Mr. Pew, "because thorough washing is of the utmost importance in this business. At the wharves of the company were two ships unloading salt. "That ship," pointing to one of them, "is one of the last of the famous fleet built by McKay." The salt used is of the cleanest and best quality, great care being taken to get the best and to remove from it all impurities. A cargo of mackerel was just in, and a crew of men in one building were at work repacking them. Where they are caught they are put into barrels with little salt and regardless of size. In the curing establishment they are all taken out, classified, resalted and packed into barrels, half-barrels and kits. Large houses were filled with hogsheads of cod and other fish in pickle. These fish are not sold in that form, but cargoes are usually kept in that condition as the most convenient and safest prior to drying. The fish are dried on frames, those of this firm covering half or two-thirds of an acre, and one dare not say how many thousand pounds of fish can be cured at one time thereon. The packing of dry fish is comparatively a new industry. In days of yore the dry fish was thrown down in most any place in the retail store where it would not dry up or lose anything in weight. All this has been changed by the introduction of packing and boxing. It is also a great saving. Heretofore it was difficult to sell the small fish; now that the skin and the bones are removed the small ones are just as good as the larger. On the second floor of one building were over thirty men, women and boys engaged in cutting, curing and packing dry fish. It was a model workroom, light, with the cool breezes from the ocean coming in at the windows. From a pile of the fish men with strong hands took the fish and removed the bones in less time than it takes one to tell it. Others seize it and pull off the skin. Another gang cut them into pieces about two and one-half by six inches. This is done on large tables divided into squares, through which the knives are run. Girls next put the pieces into packages weighing two pounds or more. These packages are next passed along to men who put them into presses and reduce them to the smallest space possible. Then girls take them and put twine about them. The bunches are then carefully salted and put into boxes, which in turn are nailed up and carried out. The Gloucester houses pack fish for special customers to all parts of the country, putting their brand on the packages. The wood for the boxes is pine, of small dimensions, and comes largely from New Hampshire, all prepared to be nailed together. The boxes are printed at the curing establishment on a job press run by gas power. The Pews print fifty or sixty different brands. Other grades of fish are skinned, boned and cut in two or three pieces and shipped in larger boxes, according as ordered. What becomes of the refuse? The skins of the fish are made into glue in Gloucester. It is the only glue that will stick wood to iron. The bones go to the fertilizer factory and are disposed of there. Nothing is lost, and certainly nothing is left about the premises. The Gloucester men are as careful about their packing and curing as are the packers of fruit. It is their interest to be so. There were two or three fishermen at the wharves, either unloading or ready to go to the Banks. They were neat-looking vessels, and all of their arrangements for the business showed the constant care and expenditure which is demanded to make the business moderately remunerative. "There are no fortunes made in this business," said one gentleman. "There is not a rich fisherman in Gloucester." It is a very comfortable looking town, nevertheless, and the sound of the hammer and the click of the trowel indicate that it is growing. It is the headquarters of the ocean fishing industry.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

LONDON DOCK LABORERS.

The Efforts Made By the Unemployed to Obtain Work.

In sunshine or shower, fog or fair weather, the approaches to the docks and wharves of the metropolis are every morning thronged by crowds of eager, anxious men, struggling—nay, in many cases fighting like wild beasts—to obtain work within the gates. As the hour draws near for the ringing of the great bell announcing the commencement of work a crowd of often a couple of thousand men press around the principal entrance to the London docks, and as the big gates swing slowly open the mighty mass of humanity rushes forward like an overwhelming flood to the chain-barriers where the superintendent gives out the metal tokens entitling the holder to employment within. Of course he shows preference to those previously employed, but there is always the chance of obtaining a ticket, and the men strive to clutch one of the precious talismans with intense and passionate eagerness. They push and jostle and struggle, leaping on each other's shoulders, and fighting and wrestling in the mad rush like famishing animals rather than human beings. The most desperate determination is written on every face, and there is small thought in the mind of any man of that surging crowd for any one but himself. For work means food—poor and scanty, no doubt, but still something to keep the terrible wolf from the door. Failure means semi-starvation or worse.

