THE CHARITON COURIER.

A. C. VANDIVER & SON, Prop'rs.

KEYTSVILLE. - - - MISSOURI.

TALE OF THE PRINTER'S STICK.

LOCAL.

Through the doorway, into the glare,
Into the hot and stifling air,
Into the realm of constant clicks,
Into the realm of types and sticks,
Lightly the hand goes to and fro,
Putting in type a tale of woe,
Telling of death by the treach'rous rail,
Telling of death by storm and gale.
Clickety-click! Clickety-click!
There it goes in the printer's stick.

BY CABLE.

Under the ocean, under the roar,
From ev'ry clime, from ev'ry shore,
Comes the news by the cable's flash—
News of the good, news of the rash;
News of the noble, news of the 'squire;
News of the floods, news of the fire;
News of murder by pistol shot;
News of cold, news of hot.
Clickety-click! Clickety-click!
There it goes in the printer's stick.

BY TELEPHONE.

There where the willows thickly grow;
There where the waters gently flow;
There where the throng is kneeling low;
There in the sunlight's golden glow,
With face the hue of virgin snow,
Lies the form of maiden fair,
Driven to death by fell despair,
Victim of want or treach'rous snare.
Clickety-click! Clickety-click!
Goes the tale in the printer's stick.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Out in the cold and silent street,
With half-clad form and frozen feet
Whom none did know and none did greet,
Numb and cold in the wintry sleet,
Passed a child with step so slow—
She prayed to God who loved her so,
And starved and died in the winter's snow.
Clickety-click! Clickety-click!
Goes the tale in the printer's stick.

BOOK NOTICE.

The rich and poor alike will seek
The precious words these books bespeak,
Words of fire that sway the heart;
Words of love and charity's part;
Words that tell of the ages old,
Of martyrs, saints, and heroes bold;
Words of the truth and words that lie;
Words that will live while nations die.
Clickety-click! Clickety-click!
Go these words in the printer's stick.

THE MORNING PAPER.

The good and true, the base and false,
The paths of sin where honor halts,
Whatever happens worthy to see,
Out in the world or down in the sea,
Behold them there on the gleaming page,
Gems of genius, statesmen and sage—
All are printed and sped away
For the world to read at break of day.
Clickety-click! Clickety-click!
This is a tale of the printer's stick.

—*Sydney T. Bates.*

PINS AND NEEDLES.

How They Managed to "Keep Off the Town."

"Pins and Needles," that was what the irreverent youth of the town dubbed them. There was a comical fitness in the name. Both were so thin that you wondered as you gazed; neither was ever guilty of donning crinoline or bustle, and both, consequently, tapered down to the feet in a way strongly suggestive of coming to a point. But Pins wore a black poke bonnet, which, being very full, gave her a little top or head, while Needles, blue-eyed needles, was smaller in the head than elsewhere even, and that clear sharp eye of hers that looked up at you demanded imperatively to be threaded right away.

Pins had been married twice and had had an ailment which had been relieved by the efforts of the church. Likewise, her last husband had been run over by a train—thus furnishing her the sum of five hundred dollars, four hundred of which had been kindly appropriated by the relative who had aided her in getting it from the railroad company. Hers had been an eventful life. But Needles had never had an adventure. She had lived with Pins always through all her troubles, and being the weaker physically, as she was the stronger mentally, of the two, had been taken care of by her younger sister, who loved and cherished her tenderly. The two supported themselves by making button-holes in a cataract of shirts that poured into their little room every Wednesday and out again the following Tuesday.

"Fifty cents a dozen for finishing of 'em off ain't much when you come to look at it," said Pins, "for there's eleven button-holes and six buttons and the gussets to every shirt, but it's better'n nothing," and they got along.

So thin, so worn, so patient, so cheerful and uncomplaining! So the twain lived on through long years like two beams of pale, wintry sunshine, or like two withered, shrunken apples on a bare bough.

It was one day in Lent, and Pins, who had been to the weekly service, was coming down the church hill slowly, when two women just ahead of her stopped abruptly at the signboard.

"Look at that," said one, and she read it out: "'Sealed proposals will be received by the selectmen of the town of W—— for the keeping of the Town Poor for the year beginning May 1, 188—. All proposals will be opened at the town house, Monday, April 15, and the contract awarded to the lowest bidder,' ain't that a shame?"

"If women ever do vote in this town that's one of the things they'll change anyhow. Who's got 'em this year?"

"Mrs. Bruno, and guess she'll put in the lowest bid."

"The Lord have mercy on 'em then."

The two moved on as they spoke, and Pins, who had paused involuntarily behind them and heard all they said, moved on too. But her poor old heart was beating so fast and loud that she could scarcely breathe, though she pulled the old green vail she wore down over her face, as though the mild, spring air was all too sharp for her. Under the great old elm trees, that make that lovely walk for which W—— is so famous, she went, looking out across the blinding April sunshine, seeing nothing, thinking only of that cruel notice. For Needles was sick and had been ailing for a year now, and the money was almost gone, and unless the Lord in His mercy interfered and took her home they must both go on the town and be sold with the rest of the town paupers. The poor old heart beat faster and the thin old hands trembled as she hurried on. She had wasted time to-day going up to the Lent service, she would not do it again, and now she must hurry home again and work on those shirts. Perhaps she might even finish them and do a little tape weaving for Mrs. Curtis to earn a few more cents.

