

SETTING TYPE.
Mark to the click
Of the type in the stick!
They fall and they meet with monotonous sound,
As swiftly the fingers that set them go round
To hurry them into the stick.
With a click, click,
There they are in the stick!
What do the types tell the world as they stand!
Here it is satire; there eloquence grand.
Weak as nothing when single, combined they
Conquer the world with their click, click,
As in order they march into the stick.
Look again in the stick.
The workers of evil they sorrow beside;
The cheat and oppressor in vain try to glide
Away from the click, but the earth cannot hide
Them away from the click, click,
Of the types falling into the stick.
As they click, click, in the stick,
Monarchs and tyrants their marching dread;
They know that to freedom the types have
Been wed.
And the visions they see in a color blood red,
From the sound of that terrible click.
Hark, the noise from the stick!
Guilt rises from the sound of a sinner's fear;
But guilt cannot hide in the day or the night,
Though it try every method of hiding or flight,
From the sound of that terrible click.
Forever that click, click!
In the gas the suns the day-shine, or in the
Sun's light,
That click is forever increasing its might,
And seeming to say: Here we stand for the
right!
Oppressors, beware of the stick!
Those gray-colored types in the stick!
States, monarchies, potentates, pashas and kings,
The painter, the player, the poet who sings,
Stand in awe of those poor, little, dull, leaden
things,
And the ominous noise of the click.
But these types in the stick,
To the just and the true all nations around,
To the whole of mankind where the virtues
abound,
Most welcome to such is the musical sound
Of the types with their click.

AS A CHILD IN A CRADLE

By Dwight Weldon.

"Draw your tickets, gentlemen! I must confess, it's no pleasant task running down smugglers, but some one must do it. Number four is the lucky figure; who has it?"

From the ranks of twelve detectives, members of the world-famed Chinkerton corps of San Francisco, a handsome, manly young fellow of twenty-two stepped forward.

"Ridgely? you, eh?" murmured the detective. "Well, you're the chosen man. Orders? there you are: Rest neither night nor day till you have run the opium smugglers to cover. Never mind the stuff itself. It's the men we want."

Walter Ridgely received a packet of papers from the hand of his superior officer; bowed silently, and as silently withdrew to the stall that was his desk, trunk, and lounging-place when off duty.

He was a new man in the service; had been a clerk or bookkeeper in the East, had come West to better his fortune, had failed, and given work by the detective agency, had exhibited a nerve force and ability as a man-hunter that at once won command and high pay.

About a month previous, however, he had been set at work on a case that had puzzled even his superiors, and utterly baffled himself. Gen. Robert Dayton, a wealthy retired merchant, had been found murdered in his bed one morning. Ridgely, sent to work up the case, found two frightened servants, a rifled money-box, and a beautiful girl, Grace, the daughter of the General, by his side, was frantically calling her dead father's name, and utterly unable to give a theory as to the motive of the crime, outside of robbery.

In her frantic emotion, however, she had suddenly alluded to a discarded lover—Aymer. Noting the fact, and determining to remember that name and to later question the fair, stricken Grace about its owner, Ridgely left the house of death to report the case at headquarters, and at the same time to confess secretly that he had met the first woman in the world capable of stirring his heart to its intensest depths.

That evening when he returned to the mansion a new sensation awaited him. He found the servants terribly frightened and excited—they had a startling story to tell. Just at dusk a close carriage had driven to the front of the house. A note brought by the driver induced Miss Dayton to go to the carriage, as if to see some invalid friend there. Then a shriek, a man sprang from the vehicle, she was thrust within, the door banged, and the carriage whirled away ere the alarmed servants could get to the road.

Since then, almost day and night, the young detective had sought to solve the double mystery of murder and abduction by investigation and theory. As to the former, after failure brought him to the blank wall of "mysterious disappearance" within a week. As to surmise, he believed that the rejected snorer, Aymer, had murdered General Dayton from motives of revenge, because he opposed his aspirations for his daughter's hand, and had later abducted the girl herself. Where he had taken her, what he hoped to gain finally, were vague guesses with the detective, whom a dawning love more than duty or reward inspired to fathom the fate of the beautiful Grace Dayton.

Why did he suspect Aymer? Only from what he had heard of the man—a dissolute, desperate fellow, who, it was rumored, had disappeared from society, after his rejection by Grace, to become chief of a lawless band of marauders living in the mountains.

