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COMPLETE happiness is the full fruition of desires.

HOWARD CARROLL is writing a biography of the late President Arthur.

THE government of Canada has issued orders forbidding the use of salmon nets.

GARIBALDI'S son, Menotti, is a member of the Italian parliament and an alderman of Rome.

LAST year the agricultural products imported to this country amounted to $348,000,000. This is official statistics.

IN the Slavonic language "Sivo" means "we drink usually." Now for a laconic that means "whenever asked." Sivo!

THE Union Pacific railroad will cut the days a half-hour each year for its shop employes till the eight-hour day is reached.

THE ancient Greeks used olive leaves for ballots, and the Australian voting system is a revival of the practice in Rome 2,000 years ago.

A COMPANY has been organized at Port Townsend, Wash., to cultivate an oyster farm of 110 acres. It will be stocked with the best varieties from the east.

THERE was some knowledge of astronomy before the Christian era. In the Library in Paris is a Chinese chart of the heavens made 600 B. C. It locates 1,460 stars.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL, the democratic leader in Ohio, has refused a pension from the government on the ground that his circumstances placed him above the need for such help.

BUFFALO BILL has purchased a house in Naples. He has become an enthusiast regarding life on the continent, and he was offered an old house in Naples at a ridiculously small price.

A VIENNA baker is advertising his business by putting a gold ducat in one loaf out of every thousand that he bakes. The people in the poor suburb where his shop is situated fairly fight to buy the loaves.

IF men were half as careful about their reputation and honor as they and their friends afterward are to keep all mention of their wrong-doing out of the public prints, there would be less rascality in the world.

THE burning of Horace Greeley's correspondence in the Chappaqua fire is a public misfortune. The fire fiend is probably the first person who has tackled Mr. Greeley's chirography without getting the worst of it.

DENVER, COLO., has an incorporated stock company of women who have undertaken the development of a summer resort at Diana Park, forty miles from that city. It is designed especially for the comfort of women, children and families.

THE chaplain of the United States senate gets $900 a year and the keeper of the "cold tea" restaurant about five times that amount. Statesmen draw the line between secular and sinecure offices with considerable width to it, and pay accordingly.

MISS PHOEBE MAYBERY, of Casco, Me., spoiled a beautiful funeral by coming to her senses after four days of suspended animation in time to dismiss the relations and friends who had assembled to attend her funeral. Miss Maybery is eighty years old.

BOUGUEREAU'S main contribution to the Salon will be a scene from the New Testament, "The Three Marys at the Sepulchre." The door of the sepulchre has been rolled away, and while one Mary enters the other two kneel without. An angel is seen within the tomb and emits light which falls on the standing and kneeling women.

PERSONAL effects of people coming to this country can be entered free of duty if they are old and in use over one year, provided they accompany the owners or the owners can take oath that they arrived in the United States within one year prior to the arrival of the goods, specifying the steamer and date on which they arrived.

HENRY M. STANLEY'S report that the rich forests along the Aruwhimi, in the Congo Free State, are richer in rubber trees than the rubber forests of Brazil will make the caoutchouc princes chew the gum of meditation. When Africa begins to contribute her product to the markets of the world the manipulation of prices will be a more difficult task.

THE expectation is that the dominion government will aid the proposed Hudson's bay railway to the extent of $5,000,000. This road is to run from Winnipeg to Hudson's bay, and it is projected upon the theory that it will open an outlet by way of that bay for the products of the northwest to European markets much shorter than any now existing, the transportation being mostly by water.

AN Englishman, who insulated his bedstead by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottle, says he had not been free from rheumatism or gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators. A paper, quoting this, adds: "There's many a fellow who could cure his gout if he would break off the bottom of his glass bottles in time."

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

When I reached my room I could not sleep. The timbers of the stable were yet burning, and cast a weird light into my window. I fancied I could see the blackened forms of all the horses and cattle on the place, as they probably lay roasting in their stalls. Then I remembered by whose aid we had been saved from a terrible death. So complete had been the arrangements of the mob, that not a door or window had been left unguarded. The order was given to fire on any one who should attempt to escape. That was the reason of the shot that came whizzing past my head as I opened the window.

Almost unconsciously to myself, Miss Everett had become very dear to me. Her quiet ways and pleasant face had not only brought sunshine into the house, but into my heart as well. I felt glad that to her we were indebted. But what would be the result of this night's work? was an oft returning thought. Would Lord Waverland listen to reason and humble himself enough to make terms with his outraged tenants? or would his proud heart bring further calamities on his family?

