NUMBER 7.

United States Laws Regarding Dress. In 1817 the United States had a uniform designed to meet the usages of Earopean courts, on the recommendation of the mission to Ghent in the year 1817, in which the United States Ministers costumes were fixed as follows: A blue cost, lined with white silk, straight standing cape embroidered with gold, single-breasted, straight or round button-holes, slightly embroidered. Buttons plain, or if they can be had, with the utiliterist's eagle stamped upon them, i. c., an eagle flying, with a wreath in his mouth, grasping lightning in one of its talons. Cuffs carbroidered in the manner of the cape, white cassimers of the cape, white silk stockings and gold or gilt shoe-buckles. A three-cornered chapean bras, not so A three-cornered chapeau bras, not so largo as those used by the French, nor so small as those used by the English, a black cockade to which ar eagle was afterward attached. Sword, etc., cor-

esponding.

The Secretaries of Legation had the The Secretaries of Legation had the tame costume, with the exception that their coats had less embroidery than those of the Ministers. For the grand gala days at court, where the occasion was greater than an ordinary levee, a coat similar to that above described, but embroidered round the skirts and down embroidered round the skirts and down the livest as well as at the cuffs and embroadered round the skirts and down the breast as well as at the cuffs and cape was recommended. The coats were distinguished as the great and the small uniform. A white estrich feather, or plumet, was recommended for the Min-aster's hat not standing erect, but sewed

round the brim.

The above dress prevailed from the tate of its promulgation on November 6, 1817, until Governor Wm. L. Marey in 1853, issued a circular doing away with 1853, issued a circular doing away with such uniforms in a great degree, as fol-

SS3, issued a circular doing away with such uniforms in a great degree, as follows;

"Department of State, in the uniforms in a great degree, as follows;

"In addition to the 'Personal Instructions to the Diplomate Agents of the United States to Foreign Countries,' the following are hereafter to be observed:

In performing the ceremonies observed on the occasion of his reception, the representative of the United States will conform, so far as is consistent with a just some of his devotion to republican institutions, to the costume of the country wherein he is to reside, and with the rules prescribed for representatives of his rank, but the Department would encourage, as far as is practicable without impairing his useful aces to his country, his appearance at count in the simple dress of an American citizen. Should there be eases where this cannot be done, owing to the character of the foreign Government, without detriment to the public interest, the nearest approach to it compatible with the due performance of his duties is earnestly recommended. The simplicity of our usages and the tone of feeling among our people is much more in accordance with the example of our first and most disguished representative at a Royal Court than the practice which has since prevailed. It is to be regretted that there was over any departmen in this respect from the example of Dr. Franklin. History has vecorded and commended this example, so rougenial to the spirit of our political institutions. The Department is desirous of removing all obstacles to a return to the simple and anostenfatious course which was deemed so proper and was so much approved in the earlier days of the Republe. It is our purpose to cultivate the most anicable relations with all countries, and this, we believe, can be effectually done without requiring our diplomatic agents abroad to depart in this respect from what is suited to the general sentiments of our proposation other countries will be left to regulate this matter according to his own sense of proprie

vet or other commissions .- New York

# A Cruel Joke.

Bolivar went home, and entering the room where his mother was, exclaimed: "Say, ma, have you heard about Mr.

"Why, no," answered Mrs. Bolivar, with an air of surprise. "What about

"This morning he got up early."

"This morning he got up early."

"Yes; go on."

"Wait till I tell you. He got up early, and remarked that he felt very well."

"Go on!" exclaimed Mrs. Bolivar, after a short pause.

"Jast wait. He said that he felt unusually well. While Mrs. Braley was getting breakfast he went and shelled a lot of corn for the pigs. He came back to the house, still saying that he felt weil."

"Why don't you go on?"

"Wait till I get my breath. I've run from all the way down town. He sat down to the table and ate the heartiest breakfast you ever saw. When he got up from the table he remarked again that he felt well. Then he turned around, and just as he got half way between the table and the water bucket he—"

"Dropped dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Boli

"O, no; turned around and told his whe that he left much better.

