Weekly Chillicothe Crisis.

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RANDOM CLIPPINGS.

LORD SALISBURY considers it an honor to be called a journalist.

AN alleged "petrified man" has been discovered near Santa Cruz, Cal.

LIGHTNING is reflected for 150 to 200 miles, and thunder may be heard 20 or 25 miles.

THE Columbia river salmon pack to date is 67,000 cases less than for the same time last year.

AMERICAN sportsmen have gone to the lower St. Lawrence in large numbers this season to fish.

REPORTS from sixteen counties of Washington territory place the wheat crop at 12,000,000 bushels.

LORD SALISBURY is the first prime minister the queen of England has had younger than herself.

A TOMATO vine at Plant City, Fla., covers a space seventy-five feet in circumference, and bore all last winter.

MRS. LABOUCHERE writes to an intimate friend that Mr. Labouchere and she will probably visit the United States in autumn.

NINE out of every ten Russians eat with wooden spoons, from wooden plates and bowls, and drink water from wooden dippers.

A SON of Chief Moses, 20 years of age, was drowned in the Columbia river, Oregon, some days ago while attempting to swim across at Fort Colville.

BLACKSNAKES are stripping the government fish-ponds near Washington of ther finny occupants. The reptiles are said to increas in numbers nearly as rapidly as the fish.

IN Lincoln county, New Mexico, near the Pattos mountain, can be traced the walls of a once large city. Inside the walls are growing monster cedar trees said to be thousands of years old.

LABOUCHERE says that so far as he has ever been able to understand the conservative foreign policy, it is to grovel before Prince Bismarck, and to insult France and every other really constitutional state.

IT is useful to remember that the postal-rate change does not affect letters weighing less than an ounce. There is no one-cent rate and half-ounce letters still require a two-cent stamp. The change encourages voluminous letters.

THE head of one New York clothing house is quoted by *The Times* as saying that his firm spent over $5,000 last year in signs along highways and railroads, money, he avers, that was "all wasted," because the scheme has been so much overdone.

THE eel has a peculiar way of retaining a desired position in swift running water. He settles on some sharp rock, faces up stream, and making a hook of the head and forward part of the body drops it over the upper side of the rock and takes his ease.

A SOCIETY is to be formed in New York for the prevention of cruelty to coachmen. The spectacle of a very English private coachmen, clad in a heavy coat buttoned to the chin, wearing a stiff hat and washleather gloves, sitting for an hour on his box in a broiling sun, awaiting the pleasure of his employer, is the motive cause of this new development of philanthropy.

SALMON-FISHING around the islands between Japan and Siberia is rare sport. A scientific traveler describes seriously the abundance of fish. "They exist in such numbers that during the summer and autumn seasons their fins sticking out of the water near the entrances of the rivers look like masses of tangled kelp." A single haul brings to land five thousand salmon.

AN ingenious New York lady has invented a way to travel with money without anxiety. She had a traveling dress trimmed elaborately with buttons. The cheaper ones contained gold pieces neatly laid between the wooden molds and covered with cloth in the usual fashion. The costlier buttons werb stuffed with United States notes. As fast as she required cash she clipped off a button.

STRANGE things have been done in recent years in the way of moving buildings and large masses of stone and brick, but none has been more curious than the moving of a brick factory-chimney in Salem, Mass., a few weeks ago. The chimney was ninety feet high and only six and one-half feet at the base. By the aid of six workmen this clumsy structure was lifted, moved a distance of one hundred feet, and safely deposited upon a new foundation. A sway of only three inches would have been enough to bring the whole mass down like so many bricks in a Buddenseick building. The load weighed 130 tons.

W. M. BEAUCHAMP tells in *The Young Antiquarian* of a discussion that recently arose among the Onondago Indians of New York on the form of the earth. One Indian said it was round, because men had traveled in a straight line and come back to the same place. To this it was replied that men were apt to travel in circles, as they often do when lost. Then it was urged that white men said so, and they know more than the Indians; but, it was answered, white men often lied, as the Indians very well knew. A practical philosopher solved the whole difficulty by driving a stake into the ground and placing an apple on it at night. In the morning the apple was still there, to his great satisfaction; whereas, he said, if the earth had revolved in the night the apple would have fallen off. The question is no longer discussed there.

THE LORDS OF LABOR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march,
You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale fires blaze in the mighty forge,
Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
And their thunders shake the hill.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
That is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillar'd hall;
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil.
And better their well-worn wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow
Than a clasp of a coronet.
Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unknown by the trump or tabor,
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labor!

—*James McIlvaine.*

FINDING MAMMA.