She came into the little room where Needles lay on her cot, and Needles looked up at her. "What's the matter, sister? You look so white and peaked."

"Nothing, sister, nothing." But she sat down as she spoke and caught up her sewing.

"There now," said Needles, "you aint took off your hat nor shawl, an' there you be settin' right to work at that 'ere sewing. What is it, sister?"

Pins' old lips trembled and she burst into tears.

"Come here, Prissy."

She went over and sat down by Needles' bed.

"Now tell me what it is. Why, sister, you frighten me looking so."

Pins hesitated a moment and then she spoke, though it was hard for the old lips to utter a word.

"It's the farming of the town poor, sister. They will be farmed out next week and they all say Mis' Bruno will put in the lowest bid."

"Well, what of it, sister? 'Taint nothing to us, thank the Lord."

"Sister—the money's most gone and I don't know where we are turn; I can't beg an' my eyes is gettin' so weak I can't hardly sew, an' lots o' times I just fall asleep over those button holes."

"Prissy, you don't mean that we—O, my God!"

The sharp old face of Needles fell back on the pillow with the cry. But in a moment she had raised herself again and sat upright to speak with energy and decision:

"Prissy, that sha'n't be. Now just stop your crying and listen to me, There's those cherry chairs, you can sell 'em to old Johnson and you shall do it, and there's that silver of mine and that silk dress. I've had it a good while, but 'taint likely I'll ever want it again. Then there's that apple tree stand father made. What do we want of two tables? We'll sell off these things, Prissy, and, please the Lord, we won't be sold for paupers to the lowest bidder this year. And, Prissy, when Mr. Lee comes along next week you take out two dozen shirts like we used to. I ain't so far gone that I can't sew yet, and when I lie awake nights with the cough it'll amuse me."

"But, Roxy, suppose we use it all up?"

"Prissy, don't you dare to speak like that! Didn't the raven feed the prophet Elijah? Have you forgot the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil that did not waste nor fail through all the famine? Read your Bible, sister, and trust the Lord."

Needles was the stronger willed of the two, and Pins rested gladly on her word, and took off her bonnet and shawl and hung them in the press. But Needles, who had watched her wistfully, motioned her to come near. As she stooped over her the sick old woman threw her arms around her sister's neck and drew her down to her in a passionate embrace, and Pins felt the hot tears on her face. Then she put her away a little and looked her steadily in the face as she said: "Sister, did you pray to-day that I might live?"

"Yes, sister."

"Never do it again, Prissy. Pray I may die soon, for I'm afraid, sister, I'm afraid the meal and the oil won't hold out through the famine for both of us and I'd rather you'd have it."

The days wore on. Needles talked with the doctor the next time he came to see her.

"I can't get well, no way, can I, doctor?"

"I fear not."

"And all you can do is to make me a little easier, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well then, doctor, I think you'd better not come any more. I can stand what I've got to stand, I guess, and I'll do without ease for the rest of the time. Prissy 'll pay you."

And Prissy settled the very reasonable bill.

"There," said Needles, exultantly, as she watched him go, "now we've got off the only debt we had and we've only got to live."

Only got to live! Was it ever harder work to live? Fifty cents a week from that stream of shirts that poured in and out, and there was soap and matches and oil and flour and meat to get. No fire-wood, thank God! for at the old home across the way Pins was allowed to pick up all the fragments of boughs she could find in the old orchard, and the fragments were many and they burned little, saving all the while against the distant winter. But then there was the rent of their two little rooms, a dollar a month, one-half of all they earned. And suppose they should have to have any thing beside?

There came a fit of coughing one day that shook the thin withered frame of Needles and left her gasping for breath. Pins came to her anxiously. "Are you worse, sister?" she asked.

"No, sister, but I do suffer so."

Pins laid down the shirt she was working on, and took down her old bonnet and shawl from the press.

"Where be you going, Prissy?"

"To the doctor," and the shaking old hands tied the ribbons resolutely. "I can't stand this, no way. It's worse than being farmed out, sister," and she went.

The doctor came. There was little he could do, but that he did, and first of all he took the needle out of Needles' thin old hand.

From that day on she set herself with all the force of a resolute and loving nature to die. It was pitiful to see how she clung to Pins and longed to stay for her sake, even as she felt that she must make haste to go for that same dear sake; and the conflict between longing and steady purpose weakened the faithful old heart still more.

"Prissy," said she, "when I am gone don't spend much money on me. I'd rather the town should bury me than that you should come on the town finally."

The slow tears rolled down Pins' cheeks. "I'll bury you myself, sister," she said, earnestly, "and I won't live long enough after to trouble the town, no way."

Needles looked up wistfully: "Don't be long after me, Prissy, for I shall be lonely without you."

"No, sister, but there's my two husbands. Don't you think you'll know 'em?"

"Know em? I'd know Silas Wetherell anywhere I set eyes on him, and as for Amasa Youngs—"

"Sister, I hope you don't bear no malice. He's dead and gone, you know."

"So'll I be, Prissy, when I see him—if I do."

"Sister—"

"The Lord is merciful, and I think, sister, I think He's made Heaven big enough so that Amasa and I won't see each other."

