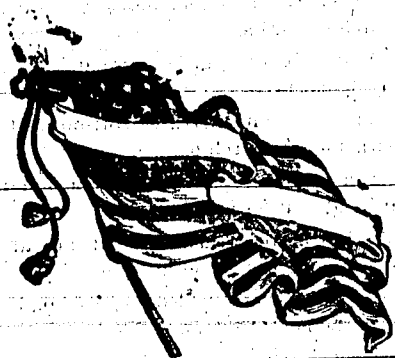


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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, April 7, 1883.

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From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 31, 1883.
The Acting Secretary of the Treasury appointed a committee, consisting of Mr. E. B. Daskam, chief of the division of public moneys, Mr. J. K. Upton, formerly assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. S. E. Middleton, a banker of this city, to examine the books, money and accounts of the treasurer of the United States preparatory to the transfer of that office from Mr. James Gillfillan to Mr. A. U. Wyman, the newly appointed treasurer. Mr. Wyman's appointment takes effect on the first proximo. His bond of \$150,000 has been approved by the acting Secretary of the Treasury, and he has already taken the oath of office. The committee will begin their examination after the close of business to-day. There will be no interference with the regular business of the treasurer's office.

The following is a statement of the cash in the Treasury to be certified by the committee and turned over to the incoming treasurer: New United States bonds, gold and silver certificates, 4,597,000 notes, amounting to about \$91,000,000; gold coin, 340 bags, weighing about 6,460 pounds, amounting to \$1,709,000; old United States and National bank notes, 500,000 notes, amounting to \$1,000,000; standard dollars, 1,631 bags, weighing 115,000 lbs., amounting to \$1,631,000; minor coin, \$10,000. There are of United States bonds held in trust by the treasurer, about \$378,000,000. Other items, such as checks, coupons, bonds of the sinking fund of the District of Columbia, the amount of which cannot be estimated at this time, will largely increase the labor of the committee.

The President yesterday afternoon appointed Mr. E. O. Graves, assistant treasurer of the United States, to fill the place of Mr. A. U. Wyman, promoted. Mr. Graves has hitherto been superintendent of the national bank redemption division of the treasury department.

The gross receipts of the Post Office Department for the fourth quarter of the year 1882 were \$11,434,719, an increase over the receipts of the third quarter of \$943,040. The amount realized by the Post Office Department from the sale of postage stamps during the fourth quarter of the year 1882 was \$10,975,067, an increase over the sales during the third quarter of \$938,285.

The bureau of statistics has published a statement showing that the value of imports into the United States for February, 1883, to be \$5,302,000, and of exports, \$66,866,270. Of the imports \$33,404,283 remained in warehouse February 28.

A curious decision has just been made by the Treasury officials. The Government has a judgment for nearly ten thousand dollars against Representative-elect Ochiltree, of Texas, and a question arose as to whether his salary as Congressman should be paid him or should be considered as an offset to the judgment. The decision is that, as the Constitution says Representatives shall be "paid," etc., Ochiltree must be paid. It is decided, however, that a Territorial Delegate, similarly indebted, cannot be paid, his position being a creation of the statutes merely. Both questions will go to the Attorney-General, and possibly to the courts for final decision.

The acting Secretary of the Treasury to-day appointed Capt. T. Burall, of New York, chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Capt. Burall is now the purchasing agent of the Bureau. The receipt from internal revenue yesterday were \$344,050, and from customs, \$673,402. The national bank notes received for redemption amounted to \$443,000.

HOWARD.

That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best of known remedies for colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

From the new edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co's American Newspaper Directory, which is now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Territories now reach the imposing total of 11,196. This is an increase of 585 in twelve months. Taking the States one by one, the newspaper growth in some is very considerable. The present total in New York State, for instance, is 1,399—a gain of 80 in the past year. The increase in Pennsylvania is 48, the existing number being 948. Nebraska's total grew from 175 to 201, and Illinois' from 890 to 904. A year ago Massachusetts had 420 papers; now the number is 438. In Texas the new papers outnumbered the suspensions by 8, and Ohio now has 738 papers instead of 692. The most remarkable change has occurred in the Territories, in which the daily papers have grown from 43 to 63, and the weeklies from 169 to 243—Dakota being the chief area of activity. The number of monthlies throughout the country grew from 976 to 1,034, while the dailies leaped from 996 to 1,082. The figures given above are exclusive of Canada, which possesses a total of 606. It is interesting to note that the newly-settled regions of the Canadian North West are productive of newspapers as well as of wheat, for the number journals issued in Manitoba was nearly doubled during the year.

The Wisconsin Legislature has adopted a memorial to Congress asking for a repeal of the duty on lumber.

Senator Vance thinks the newspapers are teaching orators in Congress to be terse and snappy. Newspapers can do a great many difficult things when they try.