But of the crowds who struggle and fight at the gates, frequently not more than one-third are selected, and the remainder, bearing their sad fate with as much philosophical fortitude as they can muster—perhaps it is stony despair, rather—turn disconsolately away, some to seek work at other places which open later and others to wait for "calls" which may occur at any time during the day. Thus a visitor strolling through the fine docks and admiring the shipping and immense quantities of merchandise piled on every hand is suddenly arrested by the strange sight of a sea of white, anxious faces pressed wistfully against the bars on a side entrance. Yes, men are still waiting there for any call of laborers that may come during the day. And presently, as you wait, the superintendent appears, and cries:

"One man wanted!"

Instantly all the watchers spring up like caged animals when food is brought them, yelling, shouting and extending their hands. They leap on each other's backs and clamber up to the topmost rails; and all this feverish excitement is to obtain one little metal ticket—perhaps for one hour's work, entitling the owner to fivepence or sixpence at most!

One out of the large number receives the ticket, apparently by chance rather than by any other manner of selection, and then the noise subsides, and the men wait on, patient, dogged, hungry-eyed, as before.

At another time a call will come for two men, and the same scene will occur again, and so on throughout the day. But of the great numbers who crowd the gates in their desperate struggle to obtain employment only a very few comparatively can ever be engaged. One in every three or four appears to be the average number who obtain work.—*The Quiver.*

A SMART DOG.

The South Carolina Sentinel Which Knows More Than Most Men.

As we sat on the veranda a dog came out of his lair back of the house and ascended the steps and took a long look at the Major's feet. He had the eyes of a tiger, and such a cruel expression as I had never observed in a dog before. As to size, he was the equal of any lion you ever saw in a menagerie,

"What breed is he?" I asked.

"A cross between the Russian and American blood-hound. He cost me $300 in gold."

"What is he good for?"

"Come out here and I'll show you."

He led the way to the smoke-house, just then empty of meat, and I saw two negroes safely locked within.

"He brought them in last night," said the Colonel. "He found them prowling around the plantation and walked them up here and my overseer locked them up. They had to come. If they had made a fight for it he would have killed them in no time."

"Are these his first arrests?"

"Oh, no. There is hardly a night that he doesn't bring in one, and I've known of his capturing twenty in a week. I keep 'em locked up for a day and then turn 'em loose. There he goes after another."

The dog uttered a low growl and rushed off in the direction of the bayou. Next moment a negro who was probably spying around to see the prisoners, broke cover and started across a cotton field. He hadn't made ten jumps before the dog made a long spring, alighted on his shoulders, and had him down in two seconds. He then backed off to let the fellow get up, and fastening his teeth in the negro's coat, led him up and placed him with the others. The man was in a perfect tremble, and so weak that he could scarcely stand. It was an act of mercy to turn the key on him, and this had only been done when he fainted dead away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Bones quickly dissolve in sea water and consequently they are seldom found in ocean dredgings.

ERRORS OF SPEECH.

The Crudities Which Punctuate the Articles Appearing in the Public Press.

It is remarkable how many glaring errors made by newspaper writers find their way into print, despite the care of a trained and critical editor. The other day a brief account of the life of a distinguished man contained the words "later on" three times. To have made the mistake of using "on" once in connection with "later" would have been bad enough, but the triplication of the error deserved the editor's rebuke with a warning note that starvation stared the writer in the face. In the same article appeared "the above remark" as if above were an adjective instead of a preposition. It is true that Webster, in a note, says: "Above is often used elliptically as an adjective by omitting the word mentioned or quoted," but "foregoing" or "aforementioned" are more correct words for the purpose. It is an every-day occurrence to read "suspicioned" for "suspected," the noun for the verb, "reckon" for "suppose or conjecture," where no calculation is intended, and "raise" for "rear or bring up" when reference is made to children who are "reared," and not to corn or hogs, which are "raised." "Expect" is often misapplied for "suspect." We "expect" what is future and likely to be realized, and "suspect" what is not manifest and dependent on mere contingencies.

Redundancy is another serious fault with newspaper writers, and even editors who know better and have more time to prepare their articles than reporters. "Return again," "predict beforehand," "from hence," "a sight to behold," "try an experiment," "substitute in the place of," "filled full," "fixed fact," "report again," "free gratis," "new beginner," "have got," "throughout the whole of" and "must necessarily" are phrases to be found on every page. To illustrate the errors—to experiment is to "try the experiment," a "fact" is always "fixed," "free" and "gratis" mean the same, "have" carries with it the idea of possession without "got" and "whence" and "hence" imply from.

