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NEWS AND CITIZEN.

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THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
 His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
 He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
 For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
 And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
 And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
 He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like the mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise;
He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
 Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
 Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
 Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
 Each burning deed and thought!

LONGFELLOW.

MISS WRIGHT'S APPEAL.

When Judge Roberts entered Katherine Wright's little parlor he found her contemplating three bonnets laid on the table in front of her. They were of velvet and trimmed with feathers, but one was blue, one violet, and the third a dark poppy red. The sunlight shone in; it was quite early in the morning and Katherine looked pretty and gentle. The Judge liked to stop in for odd moments. He had known Katherine ever since she was a little girl, and he felt she needed some supervision.

"Why you have gone into a new business," he said. "Did you make all these bonnets?"

"Not one of them. I had them sent from Madame Fontaine's, and I am trying to decide which one I shall take."

"The blue one is pretty," he said.

"Yes." And she took it up and turned it around. "Men always like blue; I suppose I ought to think of that."

At this remark the Judge smiled.

"I did not suppose women ever did forget that point."

"You don't suppose women dress for men's eyes? If we did we would care more for beauty and less for fashion. We dress for each other, sir."

Then she took up the red bonnet and looked at it.

"This is lovely," she said; "just look at the shadows in it."

"Take it then. Isn't it becoming?"

"Now," she brightly answered, "you have hit the very point. It is becoming. I have tried them all on and I know I look best in this one."

"Take it," he repeated.

"But my hair?"

"What is the matter with your hair."

"It is red also."

"But not the same shade."

"No it isn't, and this shade subdues, kills it a little, but you know there isn't a woman in the city who wouldn't say I look horrid in it. Girls who have red hair wear blue or purple you know."

"Well, you are an absurd creature!" said the Judge. "Do you know why I came here? It was to give you a point for your speech. I expected to find you buried in notes, in ink, in ideas, and behold you are worrying over bonnets! Is your speech ready?"

"Oh, yes," she replied pushing up the red feathers with a lead pencil, "or it will be. I know pretty much what I shall say. Don't you want to give me a judicial opinion concerning these colors?" and she jumped up and went to the glass, carrying the bonnets. She put on the blue one and turned to him.

"That is very nice," he said. "I think it will do first-rate."

She put on the purple one.

"That does make your hair look red, I confess," was his comment; "still it is pretty."

She tossed it aside.

"Oh, I shall not take that!" she exclaimed, and she smoothed back her hair, pulled out the little curls on her temples, and with care and deliberation tried on the red bonnet.

She was quite right in thinking it was becoming, and her radiant satisfaction did not diminish the effect.

The Judge nodded.

"Take it,' he said; "prepare to conquer all womankind."

"Oh, but this time I have the legislators to consider! There is not a woman on that committee who has said a word to me about my speech, but each one in turn has told me to dress well. Do I usually dress so badly?"

"You always look very well," he replied. "I do not suppose any one would expect you to look like a woman of fashion."

"Still," she said, glancing mischievously at him, "that is my present ambition. I intend to make an effort. The only trouble is I never thought of it before Tuesday, and so I've had to hurry."

"I hope," he replied, "that you have also thought of your speech? Of course, I suppose you want women appointed on a board of street inspectors, or you would not have consented to talk to our eminent legislators on the subject?"

"Certainly I do. Oh, when I begin to speak I shall be intensely interesing. It will seem the most important thing in the world to me. But as I am to meet them at Mrs. Elliot's house I must look all right."

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "What possible difference can your clothes make if only they are neat and appropriate? Did you know that in 1847 a bill very similar to the one you are interested in was before the Legislature?"

"I wish it had passed," she said. "Do you know I would dearly love a reform in operation. Was there ever one?"

He smiled very slightly.

"Well," he said, looking a little annoyed, "you know I never approved of any of this. Mrs. Elliot shows little wisdom in inviting those men to her house to be talked to, and I don't think you need have consented to talk to them. I said nothing because it was none of my business, and I also thought you were deeply interested in the question. Now I find you are interested in bonnets."

"Yes," she answered, "I have a fever for bonnets! And it has come late in life. Consider, I am 24 years old and I have never had a complete 'costume!' I have been a creature of shreds and tatters, and I have worn last year's coat with next year's hat. Now I am to have a 'toilet.' A velvet dress, sir, and—a train and gloves with ten buttons!"

"And for what? To meet a lot of lubberly men! What will they care for your ten buttons?"

Katherine laughed.

"The men are the excuse. Why a wedding party would do as well. But perhaps my attack on vanity will not be as short as it is violent."