With the first sign of day I went out to look at the ruins the fire had made. The long line of stables was now a smouldering pile. But I was gladly surprised to see the horses coming one after another for their morning feed. I found that every living thing had been removed before the fire was kindled. So, I thought, they show more kindness to the beasts than to man. But I do not believe that they would have burned the house. They only thought to frighten Lord Waverland into complying with their requests. When the breakfast bell sounded I went to the dining room, but it was empty. I thought Lord Waverland and his friends were making up for their lost sleep. When an hour passed and no one appeared, a search was instituted. It was soon discovered that they all had left in the night. A maid from Lord Waverland's room brought me a note, saying:

"I found this under Lord Waverland's pillow."

I opened the note and read:

"Loyd, you may deal with the brutal tenants as you think best. I shall never set foot in this house again if I escape alive. I shall return to Paris, where life is more agreeable,—where I can live without the fear of being mobbed or burned alive. SIR EDWARD WAVERLAND."

This, then, was the way he chose to protect himself. When the tenants began to gather, calling for Lord Waverland, and found that he had left, they were very angry. One man who seemed to be their leader said:

"That is just the way with the English from the highest down! you cannot trust their promises!"

"I will listen to your requests," I said, as they began to murmur their complaints.

"You! what right have you to arrange things? When my lord returns he will blame us for making terms with you," said the leader.

When he said that I took the note I had received from my pocket book, saying:

"Here is my authority," and I read it to them. That was sufficient evidence and they were willing to make new contracts with me.

"Now, what are your grievances," I asked.

"We want our rent lowered to the Griffith valuation!" (that being the rate the Land League had adopted) said the speaker.

"Well, if you will come with me I will do the best I can for you," I said, leading the way to the library, where I had a map of the estate and a book containing the rent roll and the accounts of the tenants. The first thing I did was to lower the rent to the Griffith valuation and then from the rent roll I made a settlement with each tenant to the new rate. Then as fast as possible I reinstated those who had been evicted, or provided for them in some other way. From that time I began in earnest to work for the welfare of my people and to save "my inheritance."

On going to the drawing room one morning I found Miss Everett there, watching the sunrise on the lake and among the grand old mountains.

"Well, little girl," I said, as I came to her "you seem charmed."

"Yes, Sir Loyd, this is a charming view. I have watched the sunrise from here for the last six months, and every morning it presents a different picture. Just now, see the grand old mountains are shaded by a fleecy cloud. But look, there comes a streak of sunlight like a rainbow on its brow. And there in the distance is the O'Sullivan cascade. We can see its dancing waters like a silver thread sparkling in the sunlight, but we cannot hear its deafening roar as it rushes from crag to crag in reckless haste!"

She handed me the telegram.

"It is a grand sight. I never saw it before at sunrise. You see what a lazy fellow I have been," I said, watching her expressive face.

"How I wish my pencil would obey my will," she said, as though forgetful of my presence. "Have you ever labored and wished for anything with all your heart, and then felt the keen anguish of a disappointment?" she asked, turning toward me as she spoke.

"No, I have never been enough in earnest to feel a disappointment very keenly," I said.

"I have," she said. "I have spent hours trying to put just a faint shadow of this beautiful scene on canvas. But disappointment has always been my reward."

"I never knew this was such a picturesque place," I said. "I believe you have bewitched the sunlight, to change the world to suit yourself! This old house was never so bright before!"

What a strange girl she was! One moment I would find her in the kitchen with a clean white apron on, directing the servants or doing their work if need be, a contented domestic little housekeeper; and the next, watching the fitful play of sunshine and shadow on the lake and mountains. She seemed like a caged bird ready to break its prison bars and to fly away.

While I stood looking more at her than at the scene, the breakfast bell sounded. In an instant she was again the domestic little woman, whose pet theory was that we should all meet at breakfast or dinners for social enjoyment. Here it was we read the morning papers. How eagerly we watched Parnell in his eventful career, or Gladstone's new position, or how the trouble between England and Russia would be settled. This morning as we took our places a telegram was handed to my mother.

"What is it, mother?" I asked, as her face grew deathly white and her hands trembled. She handed me the telegram, saying.

"Lord Waverland is dead! He was killed at a gambling table in Paris."

With a sad, white face she rose to leave the table. I assisted her to her own room. As I was about to leave her, she said.