"You imprudent scoundrel!" yelled
Mrs. Bolivar; and seizing a broom, she
knocked the boy down. No one knows
where the joke originated, and the boy wife that he felt much better.

## Wasted Opportunities.

"Do you not look back into the dim vista of by-gone years with a feeling of regret at wasted opportunities that cause a tugging at the heart-trings?" Tug-ging's no name for it. We had a chance once in the army to make a fortune on mules by putting our names to a false certificate, and we declined to do it. The proposed the mulish scheme now owns an orange grove, two blocks, a fast horse and a steam yacht. This was a real tug-of-war.—Baltimore Bulletin.

Slips of a kid skin deftiy sown.

A scent as through her garden blown,
The tender has that elethes her dove,
All these-and this is Gertie's gleve.

A glove but lately deffed, for look— It keeps the happy shape it took warm from the touch! What gave the glow! And where's the mold that shaped it so?

It classed the hand, so pure, so sleek, Where there is not a pensive cheek. The ic n i, that when the light wind stirs, Reproves those laughing locks of here.

Your fingers four, you little thumb! were I but you, in days to come. I'd clasp and kiss and keep but -gol! And tell her than I teld you so.

### A GIRL'S FANCY.

BY EDWARD J. SHRIVNER

It is a quiet summer afternoon, and the valley in the Catskills where we find ourselves lies in perfect stillness; the skiff that monopolizes the little lake moving gently along without a ripple to make pretense of barring its progress. Brownfields is a delightful place, but if it were not for the visitors with whom the Peters fill their house in the summer lonely enough to be called wild. With the Peters and their friends, and with the groups of workmen that Mr. Peters forges have gathered in the vell-ley, we have little to do; but will turn again to look at the fisher-boy, the sole occument of the skiff occupant of the skiff.

Jimmie Gordon is ambitious, and for the son of an Irish workman—the fore-man at one of the shops—is well edu-cated and refined. Mr. More, a city clergymen who spent some of his vaca-tions at Brownfields, was struck with his quick native shrewdness, and, taking an interest in him, loaned him books, talked with him, helped him orally while in the mountains, and afterward by cor-respondence; and Jimmie's own intelli-gence and carnest application have done the rest; so that when we meet him as Mr. Peters' fisherman, he not only in-tends, with a true American sanguinethe son of an Irish workman-the fore-Mr. Peters' fisherman, he not only intends, with a true American sanguineness, to rise, but is far better equipped for the battle he has enlisted in than many even who start on a good deal higher plane. Meanwhile he attends strictly to business, and to-day, when we find him on the lake, has finished his fishing for the day, and is idly sculling about, thinking of that better fortune that he has resolved shall be his in time, and wondering in what shape the fates will bring it to him.

Miss Etta Larton does not in the least Miss Etta Larton does not in the least look like a Fate as she comes down the hill-path with her consin, George Larton, and their mutual friend, Harry Ellis; in fact, we are very much inclined to agree with George when he thinks of her to-day as much more of a Grace; but if she is not a Fate herself she is certainly a notable instrument of their will. They are all three stopping with a large tainly a notable instrument of their will. They are all three stopping with a large party at Montrose, the nearest apology for a town, and this full four miles away. Miss Larton, however, "goes in" for walking as the proper thing in the mountains, and rather against the will of her escorts, has covered the whole four miles on foot, and is still fresh and ready for adventures when she enters the little adventures when she enters the little on foot, and is still fresh and ready for adventures when she enters the little Brownstields valley. Rather dark, of medium height, and in sturdy good health, shall be the whole of her personal description; and for her "state in ife" it will be enough to say that she is the only daughter of the richest man in Cleveland, and so of course spoiled, but withal, very fascinating, as Cousin George can testify. She is given to whims, and just now the fancy that strikes her is to have a row on the clear little lake that is so invitingly laid out below, so that the one duty of her obedient companions is to find the ways and ent companions is to find the ways and means; not altogether an easy task, seeing that all the boats are carefully locked up, except the one that Jimmie and his fish use with not the best effects as to

