

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. If it is only on one side of the paper, be particularly careful in giving the name and address of all letters or figures plain and distinct.

IN SEPTEMBER.

Mornings frosty grow, and cold. Evening mists and showers. Crows are crying sharp and clear. Where the rustling corn grows near; rustling flocks of blackbirds call; Here and there a few leaves fall. In the meadows larks sing sweet, chirp the cricket at our feet—in September.

Mosses are sunny, warm and still; A golden haze o'erhangs the hill. Another summer on the floor Just within the open door. Pull the crockets call and croak— Never found, though long sought— Oft comes faint report of gun; Hazy blue haze in the sun—in September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp, Early light, and showers. Fire burns and kettle sings. Smoke ascends in thin blue rings: On the roof the rattle of the rain. In the west the soft lights die; From chimneys a robin's song Kings out, singing long—in September.

—Elizabeth Cole, in St. Nicholas.

TONS OF LETTERS.

Missives Sent and Received by Washington Ottolows. Thousand Letters a Day Received by a President Alone—How the Mail is Assorted, Distributed and Answered—Post-Office Notes.

The President of the United States receives daily an average of fifty thousand letters, which, as a rule, are answered or their receipt acknowledged on the day of delivery. To enable him to cope with this vast correspondence, much of which requires not simply a formal reply but considerable research and special knowledge, the Executive is furnished with about ten thousand clerks, who, for convenience, are divided into seven departments, according as their work has to do with our foreign relations, the army or navy, the fiscal machinery of the Government, its internal relations, the postal service or the administration of justice. The heads of these seven principal departments are asked by the President to meet once or twice a week at the White House and form what is known as his Cabinet. At these conferences the more important business of the several departments is discussed, so that the work may be done promptly and harmoniously; and so well regulated is the system that it is not necessary for the President to see personally but a very small part of Executive correspondence. Two or three sacks only, out of the tons of mail matter that is dumped every morning on the floor of the Washington City post-office, goes to the White House.

This post-office is the third in the country in volume of business, though Washington is only the fourteenth city in population. That in an account of the enormous official mail that passes through Postmaster Conger's hands. During the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1885, the letters received were in excess of 25,000,000, or about 70,000 daily, and of this total it is estimated about 70 per cent goes to the departments.

The redundant tide is even larger, for the out-going delivery includes all the publications of the Government. Statistics in this field would be staggering. They would be on such a huge scale that the figures would lose their meaning. On some days, for instance, during the busy days of Congress, 2,000 large sacks, mostly of Executive documents, will pass through the office, and the average for the summer months is 20,000 sacks a month. Much of this is registered, for greater safety, so that the work thrown on the city force is prodigious.

Evidently, then, the Washington post office is a busy place. It is in a vile building, and the clerks agree to condone its contracted spaces, dimly lit and vermin on an understanding with it that it won't tumble down during office hours. The postmaster is a son of Senator Conger and an active Republican politician. The clerk in charge of the manipulation of the mail is Mr. Springer. He looks and acts much like General Grant, and, like that general, has a knack at turning of business quickly and well. There are "crews" of men in the office all the time, night and day, week days, Sundays and holidays. One section works from seven a. m. to three p. m., one from three to eleven p. m., and one from eleven p. m. to seven a. m.

The busiest time of the day for the incoming mail is early in the morning, when the great night mails arrive. From seven till nine o'clock the office seethes with activity. Shortly before nine o'clock the mail wagons for the departments and the outlying bureaus are hauled up in the rear of the office, and the mail is handed out to them for distribution. The vehicles are of every description, from heavy red circus-like vans to neat covered carriages, which have a strong suspicion of twilight and Sunday excursions about them. The heaviest mail generally goes to the Post-Office Department, due to the routine correspondence between the department and the 50,000 postmasters of the country. Each postmaster is expected to write at least four letters each quarter to the department, thus involving a mass of 200,000 letters every ninety days, or more than 2,000 a day from each case alone. Then there is an equal volume of business in the Dead Letter Bureau, where all unclaimed, misdirected or unintelligible letters are sent. The other two departments that receive enormous mails are the Interior and the Treasury. The mail for the Pension Bureau of the Interior alone often amounts into the thousands.