"Once I thought I loved him! But leave me now, my son. I would like to be alone."

There was little real sorrow felt for the dead husband, father, and master of Waverland. He had been a cold, proud man, and his overbearing nature had dwarfed the good qualities he possessed. His remains were brought home and placed in the family vault. Thus closed the life of one possessed of every accident and opportunity to make a noble man.

CHAPTER VI.—THE NEW THEORY.

The inheritance was mine. It came heavily mortgaged. I had not finished making my settlement with the tenants at the time of Lord Waverland's death. I continued, however, just as I had begun. One morning at breakfast I said:

"I am almost tired of being landlord. There are so many responsibilities connected with it. In settling up with my tenants on the estate I find thousands of pounds due now, after the reductions I have made. I cannot go out and force these poor fellows to pay. Some of them with all the help I have given and can give will suffer before spring. The long wet season has made the peat unfit to burn, and what can be done? There is Michael Malone has a holding of ten acres, but it has not brought him a living this year. If it were not for his son in America he could never pay his rent. And his is not an exceptional case. There are millions of dollars coming from the Irish boys and girls in America to help keep up this farce of landlordism in Ireland."

"Is that true?" asked my mother. "I did not know money ever came from America to Ireland, except in time of famine."

"I remember hearing my father say it was a heavy tax on the Irish-Americans, this unjust land system of Ireland," remarked Stella.

"That is very true," said I, "and yet we often hear that if tenants were only industrious and sober they could pay their rents. That may be true sometimes, but very few of our tenants are intemperate. Their small acreage is not enough to raise food for the family without paying rent. So where is my living to come from?"

"Why don't you have the pretty soldiers come and help you?" asked Myrtle. "I like to see them. Papa had them when he was here."

"Little sister," I said, "when the soldiers come some one must leave home. Would you like for the soldiers to come and turn us all away?"

She sat a moment thoughtfully, then said:

"Was it the soldiers that wanted to burn our house?"

"No, but it was because the soldiers had sent so many from home. The men grew angry, and wanted to burn our house for revenge," I answered.

"Miss Stella, if you are at liberty I would like your help in the library for a moment," I said, as we left the table.

As we entered the library I took her hand. I held it with the firm grasp of a friend. How sweet, how pure the love of that plain, simple girl seemed to me on that winter's morning. For a moment I did not speak, for fear my voice would tell her of my love too soon, and by its unexpectedness deprive me of the gift I craved. For a time we stood in silence. It seemed an age to me, so many hopes and fears were crowded in the pause. But really, as time is measured, it was but a moment. Then I spoke.

"Now, my little friend," I said, "it was your words that made me take an interest in this work. Can you help me solve this problem, how to relieve the suffering and misery of our people?"

Stella's cheeks flushed as I spoke and she turned from me to the table. She must have felt the impulse of my heart, for she remained silent. Then again I said.

"I need the aid of your clear judgment. Will you give it?"

Turning her clear brown eyes to mine, she said.

"Sir Loyd, I know so little about laws governing landlord and tenant, that I can not aid you in this matter."

"You remember the widow that had her oat stack burned and came to beg for mercy on the rent. I have made her little house into a school room and she is the teacher."

"I know that, Sir Loyd," said Stella, with animation. "I have often been there and helped her with her teaching."

"You have been there, when."

"Often when I have been out riding or walking. And I heard how you bought the improvements on McGee's holding so he could go to America and get a home of his own. And I have also heard how you are fixing up the old tenant houses more comfortably than they ever were before," she said archly.

"You little spy! I did not know you were watching me."

"I was not watching you, Sir Loyd, I was only trying to help the poor people, and heard all the news, you see."

"Yes, I see, you were taking sunlight into the poor tenants' homes, as you brought it into ours. Well, they need it. I see so much filth, so much sorrow and discontent that it is terrible. I can find no means of relief. How can you expect purity and peace where men must live with hogs and cows? Our tenants live with their animals that they may save them to pay the rent. How I hate the word!" I said, leaning on the mantel and looking at Stella as she stood idly turning the leaves of an old album that lay on the table.

"I, too, have seen the misery and want that this terrible rack rent has produced. It is like some loathsome monster, that with fetid breath pollutes all within its reach," she said, with earnest indignation.

"Dear friend," I said, going to her and taking her hand within my own, "You have been more than a friend to me. You have inspired my heart with sympathy for man. Now I come to you, asking your help in finding relief for all this woe. I need your aid and—"

Just then my mother opened the door, saying:

"My son, Annie Wren is at the door asking for you." I looked at Stella for a moment. Could I leave her with the words of love unspoken? I was just forming such words when my mother called me.