"I hope so," he said, standing up and holding out his hand. "I thought you were superior to all this."

"I am not," she replied gravely. "I am a victim to it."

"You have my best wishes for looking well. May I also hope for the success of your appeal?"

Katherine now looked at him with real gravity. She feared her frivolity had carried her too far, but he turned and walked out of the room.

He looked perplexed as he hurried to his office. He did not like this. He had considered Miss Wright a very sensible girl and he had not objected to' her liking for politics, nor had he cared because she made speeches at ladies meetings and semi-jubilee affairs. He would not have liked all this in his wife or sister, but Katherine was neither. He was nearly forty; he was a bachelor, distinguished and not poor, but he was not a marrying man.

Suddenly he stood still. "A fever for bonnets!" he repeated. "A fever for bonnets! The next thing she will be getting married! What a fool I was! Of course that is it."

Then he laughed. And then he wondered who it was. It couldn't be one of the legislators!

That evening he wrote her a letter:

MY DEAR MISS WRIGHT:—I saw the very bonnet for you this afternoon. It was gray and it was tied down, and might be described as fuzzy or woolly. I think it very superior in style and color to the ones you were worrying over. A very pretty girl had it on. Of course I couldn't ask her where she bought it. Truly yours,

GEORGE L. ROBERTS.

When Katherine read this note she was confounded. Her "fever" was of such very late date that she had had short time for preparation. Even now she had to go to her dressmaker's, she had to buy lace and natural flowers. The reception was at three o'clock; it was now after nine, and from half-past nine to half-past ten she had a music lesson to give, and it was pouring rain.

She had more than a half mind to wear her old cashmere.

A gray beaver! That was what the Judge meant, and he was right. A gray beaver! How stupid not to have known it was the very thing.

But she had no time to spare. She put on her hat, her waterproof, she took her umbrella and she sped away to give her music lesson. What an hour it was! The selections from the Prophete were longer than the opera itself. But even this came to an end and she ran home. It was now after eleven, and with the help of her landlady she made a hasty and provisional toilet. The velvet, with its train, was to be put on at the dressmaker's, and the bonnet changed for a beaver at Madame Fontaine's. It was after twelve before she left the house. She bought the lace, but she went from florist to florist before she found just her ideal white rose. It rained in torrents. The streets ran in water and mud was everywhere. She was hungry, she was nervous. She went to a restaurant to get a cup of tea, but the waiter was so long coming to her she jumped up and ran to Madame Fontaine's.

"What, change that hat!" cried the milliner, "that superb hat! It is the most charming one I had in the room. Beavers are commonplace and to you not becoming." She could not trim a hat on so short notice. She talked, she said it was absurd to think of change. The time flew on. Katherine had no time nor strength to discuss it, and she hastily threw off her old hat and the milliner put the new one on her, and without a glance at the glass she was off again. Ice cream is not stimulating, but it is readily served, and on it Katherine lunched. It gave her a pain in her forehead, and she laughed to herself at the idea of anyone so drenched with rain eating such cold, frozen stuff.

But at the dressmaker's all was ready. It took but a moment to sew in the lace, and the skillful fingers of the dressmaker fastened up the dress, pinned up the train, and then the clock struck three.

How far away Mrs. Elliot lived; how slowly the car splashed along! If the horses had only kept time with Katherine's watch how they would have flown!

But when she entered Mrs. Elliot's door how still, how apart from hurry it was. There was a murmur of voices in the parlor. There was the perfume of flowers, the hushed step on soft carpets, the gentle voice of a lady's maid. And up in Mrs. Elliot's room Katherine at length viewed her costume.

She was pleased. Her figure was tall and slender, her dress fell in heavy lustrous folds; her gloves, her handkerchief, her flowers! Well, it was the possible Katherine Wright made real. She did not regret the gray beaver and she had one moment of perfect unalloyed satisfaction in her own appearance. It seemed to her that her train gave her a new movement. If she had been but seventeen she could not have been more content.

She noticed, however, that there were but few legislative hats on the hall table. But she was not sorry. She was not displeased because she was not the last to arrive.

In the long and brilliant parlor a group of ladies stood talking to some gentlemen, and among them she at once saw the tall figure of Judge Roberts. When she entered, Mrs. Elliot looked up in surprise. She did not recognize this elegant girl, and then she came forward and, as she greeted her, whispered, "You are just lovely!"

Katherine looked down the room, and her hostess laughed.

"Oh, they have not come yet. They are not punctual, but we can wait."

But they never did come! Not a single member of the Legislature came that afternoon to hear about the legal status of women in regard to the "Board of Street Inspectors." Every one else was there. The committee of ladies, the gentlemen invited to meet them; the graceful and persuasive speaker who was to convince them, but not a legislator.