All the departments have a mail room where the letters are received and sorted. In the larger departments these rooms have quite a post-office look of their own, and in the volume of business transacted the figures of many towns of considerable size. Here the sacks are opened and the contents distributed into trays or boxes which represent the office of the Secretary and the different bureaus. When thus sorted the letters go to the chief clerks, who go through the pile, whether "confidential" or not. Heads of departments are not supposed to have any guilty secrets, and they certainly have not the time to read all the missives which come to them as confidential matter. So the clerks rip open everything, and many "confidential" letters drop into his waste basket. Communications on business matters the clerk tosses into wicker trays, and these are borne by messengers, the chiefs of division and the heads of rooms having special supervision of the matter. If, however, the letter is seen to be important it is

LES HUMORISTES

A Long Distance After the Lato Victor Hugo.

The Love Story of an Alleged Funny Man—A Daring Scheme, and How It Was Consummated—Happy Conclusion.

CHAPTER I.

Alphonse Berlin was a humorist. The poet's lyre has a thousand strings, that of the humorist has ten.

Alphonse could not speak what he only dared to hope. For months he awaited an opportunity, finally one day it came. A mailed scribble, a dull thud, and Juno was his. Success had crowned his fondest hopes. CHAPTER IV. The next day society was shaken to its foundations. Adriennette's pug had been stolen. Liveried couriers were dispatched hither and thither. Pinkerton's entire detective agency was called out. The millionaire's purse was thrown open for rewards. Excitement on Fifth avenue ran high. Alphonse held his peace. When the excitement had been raging three days, Alphonse rang Adriennette's door bell. "Go away," said she, in a high-toned voice. "I bring news of him," said the young man, solemnly. The girl threw her arms around his neck and kissed him in the ecstasy of the moment. "I will restore him for one reward only," said Alphonse. "Name it," said the truant maiden. "I will grant anything you ask." "I want your hand in marriage," said Alphonse, at the same time removing the cover of a large hat box which he carried with him, and taking out Juno. "I'm with you," said Adriennette. What a happy scene! The gods laughed to see it.

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MEETING OF EMPERORS.

They Do Things Better in the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave.

There is a lesson to young men in the preparations that are being made for the meeting between the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria. No doubt many young men have ambitions to become Czars or Emperors, but there is nothing in it. It is more trouble than it is worth. These two men, for they are nothing but common men, desired to meet each other and talk it over. Instead of one visiting the other, as ordinary men would do, they agreed, about a year ago, to meet half way, and engineers were set to work to take measurements, and find a town that was exactly half way between the two capitals. The town of Kremis, in Moravia, was selected, and before it was made public what place they were to meet, the town was taken possession of by troops from both great powers, and guarded all around and no person is allowed to enter or leave without a pass, and every person who enters the town is under police surveillance, has his lodgings pointed out to him, and he has to have everything he owns searched, to guard against dynamite. These crowded houses will be overcrowded with nervous prostration, and their bodies will be on nettles until they are once more safe home, and with their castles. They are "loved" by their people, and yet they expect to be murdered any minute. They will be dressed in purple and fine linen, decorated with precious stones, and live on the fat of the land, after some subject has tasted of each dish to see if it is poisoned, and they will seem to be having a real nice visit, but they will expect every minute to have their hind legs blown off by dynamite, or be shot, or poisoned. Why should they take all this trouble, and run so many chances, and go to so much expense, simply to talk together for a little while, when for a penny they could send a postal card containing all they want to say? The telegraph or telephone could do the work, and the great men could breathe freely, which they can not do when they meet as proposed. What business man in America, or what laboring man would sit down to surround the spot where the Czar or Emperor, or take a ride, has to be surrounded with an army. The American President takes a tomato can full of angry worms and goes off to the woods fishing, with one or two companions, and is in no more danger than a private citizen. An Emperor, to go fishing, would have to surround the spot where he would fish with an army, and then he would feel that he was afraid to get a bite for fear if he pulled on the fish it would blow up the lake. Poor Emperors, we feel for you.—Puck's Sun.

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A Remarkable Cure.

A remarkable case of cure from the bite of a cobra in full poison comes from the Pachmarhi, a military hill station in the central provinces of India. The effective bite of a cobra is usually regarded as certain death, and the successful treatment of the case in question will suggest to medical men the value of hypodermic treatment in such cases. According to the Allahabad Pioneer, a post-office harka (messenger) was bitten by a cobra, which was afterwards killed. The man was at ten or fifteen minutes must have elapsed before medical assistance was available. When the patient was taken in hand he was in a state of collapse. The lower half of his body became gradually paralyzed, and by degrees he lost both speech and sight. The doctor at this stage thought that nothing could save the man, especially as he was found to be a cobra in full poison. Hypodermic injections and other obvious treatment, however, were continued, and in about ten hours some little improvement in the patient was observed. Subsequently, the man quite recovered. There appears not the slightest doubt in the opinion of the doctor, that his little finger had been torn open in shaking the snake off. The cobra was four and a half feet long.—N. Y. Post.