Stella seemed conscious of my thoughts, and the tell-tale blush that mantled her cheeks and brow gave me hope that my suit would not be in vain. For one instant I was undecided. But then I turned and left the room. I found Annie at the door on her pet pony. I offered to help her dismount, but she said:

"No, Loyd, I cannot stop. Papa sent this note to you and asked me to bring an answer."

I opened it and read the message, and thought the best way to answer it was to see Sir Wren myself.

I ordered my horse, and without entering the house, rode away with Annie. As we rode out over the wild moor that lay between the two estates, we met a girl with a donkey cart loaded with peat which she had gathered and was now taking to the village to sell. She was a decent looking girl but very poorly clad, barefooted, and had on only a thin cotton gown with a bit of an old shawl over her head and shoulders.

"I am sorry for such girls. She must be cold this frosty morning," said Annie, with a shiver.

"They earn something in that way to help pay the rent," I said.

"Oh, that everlasting rent!" said Annie. "If I were a man no one should ever pay me rent."

"What would you do, you little spicebox?" I asked, amused at her show of temper.

"I would do as papa does. He hires men to work for him, and gives them good warm houses to live in."

"I thought your father had rent, the same as others," I said. I never paid any attention to the way Sir Wren conducted his estate.

"You ask him and see," she said, as we rode up to the door.

Sir Wren was in the library enjoying the morning paper and a warm comfortable fire, as Annie ushered me into the room.

"So, so," he said, as he saw me. "You bring your own answer. Well, that is business like."

"Yes, Sir Wren," I said, taking the chair he pointed out near the fire. "So far as I know I am at your service."

"I have some important business in London. It needs careful attention, though not immediately. And as this rheumatic foot disables me, I thought you could do it for me and take a pleasure trip at the same time. The business is easily managed. I will prepare the documents and you can deliver them according to directions. I will give you a letter of introduction to the Duke of Melvorne, who will show you kindness for old times' sake; as his father and I were very warm friends until his death two years ago. Since then I have never been to Blue Ridge, as his home is called."

"Then I am to follow directions and have the pleasure free," I said, laughing at his plan.

"I hope it may be a pleasure to you. I am always glad to aid my friends in that direction. How is your mother and the brown thrush at Waverland?"

"My mother is very well. Better, she says, than for years. And Miss Everett is as busy as ever scattering sunshine and gladness wherever she goes. Even the poor tenants enjoy some of her gladness. We were just planning some way by which we could make them more comfortable, when Annie came."

"Did you hit on any plan?"

"We did not. But Annie gave me a hint of the manner you manage your estate, that may help me. I would like to learn your method."

"There is not much to tell. I hire men, women and children by the year to work for me."

"Why, what are you doing now to earn their wages?"

"Come and see," said Sir Wren, as he took his hat and cane and started for the door. We passed into a large yard surrounded by out-buildings. We entered one and found large quantities of vegetables with women and children sorting them into heaps.

"You see now," he said, pointing round the room, "I have them sorted in this way to make different grades for market."

"I understand now. The object gained by this work is a higher price for produce."

"Just so, just so," he said, patting me on the shoulder. "I save the small ones and sell them to my help at a lower price; while the large fine ones bring a higher price in the market."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Territorial Hard Times.

During the spring and summer of 1887 about 800 colonists went to Port Angeles, says the Seattle *Press*, and during those same seasons over $30,000 was spent. It was a glorious big picnic. The men would work on the colony's tramways until they fancied themselves tired, when they would call a halt and stop work for the day. They held stormy meetings, at which all hands would pitch into the debate, and then after adjournment they would all attend a dance and have a gloriously good time of it. This was kept up until the funds were all spent and a big debt of about $10,000 or more was accumulated in Seattle and Port Townsend. A cloud had gathered over their heads and they could not see the silver lining. Starvation stalked through the colony wigwams and pointed with bony fingers at the victims he intended to carry to his home over the snows of winter.

The beef supply was cut down from a whole carcass a week to a quarter, and then the beef supply was cut off altogether. The butter bill, which had been ranging as high as $55 a week, was wiped out, and the colonists had no butter. Retrenchment was the order of the day, and it was carried to such an extent that the standard bill of fare was as follows:

Potatoes, bread, and cotton-seed oil gravy for breakfast.