sight? Surely; and before the trip around the lake is finished, Etta is completely conquered by the blue eyes of this Irish fisher-rad. On his part he felt the natural attraction toward a lovely girl that any man world; but never expecting to see her again, any more than pecting to see her again any more than other chance visitors who have happened to row over the lake, he hardly thinks of her as more to him than a beautiful picture. If for a second anything further had entered his mind, he would instantly have dismissed it as an absurd crying for the moon. But Etta is not used to giving up her whims so easily. No sooner had she discovered that she liked sooner had she discovered that she niced his looks than she made up her mind to see more of him: and when Jimmie, after explaining all the surroundings of the lake, lands them, and somehow im-presses on them the conviction that he her cousin aside, and persuades him a little against his will to try and make a return for his politeness by asking him to the hop at the Montrose hotel the

And now opens the new era in our hero's life. He is quite good-looking enough and "nice" enough not to seem out of place in a frock-coat; and by careful use of his own and brother's best clothes, he is able to appear at the hotel quite correctly attired for a country hop, and so far from finding Etta's infatuaation vanished as suddenly as it was born, she seems worse than before. Going to meet him as he enters the room, with an eager, bright smile, she quickly exclaims

"Then you haven't failed us?" "Why, no; surely I wouldn't miss such a chance as this." And then, sud-denly reflecting that it would be best to

face at this first sign of admiration from him, and all her habitual coquettery

him, and all her habitual coquettery comes to abet the curious folly that has taken such a hold on her.

"No," said Jimmie, "I enjoyed my row too much the other day not to come to this hop. Do you know that I have lived by that lake all my life, and never knew how beautiful it was before last Textbare."

"Then this is really your home? We

"Then this is really your home? We were wondering whether you belonged here, or were only a visitor."

At this palpable attempt to pump him he was silent for a moment; but thinking it best to seem candid, he answered: "Yes, I was born and raised here." Then, smillingly, "I'm only a country boy, you know. You may be sure, though, not too much of an one to thank you for your kindness to me."

Little as he yet understands the full extent of his influence over her, and thinking that she only takes some such interest in him as Mr. More has, he yet feels that he must not shock this rich young lady with the full truth about himself

lady with the full truth about himself—that he is only a poor workman's son; and, to avoid more inquires, at once asks and, to avoid more inquires, at once asks for the dance just commencing. When the couple follow this up by another, and still another, the Larton party begin to talk; but all look on it as a flirtation in which Etta is amusing herself at this country boy's expense; and Mrs. Larton, an easy-going woman, not especially reluctant to see Etta—who is only a step-daughter—get herself into scrapos,

makes no attempt to interfere.

George Larton alone gains a little clearer sight from his intense jealousy, the natural result of his long and painful suit. Rather dissipated when very suit. Rather dissipated when very young, the father's consent has only been won after a most earnest siege and renewed proofs of reform; and when at last obtained, has by no means brought with it Etta's love. At thirty he is not even on trial, and has a morbid hatred for any man who seems to be receiving the least toyer. the least favor.

Hurrying across the room to claim the next dance, which is due him, and he is doubly infuriated at Etta's quiet re-fusal.

"O George! I am very sorry, but I for-got you, and have promised this to Mr.

"to deprive Mr. Gordon of your society,
as this will be his last chance of seeing
you; but I wish particularly to speak to
you at once."

A little scared at his manner, she takes

his arm pettishly, and turns away with

his arm pettishly, and turns away with him, saying:

"The next shall be yours, then, Mr. Gordon."

"Etta," exclaimed George, "you positively must not dance with that fellow again. I am acting in place of your father now, and cannot see you flirting publicly with a man not a fit associate for you and becoming the talk of the

entire room.

entire room.

"Very well; I consider 'this fellow' a fit associate for me or for you, and as I never was kept from doing what I pleased by people's talking, you won't frighten me in that way."