"Well, sister, if it hadn't been for him dying as he did, getting run over by that ere train, we couldn't have got along as well as we have."

"No, Prissy, we shouldn't. Amasa's death was a mercy any way you look at it."

"As for Silas," she went on after a minute, "I never had no conceit of him nohow, but I'll try to get along with him till you come."

"He'll be there, sister."

"O, yes, he'll be on hand. He always was on hand when nobody wanted him."

Only a few days after Needles died. It was one lovely August morning in the early dawn that Pins heard her call and came hastily from the little inner room where she had been trying to rest a little. She came out and bent over to kiss the withered lips of the dying woman.

"Sister, do you know me? It's I, Prissy," she said. "Sister! good-morning, sister!" The dying eyes opened for one last loving look and then closed forever.

Pins buried her, "a good decent burial that the town didn't have no hand in," she said to herself, grimly.

"Mebbe I'll have to be buried by the town myself, but sister wasn't," she said, and she took up her work again. But, alas! the stiff, hard old fingers worked even less swiftly and steadily now. There was something gone from the life and the eyes wandered wistfully over the meadows while the work dropped idly from her hands. So, before long, it happened that the dozen shirts took two weeks instead of one to finish. Then coarser work was taken that tried the old eyes less and that only paid three shillings a dozen instead of fifty cents. Nineteen cents a week! It wasn't much to live on but she did it. Easily too, as her appetite began to fail her, and soon she began to lay by out of that little sum something more for her burying. She couldn't eat the coarse food she bought, and day after day a little bread and butter and a cup of tea was all she took. But worse of all was the loneliness. She missed her sister so! Again and again she would start up in the night thinking she heard her call, and then would lay herself back on her dreary pillow, not to cry, for she was over seventy, and the old shed few tears, but to remember.

She took to going about a little now, stopping at the houses of by-gone friends, and she would be often asked to stay to dinner or to tea with them. How good the food tasted! It would be easier to wait for death she fancied if she could always have food like that. But one day she overheard the good man of the house remark: "Prissy always happens around about meal-time, don't she, wife?" and she hurried home in an agony of shame. She never went again.

That same day one of the selectmen, a kindly-natured man, though with rough exterior, overtook her as she walked, and involuntarily she spoke to him about that which was always in her thoughts: "How does Mis' Bruno make out with the town poor, 'squire?"

"There's complaints, Mis' Youngs, there's complaints. But paupers ain't easy to satisfy no way you can fix it. I wish we hadn't had to give them to Mis' Bruno."

"Does she give any outside help, 'squire?"

"No, Mis' Youngs, she don't, and it's comes mighty hard on some of 'em."

The last faint hope was gone. She had thought that perhaps she might humble herself to ask for a little town help to "keep her off the town," as our New Englanders put it. But now it was useless. There was nothing left. She must die.

The days wore on. It was the third day after that the old storekeeper said to the 'squire's daughter as he handed her her mail: "Miss Mary, do you know how old Mis' Youngs is getting along?"

"Why, nicely, I guess. I never heard of her wanting any thing."

"Well, she was up here this morning for a pound of crackers, and she looked so white and faint I tried to make her sit down. You know my wife always sends me down a hot lunch, and it came just then. I happened to look up and I saw her eye it so wistful-like, when my little Mary spread it out, that I sent Mary off quick, and then I said: 'Come, Mis' Youngs, sit down here and take lunch with me. I've got enough here for a dozen, and it's lonely eating by one's self. Besides, I want to talk over old times with you.' Just a minute I thought she was going to do it, when there came steps on the bridge and she straightened herself up stiff as a poker and said: 'Thank you, Mr. Curtis, I must be going,' and she was off. I looked out and there was Mis' Bruno coming with old Jack behind her. Miss Mary, I'm afraid that woman is suffering and afraid of the poor-house."

"O, Mr. Curtis!" Miss Mary did not wait for any thing more. She flew home. Old Prissy Youngs, suffering, starving it might be, and she, absorbed in her own selfish happiness, had never dreamed of it. "Inasmuch as ye did it not"—how could she not have known? How long the way was! Yet truly she had never so flown over it, even to meet her lover.

At the house she filled a little basket with dainty things, fresh-laid eggs and new butter, wine and jelly and a little chicken broth and delicate bread, and then she started.

Pins had gone home with her crackers and sat down in the little room. There was a little fire in the old stove and she went to the cupboard to make herself some tea. But there was so little tea left in the caddy! she looked at it and then she put it back. "They mustn't find it empty," she said, and she sat down in the old arm-chair.

"There's wood in the box," she said gently to herself, "and crackers and tea in the pantry, and nobody need ever know but what I had enough always, an' there's ten cents in my purse, too." She laughed a feeble laugh of gladness.

Then she went to the old hair trunk in the corner and took out her savings bank book. Ten dollars there still! She scrawled feebly on an old piece of paper: "For my burying," and laid it with the book on the table; then she sat down in the old chair and fell asleep.

"Miss Prissy! Miss Prissy! O Miss Prissy, wake up! I've got something for you! Won't you speak to me? It's Mary, Mary. Don't you know me? Mary you used to give the ginger cakes to. Miss Prissy! Dear Miss Prissy!"