Bread, potatoes, and cotton-seed oil gravy for dinner, and

Cotton-seed oil gravy, potatoes, and bread for supper.

Some people did not even have enough of this. Philip Meager, who has lived in Port Angeles for twenty-six years, says:

"Many a time have I stood on this wharf and counted from forty to fifty lanterns going along the beach. They were colonists, and they carried with them each one a spade and a bucket, going after a meal of clams. They were proud, but I tell you they were hungry, too, and no mistake."

Gullibility of Fat Men.

"Fat men," said a well-known physician "are the most gullible creatures on earth. No end of patent medicine sharps have made big fortunes purely by the manner in which they have preyed upon the prejudices of men who convey superfluous flesh around with them, and there would seem to be absolutely no nostrum too nonsensical or absurd for a fat man to reject. The merest tyro in matters relating to hygiene knows perfectly well that the only reasonable way for a man of abundant flesh to reduce himself is by exercise. Then, as he grows thinner, his muscles harden and he increases in strength, but inordinate fat predisposes a man to inertia and languor, and so fat men try to reduce themselves by medicines and medical remedies of various sorts. They succeed in wrecking their digestive powers, and that is about all. Most of them are big and strong enough to protect themselves in a physical sense, but they are veritable children when they come in contact with quack doctors.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Soap-Bubble Outfit.

Somebody has invented a soap-bubble outfit. It is put in a neat box, and includes a peculiar kind of pipe, made especially to blow bubbles, a special brand of soap, warranted to beat the world for tenuity of film, and other appliances.

Labouchere says that he has the greatest admiration for Stanley as a man of vast energy, great courage, and undaunted perseverence, but he doubts whether the marches by Stanley through Africa have benefited humanity in general, or African human beings in particular. He thinks the Africans would have better been left alone.

YOUNG KENTUCKY'S FRIEND.

'Squire Beasley, the Aberdeen Justice, who has United 4,076 Runaway Couples.

He has tied the knot for 4,076 couples during nineteen years. This is the record of 'Squire Massie Beasley, who lives at Aberdeen, just opposite Maysville, Ky., the important point in many a romance, the Gretna Green of Kentucky. Just think of it! Hearts to the number of 8,152 made, at least temporarily, happy. And yet, through all of these dramatic climaxes in which he has played the necessary role', Squire Beasley has never caught the fever of that passion without which he would be minus his present unique distinction. When he first assumed the office of Justice of the Peace he was 54 years old, a bachelor, and, possibly, in consequence, quite a philosopher. And now, at the rugged old age of 73, it is with a certain reflective satisfaction that he gazes down the long vista of united hearts and feels a kindly sense of relationship to a generation of young people, who may in turn be the recipients of his kind offices.

Contented, though unmarried, the only thing he has to lean upon in his declining days is a staff about eight feet long, which he uses when walking. There is a world of speculation in his completed labors. Many of the rosy knots of his trying may have grown to yokes of thorns. All of life is uncertainty, and marriage as a life itself is a thing beyond precision. That is the way 'Squire Beasley resolves it in his philosophy. "Marriage," says he, "is either freedom or slavery, and very often an unpleasant mixture of both."

But in spite of this the old man's heart is full of kindness and sympathy, and many there are who recall him with gratitude. His life is simple. He lives in an unpretentious two-story brick house. There is an old-style portico in front of the building, which in its severity seems to reflect the owner's personality. On entering, the visitor finds himself in a large, airy room, in which is the old-time high mantelpiece and spacious backlog fireplace. This room serves the 'Squire as his bedroom and office. Its furniture consists of an old-fashioned four-poster bed, with bedding piles upon it to such a height that a man with legs of ordinary length would have to use a stepladder to get into it, a number of splitbottom chairs, a "grandfather's" clock in one corner, and several well-worn law books upon the mantelpiece.

The 'Squire talks entertainingly, and his native shrewdness gives a brightness and originality to his conversation. He is an exception to the old adage of the unappreciative prophet, for he is exceedingly popular in Aberdeen, not alone because of his record, for Mr. Beasley attends to the ordinary duties incumbent upon Justices of the Peace. He has held his office for the past nineteen years without at any time having to undergo the chances of reelection or defeat. The Constitution of this state provides that a Justice of the Peace shall hold his office during the term for which he has been elected, or until his successor is elected and qualified. No one ever having offered himself as a candidate for the 'Squire's position, that gentleman has never seen fit to present himself for re-election, but has held on up to the present time, and will probably die in harness.

