

CRUELTY TO FATHERS.

Parent the children, horses, dogs,
And don't neglect the duties;
Advance the wrongs of peevish frogs,
Maintain the rights of monkeys.
Prevent each society to bleed;
And then, just for variety,
Oh wise reformer! organize
Another new society.

When baby-shoes are on the wane,
And button-necks are parted,
And dividers all the ground between,
And drawers tender-hearted,
When birds are safe and babies free
From all their needless bothers,
The time to think it seems to me,
Of cruelty to fathers.

Enlisted once as private, we
Soon yield to the aggression
Of ruffian Tyranny
And curly-haired Oppression.
All unaccused upon its dirt,
Without remorse or pity,
These small invaders of the heart,
These dimpled, gay bandits.

I cannot pass my door, but one
Is at my coat-tail tugging;
They're often up before the sun—
They wake me with their tugging.
No work is so important quite
As their delicious tugging:
At home, abroad, by day, by night,
They're at my heartstrings pulling.

When I sit lonely, sad or dumb,
They storm my Doubting Castle;
They rout my troubles; I become
Their unresisting vassal.
They wish my ears with countless charms,
A thousand artful ones,
They bar, they chain me in their arms,
They rob me of my kisses.

No frowns repel their mad attack,
But these audacious trickers
Still climb my knee, and rub my back,
And tweak my hair and whiskers.
You'd see, if you should catch us then,
How little it has signified
That I, the most oppressed of men,
Was ever the most dignified.

Therefore, I humbly touch as sin
The point from which I started—
For drives me now as all humans,
And drawers tender-hearted;
You've freed the young and innocent
From all their needless bothers,
So now do something to prevent
This cruelty to fathers.
—J. T. Trumbull, in Youth's Companion.

The Late John Hittson, Cattle King.

THAT John Hittson would die with his boots on was confidently predicted by everybody who knew the great Colorado cattle king. But old cattle buyers in the city who knew him in his early days could hardly credit the dispatch that came yesterday, announcing that the heroic frontiersman had actually come to his end by being thrown from that luxurious vehicle of civilization, a carriage. There were bigger stock growers on the plains than Hittson. Colonel Richard King, on his ranch on the Santa Gertrudes River, Texas, kept 65,000 cattle. Millin Kennedy built a board fence thirty-one miles long across the neck of a peninsula projecting into the Gulf of Mexico and had 30,000 head of cattle and thousands of horses and sheep in the 240,000-acre inclosure. Hittson in his palmy days never had over 40,000 head of cattle, but he was better known to all cattle men than any of the rest.

John Hittson was born in the woods of Tennessee fifty years ago, and his early years were spent in felling timber, pulling stumps, and breaking ground for crops of corn and wheat. Before he was 20 he began to grow discontented with his outlook, and he sought for some escape from a long life of struggle against poverty. The Mexican war had opened up Texas and the adjacent country for settlement, and Hittson made up his mind to go thither to seek to better his fortunes. He sold his Tennessee farm, bought sixty Texas cows and nine brood mares, and struck out into the wilderness beyond the Brazos River. He employed men as fearless as himself to help him, and established his ranch in a country filled with hostile Indians and predatory bands of Mexican outlaws. For the next fifteen years his life was a continual warfare, and his reputation for bold and daring deeds became known far and wide. He was a man of commanding presence, a splendid horseman, and a dead shot. No Comanche who got within range of the long, muzzle-loading rifle that Hittson took with him from Tennessee ever returned to his camp fire. When Hittson opened fire on them from a breech-loader, one of the first repeating rifles ever seen on the frontier, and gave them a dozen shots a minute, his enemies were more than ever convinced that they were dealing with a superhu-

man being. He carved out a grazing place in this hostile country and maintained it against great odds in repeated attacks. As civilization approached he moved further on to the frontier and grazed his cattle up the Pecos Valley into New Mexico. His fortunes in this time had many changes. The hands of cattle thieves and Indians would sometimes attack and kill his cow-boys and drive away the herds, but Hittson would rally a mounted force, run down and shoot or hang the thieves and gather up his cattle again. At other times Indians would successfully drive away his cattle, and, again, severe winters, disease, or bad markets would nearly ruin him. But at the end of eighteen years from the time he started out Hittson had forty thousand head of cattle, fifty thousand acres of land, and a long bank account. For the past dozen years he experienced more bad than good fortune. Ten years ago he quit the Pecos country, in New Mexico, and bought 20,000 acres of land fifty miles east of Denver, Col. His purchase lay along the only streams in that section of country, and the 200,000 acres of adjoining land, belonging to the Government, was valueless except as a grazing ground for Hittson's cattle. He stocked the ranch with 10,000 to 12,000 head of cattle and 400 or 500 ponies, and employed about 200 men. All this property, his house, and all its belongings, amounting in value to \$500,000 or more, was vested in his wife. The assigning of the property was made necessary by the series of costly litigations in which he had become involved over cattle of disputed ownership that he had bought.

