

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS.

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### AT DAWN.

At dawn the world is all its own,  
And every eye is looking on  
The sun, the moon, the stars and sky,  
And all the world is bright and gay.

At dawn the air is cool and clear,  
And all the world is fresh and fair,  
And all the world is full of life,  
And all the world is full of hope.

At dawn the sun is just begun,  
And all the world is full of fun,  
And all the world is full of joy,  
And all the world is full of love.

At dawn the world is all its own,  
And every eye is looking on  
The sun, the moon, the stars and sky,  
And all the world is bright and gay.

### STITCH! STITCH! STITCH!

Poor Women Who Faithfully Sew Their Own Shrouds.

Prices Received by Tailors for Their Goods and by Seamstresses for Their Work—Clipping Together and Living on Three Dollars a Week.

As a rule seamstresses on men's wear receive the least pay, according to the fineness of the work and the extreme care bestowed upon it, though work on some women's garments is all enough paid. The large tailor and manufacturing establishments give all their work outside and it is curiously divided up. Some women receive those parts that require special basting. The cutter cuts out many coats and with them all linings, buckram and velvet which are necessary, and these are graded in a methodical manner and each piece placed by itself. In some cases men do the stitching of the seams, but generally women do that. Then they are all given to the pressers and then to the basters. From them they go to the finishers and buttonhole makers. They are afterward given to those who sew on the buttons, and then others take out the bastings, after which the pressers again have them, and finally the inspector orders the tickets and little silk patch with the firm's name sewn on. Thus ten persons work on each coat. Each part of work is done on a dozen coats and each dozen as soon as finished is fastened together and returned.

When the work is returned it is inspected, and if the least imperfection is discerned the mistake must be rectified. The cutter and inspector are well paid, but those who do the work piece-meal only earn about thirty-five or forty cents a day, working constantly and giving half a day to take the work and get more. In one tenement house lives a woman who supports herself and three small children by finishing gentlemen's fine overcoats. She hems the satin linings and sews in the sleeve linings and the velvet collar and puts in several stays, in all setting from eight to ten thousand stitches on each, and earns at most thirty-five cents a day. Out of this she pays \$5 a month for rent. She works Sundays too. She sends her babies to a kindergarten, where they are fed, but in the summer the school is closed, and how she lives and keeps them in clothes and fire none but those who live in the same way know. Just the other morning a woman with one child is sharing her room and her rent, which relieves her a little. The man she obtains work from has a factory, also a fine tailoring establishment, and the class of work these women do is for overcoats which cost forty and fifty dollars. Allowing that they employ workers on each coat ten cents for what she does, and the cutter and inspector each fifty cents, the cost of making a man's fine overcoat is about two dollars. Many manufacturers give all their work to contractors after it is cut out, and they in turn give it out in small parcels to the poor women who do it, and to make money themselves grind them down to the very lowest figure. Other contractors take in large quantities of work, and then hire hands in their own work-room and set them to work there. When the work requires machine stitching they employ the girls the use of machines, charging them so much a day for the use of them, and they pay by the piece always. Some of the work is of the cheapest quality and some of it again of the richest and finest, but however it is the girl's pay remains about the same. The skillfulness can be carried in the line coat of the society man. Where the girls or women can leave and go into stores or factories they have a chance to earn more money, but on tailoring the pay is usually small.

There are several places where shrewd men have bought up numbers of old sewing-machines, and these they either rent or sell to those who have none, and take their pay in work. For an old machine not worth \$10 they will make these unfortunate poor pay from \$30 to \$50 in work at standard prices. The work they take is usually men's shirts, men's drawers and overalls and jumpers, as well as the commonest calico shirts. And they earn the gratitude of these unfortunate women by only retaining half the price of the work toward the payment of these machines each week. Sometimes it takes two years to pay for a ramshackle old machine that these men have bought up for a few dollars, and by the time they get it paid for it is good for nothing at all. Men's shirts are sometimes made by giving out lots of a dozen or so to those who can make them complete, but generally they are given out piecemeal. For instance, a dozen pairs of wristbands and those little flaps which go at the bottom of the bosoms, the yokes, and then the sleeves and hands together, and finally the bosom, then the body and at last the finishing off. The swift and nimble sewer on hands and legs, with the aid of a first-class machine, can make at home about 50 cents a day, from early morning to ten at night. Those who do the tails and