And so he has killed his own hopes. Rousing all her feminine and individual perversity, the only result of his protest is to see her spend the most of the evening with Jimmie; to see him brought up to Mrs. Larton, and capturing her as effectually as her daughter with his sunny blue eyes and sturdy, handsome face, to blue eyes and sturdy, handsome face, to hear him invited to Cleveland!

In the midst of it all Jimmie's heart is triumphantly, and leaves for home night with strange, new hopes of secur-ing the wished-for wealth by an easier and a quicker route than he had even dreamed of Deroit.

dreamed of Deroit.

dreamed of Deroit.

mercenary it would be hardly fair to say; for most men can be flattered into a liking, if not into love, and Jimmie certainly can hardly help being flattered. Very few young men exist but are a little inflated by the evident liking and attractions of a pretty and attractions. even admiration of a pretty and attrac-tive girl; but when there is so great a dif-ference in social position, in wealth and every thing else as in these two, we must look for more age and experience than Jimmie had to keep his head from being turned. Being turned, it is easy to see why it should fancy it was the heart, and almost to think itself in love as easily

and almost to think itself in love as easily as Etta has been.

And now we will drop the curtain for a few weeks, to raise it again during the early fall in Cleveland. In the cab that is driving up Euclid Avenue we find our hero, the same boy whom we met on the lake at Brownfields, still intent on his object, though no longer with a dreaming indefiniteness. The time since Etta left Montrose for home has by no means lett Montrose for home has by no means been spent idly. She, for the first time in her life, has found a whim to which she is constant; and in the correspond-ence which she grants him has, instead

ence which she grants him has, instead of dulling her interest in this latest notion, added fresh fuel to the flame.

Jimmie, seeing now just how things stand, has been vigorously making preparations for appearing before Mr. Larrow activably. His first step is to borrow a little money his father has laid by, and the next to hire desk-room and an office-boy in New York, where he puts up a sign as "Broker in Iron," this being to assume of being an agent for Mr. Peters. And now, with all his arrangements completed, he is driving up to Etta's home, not yet cured of all his palpitations, but with considerably more self-measurement.

enters the door, and as the footman with a gentle persistence, takes him to his room rather reluctant, since he cannot see what "fixing" he needs, and almost

modify this, he adds, "and of seeing gives way when he finds himself in the you."

A quick flush of pleasure comes to her

Oressing and suddenly discovering that York, that they shall never enter his or same and stade of the state of the same state of the same and what to do, his usual good luck brings Etta to his rescue on her way down stairs. Helped by the same good angel he struggles through his dinner; escapes a danger in not knowing what wine to drink by suddenly becoming totally abstinent; is fortunate enough to

when to draw by state of the bedrawn into a conversation on iron, and by adroitly using the little knowledge picked up at the forges and in his reading, to gain credit for knowing a great deal.

And so the days go on, Jimmie's luck favoring him steadily until he has won Etta's pledge of her love, her stepmother's good will, her father's esteem. Her Consin George had gone to California, disgusted, as soon as he got home from the Catskills, and Mr. Ellis, who is the only person besides Etta that knows anything of Jimmie's real position, is South on a long trip.

On a lovely September morning the lovers are standing at the lakeside, watching the bright sunlight that sparkles in

lovers are standing at the lakeside, watching the bright sunlight that sparkles in innumerable diamonds on each little wave crest, while a great, lumbering schooner creeps lazily along with an occasional clank of its boom against the mast, and the cool swish of the water, that seems to grow deeper and darker and colder as the shadow of the bull falls across it. All around is the dazzling sunshine, that here and there flashes white from a sail trying to coax motion from an air too hot and tired to stir into

"Dear," said Etta, suddenly, "do you know that papa goes to Europe to-mor-row for six weeks?"
"No, I hadn't heard a word of it. It

must be a very sudden move."
"Very. He only made up his mind last night."

"You are not going too, as you thought you would on his next trip?"

you would on his next trip?"
"No, I can't get ready."
"Etta," says Jimmie, after a moment's
pause, "have you the courage for a bold
step while he is away?"
"No—oh, no!" cried the frightened
girl. "I can't do it. Why don't you
ask for his consent?"