It is useless, Miss Mary; she will never wake again. But what is it that is saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it *not*?"

"We therefore commit her body to the grave—in the hope of a glorious resurrection"—but all through the burial services rang those words: "Inasmuch as ye did it not," and the answer of the town, "sealed proposals for the keeping of the town poor, the contract to be awarded to the lowest bidder."—*Eva L. Ogden, in Good Cheer.*

PREPARING A SPEECH.

Points From One Whom Success Has Qualified to Give Advice.

Few men make speeches without carefully preparing them beforehand. It is rather amusing that so many speakers try to produce the impression that they speak without having made ready. Sometimes it is by beginning with the conventional statement that the call upon them is unexpected or that they have been absorbed with other demands upon their time. Sometimes in the opening or close, which has been so carefully fixed in the memory that the speaker is secure of it, he injects a word or reference caught from the pending occasion, thus giving the impression that the whole thing is a present inspiration. Then, too, not to put too fine a point on the matter, there are some who on this subject do, with the most unconscionable abandonment, verify the Scripture, that all men are liars. I remember a most distinguished man telling me that a long speech of his at a public meeting was extemporaneous, when I had read it the evening before set up in cold type for the forthcoming morning paper.

Some of the best stump speakers very wisely repeat the same speech almost in totidem verbis as they go from place to place, as you will learn when you go with them. Some of these frankly acknowledge this method; others will so emphatically assure you that they never speak twice alike that you are bound to credit them with an honest delusion. You rarely listen to an after-dinner speech, however glibly it rolls that has not been wrought ad unguem.

I should say, therefore, do not hesitate to make the most thorough preparation, or to let it be known, if need be, that you do so. It is a good thing, too, to mix in something of humor, never coarse, but of a fine sort, giving flavor as a mite of red pepper flavors a salad. Helpful also is a touch of pathos or sentiment, of which in a reasonable degree, do not be afraid. Without humor or sentiment no speech goes very close to the heart of an audience. I have often found that some little incident, scene, reminiscence or bit of landscape has given a source from which to derive a speech. Sitting down to write it the theme expands, not forward, but in a circle. Some leading thought controls, and around that argument, illustration, application group themselves. The very process of writing, especially a second copying, will develop new trains of thought and illustration or reference. A word as you write it becomes a suggestion, and your pen creates almost as if it were independent of your mind. A vocabulary is, of course, a vital resource for a speaker, though some seem to have been born to a full one. The great aid to this is reading and also committing good authors, a discipline doubly valuable because it furnishes a stock of facts and a stock of words.

I think the great thing in a speech is earnestness of purpose and especially of delivery. I would not advise the slightest attention to gesticulation, for that will take care of itself with an earnest speaker, and some of the most earnest and effective seem to dispense with it altogether. The manner is every thing in public speaking. You may hear two speakers, one stirring you to the depths, the other drowned in your own yawning, and yet had you read them in your evening newspaper they would have been equally good, or equally commonplace.

A good speech consists of a sound, wholesome array of facts, thought, or argument, relieved in the treatment by a picture, a touch of humor, or a play of fancy or sentiment, not afraid of the embellishment of a reasonable fringe of rhetorical flourish, clearly enunciated in the speaking, and delivered with all the force, feeling, earnestness and appeal that you would put into a struggle for your life.—*John D. Long, in Writer.*

THE PATENT OFFICE.

How One of Uncle Sam's Most Important Bureaus Is Conducted.

A legal application for a patent is made up of five parts: The petition, which is the technical term for the application proper; the specification, or description; the oath, the drawing and the fee. They used to require a model also, but now that is dispensed with unless specially called for by the examiner. The examiner is the officer who examines your invention, to see whether it is novel and useful, which it must be to entitle you to a patent.

The Patent Office is in charge of the Commissioner of Patents. To help him he has an assistant commissioner and a law clerk. Matters of ordinary routine are in charge of a chief clerk. The examination of applications is intrusted to twenty-five principal examiners, each of whom has a first, a second and a third assistant. Another grade—that of fourth assistant—was established in 1882, and there are now twenty-nine examining divisions. There is also a Board of Appeals, composed of three examiners-in-chief; an examiner of interferences, and several chiefs of divisions, who superintend the copying, assignment and issuing of patents, the publication of the *Official Gazette*, the making and photo-lithographing of drawings, the care of models, the receipts of fees and other moneys, and so forth. The whole office contains some five or six hundred clerks. The examiners are the representatives of the Commissioner, to whom he delegates the work of determining the merits of the various applications for patents. The law requires the Commissioner to issue a patent for every invention which shall be found to be "new and useful." Of course, the Commissioner can not personally inspect and decide upon the twenty-five thousand applications for patents which are made every year. This is the work of the examiners, each of whom has charge of all inventions of a certain kind. Inventions are classified into about one hundred and sixty-seven classes. Each examiner has assigned to him six or eight classes, which he subdivides to suit his own convenience. All applications are distributed among the examiners, according to the nature of the inventions. The examiner sees to it that each application is properly examined in its turn, and finally, when satisfied that a case covers nothing that is not patentable, he sends it to the Issue Division, where a patent is drawn up and duly issued.—*George P. Whittlesey, in St. Nicholas.*

—Gus De Smith—"I say, Kosciusko, your overcoat looks shabby. Why don't you get a new one?" Kosciusko Murphy—"Mose Schaumburg has shut down on my credit." "Then take it to a tailor and have it turned." "Humph, do you think this overcoat has got three s d s?"—*Texas Siftings.*

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

A Noted Veterinary Surgeon on the Disease and Its Treatment.

