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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, June 8. — For Wisconsin: Rain, followed in Northern Wisconsin and Upper Michigan by fair; slightly cooler; winds becoming northerly. For Minnesota and Dakota: Light rain, followed Sunday by fair; stationary temperature; northerly winds. For Iowa: Fair, preceded by light rain in Iowa; slightly cooler; northwesterly winds.

THE WEEKLY REPORT.

UNITED STATES SIGNAL OFFICE, June 8, 1889.—For the week ending to-day, only an occasional shower of rain was reported to have fallen over that portion of this state mainly comprising the rainsheds of the Minnesota and upper Mississippi rivers, so that no increase in depth of water in these streams need be expected the fore part of this week. Tracy and Fergus Falls had no rain; Fort Ripley had .17; Alexandria had .13; Ortonville, .06, and St. Paul .42 inch each.

P. F. LYONS, Sergeant Signal Corps.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer ...	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer ...
St. Paul....	29.82	58	Helena. ...	30.28	46
Duluth...	29.98	48	Ft. Totten.	....	...
La Crosse.	29.78	56	Ft. Sully..	29.92	66
Huron.....	29.90	62	Minnedosa	29.94	65
Moorhead.	29.96	58	Calgary....	30.04	64
St. Vincent	29.98	64	Edmonton.	....	...
Bismarck.	29.98	62	Q'Appelle..	29.98	60
Ft. Buford.	30.04	58	Medic'e H.	30.08	64
Ft. Custer..	30.14	54	Winnipeg..	29.96	56

NO AMERICAN takes a medal this year as an artist in the awards of the French Salon. This is said to be unusual, and the American display the poorest ever made. Probably they have been too busy making money.

IF TASCOTT is in China, no doubt he could be induced to return to Chicago, and even pay a small fine, if he can be allowed the usual immunities. If he can't write a drama and figure as the hero and star, he can rent himself to the dime museums at handsome figures.

THERE has been of late some rather turbulent weather in the old world, but in presence of the overshadowing disaster on this side, it attracts little attention. That sky-pressing tower in Paris had a lively rock. It is rather a freakish season, and it is not certain that the freak basket is empty.

THERE is a nervous tremor prevalent among the colored sleeping-car porters over a rumor that they are to be pushed out by imported gangs brought over under five-year contracts, to work for small figures and accept no tips. If the law is enforced, these contract people will be turned back from Castle Garden.

IT HAS just been discovered in Philadelphia that an ordinance passed in 1794 prohibits all violation of the Sabbath, even to whistling in the parks, and it is proposed to put it in force. It is just as good as if it were passed last week, but has never been enforced, as the place is a little slow in getting there.

THE Boston idea has many and new phases. One of the most recent is a club for the political education of women. They divide in classes and take up text-books on political history and economy. It does not appear that the movement has special reference to voting or holding office, but it will aid to qualify for both.

ONE of the American consuls in China has lately afforded some surprising information as to the adulterations of the tea shipped to this country. The English established very rigid inspection, and all the vitiated stuff is sent to this country. England and this country are the two great customers for the China product, and the Chinese merchants are making a fine thing in sending their spurious stuff to America. There should be rigid and competent inspection.

PROBABLY some are not aware that there are truly good professionals in the national game; that is, those who won't play ball on Sunday and say bad words if they do stop the ball with their nose occasionally. The Pittsburg nine has an outfielder of this character. He talks to the Y. M. C. A. and other religious gatherings on Sunday, and possibly he is good because his name is SUNDAY. In New York he addressed the Y. M. C. A., and told them that God loved to see a man in earnest in any business or athletic sport. He is reputed a great runner of bases himself. That is one virtue that generally attaches to the game. A man not active and earnest is just as likely to come short of the goal as in the games that St. Paul took so much interest in.

THERE is trouble in Indiana over the school-book question, the business having gotten into the hands of a trust. So much aggravation has ensued that it is proposed to close the schools until the state can furnish its own books. The New Hampshire legislature, now in session, is considering the question of free text-books in the public schools. That plan, or the furnishing of the books by the state at a nominal rate, is growing in favor in the country. The state requires the parents to send their children to school, and it is insisted that it should equip them for service as it does the conscript in the army. The experience seems to be that the books are procured by the state at much less expense than by the individual. Restrictions are imposed, as in the case of books taken from public libraries, and small losses ensue.

ILLINOIS has had a compulsory education law, but, like most of such measures, it had gaps that practically let everything through. The late legislature is alleged to have filled the gaps. The new law requires that every child between seven and fourteen shall be in school at least sixteen weeks per year, under penalty of fines and possible imprisonment of the parent or guardian. Private schools won't do, unless they teach in the United States language. But the peculiar feature is that the school authorities must provide truant officers to run down the urchins that forget the way to school and take them there, and, if they are not started, to prosecute the home rulers. These truant hunters ought to be men in need of a good deal of exercise, if the Sucker lads average like their class generally.

PRISON REFORMS.

A day spent in inspecting a state prison, especially when through the courtesy of the warden you have had an opportunity to converse freely with the convicts and to make a personal examination into all the conditions of prison life, furnishes one with a great deal of food for reflection. You see here a mass of humanity whose lives are blighted, and, in many instances, wholly wasted, and your first impression is one of sadness that such things should be. But you recognize that the necessity for these penal institutions will continue as long as the criminal classes exist, and then your thoughts are directed to the possibility of making these institutions reformatory, as well as penal; and it is in the contemplation of this possibility that the mind finds the most food for reflection.

Much has been said and written on the subject of reforming the criminal classes and of converting prison discipline into a reformatory agent, but from all that has been said and written on the subject one does not obtain as clear and intelligent ideas as from one day spent within prison walls making a personal study of prison life and prison convicts. The following observations and conclusions are submitted as the result of an investigation of the Stillwater prison, made one day during the past week.