How Susie Searched for Her, and Where She Found Her.

"As for man, his days are as grass. As the flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

"Men go to sea, and never return. It may be the prince of a nation that the ocean wraps in its chilling waters; it may be an unknown stowaway, disowned and dishonored. Death comes to all alike. His stealthy tread advances often unheralded. It therefore becomes us all, in whatever age or rank of life we are, to be prepared. 'As for man, his days are as grass,'" repeated the minister.

Would he never stop? Susie knew he had been talking for at least three hours. In reality, the poor man had just commenced his sermon; but there was no denying the facts, that it was a very warm day, that the pew had a very hard seat and a very stiff back, and that Susie was a very little girl. Her feet didn't come near the floor. In fact, the seat was so high that it was as much as grandma could do to touch hers. Grandma sat in the corner and Susie at the end of this old-fashioned pew. They always went to church together since mamma died and papa went away in the great ship with the patch on the sail, that Susie and grandma watched out of sight.

Grandma let Susie sit in the end because it made her feel so important, and sometimes had the effect of keeping her still. But to-day poor little Susie didn't know what to do. She looked around the little church. It seemed as though nearly all the old folks had gone to sleep, but, of course, they hadn't; it only looked that way. Then she watched the grandfather long-legs on Deacon Dodd. He crawled slowly up the deacon's stiffly starched Sunday collar. The deacon's hair, stiff and straight with Sunday oil, just met the colar; so Sir Long-legs had little trouble in mounting to the deacon's bald spot, in the center of which he stopped to rest. Susie thought that if his body was only a little larger, and his legs a great deal longer and spread out evenly over that shiny bald place, he would look just like the black lace crown of Mrs. Deacon's white bonnet. He didn't grow, however, although Susie watched him for fully a minute. So she turned her attention to Elder Brown. Why did he nod so slewly and reverently at everything the minister said, and then jerk his head back suddenly and look around at the congregation? Susie thought that it was very considerate in him to nod assent so affably to all the minister said, and concluded she would do it too. So she wagged her little head slowly and solemnly forward and back. But what was the use? It made her dizzy; besides, did minister notice such a little girl as she?

She glanced out the window. O, the blue sky, the golden sunshine, the green grass, and the many colored flowers outside! A rose vine, clambering up the old church wall, peeped saucily in, and shook two pink roses at Susie. It seemed as though they blushed and smiled at her alone, and the leaves were just so many fingers beckonmg to her to come outside, away from the sleepy deacon, the tiresome sermon and the stiff-backed pew.

"If I could only go," thought Susie. "I don't believe the minister would care. I don't believe he cares anything about little girls at all. He isn't talking to me, anyway. He says: 'Men are like grass.' I'm not a man. I don't believe I'm like grass, either. My dear mamma never said so. She called me 'a butterfly,' 'a rosebud,' and her 'own sweet birdie.' O, mamma! mamma, why did you die and leave me all alone?"

Two great tears rolled down Susie's cheeks, and left two spots on her Sunday dress. A gay bird lighted on a tree near by and chirped, and whistled and flew away. Susie heard him, and could see through her tears that the roses were still blushing and beckoning more smilingly than ever. She glanced at grandma. The old lady was fast asleep.

"She won't care, anyway," thought Susie. "I'll meet her at the door when church is out, and it will be all right if I take her hand and walk home with her."

Down to the floor slid two little feet, and tip-toed noiselessly up the aisle, while a very short distance above them shone two bright eyes, glancing quickly from side to side. But no one saw the little girl, and in a moment she stood on the church steps in the free air and sunshine. Having come thus far, she did not care about going farther, but sat down on the steps, and listened in a dreamy way to the minister's voice, which was only a faint murmer when it reched her. But just as her head was drooping in sleep a little dog came down the street. He was a funny little dog, with a yellow and white coat, bright black eyes, a short, stubby, independent tail, and a general air of importance. He stopped in front of Susie, wagged his tail, barked in a friendly manner, and trotted briskly away. He did not go far, however, but came back and repeated his attempts at making friends.

"Do you want me to come with you, doggy?" asked Susie. Doggy barked "Yes," so Susie walked down the steps, and the little girl and little dog were soon tripping down the street like old friends.

A Sabbath stillness was in the air; no stir of human industry marred the restful quiet; only the soft music of birds and insects and breezes playing with leaves and grass-blades.

