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State Historical Society

The Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK. E. P. MURDOCK

M. M. MURDOCK & BROTHER.

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County Treasurer—L. N. Woodcock.
County Clerk—E. A. Dorsey.
Sheriff—H. R. Watt, Deputy U. S. Marshal.
Clerk of District Court—A. Van Ness.
Probate Judge—E. B. Jewett.
Supt'nt of Public Instruction—R. D. Hammond.
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County Attorney—D. M. Dale.
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CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church—J. D. Hewitt, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock a. m. and 7½ o'clock p. m. Prayermeeting every Thursday at 7½ o'clock, p. m.

M. E. Church—R. Kelly, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock a. m. and 7½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

St. Marys Catholic Church—Rev. — McCall, pastor. Services on the 3d and 4th Sunday of every month, high mass at 10 a. m., vespers at 7½ p. m.

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Friends' meeting each First day morning, until further notice, at 10½ o'clock, on north side of Douglas Avenue, between Tremont and Globe House, entrance third door east of Globe House.

Christian Church—Services every Lord's day at 11 o'clock, A. M., in Miller Hall. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, A. M.

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The M. E. Sabbath school, A. H. Naftzger Superintendent, meets at the church at 2½ o'clock p. m.

The Presbyterian Sabbath school, J. D. Hewitt, Superintendent, meets at the Presbyterian church at 12 m.

German M. E. Sunday school, meets at the church at 2½ o'clock, p. m. Herman Mueller, Superintendent.

Episcopal Sabbath school, E. S. Magill, Superintendent, meets in Episcopal Church at 2½ p. m.

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I. O. O. F.—Wichita Lodge No. 95, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock, at their hall, Temple Block. All brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
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We have both city and country property for sale, and can generally find some genuine bargains on our books.

The Railroad Company has for sale in our district the following-described lands:

TOWNSHIP 24, 1 WEST.

S½ of n½ section 5 at	$ 8 25	per acre.
Ne¼ " 7	10 50	"
Se¼ " 17	11 00	"
Sw¼ " 25	13 25	"

TOWNSHIP 24, 2 WEST.

Se¼ section 19 at	$ 9 00	per acre.
Sw¼ " 19	8 00	"
E½ ne¼ " 25	6 50	"
Se¼ " 27	7 00	"

TOWNSHIP 25, 2 EAST.

Se¼ sw¼ of section 7 at $6 50 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 25, 3 EAST.

Nw¼ of section 11 at $ 7 25 per acre.
Ne¼ " 11 8 50 "
Sw¼ " 11 8 50 "

TOWNSHIP 25, 1 WEST.

S½ sw¼ section 27 at $ 8 00 per acre.
Lots 8, 9 and 10, section 31 at $11 00 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 25, 2 WEST.

E½ sw¼ section 11 at $ 5 50 per acre.
Sw¼ " 17 10 75 "
Lots 1 2 3 4 " 19 10 75 "
Lot 9 " 19 14 25 "
Ne¼ se¼ " 19 9 75 "
Nw¼ se¼ " 21 9 75 "
E½ nw¼ " 21 11 00 "
Nw¼ sw¼ " 21 11 00 "
Lot 1 " 21 11 00 "
Lots 2 3 4 " 21 10 00 "
Ne¼ sw¼ " 21 10 00 "
Ne¼ " 23 9 00 "
E½ ne¼ " 25 8 25 "
Lots 6 7 " 25 14 25 "
Lot 8 " 35 12 00 "
Nw¼ se¼ " 35 12 00 "

TOWNSHIP 26, 1 WEST.

Lots 1 and 2 of section 27 at $6 00 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 26, 1 WEST.

Lot 5 of section 5 at $14 50 per acre.
Lot 7 " 5 12 00 "
Lot 1 " 15 12 00 "
Lot 6 " 29 8 00 "

TOWNSHIP 26, 2 WEST.

Ne¼ of section 7 at $10 75 per acre.
Nw¼ se¼ " 17 10 00 "
Lot 6 " 27 8 50 "

Prices given are for the Eleven-Year Plan, until August 1, 1883. On the Six-Year Plan there is a discount of 20 per cent. and for Cash there is a discount of 33⅓ per cent. After August 1st, the discount on the six-year plan will be only 10 per cent., and for cash 25 per cent.