First, as to the observations. The state has been too parsimonious in its appropriations for the institution, especially as to providing the essential equipments for a first-class prison; and it is to be hoped that a more liberal policy will be pursued in the future. The warden is keeping the prison in the best order that it is possible to do with his available resources, and is maintaining exceptionally good discipline. There is an air of cleanliness throughout the institution which is as grateful as it is refreshing, and evidently nothing is omitted that will contribute to the good health of the inmates. The only drawback in the latter respect is the location of the prison building itself, which is set under a hill instead of having been put on an eminence, as it should have been, and as a result of this blunder more or less dampness is perceptible in the lower apartments. An unrestrained talk with a number of convicts elicited no complaint as to the manner of their treatment. Their fare is plain, but it is wholesome and in abundance. Their cells are clean and comfortable, the prison discipline is a commingling of firmness and kindness, and there are no instances of harsh treatment except where it is provoked by the bad behavior of the convicts themselves. This, in brief, is a fair statement of the condition of the Stillwater prison.

Now, as to the conclusions deduced from a day's investigation of prison management and a study of the conditions of prison life, and especially as to the possibilities of making their prison experience the means of bettering the moral condition of the convicts, and to return them to society better men and more useful citizens. The same mistake is made in prison management that is often made in the conduct of our public schools—that of applying the same system of treatment to all alike, without taking into account the difference in the constitution of human beings. The great fact in nature that we seldom find two human beings so constituted that like treatment will produce like results is apt to be disregarded, and an unyielding, iron-clad set of rules for the government and discipline of the convicts is adopted. If, as is true in most cases, the criminal is caused by a lack of proper mental and moral culture in youth, how much more important, then, does it become that in an effort to reform his character there should be an exercise of proper discrimination in applying a treatment adapted to his peculiar characteristics. In addition to being the possessor of executive ability, a prison warden, like a school teacher, should be a person of humane instincts, have a keen sense of justice, and a discriminating judgment.

When a criminal is sent to state prison the usual sentence is that he shall be confined there a given length of time at hard labor. It has been suggested by some one—and the more the suggestion is studied the more one is impressed with its force—that instead of debating the restriction or removal of labor from prisons, our legislatures could make more progress in the work of correcting the law-breakers into law-keepers if they would make prison labor truly reformatory by endowing it with a worthy purpose, and thus regulate it for character building. Labor in itself has no reformatory influence, unless there is motive behind the labor to give it moral power. The trouble with our present labor system is that there is no sense of responsibility coupled with it. The prisoner is forced to work so many hours a day for so many years, and it makes no difference to him whether the work is well or poorly done. There is no inducement to him to do well, except to escape possible punishment. He is not educated to that sense of responsibility which is the foundation of manhood. The system adopted at Stillwater, and in some other state prisons, of giving convicts credit for so many days out of each month on their term of imprisonment, as a reward for good behavior, is in the direction we have indicated; but it does not go far enough. If the penal sentence were changed so that, instead of being sentenced to imprisonment and hard labor for a definite time, the convict should be sentenced to accomplish so many average days' work, each good day's work to be counted in his favor and bringing the end nearer, and each bad day's work counted against him and putting the end farther off, then, instead of toiling gloomily and wearily along day after day, the convict would have a perpetual incentive to do his best. Labor thus managed would be a powerful instrument of reform, for if you wish to strengthen moral instinct you must give it scope for action and train it to act.

RIVAL STREET RAILWAYS.

It is because the GLOBE has always taken a deep interest in all affairs concerning the working classes, and because we have been their steadfast friend, that we feel more at liberty than we might otherwise feel to say to the workingmen of Minneapolis that in our candid opinion they are making a mistake in opposing the proposition before the city council to grant a franchise to the company asking the privilege of building a cable line in that city. As we understand it, the workingmen of Minneapolis, through their committee, take the ground that there should be no more granting of a franchise of this character, but that hereafter all improvements in the nature of street railway building should be made by the city.

We will not consume time by discussing the latter proposition, because upon the principle that what is everybody's business is really nobody's, when improvements of this kind are undertaken by a city, the work is apt to be ill done and the management is sure to prove unsatisfactory. We pass on to the broader proposition that the true policy, not only in Minneapolis, but in every other city, is to encourage competition. The Twin Cities are the sufferers to-day because they failed to adopt this policy earlier in their history; for there are no two other cities of anything like their population on this continent, so ill-provided with street transportation. If St. Paul and Minneapolis twenty years ago had adopted the policy of encouraging the building of rival street railway lines, both cities would have been in a much better condition than they are to-day. This is a fact recognized by everybody, and we are therefore all the more surprised that the intelligent workingmen of Minneapolis should now step forward in an endeavor to throttle the only plan by which the city can be relieved of the oppression of a monopoly in its street railway service.

In illustration of what we have been saying, we invite the attention of our readers to a comparison of the city of Duluth and the late city of Seattle as respects their street railway service. In Duluth they ran into the same mistake that St. Paul and Minneapolis made in their early history, of granting an exclusive franchise to one company. The result is that Duluth has one little bobtail car line, and although the people of that queenly little city have for a long time been clamoring for additional service they only get the promise to the ear to have it broken to the hope. The little city of Seattle, away out on the Pacific coast, with a less population than Duluth, adopted the policy we are advocating of granting franchises to every company that gave evidence of its ability to build street railways, and as a result, when Seattle was burned the other day, it had a better and more extensive street car service than St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth combined. There is the proof of our assertion and the argument in support of our proposition. We know that if St. Paul had pursued this policy by this time we would have had cable lines, motor lines, electric lines and all sorts of modern street railway improvements running to Como, to the Midway district and to all other sections of the city.

While we advocate the policy of being liberal in the granting of franchises, we also insist that the franchises should be carefully guarded so as to protect the interests of the city and to leave open the avenues for all future competition. All of these franchises have an actual money value, and there is no reason that the city should part without a fair consideration. If they are worth money to the companies who receive them they are worth money to the city which grants them; consequently it should always be expressly stipulated that a certain percentage of the gross earnings shall annually be paid into the city treasury. Here in St. Paul the people have granted to one company a franchise that is represented to have an actual money value of $4,000,000, and yet the taxpayers have never received one penny as a consideration for their grant. Where a people are so unjust to themselves they scarcely have a right to expect justice from others.

