THE ANACONDA STANDARD—PAGES 9 TO 12.

WORTH WHILE.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the items of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that is worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DESOLATION.

The days, so cold, so dark and drear,
Would be so bright and full of cheer,
If she were here.
The clouds that thickly round us lie
Would lift and change to summer sky,
If she were here.

The waves of sorrow o'er us roll,
And overwhelm the very soul,
Since she's not here.
The sweets of life have turned to gall,
She sky is like a funeral pall,
Since she's not here.

Each breath we draw is but a moan,
Life is a weight, a drag, a groan,
Since she's not here.
Our lives are turned to minor keys,
That would be heavenly symphonies,
If she were here.

How would we dance on stormiest wave!
How would our souls in rapture lave,
If she were here.
But joy, bright hope, and cheer have fled,
Faith, wounded, sits with low-bowed head,
She is not here.

—Ida Branch Mills.

DR. KEENE'S STORY.

HOW FRANK HOWARD ACQUIRED A BECOMING MUSTACHE AND ULTIMATELY SECURED A PRETTY BRIDE.

I am a New Yorker, born and bred. I graduated in medicine and hung out my first modest shingle in that city. The modest amount of money left me by my parents who died when I was a mere boy was at this time nearly exhausted, and my practice for some time left me with a good deal of leisure time. Not more, though, than I would have liked for scientific research. I was fond of burrowing into old and forgotten medical works, not neglecting, however, by any means, newer writings, for I meant to keep abreast of the times, but these old books had a singular fascination for me. I was very fond of experiments, too, and am still, but never tampered with life or health. I was only not just satisfied, if the usual remedies failed, to fold my hand and let the patient die. I wanted to try, then, something out of the u sual, if I was sure that no harm would ensue. I was not so reckless as you may think, either, and this my medical brethren learned, so they quit shrugging their shoulders over my "experiments."

The most interesting of my experiments they never knew about, and this is the first time I ever spoke of it to anyone besides those chiefly concerned, and I am not afraid, my friend, that you will ever be able to identify them should you meet them.

Frank Howard was one of my most intimate friends. I met him one summer in the Catskills, whither I had betaken myself for a week's change and fresh air. I put up at a lonely farm house, where Howard, stopping for a day to await the arrival of some friends, was so unfortunate to sprain his ankle. It was nothing serious, but it compelled him to remain quiet for a few days. His friends, arriving, proceeded on their way, leaving him in my care.

Frank was a cheery, happy young fellow of 20, and took his mishap with uncommonly good grace. I read to him from my small store of books and papers, and we had long and interesting talks. Frank was full of the enthusiasm of youth, and I, eight or ten years his senior, was, my steady-going colleagues would have said, a visionary, romantic boy. Those few days made us better acquainted than we would have become in months of intercourse in the city. When Frank was able to rejoin his friends my time was up and I returned to town, regretting the necessity that compelled me to part with the pleasant young fellow.

He did not forget his promise to look me up when he returned to the city, and from that time on we were the best of friends. I had, I am sure, more of his confidence than did anyone else, and I talked to him in a way that my medical brethren would have pronounced wild and unprofessional, but he took it in sober earnest, no matter how wild, believing in my theories just because I aired them.

My friend was a good looking young fellow, tall, well-made as a figure, easy and graceful. He had blue-gray eyes, a well-shaped brow and rounded chin, dark hair which, however, was quite thin, giving promises of early baldness, a nose perhaps a trifle too long and an upper lip a trifle too short. His front teeth, though white, were not well shaped. Greatly to his sorrow he could not raise a mustache, try hard as he might, and he had tried very hard, indeed, investing many a dollar in nostrums warranted to produce the desired result.

Frank well knew what an improvement a mustache would be—he did not hanker after whiskers, a mustache was all he wanted—for he had worn false ones upon several occasions when taking part in private theatricals. He was quite clever and played very well for an amateur, but often occepted a part, I verily believe, more for the opportunity it gave him to wear a mustache than for any other reason.