"Doggy, I wonder if we can't find mamma. Grandma says 'she's gone away beyond the sky,' and lots of times I've tried to see her; cause, you know, doggy, I think, may be she looks down at me sometimes. Shouldn't you think she would? But I've never seen her yet; for a day like this, when the blue shows so plain the sun is always so bright it hurts my eyes, and when it rains the clouds hide the sun, they hide away the pretty blue, too; so of course I couldn't see her then. Isn't it too bad, doggy? But look, doggy! Way down there in Deacon Dodd's meadow lot the blue sky comes right down to the fence, and may be mamma'll be watching for us, and lift us right in."

Doggy listened very intelligently to all this, and when his little friend hastened on, he kept close behind her. On and on they hurried; but when they reached the place the poor little feet were very tired, the little shoes were very dusty, there was a great tear in the little dress where a cruel thorn had caught it and had scratched one little hand, too, and there were tears in the pretty blue eyes when she said:

"O, doggy, isn't it too bad? It isn't here, after all, but way over by the woods, and I'm awful tired; aren't you, doggy?"

Doggy sat down in a crestfallen manner. Susie certainly looked very crestfallen, but in a moment she brightened up, saying:

"Never mind, doggy; it isn't so very much farther, and when we get there we'll be sure to get rested. I'm afraid it'll be harder to climb up through. I don't know as we could climb a tree, but maybe there'll be a stump we can stand on, and mamma'll reach down and take us. I know she'll reach down if we can't climb up, and when she holds us we'll be sure to get rested. I never used to get tired at all when my mamma held me, but I'm tired so much since she went up there."

"O, hurry, doggy!" cried Susie. "Those ugly clouds have hid the blue, but perhaps we can see it in the woods."

But when they reached the woods poor Susie sat down in despair. She was tired and hungry, it was getting dark, and the rain kept falling faster and faster.

"O, doggy!" she sobbed, "it's no use. I've lost my mamma and can't find her, and now I believe I've lost grandma, too."

When the sermon was ended and the closing hyma was given out, Susie's grandma was surprised to miss her. After the benediction, she spoke to a number of people about it. "Where can she be?" was asked by all, and several commenced a search for her. When the storm came up more people started out. There was no evening service at church, for by that time the whole town was aroused, but the minister's prayer, "Our Father, watch over and guard the lost one, aid and comfort the sorrowing ones looking for her, we pray thee," was echoed by many hearts.

It was morning when they found her, very wet and fast asleep. Tenderly the little figure was lifted and carried gently home, the little dog following sorrowfully, with downcast head and drooping tail. Loving hands laid her on soft pillows, rubbed the tired, cold little feet and placed cool cloths on the hot head.

All that day and night she slept, and her dumb friend watched mournfully beside her with grandma and the doctor, pricking up his ears and wagging his tail intelligently when the red lips murmured, as they often did; "Almost there, doggy; surely we are almost there;" or, "We'll find her soon, doggy; yes, very, very soon."

Dawn came. Everything seemed more beautiful after the recent storm. The rain had dusted and polished the leaves till they shone and glistened in the gay, bright sunlight. * * *

A sunbeam stole through the shutter, kissed the curl by Susie's cheek, and crept across her closed eyelids. They opened suddenly; but the blue beneath them had a far-away look, and the little girl seemed listening to a voice no others heard. The watchers looked on in breathless silence.

Her expression became more attentive, more rapt. "Almost there, doggy; don't you hear her call us?" Suddenly she gave a joyful cry, "O, mamma!" and then more faintly, "My own dear mamma!" The lids once more and forever hid the lovely eyes beneath their snowy covers; the roses left her cheeks; but the smile rested on the silent lips. The little hands folded contentedly together, as though clasping unseen but well loved fingers. A soft sigh—and Susie had found her mamma.—*Carrie Clark, in Interior.*

Merely a Choice of Deaths.

The Philadelphia *News* is waging war against the tenement-house cigars of New York. It contains descriptions of the people who make the cigars and the places in which they work. In the Sunday edition a large part of the first page is devoted to an account of the evil and illustrations are introduced to show in a more vivid way what the correspondents actually saw. There are pictures of squalid rooms reeking with filth, with dirty babies crawling over the leaf tobacco. There are pictures of women sick to delirium, tossing their arms wildly, surrounded by cigarmakers all hard at work regardless of the pestilential surroundings. And there is one illustration of what a reporter saw which almost surpasses belief—the corpse of a woman badly decomposed in the midst of men and women all busily engaged in making cigars.

The *News* shows a condition of things almost equaling Chinatown in this city. There is this difference, however, that while the smoker of tenement-house cigars might contract measles or smallpox, the smoker of the Chinese article is in constant danger of leprosy. In the first case he merely risks disease and death; in the second he risks the most horrible of living deaths.—*San Francisco Daily Report.*

Ocean Waves.