A Public-Spirited Man.

Jim McShiner was tried in the District Court at San Antonio, Tex., for stealing a horse. After speeches were made, the case was given to the jury. Judge Noonan, who was on the bench, said to the jury, as he handed the former the papers: "The jury will now retire and deliberate on a verdict." The jurymen got up to go out, but the prisoner graciously waved his hand at them, and said: "Gentlemen, you needn't go out on my account. You can just stay right here and discuss the matter. In fact, I'd like to be present and help you make up your verdict. I want to do all I can to expedite justice." The jury, nevertheless, retired, but after several hours they returned, being unable to agree upon a verdict. Once more the prisoner arose in his seat, and said to the jury: "Gentlemen, as far as I am concerned a few years more or less in the penitentiary is a matter of no importance. If you can not agree on five years make it ten. I don't want to have it said about me that I impeded the course of justice or that I didn't have any public spirit."—Texas Siftings.

DISENCHANTMENT.

She stood on the cool piazza. As the shades of evening fell, And I gazed on the lovely maiden Entranced by her beauty's spell.

The balmy evening zephyr Played with each golden tress; And you're eyes were swimming In a sea of tenderness.

Her lips, just slightly parted, Were tinged with the coral's flame, And I thought that her cheeks' bright hue the rose would shame.

While gazing in admiration On the rare and radiant lass, I thought sweetest music only Through those coral lips could pass.

One sudden change came o'er her, Gone was the smile so bland, And she smote in sudden anger The back of her lit hand.

And she cried: "Hah! I've got you, You're the same blighted old mosquito That I tried to smash before!"

Advice to a Teacher. Johnny Fizzle is one of the boys that attends the University of Texas. He plays hockey, breaks his slate, and makes the life of his professor miserable by shooting spit-balls at him. Some weeks ago Johnny showed signs of reformation, but it did not last, for yesterday the professor caught him in the act of putting a bit on his throne.

"Johnny, I know you seem to be a bad boy," said the professor, sadly, "but I hoped there had been a change for the better in your conduct. I even told your father that you were a changed boy. I hoped that you had become a better boy, but I see I am mistaken. I am grieved and disappointed. I see that my hopes were premature."

"Yes, that is all your fault. You shouldn't go off at half-cock that way. Remember what David Crockett said: 'Be sure you are right, and then go ahead,' but you'll learn after awhile!"—Texas Siftings.

The Chestnut Grows Everywhere. Out West, right under the eaves of the Rockies, lives a patriotic editor and last Fourth of July he concluded to entuse, so he announced that his paper for that week would appear in the National colors. On the day of issue an old subscriber was on hand and got the first copy from the press.

"How's this?" he exclaimed, looking over the issue. "Why, this paper isn't in the National colors as you announced; there's nothing here but white and blue."

"Well, ain't that right?" "Of course not. Where's the red?" "O, it will be read, just as soon as the issue gets into the hands of the subscribers."—Merchant Traveler.

A PICNIC PHANTASY.

CHAPTER I. Come let us jump aboard the train! Let us go to the picnic ground. All nature seems to smile on us, Let's to the picnic go.

Yes, what a jolly time I've had! I dance and laugh with glee. A beetle has crawled down my back, I feel him round my knee.

A bumble-bee has tored with me, And in my shoes are ants. I sat upon a lemon pie, And spiced my Sunday pants.

CHAPTER II. He was small for a witness, but he knew a good deal more than there were indications. "Take the stand," said the lawyer. "Right you are," he replied, stepping up and sitting down carelessly.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?" "Well, I should smile," and he threw a barefooted leg over the arm of the chair. "Were you ever on the witness stand before?"

"Not any." "Then how do you know the nature of an oath?" "I've been around lots of times when Pap was chopping 'em'llin' wood, an' seen the sticks fly up an' hit him a swipe across the snoot. Guess you never split much kindlin' for yer wife, did yer?"—Merchant Traveler.

Life in a Flat. Judge Kennebec, a cynical old bachelor, lives with his dog in the hall room of a New York flat. As he was looking out of his window Miss Vanpel, who lives on the flat below, stuck her head out of her window, and called up: "Your nasty dog barks all night."

"But he doesn't play on the piano all day." "The lower window came down with bang that sounded like a safe being blown open.—Texas Siftings.

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PROGRAMME OF FAIR WEEK IN ST. LOUIS.

GREAT ST. LOUIS FAIR.

What Can Be Seen For One Admission of Fifty Cents.