Very little is known of the nature of pleuro-pneumonia in neat cattle. The causes of the disease, both immediate and remote, are subjects full of interest and paramount importance. A correct knowledge of them is not only the trustworthy guide to prevention of disease generally, but the only safe rule to govern the practitioner in making a diagnosis, and to form a more valid prognosis, and to point out the best effective indicated remedies in the course of treatment. It may be observed that the causes of pleuro-pneumonia have not as yet been satisfactorily explained to the minds of agriculturists. The nature and origin of the disease are less understood and more involved in doubt and obscurity at this day than they should be. Pleuro-pneumonia is not a peculiar disease. It is one of the extensive class and caused by the same agents in character, bacteria or germs, from which most, if not all, epidemic, endemic and epizootic diseases originate. Among the causes of pleuro-pneumonia may be enumerated constitutional debility, local weakness resulting from previous pulmonary disease, irritants and stimulants too constantly applied to the mucous membranes of the respiratory or breathing organs, exposure to cold, damp, fatigue, change of climate, temperature, uncleanliness, breathing a vitiated atmosphere in overcrowded stables totally unventilated other than by cold draughts of air. The air in these compartments is contaminated by the decomposition of animal, vegetable and other decaying matters and other impure substances. Briefly speaking, one and all things having the tendency to impair vitality must lower the health and vigor of the animal economy, and consequently increase the liability and susceptibility to disease, either idiopathic or local. Please note that fatigue, originating from long driving, transportation in cars, deficient ventilation, overcrowding, filth, insufficient, decayed, sour or bad food, not much or perhaps no exercise in the field or barnyard, and impure water may indeed promote a predisposition to the disease, increase and concentrate the animal effluvia and become the matrix and nidus of the organic poison. Yet it may be claimed that not one alone of these conditions or circumstances, or all of them combined, can possibly produce the disease in question. But one thing is certain: there must be the subtle poison to manipulate them into operation, the specific influence to generate the disease, pleuro-pneumonia, which is in no sense contagious in cattle or in any other species of warm blooded animals, man included. The effective stamping out of pleuro-pneumonia can not possibly be accomplished by indiscriminate slaughter of dairy cattle, but can be by giving proper care to their sanitary condition, supplying sound, healthy food, pure water, dry air, giving the animals the benefit of the sun during the warm hours of the day, and feeding and watering at regular hours and in regular quantity. This prescribed treatment in the care and management of not only cattle, but all domestic animals, will in most instances prevent this disease in question. Destroy the causes and you will have no effects to contend with and a final stop will be put to flagrant and wanton destruction of our invaluable and indispensable dairy cattle particularly, and neat cattle generally, and the depletion of the farmers' purses will cease. These views are based on many years of study, practice, close observations and diligent investigation of the various causes of the origin of the disease of dumb animals.—*Edward S. Smith, V. S., in Brooklyn Eagle.*

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Why It Is Needed on the Farm as Much as in the Store.

The man who thinks a practical business education is not needed on a farm does not have a very exalted idea of farming as a business, for it is becoming more apparent every day that the richest and most productive fertilizer put on a farm is brains. It is becoming just as apparent, too, that farming is a legitmate business and not a mere means of eking out a livelihood. It takes a better head now to run a farm successfully than it did fifty years ago. It is one thing to raise a crop and it is another thing to convert it into the most money. Industry, brains, and good judgment will secure the former, and a good business education will suggest methods and system which will lead to the latter. It is just as important for the farmer to know with mathematical exactness the sources of loss and gain as it is for the merchant. The annual waste on farms which may be attributed to a lack of business methods, would, we have no doubt, pay the cost of a business education for every farmer's son in the land. We claim, and think we can readily prove, that no farm system is complete without a good set of books to keep a record of what it has cost and earned, and we claim, too, that a farm of eighty acres with good business methods to control its management, will produce more than one hundred and sixty acres on the slip-shod plan. A farmer is a better farmer when he can keep books and transact business in a business-like way.—*Western Plowman.*

New French Polonaise.

The new French polonaise promises to be in high favor during this and the coming season, as it is very graceful, very *chic*, and admits of the addition of the extra-wide sash of watered silk at the back. It is cut and finished in severe tailor style, and is as follows: It is usually made of silk-warp Henrietta cloth, India cashmere, fine pilot-cloth, or corded silk for dress occasions. The underskirt is generally of moire, but sometimes of cloth or cashmere, richly braided in a straight border. The fronts of the polonaise fit the form with all the closeness of a cuirass bodice, and to assist this perfection of fitting, silk bodice-linings are invariably used. Over the hips for stout women there is but little fullness. For slender forms the drapery is carried high at each side in soft undulations. The skirt portion of the polonaise is wholly untrimmed, and is simply finished with a deep hem. If the skirt is braided, a braided revers is set down one side of the bodice, with surplice folds of the goods on the opposite side. A pretty fancy for the front of a dressy garment of this description is to add a Figaro vest of white faille or surah that is belted and clasped at the waist in a V shape below it. The vest is often richly embroidered.—*N. Y. Post.*

LIFE IN THE SLUMS.