The results of a series of observations carried out by the Hydrographical Bureau at Washington, in order to determine the length, depth and duration of ocean waves, have been published. The largest wave observed is said to have had a length of half a mile, and to have spent itself in 23 seconds. During storms in the North Atlantic waves sometimes extend to a length of 500 and 600 feet, and last from 10 to 11 seconds. The most careful measurements of the heights of waves give from 44 to 48 feet as an extreme limit. The average height of great waves is about 30 feet. These measurements refer to ordinary marine action, and do not relate to earthquake action or other exceptional agencies.

JENNY JUNE TELLS

How the Modern Man Dislikes to Account to His Wife for Absent Hours.

How to go to Housekeeping on Progressive Euchre.

THE RAGE FOR THE STAGE.

Amateur theatricals have been the most successful entertainments given here during the past season, and there is a rage for them, both among young men and women. The absence of Mrs. James B. Potter, the leading lady amateur in Europe, will be a draw-back, but it is thought, will result in the development of other talent that will now have more of a chance. Between the aspirants professional and unprofessional, the stage ought to be well supplied with "leading" ladies at least; every one expecting to reach this goal and become the recipients of mammoth baskets of Jacquemiot roses, at one and two dollars each. Rages, of course, always die out, success, genuine, permanent success, depends just as it always has, and always will on character, determination, perseverance; particularly the latter. Sticking to it will get a certain measure of success out of anything, but sticking to it means energy, courage, patience, which are anything but amateur virtues.

THE MODERN MAN.

At least in this city, has no strong home feeling. Clubs, restaurants, theatres, and the thousand and one ways of disposing of himself and his time, have taken it all out of him. His home is a place to which he lets himself in with a night key, and where, if he is longer after midnight than usual, he will be

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

asked to give an account of himself. This possibility alone would give him a distaste for it. The modern man hates to give an account of himself. He may have been only talking war chariots on the steps of his club house; he may have been betrayed into "one-more game," he may have been to a "first night" for which he was willing to buy one ticket, but did not want to buy two, and therefore "kept dark" about it or any of a hundred other things may have occurred harmless enough in themselves, which a man does not feel called upon to explain, but which assume exaggerated importance in the ignorant eyes of the unsophisticated wife, for whom "after midnight" means only wickedness, made darker by concealment. Home means so little to a man he grudges every dollar he spends upon it. It is like the church, something that is good for women and children, but the men do not want it until the last extremity.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

Richfield Springs and certain other summer resorts, will have parties made up, as much as anything, for the prosecution of the new, but very popular game of progressive euchre. The mysterious momentum given to this old and popular game of cards, by the changing and shuffling of partners, and parties, is one of the curious freaks of rural and suburban neighborhoods, whose origin is hard to find out. "Progressive Euchre" is now a fact, an open sesame, a link of brotherhood, which

HE DREW THE FIRST PRIZE AT PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.

is superior in its powers of attraction to town-meeting or country club—in fact, it has created during the past winter in hundreds of rural neighborhoods, a club which is not costly, and in the privileges of which both men and women participate. The several Oranges, East Orange, South Orange North Orange, and Orange proper, which make up the prettiest and most important suburb of New York, have had progressive euchre very severely indeed, church members, deacons and their wives, and even the pastors, in a quiet way, having all taken the epidemic. To the very good, or the very bad players, or to those who know how to count, it is a very exciting game, for they get the prize. Then it is free from the common objection of close and uninterrupted propinquity, for partners are changed every three minutes at the ringing of a bell, at the first table, and a general shuffle of the players takes place, everybody taking somebody's partner, and somebody else's place in a way, which is at least, distracting. Everyone has a chance, and each one does his, or her own counting without inspectors or censorship. Prizes are given away lavishly. One young couple are said toha ve gone to house-keeping on the profits, or the result of the winter's euchre parties. Highest counts, second highest, third highest, and fourth highest, get a prize, also the lowest, second lowest, and others including the man who talks the most and the woman who talks the least. In fact there are no limits to prizes, but the generosity or means of the hostess. The gentlemen are as wild after their little scent bags and pretty china cups and saucers, as the ladies, and the announcement of the winners is listened to with breathless interest. Progressive Euchre is certainly good for another season, and is hailed with enthusiasm by women, because it interests the men.