Some of the ladies said they must be bashful, and some said they feared the weather, and the gentlemen declared the proper refreshments had not been promised, and when half-past four came Judge Roberts said in a low tone to Katherine that she was right in her estimate of the relative importance of hats and arguments, and so took his leave.

In the evening the Judge went back to his office, and on the way he stopped to see Katherine and to condole with her. He found her sitting in front of the fire. Her bonnet lay on the table. She still wore her velvet dress and she looked tired.

"You have not been long in?" he said, glancing at one gloved hand.

"No. I staid to dinner with Mrs. Elliot."

"Well?" he said.

"Well?" she replied.

"Were you disappointed?"

"Because the legislators did not come? No, I was not."

"Your dress was all right?"

"I was over-dressed. There wasn't a rich woman there who was dressed as I was, and they were all rich."

"There was not a woman there who was as beautiful."

"And I ought not to have worn a bonnet."

"You looked well in it. You were right about it."

She gently sighed and began to unbutton her glove.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you were disappointed."

"I was not," she answered, looking up quickly. "You don't suppose I really care so much for dress? It was a whim. Of course I am sorry it was such a fiasco."

"You are tired," he said, in an anxious tone.

"No, yes, I am."

"What is the matter with you, Katherine?"

She looked into the fire. Then she glanced at him with a mixture of shyness and defiance in her eyes.

"To-night," she said, "Mr. Elliot was very cross. He was annoyed because his wife put herself in such a position."

"Mrs. Elliot is a very lovely woman," replied the Judge. "I have a great liking for her."

"Yes," said Katherine.

"He did not scold you?" said the Judge, after a moment's silence.

"No." And Katherine colored and smiled. "That is the very trouble. I envied her. I was much more to blame. She trusted to the good faith of others; I was silly, vain, ridiculous, and there is no one who cares enough for me to scold me for it."

"Do you want me to scold you?"

"No," she cried. "I want you to forget all my foolishness. To-morrow I will be wiser. I am tired now."

The Judge looked at her in great surprise. What a very woman she was! He had thought her superior to the little foibles of her sex. And how very nice she was!

He walked about the room a moment, and then he went back to his office.

Katherine cried a little. She was certainly very tired. She had never before been so lonely. She hated her rooms. She hated the legal status of women. She hated inspectors, and hated music lessons, and she felt that she was very cross, and quite right in being so.

The Judge was not cross, but he did not like his rooms, nor his office, and he began to stop still more frequently to see Katherine, but he gave her no more "points." Neither did he scold her, and yet Katherine seemed satisfied.

He wanted her to be married in the poppy red hat, but she declared it was horrid and all out of taste and she much preferred her gray beaver. But the Judge did not. He liked the red bonnet.—*Louise Stockton, in Our Continent.*

His First Poem.

Longfellow spoke to me, says a correspondent, of his first poem—the first that ever was printed—and described his trepidation, when going, in the evening, to drop the precious manuscript into the editor's box. This was at a weekly newspaper office in Portland, Maine, when he was a boy. Publication day arrived and the paper came out—but not a word of the poem. "But I had another copy," he said, "and I immediately sent it to the rival weekly, and the next week it was published." And then he described his exultation and inexpressible joy and pride, when, having bought a copy of the paper, still damp from the press, and walked with it into a by-street of the town, he saw, for the first time, a poem of his own actually in print! "I have never since had such a thrill of delight," he said, "over any of my publications."

POULTRY.—The account of a young Maine farmer, whose hens do pay, stood as follows at the end of six months: On hand, his original 19 hens, plus four large broods of chickens; besides all the eggs used in the family. The credit side of the account shows that the hens paid for their own grain feed, and the grain feed of one cow and two pigs for several months, and furnished by sale of eggs in addition $5 in money. I think his hens were chiefly Plymouth Rocks.

"TOWN MEETIN' DAY."

A Down East Election Day Fully Described.

[From the Portland Transcript.]

Town meeting day in the country has a peculiar and indescribable flavor entirely distinct from that of the day for electing officers in the city.

For a few weeks before the great event, the merits and demerits of the men who have held office within the memory of the oldest inhabitant and those of the would-be candidates are duly "cussed" and discussed in the corner grocery, amidst a dense cloud of tobacco smoke and the ever present odor of salt fish and kerosene. Previous to the day of election a caucus is held by each political party for the nomination of candidates, or, if party feeling happens to be low, all unite in one general caucus.