The nice discrimination of synonyms requires a little time for thought, which reporters do not always have, but even in this feature there are palpable errors which ought to be avoided. For instance, it is incorrect to say "Let me learn you how to do it." "Teach" should be substituted for "learn," as to teach means to impart, and to learn means to receive instruction. Food is not "healthy," but "wholesome," and good soil not in cultivation, not "fruitful," but "fertile," which means, having the power of producing in abundance. To say to a lady: "I shall take the first occasion to call on you," is not very complimentary in return for her kind invitation. "Occasion" comes unsought, but "opportunity" is desired. A thing is "impossible" which can not be performed in the very nature of things, but "impracticable" when viewed in the light of the limited powers of man. "Sufficient" is as much as one needs, and "enough" as one desires. "Miserable" refers to mental distress, and "wretched" to external circumstances. To "trust" implies confidence with respect to the future, and "credit" with respect to the past. Dickens to the contrary notwithstanding, "mutual" is only correctly applied to that which is interchangeable, as love, friendship, pleasure, joy, and "common" to that which is enjoyed alike or together. You may have a "common" friend or friend "in common," but not a mutual friend or mutual country. To "avow" means to declare openly, and perhaps with pride, but to "confess" means to declare what we know will be considered blameworthy. "Move" is often improperly used for "remove." A man may "move" his head or hand without "removing" either. To walk about a house is therefore to "move" from one position to another, but to change a residence is to "remove" from it.

These are a few of the most objectionable errors of newspaper writing, excluding the barbarisms of the reporter for the race-course or the police court, who may have "brass" enough "to go it blind" and "either "knock under" and "face the music" to the "gent" in the counting-room, or else to tell him a "cock-and-bull story" about not "knowing the ropes," with a promise to "beat his past record all hollow" if he will "let up" on him this time and "chuck" him over his "tin."—*Cor. Louisville Courier.*

SUN SPOTS.

A Suggestion That the Orb of Day Is Affected With Measles.

A fresh spot has appeared on the face of the sun, a very large one humanly speaking. It measures about twenty thousand geographical miles by seven thousand. Perhaps the sun does not think it excessive, having such a very broad face, and being able to accommodate a great number of pimples of the same size. But the extent sounds considerable, all the same. Besides, there are ever so many smaller ones, about the size of the earth, and, taking all together, we shall hardly be exaggerating the situation if we say there is "quite a rash." For much less we should call the doctor in. Indeed, we terrestial atoms could not rise to the dignity of such an eruption, not even if we put all our faces together and went shares in the same spot. We talk of having "the measles;" nobody thinks of counting them or asking: "How many?" But they are mere pinpoints, dots, specks. It is very different, however, with the orb "that rules the day." Astronomers keep a register of its eruptions, and book each new "measle" as it comes. They diagnose the phenomenon, and conjecture as to its causes and results, just as the doctors do over the baby's red-speckled body. And, like doctors, they can not stop the process. It must run its course, they say. Some day, perhaps, they will prescribe for the sun. If they already know its weight, its temperature and constitution, why should they not find out all about its digestion and habits? Is it temperate and addicted to a regular life? There is a good deal to be said on both sides. In a general way it is irreproachable, a model luminary, and a pattern to everybody else, doing perennial work conscientiously and regularly. Morally, too, no fault can be found with a body which is all things to all men—answers the negro according to his blackness, and never throws pearls before swine. Early to bed and early to rise, it ought to be healthy, wealthy, and wise. But is it? There is another side to the sun. When it has got out of our sight, and beyond the scrutinizing vision of civilization, it conducts itself immoderately. An excessive warmth characterizes its conduct. It blazes out, gets furiously hot over nothing. People beg the sun to keep cool, to calm itself. But this only seems to make it get all the hotter and be all the more intolerable. From other quarters, again, we have very different reports. There, they tell us, and the evidence is trustworthy, it will not show itself sometimes for weeks together. They knew it is there, or thereabouts, from the reflections cast on the sky. But, as for melting a glacier or liquifying an iceberg, no such effects are forthcoming. This gratifies Polar bears, no doubt, but can not be styled impartial behavior. After all, the Esquimaux are human beings, which even the best of bears are not. Still, as the homely saying goes, we should talk of men only as we know. Report is liable to be biased in the transit, or unreliable at the source. So, for ourselves, we ought to speak well of the great orb. That it does not as a rule take much notice of us, and that when, as an exception, it does we grumble, is neither here nor there. Our temperature is the finest in the world, our climate second to none, and the security of our country from plague, pestilence, and famine from drought and flood, earthquake and hurricanes is the envy of all the inhabited earth. And for all this we have to thank the sun.—*London Telegraph.*