"He has made Grace a captive," theorized Ridgely; "he hopes to terrify her into wedding him; he believes that suspicion of her father's death is not directed against him. When he has forced her to become his wife he will compel her to claim the fortune, convert it into ready cash, and spirit her away to some safe and distant retreat. A difficult task to prove all this, but I will find him yet! That girl's face haunts me—so pitious, so pleading! Will the first clue to her fate never develop?"

That thought found expression in a sigh as Ridgely looked over the papers his chief had given him. The opium smugglers! It was a theme that every detective on the force shunned and hated. In hunting to cover the men who were engaged in this illicit trade,

within a month an expert man-catcher had disappeared, and one had been found shot to death on a lonely bit of seacoast near the city.

Ridgely looked over the papers closely. Here was a statement that the schooner Osprey would sail into the harbor that evening with a cargo of bamboo wares, crockery, and tea from China. In some devious way it was also expected that a certain large hoghead, ostensibly containing lead-foil, but in reality filled with opium, would be landed so as to evade Government inspection. This package was to be spotted, allowed to land, and in no case to be seized until it had been traced to the secret haunt where the smugglers lived.

"I don't like it!" murmured Ridgely. "It's a dangerous and unsatisfactory kind of a case, and it takes my time and thoughts from the Dayton affair. At last!"

With a thrill and a start, the detective projected the last words. They conveyed a marvelous token of excitement and hope.

For he had happened to read the last memoranda in the papers given him by the chief, and its last line was a wonderful revelation to his excited mind.

"These smugglers," the penciled sentence ran, "are supposed to have a haunt down the coast. Lee Kirby and William Page, noted desperadoes, are active members of the band. It is hinted that the moving spirit and moneyed backer is one Percival Aymer."

"Aymer!" gasped the startled detective. "Ah! if it is indeed he, it is a clue at last. All the perils of earth shall not prevent me reaching that man, and through him the woman I love—stolen, bereaved Grace Dayton!"

"Quick! off with the top of the barrel; out with the opium. We have no time to lose. Some one may come." It was a little after midnight, and the scene was a deserted wharf. Inside of it, standing beside a huge, many-hooped hoghead, was Walter Ridgely; near him, hammer and chisel in hand, a fellow-detective, and just at the door, closely watching the wharf and the street leading to it, was a third member of the agency.

"How did you come to work it, Ridgely?" asked the man with the hammer, as he ripped off the top hoop. "Easily. I spotted the Osprey as she sailed into the harbor at dusk. A hundred rods from the wharf some of the sailors boldly tipped out this hoghead. To the inspector aboard they said that it contained straw and fever-infected bedding, and as it floated away, and no one paid attention to it, the inspector believed it."

"And it was this barrel?"

"The same. I was in a yawl and followed in the wake of the hoghead. About two hundred yards down stream two men in a small boat were waiting for it. They drew it ashore at this deserted spot, attached hooks, dragged it into this shed, and went away after securing the door. I heard them say that at two o'clock—an hour hence—they would take it to the den. I went for you two. That's all there is in it. Remove the contents."

"And arrest the men when they come?"

"Not at all."

"Eh?"

"No; it's their haunt we are anxious to locate. Remove the opium, if opium it is, and hoop the barrel up again."

"I don't understand."

"And me inside of it!"

Yes, that was audacious Walter Ridgely's scheme. His fellow officer glowed with admiration at his bravery, but shook his head dubiously.

Done up in paper, then in waterproof cloth, and finally in tinfoil, pound after pound, package after package of the smuggled opium was taken out of the barrel.

All of this was hidden under a heap of straw in one corner of the shed. Then Ridgely got into the hoghead, the top was secured. In his close quarters he called out to his companion, as the last nail was driven home:

"Keep me in view, but not too closely, so as to arouse suspicion, and do not act till I signal by whistle."

"All right." Then silence and darkness, for Ridgely's assistant and the guard had left the vicinity of the shed.

Ridgely had just completed cutting an air-hole through a stave, when wagon wheels sounded outside.

Through the small orifice he had made he could make out two roughly dressed men. They jolted him terribly as they proceeded to roll the hoghead out of the door, up a plank, and into a wagon. Then one took up the lines, the other sat on the barrel as if to watch if they were being followed, and the vehicle started up.