Governor Butler, during his last visit to Washington, is said to have expressed perfect confidence of his ability to carry Massachusetts next Fall, and of having a solid New England delegation to back him in the next Democratic National Convention.

C. H. Andrews, of Youngstown, is the latest addition to the list of Republican candidates for Governor of Ohio. He is a millionaire iron manufacturer, one of the leading men in the Mahoning Valley, and imbibed his political doctrine from Governor David Tod, whose business associate he was for many years prior to the latter's death.

Judge Treat, of the United States District Court at St. Louis, has decided that in prosecutions for sending obscene literature through the mails, evidence procured by decoy letters is inadmissible. He holds that such matter, unless it can be shown to have been sent to persons who ordered it in good faith, cannot be considered competent evidence.

President Arthur doesn't set up for a great statesman, but he has a fine sense of the proprieties; and we imagine that the event will prove that no one's chances for obtaining the postmaster-generalship have been improved by a participation in the indecent scramble to obtain it.

The President has fairly conquered the respect and good will of the country in the face of the most embarrassing and hostile circumstances. He has done it by simply not minding his own business but that of the country—and minding it well.

The Italian government charges admission to all the art galleries, always free in the past, and makes \$100,000 a year out of it.

Hawkinsville, Ga., has a cow one hundred years old that still gives milk. This story may do for Georgia, but we don't believe it.

Recently, at Bay St. Louis, Miss., while a boy was pulling a dog's tail the animal turned on him suddenly, bit off the tip of his nose and swallowed it.

A Portland, Ore., couple had all the fun and romance of an elopement taken out of them by the united statement of their pals and mas on their return that they were all the while in favor of the match.

A TRUTHFUL SMILE. — We daily speak of vice as "a monster of so frightful mien, as to be hated needs but to be seen," yet we disregard physical affliction whose "frightful mien" appears even worse than vice, and invite its presence among us, until "yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace." Thus it is with itching piles. An utter disregard of the plainest laws of health provokes the affliction, causing intolerable itching when in bed, and unless you apply Swayne's Ointment it must continue.

Fertilizers!

Farmers can get
ALMOST ANYTHING
In the way of Fertilizers, at
GEO. ELVINS'
Main Road and Bellevue Avenue, Hammonton.

Mapes' Complete Manures.
Corn Manure,
Potato Manure,
Fodder Corn Manure,
Fruit and Vine Manure,
Early Vegetable and Truck Manure,

Grass and Grain Spring Top-Dressing.

Together with a supply of Peruvian Guano, Land Plaster, German Kainit, and Ground Bone.

Also, the celebrated STOCK-BRIDGE MANURES, originated by Hon. Levi Stockbridge, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and Professor of Agriculture.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me."
HONORABLE FATHERHOOD.
Rockingham, N. H., July 15, 1882.

Croup. — A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA A. GRADNEY.
126 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried."
L. A. J. CRANE.
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN.
Byalla, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles."
E. BRADDOCK.
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

Dr. GEORGE R. SHIDLE,
DENTIST,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

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TOMLIN & SMITH'S,

Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.

Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty. Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

Mrs. J. Sibley

Begs to inform the Ladies of
HAMMONTON and

VICINITY,

That she is making Ladies' Dresses, and Wraps of all kinds. Also Children's Suits at the LOWEST

CASH PRICES.

She asks the favor of your patronage, and will be pleased to see Ladies at her residence, on Main Road, opposite Oak, Hammonton, N. J.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.

ALLEN B. ENDICOTT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

AND

Master and Solicitor in Chancery,
MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

G. F. Jahncke, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at his residence, corner of

Vine St. and Central Avenue.

Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

COAL!

We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired. The various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SEXTON.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By Virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on
Saturday the 14th day of April, 1883, at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House in May's Landing.

All that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Hammonton, in the county of Atlantic and state of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the centre of Pine road at a distance of three hundred and twenty rods northeast of Main road; thence extending [1] north forty-five degrees thirty minutes west, eighty rods to a point; thence [2] north forty-four degrees thirty minutes east, twenty-one rods to a point; thence [3] south forty degrees and thirty minutes east, eighty rods to the centre of Pine road aforesaid; thence [4] along the same south forty-four degrees and thirty minutes west, twenty-four rods to the place of beginning, containing ten and one-half acres of land, tract measure, being the same tract of land that Frederick Davis et al., conveyed by deed, dated March thirty-first, 1866, to Mary Griffith, and is recorded in and the Clerk's Office of Atlantic county, in Liber 23 of Deeds, folio 297, relation thereto will more fully show.

Seized as the property of George Olivie et al., and taken in execution at the suit of Anna Glueck executrix, etc., and to be sold by
ISAAC COLENS,
Dated Jan. 27, 1883. Sheriff.
DAVID J. PANCOST, Solicitor.

Choice

BALED HAY

90 cents and

\$1.00 pr cwt.