NAPOLEON III. IN AMERICA.

His Opinion of American People—The Masters of the Universe.

Napoleon III. admired American genius because it is creative genius; he grew indignant over French character that humiliates itself more and more in order that a man may become a State official, whether a minister or a stone-breaker on the highways. Turning toward King Jerome and Prince Murat he said: "I am sure you are not come to Saint Cloud this morning solely to drink Suresness wine; you must have, as usual, your pockets filled with requests—one for a senatorship. What a pity? Why do not those people make a fortune—that is true liberty—instead of striving to enter the service of the State and spend their lives in slavery. Americans grafted upon Englishmen are real freemen; they are the masters of the universe because they are their own masters. For example, when I was in New York I dined at a table d'hote beside a poor devil who had no shirt to his back, but who fascinated me by the daring of his schemes. It was extravagant, but sublime. The high-toned, penniless fellow, who, in France would have died a tax collector or a quill-driver in an administrative department, possessed, one year later, twelve millions in cash. And he had not stolen the money, either. One day he was an hour late at the table d'hote, so he said to us by way of apology: 'You see, I have made a fortune.' As we looked at him rather dubiously, for he had not yet bought a shirt, he spread upon the table a roll of paper upon which he had drawn the plan of a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, with churches, fountains, squares and monuments—a stock-exchange not being forgotten, of course. All this was fairy-like, but reasoned out to perfection; it was a real city of the future, such as we shall have some day in France. My man had not confined himself to designing the town, but had purchased the ground upon which to build, and made his contracts with masons and gardeners. They were about to lay the foundations and make the streets. 'And your city will rise like Thebes, when Amphion played upon the lyre?' 'Yes, and they will not build, as in Europe, one house at a time; all will be commenced on the same day, and completed at the same time.'" And, after a pause, "what I tell you now," continued Napoleon III., "sounds like a tale, but our fellow-diner was in earnest; he had secured the refusal of the site, and shown the contracts to bankers, who perceived that there was a fortune in the affair for themselves as well as for him; all of them took the bit in their teeth, and thus the country reckoned an additional State. On that day I promised myself that on my return to Paris—a thing I never doubted—I should rebuild the capital, and this I shall do, with God's help."—*Houssaye's Confessions.*

BARBER SHOPS.

Patrons Enjoying a Boon Denied by Their Brethren in Other Countries.

The truth of this statement was learned from the barber on North Calvert street, who declared that of all the places on earth the United States was the best place to get a clean, comfortable shave. This compliment to the barber shops of the land of the free was paid on the strength of the vast improvements made in barbers' chairs. A comfortable chair bears the same relation to a barber shop that a well-drawing stove does to the kitchen. The pride of a barber shop is the chairs. The barber may be skillful and swift, the soap pure and fragrant, the brush easy and gentle, the towels clean and white, but these altgether could not atone for the absence of an easy chair. To the United States belongs the credit of getting up barber chairs that are as easy as a feather bed.

