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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

CHINESE cotton is yellow, and hence the peculiar color of the fabric called nankeen.

IN NEW MEXICO the inhabitants supplement their dinners with a plateful of honey-ants for desserts.

A WIND of twenty-five miles an hour, or what sailors would call a stiff breeze, travels 39.67 feet per second.

THE artificially-fatted ortolan becomes such a ball of fat that, strung on a wick, it is said to make a very good lamp.

Two hundred beetles, ont of 500 species known to inhabit Madeira, are so far deficient in wings that they cannot fly.

IN AFRICA vegetable butter is made from the fruit of the shea tree, and is of a richer taste than any made from cow's milk.

THE waste ashes of wood fires are leached for potash, and the waste of linseed-oil manufacture used as food for cattle.

RESEARCHES among the rock formations of Western America show that it is to the New World we must look for a perfect pedigree of the horse.

THE oldest map of the heavens is in the National Library at Paris. It was made by the Chinese about the year 600 B. C., and contains 1,460 stars.

TO GIVE lightness to what would be an insupportable weight, the cranial bones of the enormous head of the elephant contain numerous air-cells.

THOUGH the multiplication table was in use by the Arabians and Italians at an early age, no notice was taken of it during the Middle Ages in the rest of Europe.

THERE is on record the case of a lady, subject to nervous headaches, who always finds next morning patches of her hair white, as if powdered. In a few days it regains its natural dark color.

SOME one explains the custom of placing plumes and cockades of hats always on the left side, by the fact that a large plume—such as was the fashion in Charles II.'s time, for instance—would impede the free use of the sword.

IT IS found that the clothes fitted to new recruits in the English army soon become too small across the chest and too tight around the neck, owing to the increased development given by gymnastic and military exercises.

IT IS said that the name alligator arose from the expression of a Spanish sailor on board an English ship, who, seeing an alligator in one of the tropical rivers of America, said, "that's a *lagarto*," that being the Spanish word for lizard.

THE demand for good carpet designs far exceeds the supply, and American manufacturers are sending to Europe, particularly England and France, for hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of designs yearly. If the same quality of designs could be made in this country the manufacturers would gladly patronize home talent. One carpet firm alone pays $100,000 per year for its designing department, and of this sum several thousands of dollars go to foreign markets.

A Texas Justice of the Peace.

There is a Justice of the Peace out in Crosby County, who is certainly unfit for the office. He has no idea of the law, or his powers under the law. He is also disposed to be arbitrary and unreasonable in his decisions. Not long since he tried a Mexican for furious riding, found him guilty, and placing a black cap on his judicial head, sentenced him to be hung by the neck until he was dead. The members of the Crosby County bar had great difficulty in persuading the Justice that he did not have jurisdiction enough to hang a man.

Week before last he found a man guilty of shooting a bull that did not belong to him, and fined him seventy-five dollars.

"Why, Jedge," said the deomed man, "I haven't got no seventy-five dollars; I can't pay no such fine."

"The State of Texas puts me in this office to find out a way to make men pay their fines. You will cut cedar poles until you have cut enough to satisfy the majesty of the law," replied the Justice.

"But, Jedge, what use has the State of Texas got for cedar poles?"

"The State of Texas hasn't got no use for cedar poles. It's this court who needs them cedar poles to build a fence. I'll take the poles, and settle with the State of Texas for them."

And the poor devil is cutting cedar poles for the State of Texas right now.

The latest feat of the Crosby County Justice, was to hold an inquest on the body of a negro who had been shot. Instead of summoning six jurymen, as the law directs, he empaneled twelve, as he said that they were his friends, and needed the jury fee to support their families. Their verdict read as follows:

"We, the jury, find the negro guilty of being dead, and as we do not know who his heirs are, we will divide his property among us jurors, with the understanding, however, that should the heirs turn up, we will, mutually, help each other in keeping them out of it."

We think Governor Roberts should call the attention of the Legislature to this official, whose acts are calculated to bring discredit on the State.—*Austin Siftings.*

Fishing in Japan.

Fishing in the rivers and streams of the Main Island is not considered as a sport by the Japanese, but as a means of livelihood, and therefore "the gentle angler" will not receive much encouragement from the brotherhood in the Land of the Rising Sun. Salmon trout, trout an ai (a small but game fish) are "educated," on some rivers, to take the fly. The Japs work with very small flies, fine tackle, slight bamboo rods, with which they are very successful. Altogether, however, the game will be found scarcely worth the candle on the main land, but capital sport with the salmon trout can be obtained in several streams near Satsuporo, in Yezo, during May and June, with a genuine British fly. The most important export from Yezo is in dried salmon, which are netted in incredible quantities in various rivers of the northern part of the island and in the southern Kuriles; but sport in these rivers among the dense masses of fish is out of the question, even if the proprietors of the fishings would allow their fish to be poached. The Japanese seaboard is everywhere picturesque, and the seas abound with fish, giving employment to the crews of thousands of fishing-boats. When sailing along the coasts, numbers of large black whales and sharks, both large and small, will be seen, the latter being caught by the fishermen, as their fins are counted a delicacy and the skins serve many uses. The hilts of all the old swords are covered with white shark's skin.—*The London Field.*

VANDERBILT'S art collection, the finest and largest in New York, includes nothing by an American hand.