At Anderson's

Flour, Grain, and Feed Store.

Gerry Valentine,

UNDERTAKER.

Is prepared to furnish Coffins (with handles and plates), Shrouds, Robes of any quality wanted. Funerals promptly attended to. — Chairs reset, and Furniture repaired and renovated.
SHOP on Egg Harbor Road, next to Aiken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

T. Hartshorn,

Painter and Paper Hanger,

Hammonton, N. J.

Orders left in P. O. Box 24 will receive prompt attention.

A. J. SMITH,

NOTARY PUBLIC

AND

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.
Hammonton, N. J.

Tree Culture—Acclimatization

Charles M. Hovey writes an interesting article to the *Massachusetts Ploughman* which contains many valuable suggestions to tree planters. He remarks in a former article that all the attempts to acclimate in the East the trees of the Pacific coast have ended with total failure, which brings us to the subject of acclimatization, one which has attracted a great deal of attention, and the formation of societies for that especial object, notably that of Paris. But so far as any facts have been ascertained, without a single practical result.

We are all familiar with numerous trees and shrubs which have been cultivated abroad beyond the memory of any one which remain through the hundreds of years the same to-day that they were at the earliest period of which we have any knowledge. Take for instance the peach tree. We know not just how many millions have been produced from seed in our own country; but we do know it reaches into the hundreds, yet the peach to-day is no harder than it was a hundred years ago, and notwithstanding the fact that the trees have been grown from seed produced from Vermont to Florida and west to the Pacific coast. There have been varieties such as double-flowering varieties, some of them direct from China, weeping varieties, and kinds with purple or dark-colored foliage, but the hardness, of the tree remains precisely the same; they are uncertain in our climate, and the buds are destroyed by an exceptional winter. No better test could be named of the utility of the attempt to make a slightly tender tree quite hardy by cultivation, whether from a colder or warmer region. Varieties are endless. We have white-fleshed peaches and yellow-fleshed peaches, and varieties of every shade of excellence, but no additional hardness.

Another instance is the Rhododendron (*R. arboreum*) and the azalea (*A. pontica*), the former from the high elevation of the Himalaya mountains, was introduced to England years ago, and cultivated as a greenhouse plant. It is still precisely the same, or not even resisting the winters of the English climate, only in the warmer places on the southern coast. But when our native *R. catawbiense* was introduced and fertilization effected between the two, then came a greater or less degree of hardness; and cross fertilization between the several kinds have produced a race of superb varieties, some of which are nearly or quite hardy in our severe climate, but the large portion only half hardy. The original *R. arboreum*, and all the seedlings obtained from it pure, without admixture of the American species, are still only half hardy plants. The *pontica* azalea is the same; in our severe winters it loses its flower buds, just like the peach, but after mild winters it flowers freely. It was only when our native azalea and calandula were introduced and fertilized with the *pontica*, that that superb race was obtained known as *ghent azaleas*.

Looking among California trees we find the same effect, except in one solitary case. The well known Chinese labor vine (*Thuja senensis*) is not hardy in our climate, or of its varieties known as *Thuja aurea*. It is true they will live for some years, but the branches are more or less killed and so injured that they are anything but ornamental. The *Aruncaria imbricata*, that very remarkable tree, has resisted all attempts at acclimatization in our climate, notwithstanding the fact that the seed was gathered from trees where the snow was often a foot deep; nothing short of absolute protection could keep them alive.

The Douglas fir of which Mr. Robinson speaks so highly is indeed a handsome and most valuable tree, and it is to be regretted that it has not yet been found thoroughly hardy only in one place, although the author characterizes it as "the most interesting and valuable of all exotic trees recently introduced into Massachusetts," and "its introduction worth many millions of dollars to the State." Now I do not know of any fine specimens except those of Mr. Hunnewell on his fine grounds at Wellesley. I have cultivated it for forty years, though the trees were always introduced from England, but I have never been able to preserve even one tree. Where the Colorado specimens fifteen feet high are growing the author does not tell us. Mr. Hunnewell's specimens are of his own raising from one tree, which by particular care, a large number to produce seed, and a large number have been grown thus.

very beautiful specimens which ornament his group of coniferous trees. Experiments with the Douglas fir in Massachusetts should be conducted with much caution, for I fear that the attempt to acclimate it would end in utter failure. Still I would not wish to be considered as discouraging such attempts, but that no extensive planting should be made until we know something more of its hardness in our severe climate.