In conclusion, we again impress upon the workingmen of Minneapolis the folly of their course in opposing the granting of these franchises. They, above all others, are interested in starting competition and encouraging the building of rival lines; and we hope, after calm deliberation and a full discussion of this subject among themselves, they will see their error.

WESTERN COLLEGES.

A paper published in the venerable shades of Harvard college looks through its classic glasses out to Dakota, and observes with jealous amazement "no less than twelve colleges of the denominational order in active operation, which is more than any two of the states can boast of," and then, with some nasal elevation, adds: "Fresh water colleges are cultivated in the far West almost as easily as a field of wheat." Whether the distinction drawn is between fresh and salt water, or water as a beverage and the more common potations about Boston, is left for conjecture. There need be no disparagement of Dakota or other Western colleges. They may not pierce the unknowable with the philosophic skill of the Athenians, and their athletes may not swing the oar or bore the nose in the most ancient and artistic manner; but in the practical spheres of life they furnish equipment quite as noticeable as institutions a century or two older. It may be conceded, however, that it is a little difficult in Dakota to discover any special vacuum of the collegiate sort that yawns to be filled.

SOME people have wondered what the house of lords in England was for, and whether it really played any part in the administration. It has recently asserted itself in a dashing way. It has compelled the cutting down of the queen's housemaids from ten to four, and reduced the wages of the four, making a saving of about $100 a year. The hundreds of high-priced, ornamental people about the palace have not been disturbed. The lords hold to the Scriptural theory to take away from those who have nothing. There are a good many very sleek people in the world who practice economy on this plan.

THE agents of the life insurance companies are reported commendably active in looking after their losses in the Pennsylvania flood. The aggregate is estimated at upwards of $4,000,000. One New York company will have over $400,000 to pay, but the losses are so distributed that none of the older companies will be seriously affected. The good faith and fairness of many of them will be tested, as the friends of the lost have no evidence of the claims generally, and in a great number of cases there can be no identification of the dead, although the fact of their death is evident.

EVER since HORACE GREELEY told the young man to go West, and before, the young man has been on the way. He has taken the best blood out of the social and political life of the older states. Canada, too, has been drained, to the advantage of the Northwest. An indication of the alarm felt is found in the recent publication in a Canadian town of the names of 400 young men who have sought their fortunes on the United States side of the line. The West is absorbing a vast amount of first-class material from all the old lands.

THE REASON.

Life is very sweet just now—
Full of light and flowers:
Not a single cloud to mar,
Or give a hint of showers.

Life is very sweet and fair,
Rosy-hued and smiling;
With the music of the birds,
Happy hours beguiling.

Life is very sweet. You ask:
What can be the reason
(Looking blankly at the clouds)
Of the rainy season?

Life is very sweet because—
Because—why not assist me?
Sweet in spite of rain or clouds,
Just because you kissed me.
—Abbie C. McKeever in Pittsburg Bulletin.

SUNDAY CHATTER.

To-day is the Sunday designated by the denominations that co-operate in the Evangelical alliance as Children's day. All the church exercises are devoted to the interests of the little people who are to run things in the future. The discourses are to interest them, and there is a miscellaneous sandwich of songs, recitations, responsive readings and talks by the parties who are best able to interest them. There will be flowers, and the bright and sweet things of June; but the loveliest and most inspiring presence will be the happy-hearted and bright-eyed children. Some one has said that the most hopeful sign of the times is the attention given to the children. It was not so in the time of the grandfathers. There were no Sunday schools, no festivals and Sunday concerts for the little ones. Repression of bubbling life and the heavy hand of authority made the youthful period, and especially the Sundays, not the cheerful and welcomed eras they are in these better times. Young humanity should be glad that it did not live in the old time, when there was little fun for children.

† † †

The Milwaukee proposition to introduce the bath into the public schools is exciting considerable discussion in Wisconsin, and the average of opinion is in the rear of the advance measure. Some of the papers class it with the more recent additions to the school range in the way of teaching cooking and other household arts in the public schools. There is some question just how far the state shall go in supplying the deficiencies of the home, but its aim is to equip the coming homekeepers with such training as shall make them most useful in society, and if need be self-supporting. There may be parents who never give their children either precept or example in the way of personal cleanliness, and the daughters are not taught to do good and wholesome cooking. If these deficiencies can be remedied without adding to the burdens of those who are faithful in these duties, it is not easy to see very weighty objections. The tendencies toward the practical in public education are wholesome and commendable.

† † †

The attempt of the ladies of culture and æsthetic perception to agree upon a national flower has proven a hopeless failure. They have furnished a bouquet of roseate sentiment on the subject, but each has her favorite. The fact is suggestive and illustrative. It would lead to social confusion, and work disastrously generally if the ladies were all of one mind. They would all want to marry the same man, possibly, and the bewilderment of fascination might drive him to desperation or polygamy. The futility of attempts at agreement causes Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN to suggest that each be allowed to keep her favorite, and all agree upon a national tree. Men have often been forced to take to the woods, but if the ladies are to be found there, it will relieve such emergency from disagreeable features. Miss BROWN chooses the pine, but that is found on all continents. The others are not heard from, but it is not likely there can be more unity than in the case of the flower or the male feature.

† † †

According to the scientists, there are different broods of the locusts, with different ranges. One of them is due this year, and is assigned a strip covering portions of Massachusetts, Long Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky, and a strip west through Indiana and Central Illinois. There is no great apprehension felt of serious ravages, but so many unexpected and astonishing disasters are striking Eastern regions of late years that almost anything may be regarded as possible in that section. It is one of the puzzles how Nature can keep the time table on these little pests, and check off just seventeen years before they come out of their eggs. If they have any useful mission, it has not got into print.