There can be no reflection upon the 'Squire's marriages, and even their despatch can prove no legal objection. They are all valid, and just as good for practical purposes as if performed by an Archbishop. This point was settled to the satisfaction of a runaway couple some time ago, when the Supreme Court of this State decided that 'Squire Beasley's marriage should stand. He does not require persons to produce license before uniting them in marriage, but dispenses althogether with that document so necessary to candidates for matrimonial bliss in other places.

'Squire Beasley does not see why a license should have to be obtained by persons wishing to marry any more than by persons wishing to enter into any other sort of contract; that persons going before an authorized officer and declaring their intention thereafter to live together as man and wife are as validly married as though they had first procured a license. Upon being asked what fee he usually received for marrying, he stated that he got every price from a "Thank ye" up to $50.

"You know," said he, "when a poor couple apply to me I haven't the heart to ask them for anything, but when a couple come to me from the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, where they raise fast horses and have a good bank account, I make them come down handsomely."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Asbestus Mining in Canada.

Mining is carried on by cutting down the hills of asbestus-bearing serpentine, much as a farmer cuts down a stack of hay or straw, or by open quarrying on the level. The rock is blasted out, and the asbestus, separated from the containing rock, is "cobbed"—i. e.: separated by hammering from adhering foreign matter. This "cobbing is a comparatively easy matter in the case of the finer quality, as it usually separates readily from the gangue, but in the lower grades much difficulty is experienced in separating the fibrous matter from the non-fibrous. At best there is great waste. Much of the asbestus is in thin or narrow veins, and is wasted, as by the present mode of operating it does not pay to separate this from the serpentine. A machine that will enable these narrow veins to be utilized is a desideratum.

When "cobbed," the asbestus is graded according to purity, color, and length of fiber into three grades and bagged for shipment. The finest quality of "firsts" finds ready sale at prices ranging from $80 to $110 per ton; "seconds" fetch from $50 to $70 per ton; while "thirds" may be valued at $13 to $15 per ton. In good mines the yield of asbestus is from 3 to 5 per cent of the rock quarried, and the cost of mining may be put down at $25 to $30 per ton. Returns obtained by the Geological Survey of Canada show that for the year 1888 Canada's output was 3,404 tons, valued at the mines at $225,000, and the output of nine different mines. Over three-fourths of the whole output was shipped to the United States; small quantities going to Great Britain, Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy, and being used in domestic manufacturing.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Murdered in Masailand.

The *Revue Francaise* of Paris had a letter from Zanzibar which says that over a year ago a caravan of 300 Arabs left the east coast to go into the interior to trade. They have now returned, and one of the chiefs relates their adventures. Arriving at Kavirondo, on the northest shores of Victoria Nyanza, the Arabs saw that the natives had a good deal of ivory and that they had no guns. They attacked the tribe, and before the shooting had gone on long the natives were willing to do anything to make peace.

After a long palaver with the chiefs the Arabs agreed to leave the country upon the payment to them of 200 tusks of ivory and 200 young women. The natives were glad to get rid of the enemy even on these hard conditions. As soon as they received the ivory and the women the Arabs started for the coast. They had a terrible time in the Masia country. There was a drought, and they almost perished from thirst. Then provisions became scarcer and scarcer, and the whole party was in danger of starvation. Finally the Arab chiefs decided that in order to save themselves and their ivory it would be necessary to sacrifice their female slaves, who were very weak from their deprivations and could march no further.

That night all of these 200 young women were shot to death, and their bodies were left in the camp for beasts of prey. The victims happily had not a moment's warning of their impending fate. Each murderer selected his victim, and the horrible crime was accomplished so speedily that few of the women made any outcry. With their forces thus reduced the Arabs were able to pull through the desert region, obtaining little more food than barely enough to sustain life.

The chief who related these facts in Zanzibar showed no compunctions whatever for the terrible crime in which he had assisted, but mentioned the massacre only to give an idea of the great loss they had sustained by the necessary sacrifice of their 200 slaves. It is a curious fact that some of the murderers were greatly troubled in mind because their necessities had compelled them to eat rats and other unclean food, which is prohibited to Mohammedans, on the march.

A High-Priced Artist.

In an elegantly appointed studio, not a hundred miles from Hartford, sat one of our noted artists in thought. He was earnestly contemplating a design for a cathedral window, and a look of annoyance flashed across his face as the door suddenly flung open to admit the figure of a lady. The look vanished instantly, however, as the artist advance to meet his visitor.