It traversed a mile or two of deserted city streets, struck off for the suburbs, and finally threaded a lonely thoroughfare leading south down the coast.

Day was advanced many hours when the wagon halted. The detective, glancing through the aperture, made out a kind of rambling cabin, and beyond it what seemed a boarded-up cave.

Several desperate-looking men came out and regarded the hoghead critically. Then it was rolled through the doorway of the boarded-up cave, and then four weary hours went by for the cooped-in Ridgely.

Voices sounded on his hearing at last. Glancing forth, the detective saw two men. One of them had driven from some dark compartment of the cavern a mule. Across its back were strung two enormous baskets, such as are used in South America to convey merchandise.

"There you are, Aymer," spoke this man, "to order, as you wanted it. You're going to great bother, it seems to me, to get out of the district. Why not go boldly, without all this trouble?"

"I dare take no risks," was the reply. "This is the best way. You know the information we have—that the detectives have located us. If this is so, I may have difficulty in reaching Villavosa, even disguised as I am. You attend to affairs here—try to get what goods we have to Villavosa. Once safe with the girl there, we'll lie low until

the scare is over, and the officers off our track."

The girl! Ridgely thrilled wildly. To whom could the wretched Aymer refer save Grace Dayton?

"I am afraid of those officers," went on Aymer, "but, driving a mule, disguised as a Mexican carrying my mining equipment Sonora fashion, I shall certainly pass unsuspected if I meet them."

"And the last consignment here?"

"Aymer's companion tapped the hoghead as he spoke.

"I'll take it out and load a basket with part of it. The rest you send on later, if safe."

Aymer's companion left the apartment. The detective thrilled wildly as Aymer himself, taking up a mallet, began to knock off the hoops of the hoghead.

The detective was in doubt as to how to act. As the top boards were lifted off, however, he sprang erect.

Leveling a revolver straight at the head of the dumfounded smuggler, he exclaimed, sharply:

"Percival Aymer! you are my prisoner! A move, a cry, an effort to disobey me, or escape, and I will kill you!"

III.

"You are at my mercy! One hint of treachery and I will empty every barrel of my revolver straight into the basket."

It was a sinister threat, a curious situation, and Percival Aymer glared helplessly at the stern-faced detective as he spoke the words.

Ridgely had leaped from the hoghead ere Aymer could recover from surprise at the startling confrontation, and had slipped a pair of handcuffs over the wrists of the smuggler. Then, tying his ankles together with a rope, he went to where the mule stood.

He lifted the cover of one of the baskets. It was empty. Without a moment's delay, he bodily lifted Aymer in his arms, placed him in the basket, and shut down the cover.

"Opium in the other basket, I imagine," he said. "Well, you'll just about weight it. Won't tell me where the girl is, eh? Insist on it that there is no girl in the case? Well, I'll get you into safe hands, and before night have a force here that will find Grace Dayton if she is here. Remember! seek to betray me, refuse to aid me as we leave here, and I will kill you. You are at my mercy!"

It was a bold plan that Walter Ridgely projected, but he placed it in prompt execution. He started up the mule with its living freight, and pushed open the cave door. To his delight, no one was outside. He drove away from the cabin, and congratulated himself on his good fortune, when, directly in his path, a man with a leveled rifle confronted him, evidently one of the smuggling band.

"Who are you?" came the fierce demand. "A stranger."

Ridgely was as cool as ice.

"Put down your rifle, my friend," he said. "It's all right; you know your captain's voice?"

"Yes, I do."

Walter Ridgely clicked the revolver in his pocket, ominously near to his prisoner in the basket.

"Speak!" he ordered.

"It's all right, Jones," came, in muffled tones from the basket. "He's acting on my orders."

Ridgely laughed. As the sentry passed he could hear Aymer gnash his teeth with secret chagrin and rage.

Warily on plodded the mule—one mile, two—suddenly from the brush came a quick challenge:

"Ridgely!"

"Hello!" and the detective recognized one of his aids of the early morning.

"Where's Dawson?"

"With the others."

That detectives were on his trail, the very day of Ridgely's appearance, Aymer had drugged and placed her in the basket, to be thus secretly conveyed to Villavosa and a new captivity.

The gloom over a beloved parent's death subdued joy for many a year, but justice appeased, toned down grief and devoted love gave to Grace Dayton contentment and happiness, shared in its fullest sense by her brave detective husband.

DUTY.

BY E. J. DALTON.