THE TOAD AND THE RA

BY J. W. RILEY.

"'S curious-like," said the tree-toad,
"I've twittered for rain all day;
And I got up soon, and hollered till noon,
But the sun, he's blazed away
Till I just clumb down in a craw-fish hol
Weary at heart and sick at soul!

"Dozed away for an hour,
And I tackled the thing again;
And I sung and sung, till I knowed my lung
Was just about to give in—
And then, thinks I, 'left it don't rain now,
There's nothing in singin' anyhow!

"Once in a while some farmer
Would come a-drivin' past;
And he'd hear my cry, and stop and sigh,
Till I jest laid back at last
And hollered, 'Rain!' till I thought my tha
Would burst open at ever' note!

"But I fetched her! oh, I fetched her!
'Cause a little while ago,
As I kind o' set with one eye shet,
A-thinkin' I'd scrill last hook, thi
A drop rolled down on my leavered brain
A-earth,' I'd scrill last hook, thi

SACRAMENTO.

It was an odd name for a girl—Sacramento.

So the girl herself thought as she stooped down beside a spring at the foot of a cottonwood tree and lazily dropped her pail into the water.

"It ought to have been given to a boy, if it was a fit name to give to anybody," she said, quite aloud. "But I am more boy than girl anyway."

This last was added rather bitterly, as she looked at her brown, rough hands and her bare ankles, and thought of the "boy's work" she had to do.

And it was hard to believe that this was the best kind of a life for a young girl like Sacramento. Here she lived alone, for her father was down at the mouth of the canon all day. The garden work she was obliged to do, and the care of the cattle fell upon her. It was not often that she saw any person but her father, although now and then, in spite of herself, she came in contact with the rude men of the mining camp up above.

Yet Sacramento had her dream—one that she "scarcely dared to own;" but it came to her often as she went about her work.

She knew that down at Santa Barbara and in the towns along the coast, and far, far away across wide stretches of the continent to the great East, there were girls who lived very different from her life; and she dreamed of such a life for herself.

"Oh, if I could only go away from here!" she cried out, almost as one cries for help. "If I could only go down to San Francisco and go to school there for a single year! Ah, if I only had $500!"

Suddenly there was a step—not of a man, but a horse—on the bank behind her, and then some one spoke. She knew the voice without looking up. It was Pete Larrabee, a fellow who lived down on Hahnemann's plantation, two miles along the trail. He sometimes rode by. He had not heard her last words at all; yet strangely enough his own were a repetition of them.

"Five hundred dollars, Sac," said he. "Five hundred dollars in gold! D'ye want ter earn it? There's yer chance," and he threw down to her a bit of paper crumpled into a ball.

$500 REWARD—The above amount will be paid for information leading to the arrest, dead or alive, of Walter Somers, who has worked by some time past on Maxwell's ranch. Sid Somers is about 18 years old and five and a half feet high, rather good looking, with light, curly hair, blue eyes and a light mustache. When last seen he had on a black slouch h, gray business suit with blue flannel shirt, id boots with red tops marked with the mak's name.

The name of the county Sheriff as signed at the bottom of the bill. Sacramento, having glanced it throu, looked up.

"He's been stealin' horses," exclaimed Pete; "got off last night with fourof Max'll's best somewhere. That rewd won't do much good, though. Ter Regulators'll lasso him and string m up long 'fore ther law'll git started. They're hevin' a meetin' now up at ne Gulch. I tell ye, they are mad. The'll make quick work if they ketch him. er father's there. Ye needn't look fur m home afore night much."

Then, after a word or two more, ne man rode on; and presently Sacramento took up her pail, and, with the Sherf's bill still in her hand, went slowly up ne bank and across the trail toward ne house, thinking very seriously about ne $500 all the while.

It was some hours after this, and ne afternoon sun was going down behid the tops of the mountains, that Sacramento, having finished her housewok, was preparing to sit down on the porh to do her sewing, when she was met n the doorway by a young man she hd never seen before.

And yet he was no stranger. The gil knew him instantly, although the slouch hat was pulled down over the flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the gray pants, torn and muddy, had been drawn out of the boot legs so as to no longer allow the red tops of the boots with the maker's name be seen. It was the horse-thief.

She did not, however, express any surprise as she saw him. She was accustomed to the sight of rough, evil men, and at the first glance she had felt that this one could not be either very wicked or very dangerous. He was not much more than a lad, and had an air of gentleness and good breeding about him that six months of Western life and the miserable plight he was in at the moment had by no means destroyed. He seemed to be short for breath, too, and he was trembling as if he had been running.