We are the exclusive agents in Wichita for the following unimproved lands:

TOWNSHIP 25, 2 EAST.

Se¼ section 5 at $ 7 50 per acre.
Ne¼ " 19 9 00 "
Nw¼ " 31 10 00 "

TOWNSHIP 25, 3 EAST.

Se¼ section 15 at $8 00 per acre.

TOWNSHIP 26, 1 EAST.

E½ nw¼ section 13 at $ 9 50 per acre.
E½ sw¼ " 21 9 00 "

TOWNSHIP 26, 2 EAST.

Ne¼ of section 3 at $ 8 00 per acre.
Nw¼ " 3 8 00 "
Se¼ " 5 10 50 "
Ne¼ " 5 9 00 "
Sw¼ " 5 8 00 "
S½ ne¼ " 9 6 50 "
Nw¼ " 9 10 00 "
Se¼ " 9 10 00 "

These lands, at prices given, are for sale on four years' time, one-fifth down, balance in four equal payments, with interest at 8 per cent. payable semi-annually. For cash we can allow a discount of 5 per cent.

☞ The owners of the land above-described lands have given us absolute orders to prohibit all persons from cutting hay, or pasturing on them, and to prosecute all cases of trespass on the same.

Farm Loans.

To the people of Sedgwick and adjoining counties we wish to say that our office is headquarters for cheap and satisfactory real estate loans. We obtain money direct from Eastern capitalists, and can, therefore, make loans at lower rates than parties getting their money second or third-handed. Principal and interest are paid at our office. Money always on hand, and no delays if your title is all straight. We rather make a specialty of this loaning business, and borrowers will do well to call and get rates or talk loans, and see how it is that we can make loans quicker than anybody else, when title is all clear. There is one thing that is very satisfactory to us, and speaks well for our manner of doing business, and that is: Those men who borrowed of us five years ago almost invariably come to us to make new loans, in case they need renewals. They are satisfied to deal with us again. We aim to be accomodating in this line of business, as well as in every other. We draw papers so that a loan can be paid off before due, if desired by the borrower, and even where papers are drawn absolutely for five years, we have never yet failed to get a release when wanted. The long and short of it is that the parties East for whom we loan money are satisfied, and willing to do just about anything that we ask or recommend, and we can, therefore, sometimes give special favors to our customers.

Life Insurance.

If you have a family and have not yet laid up sufficient of this world's goods to leave them in comfortable circumstances in case of your death, or if from any other cause you need insurance on your life, we can write you up in the strongest and best company in the United States—the Equitable Life Assurance Society, of New York,—a company that wrote more insurance last year than any other company in the world. A policy in this company is as good as gold, and when such policies can be obtained, it is worse than useless to depend on policies issued by companies of uncertain reputation, such as the assessment stock companies, and the "Mutual Aids," "Benevolent" and "Home and Dower" concerns—no matter what the name or where they hail from.

Fire Insurance.

We have eight fire insurance companies in our agency, and they have assets of over $77,000,000. They are the largest, strongest, and best in the United States or any other country. A policy in any of these gives insurance that insures beyond question, and it costs no more than a policy in some small and uncertain company. From personal acquaintance with the special agents of the companies we represent, we can guarantee to our patrons in this line of business a fair, square and honorable adjustment of losses whenever they occur. To our country friends we wish to say that, if you have anything to insure, call at our office and get rates and find out about companies before insuring with men traveling about the country as agents of some wild-cat concern. We can almost invariably save you some money. The Home, of New York, and the Phœnix, of Hartford, are now writing Cyclone and Tornado policies also. The same companies have a farm department, in which they write on stock, grain, etc., and we can take your note for the premium, if you can give a good note, and it is not convenient to pay cash. Please examine this list of companies, and remember where you can get their policies:

Name.	Assets.
ÆTNA, of Hartford,	$ 9,054,611
GERMAN-AMERICAN, N. Y.,	3,704,275
HARTFORD, of Hartford,	4,337,281
HOME, of New York,	7,306,489
INS. CO. OF N. AMERICA,	8,831,053
LIV. & LON. & GLOBE,	34,344,308
PHŒNIX, of Hartford,	4,446,308
UNDERWRITERS, of N. Y.,	5,125,957

OFFICE, upstairs, in Roys' Block, Corner of Lawrence and Douglas Avenues, WICHITA, KANSAS.