Among the latest styles of chairs there are many diversities. There is a winter chair and a summer chair. Then there is the combination chair, which possesses some of the features of both. For summer use the latest fashion is a cane-chair. It is large and roomy and affords the greatest ease. A person can recline in it with as much comfort as on a lounge. For winter use there is the upholstered chair, which is a perfect gem for comfort. The combination chair is reversible, and can be used in winter and summer. The more fashionable barbers, however, do not advocate its use, but prefer a separate chair for winter and summer use. Many men just step into a barber-shop to get a little rest and the head bathed. Then the easy chair acts like a charm. The easy chair has done much for the barber. In America there is more shaving done at the barber-shops than in all the balance of the world. In France the barber is engaged by the month, and calls at the house of the customer to ply his craft. In England most of the men shave themselves. Nowhere in Europe can you find an easy and comfortable barber-shop. Americans find a great deal of trouble in getting a good shave abroad.—*Baltimore American.*

—An Indiana man who started in the poultry business with five dollars now sells more than $1,000,000 worth in a year. A man in an adjoining county who embarked in the poultry business one night without a cent in his pocket, is now boarding six months at the expense of the county.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Gilbert Cloonen is living at Sing Sing with a piece of his skull as large as a half dollar removed from the top of his head so that the pulsation of his brain can be plainly seen. While stoning up a well his skull was fractured by a piece of rock.—*N. Y. Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A correspondent writes us five hundred words on a postal card announcing that she is just recovering from an attack of failing eyesight. Our attack is just coming on.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A Pittsburgh woman, who watched two pugilists, who were suitors, fight sixteen rounds for her hand, wisely concluded to take the fellow who got whipped. He was easier to handle.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—Some people are born to ill-luck. An old woman who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes into a book during the past forty years has never been ill a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged.—*Boston Traveler.*

—"Well, my little man," said the Bishop to Bobby, "do you remember me?" "Oh, yes sir," replied Bobby. "You stopped with us when you were here before. Pa thinks it can't cost you much for hotel bills."—*Chicago Times.*

—She did not mean it, but he took it as a hint. It was getting very late, and suddenly the gas brightened up very much. "Why, what caused that?" he asked. "Everybody in the neighborhood is going to bed," she answered.—*Progress.*

—A captain commanding one of the British iron-clads, being at a grand ball that had been given to the officers of the fleet, was accepted by a beautiful partner, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "O," was the elegant reply, "never mind me, ma'am. I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."

—"I say, conductor," remarked a passenger, as he boarded a train on a narrow-gauge railroad in the oil country, "which is the shady side of this car?" "Thar hain't no shady side," replied the conductor, who was born in that region and knows how to speak the language. "No shady side?" "No sir. Thar's so many curves and twists on this road an' the train runs so fast that the sun shines on both sides at the same time."—*Detroit Post.*

—It is said of the Boston girl who got lost up in the Catskills the other day that she shouted in an intellectual tone of voice: "I require assistance from some honorable man of culture and refinement." When the farmer who found her was leading her back to the hotel she asked him if he was a regular subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and if he had read "Natural Laws of the Spiritual World." And when he said "No," she forgot to thank him for his assistance.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—It is wonderful what fools boys are. A charming widow owns a nice boy, and a man wants to be appointed deputy father to the lad. It was only last Sunday that while the man was strolling down the street with the lad, he asked: "Bub, does your mamma bang her hair?" and that fool boy answered, "Oh, no; but you ought to have seen her bang dad's head. Guess the minister didn't know everything when he told pap to prepare to die. Prepare! why, he was aching to die."—*Boston Post.*

—No, Claribel, we can not tell you the best way to make clam-fritters. We have never eaten a clam-fritter. We have often tried to, but we are compelled to confess with shame and humiliation that we have always failed. We have eaten home-made boarding-house bread, and we live to tell it. And we have even got away with a rubber doll-baby by mistake for a cruller. But we have never yet succeeded in eating a clam-fritter. We have managed the fritter part, Claribel, but the clam part has always remained to point the finger of scorn at us, and we are willing that it should do so till the end of time rather than that we should tackle it again, Claribel.—*Puck.*

WOULD DROP IT.

An Arkansas Negro Who Could Stand Abuse, But Could Not Bear to Have His Rations Stopped.

An old negro who has never taken but little interest in public affairs, who during the stormy days remained quiet and unobtrusive, called upon a lawyer the other day.

"Look heah, Cap'n," said he. "In s'archin' roun' 'mong yer books hab yer foun' any law fer er nigger yit?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of it."

"Got some fur me?"

"Owing to your case."

"Got er good one."

"Well, state it."

"I've been whipped, sah."

"Who whipped you?"

"My step-son."

"What for?"

"Ca'se he could, I reckon."