Instinctively he raised his hand toward his hat and then, bethinking himself, dropped it again.

"Could you give me something to eat and drink?" he asked in a hesitating voice. "Anything will do. I am very hungry. I—I have had nothing to eat since last night."

"Come in," said Sacramento, gravely. In her voice was neither kindness or unkindness. She was trying to realize the situation she was in. "Come in and sit down."

Then she went into the closet nearby and began taking down from the shelves milk and bread and meat, as she slowly did so turning over the matter in her mind. Here was this man, who had been stealing horses, and for whose capture $500 was offered, in her kitchen. Five hundred dollars! Exactly the sum she had been wishing for—the sum that would take her down to San Francisco to school and help her make a lady of herself. And this sum might be hers if she could in some way secure this stranger or somehow keep him in the house until help arrived. Help! Why, she hardly needed help. He was weak and exhausted, and in the drawer of the kitchen table there was a loaded revolver which she knew well how to use.

She came out presently and set the things before him, bringing also a teapot from the stove and pouring for him a cup of tea. Then she went and sat down by the window and watched him furtively as he ate.

In spite of his caution he had taken off his hat while he was eating. She could better see what he was like. It was an almost boyish face, worn, but not wicked, with the curling hair lying in damp clusters upon his pale brow. In the hands, small and well-shaped, and in all his motions and manners she felt that she could read something of his story. She had heard before this how young lads in the East, filled with romantic notions about Western life and adventure, sometimes felt their way out to the ranches of the Pacific slope. Perhaps he was one of these.

As she looked at him, fancying all this, and realizing the terrible strait he was in, and the probable dark fate that was womanly sympathy, and her feeling found expression before she was able to restrain herself.

"Oh, how could you do it? How could you do it?" she suddenly exclaimed, her voice quite full of what she felt.

He looked up at her in wonder; but in his eyes met hers he understood her.

"I did not do it. Upon my honor I did not!" he said. "It was that man Dennis."

Sacramento breathed a great sigh of relief. Horse stealing was held in that section to be a crime worse than murder; and she was by no means free from the popular estimate of its grave nature.

"Oh, I am glad of that!" said she. "But—" She hesitated, and then went on, doubtfully. "But then how was it? Why did they say it was you? And why did you run away?"

"It was Dennis' doings, their laying it to me. He did that to clear himself. And after that, you know as well as I do, there would have been no use in trying to prove myself innocent. They always hang a horse thief first, and then consider his guilt afterward. I had to run to save my life."

"Do you know that there is a reward offered for your capture?"

"I know the Regulators are after me," answered the young fellow, suddenly. "They came pretty near catching me, too, this noon. I just escaped them and came down the canon by the mountain trail. I have had a hard run for it, and what with no sleep or food for twenty-four hours I am about used up. I felt as though I could not go another step when I saw your house. You—you have been very good to me. I shall never forget—"

"But what are you going to do now?" interrupted Sacramento. "You are not safe here."

"I know it. But I threw them off the track at noon, and I do not think they are within five miles of me. Now I have had something to eat I will take to the woods again. I hope I may get away. If I don't"—his voice trembled and tears came into his eyes. "If I don't, I shall get a hanging, I suppose. Oh, what a fool I was not to prefer home to this sort of thing. And yet, I would not care so much either, if it wasn't for my father and mother." And then the poor fellow fairly broke down.

"Hark!" Sacramento exclaimed. She had been crying, too; she could not help it.

They both listened. In a moment they heard plainly the sound of horses coming down the trail. The girl turned with instant self-possession.

"Go in there! Quick! Quick! There is not a moment to be lost! Here, take your hat!"

And handing his hat to him she half pushed him across the room and into her own little room that led off from it. Then she hurriedly cleared the table again, barely finishing the task as the horsemen halted at the door.

There were three of them. One was her father. Sacramento knew the other two men by sight. They were rough, but of the better sort of those who made up the dwellers in Kelly Gulch. The faces of all three were stern and forbidding, and they evidently had been riding hard. They dismounted together.

"Sac," began her father as he entered the door, "hev ye seen anything of a young chap, afoot or a-horseback, coming this way?"

Sacramento had expected the question and was ready for it. And she meant, if it were possible, to answer it without a lie.

"A young chap 'about 18 years of age and five feet and a half high, rather good-looking, and with red-top boots on?" replied she.

"Yes! yes! That's him!" cried one of the other men, eagerly. "Have you seen him? Has he been here?"

"I was only quoting from this handbill," said Sacramento, taking the paper from the shelf where she had laid it.

"Then you hain't seen him at all?" asked the father.

"I have been right here all day, and nobody has gone by except Pete Larrabee. It was he who gave me the bill. Are you sure he came this way, the—the—horse-thief?"

"No; but we didn't know but he mighter. The chances is that he sloped off to the mountains, meanin' ter go through Stovepipe Pass. They'll git him, though, afore sundown."