Professional and other notabilities have been plentiful in New York of late, the close of the season bringing them for their annual little visit to the Metropolis. Miss Florence Marryatt has been resting and recovering from the hardships of her winter campaign and the horror of tearing through raging storms into cold committee rooms, without food to keep lecture engagements. Miss Anna Dickenson has also paid a flying visit, her old enemy, neuralgia, and the malaria which fastened itself upon her vitals at the west, handicapping her in her own work, in which, however, she shows her old fire, and vigor. At a meeting of Sorosis which she attended, a word was said which stirred her blood and the "Anna Dickenson" of the old days, the eloquent defender of human rights, burst forth in speech as impassioned as any she ever delivered to her thousands of auditors. Devastating fires in Chicago, the Morrell fire in New York and some unsuccessful ventures, have swept away the savings of earlier years, not so great as people generally supposed, for Anna Dickenson had heavy responsibilities, was generous to a fault, and could not foresee her disasters by fire and treachery. She is still the same brave woman, however, asking no odds, working industriously, and faithful to every duty. There is a career for her abroad, but she cannot leave her mother to whom she has always been devoted, and who in her old age clings to her as to her sole dependence.

Jenny June

A Chinese Printing Office.

San Francisco Report.

A visit to a Chinese printing establishment is productive of much that is interesting. Movable types are not in use in the San Francisco Chinese newspaper office. The manner of getting a Chinese newspaper on the press and printing it is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithographic stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the characters is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper to be. The Chinese pressman prints three papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. A Chinese printing office has never been struck by lightning.

The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work of the establisment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not yet arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspapers. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on a loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room, where an opium bunk and a layout reside.

Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles and dishes taking up as much room as the press. In one instance on Washington street a barber shop is run in the same apartment with the editorial room, and, in all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either.

How Boys Should be Taught.

Pres. McCosh, of Princeton.

Long before scientific subjects and foreign tongues are begun boys should be taught their own language. Let them become acquainted with the ordinary branches, reading, writing and arithmetic; and in the earliest stages with nothing more, unless in cases of decided taste. At the age of 9 or 10 comes the true time for learning languages. Then the child can acquire more in this department than a man of 25. At this date I first began my own Latin, and I think that Greek may well be begun a year or so later. This language period continues until about 12, and up till this time I don't approve abstract scientific teaching. Let children become acquainted with the objects with which science deals. But at this age abstruse scientific reasoning often injures the brain. After 12 or 13, however, these subjects may be introduced. In my opinion a boy should be prepared for college at 16. I know that in the German gymnasia the higher teaching begins at 10 and lasts until 18, when the young men enter the universities. But these institutions are far more elaborate and better equipped than our primary schools, and the young men who are sent from them to the universities are as highly educated as those in the sophomore class of an American college.

An Animal Apple-Gatherer.

St Nicholas.

Gathering fruit is a frequent practice of animals, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of toothpicks" called the hedgehog which is curious enough to deserve special mention. It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping-apartments, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way: It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls, and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner they boldly make a leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines, and bound away unharmed. In taking this jump they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit which, thus impalled upon their spines, was carried away by them; and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter homes.

When a woman has bought her husband a seventy-five cent shirt and got a ten dollar bonnet for herself, there is a heaven born look of gratified love and happiness in her eyes that would make a tax collector weep to be the subject of.

"HAIL, COLUMBIA."

Origin of the National Song in 1798.

Thousands of men who despised John Adams, who detested the federalists, who loathed the influence great Britain had in federal affairs, says McMaster in his "The People of the United States," now turned to support the government with vigor. Their hearts were still warm toward France. But they could not suffer even so old and dear an ally to heap up insult on their native land. Such an outburst of patriotism had never before been seen. It began at Philadelphia, and spread thence as fast as the post-riders could carry the news. Night after night at the theater, pit, boxes and gallery joined in one mighty shout for the "President's March," for "Yankee Doodle," or for the stirring music of "Stony Point." While the airs were being played the wildest excitement prevailed. The audience rose to their feet, stood upon the seats, waved hats and walking sticks, sang, cheered, and, when the piece was finished, demanded that it should be given over and over again. Then a band of hardy republicans in some part of the gallery or pit would call for "Caira" or the "Marseillaise" hymo, till their cries were drowned amid a storm of hisses and groans. Not to be outdone the republicans thereupon bribed the musicians to play no federal tunes. The first time they refused a storm of indignation was raised in the theater, and they gave way. The next night they stood firm, and were well pelted for their pains. The federalists were highly indignant. The theater, said they, more than any other place brings men of all classes together. The managers should therefore pay some heed to public feeling in the selection of the music. The present is no time to grate the public ear with those Gallic murderous shouts, "Ça ira" and the "Carmognole." The enthusiastic clamor with which the "President's March" had been called for, and the deafening applause with which it had been greeted, should have taught them this. It is the purpose of a theater company to please or to insult the public? The action of pelting the fiddler and smashing the fiddle is greatly to be condemned. The firm and dignified conduct of leaving the theater and keeping away till the managers solemnly promise that the "President's March" shall be the first tune played in the house is much to be preferred.