He was very well situated, financially. His parents were dead. His father had left him a good business, which, however, had so far demanded little of his attention, as his father had also left him a partner, a shrewd, steady bachelor, without near kin, who was devoted to the young man. Considerable property outside of the business added a good deal to his income. Like myself, he had few relatives, but then he had hosts of friends, and was a great favorite in society. There were plenty of nice girls who would have become Mrs. Howard—one at a time, of course—had he asked them, mustache or no mustache. No one thought of his lack of one as he did, and none but I knew how he felt about it.

We had been discussing various experiments one evening, when he had dropped in, as he often did, on his way to a reception. After a silence of some moments, evidently spent in deep thought, for he had not seemed to hear one or two of my remarks, Frank broke out:

"See here, doctor, can't you transplant a bit of some one's scalp to my lip, and make a mustache grow? You read or told me something one evening about such an experiment, or else I dreamed it. I have been wanting to speak to you about it. I'd gladly spare some of my own scalp if the hair on it wasn't so awfully thin. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can manage it, and pay all expenses. Think it over, and see if there isn't some way to do it, and, now I must be off. Good night, old boy!"

I laughed at the idea, but after he had gone I could not help thinking about it. A thousand dollars was certainly tempting. My practice did not increase so rapidly as I could have wished, and, of course, like many another foolish young fellow, I had married a nice girl when scarcely able to keep myself comfortably, and the tiny olive branches had a dreadful way, sweet as they were, of appearing all too frequently for a poor man. I'm not saying mind you, that I've ever regretted my marriage, or been willing to spare one of the boys and giris now growing up so fast around me, but money was very scarce in these days, and a thousand dollars seemed too much to let go without some effort to earn it.

I did a lot of hard thinking for a few days and spent all my spare time over some old books in a musty, out-of-the-way library down town. I finally told Frank that I would see what could be done if he would give $500, the rest if I succeeded in the undertaking. He agreed at once, so I put a carefully worded "want" in the *Herald*, offering $200 for a bit of scalp from the head of a young person, a young woman preferred, and naming an hour for applicants to call at my office.

Well, I had a good many answers, in person and by letter. The letters I paid no attention to, and those who called did not suit, until I began to think I would have a good deal of trouble to find the right person, when my small boy-of-all-work ushered in a young lady. I knew that she was young, though she was heavily veiled, by her slight, girlish figure and low, sweet, tremulous voice. Her dress was neat and plain and fitted exquisitely. Her gloves and boots were not new, but they were the gloves and boots of a lady. Wavy, dark brown hair was worn in a heavy coil beneath a little round hat, and I thought 'Here's the very girl at last!"

I questioned her closely, and explained o her more fully than to the others just what I wanted. She was nervous, as was quite natural, but had evidently made up her mind to win the $200 if possible. She was perfectly healthy she said, and so far as she knew, came of healthy parents. Her father was dead. Her mother was usually quite well, though not very strong. She was just now suffering from injuries received in a fall on the stairs.

"The doctor says," the young lady went on, "that my mother will soon be as well as ever, but we need money very badly at present. On account of my mother's illness I lost my position in—that is, I am out of employment, and as I am the bread winner for our family, I am willing to do anything honorable that will not injure my health to earn money. I must stipulate that my face shall remain covered, and that no effort will be made by anyone to discover my identity."

"Can you endure the operation without the aid of an anesthetic?" I asked. "You must know that your confidence is sacred."

But, no. She insisted that her nerves were strong enough to endure the ordeal, so I appointed an hour next day for the operation, and bowed her out. I then rushed off to inform Frank of my success. He was charmed with my description of the girl and delighted with her pluck.

"Give her $500," he said, "whether the operation is successful or not. She is a brave girl to do such a thing for her family. Great, hulking boys, no doubt, some of them. Now I haven't much family, but I am sure I wouldn't part with any of my scalp for all of my relatives in a heap.

The young lady was promptness itself. I had just showed her into an inner room when Frank arrived. After the operation I sent him away first, then put her into a cab, taking care to withdraw before she gave the driver his orders.

No. I'm not going to tell you how I transplated two bits of scalp from the back of the girl's head to the lip of the young man. I have never told anyone how it was done, but it was a success.