bodies, in short, the other work, earn on an average about the same with the aid of their machines. The shirts when all done but buttonholes and five buttons, and three or four go into one dozen quantities to women in tenement houses. They are paid for the common ones seven cents a dozen shirts, and for the finest shirts nine to nine and a half cents a dozen shirts—forty-eight gussets, sixty buttons and seventy-two buttonholes. And men lose patience when the buttons fly off in finishing men's drawers is about as bad. The work is of necessity done in the most rapid manner, and the buttons are ready to fall off the first time they see buttoned; but if these poor women were to stop to make each secure for fifty cents for their work, they would be the rent is the heavy expense of these workers, and the only way they can live is to club together on families or among friends, and thus reduce their rent. The cost of muslin, three yards, and half a yard of linen and buttons and thread, enough to make one of the finest quality of men's shirts, is about fifty-five cents, and the cost of making it as they are now given out is about twelve cents each. They sell at retail for from \$1.50 to \$2 apiece. The cheaper grades cost less for muslin. No linen is used, and the price of labor is high, for the men who do the work are not to be taken for granted. Little boys' percale shirt-waists retail at seventy-five cents each, and they are difficult articles to make. Each is to have ten buttonholes, thirteen buttons, and triple collar, and cuffs. The price paid for them is ninety cents a dozen, all finished, with pleats in front and back. It takes two yards of percale, at fifteen cents per yard, to make one. Little boys' pants, which are nicely made, and which have each eleven strong buttonholes and ten buttons, three pockets, a single button at the waist, are paid for at nine and ten cents a pair, and some finish four pair in a day, few more. A widow and her daughter work with a machine and make these little pants. They can hardly live and pay their rent and buy food. Every little while there is no work and they live upon their wretched savings until that is gone and then they must sell or pawn something, and Heaven knows they seem to have little to spare.

Men's pantaloons are given out in immense quantities, and of every quality, and they go into the very poorest and most miserable localities, where it would seem like a risk to send a decent garment, let alone a pile of a dozen. And yet they are always safe and always returned properly and promptly. It makes no difference to the makers of these garments whether they get the work from the manufacturer direct or from a contractor, as the pay is about the same. The price varies from nine cents a pair to twenty-five for the very finest. At the last price a really good workman can earn seventy-five cents a day of twelve hours more, if she has a little girl to help her in the pressing. One of the saddest sights in all the city is that of an aged couple who slave from morning till night to earn a subsistence on fine tailor work. They are both too old to do any work, and yet they toil ceaselessly to keep a shelter over their heads and to live independently and together. Their little home of one room and an alcove for a bed is clean and orderly, though every thing is very poor. In one house is a widow who supports herself and her three children by sewing-machine work, and in another to a query as to how she managed, she told a story that has but too many like it. She earns on an average the year round two dollars and seventy-five cents a week. She pays five dollars and twenty-five cents a month for rent, but a young girl works in a sewing-machine factory and pays her \$25 for board and sleeps with her. The room was bare of every thing save two chairs, a common wooden table, a stove, a lamp, a bed and a few dishes and pots and kettles. The floor was bare, but she said she had some carpet, which she saved for her children. She has a sewing-machine which she rents for twenty-five cents a week, and so it helps her to pay her wash bill. She says she prefers shirt-finishing because it requires no thought or care. It has become mechanical, and it leaves her mind free to think of other things, and to make rules as to expenses, or follow them. Very many women whose husbands work in the laborious and least paid callings take in rough sewing to help along in their household expenses or in providing clothes and shoes, and of course, their earnings are very small. They work as hard as they can. In two places were two women working with all their might upon ladies silk mitts. These are given out uncut, one yard of material making just one dozen pair, according to a pattern furnished. The thumb pieces were already cut, and the material is a soft pliable silk, quite difficult to cut unless you have an extra good pair of scissors, and even then it will take half an hour to cut them out and adjust the thumb pieces to the proper place. They are sewn on a machine, and the thumb has two rows of stitching. For these the manufacturers pay five cents a dozen pairs. They sell at one dollar per pair at retail. An expert worker can make one dozen pairs, after they are cut out, and finish them in two hours. Five cents for two hours and half a day's work! The only thing in favor of it is that it is light and can be done at home. Men's white percale neckties are paid for at thirty-five cents a gross, twelve dozen, and few indeed, can make two gross a day. Handkerchiefs for ordinary use are paid for at the rate of ten to twenty to twenty-eight cents per gross, for plain hemmed ones. Hemstitched ones, of course, are paid for a little better. The result seems to be always the same. Just enough pay for slavish toil to keep body and soul together in one frail tenement.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—The insect you should beware of—the bumblebee.

### ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

Thrilling Experience of a Traveling Man With the Engineer.

"I suppose," said a reporter to a Chambers street hardware salesman, a modest man of about thirty-eight summers, "that in the course of your career as a traveling man you have narrowly escaped instant death several hundred times."

"No, sir," he continued, emphatically, "although I have been twenty years on the road, of serious accidents I have known very few. I had one rather thrilling experience coming out of Chicago once in a long train of four-teen cars filled with sufficient passengers for the trip. We were sweeping across the prairie at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, when a coupling broke between the second baggage car and the smoker. The engineer felt the shock, and looking back, saw the trouble. He gave a wild shriek on his whistle for the engine to stop. It wide open the throttle, and sped away down the track as if the furies were after him. The conductor happened to be sitting just in front of me at the time. He opened the window at the locomotive's screen, looked out, but instantly fell spinning at a lively gait. He was lighted lantern (it was at night), stood up in the aisle, bracing himself between two opposite seats. I tell you the chalky whiteness of his face was reflected in every countenance in the car. There was no outcry, but everybody clutched some thing and waited for the shock. It never came. We ran along for two or three minutes, which seemed interminable, and then the train began to answer the steady pull on the brakes and finally came to a halt. Every man was out of the car while the wheels were still spinning at a mad rate. It was bright moonlight, and we could see the track stretching ahead in a straight line for a long distance, but of the engine and forward cars there was not a trace. They were miles ahead, and the engineer was no more to be seen. You know, it was down grade, and the motion was really appalling. The engine roared and trembled as it ran rocking and plunging on the rails as if every moment it would leave them. The din, too, was frightful. The fireman and engineer yelled at each other whenever they attempted to speak, which was not often, and I simply could not gather my voice in sufficient volume to overcome that pandemonium of sound.

"It was dark, about six o'clock of a late November evening. We were climbing the mountain, and the grade was heavy and the curves many. As we thundered along comparatively close together, I could see the engine and the train on the track on one side, while from the other dark chasms, their depths hidden in gloom, yawned away. It wasn't cheerful, and the outlook forward wasn't much better. The first time I strained my eyes ahead I drew back with a start and dashed into the window frame with both hands, expecting my hour had come. To my uninitiated eye there lay apparently between the rails a huge boulder of whitish rock against which we must instantly crash, but we didn't, and after waiting a few moments, I dashed out the window and looked around in the usual way I took courage to look again. The fireman was stolidly feeding the insatiate furnace with tons of coal! I looked at the engineer; he was out on the engine with his oil-can stepping along as composedly and easily as if he were walking a country turpentine. I looked ahead. We had just rounded a curve, and at the end of the stretch of track before us I saw a lot of lights, some on the track and some moving alongside. The sight startled me, and I touched the fireman, pointing through the window. He looked aside, seized the rope, and blew a short sharp blast on the whistle. The engineer heard, glanced down the track, then sprang inside to the lever, which he reversed with all his might.

"Meantime the fireman on one side and I on the other were on the lower step ready to start and strike the rope. The engine seized my shoulder and tried to pull me back, but I jumped just as the engine crashed into the caboose of a freight train, which, too long for the siding, had tumbled over the main track. My extra second or two of warning had been of immense value; our train had slowed up enough to make the shock a slight one. The passengers got nothing more than a good shaking up, and only the caboose was smashed on the freight train."—N. Y. Times.

### KING KALAKAUA.

Astonishing Prodigy of the Sovereign of the Sandwich Islands.

David Kalakaua has now been on the throne of the Hawaiian kingdom for twelve years. Previous to his elevation to that throne he was a boatman in the harbor of Honolulu, and used to pick up some money at night by playing the banjo in one of the water-front dives. He is a superbly-built native, but like most of the Kanakas, he has no regard for principle, is profoundly selfish and hopelessly given up to gross vices. He had a strain of the old Kamehameha blood in his veins, however, and when, in 1874, an election was held under the face of what is called a constitutional monarchy, Kalakaua was run by the strong American party in opposition to Queen Emma, who showed great partiality for the British. Kalakaua's friends were the better politicians and they were successful. For two or three years his change

did him good and he behaved well, living economically and taking a warm interest in the welfare of his people.