RUNNING A BLOCKADE.

How a Yankee Schooner Did it Seventy Years Ago.

During the summer of 1814, the British took possession of all that part of the State of Maine lying east of the Penobscot, and claimed it as a part of their lawful territory. They established a sort of naval headquarters at Castine, and from thence sent out their cruisers. Upon the Kennebec river at that time were many thriving towns, and quite a number of Yankee privateers were fitted out there. Several sailed from Bath, and even as high up as Hallowell, were fitted and manned some of these troublesome little crafts. In consequence of all this, the British turned their attention to this latter river, and established a blockade at its mouth. They knew that some privateers were being fitted out somewhere up the stream, and they were determined to take them if they came out.

And there was another thing which the enemy had in view in this blockade. There was a fort up the river a short distance, and also several military store-houses, and they (the British) had learned that provisions and ammunition were expected from Boston or Salem for these places. So they meant to kill two birds with one stone: They would prevent the privateers from coming out, and prevent the stores from going in.

Many still living, who resided upon the Kennebec during that war, remember well the season of that blockade. They depended for much of their provisions upon the coasters which came from Massachusetts; and now that the small vessels were prevented from coming in, they suffered much. In Hallowell, Waterville, Gardiner, and other places, provisions were so scarce that many people who were considered well off in ordinary times, lived upon the swill-gatherings of the more wealthy; and a silver dollar's worth of meal could be carried away in a common pocket handkerchief. The suffering was great. The people knew that there were several vessels anxious to get in, but the British war-brig at the river's mouth prevented them.

Among the vessels which were expected at Hallowell, was a heavy schooner named the Polly Ann. She was owned and commanded by a man named Eben Wait. Also another schooner called the Eliza, which belonged to Abner Jenkins.

The Polly Ann and the Eliza both cleared at Salem, Massachusetts, the former loaded with one of the most valuable cargoes ever sent to the eastward, for, beside a large lot of excellent provisions, such as flour, corn, rye, and pork and beef, she had a large quantity of arms and ammunition for two privateers that were lying at Bath. The loss of the Polly Ann would have been a severe blow in two ways. It would have sadly added much to the want of the poor people of the Kennebec, and have prevented the outfit of two staunch privateers, and it would also have added much to the power of the enemy by furnishing them with things which they much needed.

The Polly Ann was a new and valuable craft; but not so the Eliza. The latter was very old and very rotten, and she was now upon last trip. Her owner had resolved to try to run to Hallowell, and then pull his old schooner to pieces for firewood, as that was about all she was good for. On the present occasion, she was loaded with provisions, but the load was necessarily a light one, as Jenkins dare not venture to sink her too deeply.

The two schooners sailed from Salem together. In fact Jenkins would not have dared to sail alone, for he was not sure his rickety old craft would carry him through. The Polly Ann was manned by Captain Wait; his son Nathan, a youth of 19; a man of 30, named Jim Tufts, and Samuel Locke, a young man of 25. The Eliza had, besides her captain, David, a brother of the commander; Walter Davis and Charles Allen, both young men and able.

When the two schooners reached Wood Island, which lies at the mouth of the Saco river, they were boarded by some Yankee fishermen, who resided there, and who informed them that it would be of no use for them to go any further.

"Ye can't git into the river," said one of them, "for a cussed brig-o'-war's a layin' off an' on there all the time. An' I kin tell ye one more thing, too: Them Britishers are on the lookout for ye. They've heered as how yeou were a comin' in with provisions an' arms for privateers. They've been informed, somehow."

This was a damper upon Capt. Eben Wait. He had known that there were British war vessels on the coast, but he had hoped that there might be none in his way. He could not turn back. He knew that those whom he loved were suffering for the want of the food he had with him; and that the privateers could not sail until they had the stores he had in charge for them. And further, much of the provisions he had in cargo might spoil, by being kept too long in the hold of the vessel.