"It's sundown now," observed Sacramento.

"Then they've got him now," was the sententious response. "And we should be too late for the hangin' ef we sh'd go back. Leastways"—this was added to his companions—"you'd better come in and have a bite afore ye go."

So presently the three men sat down to the supper that the young girl quickly prepared for them. And while they there eating she herself, at her father's bidding, went out to take the saddle off Bueno, his horse, and give him his feed. As she approached the door once more a few minutes later she heard words which caused her to stop and listen.

"I don't like ter say anything against thet kid o' yourn, neighbor," one of the men was saying, "but it hes kinder seemed ter me all ther while's though she sorter hed some 'at on her mind like. Ye don't s'pose she knows anything 'bout thet young feller, arter all?"

Sacramento's father laughed at this as though it was too absurd to be considered.

The other, however, was not to be laughed out of his suspicions.

"Fur all we know," persisted he, "she may hev him hid here somewhere on the premmysis."

"It's easy enough to see," returned the proprietor of the said "premmysis," testily. "Where d'ye think she's hid him? In her bedroom?"

As he said this Sacramento, who was now near enough to see into the kitchen, saw her father rise from his chair and step to the door of the room where she had concealed the fugitive. Her heart almost stopped beating as she saw him push open the door and enter the room, followed by his companions.

"We'll make a clus search of it while we're about it," she heard him say within.

And then she stood there in terrible suspense upon the porch, expecting every instant to hear the shout that would follow the discovery of the fugitive.

But no such shout was heard; and instead of it, a moment after, the two men came out again, her father still laughing at his friend.

What could it mean? Had the young man been able to conceal himself in the room and so evade their search? That was not possible. Then she thought of the window. Could he have escaped from the room by that? The window was so small she could scarcely believe that he could have crept through it. And yet he must have done so.

She went hurriedly to the back of the house, and then down beyond the horse sheds. No one could be seen. She halted a moment under a live-oak tree just at the edge of the garden. The evening was very calm and still, and the twilight shadows were deepening fast. Was it the rustling of the wind in the boughs overhead that caught her ear? She listened.

"Hist! I am here—in the tree."

The words came in a distinct whisper from directly above her.

She stood and thought a single moment before replying. Then she said, "You must get away from here at once," in an eager whisper. "One of the men suspects something, and they may at any moment make a search of the place. I am going into the house a minute. Get down at once and go through the garden and across the trail to a spring that you will find there. It's at the foot of a big cottonwood tree. Stay right there until I come."

Then she went back hurriedly to the house. The three men were still sitting at the table, and Sacramento felt rather than saw that one of them still regarded her suspiciously as she came in. She did not speak to them at all, but went directly through the kitchen to her own room, and in a moment came out, went about her work in the kitchen, and took up a pail, apparently to go to the spring for water.

Ten minutes later, standing in the shadow of the cottonwood, young Somers heard a step, and then Sacramento, leading Bueno all saddled and bridled, appeared. He started forward.

"Hush!" she said, "they may come out at any moment. Listen to what I say. Your life depends upon it. You must ride straight down the trail for a quarter of a mile. Then close by a big cottonwood, just like this, you will strike a path to the left. Bueno will know it, once you get him in it. It will bring you out, half a mile on, at a corduroy road that crosses the swamp. This end of the corduroy has got out of order and there are some logs laid across. Bueno will jump them and then pull the logs away. If you can do that it will make trouble for those who follow you. Beyond the swamp is a big plain. Strike straight across it, keeping the moon square on your right—the moon will be up by that time—and three hours' riding will bring you to the new railroad. After that—God help you to get safe away!"

Sacramento paused, and put out her hand. "Can you remember?" she demanded.

"I can, but I can never forget—"

"Never mind that. Here, take this. It is a little money. You will need it. Now mount and ride—slowly, a little way, and then for your life."

The young man still had hold of her hand. The tears came into his eyes. The next moment he was gone.

The next morning Sacramento told her father the story and coaxed him into forgiving her. And the following afternoon a man brought Bueno over from the railroad town; and then she knew that the fugitive was safe.

Six weeks later a lawyer from Santa Barbara appeared with a letter from Walter Somers. He was with his friends at New York, and he begged Sacramento to accept, as a gift of gratitude, at least the amount of the reward that had been offered.

And so it was that she went down to San Francisco to school that winter, after all.—*Youth's Companion.*

Malaria a la Mode.

"Yes, sir," remarked a Congressman, in the enjoyment of a 5-cent chariot seat, "no doubt of it in the world. Washington is one of the most unhealthy points on the continent. I hardly strike the town before malaria strikes me, and it's my opinion that the Capitol should be removed."