With proper advisers Kalakaua might have remained a model monarch, but he succumbed to the influence of a country soldier—adventurer who took office under him merely to further his private ends and who suggested many ways in which he could legally divert the public funds into his own pocket. One of his early attempts was to seize the fees which revolved the crown-lands of the Interior Department. He was greatly incensed when the honest head of this department refused to deliver up these fees, and declared that they were public moneys. The King has been liberally provided for, as well as most second-rate monarchs, and he lives on a cash. He is given \$50,000 every two years for the private purse, \$20,000 a year for palace expenses, \$16,500 for the Queen, and a like sum for Mrs. John Dominis, the King's sister and the wife of the Governor of Oahu. Maui; the Governor of Hawaii receives \$7,200. Another sister of the King, Mrs. Archibald Cleghorn, receives \$12,000; and her daughter \$5,000. In addition to these generous allowances—for it must be remembered that the annual expenses of a native are not more than \$50, as the King would have it—she receives \$18,000 by the Legislature for the palace stables. This sum he used to build a private stable, which he stocked with horses and ten licks, which he hired out to be run in opposition to the regular carriage companies, in Honolulu. Besides all these sources of income, he receives a large sum in rental of not less than \$100,000 from the crown lands, which comprise some of the best sugar estates on the islands. The opposition party in the Legislature have tried for several years to compel the King to disclose the exact sum which he receives from these crown lands, but without success.

With all this money Kalakaua is perennially in debt. When he took the famous trip around the world he brought in a bill for \$22,500, which was paid with some grumbling by the Legislature. When the coronation was projected an advance of \$10,000 was made, with the provision that, if this sum was exceeded, it should come out of the King's private purse. The lavish coronation ceremonies cost \$40,000, and the sum had to be paid as the private purse was empty and the King himself so deeply in debt. He has few friends in the Kingdom. The Legislature voted him \$20,000 to satisfy the most pressing of his creditors. What becomes of the large sums received by Kalakaua is a mystery which no one has yet solved. He has no more idea of the value of money than hereditary monarchs. He has few expensive tastes, but he has an extravagant, which, freely indulged, drains him of all his coin. This is gambling. The Hawaiians are as fond of all games of chance as the North American Indian, and the King is said to be no mean hand at our great National game of poker.—Bostonian Letter.

### FEMINE FANCIES.

Fashions for Fair Women for the Summer and Autumn Seasons.

Violet is much worn with gray. Frizzled short hair is not good form. Duds collars for young ladies are higher than ever.

All the grays fall are to be tinged with green.

Butter yellow is a favorite shade with brown this season.

Leather-goggles can be worn with almost any color and trimming.

Grenadine lace designs embroidered by hand in loss silk.

Rock crystals in high favor for pins, pendants and lockets.

Ginghams are made up with accessories of heavy cotton lace.

Parasols now correspond to the bonnet in color and trimming.

Wild tachelor's button is a fashionable flover for millinery purposes.

White corduroy make a very pretty vest to wear with stuff costumes.

Artificial fruits are much used in the decoration of dresses of white pique or being worn this summer.

This autumn all the browns are to shade to yellow rather than red.

Silk gloves have chameleon figures in bright colors embroidered on the arms.

Cashmere, camel's hair, serge and straw are used for traveling costumes.

White waders and slides are made an eighth of an inch wide. They are dainty for children.

Geranium red, Ophelia purple and almond green are the hues which find many admirers.

Invisible net, point d'esprit and hair-finishes are used for veils with bonnets and hats.

Tennis stockings have the implements of the game embroidered upon the front of the leg.

Mull tichus in blue or gray are knotted about the throat when dist renders traveling troublesome.

White waders, lined with satin and trimmed with red or brown velvet, are novelties.

Sapphires and diamonds are well combined in the many clasps, slides and buckles worn this season.

The damask for table use at summer luncheons and dinners is of light tints, either pink, blue or gray.

Rhine stones have fallen from their recent high favor, and are now used to decorate photograph frames.

Pretty little breakfast caps are made of thin craps in delicate tints, plaited veils, and edged with very narrow Valenciennes lace.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

She—"John, why do you spend so much time at the ball game? I hear of your being there every time they play. Don't you consider it a waste of time and money?" He—"Heavens, Albeit, don't you want me to have some sort of standing in the business world?"—Tid-Bits.