The young couple was as brave as possible. There was not even a groan from either. The girl lay face down upon a lounge, her luxuriant, wavy hair streaming around her. I could not but admire the dainty shape of her head and the pretty neck, with tiny rings of hair curling down upon it. Just below one shell-like ear a small star-shaped spot showed white upon the now rosy skin. It would probably not be noticeably usually. The young lady came to my office for some days until the wounds were quite healed. As she was young and healthy it did not take long, but I never got a glimpse of her face, nor did I try to do so, having too much respect for the courageous young creature. When I handed her $500 instead of the $200 she had expected, she was quite overcome with joy. Her voice was full of happy tears as she clasped my hand in both of hers, and faltered:

"Oh, doctor, I do not know how to thank you; you cannot realize what a he p his money will be to us. It is a perfect godsend and I don't one bit mind the pain which I'll confess now, was rather hard to bear."

My own needs enabled me to quite understand her feelings. My thousand freed me from many a present worry, and before it was gone I had secured quite a paying practice.

I attended Howard in his own apartments. When he was sufficiently recovered he went abroad for awhile. He returned after some months, pleased with his trip, and delighted with his handsome brown mustache, which certainly added much to his good looks. He was so busy with social arrangements, and I was so fully occupied that for some months I saw very little of him. The fault was chiefly mine, however, for Frank seemed to think more of me than ever, and I often found his card upon my return from a professional call. One evening he came and found me at leisure.

"So glad to find you in, doctor," he said. "I've come to be congratulated. I am going to marry the dearest girl in the world, and want you, my best friend, to wish me joy."

I did congratulate him, heartily, and asked if I knew the lady.

"No, I think not," he replied. "She is Miss Mildred Faye, a member of the company at —— theater. Don't look so surprised. Not a nicer girl lives. A breath of slander has never touched her name. Her father died when she was about 15—just out of school. He was thought to be very well off—the family had always lived in good style—but at his death his wife and two daughters found themselves almost penniless. Not even their home belonged to them. Mrs. Faye, a delicate little body, unused to work of any kind, had no idea as to how they were to make a living, so Mildred had to take the lead. Kate, three or four years younger than she, must be kept in school, and the three must be provided somehow with food, clothing and shelter. Mildred had been fairly educated, but not thoroughly enough to attempt teaching, so she determined to go upon the stage. She had had a good deal of experience in amateur theatricals, and had been warmly praised for her acting. I had heard of Miss Faye's talent, but never happened to see her. Good critics had said she would make a sensation if she would go on the stage, professionally. When she announced her determination her friends were much shocked, and her mother quite overcome, but no one had anything better to suggest, so she had her own way. She knew that she was inexperienced, and must be content with a small salary and a small part to begin with. She wished very much to get into a home company, but that seemed impossible, so she accepted a minor part in a very good company going upon the road.

"No one who has not tried it can understand what she had to endure. Tenderly cared for all her life, with plenty of money for reasonable needs, she now had to practice the strictest economy. She stopped at cheap hotels, did without fires, walked whenever it was possible to do, all to save every cent she could for the loved ones at home. She was understudy for the leading lady, who was neither young nor pretty, but who possessed what Mildred most lacked, experience. She also possessed a temper, and one night, not long before the rising of the curtain, refused to go on. The long suffering manager appealed to Mildred. She was letter perfect, and in spite of considerable natural nervousness, made a great hit. The delighted manager gave her the part for the rest of the season, but tried to keep her salary unchanged. This she would not agree to, so they finally compromised on a fair sum, which enabled Mildred to take better care of herself and to send more money to her mother. The part suited her, and everywhere she was warmly praised for her acting. Every thing looked bright and promising when a telegram called her to her mother's side. It was so worded that she was not much alarmed. It was Saturday night. They were near New York and she left, expecting to rejoin the company in time for the performance Monday evening.

"She found that her mother had slipped upon the stairs and dislocated her arm. This had been set, ahd, the doctor said, would soon be well; but she was nervous and shaken, and would not hear of Mildred's leaving her, and kept the poor girl until her place in the company had long been filled. When Mrs. Faye, slowly recovering, came to her senses, the season was nearly closed and an engagement was not to be had. Their money was about gone, and times I fancy, were pretty hard, when some good friend must have helped them with a loan. At the beginning of this season Mildred got her present position. A very good one, if she was going to remain upon the stage, which she's not, you know. She's going to marry me two weeks from to-day. I want you and Mrs. Keene to come to the wedding. Only the family, a young lady friend of Mildred's and my dear old partner, will be there. The rooms are too small to have any one else. We go away at once. Mrs. Faye and Kate will take possession of our house, which I am busy furnishing. You know I have never had much of a home, and feel awfully happy over the prospect of having such a nice mother and sister and the sweetest wife in the world. And now good-by. Don't forget the day!" and the happy fellow went away as if walking on air.