Well, maybe it should; but as long as there is any lingering hope that he will die here in the line of his important duties, no man of sense would advocate the transfer. I surveyed this sufferer with great care. He came from the West. He wore a long beard, a red nose, an inflamed eye and a girth of about eighty-four inches. With the aid of an ordinary imagination you could see the red-headed duck, *pate de foie gras*, calves' head a la viniagrette, terrapin, and champagne, all laid away in layers under his belt. From the size of his head and the swelling in his templar veins it was evident that he had a bad case of Washington malaria on hand. That's one type of the disease.

Again, you'll find a Congressman with nerves so unstrung that he can't sign a check for his board. He's a great sufferer. He has to go out about twelve times a day to see "the doctor." He hates to be alone, and the thought of anything to eat operates on him like a red rag on a bull. Then he writes home that he has been taken down with the Washington malaria.

Malaria is a peculiar complaint. It is one of those portable diseases you can carry around with you almost anywhere if you have enough money to buy the drinks. Several years ago, when the virulence of this complaint in Washington was first circulated all over the country by the statesmen who made periodic calls at the capital, we thought it might possibly be true to some extent; but it did seem rather remarkable that the people who lived here in the capacity of natives, and followed the pious and orderly customs of the place, never suffered to such an alarming extent as these transient travelers. At last it was observed, however, that statesmen who come on here without their families—not caring to expose them to the frivolities of the capitol—are the first to yield to the ruinous influence of this malarious atmosphere, while those who bring their families, and run on regular schedule bed-time, are seldom troubled with the complaint.—*Washington Capital.*

GRIEF never sleeps; it watches continually, like a jealous husband. All the world groans under its sway; and it fears that, by sleeping, its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Little Coquette.

At her window she is sitting,
Little busy, bright coquette;
She is sitting, knitting, knitting,
Ever at a subtle net.

Weaving it in laughter, blushes,
And delicious nods and smiles,
Tones as soft as notes of thrushes,
And a thousand nameless wiles.

Take you care, bewitching neighbor,
Take you care you do not get,
At the end of all that labor,
Tangled in your subtle net.

—*Oriental Baker.*

Woman's Grand Work.

To guide, to guard the child, to refine and elevate the man, to care for and minister to age, to feed and clothe the poor, to sympathize with the sorrowing, to soothe suffering, to wipe the dying tears, and everywhere to show by her life, work and conversation that one land is in her Savior's, while the other is uplifting humanity—such is woman's vast work; when she does it earth will indeed become a worthy footstool for a holy God, and woman the link—alas! now missing—between man and the angels. Who would exchange her true, grand work for the boards of the theater, the forum, the caucus? Who would not rather be divine than manly?

The Glory of Woman.

The Springfield *Republican* had a story about a young lady in Chicopee Falls, Mass., named Ada Ferry, who was alleged to have hair which would trail half a yard on the floor, notwithstanding she was of medium height. I know a charming lady in this city, who honors me with her friendship, who has blonde hair as fine as the thinnest of spun silk, which measures over two yards in length. But probably the finest head of hair in the world is that of the wife of Mr. Halstead, the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. She is a beautiful woman to start with, and her hair is more than marvelous. It is of that peculiar tint of shade that Titian loved to paint—a mixture of brown and spun gold that is rare to human sight. It is wonderfully thick, and when uncoiled and combed out it covers her like the sheet of a waterfall. Its exact length I do not know, but it is certainly longer than the hair described in the Springfield *Republican*, beside being in color and texture a miracle of beauty.—*Washington Republican.*

The Unengaged and the Engaged.

The London *World* thus describes girls before and after they are betrothed: "The Young Unengaged Bird—she is slight, light and bright; fond of the society of the cousin bird; chatters a good deal at feeding time; is addicted to meaningless interrogations, round games, bon-bons, fragments of the slang-berry and semi-plucked undergraduate birds, upon which she feeds voraciously. She is frequently found chirruping with others of her tribe at the pluming or 'come-to-my-room-and-brush-your-hair' hour. The Engaged Bird—Generally seen flitting mysteriously around the cousin's nest. In the evening prefer sitting out on a branch and watching the flappers; has been known to smile on the best man bird and cause much irritation thereby. As a rule, feeds with one claw concealed, and is invariably lost at a picnic, to the amusement of the matron birds and envy of the flappers. The flesh is white and soft."

Girls, Don't Be In a Hurry.

Girls, don't be in a hurry to get married. If you are but 16, don't allow such an idea to get into your head for at least four years. Don't even run the risk of it by permitting any young man to get so far as the proposing point. Fight him off, and make him wait or go away to somebody who is ready. Don't live under the impression that you must accept the first love-sick youth who proposes. Be patient, deliberate and sagacious. There is a world of happiness for you between 16 and 20. The world would be a dreary old waste if it were not for the sweet faces of young girls, with piquant sayings and melting smiles. Your father has bought you a piano, and you have learned to play it after many long and wearisome lessons; don't spoil all by getting married, for after that you won't have much use for your piano. After you have reached 20 it would be well to begin to consider the matrimonial problem with some seriousness.

It Was His Wife.