† † †

A high Louisville authority claims that "whisky was first made in Kentucky for medicinal purposes." It was probably taken to keep the system prepared for snake bites.

† † †

The case of NATHAN CORWITH, at Chicago, has a point worth noting. He was advanced in years, and had accumulated great wealth in an honorable career. He was proud of his son, and ambitious that he should follow his steps to still higher results. He turned all his business and property over to the young man, reserving no part for himself, nor presuming to control him. The son rushed into wild speculations, and in a few months had wrecked the fortune entrusted to him. The venerable father did not suspect anything wrong till his little bills came in and he had no money to meet them with. The shock, in passing from the luxury of the millionaire to the penury of the beggar, was more than he could endure. A paralytic stroke followed, and he soon died. It is a mistaken idea that men always accustomed to active business habits can find luscious fruits of their toil in inactive ease in their later years. Entire cessation from the labors of such a career is liable to shorten life, and not every son is safe to entrust with free and unobserved reins.

† † †

There has been in the Congregational denomination more or less controversy for some years in regard to the status of the unregenerate in the next world. Mr. BEECHER caused a sensation in his later time in the announcement of his disbelief in eternal punishment, and his successor, Rev. Dr. ABBOTT, the editor of the Christian Union, attracts attention by a substantial indorsement of what is known as the Andover heresy. In a recent sermon he asserted that he could find "nothing in the Bible to lead him to believe that the offer of Divine mercy is limited to a man's lifetime." There is a good deal of letting down of ancient things in the theological territory.

† † †

It will be much pleasanter hunting for STANLEY or other lost people in Africa when railroads are built. Work is to begin this year on 264 miles of road on the Congo, to be completed in four years. People now living may yet make the tour of the dark continent.

† † †

All old world lands are free to encourage the shipment of the pauper, vicious and worthless elements to this country; but there is a prevalent disposition to check and discourage the migration of the classes that are desirable to build up and develop things on the useful lines. France has hardly been a noticeable contributor to the westward flow, but recently circulars have been issued to the prefects instructing them to do all they can to prevent skilled laborers from emigrating. This is a class specially needed in this country, but there is no surplus anywhere.

† † †

There is a growing impression that Cardinal GIBBONS will be the successor of Pope LEO. It will interest some to know that he works with Bishops IRELAND and RYAN on the temperance lines, but insists that prohibition "confounds the drunkard with those who use liquor in moderation, thus making out a sin where there is no sin."

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

Ben Johnson, a St. Paul boy, who has made a reputation in the dramatic line during the past season while a member of the People's stock company, is the last member of that company to receive a benefit. Recognizing Mr. Johnson's ability and the promise he gives of being a credit to the profession, a number of prominent St. Paul citizens, including Mayor Smith, ex-Gov. McGill, Senator Scheffer, Gen. Flower and Judge Burr, united in a letter to Manager Walker asking him to name a date when they could tender Mr. Johnson a testimonial benefit. In response to their request Mr. Walker has fixed Thursday evening, the 20th inst., as the time for the benefit, and Ben's popularity is an assurance that it will be a rousing affair.

***

The Baldwin seminary closed a successful season last Thursday with a pretty little French play entitled "Le Petit Tom." The young ladies—the same who played last year—showed marked improvement, and seemed quite familiar with the French language. Their pronunciation, in particular, deserves praise and shows careful training under the instruction of Mlle. Claire C. Calame. The following young ladies took part: Miss Anita Furness, Miss C. Saunders, Miss Tenny Wood, Miss Ruby Teasdale, Miss Florence Kerr, Miss Margaret Rugg, Miss Mabel Merriam.

***

The last performance of "Blow for Blow" will be given on Monday night at the People's, and the remainder of next week will be filled by that most exquisite comedy "How She Loves Him," in which Will S. Harkins, the new leading man, makes his local debut at Vacil. Mr. Martin has a fine Irish comedy part, and Miss Burt will again be seen in some of her specialties. The others have been well provided for, the cast being as follows:

Vacil ....W. S. Harkins
Dick Hartley ....F. C. Huebner
Sir Richard English ....Charles Stanley
Capt. Yawley ....Harold Russell
Diogenes ....Luke Martin
Dr. Minimum...............J. W. Davenport
Dr. Kiventy...................Charles A. Gay
Sir Jericho Maximum..........Ben Johnson
Dr. Sparks ....Walter Hale
Atalanta Cruiser........Miss Eleanor Moretti
Mrs. Vacil..........Miss Katharine Florence
Lady Selina Raffleticket—
Mrs. J. W. Davenport
Mrs. Tucker.....................Miss Sibyl Wilber
Tippet.............................Miss Laura E. Burt

***

Rentfren's "Jolly Pathfinders" will give a performance at the Newmarket to-night. E. H. Sothern will begin an engagement at the Newmarket Monday evening, 17th inst., in his Lyceum theater success, "The Highest Bidder." The play was originally written for the elder Sothern by John Madison Morton, the author of so many popular English farces.

***

There will be a repetition of the performance of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" at the People's theater, next Tuesday evening, for the benefit of St. Luke's hospital. It will be remembered that the former production of this play gave great satisfaction, and as it is to be repeated by the same excellent cast and for a worthy purpose, it will, doubtless, attract a large audience.

TOPICAL TALK.