HAT is duty? That which is due, that which is owing, that which a person by any natural, moral or legal obligation is supposed to perform.

To do one's duty in all things is the one great principle of life. We perform our duty to God by the observance of his laws, to our country by being law-abiding citizens

and by taking a proper interest in the general welfare.

In educating our children, in showing them the difference between good and evil, in inculcating true Christian principles in their hearts, in teaching them to "love God above all things and our neighbors as ourselves" we perform nothing more than our duty.

The love, honor, respect and submission shown by children to their parents is exactly that which they are in duty bound to do.

The soldier that becomes a deliverer of his country simply performs his duty; he neglected to do so he would have sinned most grievously; indeed, he might not be censured for it by the world, but when the opportunity offered itself, had he not taken advantage of it, he would have violated his trust and be morally guilty of treason.

And so it is with everything else, in religion, in business, in politics, in science, we require a principle to work on, for without it we are a ship without a rudder, an army without a general, a being without an aim.

The only one principle to guard and guide us is to do our duty in all things, and, having done so through life, we may expect to hear at the end something like "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Artesian Wells.

The question of the deepest well in America is not an easy one to answer. The data in regard to this matter are, to say the least, somewhat mixed. So far as we know, the well bored by Mr. George Westinghouse in the yard of his Pittsburgh residence is the deepest one which has been put down. At the time of its abandonment it had reached a depth of 4,250 feet. These may not be the exact figures, but are quite near.

It was bored for the purpose of obtaining gas. It was abandoned owing to the fact that some of the tools became fast at the bottom and could not be removed.

The artesian well was named after a province in France (Artois), where they have been for a long time in use. The name is now often incorrectly applied to any bored well. It should, strictly speaking, be used only of those wells where the water is raised above the ground, or above the local water-bearing strata, by pressure obtained from a distant elevated source. For example, the famous well at Grenelle, near Paris, flowed at the rate of 330 gallons of water per minute, at a height of 32 feet above the ground. Its temperature is 82 deg. Fahr. The well is 1,798 feet deep.

A well at Pesh yields 175,000 gallons of water per day. It is 3,100 feet deep. The water is hot, 161 deg. Fahr. It rises 35 feet above the surface.

In Algeria artesian wells have proved to be an immense blessing to the country. Their number must now be nearly 80. It is said that they yield 600,000 gallons of water per hour. The first one that was sunk flowed at the rate of a trifle over 1,000 gallons per minute. Temperature of the water, 78 deg. Fahr.

Usually the multiplication of wells in any one section decreases the pressure and the height at which the water is delivered. Thus when the well at Passy was finished the flow of water from the Grenelle well, two miles distant, was diminished from 135 to 100 gallons per minute. The Passy well for a time reached 5,500,000 gallons per day.

The deepest European well is in Germany, some twenty-five miles from Berlin. It is 4,170 feet deep. The Algerian wells are quite shallow, one being but 200 feet deep.—Mechanical News.

A Reason for the Shjeki.

"And Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell," read a traveling man aloud, from a volume of poems, as he was journeying toward his next commercial goal.

"No wonder she shrieked," said a friend who was occupying the same seat with him.

"Why?"

"Think of the wrestle that was in store for posterity with that name. Freedom is essentially a sympathetic goddess, and the thought naturally wrenched her heart-strings."—Merchant Traveler.

Foresight.

"Now, Arty, dear," said the Chicago bride, "we will be just as economical as we possibly can, won't we?"

"To be sure we will."

"And we'll be as cozy as can be, won't we?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And every week we'll put by a dollar or so outside of our regular savings, and not touch it under any circumstances."

"What for?"

"Why, for our divorce fund, Arty, dear."—Merchant Traveler.

LADY.—Do you know Flossie's favorite color? Jennie.—As she is going to marry that septuagenarian for his money, I suppose it must be old gold.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, April 7, may be found in Mark xi, 1-11.

INTRODUCTORY.