What should he do? The loss to him, if he failed to make his trip, would be great; but he thought not so much of that, as he did of the loss to those who were depending upon him for the very means of sustaining life. He questioned the fishermen very closely, and was convinced that they spoke truly. Three of them had come from Manaegan only two days before, and had been robbed of their fish by this same brig.

"And," continued the informant, "one o' the officers asked us of we knowed the Yankee schooner, Polly Ann. We pretended 'at we didn't know any thing about. He said he'd have ye ot ye come that way."

Captain Wait pondered a long while upon the information he had received.

"It's a hard case," he said to his friend, Captain Jenkins. "I know how those fellows watch. There's no getting by them."

"'Tis confounded bad," returned Jenkins. "Now, it 't wan't for the cargo I've got aboard, they might have my old hulk in welcome. I don't know but I'd be willing to pay 'em somethin' to carry her off; for the firewood she'll make won't hardly be worth the trouble of cuttin' her up. She's half rotten, and t'other half is as full of nails and spikes as her sails are full of holes. But with your vessel it's different. She's new and valuable. By thunder, Eben, I'm afraid we'll have to go back. But it's cussed hard, isn't it?"

But a new light had gleamed upon the bronzed face of Captain Wait.

"Look ye, Abner," he said, eagerly, "if I could carry your cargo all safely up the river, would you give up your old vessel?"

"Would I?" cried Jenkins. "I'll bet I would. Yes, sir, I'll let her go to grass in a minute."

"Then I think we can do it. At all events we'll try. My schooner can easily carry all the load you've got, from here to Bath. We'll drop in shore and shift cargoes as quickly as possible."

Jenkins heard his friend's plan explained, and his own face grew bright. The two schooners were anchored, and then lashed side to side; and then all hands turned to with a will. Before night the Eliza was "flying" light, with nothing aboard that could possibly be taken away. They left her hull, her masts, her three sails, and such rigging as was absolutely necessary to keep her off the wind.

The distance from Wood Island to the mouth of the Kennebec is about thirty miles; so the run was not a long one. Wait did not wish to start until after midnight, as his plan was to bring the war-brig in sight just about daylight. The wind was from the southward and eastward, and blew a fair breeze, and it was likely to remain so at least until the sun rose again.

At one o'clock in the morning, the two schooners made sail; and at three, the light upon Cape Elizabeth was upon the larboard quarter. At 3:30, Seguin light was in sight ahead. Seguin is an island at the mouth of the Kennebec.

At 4 o'clock the first gleams of the coming morning appeared upon the horizon, and in a very few minutes afterwards, the tall spars of a British brig-of-war could be distinctly made out ahead, just outside of Seguin and to the south of it.

"Now's our time," shouted Capt. Wait, hailing his companion, who was close under his lee.

Abner Jenkins ran his vessel to the windward of the Polly Ann, and as he came abreast he cried out:

"Would ye not her again', naw?"

"Yes. Are you a going, too?"

"Yes. I can fix that there."

"Then do it as soon as ye can. The Sagadahoc hour's most on ye yet. Set her head a little to the north'rd of east."

"Aye, aye," responded Jenkins; and thereupon he set to work.

In the meantime Wait had his sail all taken in so that the Englishman should not see him; and as the water was shoal he let go a light anchor.

Jenkins' first movement was to lower his boat and to secure her by a painter to one of the stern davits. Next he put on all sail and had the sheets belayed very carefully for running with the wind, a little forward of the beam. The tiller was next set, and as soon as he was satisfied that the schooner would run in a direct line with the tiller thus, he lashed it fast. He knew the Eliza well enough to know that she would be true to the course he had given her; and having seen that the sheets were securely belayed, and that nothing of any value was left on board, he had his crew get into a boat, and pulled for the Polly Ann.

Away went the schooner in fine style, dashing the foam from before her, and leaping over the light waves as defiantly as could be. Captain Wait took his glass and went aloft. He could now see the brig plainly. She was under easy sail, and appeared to be lying-to.

By the course upon which the old schooner was sailing, she would pass only about three miles from the brig, and that, too, before many minutes.