The theater, the republicans protested, was a public house, and the managers would do well to keep this in mind. If, however they were determined to make it the resort of the British faction, then let them look to that faction for support. Every earnest republican and true patriot would keep away. This, was the rejoinder, is greatly to be wished. Men of sense long for the time when the Jacobins and their murder shouts shall be driven from every decent resort. Let them desert the theater and with the shilling thus saved pay some of their old debts.

While the factions wrangled the benefit night of a favorite actor drew near. No man knew better than he how to profit by the popular will, and at no time in the whole course of his life had so fine a change of profiting by the popular will been offered him. Politics ruled the hour. The city was full of excited Federalists, who packed the theater night after night for no other purpose than to shout themselves hoarse over the "President's March." He determined to make use of this act. He would take the march, find some one to write a few patriotic stanzas to suit it, and on the night of his benefit sing them to the house. Some Federalists were consulted, were pleased with the idea, and named Joseph Hopkinson as the man best fitted to write the words. He consented, and in a few hours "Hail, Columbia" was produced. The night of the benefit was that of Wednesday, the 25th of April, and *The Gazette* announced that the performance would comprise a comedy called "The Italian Monk," the comic opera of "Rosina," "More Sack," an epilogue on the character of Sir John Falstaff, and "an entire new song (written by a citizen of Philadelphia), to the tune of the 'President's March,' will be sung by Mr. Fox, accompanied by the full band and a grand chorus:

Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Long before the curtain rose the house was too small to hold the thousands who clamored to be let in. Those who got in were too excited to wait quietly for the song. At last the comedy ended and Mr. Fox appeared upon the stage. Every line was loudly applauded, the whole house joined in the chorus, and when the verse "Behold the chief who now commands" was reached, the audience rose to its feet and cheered till the building shook to its foundations. Four times the song was encored, was demanded again at the end of the pantomine, and again at the end of the play. A few called for "Ça ira," but were quickly put down. The words of "Hail Columbia" were printed in full in the newspapers of the following day. The *Gazette* hoped that every lady in the city would practice the music, learn the words and sing them at the next repetition; then, perhaps, the two or three French-Americans who remained might feel the charm of patriotism and join in the chorus of the song.—*McMaster's History.*

A Cure for Dyspepsia.

A druggist on Broadway said that the stage-coaches were the healthiest riding vehicles in existence, none excepted. "Why, all the ladies who rode daily in them were in excellent health as a general rule. Some who were my customers and bought a good deal of medicine to assist digestion before they began to ride on the lumbering omnibuses never suffered from that complaint afterward. Actually, I believe riding in those coaches cured me of dyspepsia. For ten years I rode down to my store almost daily in them. When I started I had a bad case of dyspepsia. In a year I felt considerably better, and in three years I was entirely well. I attribute my recovery to the coaches. The exertion of getting in, and then the forward lunge to put the change in the box; then, perhaps, to return to the rear again to get a seat and while on the way to fall over a half dozen laps—these were minor affairs compared to the jolting, pumping seat. Finally I became a coach-riding fiend. I became used to the jolts and bumps, and never felt so contented as when I could knock over several passengers in my attempt to sit down. I became an expert, and could tell others who were veteran coachers and reckless of results. It is a good feeling to have a sure sign of health. I can ride in a car now, but it is monotonous and tame and utterly without exertion. Those cars running down Broadway mean indigestion and dyspepsia, for they will have no spasmodic jolts at each block to dash a man a foot or two from his seat. But I am a druggist and have got the medicine, so I can't complain."—*New York Mail and Express.*

With a Basis of Truth.

Jim Gilling is a very smart young man. He was graduated at a practical school of journalism where the shrewd art of the reporter instead of the majestic diction of Greece is taught. He was so highly recommended that he soon secured a situation on the *Daily Hesperian*, a newspaper which finds its way into the most refined circles of society. Gilling's only fault is his love of the humorous. The time that he should have spent in reading the amusement departments of our leading magazines, was devoted to Huxley and Darwin. Many of his friends regretted that his mind had taken such a light turn, but his parents consoled themselves with the thought that he might make his blithe fancies yield a handsome income.