At last the important Monday dawns, usually raw and damp, with quantities of mud and "slosh" in the roads. All are out of bed betimes, for the "chores" must be done, and the wash water brought in good season in order that the male portion of the family may get an early start to town meeting. By nine o'clock the children begin running to the windows proclaiming the names of the passers-by, if they happen to know them, and wondering for whom they will vote.

First go the boys, who, always eager to earn a cent, have been provided by mother with gingerbread, cookies, turnovers, etc., which they hope to sell to those who do not go home to dinner, and to that class of individuals who must ever be munching something.

After the young merchants pass, come those who live the greatest distance from the "town house," the place where the meeting is generally held, and who are obliged to walk. Ere long the teams appear in profusion, with three on a seat, and the boys sitting in the back part of the wagon with feet hanging down, or, if sleighing has not yet disappeared, standing upon the runners of the sleigh, holding upon the sides with both hands. They wouldn't miss the fun for anything, and, in fact, one would imagine by their airs of importance that they are absolutely necessary to the successful result of the meeting. They come home jubilant or depressed, as the case may be with their fathers, with pockets stuffed full of votes, and many a story to tell of what they have seen, heard and done.

Occasionally a woman may be seen to pass with husband or brother. Is she going to town meeting? No (though I could name a town in this State where the women did attend one year, attracted by the promise of considerable excitement), she is going to spend the day with cousin Susan, sister Jane, or son John who lives near the town-house.

But the genuine, smart Yankee woman doesn't leave her washing to go a-visiting. Not she! She has been looking forward to this day as one when the "menfolks" will be out of the way and she can get her washing out, floors washed, and numberless "odd jobs" done without the interruption of getting dinner (for no woman who does not habitually live alone goes through the ceremony of getting dinner for herself) and of wiping up wet and muddy tracks upon the floor.

But another class of women have anticipated this day with dread, for, poor things! they are not "smart," and so they depend upon the strong arms of husband and son to lift the pails of water, hang out the clothes, and empty the tubs. They might put by their washing until another time, but every day brings its work, and they are behind all through the week if the washing is not done Monday.

But it is time to call the meeting to order. The first business on hand is to choose a moderator, which is sometimes done at once with no controversy; at other times, however, every one seems to have got out of bed "wrong foot foremost," and a considerable portion of the forenoon is spent before the deed is accomplished. Then comes the electing of selectmen, town agent, clerks, treasurer, school committee, *et al.* If political feeling runs high, the vote may be a "tie," and several ballotings produce no effect. Now the men become excited. One of the most zealous will take his team and ride two or three miles to bring to the polls some old man who has been sick and feeble all winter. In vain his wife protests "'Twill be the death of him," excitement gives the weak limbs strength, and he dons overcoat and muffler with trembling hands, saying: "I guess I better go, wife, for it may be the last time I shall vote."

To offset his vote the other side brings up a young man who has his vote all ready to cast [illegible] some one, remembering that he was born about the time his daughter Eliza made her appearance upon this sublunary sphere, challenges his vote, saying that he is not of age. More than likely he belongs to a family so numerous that even his parents have forgotten the date of his birth, anyway his father has, and there seems no way to decide it until the old doctor, who has been home after his book while they have been disputing, reads the record of his birth whereby he is proved to be about a month too young. Upon that the defeated side shamefacedly back down.

Finally about the last part of the afternoon the officers having been chosen and the business transacted, the tide homeward turn. The people at home never need to inquire how the election has gone. The signs of victory or defeat are plainly evident albeit, a word be not spoken.

Yet, not always is the required business performed in one day. If there is a "tie" which repeated ballotings fail to untie, the meeting may be adjourned to another day. In the intervening time each one becomes more set in his determination not to allow his party to be beaten, and the next meeting has the same result. An adjournment is again in order. By this time some one loses his interest, other affairs claim the attention of another, or duty calls him away from home, and thus "the third time seldom fails."

PUNCHED coin has been driven out of circulation, except when you are in a hurry and the grocer knows you to be a man who don't count your change.

Mercantile Failures.

STATISTICS FOR THE QUARTER JUST ENDED—AN INCREASE OVER LAST YEAR—NOT A CHEERING OUTLOOK.

A statement showing the number of business failures in the United States and Canada for the three months ending March 31 last, together with the amount of liabilities, has been prepared from the records of a New York mercantile agency. The exhibit is not a gratifying one, showing a large increase over the number and extent of the failures during the same period in 1881.