"Are you Mr. ——?" asked the lady shortly, yet casting a furtive glance at her muddy boots, buried deep in the pile of the beautiful Persian rug.

"I am, madam."

"Well," continued the lady, with an air of importance, "I have brought you a commission. I want you to design the toe of this slipper for me. The design itself is to be embroidered in the shape of a slipper. It is for the City Mission fair and I must have it immediately. Can't you do it while I wait?"

"Pardon me, madam," courteously replied the artist, "your kindness in giving me the commission is fully appreciated, but as I have not the honor of knowing you I must ask you to pay me in advance."

"Oh, certainly," responded the lady, with great readiness, drawing out a well-filled purse. "How much will it be?"

"Four hundred and seventy-five dollars, madam."

"What!" screamed his visitor.

"Four hundred and seventy-five dollars," calmly responded the gentleman.

"What do you mean?" demanded the lady, growing more and more astonished.

"Just what I say, madam," quietly answered the artist. "I think you have made some mistake. The commission you have pleased to bring me is entirely out of my line. If you will visit one of the places for fancy stamping, in Pratt or Trumble street, you will succeed in getting your work done to your entire satisfaction, I have no doubt."

The lady gave a final glance around the studio, filled with European curios of every description and adorned with artistic works, from the magnificent picture in oils, covering half the wall, to a dainty, delicious little landscape, which in its very delicacy was a marvel, and, with another look at her muddy shoe and a parting, "Well, I don't believe you are the kind of artist I am looking for," (to which the gentleman courteously replied: "I am afraid not, madam") she sailed out of the room, remarking to herself—as she savagely punched the elevator annunciator, and glared at two conflicting shades of red, which were mentally swearing at each other about her dress—"I thought artists were always ready for work, and glad to get it, too."—*Hartford Courant.*

The Compositor's Emendation.

If there is any body who has a delicate way of doing things, it is a compositor. Some people are disposed to find fault with him, but they shouldn't. There isn't a man in the world who undergoes greater difficulties and is at the same time more successful in having his own way. And in spite of all his care and toil he finds opportunity to make a few suggestions, and he invariably does it in the least obtrusive manner possible. Recently he came across some manuscript from which he accepted a suggestion for a four-line stanza. The man who submitted the suggestion wrote:

A simple little waltz, no more,
With naught to do with hope or fear,
Has proved the says it o'er and o'er)
A turning point in his career.

It caught the compositor's fancy and he concluded to set them up. He had only one criticism to make, and that was with reference to the noun "waltz" in the first line. He preferred:

A simple little walk, no more.

"Anybody knows" he reasoned, "that a mere waltz doesn't amount to anything in a matter of that kind. Besides, the last line speaks of a 'turning point.' This might suggest that an attempt was being made in the direction of a joke. And jokes are not in good literary form. With my correction however, there is a vague, misty doubt as to what the writer is trying to say pervading the stanza that makes it seem more like true poetry. And true poetry is what we are looking for."

"And "walk" went.—*Washington Post.*

A Chronic Growler.

Wife—"This is a pretty time of night for you to come home. At first you came home at 2, then at 3, and now you stay out until 4."

Husband—"Just you keep quiet. When I came in at 2 you growled; when I came home at 3 you growled more, and now you growl wore than ever when I come home at 4. I am coming home after this at 5 just to see if you don't growl, then, too."—*Texas Siftings.*

John B. Curtis of Portland, Me., has made nearly $1,000,000 in the manufacture of chewing-gum.

MEN'S WOMEN.

What They Are and Why They Charm the Masculine Sex.

"What are 'men's women?'" asked only the other day the most charming of her sex. "Men are forever saying of So-and-so, whom, by the way, I detest, that she is a 'man's women.' Teach me how to be one, please? Wherein lies the charm? Must I smoke like your Venetians? Must I talk horse? Must I adopt all the other of your dreadful ways?"