The appointed hour found myself and wife knocking at the door of Mrs. Faye's cozy little flat. Frank presented us to his future mother and the minister—Mr. Haines, Frank's partner we knew already—and then stepped to the door of the next room and handed out the bride, who was followed by her sister and friend. The bride wore a simple white gown with a veil falling over her face. Miss Duncan, a pretty blonde, was in blue. Kate Faye, a slip of a girl, dark-haired and dark-eyed, wore pink. The minister soon made the happy pair one, and after the bride's mother and the young ladies had kissed and cried over her a little while, my wife and I stepped forward to be presented and offer our congratulations.

The new Mrs. Howard was all that her lover's fond fancy had painted her. A graceful girl of medium height, with soft brown eyes, a lovely complexion, a sweet mouth about which played pretty dimples, and wavy brown hair worn in a heavy coil at the back of a shapely head, and falling in tiny rings upon a low, white brow. When my name was mentioned, she looked up with a deep blush, which quickly receding, left her very pale. In a low musical voice, whose tones were strangely familiar to my ear, she thanked us for our good wishes.

After some simple refreshments, the bride went away to put on her traveling dress, and as they were about to depart, I stood beside her for a moment. She turned to speak to her husband, and I saw what answered my question. "Where had I heard that veice?" Just below the left ear was a tiny star-shaped spot showing white through the rosy blush called up by her husband's tone and glance.

They went away a happy couple and returned more in love, if possible, with each other than before. I have been settled, as you know, in this place for a number of years. I don't see Frank Howard very often nowadays, but our friendship has suffered no change. I do not know though whether he and his wife, devoted as they are to each other, have exchanged confidences on the mustache question or no. They have made no sign. Neither have I.—*Mrs. Juliette M. Babbitt, Gotham Monthly.*

His Plan.

From the Terre Haute Express.

First tramp—Are you boardin' on de American or de European plan nowadays, Jerry?

Second tramp—I'm boardin' on de installation plan mostly.

AFRICAN EXPLORERS

Brief Sketches of Stanley, Park, Ledyard and Bruce.

Some Characteristics of Stanley's Predecessors in the Field of African Exploration—The Exploring Instinct.

"Mr. Stanley," says the great explorer's secretary, "is a delightful companion. His temper is not equable. It takes a great deal to rouse his anger, but when angry it is best to get out of his way as quickly as possible. Yet he is most generous to all really in need, and never tires of doing anything which he believes will be of benefit to any one. When we were at Cannes, a messenger came one day and told him that Mr. Huntington, the American financier, was lying seriously ill at his residence, that it was feared he was at the point of death, and he had expressed a deep desire to see Stanley. Mr. Stanley, though he had hardly a moment to spare from his book, at once went round to see the sick man, and remained talking to him for nearly two hours. While in Paris we were again simply inundated by reporters and would-be interviewers, but Mr. Stanley would see nobody."

The Royal Geographical society's medal in honor of Mr. Stanley, says the London *Globe*, shows on one side a female figure, the Africa of classical tradition, pouring from urns the two great rivers which will always be associated with the name of the explorer. The background comprises a lake, a fountain and a forest—the whole forming a suitable emblem of the great achievement which the English-speaking world is uniting to applaud. Looking, however, a little below the feeling of the moment we shall find that the same images equally as well symbolize the dream of all minds deeply possessed by the instincts of the pioneer. It matters little whether the dream is of the ocean, the desert, the prairie or the forest; the thought of one or other haunts the young enthusiast like a passion.

"The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, are then to him an appetite."