"Hi-yi!" cried Capt. Wait. "There she goes!"

As he spoke, a wreath of smoke curled up from the Englishman's deck, and in a moment more, the report of a heavy gun came booming over the water.

"He's taken the bait," shouted Jenkins.

Another and another gun boomed away from the deck of the brig, but the schooner did not stop. She dashed away over the water with her flag flying, and showed no disposition, whatever, to obey the Briton's summons.

"Hi! Look!" cried Wait, as a round shot plowed up the water under the stern of the flying schooner.

But this was not to last much longer. The brig soon put up her helm and bore away, and cracked on all sail.

Away went the schooner and away went the brig. Bang! bang! bang! went the Englishman's guns; and the Yankee coaster seemed to fly the faster. But the brig was gaining rapidly. Nearer and nearer, it came, and shot after shot riddled the poor devoted schooner. Presently her mainmast went by the board—then her bowsprit dropped—and finally she lay a helpless, sinking, rotten, useless mass upon the water, which must soon open her bosom to give her rest.

Meanwhile the Polly Ann had run up her anchor and made sail; and as the brig overtook her prize, the successful Yankee was passing behind Seguin. In a short time the Island was left upon her starboard quarter, and once more she was in full view of the Englishman.

"Let's heave-to here a little while, just to see the fun," said Wait.

This was readily agreed to; for the Polly Ann was just in the mouth of the river, with the wind fair for running her up at any moment.

So the schooner was hove-to, and all hands gathered aft to watch the operations of the morning. Besides the heavy guns which Wait had stowed away under the main hatch for the privateers, he had a lot of muskets. He had eight of these brought up and loaded, and the Yankee flag got ready for running up to the main peak.

The brig was seen to overhaul the poor, riddled, dismantled hulk, and our Yankees fancied they could almost hear the British curse and swear.

"But won't they cuss a leetle more when they see us?" said Jenkins.

"Reckon they will," responded Captain Wait.

In a few minutes from that time the brig was seen to put up her helm, and very soon afterwards the old hulk gave a lurch and went down.

"They see us!" cried Wait, as the brig put her head about.

And so it would seem; for the man-of-war not only put about, but the men crowded upon the forecastle, and gazed off to where the Yankee schooner lay. Up went her studding sails, below and aloft, and she came plowing through the water at a swift rate.

At length she fired one of her bow guns, and the ball fell directly beneath the bow of the Yankee's flying jibboom.

"Up with the helm!" cried Capt. Wait. "Haul over the main sheets! Get out the muskets!"

The muskets were taken by the men, even the man at the wheel going for one, and as soon as the vessel was nearly headed up the river, they gathered along by the taffrail. The Stars and Stripes were run up to the peak, and as the glorious ensign opened its magic folds to the breeze, the captain gave the order to fire.

The report of the eight muskets rang out upon the air; three hearty cheers were given by the homeward-bound men; and then the Polly Ann danced away up her native river.

Surely the officers and crew of the blockading brig must have felt particularly foolish about that time. And that they did feel so is evident from a remark her commander made to a poor fisherman who had ventured down off Cape Small Point after haddock. He asked the fisherman if the Polly Ann had entered the river.

"Ye-e-s sir," answered the poor fellow.

"Did she carry up much of a load?"

"Gerewsalem! yew'd a thought so, I recon," answered the fisherman, who seemed desirous of giving an emphatic reply. "She was loaded to the gun'ls, air. It's a marcy 'at she didn't sink!"

"————," said the Englishman, which, being interpreted, meaneth a very extended and very elaborately wrought sentence of oaths. "I wish she had sunk! I never was so fooled before; and never will be again!"

But the man spoke without counting his cost. The Polly Ann stopped at Bath and unloaded her large guns and ammunition; and three days afterward, two sprightly privateers sailed down the river and captured the brig-of-war and carried her into port.

Meanwhile the successful schooner kept on up the river, carrying gladness to all patriotic hearts; furnishing food for hundreds of famishing bodies, and inspiring many desponding souls with new hopes and aspirations.

CATTLE RANCHES ON THE PLAINS.