Colonel Spotts, editor and proprietor of the *Hesperian* believed not in the harmless deception of a joke. His idea was to fill up his paper with gloomy reading matter, clipping, therefore, much matter from the humorous papers of the east. One day he said to the new man.

"Mr. Gilling, you must understand, sir, that every joke which goes into my paper must have a foundation of fact. Humor is the statue but fact is the pedestal. Remember this—think of it. Whenever you think of a joke, see that it is sustained by a fact that cannot be disputed."

Gilling pondered over these sage remarks. He recognized their truth and was determined to follow them even to the last letter of the alphabet. The next day a glorious opportunity was afforded him. This is what he wrote:

"A bouncing baby has arrived at the house of Judge Gates."

"Ah," he mused, when he looked at the item, "no one can see the humor there lies concealed in this joke, and the beauty of it is, it has a foundation of fact. When I explain it to the judge, he will nearly kill himself laughing. Talk to me about schools of journalism, why, they will, after a while, take possession of the newspaper business of the land."

All day long he was tickled, and at night when he saw the proof of the item, he stepped behind a door and laughed until a file of newspapers that hung above his head shook as though stirred by a breeze. He did not intend that the colonel should see the item, but the old man did see it.

"Here, Gilling."

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by this?"

"It is a fact, sir."

"Impossible."

"No, sir, it is true."

"It can't be, Gilling. Mrs. Gates is nearly seventy years old. She has grown grand-children."

"It is a fact, sir, and I'll swear to it."

"Well, well. Of course I cannot dispute your oath. Say, suppose you make more of the notice. Such an occurrence is unprecedented—but hold on I will write an editorial on it. Zounds, what an opportunity it gives me. How we'll scoop the other papers!"

The colonel, in the hurry of pleasurable excitement, took not the time to investigate the matter, but proceeded with his editorial. His pen moved over the paper almost as rapidly as the theatrical hand when it writes: "When your eye falls upon this I will be far away."

"Gilling sat on the back stairs and laughed until he thought that he would surely die. "I'll teach him what a fact is," he said. "Oh, er haw, haw! oh, ter he, he!"

Judge Gates is one of the judges of the supreme court. He doesn't mind taking a joke when it is prepared with pine-apple syrup and mint, but a raw and ragged joke always startles him. When he read tae item and the editorial, he tangled his hands in his venerable hair. He was so mad that he forgot to take his morning drink. Seizing a walking cane that had in days long past supported the gouty legs of honored and well-fed ancestors, he hurried toward the *Hesperian* office. He had not proceeded far when a prominent lawyer, seeing him, shouted:

"Hold on, judge, and allow me to congratulate you."

"Stay where you are," exclaimed the judge. "If you don't want to get hurt, don't come near me."

Reaching the *Hesperian* office, the judge dashed into the editorial room and finding the colonel, was so infuriated that for a time he could not speak.

"Ah, judge," said the colonel, "let me congratulate you. Want a hundred or so extra copies, I reckon?"

"I have come in here to beat the life out of you!" roared the judge.

"Why, my dear sir—"

"Don't call me dear sir. You infernal old liar!"

"Wasn't that item true, sir? Wasn't it true?"

"No, it's a base lie and I want an explanation, or I'll have blood."

"You shall have both. Here, Gilling."

Gilling came in, wearing a broad smile. "Don't be excited, judge. When I explain this, you will invite me out to have a drink. Yesterday I saw a man leave an India rubber doll at your house, and if an India rubber doll ain't a bouncing baby, I don't know what it is. Now—" but the judge had knocked him down.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Gripsack Grabs.

It is easier to tell a lie than it is to catch a fish.

A woman's bonnet must be orthodox before her prayer-book is.

Winter sets in when poverty comes.

Principles, not pulpits, make a church.

The knife that cuts a custard pie may also cut a throat.

The best fitting coat is one that is paid for.

God makes the roses, and the devil puts the thorns on.

The hand opens when the heart does.

The sculptured face on a gold coin may be beautiful, but neither tears nor smiles ever break its monotony.

Hearts build religion for brains to tear down.

Girls think men are all soul; women know they are all stomach.

The preacher turns young love's dream into a nightmare.

Fortune feeds soup to most men with a fork.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A musical expert says that one man in a thousand can whistle a tune. The trouble is every man thinks he is that one.—*Burlington Free Press.*

FACT AND FANCY.

The chap who said a beautiful woman was a poem would probably call a Boston girl a spectacular drama.

Fond mother: "You are very sick my child; I will send for Dr. Jones." Daughter (quickly): "Not Dr. Jones, mother dear; he is engaged already."