It appears that during the first quarter of the current year there were no less than 2,190 failures in the United States, with liabilities amounting to $30,338,271, as compared with 1,761 failures in the same quarter last year and liabilities of $24,447,250; and this, in turn, was double the losses for the corresponding time in 1880, when the liabilities aggregated only $12,777,074. The 2,190 failures last quarter are divided as follows: In the Eastern States, 292, with losses of $2,112,876; Middle States, 508, with losses of $10,608,612; Southern States, 700, with losses of 0$11,87,250; Western States, 523, with losses of $5,201,533, and Pacific States and Territories, 167, and losses of $1,328,000.

A comparison with the first quarter of 1881 shows the following:—Eastern States, 263 failures, with losses of $2,518,461; Middle States, 415 failures, with losses of $10,906,867; Southern States, 526 failures, with losses of $5,510,380; Western States, 433 failures and losses of $4,192,847, and Pacific States and Territories, 124 failures and losses $1,318,695. The showing for the quarter ending March 31, 1880, was a very favorable one, as follows:—Eastern States—Failures, 212; liabilities, $1,239,844. Middle States—Failures, 444; liabilities, $4,943,340. Southern States—Failures, 241; liabilities, $2,452,386. Western States—Failures, 345; liabilities, $2,625,952. Pacific States—Failures, 190; liabilities, $1,515,552. Total liabilities, $12,777,074.

In the Dominion of Canada during the past quarter there were 206 failures reported, with liabilities of $2,653,825. In 1881 there were 166 failures, with $2,026,556 in liabilities; while in 1880, a period when the showing for this country was remarkably favorable, there were no less than 503 failures in Canada for $4,816,297 liabilities. This, however, was exceeded by 1879, when during the corresponding quarter there were 634 failures for $11,648,697.

Longfellow's Home.

The New York *Evening Post* says:—Those who visited the poet in his later years found him in that picturesque old house, built before 1747 by Col. John Vassall, whose family stone in the Cambridge church-yard bears only the goblet and the sun—Vas-sol. It was a lady of the same family who there had a slave buried at her head and another at her feet, as Longfellow himself has sung. After Col. Vassall, the house passed to his son, a high-bred Tory, who forfeited all in the Revolution; then Gen. Washington had it for his headquarters; then Thomas Tracy, enriched by privateering; then Andrew Craigie, a wealthy commissary in the Revolutionary army and the builder of the bridge between Cambridge and Boston which still preserves his name. The house had its stately halls, its cavernous recesses, its secret crypts; from one of which hiding places came forth mysteriously, dropping night by night upon the stairs, those letters yellow with age, and recording some dim family secret, which have been made the theme of one of Saxe Holm's best stories, "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters." In this stately old house dwelt the venerable poet, who was usually to be found in his simple study, rich with the accumulations of literary luxury. One might find him seated with Coleridge's inkstand before him, perhaps answering one of the vast accumulations of letters from the school children of Western cities—an enormous mass of correspondence, which was a little while a delight, and then became a burden. Before him was a carved book-case containing a priceless treasure—the various editions of his works, and, what was far more valuable, the successive manuscripts of each, carefully preserved and bound under his direction, and often extending to three separate copies; the original MS, the MS as revised for the printer, and the corrected proofs. More than once have his friends urged him to build a fire-proof building for these unique memorials, as Washington did for his papers, but the calm and equable author always answered, "If the house burns, let its contents go also."

Vandalism.

A strange discovery has been made in the Berg or Castle at Vienna. There is a certain lofty gallery leading from the chambers of the Crown Prince to the chapel, and the walls of this passage are lined with historical pictures of an immense value. This gallery is neither very well lighted nor much used, and the pictures have only been placed there because of their great size. Workmen have lately been employed in repairing the telegraphic communication between the different parts of the vast building, and in the course of their labors a skylight overlooking this corridor has been opened, whereby prying sunrays have been able to stream upon the dark canvases. To the horror of the Captain of the Palace, who is the responsible personage, the eyes of all the figures have been found to be cut out, so that staring holes are left. The perpetrator of this piece of vandalism is as unknown as the motive which induced the act.

Deliberate William.

William H. Deibert, of Leadingville, Pa., is wonderfully deliberate and imperturbable. After eating a dinner in his usual slow manner, he pushed his chair back from the table and remarked: "Uncle Abe is hanging in the barn." The family rushed out and found that Abraham Deibert had indeed committed suicide. William said that he had not thought it best to spoil the meal for them, considering that the man was already dead.

A SAGE HEN—One who avoids the hawk.

KILLED BY CRUELTY.

A Case of Insane Asylum Brutality and Neglect by Covetous Relatives.