Mr. Hittson was in the prime of manhood at the time of his death. He was six feet one inch tall, straight, lithe and sinewy. He was a blonde in complexion, and wore his light-colored hair long. He had a finely-cut face, the striking feature of which was the firm, squarely-set jaws, which stamped him as a man of resolution. His eyes were a clear, steely blue, ordinarily pleasant in expression, but flashing fire when he was aroused. Mr. Hittson was usually a genial, companionable man, but when excited by liquor, as he not infrequently was in his later years, he was a dangerous man to cross. He always carried a pair of heavy pistols, and they were used in a twinkling when his passion was up. His cow-boys liked him, but feared him, and his long battles with the Mexicans on the Texas frontier made the holders of that race give him a wide berth. His lifetime on the frontier had made him a sort of law unto himself, and courts and juries were to him slow means of administering justice. He believed in dealing with offenders on the spot, without any waste of time.

As a host on his big ranch Hittson was a royal entertainer, and no one who has been his guest will ever forget his generous, almost lavish, hospitality. Other particulars of his death, than that he was thrown from a carriage by a runaway horse on Christmas Day, have not been received by his friends in this city. —N. Y. Sun.

MR. STILES, a successful fruit-grower in Kansas, recently advocated in the Western New York Farmers' Club the practice of girdling fruit-trees to promote early and full bearing. He had practiced it, he said, for six years, and has not perceived that it injures the trees at all. Other speakers seemed to favor the system, but Prof. S. W. Clark, of Parma, wisely advised caution in practicing it. It is quite likely that girdling will promote fruitfulness, as well as increase the size of the fruit; but those who care more for quality than quantity would probably be disappointed at the result.

ELLA HIGGINS, the young daughter of a poor miner, at Dunmore, Pa., desired to dress as well as her companions at a forthcoming party, and therefore purchased some lineries at a store, saying they were for the wife of a neighbor, who would pay for them. The merchant, on ascertaining how he had been tricked, made arrangements to have the girl arrested. When the officer went to get her, she was found hanging to a beam in the garret of her home.

DIAMIDAZONAPHTHALENEHY drochlorate, pyrogallotriglycollic acid, azosulphoxybenzolephloroglucin, and naphthylmethylamidophenylsulphon are pretty specimens of the concise nomenclature of modern chemistry.

Girls' Clothing.

The loose princess dress with much shirring and with or without kilt-plaiting is the favorite dress for small girls this winter. These dresses are all in one piece, even though they have the effect of a kilt skirt, as that is always very short, and after being sewed to a binding is permanently attached underneath the princess dress. These are now made quite loose, with wide side forms, and the very small sizes seem as broad as they are long. The shirring is usually in the middle of the front and the middle back form far below the waist line. Sometimes the shirring is deep on the shoulders in the front, and there are two shirred clusters below the waist. Sashes are then fixed permanently around the skirt even with the shirring, passing beneath the shirred clusters, and being only seen on the plain parts; the ends are then knotted, or else hang in two loops on the left side quite far behind. The richest dresses of this kind are made of plush, velvet and satin, and the favorite color of the winter for these dresses is ruby, trimmed with white lace and large cut pearl buttons; sapphire blue and seal brown are made in the same way, and there are some dresses in contrast, such as drab or fawn-color with ruby or blue. Shirred satin fronts are seen on some of the plush and velvet dresses, and all have deep collars like round pelerines, or else with the square sailor back and points on the shoulders. The sashes are of red Surah satin for almost all dresses, and are very thick and soft.

Cloth and cashmere dresses are less costly than these, but are made in the same broad, loose princess shapes for girls of three years and upward, and many of these dresses are considered suitable for small boys also. Ruby, green and brown with sapphire blue are the colors for wool dresses. Striped plush of contrasting colors, especially red with green, is used for the wide bindings of cloth dresses, and there is a pretty but useless balayouse flounce on the edge, of old gold or of red satin plaiting. Some of the prettiest red or brown merino dresses have three box plaits down the back, a shirred satin front, and are finished off with plush plaiting at the bottom, set underneath to give the effect of a plush kilt. Carved pearl buttons of large size are used in pure white, opal tints, and in smoked shades. Dark blue flannel dresses are made to button behind, are all in one piece, and are trimmed with bands of polka-dotted wool, either red or gold dots on blue. These are for tiny girls from three years old upward.