—We are beginning to doubt that "economy is wealth." At least we have a good deal of economy piled away which we would like to exchange for a little wealth.—Philadelphia City.

### THE DAIRY.

—The average yield of butter in fact to good dairies, of fifty cows or over, is one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred pounds a cow; in very good dairies two hundred and fifty, and a dairy which reaches the high average yield of three hundred pounds is rare in our best butter sections.—Montreal Free Press.

—When butter is kept in tubs or earthen vessels it must be packed as closely as possible, and no interstices or vacant spaces left, for the butter quickly spoils around these interstices, and the oil spreads through the whole tub. In large establishments it is considered essential that a tub be filled with butter made all in one day.—Field and Farm.

—It is true, public creameries produce good butter. That the average public creamery butter is better than a great deal of the butter one will find. But the highest grade of butter, selling for the best prices, is produced on farm dairies, one can be convinced by visiting the Philadelphia market, where butter in "prints" from the best dairies within a few miles of the Quaker City sells for fabulous prices.—Bostonian.

—Canon Bagley recommends twelve and a half total solids and three per cent of fat for a legal standard for Great Britain. We are inclined to think he is about one per cent too high. Eleven and a half is high enough to give good merchantable milk, and any higher standard will always be the cause of contention between honest dairymen and the law. If good sense and fairness do not support such a law then all the police in the world can't enforce it in England or America. We obey the law, but it must be sensible.—American Dairyman.

—The full-cream cheese district of Wisconsin extends from a few miles north of Milwaukee, along the shore of Lake Michigan to Green Bay, and reaches inland some forty miles. It is noted for its fine product of cheese, due to coolness of climate and to the fact that the making of skim cheese never obtained much foothold in it. Most of the factories, about five hundred in number, are small, owned and operated by Germans. There are few co-operative creameries.—Western Rural.

—Probably there are thousands and ten thousands, yet, who are making butter during hot summer days, and getting a very much reduced yield of butter per one hundred pounds of milk because of early souring of the milk, which is the loss of gravity in the milk, and do not know they could bring the yield right up to the very next morning if they had ice or very cold water with which to cool the milk as soon as it comes from the cows. The truth is, the fat in the milk can't rise and settle so fast as it does in the churn, and is only beneficial in a small way to the pigs. Millions are lost every year for the want of cold water for ice, to keep the milk sweet until the fat gets out.—Hoard's Dairyman.

### IMPROVED DAIRYING.

How It Can Be Made to Fertilize Exhausted Farm Lands.

In a recent lecture before the Royal Dublin Society, Prof. Arnold said: "There is no way in which fertilization can be so promoted as by dairy farming. Butter takes nothing from the soil that affects its fertilization in the way that wheat and other crops do. When the settlement of the United States began on the coast of the Atlantic it was for a long time a struggle for life, and the successive raising of crops resulted in the exhaustion of the land. Now the necessity has been forced upon them of refertilizing the land by means of dairying.

The growth of the art has been of late years very marked, and from small beginnings America now has 14,500,000 cows, 9,000,000 of which were employed in making butter and 1,000,000 in the making of cheese. The idea exists in the States that if they can only make the butter fine enough they may double the price. This is to some extent a mistake. For fancy butter, called gilt-edged, high prices are paid, but while care should be taken that the butter should be as nearly perfect as possible, the effort should rather be in the direction of reducing cost.

The first point is to select animals that will convert food into milk at the least expense. Beef making and milk making can no more do this than they can get a race horse and a draught horse in the same animal. The general purpose cow is profitable, and it does not pay to extract from the milk producer to put on beef.

Cows are often unequally fed. Those who produce butter at less cost do so chiefly on ensilage, which may be used nearly all the year round, from early in the fall until late in the spring. In the middle of summer it is generally not employed.

The comfort of the animal is one of the most productive sources of milk. An efficient source of utilizing food is to give the cows their food warm and to give them their water warm. Giving cows their water at a temperature of 70 degrees to 80 degrees is found to make a difference of twenty to twenty-five per cent in the production, without decreasing of the milk or the butter. Another great change in profitable dairying is to unite the efforts of dairymen and work together. By the aid of the creamery movement three persons in a factory will do the work of five persons independently to accomplish. Again the buyer knows when he has tested one sample at the factory that he has learned the quality of the whole. Thus, besides a reduction in cost, dairymen increase values. Prof. Arnold emphasized the importance of having technical instruction in the art of manufacture.