This country has never had such a calamity as the Conemaugh flood, and yet during the Christian era there have been full 100 inundations in the countries of the old world that will compare with the Conemaugh disaster. While the Conemaugh calamity is still so fresh in mind it becomes a matter of interest to recall some of the inundations and floods that became memorable in the history of the old world. Of such as are fully authenticated in history, England, France, Holland, Germany, Austria and China have been the scenes. The first recorded instance is of an invasion of the sea, A. D. 352, when the town of Cheshire, England, was inundated, and 3,000 persons perished. On the 17th of April, 1421, the sea broke through the dikes at Dart, submerging seventy-two towns and cities and drowning 100,000 people. A similar disaster occurred again in Holland in 1530, when the number of the drowned is said to have reached 400,000. In 1617 Catalonia, in Spain, was inundated, and 50,000 people found watery graves. Cloudbursts and heavy rains have been more destructive to property than inundations by sea, but the loss of life is not usually so great. The great floods of the present century have been as follows: In 1802 Lorca, Spain, was destroyed by the giving way of a reservoir, and 1,000 persons were drowned. In 1811 an overflow of the Danube swept away 24 villages in Hungary. In 1813 an overflow of the Danube swept away a Turkish corps of 2,000 men who were quartered on an island near Widin, and during the same storm 6,000 inhabitants of Silesia were drowned; in Poland, also, 4,000 lives were lost, and the ruin of the French army under MACDONALD accelerated by the floods. In 1833 Canton, China, was inundated. 10,000 houses were swept away, and many persons drowned. In 1840 the cities of Lyons, Avignon and Marseilles, in France, were submerged, and great destruction of property without a great loss of life. In 1846 about 250 persons lost their lives by the bursting of a reservoir at Bradford, England. In 1849 New Orleans was submerged by a rise in the Mississippi, causing great privation and a considerable loss of life. The memorable Mill River disaster, near Northampton, Mass., occurred May 16, 1874, when several villages were destroyed and 150 persons drowned, from the bursting of a dam. It resembled closely the Johnstown calamity in all save the loss of life. In July of the same year Eureka, Nev., was swept by a waterspout and thirty persons drowned. A flood at Pittsburg the same year swept down 220 persons to their death. In 1875 floods in France destroyed a large part of Toulouse, and nearly 1,000 persons perished. In 1879 Spain, Hungary and Northern Italy were again swept by floods, causing great destruction to property and the loss of 2,000 lives. In 1882 the lower Mississippi valley was inundated, when the mighty river burst all bonds and spread over the country on both sides, from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico, making in some places an inland sea over 100 miles wide. But the greatest flood of history was the overflow of the Yellow river in China two years ago, when 750,000 perished in the waters, and over 3,000,000 more were driven from their ruined homes.

¶ ¶ ¶

Providence protects the officeseeker. Among the passengers who escaped from the train that was swept away in the Johnstown flood was Mrs. M. J. BLAIDSELL, better known in these parts as "The Minnesota Blizzard." Mrs. BLAIDSELL was on her way to Washington, in hunt of a government office, and now it will be worth an hour of anybody's time to hear her tell her flood experiences.

¶ ¶ ¶

A new possibility opens up for the girl of the period. During the recent wars in Chili, when the men were all in the army, all classes of work were performed by the women. It is said they were especially successful in the management of the street car service, and when the wars were over the female conductors were retained on the ground that they were more efficient than men. The St. Paul Street Railway company might risk the experiment of employing female conductors on the horse lines in this city.

¶ ¶ ¶

One terribly stormy night in July, 1881, a passenger train was saved from destruction at a wrecked railway bridge over the Des Moines river by the heroism of KATE SHELLEY, a fifteen-year-old girl. I am reminded of the incident by seeing a paragraph in a newspaper that Miss SHELLEY is lecturing in Iowa towns, giving a history of her experiences that night, and that her reason for taking the lecture field is that she is trying to raise money to pay off a mortgage on her mother's farm. It occurs to me that each one of the passengers who were saved that night ought to buy a ticket to her lecture, and that the railroad company could afford to take a whole row of seats.

¶ ¶ ¶

The council hall in the new court house is a magnificent apartment, but as I sat there the other night during council meeting, and looked around upon the superb ornamentation, I wondered if we Americans would ever learn to blend utility with beauty. The acoustics of the hall are so faulty that a man can't hear himself talk. It was the first time I ever saw TOM PRENDERGRAST paralyzed. He commenced to call the roll in his usual facile style, but before he got half through he stopped in amazement and was peeping around the room to see what had become of his voice. The trouble is that the ceiling is too high for the size of the room. If stretching wires across midway between the floor and ceiling will not help the acoustics, then the only remedy I can suggest would be to put a bellows under the president's desk and blow the clerk's voice out into the hall, so that the members can grasp it.

¶ ¶ ¶

Sloyd is the name given to the Swedish method of manual training which is now being introduced in many American schools. It educates the right and left hand alike. Sloyd aims at the acquisition of general manual dexterity. An object once begun is always completed, and the most exact construction of each article is required. Each article must be worked from some design or model, and when finished must be useful. The method begins with articles extremely simple, and the models so easy that the child does not become weary.

¶ ¶ ¶

Seattle's claim that she was "a young Chicago" has had a sad confirmation. The queenly town by the sound has had Chicago's experience with fire, and now if she can have a similar experience in rising as if by magic from the ashes it will be well.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

The sun delights to spend its rays
Upon some ugly spot,
To make a rainbow of a haze,
Or gild a chimney pot.

The monarch ocean condescends
To kiss a muddy shore;
And oft a pretty nostril lends
Its beauty to a snore.

I know that all this isn't news,
But it may help you when
You wonder pretty women choose
To marry ugly men.
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

Sarah Bernhardt has parted with her baby lions.

"Ouida" is hard at work preparing dramas for the stage.

Tea cigarettes have come into use for ladies in England.

Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke is still seriously ill at Pittsfield, Mass.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde's lectures on "Woman's Work in Art" are said to be very respectfully listened to.

Mlle. Louise Abbema, the artist, has invented a fixatif, by which the pastel is rendered durable.

Mrs. Mary Bryan is suffering from nervous prostration. She has been ordered by her physician to give up her work and leave town.

It is a lately disclosed English political secret that "woman has now replaced the workingman as the new god of party idolatry."

The queen of England proposes to erect a monument to the memory of the Duchess of Cambridge in the nave of St. George's chapel, Windsor.

Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards has Ph. D., L. H. D. and LL. D. affixed to her name. She is to lecture on scientific subjects in America next winter.