You can call a man who taps barrels a tapster and it will not offend him, but if you find a girl who spins, just call her a spinster and see what happens.

"Where did you get that scar?" "My wife, your honor." "Ah, she must be a very energetic woman." "Yes, she always strikes while the iron is hot."

An exchange says: "A prohibitionist is very often one who wants the saloons closed, but would not wish to interfere with the manufacture of demijohns."

"Mr. Jenkinson's wife must be awful jealous," said Miss Smith; "he gave me his seat in the horse-car, and when I thanked him he begged me not to mention it."

It is easy enough to tell how the children of other people should be brought up and the childless clergyman is generally an expert in giving advice to mothers.

Divorces are becoming common in Scotland. This is not surprising. Very few nations of men will submit to being fed on oatmeal for more than ten consecutive generations.

The reason there has not been any frantic rush to secure copies of the revised edition, it is said, is that the old-fashioned book makes a good enough center-table ornament for the majority of folks.

A youth in Orange, who was violently interested in the story of "William tell," tried a few days ago to shoot a tin cup from his father's head. According to the report of the coroner he aimed a trifle low.

A member of the choir at St. George's chapel, Windsor castle, has been singing there for seventy years. Think of the spiteful things this chorister must have heard, and the heartburnings he must have aided in kindling.

"They say that Mr. Smith is a very close student," remarked Popinjay at the dinner table. Angelina blushed to the roots of her hair, and admitted, with a titter, that he generally did sit pretty well over on her side of the sofa when he called.

"I can't account for the small attendance at church on Sundays," remarked Parson Jones. "Neither can I," remarked Fogg, with his customary frankness. "I went a few Sundays ago, and I couldn't see anything to attract the small attendance I saw there."

"Father Wilson," of the First church of Boston, often prayed two hours at a stretch. Men came in from the surrounding towns to hear his prayers. Once he was begged to stop praying for rain, it is said, because, since he began, some of the neighboring towns had been flooded.

Mr. Tom Jones, of Albany, has a little dog that chews gum just like schoolgirls. When tired of chewing, it will take the gum out of its mouth and stick it tightly on top of its nose with its foot, to keep from losing it, and then goes trotting around looking as if it had a big wart on the nose.

"No," said the Vermont deacon, "I don't approve of hoss racin', and when another member of the church becomes so godless as to try to pass me on the road comin' home from meetin' I feel it my duty to the church to let out a leetle on the reins, just to keep him from puttin' his trust in earthly things."

"Yes," thundered the preacher from the pulpit, "the hairs of our head are all numbered." I wonder where the back numbers go to?" said the bald-headed man in the front pew, rubbing his shining scalp. "Do as I do—get a reprint," said the man behind him, and he took off his wig and fanned the flies away with it.

"O Harry! What a beautiful birthday present! I am glad to know that you didn't forget me. Pure gold, isn't it?" Harry (her betrothed): "Yes, darling." "And the case is just superb. It isn't a charm nor an ear-ring, for you would have bought me a pair. I never saw anything like it. What is it, Harry?" "It's a thimble."

At St. Michael's, Md., a gentleman swung a hammock in his back-yard, where his horse was allowed to graze. He spent much time in the hammock, and on going to it Sunday morning found that the horse had usurped his place and was quietly enjoying a siesta. It was necessary to cut the hammock down in order to get the animal out.

Soft-shell crabs when out of the water are very sensitive to thunder and lightning, and whether on train or steamboat or in crates in the market 75 per cent of them, according to a New York dealer, are killed by a thunder-storm. The cause of this is not understood, but the dealer in question thinks they are scared to death.

"Well, Johnny," said his mother, did you have a pleasant time at the Sunday-school picnic?" "Naw," Johnny growled. "I didn't get nothin' to eat but a san'which an' a couple of dry cookies with red san' sprinkled on top." "Why, what became of the beautiful chocolate cake and chicken salad that I gave you to contribute?" "The superintendent an' the teachers eat 'em.

"For an obvious reason I will dismiss the congregation and dispense with the communion service," said the Rev. Mr. Lombard, rector of the Episcopal church at Fairfield, Conn., on a recent Sunday as, at the first sounds of the organ, thousands of bees swarmed out of the roof where they had gone into the honey making business.

Five of the wholesale pickle-dealers of Brooklyn, N. Y., admit that they use copper for the purpose of imparting a fresh and inviting appearance to their commodities, and one of them describes the process by which the fictitious coloring is imparted as follows: The pickles are placed in a vat and subjected to a steam heat of 140 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. In the vat a quantity of alum and copper plates are added, and the innocent c