It is an easy matter to increase the percentage of water in milk by giving the cows certain kinds of food, and there are some breeds of cows that give milk containing more dry solids than that of other breeds.—N. Y. Herald.

### READING FOR CHILDREN.

A Difficult Question Which Should Be Decided by the Mothers of the Land.

This is a question that every mother should decide herself, and judge whether it is good or bad before the child reads the first line. Don't say you've no time—take the time to read a large share of the book, or glance over the paper, before it is laid on the table for public use. A quick, intelligent eye, and a mother's eye, also, will do wonders in a turning over of leaves, reading here and there a few words, seeing if the language is pure, the style graceful and the moral healthful. Much of harm is done to the young people by their reading sensational stories of the "blood and thunder" style, smuggled in and read secretly, or, in some cases, openly, in illustrated weeklies and have caused many boys to rob and fly from their homes, seeking for "worlds to conquer," "bringing up" in a police station and returned home.

Much of the blame is to be traced to the mothers—too much indulgence from a mother has ruined more families than a father's harshness—bad books and bad companions being easy stepping stones to wickedness. A good mother will do a great deal towards forming her children's character. Before making good men and women of your children than be a leader of fashion. But about the reading: "What shall they read?"

If possible, select the books, papers, etc., yourself. You can easily look over the book notices in a weekly, and this usually gives a tolerably fair criticism of scientific works, biographies, histories and novels. Boys usually like tales of adventure, and in a reasonable amount they should be gratified, for what would a man be without bravery and courage? When my boys were at the age to be attracted to such reading, the principal of the grammar school they attended put a list of books on the blackboard for the use of pupils as cared to profit by it. There was the Life of Washington, and others I fail to remember, but various kinds, and for light reading one or two of Scott's and Dickens' novels. I always felt grateful for his advice, and think the plan might be followed by the teachers.

The public libraries sometimes an attendant will tell of a popular work, but that is not always safe to go by, as not always is a popular book a good one. You must find out about the books in your own way, but be sure to find out in some way. There are many books and papers in the world, some people say too many, but there's more good one than bad ones, and you must sift them out. Don't trust the innocent child to do it for himself. If a home-life is what it should be, bad books and bad companions will not be there, and mother at home evenings will be friend and playmate to the boys and girls. By this I don't mean they are to have no friends or mates, but you'll see they'll feel so proud of their mother they'll bring them to see you, and you will be able to judge whether they are fit associates or not. In all this, remember the mothers have the love of their children, the fathers the respect, it is said, but let us have both.—Mrs. Frances C. Mizer, in Good Housekeeping.

### HIS STRAWBERRY.

A Detroit Husband's Fond Hopes Crushed by a Disobedient Wife.

An officer who was patrolling Muller street the other day saw a crowd of people at a corner, and he hastened his steps to discover a man sitting on the ground with his back to a tree, while a score of women and boys surrounded him. When the officer made inquiries as to what had happened a short stout woman with her sleeves rolled up confronted him and replied:

"He's my husband. He's a good-for-nothing lazy-bones of a man, and we've had a row."

"What about?"

"Well, he used to support him by washing for the last year, and he's been humble enough up to a week ago. Then he took fifty cents of my money and went to a fortune-teller. She told him that I would die very soon, and that he would marry a strawberry blonde with fifty thousand dollars in cash."

"Seventy-five thousand dollars, my dear," sighed the man on the grass.

"You shut up! He came home stepping high and feeling smart, and half an hour ago he had the cheek to tell me that I stood in his road. In fact, he wanted to know when I was going to die."

"I merely inquired," groaned the husband.

"And I merely let my suds and jumped into him," she continued. "It was a pretty even thing in the house, but when I got out where I could swing my right leg over a curb below the best and told him up. Strawberry blonde—seventy-five thousand dollars—second marriage—humph! I'm his strawberry! When I got through with him I'll make that fortune-teller see strawberries for the rest of her born days."

"Well, be gentle," cautioned the officer, as he passed on.

"Oh! I won't hurt nobody nor nothing," she replied; and as the officer passed on she lifted the man to his feet and banged him up the steps and into the house in a double-entry style of book-keeping that rattled the shingles.—Detroit Free Press.

—A thief in Mississippi got at a pile of carpet-bags in a depot, and picking out one on account of its weight, he carried it in a scorching sun eight miles before he discovered that it belonged to a Methodist colporteur, and contained nothing but Bibles.