A Philadelphia dispatch says; Elizette M. Grant, who was for a time an inmate of Dr. Alfred T. Livingstone's private insane asylum, at Wayne Station, Delaware County, and who was recently brought to Kirkbrides, and thence to the residence of her uncle, John A. McAllister, in this city, died Friday morning. Her uncle has made affidavit before Coroner Janney that her death resulted from maltreatment at Livingstone's institution, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest.

The cruelties practiced on Miss Grant in Dr. Livingstone's Delaware County Asylum are described by Miss Leslie Hastings, of No. 2135 Arch street, who had special charge of her as nurse. "Miss Grant was no more insane than I am," said Miss Hastings Friday. "She would naturally feel sad after losing several of her relatives. Her treatment in Livingstone's place was cruel in the extreme. Her general bearing," continued Miss Hastings, "was gentle and lady-like, and yet the medical student, Clifford, who was in charge, gave her hypodermic injections of morphia to keep her quiet. He would catch her roughly by the arm, push up her sleeve and plunge the syringe into the quivering flesh, which was turned up in knots, causing her a great deal of pain."

Mrs. S. Smith, who was employed at the Wayne Station establishment for several months and then came to the Locust street main institution and remained until January 16 last, assisted in looking after Miss Grant, and she says the treatment of the patient was entirely improper and harsh. "I have often soothed her by quietly reading to her or talking to her and getting her mind away from her malady. Then she was as rational as anybody and conversed with me as well as any one could. Dr. Clifford was very brutal to her. Sometimes, when she had her spells and shrieked, he would come, and, showing the hypodermic needle, would remark, 'Do you see that; you'll get that if you don't keep quiet.' It had a bad effect on her. She would get so nervous she could hardly sit still.

"Miss Grant remonstrated with Clifford for his cruelty, but he only asked me to hold my hand over her mouth to keep her quiet, which I never did. The price paid for the care of Miss Grant was less than that paid for others of the patients. The room she occupied was one of the worst in the house, being next to the roof, and containing no comforts in the way of carpets or good furniture. During the coldest days of the winter the stove in her room did not contain fire until after ten o'clock in the morning. Her bed was peculiarly uncomfortable, and was not even provided with a bolster, although she often asked for one. Miss Grant has been wronged and cruelly treated. The patients were generally badly used. I became disgusted with the place and left.

"I've known the injections to be made three or four times a day. It kept her in a sort of drunken stupor. She was always worse when she got over the effects. Then she had other medicine to take. Another way of quieting her," continued, the nurse, "to prevent her shrieks from being heard, was for the doctors and an attendant to hold a towel tightly over her mouth and nose. I've seen her that way until she was black in the face. Then the hypodermic was given to her. She begged and prayed that this might not be done. I said I could not understand why this treatment was given to Miss Grant, who was generally quiet, and not to my special patient, who was always noisy. I said it was not proper. Clifford said he had his orders from Dr. Livingstone, and would carry them out. The hypodermic operated very quickly on Miss Grant. I have seen another person etherized several times. Then the light was put out, and that poor soul was left alone in that dark room all night. Clifford was in the next one. She breathed so heavily that he became alarmed. The next day she rose up in her bed and began tearing at her side and shrieking, 'Oh, my heart! oh, my heart!' and calling for her friends. When her mother came one day Miss Livingstone, the doctor's sister, called me aside and asked me not to say any thing about the ether."

John Bull's Liquor Bill.

Mr. John Bull maintains his reputation as a steady, reliable drinker. During the year just closed his little account for beer, whisky and wines was $635,372,300. In 1880 it was a trifle less. This is what is called moderate drinking in the United Kingdom. The gentleman who has compiled these figures for the London *Times*, from whose columns we have taken them, deplores the evils of intoxication among his countrymen, and he points out, in order to explain the significance of his statistics, that in the last ten years they have spent in liquors a sum nearly equal to twice their national debt, or, in round figures, over seven thousand million dollars. Placing the liquor consumption in a still more gloomy setting, he shows that the expenditure is more than the annual rental of all the lands and houses in the kingdom. Our London contemporary, in commenting on the subject, instead of sharing in the rueful apprehensions of the British Neal Dow, takes a cheerful view of the question. It sees no ground for regret or dismay. If the British people, it says, can afford to spend all this money in this way it only shows how rich and prosperous they are.—*New York Herald.*

A BANK VAULT.—An ingenious burglar-proof bank vault has been constructed in a Western city. It consists of an inner and outer casement of iron. Between the two is a network of electric wires charged by a powerful battery. If a robber should bore through the outer shell with any metal instrument, he would be struck dead as if by lightning, or if not killed outright, would be held a paralyzed prisoner. This is how the builder of it, tells the story, at any rate.

Shipherd's Business Transactions.