A new trick of the Baltimore girl is to dress in mourning like a widow, borrow a neighbor's child and raise the sympathies of susceptible young men.

Mrs. Davis, the wife of the senator from Minnesota, is a very wonderful horsewoman. She rides every day and has invented a riding habit made of Jersey cloth.

Mrs. Langtry is tired of diamonds and has turned her attention to black pearls. Her $40,000 necklace, however, consists of stones which each weigh five carats.

Mrs. Chamberlain, nee Endicott, is pronounced by an English critic "charming, quiet and reserved, with none of the attributes of the ordinary American woman."

Princess Sophia, of Russia, who is soon to marry the Crown Prince of Greece, has ordered her entire trousseau to be made in Germany, of materials of home manufacture.

SMALL BITS OF WISDOM.

It is better to have a permanent income than to be fascinating.

The man diligent in his business shall hold four kings.

He that winketh with his eye should take heed lest he become slewed.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in a barroom looking for work.—Atlanta Southern Star.

Because you find Gilead is out of balm it isn't well to seek a substitute in a corner saloon.

Charity covers a multitude of sins and keeps them warm and healthy.—Rochester Herald.

Nebbah quarrel wid yo' nabur 'kase his
'ligion doan' seem soun';
Lots ob roads dat staht out dif'rent wriggle
roun' to de same town.
—Detroit Free Press.

When you're right you can't be too radical, and when you're wrong you can't be too conservative.—Rude Philosopher.

There is one kind of vice that never sticks to young people long enough to hurt them, and that is advice.—Troy Press.

BABES AND SUCKLINGS.

Mamma—You must not eat any more candy, Flossie; it will injure your teeth. Flossie—How long will it be before I can take my teeth out like grandma does?—Omaha World.

Mother—Johnny, you mustn't play with that Robinson boy any more. Johnny—Why not, ma? M.—Because he is a bad boy. J.—Well, mother, he ain't half as bad as me, I can tell you.—Boston Courier.

It was a Connecticut boy who surprised his teacher in reading, the other day, by his interpretation of the sentence: "There is a worm; do not tread on it." He read slowly and hesitatingly: "There is a warm doughnut; tread on it."—Hartford Courant.

A man last Sunday was about to lay his hand upon the door of a church, when a little girl in the street said: "You can't get in there, mister." "Why," he said, "isn't this a church?" "Yes," said the little girl, "but the preacher has gone to Europe for six months and taken God with him."—Detroit Tribune.

Visitor—Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school? Tommy (aged eight):—First rate. I an't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the fence. I want to do it without being near the fence at all, and I guess I can after awhile.—Yankee Blade.

They were getting a kindergarten lesson. The teacher took them as very simple subjects. She touched a table. "What is this?" "Wood." "What is this?" she asked as she touched the fender. "Iron." "What is this?" and she took up an acid bottle. "Glass." "What is this?" and she touched her watch chain. "Brass," said one small boy, and she changed the subject.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Little Madeline was eating boiled partridge for the first time and great was her delight at its flavor. "It's nicer than anything I ever tasted," quoth she, "and I don't blame Esau a bit." "What has Esau to do with it?" queried her mother. "Why, you know mamma," said the little one, in grave surprise at such ignorance, "he sold his birthright for a mess of partridge.—Philadelphia Item.

Edith's aunt said she might get four caramels from a plate in the closet. I am very sorry to say that she took five; but she wasn't quite happy while eating them. She was very still for some time, and then asked: "Auntie, does God know how many caramels I took?" "Yes, Edith." After a long silence she broke out: "Well! I shouldn't think he would make such a fuss about one caramel."—Wide Awake.

THE WITS.

Somebody asks: "Why don't our young men come to the front?" Because the bald-headed men get the seats first.—Life.

"'Tain't loud praying which counts with the Lord so much as giving four full quarts for every gallon," says the Arkansas circuit-rider.—Texas Siftings.

A New York actress figured in a runaway accident last week, but she came out all right because she persisted in sticking to her lines.—Yonkers Statesman.

"And you went up the Rhine, I suppose?" said Mrs. Malaprop. "Indeed, yes. It was beautiful." "And did you see any Rhineoceroses?"— Harper's Bazar.

"Just see how these crows carry on," said a man, looking at the antics of a flock of the birds. "Yes," said another, they are carrion crows."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

What an inconsistent creature is man! He is anxious for his friends to think a great deal of him, and yet he wants them never to reflect on him at all.—Baltimore American.

Reporter—What head shall I run on this account of the fire which consumed these barns and stock? Managing Editor—Say "Three barns, ten horses and one cow in ruins."—Omaha World.

Yellowly—Smith is a fortunate man. Brownely—Why so? Y.—His wife is literary. B.—I think Jones is more fortunate. Y.—Why? B.—His wife isn't.—Boston Courier.

A manager says he has just closed a successful season with "A Postage Stamp." Several managers will close with less than a postage stamp before the season is over.—Detroit Free Press.

In a French court: The Pleader—Oh, well; if the president doesn't listen to me I might as well leave off. "Pardon," says the president, struggling up. "It is because I was listening that I fell asleep."

Mr. A.—May I confide in you? I have to tell you a secret. Mr. B.—What is it? Mr. A. (looking around to see if anybody is listening)—I need $500. Mr. B.—Don't fear; I'll be as silent as the grave.—Epoch.

A man in California has played 78,832 games of whist during the last fifty-one years, and he thinks it is a wanton waste of time for women to paint long-legged storks and water-lilies on brass placques.—Norristown Herald.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Pretty Chorus Girls Who Chatter Like Magpies in Their Rooms.

"Tights and a Smile" About All They Wear for the New Opera.

How They Make Boys of Themselves to Go Upon the Stage.

They Wear Pants and Every Mother's Daughter Pins Them On.

New York Sun.