The whole choir of gospel voices sounds for us here. Our Saviour is passing in drawing night. The cross is just beyond the city gates yonder. Even John, whose voice now for some time we have not heard in this sacred recital, speaks again. There is significance in the attention given to the details of this incident. John tells us the meaning of it all. (12: 16): "These things understood not his disciples at first; but, when Jesus was about to be crucified, then remembered they that these things were written of him, and that they had done these things unto him. It was a distinctive Messianic event, such as our shadows far before unto the days of prophecy."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

They came nigh. In the lesson of March 24 Christ was passing out of Jericho on his way to the city of sacrifice (seventeen miles). Now, having passed the night previous at Bethany with Lazarus and Mary Martha (John 12: 1-8), he at last reaches his gracious destination.—Unto Jerusalem. Tischenort omits Bethphage, but not Bethany. The original, in keeping with the prominent Greek construction, uses the preposition into. "Into Jerusalem and into Bethany, having reference doubtless to the purpose held in mind on the way.—"Unto the city."—Unto of his disciples. Probably Peter and John, subsequently sent to prepare the passover. (Luke 22: 8).

They were nigh. Having reference to a quiet withdrawal (epistolical).—Unto the village. That suburb of the ancient city, called Bethphage, which they had to pass through or pass by, en route from Bethany to Jerusalem.—As soon as ye be entered in, ye shall find just as ye enter. The allusion is to place rather than time.—Never man sat. More accurately, no man has yet sat; hence, serviceable for sacred purposes. (Num 19: 2) "The man that toucheth it shall be unclean."—Matthew speaks also of the mother of the colt brought along, thus adding to the formal sacredness of the scene.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

They came nigh to Jerusalem. They were never very far away from that city of holy immolation. Ever was Calvary's hill-top close at hand. Never did the turrets of that sacred city, sacred to all for that matter, close to occur without the gates, fade wholly from our Saviour's view. His divine head felt, no doubt, the prick of the thorn even in the peaceful shores of far Galilee, and on distant Hermon's height he spoke with Moses and Elias of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. Long before, yea, from the very outset of his prophetic career may we not say?—The very foundation of the world, he had steadfastly "set his face to go to Jerusalem."

As soon as ye be entered into it. More clearly rendered it is just as ye enter. This is the divine exactness. None but a God could afford to be precise on such a point. The gospel writers are very definite in the narration here. They were impressed with the divinity displayed. There was Christ out there by the wayside. There were no walls, gates, trees, hills to shut away his open vision. "Go into yonder village," he says, and confidently he will find a colt tied there—and had he not?—he says, "Just at the entrance ye will find a colt tied." A magician cleverly guessing what he would let himself some loose-hoofed escape from possible failure by giving larger latitude and scope to his directions. Somewhere along about 1900, the calculator tells us, the world is to come to an end. He may be right; he may not. God only knows. Says the Master calmly, "Just there at the entrance you shall find. It is God who is speaking."

They went and found. They just went and found. That is the simple word of the original. Suppose we do as well. Obedience finds. We do not read of their going to the edge of the village and looking for some fig-tree to wait and wonder how it could be, or under some juniper to wholly doubt and despond. No, they went right into the path marked out, and as they went forward they found it just as he said it would be. Why not trust God's word? Why not believe his promises? For example, he tells us to go, preach, and he will be with us. Has any true missionary ever found the cross ever found that promise to fail? He tells us to open our mouths for Christian testimony and he will fill them. Has any sincere Christian ever failed at this point? Has God not made even our stammering and our tears to testify graciously for him? He points to his book and he says, "Seek ye comfort and it shall be opened unto you, opened for comfort. He points the sinner to himself and he says, "Come and find!" Have you found him? Well, have you some? What do ye looking for the colt? It was just as he said, and so they are not startled; they have their answer ready. Brother, the Master has anticipated the world's hostility and the world's challenge. He has armed us and we are armed as beforehand. There in his word is our full and adequate equipment. Of whom shall I be afraid? Daniel stood down there at the Chicago Y. M. C. Rooms has sent out a handy little leaflet. Have you seen it, used it?—The Worker's Guide. "I never did anything bad." (Ans.) Rome, 12: 12. "I am good enough." (Ans.) "I am better than others." Luke 18: 11. "I'm too great a sinner." 1 Tim. 1: 15. And so on, seventy or more times over. For every query or cavil there is a word of grace. Try it and see.