"Because I would never get it. He will only give you to a rich man, and that I won't be for some time. It you marry me now he will easily give in, and will then have an interest in pushing us on, and will help us more than he would help me alone. It rests with you, and if you can't agree to this, we may as well give up all our hopes."
"Wait until to-morrow, and I'll try and

answer then." Turning quickly to the carriage behind them, she adds: "We will go home now, and I will think until the naorning. No, you musu't talk to me!" imperiously, as he commences to

Very charming she looks, with her lit-tle, haughty air, but very commanding, and her lover very wisely leaves her to the balancing of duty and inclination, of prudence and self-will, that is so sure to prudence and self-will, that is so sure to turn in his favor. All through the even-ing and the next forenoon she is the usual bright fairy that her father wor-ships; but hardly has the carriage left the door when she turns to Jimmie, who is standing behind her, with the words— "I will go with you to-morrow!

Poor little lips! How white they are, and how they quiver! Jimmie Gordon really loves her, and is very earnest in the ambition that first prompted him; but for a few moments he wavers in his purpose, so cruel in its sacrifice of this victim to a destiny so uncertain. He can hardly be blamed for the utter selfishness of his plan when we think of the. and the training that has never taught him his intentions are wrong simply be-cause it has never held up to him the cause it has never heat up to him the possibility of them; but still he cannot help feeling his responsibility in stealing a defenseless girl from her home, and doing it by means of systematic deceit toward both her and her father. Only for a few moments does this last, and he clasps in his arms this trembling frame, so lovingly, even in its terror, clinging to the manliness that she sees in the

to the manliness that she sees in the fierce triumph shining out of his eyes.

The next day all the soft beauty has gone out of Nature, and her sterner mood seems aroused by the unnatural betrayal of hospitality and deliberate deception instead of being allayed by the happiness of the lovers. The water that forty-eight hours before spoke only of the Skimpole side of life with its lazy accent, now lashes itself to wake to the coming storm. The gentle leaving of cent, now lashes itself to wake to the coming storm. The gentle lapping of the waves is changed to an uneasy rush and hoar whisper; their bright diamond points g. way to a dull, leaden hue that is only harkened by the white caps gleaming with their continuous energy as far as the eye can reach. As our runaways fly along on the railway to Roches ter, they see the storm-rack

"Come rolling in ragged and brown," and in that sheet of spray and rain and wind, each movement overtaking and hiding another and another sail, they think they see a shadow of the darkness lying before them and forbidding a

glimpse of their future.

Of this part of their story there is litto tell. If we were to follow them we would see them on the wedding-tour, happy in the present, and thinking little of any trouble to come. Then came the return of Mr. Larton, his grief at his daughter's flight and anger at her hus-band; his inquiries, too late, about Jimmie by letters and even detectives, with the reports of mortal turpitude and bad reputation that the detectives feel bound reputation that the detectives feel bound to give him to justify their use and their pay; and finally comes the day when, under the influence of these reports, of his hurt pride and disappointed affection, and spurred on by his wife's cautious enGordon, waiting for his answer in New York, that they shall never enter his

We will pass over the receipt of this letter, with its message of sorrow to Etta, of anger and bitter disappointment to Jimmie; over the brief year after the marriage, while they live modestly on a few thousand dollars that Etta had in her own bank account at the time of the elopement; over the awful day when, this giving out, a letter begging-pardon and reconciliation is replied to with:

"Dear Sir. Your favor of the 28th received.
My letter to you of a year since fully covers the
question upon which you touch. Please consider our intercourse sudcorrespondence closed.
"Yourstruly, HENRY LARION."
And the storm-rack closed down over

them, driving Into their very souls the mist and cold.

mist and cold.