"Well, what are the points?"

"Dese is de p'ints, sah: I married de blackest nigger 'oman yer eber seed. She tole me dat she wuz er mighty young pusson, but it turned out dat she wuz fifty years old."

"Couldn't you tell her age?"

"How wuz I gwine ter tell it? Yer kain't no mo' tell de age o' one o' dese heah right black nigger wimmin den yer ken tell de age o' er black sheep. Wall, sah, I wuz fooled till de udder day when her son come ter see us. Blamed scoun'rel is older den I is. I didn't like ter be fooled wid dat way, so I thought I'd chunk him round er little. Wall, sah, de feller acted like er blame fool."

"What did he do?"

"Whut did he do? W'y, sah, he got me down in de corner o' de fence an' almost mauled de life outen me, dat's whut he done. I yelled fur my wife an' heah she come wid er paddle whut she grabbed outen er kittle o' b'ilin' soap. She pretended ter be hittin' at her son, but she hauled off an' gin me er lick 'tween de eyes dat I ain't gwine ter furgit 'fore naixt Chris'mus, sah."

"Well, now, what do you propose to do?"

"I jes wants ter know ef yer hain't foun' some law dat will gin me de 'thority o' pizinin' daf son."

"No, you can not do that without committing murder."

"But s'poze I gits somebody else ter gin him de pizen?"

"It would be just the same."

"S'poze I puts de pizen in er bottle o' whisky an' leabs it whar he ken git it?"

"Won't make any difference."

"I doan 'peer ter hab no show, den?"

"Not in that way. Why don't you get a good chance, jump on him and whip him?"

"Oh, I doan like ter do dat."

"Well, if you prove that your wife has abused you, probably you can get a divorce from her."

"Uh, huh, boss, doan talk dat way. Wouldn't git er 'vorce frum dat 'oman fur nothin' in de worl'. She fetches in too much ter eat, sah. Bes' 'oman dat way I eber seed in my life. Oh, I ken stan' ter be 'buzed but I doan want my viddults stopped. Dis heah sorter skeers me, sah. B'l'ebe I'll drap dis thing right whar it is. Sorter dang'us ter fool roun' it nohow."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A MERRY PLAY.

Do you ever play at making believe?
'Tis the merriest play I know,
With the power a magic spell to weave
However the wind may blow.

If you've only a simple cotton gown,
A little the worse for wear,
Just make believe that in all the town
There isn't a dress so fair.

Instead of faded and scanty folds
You may fancy it rustling silk,
A warp that luster of moonlight holds,
And a woof that is white as milk.

You may "make believe," with a bit of bread
And a cup of water poured,
That you sit with ease at a royal spread,
Nor lack at the festal board.

The people who "make believe," aright
Shorten the longest day:
Brighten the gloomiest hours with light,
And laugh their troubles away.

It's always foolish to sigh and shirk;
If anything must be done,
With an earnest purpose turn the work
To a "make believe" of fun.

And if only you try this "make believe,"
The cheeriest play I know,
You'll find that a magic spell 'twill weave
However the wind may blow.

—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Congregationalist.*

STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

The Mischief It Wrought and the Sad Feeling Which Will Attend Its Reformation.

Once upon a time there was a Jack-knife.

Now, there are good jack-knives and there are bad jack-knives, just as there are good little boys and bad little boys. There are a great many jack-knives that always seem anxious to make something useful, and there are a great many other jack-knives that always seem to be in mischief—cutting the furniture, scratching the doors, and doing other things that are bad.

This Jack-knife I am telling you about was one of the bad kind.

I never heard its name, but probably it was Sharpe.

Well, one day this Jack-knife went on a regular lark. Now, when a bad boy goes on a lark, there is sure to be some mischief done; and jack-knives are likely to act very much as little boys act. So this Jack-knife, being, as I said, on a regular lark, went racing about, hunting for a chance to do something terrible. By and by it rushed out upon a piazza, where it thought no one could see it, but where there was a door—a clean, fresh-painted, brand-new door, that had never had a scratch on it.