A noted music teacher in New York city relates the following incident, which contains a moral worth recognition by wives:

"A year ago last fall a card was brought into my music-room bearing the name of a well-known and fashionable married lady. When she was ushered in I was surprised to see so young a looking woman, though, to be sure, she is not yet 40, and a fair complexion and clear blue eyes make her look younger. She seemed a little embarrassed, but asked me to try her voice. I did so, and found it uncultivated, but was singularly fresh and sweet; in quality a light soprano. I told her so, and her face flushed eagerly as she asked: "Professor, could you teach me to sing?" "Yes," I replied, "if you choose to apply yourself earnestly."

"I will; and if you can manage it so that I need not be seen, and that no one knows of it, I will take a lesson every day." We made the best arrangements we could, and the lady never failed to appear promptly at the hour. She was so anxious and so persevering that she made the most extraordinary progress, and when spring came her voice had so strengthened and developed as to be almost beyond recognition. During the summer I heard nothing of her beyond mention in the society papers of her being at Saratoga, but about a month ago she called upon me, and, taking both my hands in hers, shook them earnestly, as she said: "Professor, I have come to thank you for making me the happiest woman alive." She then told me that her husband, to whom she was deeply attached, was passionately fond of vocal music, and had always regretted that she could not sing to him.

She had never cultivated her voice before marriage, and afterward the coming of children and the claims of society had prevented her attempting it; but the unlucky day came when Mr. R. made the acquaintance of a charming widow with a charming voice, who was always ready and willing to sing sweet songs to him, and he gradually fell into the way of spending many of his evenings with her.

At heart devoted to his wife, he was unconscious of his gradual neglect of her, and would have been astonished had she resented his enjoyment of these musical tete-a-tetes. About the widow I am not prepared to speak. Mrs. R., like a nice woman, did not resent it, but undermined the enemy, as you will see. Her music lessons she kept a profound secret from her family. In the summer they went, as usual, to Saratoga and took possession of one of the pretty cottages, at the United States Hotel.

The morning after their arrival the local newspaper contained a notice that the leading soprano of the Episcopal Church was ill with a throat affection, and the congregation was asked to make due allowance for the disabled choir. The next morning (Sunday) Mr. R., with two of the children, wended his way to the church of his belief, Mrs. R. having excused herself on the plea of a headache.

After the opening service, the minister announced that "a lady from New York had kindly volunteered to sing in place of the sick soprano, and in consequence the musical service would be the same as usual." A few moments later a clear, sweet voice rang through the church and touched the hearts of the people, perhaps, even more through the exquisite expression and feeling with which the music was rendered than the qualities of the voice itself. Mr. R. was fascinated, delighted and inwardly made comparisons between it and the witching widow, not flattering to the latter. After the services were over he eagerly sought the minister to ascertain the name of the charming soprano, whose face he had not been able to see from his seat.

"Come with me and I will introduce you," said the minister, who knew Mr. R. by reputation. They entered the choir together, and the good man began: "Miss Brown, permit me to introduce——" when he was interrupted by R. ejaculating: "Great heavens, it is my wife!" And, place and company notwithstanding, he gave her a hearty embrace in his delight and surprise. To cut the story short, he fell in love with her all over again, the singing siren was forgotten, and I don't believe you could find a happier couple in New York.

Workingmen and War.

"War is hell."—*General Sherman.*

It is not many years since Sumner, standing in Boston on the Fourth of July, in one of the finest orations on record, announced the dictrine of peace: that arbitration should take the place of war. The idea then seemed novel, and people derided it as visionary and impractical. Since then many cruel wars have desolated the earth, and the tread of hostile armies have shaken many countries. Europe and America have trembled under the roar of cannon. Still the idea of peace has been spreading. Statesmen, philanthropists and philosophers have welcomed it and deprecated the spirit of war. The parties who inaugurate war have always depended upon the workingmen to fall in and fill up the ranks. It is one of the bright omens of the day to see that this class is no longer in favor of barbarous war. No class suffer more at its hands, yet war always confidently counts upon the workingmen to fall into its ranks when it blows the fife and beats the drum. War always comes to desolate the homes of these people. They have accepted it as a kind of unavoidable necessity—something that had to be done. Labor troubles have been pressing upon the laborers until they have had little time for other considerations. They have been trying to take from oppressive laws the stings which have wounded them. Now the laborers see that one of the great disturbers of their peace and prosperity have been the wars which have called them from their peaceful pursuits and disturbed their industrial prosperity. Now they see that war is a wrong, barbarous and cruel thing, and they propose to throw all their influence against wars. At the great Trades' Union Congress, recently held in London, the President, speaking for the Congress, after alluding to the obstacles which press upon industry, said: "First of all there are the artificial laws which hamper industry, and of these none are more important than those relating to the land. After what has been passed this session in regard to Ireland, we can not be silent upon the subject in reference to England and Scotland. Next, the most important of all, is the question whether we are going again to tolerate this country waging war against other people for the sake of increasing or perpetuating an empire? What interest have we, workmen, what interest have the people of England in carrying on war for the sake of empire? If our position as workmen is one of independence, we ought to recommend the independence of other workmen and of other nations. It is not merely that these wars do untold misery to the poor and to the working classes by the actual misery they cause, by increasing the instability of industry and employment, which is unstable enough without any addition, but these wars are profoundly demoralizing to the country engaged in them, and are crimes of the worst kind." These sentiments were warmly cheered by the congress of workingmen. When the men who work and the men who fight in the ranks make up their minds that they will no more go out to the wars to be butchered and shot down like hogs, peace will be possible. We gladly hail this movement of the workingmen in England. Will the workingmen of America imitate them, and oppose all projects looking towards unjust wars? The men who form the great body of the armies of the world must assert themselves against the barbarisms of war. They must come out and fight down the ambitions of generals, diplomats and rulers, who are ever ready to plunge a nation into war for some paltry object. The lust of ambition, the greed of power, the desire for fame, anger or revenge are usually the unholy motives which bring wars and all their calamities upon the people. The workingmen of England have done wisely in protesting against war.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