The little girl born a few weeks before this is their only child, and its babyhood knows only hardship; but when, at five years old, she begins to delight her father with a miniature of Etta Larton father with a miniature of Etta Larton that trouble has so quieted and changed into Etta Gordon, she has a father who is a man, instead of the selfish, lazy parasite the forgiveness by Mr. Larton would have made him. His old friend, Mr. More, long before this had got him a start in a clerkship with a very small salary; but meeting one day Mrs. Peters, who had always been fond of him, she persuades Mr. Peters to secure him another lift, by which he improves himself; so that, six years after his marriage day, he finds himself beyond the reach of want, although still a poor man. As the little family sit on this evening, a cheerful circle, though with the cloud that recollection still casts over them, a visitor comes. So changed is he from

that reconcerton shill casts over Reim, a visitor comes. So changed is he from the Henry Larton of old, that Etta pauses before she flies to his arms.
"My daughter," says this white-haired man, "I am a widower again, and have come to ask you if you will come back to me."

me."

"O papa! I love yon still, and I pity you; but I have a husband and a child."

"My dear," smiling, "I don't want to separate you from them. Can't you bring them with you?"

"Excuse me, sir," interposes Jimmie. "I cannot 'be taken' by my wife now; and our struggles together have at least taught me that it is better to make my own living than to live on any man's alms,"

come for your sake, but for mine; and if the reports of your business capacity are true, I think I shall get the better of any

true, I think I shall get the better of any bargain I can make with you. I have learned, in short, that you have brains, as well as a handsome face, and am prepared to be proud of my son-in-law."

Let us leave them here. This, our Jacob served his apprenticeship for only six years, and that after he got his Rachel; but it served him in good stead, and like Hopeful in the story book, he found his fortune when he had truly earned it.

per and canal; close it in a capon's neck, or pig's paunch (or gut), roast it well, and then varnish it with batter of eggs and flour, and serve in hall or else in bower. 'Haggis' was made in 1450, too, as the recipe for it follows that for 'weasels;' sheeps' hearts, kidney, and bowels well boiled, chopped up with parsley, hyssop, savory, suct, pepper, and eggs—with mint, thyme, and sage also in winter—then boil again, and sprinkled with salt.

The Cause of Droughts.

The clause of Drugaus.

The question is often asked, why droughts are more common latterly than in former years. The main reason, we concede, however, to be, because the torests have been cut down. The effects of forests upon the atmosphere are two-fold. They fill the air with dampness, when it is considered that the dampness when it is considered. fold. They fill the air with dampness, and again this dampness, when it is condensed into clouds, is attracted by the forests. The roots of trees run deep into the ground and absorb the moisture that is contained in it a considerable depth below the surface. This moisture, much of it at least, is evaporated by the leaves, and thus the air is loaded with water. The amount of water that is drawn up from the strata of the earth lower down than the roots of ordinary cultivated plants penetrate is enormous. This water, if not drawn up by the roots of trees, would gradually make its way into creeks and rivers, and ultimately into the ocean. Cutting down the forests has two other effects, both of which result in decreasing the amount of rain. Dry and parching winds are unimpeded in their progres, and the result is that they carry off the moisture which is in the atmosphere. Another result is, that small streams of water have in many instances been entirely annihilated, except during the winter months. This has de-creased the volume of water in the creeks and rivers, and consequently decreased the attractive force for the clouds and the amount of water evaporated from the

Youthful Criminals.

A New York Herald reporter visited the Jefferson Market and Tombs prisons, in that city, where youthful offenders against the law are detained. Warden McDermott informed him that their average age is from twelve to sixteen years, but semetimes they are as young as eight. One boy of fourteen was sen-tenced for twenty days, and his crimo was stealing a pair of socks. The weather was bitter cold, and it was clearweather was bitter coid, and it was clearly evident that the child took them to keep from perishing with the cold. One of the boys, about thirteen years of age, said he had been arrested for stealing a zine sign, which was insecurely fastened at the doorway of a large building. He admitted that he had been with several others who storted away with if at the doorway of a large building. He admitted that he had been with several other boys, who started away with it, but on discovery had dropped it. This boy did not run away, and was arrested. His father went to a lawyer to secure his services for his defense, and was told that for \$50 he could get the boy acquitted. The father was very poor, but in the belief that his son was innocent he pawned a number of articles, and managed to scrape together the requisite \$30, which he handed to the lawyer. The latter, just before the trial, told the father it would be necessary for him to have \$19 in order to secure the boy's acquittal and that the \$30 paid was simply his fee for legal services. The father had no means of raising the additional \$10, and the boy got thirty days in prison while the Toombs lawyer got \$30 of the poor father.