A citizen of Chicago tells this little story: I know the man Jake Shipherd very well. He and I were well acquainted with each other for twenty years, while he resided in this city. He is a pushing fellow, and always full of money-making schemes and devices. The last time I saw him was several years ago, when I met him on Dearborn street one day.

"What are you driving at now, Shipherd?" I asked.

"Doing a brokerage business in New York," he replied; "but just at present I am engaged in selling a newly-invented machine that is one of the biggest things out—a darning machine."

"A darning machine," I exclaimed; "what kind of a machine is that?"

"Oh, it is a great thing," he replied, enthusiastically, "and every family in America will have to have it—there's millions in it, sure pop. It is a simple contrivance which darns up holes in stockings and darns everything and anything that needs darning, on the sewing machine principle. I own the whole business and am now pushing it."

"I see so many things in this town that need darning and mending nowadays," I jocosely remarked, "that I guess it is just what I want. Why don't you send me one of your machines?"

"Of course I will," he laughingly replied, and walked off.

That is the last time I have seen Mr. Shipherd. In a week or ten days afterward, I was one morning surprised on having a small box, about a foot square, delivered at my office by an express messenger—"C. O. D., and express charges from New York." Without knowing or suspecting what the box contained, I paid the amount. After the messenger had gone, I opened the box. There was one of Shipherd's Darning Machines, sure enough. That which I had in a joke asked him for, he had sent me, and I had no more need of it than I had for a white elephant, and he knew it!

I sent the machine to a lady friend—a good housewife in the country—telling her to try it, and if she found it serviceable, to keep it—it might be a good thing to have in the family. In a few days I received this message from the good madame:

"That darning machine you sent me is a humbug. It doesn't work. I have tried it thoroughly, according to directions, and it is as utterly worthless for the purpose as is my husband's threshing machine. Send my compliments to the man you bought it of, and tell him if he is as great a humbug as his machine is he ought to be sent to State Prison."

I sent this little missive to Brother Shipherd, but he never answered it. He is welcome to the $10 he gouged me out of, but I have felt like "darning" him and his machine ever since.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

A Lady's Experience.

Miss Iona Matsin, of Hawesville, Ky., one of the three lady passengers saved from the steamer Golden City, burned at Memphis, tells a touching story of her experience. She was going from New Orleans to her home in Hawesville in company with her mother, Mrs. H. M. Percival and her nephew, William McKinley, a lad of fifteen. There had been a merry party in the cabin, and her mother retired after eleven o'clock. Some time after they had fallen asleep they were awakened by McKinley, who rushed into their stateroom and said that the boat was on fire. She and her mother got up and, without waiting to dress themselves, went out into the cabin, which was full of smoke. They walked hurriedly forward, her mother being a little behind. On arriving at the front guard of the boat she saw that her mother was not with them, and attempted to run back after her, but was prevented by Mr. McKinley, who saw that she was only going to her own destruction, as the cabin was then a mass of flames and smoke.

"Oh, I thought she was with us," moaned Miss Matsin, tossing wildly on her couch. "I wanted to go back to her, but he would not let me."

The accent of utter despair and remorse that marked the words would have touched the hardest heart. Becoming more composed she said her nephew pulled her out on the guards and lowered her down to Charles Ross, Jr., a passenger, who was standing on a coal barge. He caught her in his arms and took her ashore.

Don't Whine.

Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window and he'll fall on his feet, and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you will have in the end. Money you can earn yourself is much brighter than any you can get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteen pence has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky-high he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it.

Soldiers' Estates.

A telegram from Dayton, Ohio, asserts that the Managers of the Soldiers' Home, acting under the power granted by the Board of Managers in a resolution passed in 1873, have recently presented bills for board, clothes and medical attendance to the administrators of estates of such inmates as died possessed of any money, in some cases these amounting to many thousands of dollars. The telegram instances one bill against the estate of Joseph H. Cahee for $35,000 for 10 years' board and maintenance, and another for $28,084 against the estate of Joseph Kelly, for 461 weeks' maintenance.

WIT AND WISDOM.

THE tailor knows how to get around a customer.

A LEARNED MAN is a tank; a wise man is a spring.

MEASURE YOUR mind's height by the shadow it casts.

THREE people can keep a secret when two of them are dead.

WHEN a business is "run down" it is time to have it "wound up."

DANISH butter is the latest foreign importation. "Now we can have it pat."

"I CAN'T account for it!" exclaimed the defaulting bank cashier.—*Philadelphia Item.*

A BLACKSMITH is seldom arrested for forgery, though he lives by it.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

A TWO-YEAR old tootsy-pootsy told her aunt it was "yaining," because she 'heard its feetsteps on the gallery."