High Rents Paid by New York's Poor for Wretched Tenements.

You will return from your first visit to the slums with two strong impressions: One, of the utter hopelessness of trying to do any thing; the other, of the necessity for doing something immediately, lest the heavens fall. Perhaps you have evolved in your boudoir some beautiful scheme of amelioration; it has occurred to you that if ten rich men of the city could be persuaded to give $100,000 apiece, not as a charity but as an investment, to build ten tenements each to accommodate seventy families, it would be a great and glorious thing. But, as you stand in "the Bend" in Mulberry street and gaze about you, it will be to say in despair, "$1,000,000, ten tenements, 700 families! Of what possible use to plan such an infinitesimal oasis of relief in this universe of misery and degradation?" You have never before seen people so hived. Above you, below you, behind you, in front of you, to the right, to the left, in the rear, in the distance, crowded against each other, behind each other, above each other, are human beings. They swarm on the sidewalks, they are entering and issuing from the doorways, they lean out the windows. You have always supposed that in the homes of the poor you would be filled with pity for the hard work you would be seeing them do; women bending over wash-tubs or ironing-tables, cobblers cobbling, tailors sewing, seamstresses running machines, tinkers mending, children weeping bitterly, as they, too, turn a machine or try to make a shoe; everybody toiling for dear life for a mouthful of bread, too busy to look up, even as you pass. But the first impression made upon you in the slums is that of a horrible leisure. What are these people doing? Nothing. What are they capable of doing? Nothing. What do they want you to do for them? Nothing. What can you do for them? Nothing.

Nothing is more astonishing, in investigating the slums, than the discovery of the enormous prices the poor are paying for the most wretched accommodations. One man boasts that he draws 33 per cent. on his tenement investments. Mr. Alfred White's experiments with improved tenements have been carried on for ten years, and have been made in the city which is the third largest in the United States, so that he has certainly had to grapple with all the problems presented by a large city; and he states that for $1.50 a week you can give tenants two light, airy rooms, with separate sink, scullery and arrangements for coal, etc., and draw 6 per cent. on your investment; yet you will find families paying $6 a week for two rooms, with right to use the hallway for some of their "things;" and in the same house a woman with three children paying $2 a week for one room in the basement, where she lives, cooks, eats, and does washing for a living, with a dark closet and one bed where she and the three children sleep. In a semi-circle of sheds occupied by rag-pickers one woman pays $1 a week for the end of one shed.

Half of the trouble is caused by the willful cruelty, but half by the careless thoughtlessness, of the landlords. A wise writer has said recently: "Often you don't need to say to a man, 'Why do you do so?' If you can show him what he is doing, it is often enough to rouse him to reform." I have faith enough in human nature to believe that if we could organize a procession of landlords and compel them to walk through the tenement districts, they would begin to reform themselves. Half of them do not know what they are doing; trusting the care of their property to agents, whose interest it is not to trouble them with demands for repairs or any lessening of income.—*Mrs. A. W. Rollins, in Forum.*

CORSICAN POLITICS.

Ballot-Box Stuffing Popular Not in the United States Alone.

The Corsicans have a proverb which says: "Un maire doit mourir dans son echarpe," which means that once in office every thing which helps to keep your adversaries out and yourself in is justifiable. To be sent to prison for an electoral fraud committed in the interests of the clan is considered as a misfortune, not a crime. No less than 399 persons were prosecuted for offenses of this sort in 1884-5. Here is a way of retaining the mayoralty when the majority is known to have passed to one's enemies: First act (9th January, 1881)—The "bureau" was discovered putting into the ballot box a packet of false bulletins. Assessors condemned to fifteen days' imprisonment but subsequently let off. Second act (6th of March, 1881)—Under the presidency of the same assessors the ballot box was found to contain more voting papers than there were voters! Third act (7th May, 1882)—Under the same presidency the friends of the mayor came first thing in the morning to vote, and at ten o'clock the voting was declared to be over, and the other party found the door shut. Fourth act (1st October, 1882)—The mayor, who was to have presided, resigned on the morning of the election, and it could not be held. Fifth act (4th March, 1883)—The Conseiller General who was to have presided, said he was ill, and the election had to be again postponed. Thus the minority contrived to keep themselves in power for two years; the sixth time they had managed to doctor the lists so as to give themselves the majority, and therefore offered no obstacle to the holding of the election. However, a report having got about that some strange names had been placed on the list, the mayor's enemies asked to see the new list. This was refused them, so, in Corsican fashion, they determined to take the law into their own hands, and, armed with loaded guns, posted themselves at the entrance of the "mairie" to prevent any strangers voting. An unfortunate villager from Corte appeared. "Come on," called the mayor, "don't be afraid." "If you stir a step you are a dead man," shouted a voice from the crowd. He tried to pass. "Fire!" said the voice, and he fell pierced with balls. "A stupid business, and badly carried out," said a Corsican to M Bourde. "They should have shot the mayor. Eight of our party were found guilty, including the Conseiller General. This disorganized us."—*Murray's Magazine.*

—He (to Miss Shawsgarden, of St. Louis, after the opera)—"May I not hope, Miss Shawsgarden, that you will eat a few oysters before going home?" She—"Thanks, you are kind, Mr. Muleheel, but I shall want but few, those peanuts were so hearty."—*N. Y. Sun.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Joseph Jefferson the actor is said to be worth $750,000.