The 25th Great St. Louis Fair, opens October 25th and continues 32 days. It is held in each premises to be distributed among the exhibitors of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry, Machinery, Mechanical and Industrial products, Works of Art, Textile Fabrics, Produce, Fruits, and Vegetables, Geological and Chemical Specimens.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN—FAIR GROUND. The collection of Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles on the Ground of the Association compares favorably with any Zoological Garden in the World, and will be opened free to all visitors to the Fair. Numerous additions have been made to this department and it is now complete in its details.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS ON FAIR GROUND. Sixty-five acres have been added to the Ground, and \$50,000 expended in improvements, comprehending the new grand race course, 700 new Horse Stalls, 500 new Cattle stalls, 500 new Sheep Pens, a Country House for 2,000 Persons, twenty-eight new Exhibition Halls and Pavilions. Applications for Stalls and Poultry pens, etc., will be received until the 1st of October. The horses entering being the most celebrated in the country.

TRADES FAIR. During the entire week the streets of the city will be illuminated by 1,500,000 gas jets, intermingled with hundreds of calcium, incandescent and electric lights.

TRADES FAIR. On the night of Tuesday, October 26th, the grand annual musical concert of the FAIR PROPERTIES, consisting of thirty-five choirs, will be given at an expense of thousands of dollars.

SHAW'S GARDEN. Of world-wide fame, will be open free to all visitors during the week, through the generosity of its owner.

HALF FARE RATES. All railroad and steamboat companies have generously made a rule of one fare for the round trip during the entire week.

A PUBLIC HOLIDAY. The Municipal authorities have agreed to declare Thursday of Fair Week a holiday to all. Rooms and board for 25,000 guests have been provided for at greatly reduced rates.

COMMERCIAL EXCHANGES. The Merchants' Association, Jewelers' and Real Estate Exchanges, will be open free to all visitors. Exhibitors should apply for space, stalls or pens, at once, or they will secure a desirable location. Address: F. S. TUNN, Secretary, 718 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

When a miner has been eaten by a grizzly, the Western people speak of him as being admitted to the "Yonkers Gazette."

Delicate Diseases. Of either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Complicated and obstinate cases of blood taints, skin eruptions, rheumatism, neuralgia, exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous, mental, and organic debility, varicose, hydroptic, diseases of prostate gland, kidneys and bladder, pangs, catarrhs and rupture, all permanently cured. Staff of twelve expert specialists in constant attendance, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America. Send history of case and address for illustrated pamphlet of particular interest. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is a horse in Harlem so balky that he won't draw his own breath.—N. Y. News.

Young Men, Read This. THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VIBRATOR BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men, young or old, afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and every other disease. Complete satisfaction guaranteed, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

A man who gets the mitten is apt to be guilty of contempt of court.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Drowsiness in the Day-time. Unless caused by lack of sleep or from over-eating, is a symptom of disease, and is accompanied by general debility, headache, loss of appetite, coated tongue and yellow complexion, you may be sure that you are suffering from indigestion, consequent derangement of the stomach and bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a sure cure for all ailments of this nature. They cleanse the blood and purify the blood, and relieve the digestive organs.

AMBITION is a vacuum that will never be filled.—Washington Hatchet.

"As good as represented," is what every body says of Frazar's Axle Grease.

The Trapper's motto—bear and fur-bear. The Judge.

WHEN all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

LOVE is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

FARMERS always work on shares—plough shares.—N. Y. Tribune.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in minutes. See Glenn's Sulphur Soap and beauties. See GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT CURE of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to whom his testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure that has been tried. Usually this medicine has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of KEET'S VERIFIABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient. Use no other.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, The Popular Remedies of the Day.

Principal Office, 351 N. 3rd St., LOUISVILLE, KY. No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Noses. Colored.—"BULL'S WORM DESTROYER" cannot be supplied by any other. Same matter to cut off Horses' Noses. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware, and other stores. Dealers: Special discount to the Trade. J. C. LEITCH, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED For the best-selling publication in the West, a few more Agents, with a chance for doing a very liberal salary, with a share of profits. For several Programs worth \$250 to \$500. For full particulars, write to—

P. O. BOX 497, CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1885. CATTLE—Native Steers... 4 10 to 5 20. COTTON—Midling... 10 00 to 10 10. BEEVES—Good to Heavy... 3 10 to 3 20. HOGS—Common to Select... 3 75 to 4 50. SHEEP—Fair to Choice... 2 50 to 3 25. FLOUR—No. 2... 4 00 to 4 25. CORN—No. 2... 30 to 32. OATS—No. 2... 18 to 20. RICE—No. 2... 10 00 to 10 10.

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