Certainly not dear madame. Yet it is quite true that while one man's ideal differs most fortuitously from another's, as one star differeth from another star in glory, there are those who are known among us "men's women" for a happy combination of qualities somewhat difficult to describe. "A man's woman," to begin with, is old enough to know the world thoroughly; yet, though, she need never have been beautiful, she must have kept her youth. She is in no sense a light woman, neither is she over-intellectual; she would not speak Greek, even if she could. She is a creature of infinite tact, whom every being with the outward semblance of a man interests profoundly. With him she is always at her best and contrives to get out of him the best there is. She listens well, and grows sympathetic as she listens. Has he a special weakness? She half tempts him to believe it is a virtue. An adept in the subtlest forms of flattery, she would force the meanest of us to shine even when he is ill at ease. And yet, above all, she remains sincere. Her interest in him is real, and survives the fleeting moment. He is a man; that is to say, for her, the brightest page in nature's book. She respects convention well when she may venture to be unconventional; yet she is unapproachable and irreproachable. In return he adores her.

This is all very well, you say, but I don't like that woman. Dearmadam, as it never enters into her calculation that you should, she does not take such pains with you. She makes dear foes among you, of course. Sometimes, even, she does not escape calumny. But this, having no actual basis, falls of its own weight, and in the end, as you yourself will admit, you stand in awe of her. Your question proves it. I have tried to tell you why we like her; and if you must have a word definition, here it is: She is one who has the gift to study men, and who, having studied many, finds the process still amusing. If you lack this primal requisite, abandon the unequal contest; you will never become like her by a servile imitation of tricks and her manners. In spite of these, which set you so against her, let me entreat you to believe her a deserving woman indeed.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Flies in Winter.

"Where do the flies go in winter time? is a question often asked, said a minister the other day to a New York *Tribune* writer. "I have no doubt many of them find out-of-the-way places to lurk in till warm weather comes again, and many of them are nearer us all the time than we perhaps suppose. I remember once, when on a visit in the country, going to the house of a well-to-do farmer, where I was put to bed in the 'spare room,' as the guest chamber is generally called—a room that in many farm-houses is never used, opened, or aired more than once in a twelvemonth; its bed-clothes in winter time are cold and even damp as the grave, its whole appearance is inexpressibly neat and chilling, and the visiting preacher nearly always catches a bad cold in it. I learned from experience to go to bed in these rooms with nearly all my clothes on, and, after having parted with most of the warmth in my body in partially taking the chill off this particular bed, I began to doze.

"I dreamed after a while that I heard the hissing sound of a snake, which seemed to come nearer and nearer till I felt sure it was in the bed with me. I awoke in a cold perspiration, but still the hissing continued, and certainly proceeded from the bed, though it now seemed not so much like the noise made by a snake as that made by bumble-bees. Rather alarmed now I leaped from the bed, lighted my lamp, and tore off the quilts. Nothing out of the way was visible, and yet the buzzing continued. I pulled up the edge of the big feather bed, which lay upon a straw mattress, and there, to my surprise, I saw hundreds of sluggish flies which had crawled in there to hibernate when cold weather came and had been thawed out by the heat of my body and the extra warmth that had crept into the room by the door being opened into the hallway of the house. Not wishing to wake anybody I pulled the feather-bed out into the hall and slept on it there for the rest of the night. I opened the window of the room and closed the door on my strange bed-fellows and the frosty atmosphere soon made short work of them."

Half Price Charged for Boys.

A certain well-known lawyer of Detroit was sitting lazily in his office, says the *Free Press*, when a citizen who is considered somewhat close in his calculations called and told him that his office-boy had been stealing from him.

"What proof have you?" asked the lawyer.

"None whatever. That is what I want you to find. I am sure he has stolen the articles I have lost, and I expect you to find out what he has done with them. I will pay almost any price to have him convicted of the theft."

The lawyer worked up the case and with such adroitness that in a very short time the boy was proven guilty and sent up for a year, and the stolen property recovered and restored to its owner. Then came the settlement.

"It didn't take long to do that piece of work. How much do I owe you?" asked the citizen.

The lawyer named his price. The citizen looked distressed for a moment, then his face brightened.

"Is that your regular charge?" he asked.

Being told that it was he laid down half the amount.

"That will be right then; boys are half price, you know," and he had put up his wallet and was gone before the astonished lawyer could get his breath.

The National Supreme Court.

The United States Supreme court has been in existence a century, and yet is only three years behind in its business. At this rate it should be only 6 years behind in 1990! 12 years in 2090; 24 years in 2190; 48 in 2280; 96 in years 2390; 192 years in 2490; 384 years in 2590; 768 years in 2690; 1,536 in 2790, and in 800 years from now will be, according to geometrical progression, 3,072 years behind in its work, where we leave the patient litigant, because we don't want to harrow up his feelings about the time he will have to wait for judgment.—*Pittsburg Press.*