—Mrs. General Sherman, like her husband, is a regular first-nighter at the theaters.

—Miss Jennie Chamberlain, the Ohio beauty that created such a sensation in Europe, is now living at a hotel in Cleveland. She seldom goes out, receives few visitors and leads a very quiet life.

—George Bancroft, the octogenarian, politician, and historian, is the only private citizen admitted to the privileges of the floor of the Senate, and the only person to who such courtesy is extended by name.

—Senator Stanford's California ranch contains 56,000 acres, and is probably the largest in the country. Some 3,800 acres are planted in grapevines, and he has a wine cellar that holds 1,000,000 gallons.

—Worth, the famous Paris costumer, receives his customers in a short embroidered jacket, capacious trousers, a white flannel shirt fastened at the throat with a loosely-knotted scarf and a brown Tam O'Shanter cap.

—Sir Donald Smith, the millionaire pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company, gave his daughter, lately married in Montreal, a check for $2,000,000. The groom was Dr. J. B. Howard, a young physician of moderate means.

—A Nashville carpenter arose in his sleep and went into his shop and began filing a saw. The noise woke him up and he was mightily puzzled to find himself engaged at work at two o'clock in the morning in a dark shop.

—Mrs. Cleveland has a double in Washington—an unknown lady who often appears upon the promenades, attended by a large dog, and who so strongly resembles the President's wife that almost every person who passes her turns to look at her.

—An aged preacher of Middletown, Conn., claims to have traveled 76,000 miles, preached over 4,800 sermons, performed the marriage ceremony 876 times, the baptismal ceremony 1,253 times, and delivered 556 funeral discourses. The largest sum he ever received for a year's labors was $800.

—Senators Vest of Missouri, Sawyer of Wisconsin, and Jones of Nevada are considered the best story-tellers of the Senate. They are all members of the Commerce Committee, and relieve the monotony of routine committee work by anecdotes, witticisms and funny stories, rivaling each other in the effort to pose as the leading humorist of the trio.

—Many of the statesmen at Washington are fond of candy, and may often be seen at the confectionery stand near the House. William Walter Phelps and Tom Reed like chocolates and marshmallows, Judge Houk, of Tennessee, buys peppermints, and McMillin, of the same State, grinds up hoarhound and jawbreakers with great relish.

—A young man arrested as one of those engaged in a robbery up in Maine where eighty thousand dollars was secured was brought to trial the other day and surprised his counsel and confederates by pleading guilty. He gave an assumed name and asked to be sent to the penitentiary rather than have his family name known and disgraced.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—It should be an easy matter to down a feather-weight champion.—*Boston Transcript.*

—There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and the world would be better off if there were more.

—Old Punster says he knows a woman who wears a new hat out the first day she gets it.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Tramp—"Here's a pie I stole off yer windy, mum. I want to bring it back." Housekeeper—"Well, I'm glad you've got some conscience." Tramp—"Yes'm. I'm tough, but I don't dare to eat a strange mince pie."—*Judge.*

—Old gent—"Why does your father go around begging instead of working?" Little boy—"He begs so he can get money to buy whisky." "But why does he drink whisky?" "So he can get up courage to go around and beg."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Minister (to widow)—"I was at the cemetery to-day, my dear Mrs. Bentley, and I discovered that your husband's grave is quite overgrown with grass." Widow (fetching a sigh):—"Yes, I promised poor John just before he died I would see it was kept green."

—Dr. Pellet—"So Scalpel set your broken arm?" Patient—"Yes, sir." Pellet—"What were his charges?" Patient—"Twenty dollars." Pellet—"Robbery, sir—downright robbery. I would have amputated it for twenty-five dollars."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Mamma," said Johnnie, "can anybody hear with their mouth?" "No, dear; I don't think they can," replied his mother. "Then mamma, what made Captain Smythe tell Lucy he wanted to tell her something, and put his lips to her mouth instead of her ear?"

—Esquiman—"Well, stranger, what are you doing up here?" "I came up to look at the country, but I guess I'll go home again. I don't like the climate." "What's the matter with it?" "Too sultry by far." "Sultry? Holy Grail! Where are you from?" "New York."—*Lincoln Journal.*

—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." O, it does, eh? In the spring a young man's fancy doesn't do any thing of the sort. It turns to thoughts of how he's going to get in about five thousand hours of four-hundred-dollar-a-week fun into fourteen days of ten-dollar summer vacation.—*Puck.*

—"Father," said Robert, "I have long cherished the desire to go on the stage, and have at last decided, with your permission, to—" "My son," interrupted the fond father, "all the world's a stage. Take that hoe hanging in the woodshed and go and dig those potatoes back of the orchard."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—"John, I am afraid we can't go to the theater any more," said a Chicago woman to her husband. "No, I'm afraid we can't; money is getting very tight." "I shall miss it dreadfully." "So shall I." "What shall we do?" "I have it. We'll hang your big hat on the back of baby's chair and sit and look at it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Papa (severely)—"Did you ask mamma if you could have that apple?" Three-year-old—"Yes, sir." Papa—"Be careful, now. I'll ask mamma, and if she says you didn't ask her I'll whip you for telling a story. Did you ask mamma?" Three-year-old—"Truly, papa, I asked her. (A pause.) She said I couldn't have it."—*Philadelphia Call.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The man whose wife woke him up in church by sticking a pin in him says he doesn't like such pointed suggestions.