THE *Christian Union* tells of a young lady cured of headache by moving her bed from the wall against which she had been breathing while asleep, and thus being deprived of a sufficiency of fresh air. For one case of this kind there are probably one hundred headaches due to sleeping in rooms with no means of ventilation. Even in cold weather there should be some drop or raise of a window, though it necessitates sleeping in an overcoat and woolen socks.

THE following amusing incident occurred in Berlin: A tragedian occasionally gave a pass to his landlady. She was sitting with her little girl in the pit of the theater, when the heavy villian was about to stab the tragedian in the gizzard. The child, seeing her friend's danger, instantly started up, and, with tears streaming from her blue eyes, shrieked out: "Oh, please don't kill him, or he won't give us any more tickets for the theater!"

Jokes of the Conductors.

It is probable that railroad conductors play more jokes on each other than any other class of people, and we would publish more of them, only the most of the conductors are big men who might tie us up in a double bow-knot. We tell more jokes on Rumsey than any of the rest, because he is probably the only one we could handle in a rough and tumble fight. Fred Cornes and Rumsey are representative conductors, in regard to fun, and each is laying for the other to play a joke. Not long ago Rumsey hired a passenger that was going out on Fred's train, a fellow who had three cat boils on his face, to go into the refrigerator in one corner of the car, and when Fred came to pull him out, to tell him he had the smallpox. The scheme worked splendidly, and Fred went into the baggage car and washed himself all over in a tin wash basin, with bar soap, and stopped the train at Brookfield Junction and let the passenger get off without paying, that being his destination. As the train was moving off the passenger yelled to Cornes and told him if he saw Rumsey in Milwaukee to tell him that the cat boils passed him through all right. Cornes at once saw through the joke and laid for Rumsey. A spell ago the two met, and both were tired, so Fred suggested that they take a Turkish bath and go up to his house and get dinner, and then lay down and have a good sleep. Rumsey consented, if Fred would promise to wake him up at five o'clock, as he had an engagement to meet a lumberman who wanted to buy some of his pine land. Fred agreed, and they went up to the house on Keewaunee street, near the school house, where Fred comes home once in a while, and went to bed. After they had slept for a couple of hours Fred got up and darkened the windows, lit the gas in the room and turned the clok ahead to half past seven o'clock. Fred's wife was let into the joke, and she darkened the rooms down stairs, and the hall, and lit all the gas. Then Fred went up and woke Rumsey, who yawned and rolled over. Rumsey looked at the gas burning, and then at the clock, and saying, "This is a pretty trick to play on a gentleman," he jumped out of bed and got into his pants. As he pulled on his boots he told Fred that was the last time he would catch him in that house. "I have been drugged," said he, as he grabbed a cigar and his coat and vest and started down stairs. He stopped in the hall by the dim gas light to button his suspenders, and puling on his vest, he took his coat on his arm, yelled an adieu to Mrs. Cornes and opened the door and jumped to he middle of the sidewalk. Let Rumsey tell the rest of the story. Says he "I pledge you my word it was lightas day. The sun was shining brighter than I ever saw it, and more than a milion children were coming out of the school-house. When they saw me come out of the house on a hop, skip and jump, they thought I had been fired out, and they gave me a big laugh. I looked around sort of innocent, just as though I always came out of houses that way, and then put on my coat and looked at my watch, and it was just four o'clock. My first impulse was to go back into the house and murder Cornes, but he stood at the window with his wife, looking so sorry, that I just lit my cigar and walked off. But I am laying for him, now, and don't you forget it. No man can play me for a snooper. You just wait. Some day you will hear more about this. There don't any of them get away with Rumsey. Why, I killed a man at Rush Lake Junction, once, for less than that."—*Peck's Sun.*

The Broadway of To-Day.