Frank Wilkenson, "formerly of Kansas," has written a letter to the New York *Sun* on the cattle ranches of the far West, in which he asserts that the stories of fortunes to be made in cattle-raising, beyond the 100th meridian, have little or no foundation in fact. He presents, to sustain his assertion, statistics showing that the vast herds ranging over the prairies of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Nevada and Utah exist only in the imagination of magazine writers who do not know a Durham steer from a scalawag Texan, or of ranchmen or speculators who wish to deceive capitalists. The territory embraced in the districts named reaches 300,000 square miles. The cattle quartered on it number, according to the last census, which holds good for to-day, 1,925,143, or 416,573 less than in the State of New York alone. Colorado especially has been puffed as a cattle raising State, but in 1880 Colorado had 366,738, or almost 20,000 less than South Carolina, which has no status whatever as a breeders' paradise.

This "cattle country" has few cattle, Mr. Wilkenson contends, simply because it cannot support the millions and millions of horned animals with which popular imagination has stocked the vast plains beyond the borders of Nebraska and Kansas. The furious heats of summer scorch the grasses which are supposed to grow with tropical luxuriance. The rigid storms of winter sweep over the plains and freeze every living thing that cannot endure the rigors of an Arctic winter. Water is a rare article, and that which may be found is poor, and involves much traveling on the part of the cattle to reach. When they have to go more than eight miles to quench their thirst, they lose flesh. When they have to rely entirely upon the dried grass for their winter food, they are likely to fare poorly, and, in multitudes of instances, die. The thin which falls upon this grass after the heats of June and July have made it hay, extracts a large amount of its nourishment. In lieu of nutrition, added to the storms of winter, tell a story which may be read in the whitening bones bestrewing the plains after a severe season.

THE MAN MILLINER.

Man-milliners seem to be on the increase. I am told it is absolutely necessary it should be so in order to restore the lost balance, and that, since the medical profession has been invaded by women, the milliner trade has been in turn usurped by men. Of course the irresistible Worth is at the bottom of it all. His salons are at least as fashionable as those of the great Mesmer used to be. To inspire Worth with a real interest seems to be the ambition of the Parisian leaders of ton. To get him really to do his best is as rare a thing as it is to get any crack teacher of singing to take a special interest in a pupil. But, then, as the farmer's wife said of her husband, who drank occasionally—only occasionally—"When he do, he do!" And when Worth is really personally affected, the privileged being on whom his artistic attention is lavished well knows that, beside her toilet all non-Worth's—and Worth's own uninspired—efforts are bound to pale.

Fancy the flutter of disappointment of the lady who went to him the other day and asked if he would consent to diagnose and prescribe—I mean design—for her a costume. Throwing himself back in his armchair, the great artist requested the applicant to walk up and down before him, while with half-closed eyes he appeared lost in vague contemplation. At last, rousing himself with an effort, he exclaimed:

"It is useless, madam. Je ne vous sens pas aujourd'hui. Come back to-morrow, if you like, and I will consider you again. I promise nothing."

And she went, and she returned! Daughter of Eve! Rights of women! What is the world coming to when these and other like stories come over the water? Our beauties sniff at Worth and all his works, turn up their little noses, toss their charming heads, and declare that "never, never, would they in England put up with such a creature!" and (I sigh for female human inconsistency) go straight off to Paris, pose to Worth, get themselves designed and equipped from top to toe, and then come home boasting of their dresses!

Still our shores were safe. These things were foreign luxuries—affectations. We are safe no more.

This happened last week. O ye men folk, take heed! Do you know what ladies' "shopping" now covers or otherwise? No? Then learn. In a fashionable London establishment the lady goes to choose her material and to be measured. A skillful milliner is employed. While the dress is in progress, she returns to be fitted. To her surprise, the man-milliner now enters upon scene. The milliner girl knows her superior and stands aside respectfully. With all the assurance of a connoisseur, the master remarks:

"Madam obviously must be taken in here—a little—a shadow of a shade—so—;" and quickly with a pin he puts in the pleat.

"Ah! you have failed again," turning to the nervous milliner girl. "Do you not perceive that madam must have a broader line here, a more ample fold there? Give me another pin—so. That will do. Lift your arm, madam—just a little higher—so. The fold still draws too much—so;" and in goes another pin.