Then this terrible Jack-knife whipped out one of its blades, and it said (that is, it would have said if it could talk): "Here's a good chance to cut and slash, and nobody'll ever know who did it. I'll just have a fine old time with this door. And s'pos'n' they find it out—what'll they say? Well, who cares? Here go my initials." Now, initials are the first letters of anybody's name. And that makes me think this Jack-knife's name couldn't have been Sharpe. For the first letter that it cut was a big M. Dear, dear, it was simply dreadful to see that nice door cut and hacked in that way. And I think the door felt terribly about it, too, for it just turned a kind of pale drab.

Well, when this terrible Jack-knife had cut and hacked out the M., then it began to cut a big C. Now, of course, its name couldn't have been Sharpe, nor Steele, nor anything like them, for those names don't begin with an M. But it never finished the C. For just then somebody came along and frightened it away. Bad jack-knives are very easy to scare. But it had done enough to spoil the looks of the door; and the worst of it is that it can never, never be fixed—no, never.

Now, I have been thinking, suppose this old Jack-knife should some day be reformed, and become a real good Jack-knife, as I hope it will; and suppose that, instead of doing bad things, it should learn to do useful things—such as sharpening lead-pencils, making boats that will sail, and tops that will spin, and other things like that; suppose all this—and then suppose that some day—may be fifty years from now—it should come around and just take a look at that door. Oh, yes; it would be there, no doubt, with the very same hack there that the Jack-knife had made. My, wouldn't that Jack-knife feel sad! Every time it looked toward the door it couldn't see anything but those dreadful hacks that it had made fifty years ago. Sad? I should say it would feel sad!

MORAL.—Never do anything you may be sorry for.

N. B.—This is a true story, and was written by an eye-witness.—*L. N. Chapin, in St. Nicholas.*

THE LITTLE DOG.

How He Became Exalted in His Own Estimation, and How the Conceit Was Taken Out of Him.

He was a very small dog, and a very restless and unhappy dog, because he considered himself of no account. He envied the dog that was covered with spots, and run all day under a great carriage. He envied the champion fighting dog of the town, because no one dared to pick him up by an ear or indulge in other familiarities unpleasant to a dog. And he was even jealous of the dog that wandered the streets without a home, because that dog did not have to submit to the indignity of a weekly bath.

One day when the unhappy little dog was running across the lawn in one of his most sorrowful moods, thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and the world generally, he espied a new ornament on the grass.

It was a large ball, apparently of quicksilver, and had great reflecting power; and when the dog saw himself in it he was simply electrified with surprise, for the ball magnified him into a dog of great size and dignity.

"I see," said the unhappy little dog, who was now happy, "that I am a large dog after all, and that I have been kept in ignorance of my size and strength that I might not become dangerous. I suppose it is the same with all great animals. The elephant, in all probability, thinks he is no larger than a pig, and that is what makes him so gentle and kind. The next time that cat scratches me, I shall tell the mice to come out here some moonlight night and look at themselves, and they will discover that they are as large as sheep, no doubt, and that will be the end of Mr. Cat."

Then the little dog viewed himself with great pride and satisfaction. The silver ball did not increase his height as much as it did his breadth; but it made him appear as high as a mastiff, and his muscles stood out like saplings. And when he opened his mouth and saw what great teeth he had, he remarked:

"I think it a great shame that I did not know this before. Here I have been chased and wantonly bitten by little insignificant dogs, simply because I thought myself weak and harmless. But now that I know I am great, I shall have a big brave heart to correspond. And I shall not deign to notice the small pet dogs I used to play with, but shall only associate with the large ones. I suppose I ought to go up the road now and have my revenge out of the bull-dog that gave me such a thrashing the other day."

So he bustled away, like a small man who has suddenly had greatness thrust upon him, and is full of his own importance. A little way up the road he met the bull-dog.

"How do you do?" said the bull-dog.

The other bowed haughtily.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the bull-dog; "haven't you had any dinner?"

"Yes, and a good big one, too," replied the dog who had suddenly discovered his greatness.

"You seem to be rather out of sorts," said the bull-dog. "Perhaps your digestion is not good."

"I think I could digest you in a few minutes, Jack," replied the warlike dog.

"If you are going to treat me with haughty disdain," said the bull-dog, "you should call me by my last name, which is Stilton, with the prefix of Mr."

Here the warlike dog held his paw over his mouth to conceal the smile that played on his features.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded the bull-dog.