Almost without exception, indeed, the annals of exploration show the resistless bent of the fixed idea with the longing of the would-be discoverer often becomes, and which "his own undaunted heart explores" long before circumstances have opened the way to its realization. When a boy at school at Selkirk Mungo Park, although silent, studious and indefatigable, showed many traces of the ardent and adventurous turn of mind which afterwards distinguished him. On his return from his first expedition to the Niger, undertaken when he was only 21 years of age, so great were the risks considered that he was welcomed "as one risen from the dead." Settling down for a time to his practice as a surgeon at Fowlshield, on the banks of the Yarrow, Sir Walter Scott found them one day casting stones into the river, and being asked by the "wizard" what pleasure he found in such an amusement Park made the significant reply: "This was how I used to ascertain the depth of a river in Africa before I ventured to cross it, judging whether the attempt would be safe by the time which the bubbles of air took to ascend." It was, however, less of difficulties overcome than of new dangers to be encountered that Park was thinking, and Sir Walter's insight led him to estimate the incident in its true light.

Park coolly meditated fresh enterprises and soon afterward departed on a mission to ascertain whether the Congo and Niger were one stream. From this he never returned. He was not even heard of, but disappeared forever in the African darkness which fascinated him.

The story of the American, John Ledyard, has many features in common. He was a born explorer, a pioneer by instinct and temperament. Hardship and peril were the great stimulants of his existence. He confessed on one occasion that his distresses had been greater than he had ever owned, or ever would acknowledge to anyone, but that they had never had power to turn him from his purpose. Having suffered unexampled toils in his American explorations, he came to England, and at the instance of Sir Joseph Banks undertook a journey on behalf of the association for discovering the inland countries of Africa. "When will you be ready to start?" asked one of the society's officials, pointing out on a chart the route that it was desired that the explorer should follow. "To-morrow morning," was Ledyard's memorable reply, an answer which may almost be regarded as typical of the exploring instinct.

Completing a trio of renowned African travelers, the record of Bruce is yet further instance of the deep seated passion of the born adventurer. As a youth he studied law, and subsequently entered into partnership with a wine merchant, but losing his wife a few months after marriage he at once gratified his roving tastes by beginning a journey through Spain, Portugal, France and the Netherlands. On the occasion of an interview with Lord Halifax, when the discovery of the source of the Nile formed the subject of conversation, Bruce himself says: "My heart in that instant did me the justice to suggest that this was either to be achieved by me or to remain as it had done for the last 2,000 years, a defiance to all travelers and an approbrium to geography." But it has been truly said that Bruce's achievements were not so remarkable as the display of the qualities which alone have rendered them possible.

This estimate is suggestive of Mr. Stanley, that it is interesting to know that he also in youth showed much of the stuff of which explorerers are made. When only six years old he evinced quite a passion for geography and books of travel, and at that age was described by his teacher as a child of indomitable will, that really knew of no impediment to its purpose. His youthful struggles, the character of his reading, and his bold, inflexible nature flitted him for a life of adventure.

Handicapped by Nature.

From Drake's Magazine.

He—Why didn't you run after the horse car when it started without you?

She—Because that is one of the instances when it is hard for a girl to catch on.

Pictures To Sell Cigarettes.

From the Boston Herald.

The cigarette picture is to go. That is the edict of the combination that has been effected by the leading cigarette manufacturers of the country. It costs money to put the world's sovereigns and beauties, actors and athletes, base ball stars and birds of a feather on pictures. It is estimated that in the aggregate the firms have dropped annually for the last five years at least $2,000,000 in the matter of cigarette pictures. In fact, it reached such a stage that the cost of the pictorial branch of their establishments was almost as heavy as the manufacture of the goods. One firm paid out $400,000 to the lithographers last year for artistic work. Another spent $450,000, while other firms reported payments of $375,000, $350,000 and $300,000 for the same purpose. The idea of the combination is to reduce their expenses and so increase their profits. The cigarette picture will go, but the cigarette remains, alas!

Here and There.

THE AFFAIRS OF MEN BRIEFLY DISCUSSED.