—A big oak tree was recently felled in Pike County, Mo. It made four hundred and twenty-nine fence posts and nine cords of stove wood.

—A reporter in describing a teetotal meeting said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired from the hall full of the best spirits."

—A Racine man said "white horse" when he met a red-headed girl the other day. She fell on to him lustily, knocking him into a muddy ditch with her umbrella.

—A citizen of Blakely, Ga., has a novel method of hunting wild turkeys. He takes a tame gobbler along, tethers it to a tree, then hides and waits for the wild birds to come up and make its acquaintance.

—It is stated that the distillation of one hundred gallons of crude petroleum will yield seventy-six gallons of illuminating oil, twelve gallons of gasoline, benzine or naphtha, three gallons of lubricating oil, and nine gallons of residuum.

—A young man in a railway carriage was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him. "Yes," said the elderly gentleman, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."

—It is stated by an English dealer in East India cereals that there are more than ten thousand different varieties of rice, and yet that there is only one species. The different varieties are of all colors, from black to pale yellow and snow white.

—The heirs of a merchant of Monson, Mass., received the other day thirty cents, sent by a man in Pennsylvania, who wrote that they were to pay for four apples that he took from the merchant's store when he lived there forty years ago.

—A Richmond, Mich., woman lost her watch a few days ago. She could not find it, but wherever she went she heard that watch tick. This nerved her on to greater efforts, and she turned the house upside down in her search—and then found the watch in her bustle.

—The Adrian, Mich., *Press* discovered an old account book of the crop of 1830, and learns from it that wood was worth $1 a cord that year, a yard of calico 37½ cents, a pen six cents; tea was worth 60 cents and coffee 22 cents; shirting 12½ cents and a spool of thread nine cents. Butter was worth 20 cents, whisky 56 cents a gallon, and 100 pounds of flour $3.

—A Swede, of Terre Haute, claim to be the "world's champion water drinker." He thinks it no feat at all, scarcely, to drink half a gallon in fifty seconds, and has drunk five gallons in five hours and thirty gallons in a day, which exceeds the capacity of any horse. His appetite keeps up with his thirst pretty well, for he can sit down and eat as much as can ten men.

—A big bone, which local physicians of Carson, Nev., say is a portion of a leg of a man below the knee, was recently found near Genoa, Nev. It was two feet long, and at the point where it joined the knee was eight inches across, or five times the usual size. I the man who owned the bone was built in proportion he must have been about twenty-five feet high. An active search is being made for the rest of the skeleton.

—John Wesley was one day walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why the cow looks over that wall?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley; "because she can not look through it. And that is what you must do with your troubles—look over and above them."

—The late Emperor William one evening at Baden Baden noticed an officer in civilian dress trying his luck at trente-et-quarante, a pastime forbidden to army officers. He had placed two or three louis on the table and had won a nice little sum, when he saw the King opposite. He turned pale, trembled, and hesitated to take possession of his money. Thereupon King William approached and whispered in his ear: "Don't be afraid. Take in your money, but don't do it again."

—A curious freak of memory is that of forgetting words of a poem or speech which has been said over a great number of times. The leading lady of a play which has been performed seven hundred times can not remember her lines, even by the most violent effort, and only complete rest of a day or two would recall them. Another actress in a play which had a great run had to be constantly prompted towards the end, rehearsed every day, and yet was constantly pursued by a terrible consciousness that what she was saying to the audience was simply unmeaning gibberish.

—The celebrated Dr. Abernethy hated the egotistic garrulity of people who came to consult him. A lady on one occasion entered his consulting room, and put before him an injured finger without saying a word. In silence Abernethy dressed the wound, and the lady instantly and silently put the usual fee on the table and retired. In a few days she returned, and held out her finger free from bandage and perfectly healed. "Well?" was Abernethy's monosyllabic inquiry. "Well," was the lady's equally brief answer. "Upon my word, madam," said the delighted surgeon, "you are the most sensible woman I ever met with!"

How Daniel Boone Died.

A Kentucky newspaper seventy years old, and just found among some old papers, gives the following account of the death of Daniel Boone: "As he lived so he died, with his gun in his hand. We are informed by a gentleman direct from Boone's settlement on the Missouri. that early last month Colonel Boone rode to a deer lick and seated himself within a blind raised to conceal him from the game; that while sitting thus concealed, with his trusty rifle in his hand, pointed towards the lick, the muzzle resting on a log, his face to the breech of his gun, his rifle cocked, his finger on the trigger, one eye shut, the other looking along the barrel through the sights—in this position, without a struggle or motion, and of course without pain, he breathed out his last so gently that when he was found next day by his friends, although stiff and cold, he looked as if alive, with his gun in his hand just in the act of firing."—*Chicago Tribune.*