"I was just laughing at your name, and wondering if you are a member of the great Stilton Cheese family—that was all."

"That was enough," said the bull-dog; "in fact, a little too much. You should have controlled your features until you got off a little way. Don't you know it is not polite to snicker right in a dog's face?"

"I don't know whether it is or not, and don't care. I snicker whenever I please."

"Then you are no gentledog," said the bull-dog, "and I think I'll teach you such another wholesome lesson as I did when I thrashed you the other day."

"I was sick that day," replied the new-made warrior; "I had, only an hour before the fight, dined on lobster croquettes. But I am well to-day."

The details of a dog-fight are anything but entertaining. Therefore it is but necessary to state that the dog whose greatness existed only in a lawn reflector was taught a valuable lesson.

When he limped back home, all the other little dogs met him in the yard, and laughed until they had to hold their paws against their sides. And even the old hens caught the fit, and were obliged to put their heads under their wings to conceal their mirth.

And then the crest-fallen dog went down to look at himself again in the silver ball on the lawn. He was just as large as ever, but oh, how he was astonished at what he saw! He was covered with gashes, and every gash seemed an inch wide, and every mark of his opponent's teeth seemed as large as an auger hole; for the silver ball magnified the wounds just as it did the dog.

"Gracious!" said the vanquished champion, "that dog must be twice as large as he seems to be, and I am free to confess that I am about the saddest and wisest, if not the sorest, dog in this community. I shall fight no more, and I shall never again allow myself to be deceived into the belief that I am greater than any other dog."—*R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Young People.*

Felt and Jersey Webbing.

Felt and silk webbing are the materials of the ready-made bonnets and hats for plain wear during the autumn, while fine jet and lead beads are strung on wires in large trellis-work patterns for the smarter bonnets to be worn on dress occasions. The felt bonnets have a smooth cloth-like finish, and are shown in all the dark cloth colors to be trimmed with ribbons, wool lace and the new fancy feather clusters. Chenille borders in open patterns like lace edge the brim and crown of felt and velvet bonnets; there are also applique velvet figures in dots, stripes and palm leaves on the brim of dark felt bonnets. A novelty this season is felt cut in narrow strips like braid and woven in open patterns with straw braids of the same color, making an excellent combination for demi-season bonnets. Silk jersey webbing is also used for English hats; it is drawn over a felt foundation, and is woven in seamless shapes, fitting as smoothly as the jersey bodices; the brim is covered like the crown, but needs some velvet as a binding or facing to relieve the extreme plainness. The well-known English walking hats, with the brim turned up on each side, are seen in these jersey stuffs, also the Henri Deux, with the brim closely rolled upward in front and on each side, while the very narrow back of the brim is turned down.—*Harper's Bazar.*

How Princes Make Love.

How Princes make love is told in the "Reminiscences of the Marquis Custine," which have just appeared in Paris. When the Czar Nicholas was eighteen years old he spent two days in Berlin, where he saw the Princess Charlotte, two years younger, and of a delicate beauty which at once attracted him. She, however, showed no signs of reciprocating his affection. On the evening before his departure he sat next to the Princess at dinner. "I shall leave to-morrow," he suddenly remarked. She did not show any surprise, but quickly answered: "We shall all be sorry that you leave us so soon. Can not your departure be delayed?" "That depends on you." "How so?" asked the Princess. The Prince now declared his love, somewhat to her embarrassment, as she thought they would be overheard. As a pledge of her love he asked for the ring she wore, suggesting that no one would notice it if she took it off and pressing it into a piece of bread pushed it toward his plate. The ring, however, was not hers, but belonged to her governess, who had received it of the Empress of Russia. And in taking it off to give to the Prince she read for the first time on the inside the inscription: "Empress of Russia."

—Among the things which thirty-five years ago went to make up the crime of high treason in Italy was the possession of a Bible, which was in the list of revolutionary and forbidden books, and for a man to own it was to subject him to prison, the galleys, and even to death. Now Bible depots are established in every Italian city, and itinerant venders circulate the book freely. In a conspicuous store in the Corso, Rome, a whole window is filled with copies of the Italian version of the Scriptures. The New Testament can be purchased for five cents, and a separate gospel for two.