Presently the artist pauses, and steps back with half closed eyes and surveys the "subject" in silence. She has already got used to him—and, indeed, cannot help seeing, by the effect in the long glass, that every touch tells, and that the fellow knows his business well. Then he approaches meditatively, takes out one pin and thoughtfully replaces another, whistling low between his teeth. The lady supposes, naturally, that this is the way he thinks; perhaps he could not pin without whistling any more than a groom could attend to a horse without hissing. She puts up with it. No rudeness is meant, and the whole thing is so unusual and strange to her that a little more or less, as things have gone so far, can not much matter. And then, as many others have practically thought before her, the end justifies the means. And the end is undoubtedly such a fitting dress as she has, perhaps, never had before.

"Worth or not Worth," I heard a lady exclaim, after the operation I have just described, "the man was worth a dozen of those fumbling milliners—did everything in half the time, and did it twice as well."

That is the moral. Well, matrons and virgins all, what do you think of it? I know what you will say. "After all, 'tis a matter of taste, and taste is a convenient thing. If men can fit us better than the women, we shall not surrender so solid an advantage to the flimsy claims of conventionality." The fact is, in the long run, women will always pocket pride and prejudice, and lean to the people who enable them to appear to the best advantage. "'Tis true, 'tis pity," and a few, perhaps, may sigh "pity 'tis 'tis true."—*London Truth.*

GLUTTONY IN A FROG.

A rather interesting incident occurred while I was a student in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. In the Peabody Museum we had a large wire cage containing numerous reptiles, and among these was a frog of unusual size.

On one of our excursions I brought a number of frogs and other animals, and going to the cage dropped the contents of the jar, frogs and all, down among the animals at the bottom. The large frog, which had been confined there for some time, caught one of the small ones before it reached the bottom of the cage, and swallowed it with as great ease as he would have captured a fly. This quickly done, he sat and looked about with an air of satisfaction for a moment, then sprang upon another of medium size, caught and swallowed it as quickly as the first. This done, there was another pause of a couple of minutes, and then with another quick bound, he seized and swallowed a third frog, equal in size to the second; this accomplished, there was another pause of about five minutes, and then another quick, savage bound for a fourth victim, this time for a frog two-thirds the size of himself. Each of the three were seized and swallowed head first, but the fourth effort was not so successful as the others, for this he only managed to get into his mouth as far as the hind legs, when there was a pause and a struggle. The unfortunate frog in the mouth of the large one persisted in holding its hind legs out sidewise, at right angles to its body, as if conscious that these tactics would prevent the other from swallowing it; and at the same time the large one used its front feet, at times one, and again both, to straighten out the hind legs of his victim so that he might be allowed to swallow it; and while this struggle was going on, he made frequent efforts to use the sides and bottom of the cage against which to press the other frog, so as to aid his efforts to swallow it. The struggle, however, after lasting a number of minutes, terminated in favor of the smaller frog, for by desperate efforts it managed to elude the grasp of its assailant; but while the battle did last it used both its muscular and vocal powers to their utmost to thwart the murderous design of its enemy.—*B. F. Koons, in American Naturalist.*

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

In a recent letter Miss Louisa M. Alcott wrote these most sensible words about the best kind of an education to give young girls: "I can only hope that with the new and freer ideas now coming up, some of the good old ways may also be restored. The respect shown to the aged, modest women, simple dress, home-keeping daughters, learning from good mothers the domestic arts, so much better than the too early frivolity and freedom so many girls enjoy. The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me renewed interest in the education of girls, and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society she is to enter by and by. Health comes first and an early knowledge of truth, obedience and self control. Then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire. A profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread. Experience is the best teacher, and with good health, good principles and a good education any girl can make her own way, and be the braver and better for the exertion and discipline. No late hours, no hideous pleasures and dress, no mixing of adult and flirtation, but simple amusements, daily duties, and a purpose in life to keep these girls at heart, even while preparing for the work and happiness of women."

A CHECKERED CAREER.

Sketches of a Once Fascinating Woman.

NEW YORK, July 31.—People here who knew the Mrs. Shep