This is George D. Prentice's description of George Francis Train. It is seldom quoted in full: "A locomotive that has run off the track, turned upside down, with the cowcatcher buried in a stump and the wheels making a thousand revolutions a minute. A kite in the air that has lost its tail—a human novel without a hero—a man who climbs a tree for a bird's nest, out on a limb, and in order to get it saws the limb off between himself and the tree. A ship without a rudder—a clock without hands—an arrow shot into the air—a sermon that is all text—a pantomime of words—the apothesis of talk, the incarnation of gab. Handsome, vivacious, muscular, as neat as a cat, clean to the marrow, a judge of the effect of clothes, frugal in food and regular only in habits. A noonday mystery—a solved conundrum—a cypher hunting for a figure to pass for something; with the brains of twenty men in his head, all pulling in different directions; not bad as to heart, but a man who has shaken hands with reverence." It was a long time ago when Prentice wrote this, and he is now in his grave, but George Francis Train is just the same phenomenal conundrum that he was in those days of yore.

* * *

M. Bertillon, director of the identification department of the Paris police, has been making some curious studies of the physical peculiarities engendered by various occupations. His object is to furnish a means of determining the calling of an unknown person—the victim of a murder, for example, only part of whose body has been found. As the hand is, as a rule, the part most affected by an occupation, M. Bertillon has taken a very large series of photographs, showing on a large scale the hands, and on a small scale the whole figure, of the workman at his work, so as to exhibit the position and the parts that undergo friction from the tools in use. Thus it was seen that from the hands of a navvy all the secondary lines disappear and a peculiar callosity is developed where the shovel handle rubs against the hand; the hands of a tin plate worker are covered with little scars produced by acids employed; the hands of lace workers are smooth, but they have blisters full of serum on the back, and callosities on the front part of the shoulder, due to the friction of the straps of the loom; the thumb and first joints of the index fingers of metal workers show very large blisters, while the left hand has scars made by sharp fragments of metal.

* * *

A new rule has just been put into practice by some of the London store-keepers by which all ladies who enter their stores are charged the sum of five-pence for the privilege of looking around, but if a lady should enter the place to purchase no no charge is made. There is no pretense that this curious charge is for any purpose other than to help pay the wages of the shop girls who dance attendance upon the fickle bodies who simply come to "look around" and then go elsewhere to make a purchase. But what a howl such a rule would raise in an American city.

* * *

Some one on the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has been travelling about the country with a tape measure, it seems, measuring the size of the different cities. The following is the result of his measurement, and it is very interesting information: Philadelphia covers an area of 129½ miles. The next in size is Peoria, Ill., which has an even 109. St. Louis is next, with 61¼ square miles. New Orleans comes next with 60. St. Paul has 51, Minneapolis 53, Buffalo 42, San Francisco 41¾, New York 41, Brooklyn 40, Los Angeles 40, Chicago 40. Boston gets along with 31 square miles of territory. Cincinnati supports a population of 330,000 on 27 square miles, Brooklyn finds room for 850,000 on 28½ square miles, and Milwaukee accomodates 210,000 on 16¼ square miles. The smallest of the large cities in the United States is Birmingham, Ala., which has one square mile and 40,000 people; Hoboken is a fourth of a mile larger and has 10,000 more people. Memphis crowds 75,000 into a space of three square miles. Richmond, Va., has five square miles and 80,000 people. Louisville, with a population of 200,000, covers only 15 square miles.

* * *

The old style paper collars and cuffs had a long run of popular favor, but they disappeared some years since. While they were in vogue their manufacture was a paying industry. Manufacturers have become convinced that many of the men wearing flannel shirts would prefer to wear the white shirt during the warm weather, in the cities especially, if they could do it, and at the same time avoid heavy laundry bills. Inventors got the idea, and now they are making collars and cuffs of paper mache and creating a large demand for them, too. The new material, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is as hard to soil and as easy to clean as celluloid, but it's likely to be much more popular than that stuff ever was, because it has no bad smell, doesn't take fire from a lighted match, as celluloid used to do sometimes, and is softer to the skin of the neck and wrists. It can hardly be told from linen, and yet doesn't wilt with perspiration. It will probably be most worn on the street evenings by the men who won't condescend to the homely flannel shirt.

ORIGIN OF THE CENSUS

Records of Enumerations Reaching Back to the Patriarchal Age.

How the Citizens of Greece Were Counted Under the Direction of Solon—Moses Took the First One.