Even as Jesus had commanded. Let us hold fast to the word just as it is written for us. They said just as Jesus said. Is there any better way? Here in our hands Bible are a number of red-letter texts, illustrated so that they strike the eye as soon as you turn the leaf. They are Christ's own words. Somehow, though, all is tried, the sentences from our Saviour's own lips seem doubly freighted. We call it Christ in the Inquiry-room. And we like to have the words, and the answer speak right with Christ regarding doubts and distresses. Here on our study table is a book called "What Jesus Says," nearly three hundred pages of the wonderful words of life arranged in the use of pastors and laymen alike. There on our book-shelves is "The Words of Jesus," Christ's sayings arranged for the responsive service of public worship. There is "Christ's Christianity," a system of divinity in the great Teacher's own words. Friend, have you ever taken the pains to note how much "Jesus said"? And he said nothing in vain.

Hosanna in the highest. Garments and palm branches. Hymns and hosannas, homage of hand and heart! Let every Sabbath be a day of the gates, a welcoming, triumphant time for him who cometh, ever comes, in the name of the Lord! And let every hymn take hold upon heaven. "Hosanna in the highest!" It never came to us before as with our reading of Revelation viii. Listen: And another angel came and stood over the altar, having a golden censer, and there was given unto him much incense, that he should add it (Revelation viii) unto the prayers of all the saints. And voices mingle with ours, heaven's supplications and praises surmount earth's pious cries. "Hosanna in the highest."

Next Lesson.—The Rejected Son. Mark 12: 1-12.

And This Isn't Leap Year, Either.

He.—Do you like pop corn, Sue?

She.—Yes; I just dote on it.

He.—I wish you'd dote on me, Sue.

She.—But you're not a bit like pop corn!—Yankee Blade.

Husband—Wife. Dr. Smith, the chiropodist, will dine with us to-day.

Wife.—All right; I'll order corned beef.

Life on the left side, says a health journal. If it had been a law journal it would have said "Lie on both sides."

HE SAW THE YANKEES EAT.

Max O'Rell's Description of Our American Hotels—What and How We Eat and Drink from a French Standpoint.

The great mass of the American people live on tough meat uncooked and ice-water unfiltered.

I take it for granted that sheep and cattle are born at as tender an age in America as elsewhere, but the Society for the Protection of Animals probably prevents their being killed for food while they are young enough to enjoy life, and so the patriarchs are reserved for the table.

That which renders the problem of dining almost past solving is that the meat has to be attacked with plated knives which tear, but do not cut it. I suppose that, as half the lower class Americans still eat with their knives, it was necessary to abandon the idea of having steel knives for fear of their accidentally gashing their faces. If sharp steel knives were in general use in America the streets would be full of people with faces scarred and seamed like those of the Heidelberg students.

The Americans drink little else but water at table, and one cannot help wondering how it is that the filter seems to be an almost unknown institution in the land. Leave your glass of water untouched on the table and in a few minutes a thick sediment of mud or sand will be visible at the bottom of it.

Down South it is still worse. At Jacksonville I was waited upon at table by an extremely obliging negro.

One day he brought me some water, put ice in it, and discreetly withdrew behind my chair.

I took up the glass and minutely inspected its contents.

"Epanimondias!" I cried.

"Dat's not my name, sah; I'm called Charles."

"Charles, look at this water; there is a snake in it."

Charles took the glass, looked in it, and then, with a reassuring grin, announced:

"It's dead, sah."

"That is comforting," said I, but it may have left eggs, which will come to life by thousands inside me."

Charles was facetious, and was not to be put out of countenance for such a trifle. He took up the glass again re-examined it, and replaced it on the table.

"There's no danger, sah; it's a male," he said.

In almost all hotels south of Washington the waiters are colored men. The service is but poor. The negroes are slow—it is the guests who do the "waiting."

At Delmonico's especially, and in the principal hotels in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington you can dine admirably. In the smaller towns you must be content with feeding.

But let us take our seats at the table d'hote of the best hotel in any secondary town that you please in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, or some other State of the Union.

No printed menu. A young woman, with an elaborate coiffure of curls, rolls, and bangs, but no cap, approaches, darts a look of contempt at you, and, turning her back upon you, gabbles off in one breath:

"Croutons, potatoes, shrimps, saucisson, roast-beef, turkey, cranberries, saucisson, omelette, omelette, a tart, mince pie, vanilla-cream."

Do not attempt to stop her; she is wound up, and when she is started is bound to go to the end. You must not hope that she will repeat the menu a second time either. If you did not hear, so much the worse for you. Unfortunately the consequences are grave; it is not one dish that you miss, it is the whole dinner. You are obliged to order all your repast at once, and the whole is brought you from soup to cheese