THE man who makes the best of life, loses the worst of death. The cream of man's experience is obtained from spilled milk.—*Whitehall Times.*

CRY of the Constituent:

"Tell me, gentle Shipherd, tell me true,
Does my sweet Senator sail among your crew?"
—*Puck*

A TROY lawyer asked a woman on the witness stand her age, and she promptly replied: "I sold milk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet."

IN New Jersey if a bank cashier or public officer of trust doesn't get home by nine o'clock at night they immediately begin forwarding his mail to Europe.—*Bloomington Eye.*

IT IS asserted over and over that anxiety shortens life, but when a chap sees another fellow feeding his girl sandwiches at a picnic is he going to sit down and bid his soul be calm?

IT IS a singular coincidence, soon after Beecher publicly declared that he had been in the habit when in Paris of visiting Mabille, the Parisians shut it up.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE difference between a person in his first childhood and his second childhood is this: In his first childhood he cuts his teeth; in his second childhood his teeth cut him.—*Lowell Courier.*

THREE sticks of stove-wood weighing five and a half pounds bend a boy's back four inches out of plumb. How many additional sticks will it take to make his chin touch his knees?—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN old farmer was in town last week looking for an editor's table on which to build a hen's nest. He explained that he had learned from the papers that the biggest eggs were always laid on the editor's table, and he wished to ascertain whether the papers lied or not.—*The Judge.*

A FLORIDA man the other day killed a rattlesnake by throwing a glass of whisky in its face. Now we understand why Oil City hunters invariably take a quart bottle of whisky with them when they go gunning. We had been told that it was a good rattlesnake antidote but we never knew how it was used.—*Derrick.*

WHEN Filkinsbury moved away from town he was asked if he received anything in the way of a keepsake from the citizens. "No," he replied, "nothing; though I believe there was something said about my receiving the congratulations of the people in my change of residence."

"A SCIENTIST named Mivart will soon issue a work on the cat," says the New Haven *Register*. We've done that already. It was a heavy copy of Shakespeare's plays, and we issued it from a third story window, and it took her right between the shoulders, and we hope it broke her blamed back.—*Boston Post.*

PERSONS in Texas who want to send horned frogs through the mail to their friends in the North, should defer doing so until the mails make faster time than they do at present, as the frogs will be sure to starve to death before reaching their destination. N. B.—A horned frog will live three months without eating.

THEY tell of a man out West who was putting a blast in a well, and it went off prematurely and blew him out into an apple-tree about fifty feet away. In a moment he recovered himself, and remarking, "The Lord knows better than I do, after all; I guess it's about time to go pruning," took a large pruning-knife from his pocket and set to work.—*Rome Sentinel.*

ELECTRICITY is a wonderful thing. There is an electric hair brush warranted to make the hair grow and cure headache, and an electric flesh brush that will cure several other ills that flesh is heir to; and now if some fellow will bring out an electric clothes brush that will make an old suit of clothes look and wear like new, he can sell thousands at a dollar apiece, or three for two dollars.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN EXCHANGE says: "Some must have a quarter of a column to express a well-defined idea, when writing for a newspaper; but it is astonishing how concise they can make an advertisement that costs thirty cents per line." Yes, some like to spread when it don't cost a cent. That class of men are so thin that they don't amount to much in the world.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

"WHAT shall we do to entertain our girls?" says a religious exchange. A man who needs advice as to how to entertain his girls is not fit to edit a religious paper. We suggest that he should take one of them out buggy-riding in the afternoon, tell her what a daisy she is, and how insipid and fixed up that other girl is. Then he should take "that other girl" out for ice cream after supper and tell her confidentially how very uninteresting and awkward the buggy-riding girl is. When the two girls meet the religious editor can depend on them entertaining each other without his personal assistance.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE NEW ARITHMETIC.

A LADY desires to divide six sunflowers among five girls so that each girl can wear one to the party. How can she do it without cutting one of the girls in two?

A BANK has $78,420 in its vaults. The cashier gets away with $60,382, and the bank settles with him for two-thirds. How much is the bank ahead, and what will the poor cashier do if next winter happens to be a hard one?

A CERTAIN grocer, whose scales only weigh fifteen ounces to the pound, sells 320 pounds of various goods every twelve hours. Find what he gains weekly, and after you have figured it up do your trading with some other house.

A DOG starts out to overtake a cat. She has seventy feet the start and knows that he means business. At the end of every rod she slips back two inches and he gains four inches. How far must he leg it to overtake her and hush her yeowls forever?—*Detroit Free Press.*