The most ancient statistical record of the kind, says the Indianapolis *Journal*, is that of Moses in the wilderness. That enumeration must have been exceedingly simple, as shown by the first chapter of the fourth book of the Pentateuch. "Take ye," says this account, "the sum of all the congregations of the children of Israel after their families, by the house of their fathers, with the number of their names, every male by their polls, from twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war in Israel; thou and Aaron shall number them by their armies." The names of the chief enumerators are also given, those who assisted Moses and Aaron being "the renowned of the congregation, princes of the tribes of their fathers, heads of thousands in Israel." Then the enumerators "assembled all the congregation together on the first day of the second month, and they declared their pedigrees after their families by the house of their fathers, according to the number of the names, from 20 years and upward, by the polls." This enumeration must have been an affair soon over, requiring probably not more than a day's time, being merely a counting of the heads of the fighting men. There was no counting of women, or children, or old men, or cripples, and "the Levites were not numbered among them." Those who did stand up to be counted numbered 603,550.

There is record of a census in China as far back as the year 2042 B. C., and of one in Japan the last century before Christ. Under the constitutton of Solon the citizens of Athens were divided and registered into four classes according to the amount of their taxable property or income. The Roman census was burdened with more statistics than any of these simple enumerations. It originated under Servius Tullius, sixth King of Rome, and was an affair of much solemnity. It is not at all likely any man or woman was found sufficiently lost to fear of consequences to make faces at census officers, or withhold desired information. Every citizen had to appear upon the Campus Martius and declare upon oath his name and dwelling and the value of his property under penalty of having his goods confiscated and of being scourged and sold for a slave. There was no trouble about having such a census full and complete. It had the benefit, too, of making the people counted anxious to find the census man, while he was not put to the labor of going from house to house to find the people. Augustus Cæsar, who had a great head for detail, when he had the population numbered, greatly enlarged the scope of the census and improved the method of taking it.

The census of modern Europe is comparatively recent. No exact popular enumerations were made in the seventeenth century, but in the eighteenth great progress was made in the progress of statistical science. In Russia the taking of the census in a crude way began in 1700, and in 1719, under Peter the Great, though improvement had been made females were omitted from the enumeration. Census taking in Prussia dates from the time of Frederick William II. The Prussian census of to-day is very exact and complete. It is taken by civil officers in one day, by means of printed schedules. The first census in Austria was taken in 1754, and for 100 years was taken each three years for military purposes only. In Sweden the science of statistics has been particularly cultivated, and Belgium ranks among the first nations of the world in completeness of its national statistics. In Italy the returns of this character are very complete, the range of inquiries having been greatly extended. The movement of the population is determined from civil registers kept by the municipal authorities. In Turkey enumeration is imperfect, the chief object of taking it being to provide a basis for taxation and conscription. In France the first census of which records are extant was taken in 1700. Of course, as in everything pertaining to statistics, work of that kind is thorough in France. The first census of Great Britain was taken in 1801, and embraced the sex, but not the age, of all subjects. The families and occupations were classified, so as to exhibit the number employed in agriculture, in trade, and manufactures or handicrafts, and those not comprised in the classes. Blanks or householders' schedules are now left all over the kingdom by an army of enumerators, and these are required to be filled up on the night of April 2, and are collected by the enumerators the following day. The police assist in enumerating the houseless population. The army and navy are returned by the naval and military authorities.

Her Fiancee Pawned Her Jewels.

From the London Standard.

A young English widow, says our Vienna correspondent, sought the aid of the police on Thursday because her fiancee had disappeared since Saturday, having taken with her jewels, worth more than £1,000. The man has spent several seasons in Vienna, and was well known in sporting circles for heavy betting on the turf. He was believed to be a Russian and a man of great wealth. This winter he made the acquaintance of the lady in Nice and came to Vienna with her as her accepted suitor. Last week he looked at his fiance's diamonds and said the mounting was quite old fashioned; he would have them fashionably mounted for her. She was grateful, and on Saturday handed him the diamonds. He has not shown himself since. The police have traced the jewelry which he had pawed for £300.

Desperate Valor.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"You say the brother of the young lady pulled your nose?" inquired Cholly. "What did you do? Resent it?"

"Wesent it!" said Fweddy, the veins in his forehead swelling with indignation. "Didn't I? Bah Jove, I told him if he evah did it again, bah Jove, I'd have him ahwested!"

Quite a Difference.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

You never see the man who dozes in church going to sleep in the base ball match. But then there is quite a differene in the style of delivery.