"How did I happen to go on the stage?" said a pretty chorus girl, with big, naughty black eyes, as she smoothed on her scarlet stockings in her little dressing room at the Casino preparatory to her appearance in the first act of the "The Brigands." "Well, it was like this," giving a tug to the silken garter and a pretty kick of the handsome leg to make sure all was taut and secure. "I went to see 'The Streets of London' one night, and I got stage struck all of a sudden. It was a hard hit. I saw myself dressed out in all the handsome gowns the leading lady wore, and fancied that all I had to do to be an actress was just to flounce off and on the stage in clothes like that. But oh, the difference when I did go on—the difference!"

"What did you wear?"

"Well, I was supposed to be dressed in a pair of slippers and a smile, but the smile somehow got away from me, I was so scared. I danced around here in the corridor with my petticoat on over my tights until the last minute, and then went down half crying. Oh, I was the most tiresome, God-forsaken, good little creature in those days. But I got all over that nonsense in a little while, just as every one else does, and I feel as much dressed in my tights as I would in a trained dinner dress, and don't mind if all the world comes in to see me at the regular price of admission, so long as the footlights are between us; but I wouldn't loaf around on the beach all day in a wet bathing dress that fits closer than tights, the way some of the swell girls do, and I wouldn't sit in an opera box without any waist on, but a girdle like some of those old dames at the German opera, either. I suppose it's all right, but really I thought some of the grandmothers might give the girls a show, and not monopolize all the opera-glass attention by wearing dresses they wouldn't let the girls appear in. Decollete, that's what they call it. Perhaps tights are decollete, too, but I feel more dressed in 'em."

There were four girls in various stages of undress in the little room, about the size of an opera box, and down the long corridors into which it opened through the open doorways there were a score more of the merry lassies chattering and humming little fragments of the opera as they tripped out of their long skirts into their tights and wigs. Across one side of the little room was a broad shelf, above which hung a mirror for each girl; beside the glass blazed a gas jet, and beneath it in a tin box was all the parapheanalia for the elaborate make-up. Against the wall, beneath protecting curtains of cotton, hung the costumes for the four girls, and it took very few hooks to hold them, very little space to accommodate them. On the divided shelves below the girls had stored away their various belongings with a skill born of long usage in the smallest space. The room was cooled by an open window, the long corridor was clean and orderly, and the revelations of the grace and beauty of the feminine form divine through the open doorways were bewildering and startling to the uninitiated. They are a handsome lot of girls, so far as physical development is concerned, most of them young, contrary to all tradition, though a few mothers are earning money to educate their children with little mental effort on their own part. Three of the girls in the little room are crossing bright ribbons back and forth over their stockings, and muttering naughty words at the trouble it is, for every crossing must be fastened with a pin. Just as the last bow is tied a deep sepulchral voice sounds down through the corridor, warning them that in fifteen minutes the curtain must rise. "That's all right," says a girl, who was a brunette, when she came in, but is a blonde now. "We're almost dressed—got our stockings on."

"What if you are not dressed in time?"

"Oh, we go just as we are without one plea, thanking the Lord for what we have got on and never daring to think of what we lack. We wouldn't go down without our make-up, of course. There's so little of the rest of our costume it wouldn't make much difference if some of it got left behind. People would never dream it was a mistake."

Three of the girls were boys now, in velvet knee breeches and blue and white striped shirt waists, and stood in a line before the glasses, daubing black paint on their eyelashes. The handsome black-eyed girl who came in late had tossed aside a lot of dainty lace-edged lingerie and hustled herself into a gay little petticoat of scarlet and white and an Italian headdress, touched her cheeks with rouge, and dashed a lot of powder over her face and was ready. Eyes so black and brilliant as hers have needed no shadows on the lids to bring out their mischievous sparkle. She was laying out her costume for the next act. It didn't take very long—a little pink sacque, a pretty white apron and some tights, last of all a pair of pink trousers with garnet velvet stripes running lengthwise. The stripes were about fourteen inches long, and were evidently a recent addition, for the girl ran down the corridor to show them to her chum as other girls display their new bonnets.

"I can't get over that gorgeousness," she said, as she held them off at a distance to get the effect. "The madame laid herself out on these stripes, but what an awful waste of velvet. The only things that it really pays to spend any money on are the tights. The less there is besides the better. Shocking, isn't it? But it's true, just the same."

"Overture," sounds the hoarse voice down the corridor, and instantly the place was full of girls. The amount of material used in the garments habitually worn by one woman would have dressed the whole of them. They skipped down the corridor, came up through the cracks in the floor, flew out of the stairways, and fluttered and tripped and danced down to the stage. They mounted the crazy platforms leading to the simulated rocks, perched on step-ladders and boxes to put their pretty painted faces through openings in the canvas foliage, swarmed in the wings like bees about a hive, laughing and chatting with the fierce-looking brigands, who leaned on their guns waiting for their cues. The effect was more striking and picturesque than the most splendid scene in the opera. The dusky shadows, the brilliant dresses, the hurrying figures, the stage manager directing, watching, advising, himself the fiercest, wickedest brigand of all; the hush of waiting, the tinkle of a bell, and the act is on.

In the intervals of action girls skip up the stairs, their round, silken-clad limbs curving and flashing as they fly to their dressing rooms for a touch of rouge or a dash of powder. They suddenly run on the stage. They make breathless exits. No one behind there notices them; no one has time. A girl stands on a step with only her face visible to the audience, framed in a network of painted vines. In some of the scrambles she has made an ugly tear in her trousers, through which the white flesh gleams, and she doesn't know it. A burly brigand, with a dagger in his sash, approaches her as courteously as he would any lady, and tells her softly of the accident. "My God," she exclaims, and passes swiftly through the crowd to her room. There is nothing said, and no one even smiles.