### PITH AND POINT.

—A traveler recently returned from Alaska tells of a bear being killed by mosquitoes. If nature knew her business she would introduce a bear that would kill mosquitoes.—Narrative Herald.

—Fred to Charley, just returned from abroad: "Hello, Charley! How are you, old boy?" Charley: "Tray beang!" "Strange how one forgets his mother tongue during two or three weeks' stay in Paris!"—Boston Transcript.

—"I say, Br det, what's the name of those red flowers?" "Shure, now, I don't like to tell ye. 'Twa is a nice name they have, at all, dear; for I was up at the house I heard your own mother herself calling them 'spitinas'."

—An exchange thinks that the Chinese way of removing draftweed with sandpaper is the most effectual. Perhaps it is; but the common North American Indian has a plan which, though quite absurd, is said to be reasonably sure.—Estimote.

—A fashionable young woman was seen in the street the other day with her hair combed. Much alarm was felt by her friends until it was ascertained that it was only a case of absent-mindedness. The young woman had forgotten to muss it.—Boston Commonwealth.

—A wag brought a horse to a stop by the word "whoo!" and said to the driver, "That's a fine horse you have there." "Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault, he was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."—Prairie Farmer.

—A Flat Failure.—Featherly—Nice day for the race, Dunley. Dunley—What race is that? Featherly—The human race. Dunley—Oh, I beg pardon, I thought you referred to some horse race. Yes, you're right, we're having beautiful weather. Still living up to your father-in-law's I suppose, Featherly?—Puck.

—An Hungarian conjurer spreads newspaper upon the floor and places a young woman upon it, whom he cures with a piece of silk and then causes to disappear. We have never seen this trick, but we have known a man to put \$50,000 on a newspaper, and it has disappeared before he could cover it with anything.—London Commercial Bulletin.

—Mr. Smilington was telling Mrs. S. about a favor he had attended the night before. "Ah," said he, "you'd have died laughing if you could have seen it." And then he added in a tone of burning enthusiasm: "How I wish you had been there!" Even now he can not quite understand why Mrs. S.'s remarks directly afterwards, which were an unusually and violently personal turn.

### THREE MILES.

How a Printer Made the East of a Key West of the Situation.

But Dillon, a Nashville printer, in company with a typographical companion, once walked from Nashville to Memphis. The only remarkable feature of this incident is that Dillon is known as the laziest man in Tennessee. One evening, while the two printers, hungry and tired, were walking along the railroad, eagerly watching for the court-house dome of Milan, Dillon, upon meeting a man, asked:

"How far is it to Milan?"

"Three miles,"

"After walking some distance farther they met another man.

"How far is it to Milan?"

"Three miles."

"How far is it to Milan?"

"Three miles."

Dillon began to get warm. The scene of profanity was one of the learned branches in which he was thoroughly proficient, and seeing himself on a cross-tie he swore with great energy and volume. Arising, he waded the perspiration from his brow and said:

"I can stand a great deal and am willing to excuse an ordinary far, but when a man seeks to impose upon my bow-legs, it mortally offends me. I haven't had a fight since I was a boy, but if the next fellow seeks me, don't shorten the distance to Milan, he'll have me to whip, that's all."

They had gone probably half mile farther when they saw a man approaching. Dillon took off his coat, handed it to his companion and began to roll up his sleeves. "Tom, I'm in for it," said he.

"But, for goodness sake don't say anything to that fellow. He's a regular giant."

"An't he that? Say," (feeling the man who was walking some distance from the track) "how far is it to Milan?"

"About three miles."

"My friend, I wish you would be generous enough to make it two miles and a half."

"Can't do it."

"Well, then, I'll have to fight you."

"All right, you're the man I've been look'g for."

Dillon approached the man, who, seeing him, threw him on the ground with a force that took his breath.

"Hold on," cried Dillon, as soon as he was able to speak. "How far did you say it is to Milan?"

"Three miles."

"Oh, well, then, that's all right. I thought you said five miles. Much obliged for courtesies—so gracefully extended. Good evening."—Arkansas Traveller.

### Didn't Blame the Angels.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal powers, and had exercised them much to Johnny's annoyance.

One day he said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear."

Johnny was silent for some time, and then he went on:

"Say, ma."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for botching him, do you?"—Arkansas Traveller.