The elevated railroads have worked curious changes with us, and one is a matter of custom. It is so easy and pleasant to go down town by them that comparatively few men make that trip or its return one their daily constitutional. A walk down Broadway has now all the pleasures of novelty, and yet the Broadway of twenty years ago has "gone where the woodbine twineth." One need not be old, or even middle-aged, to remember it as the street *par excellence* of New York. What crowds one saw and met! How gay and full of life it all was! Now let one start from Union Square and notice the difference. Until he passes Stewart's he still sees crowds, but near the junction of Astor Place they begin to thin out. Just here was one of the gayest parts of the fine street, when old Hiram Cranston kept the New York Hotel, and the windows were filled with the faces of old Knickerbockers in winter and well-known Southerners in summer. From hence to Canal street travel is nothing to what it was of old. The Grand Central, Metropolitan and St. Nicholas hotels stand as of old, but one cannot help regarding them as ancient landmarks. Canal street passed, the pedestrian enters the wholesale dry goods district, and now he meets more and more people, until the increase culminates in the jostling assemblage at the corner of Fulton. Here is a feast of numbers, busy, anxious and struggling, but for many blocks not long passed there was a famine.—*New York Correspondence Boston Advertiser.*

Absence of Mind.

A citizen who was flurried and angry entered a grocery store on Antoine street and called out to the owner:

"Why in the —— do you keep a dog around here to eat folks up?"

"Didt my dog eat you oop?" was the innocent query in reply.

"Not quite, but he tore my coat half off my back, and you've got to pay for it!"

"How much?"

"Well, it will cost as much as $2 to get it repaired. You'll either pay it or I'll have the dog shot."

"Oh, I'll pay dot," said the grocer, and he did; but the man was hardly out of sight before he jumped a foot high and called out:

"Dunder und blitzen, but I vhas der greatest shackass in America! Why I sells dot dog to my fader-in-law more as six weeks ago!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Closed for Repairs.

"Got a conundrum for you, Johnnie! invented it myself," said a boy to a playmate. "What's the difference of a poodle you're dragging by a chain and a rotten tree-trunk." After due deliberation Johnnie passed. "One is a led dog and the other a dead log. Them kind is awful easy when you know how." So thought Johnnie, and on his way home he built one on a similar plan, which he tried to explode on the maternal head. "I say, ma, here's a riddle; made it myself. What's the difference between the wax figger of a lady and pa not letting me go to the circus last week? 'Cause one's a sham dame and t'other's a da—ow! ow!! ow!!! that hurts, I tell you can't; you take a feller o' your size?" The conundrum factory has been closed for repairs.

THE WORKSHOP.

A GERMAN paper says that a roof can be made fire-proof by covering it with a mixture of lime, salt, and wood ashes, adding a little lampblack to give it a dark color. This not only guards against fire, it is claimed, but also in a measure prevents decay.

MOUSE holes in walls and closets should be first filled with lime and afterwards plastered over with plaster of Paris mixed with water. It is a good plan to keep a paper of the latter in every house, as it is useful in filling cracks, and in many other ways in household economy.

A BRILLIANT black on iron and steel may be produced by applying, with a fine hair brush, a mixture of turpentine and sulphur boiled together. When the turpentine evaporates there remains on the metal a thin layer of sulphur, which unites closely with the iron when heated for a time over a spirit or gas flame. This varnish protects the metal perfectly and is quite durable.

THE following method of softening putty is useful to those having hard putty to remove from sashes: Take soda or potash—the latter being preferable—and dissolve it in water and mix the solution with fresh burnt, fresh slacked lime. After the mixture has stood for a time, pour off the clear fluid and bottle for use. Putty moistened with this fluid quickly softens and is easily removed.

TO PREVENT the cracking of cast steel in hardening, a correspondent of the *Metal Arbeiter* places the article first in a tin box, where it is packed with clean wrought iron drillings, and after luting the box carefully he heats the whole slowly to a dark red heat. After cooling it very gradually he finds that all internal strains which otherwise would have developed cracks in the tool during hardening are removed, and when steel to be hardened is thus annealed no further trouble is experienced.

THE following rules should be observed in the care of grindstones: 1. Don't waste the stone running it in water, nor allow it to stand in water when not in use, as this will cause a soft place, and consequent uneven wear. 2. Wet the stone by dropping water on it from a pot suspended above the stone, and stop off the water when not in use. 3. Do not allow the stone to get out of round, but true up with a piece of gas pipe or a "hacker." 4. Do not leave the stone out of doors in the wind and weather, as this hardens it and makes it less effective. 5. Clean off all greasy tools before grinding, as grease or oil destroys the grit. 6. When you get a stone that suits your purposes, keep a sample of the grit to send to the dealer to select by, as in this way you can always secure one that suits.

Habits of the Sea-Cow.

The manatee, or sea-cow, is the most widely diffused of the sirenians and, being American