The curtain fell, rose again and fell. "Go!" shouted the director, and the girls broke ranks and fled precipitately, and simultaneously the scenes were lifted from their places. The change must be quickly effected. There is no time to think how, only to hurry. Ten girls are dressing together in a big room, twenty or thirty more are flying out of one suit and into another in the little dressing rooms up stairs, with the doors wide open. Every stage garment must be hung up in its place then and there; every scrap of clothing—stockings, tights and all—must be changed. They dress together every night, and are accustomed to little clothing any way, and they do the only thing possible under the circumstances—remove one entire suit before they try to get on another. The lights blaze on white round shoulders and limbs as they struggle into their tights, which must not be torn and must be carefully fastened.

Another slender maiden with one foot in the tights and the other out, was catching up a broken stitch and explaining that it would run clear to her waist if she didn't before the dance was over. The black-eyed girl had smoothed on the pink tights over her faultless legs and gotten herself in some miraculous way into the new trousers with the garnet stripes. "They're too long," she said with a pout, and promptly pulled them up and rolled them over and under the band, as a girl tucks up her skirt when it is too long. She fastened them in place with strong pins, and tied the white apron over them. There was evidently too much of that, too, for she tucked one corner up under the belt, pinned a white cook's cap jauntily on one side of her curly wig, and was ready. She got three compliments for the garnet stripes on her way to the stage from men and women, too, one from Miss Urquhart, and smiled a saucy acknowledgment of them as unconcernedly as any woman would receive admiring criticisms of a new gown, and took her place in the dazzling group of girls waiting in the flies. There was less clothing than before, but the little bit there was of the most exquisite delicate tintings. Pale lavender legs touched those of softest pink and purest cream, jaunty little capes trimmed round with glittering bands hung from bare shoulders, a baker's dozen of girls with garnet-striped trousers and cooks' caps were supplemented by as many little girls in garnet-striped skirts; a distracted girl in the passage in a trailing gray gown was showing the stage manager how she couldn't get it together and asking what should she do, and the man was reflecting with the perspiration standing in drops outside the layer of grease paint on his hideously made-up face, when suddenly a girl in the group threw up her arms with a little moan and fell heavily to the floor.

Strong hands carried her into the little green room, where more girls were hustling into silk dominoes of every brilliant shade and color, and laid her on the floor. There was nothing else to do. A little group gathered around her where she lay writhing on the floor with her hands clenched and her eyes rolled back. The intense pallor of her race, with its blazing spots of rouge on either cheek, the heavy black marks on her eyelids which she had rubbed over her face in her pain, seemed ghastly in the light. A girl in tights and a cape of dainty green bent over her unfastening her clothing down to the torturing strap that fastened her tights; a man in a courtier's dress of white brocade and ruffles of lace, held by flashing diamonds, stood near, and the stage manager, still in his brigand's dress, knelt beside her until two soldiers in blue and white uniforms came in to carry her away. Just then a note in the music sounded; the girls all fluttered out, gathering their silk cloaks around them, and the sick girl heard it, caught at her loosened clothing and started to her feet. Then her head fell, the listless hand dropped from her bodice, which slipped from the white bosom, and they carried her away. She went on again in the next act, despite the remonstrances of the superintendent; but in the last dance he ordered her partner to stay in her room, and consequently she, too, was compelled to remain off the stage.

The girl with dark eyes was fastening on some satin breeches, with silver balls all up the side, and smiled as she said: "I suppose the boys would die laughing to see the way girls wear pants, anyhow. Every one of us pins 'em on; they fix up buttons and straps for us; but we don't have any faith in anything but a good substantial safety pin. This is quite an elaborate costume, isn't it? Three pieces besides the sash. Usually all we're allowed is the sash and slipper and a smile. The management goes heavy on the smile, you know."

There are wonderful groupings and attitudes in the new opera, with its exquisite lavender chamber, but for startling situation and picturesque kaleidoscopic effects you must look behind the scenes before the curtain rises.

The Wrong Foot.

Detroit Free Press.

"Dat eands dat," said a collored man who was brought into the Central station the other day as a suspicious character.

"What?" asked the sergeant.

"Dis yere," was the reply as he produced a rabbit's foot and tossed it contemptuously on the desk. "Dat ar' de off hind foot of a rabbit."

"What is it good for?"

"Nuffin 'tall."

"What do you carry it for?"

"Bought dat fut of an old Kentucky nigger, who said it would keep de ghosts off."

"Well, hasn't it?"

"Yes, de ghosts hain't come, but de purlicemen has. Walked right up an' grabbed me 'fore I knowed it. Whut's de good to keep de ghosts off an' let de coppers grab ye? Doan' believe in de rabbit's foot no mo'. You jist keep it. Doan' want nuffin in my pockets dat walks me in yere an' sends me up fur six months."

Her Servant Girl.

London Queen.

At one time I noticed that every friend who called upon me met me with what I can only describe as suppressed grins. I could not imagine the cause of this general but covert merriment. We discussed it in the family, but without arriving at any solution of the mystery, One day it was all revealed!

I had forgotten my latch-key, and upon returning home was obliged to ring. Our front door is half of ground glass, decorated with a flowery pattern in clear glass. In the very center of the panel is a wide, transparent rose. I chanced to glance at this rose just after my ring, and was startled quite out of breath by what I saw—a great green cyclopean eye filling the whole space of the rose. It was thus that our general help took observations of our guests before she unclosed our portals to them.

AFTER RAIN.

I.

Dark storms of rain have passed away,
Leaving the blue skies bare, and lo!
Above the odorous fields of May
Red sunset arches glow.

II.

The hawthorn boughs are wet with drops
That flash and sparkle, each a star;
Bird music chimes in every copse,
Re-echoed from afar.

III.

On wings with summer fancies fraught
The blue-black swallow sweeping by,
Cuts, like an unexpected thought,
The silence of the sky.

IV.

I hear the laughter of a child
Down where the meadow banks are all
Fretted with shifting lights and wild,
And dreamy shadows fall.

V.

I see two passing, where I stand;
I catch the sweet soft undertone;
But they are walking hand in hand,
And I am here alone.
—S. A. A., in Macmillan's Magazine.