The princess walking coats of thick soft drab or seal brown cloth trimmed with plush of the same color, are worn alike by small boys and girls. For more dressy coats plush is used—either ruby, sapphire, pale blue, or white—and is trimmed merely with pearl buttons, some cord and tassels of passementerie, or else with Irish crocheted lace put on flat, with the scalloped edge turned up, and forming wide cuffs, collar and pockets.

The Havelock cloak with cape, hood and kilted back is a warm cloth wrap for small girls and misses. It is shown in drab diagonal cloths and in small checks. There are also surtouts with the Charlotte Corday cape made of light cream-colored cloth, trimmed with collar, cuffs, pockets and border of seal brown plush. —Harper's Bazar.

Some Strange Industries.

THE work of the staff of officers appointed by the Superintendent of the Census to collect statistics relating to the industries and manufactures of New York City is now approaching completion and will show, in the opinion of Mr. Charles E. Hill, the gentleman in charge of it, a very satisfactory growth since 1870.

In the course of the investigation by Mr. Hill's deputies some singular industries were brought to light. It was found, for instance, that some use was made of old shoes, but exactly what use was hard to find out. Large numbers of old shoes were sold by rag-pickers to certain men who disposed of them at a good price. It is well known that bits of old leather make the commercial article known as Prussian blue, but only a few firms manufacture it, and the new call for old shoes was evidently for some other purpose. In New York City and Brooklyn about three million pairs of old shoes are

thrown away every year. Formerly old shoes were plentiful in the gutters of certain neighborhoods; now it appears that they are sought after as choice prizes in the rag-picker's line. By dint of persevering inquiry it was discovered that the old shoes were used for three purposes. First, all shoes not completely worn out are patched, greased, and, after being otherwise regenerated, sold to men who deal in such wares. Some persons wear one shoe much more than the other; these dealers find mates for shoes whose original mates are past hope. Secondly, the shoes not worth patching up are cut into pieces; the good bits are used for patching other shoes, and the worthless bits, the soles and cracked "uppers," are converted into Jamaica rum by a process known only to the manufacturers. It is said that they are boiled in pure spirits and allowed to stand for a few weeks, the product far surpassing the Jamaica rum made with essences, burnt sugar and spirits. A gentleman who doubted the truth of this story stopped recently at a low grog shop in the neighborhood of the factory spoken of and inquired if they had any rum from old shoes. "No," said the barkeeper, "we don't keep it much now; the druggists, who want a pure article, all sell it, and the price has gone up. But we have had it, and we can get you some if you want it." How many old shoes go to a gallon of rum could not be ascertained.

It has been noticed by some deputies that while manufacturers are quite willing to put a valuation upon their manufactured product they hesitate about stating the value of the raw material, and even return the schedules with the space for the value of raw material left blank. In one instance a manufacturer of tomato catsup returned a report giving the value of his manufactured product at \$18,000 and the value of his raw material as nothing. His explanation was as follows: Every year in the coming season he sends to all the wholesale houses which make a business of canning tomatoes clean tubs, with the understanding that the women who trim and peel shall throw the skins and parings into these tubs; every day the tubs are removed, the stuff in them ground up, fermented, flavored and sold as tomato catsup to the extent of \$18,000.

Another singular and decidedly pernicious business is the manufacture on a large scale of cheap candies from white earth or terra alba mixed with a little sugar and gincose. The deputy who investigated the confectionery business reports that seventy-five per centum of some candies is composed of these substances, and such candy, notably "gum drops," contain still less sugar. The effect of white earth upon the stomach of the unfortunate children who buy these candies is yet to be determined by future autopsies. What is called a fine brand of castile soap has been found to be composed chiefly of this white earth and grease, but the evil effects of such an imposture are trifling compared to the results of turning children's stomachs into miniature pottery works.

Among the new industries which have sprung into existence during the last few years is the system of finishing in this city foreign goods imported in an unfinished condition. Foreign articles composed of several parts are now largely finished in this city, the parts calling for hand labor being imported, while those calling for machine work are made here. In this way heavy duties are saved, although the articles are sold as imported goods. —N. Y. Evening Post.

Conscience-Money.

A BALTIMORE dispatch says: For the past three years, as sure as each recurring month of January rolls around, the Mayor or one of the other head officials of this municipality receives, under cover from some other city, but originally postmarked from Baltimore, over \$1,000 in cash, conscience-money for taxes. As usual, a few days since, the envelope arrived, this time under cover from Boston. It was addressed in a bold round hand to "The Treasurer of Baltimore City." City Register John A. Robb broke the seal and found inclosed in a plain sheet of white note-paper \$1,560 in three \$500 bills, one \$50 and one \$10 note. On the paper was the inscription, "For one year's city and State taxes." For two years past the city detectives and tax-bailiffs have been endeavoring to find out who is the sender of the money.