One cell was occupied by a mere child of ten years. Unlike the cells in the Jefferson Market Prison, which are used for a like purpose, these cells in the Tombs are dark dismal, and repulsive.

for a like purpose, these cells in the Tombs are dark, dismal, and repulsive. The corridor in the part now under notice is narrow, low, and dingy, and the whole aspect of the place as repellant as Murderers' Row on the other side of the

"What're you here for?" was asked of a boy in a cell. "Stealing." "What did you steal?"

"What did you steal?"
"A pocketbook"
"How much money was in it?"
"Dollar and thirty cents."
"Didn't you know that you would be sent to prison if you stole it?"
"No, sir."
The boy was apparently of average intelligence, but very pale and thin in flesh. He both looked and spoke as if he were in ill health, and his appearance did not indicate more than eight years of he were in ill health, and his appearance did not indicate more than eight years of age. Close questioning developed the statement that he had never stolen any-thing before, and that he went to church and attended school. And yet this mere child was incarcerated in this gloomy cell just as were adult murdorers in the other side of the prison.

## Absinthe Drinking.

Absinthe drinking is said to steadily increase in the Republic, but much less steadily than in Switzerland and France, sausages.

The following culinary note on sausages may be of interest: "The earliest authority given in Todd's Johnson for 'sausage'—Richardson does not notice the word—is 'Baret's Alvearie,' 1580 A. D., a 'pudding called a sawsege.' Todd also says that the contents are 'stuffed into skins, and sometimes only rolled in flour.' In this he is doubtless right, as early makers of sausages can not all have had skins at hand to put them in. But these savery edibles were made long before 1580, and were called 'weasels,' whose long, thin bodies they resembled. A recipe for making these 'weasels' is given in the very curious Liber Curer Cocorum, of about 1450 A. D., edited for the Philological Society by Mr. Richard Morris, in 1862: First, 'grind pork, temper it with eggs and powder of pepper and canal; close it in a capon's neck, or pig's paunch (or gut), roast it well, and then varnish it with batter of eggs tem in general and the brain in particu-lar, in which it produces actual organic changes with accompanying derange-ment of the mental powers. The habit-ual drinker becomes dull, languid; is soon completely brutalized, and then goes raving mad. He is at last wholly goes raving mad. He is at last wholly or partially paralyzed, unless, as often happens, disordered liver and stomach bring a quicker end. The liquor is dangerously seductive, because it seems in the beginning to help the digestive organs, when it really hurts them, and very seriously. Many persons have been induced to take absinthe for indigestion, and have thus fallen under its baleful influence. The drinker is in most cases fluence. The drinker is in most cases in seeming good health, having no thought of his peril, until the hour when illness has declared itself. He is apt, indeed, to believe that he is remarkably well, and to consider all the stories about absinthe mere bugaboos. The earliest symptoms of ailment lead to an examisymptoms of aliment lead to an examination, and to the knowledge that his entire system is deranged, usually beyond restoration. His first illness is apt to be his last, and death is a welcome relief. Absinthe has not long been known; in fact, it was not made a century ago. Some ninety years since a French refugee, Dr. Ordinaire, settled at the small village of Couvet, Switzerland,

## Two Little Liars.

"Please, sir, let me shine your boots?" simultaneously ejaculated two little boot-blacks, on Galveston avenue, as the

boot-blacks, on Calveston avenue, as the stranger stopped in front of them and hesitated which to employ. The smaller boy said: 'Let me shine' em up, sir, for I have to support a little sick brother at home, who is deformed.

and can't see."

"Let me shine 'em up?" chimed in the bigger one, "for I am that poor little sick brother, and I don't want to be under any obligations to such an infernal than he can." - Galveston News.