The great trees of California (*Sequoia gigantea*) have not yet been found to succeed in our climate, though seeds taken from the highest recorded elevations have been tried. It is, or should be, the object of the Arnold Arboretum to try these experiments, and give the public the advantage of the patient endeavors of its professors, the skill of its gardeners and the best opportunities of general culture (not special care and protection), to ascertain the exact hardness of this and other trees, of which a list is given for Massachusetts. The numerous losses I have made in the attempt for nearly half a century to acclimate all the coniferous trees of which there was any hope of succeeding, putting from their adaptation to the English climate, induce me to utter a word of caution to all cultivators (who have not the wealth to experiment) to plant them sparingly, and not plant at all unless they have a subsoil as dry and localities as fortunate as those of Mr. Hunnewell.

The *Capressa Lawsonia* is an elegant tree, and fortunately, owing to three or four successive mild winters, our trees attained a size large enough to perfect seeds. These we planted and a handsome lot of plants obtained, one of which I selected as an erect and distinct variety with glaucous or bluish foliage (*C. Hovey*), but after caring for it in the best manner four or six years, it failed to stand our severe winters.

"For more than one hundred years public spirited citizens have been experimenting with exotic trees, in different parts of the country; and if we know now what trees to plant and what to omit, it is because such experiments have been made."

This is certainly true of the last fifty years, but we have gained but little knowledge, and from the exceptional causes of location, soil treatment, etc., we can add but very slowly to our fund of information that worthy enough to plant extensively all that are so often commended as hardy.

Chestnuts and Chesnut Trees in Italy.
Signor Schira, Inspector General of Forests, in an interesting report says among other things that the famous chestnut tree on Mount Etna, which still lives, measures 64 metres in circumference at its base. Its age is estimated differently—some attribute to it 4000, some 2000 years, and recent studies give it at least 800 years. There are some other famous chestnut trees in Italy, notably one in Montemaria, in Tuscany. The deplorable custom of late years of destroying the forests has deprived Italy of many noble chestnuts, but it is to be hoped they will be protected by the new scheme of the Minister of Agriculture for rewooding the denuded mountains. In the north of Italy the chestnut grows at an altitude of from 400 to 900 metres above the level of the sea—in sunny situations even at 1500. In the south the zone of growth is between 500 and 1200 metres above the level of the sea.

Almost all the Italian provinces cultivate the chestnut, these trees occupying a total surface in Italy of about 469,114 acres. The most are found in the provinces of Lucca, Sondrio and Genoa. In Lucca, for example, 182,59 per thousand acres of the territory are occupied by the chestnut. The total annual production of chestnut (fruit) is about 5,703,436 quintals. Those of Cuneo are best both for quality and quantity. The exportation is about 70,000 quintals, at a profit of about 2,000,000 francs. There are several methods of preserving the fruit—from sugaring the chestnuts to slightly boiling and then drying them, or laying them, when newly gathered in November, among perfectly dry sand in vases, and burying the vases in dry earth, when they will remain fresh and good till the next June.

The Providence Transcript asserts that Western cats commit suicide. Let's import the breed.

Fashionable Fancies.

In Paris shoes and stockings must match the dress.

Velvet basques grow more and more in popular favor.

The new maulins are soft-finished, without any starch or size.

Sun's velling will continue a stand ard material for summer wear.

Ashes of roses has made its appearance among the aesthetic colors.

Irregular points called coques' combs edge the new Ottoman ribbons.

Beaded fringes figure largely among importations of new trimmings.

Linen collars are straight clerical bands, fastened with a jeweled button.

Birds and fruits form a part of the design of many of the dressiest satens.

Robe dresses with embroidered bouces appear among spring importations.

The transit of Venus design is one of the new patterns seen on spring satens.

New satens appear in the fashionable and aesthetic colors so popular at present.

Fur capes and colors are fastened with long ribbon strings tied in a full, flowing bow.

Rhine pebbles, set in silver, form very handsome combs, ball-bags, dagers and crescents for the hair, and are much worn for evening.

A large rosette or bow of velvet ribbon, with a square or horse-shoe buckle of Strauss pebble, is worn on the left side of the dress just below the waist.

Crushed straw hat, cerise, scarlet and garnet shades are worn with black satin dresses.

Wide flounces of antique lace, and laces of every description which have been out of style for years—Chantilly, Honiton, Guipure, Flemish point and the like—are this season revived, and are used to drape coats, dinner and reception dresses for the stately dames and dowagers.

Water repellent silk, which is neither spotted nor rendered slimy by water, is the latest novelty in silks. It comes in all shades, for day and evening, and will, no doubt, achieve a great success for water-proofing place toilets. The silk is a soft twilled fabric, something like tulle.

Heads of Limoges enamel, mounted in silver setting, are the latest French fancy for brooches, where with the fashionable young lady fastens her large, bright-luney gypsy 'kerchief of silk, which she arranges over her dainty shoulders, and knots in front low on the corsage.

Wide and full jabots of coquille ruffles of lace, reaching from the throat to the hem of the dress and also down the sides of the front breadths, from half way up the length of the seam to the bottom of the skirt, are seen upon newly-imported house robes of cashmere and vigogne.

Society girls have little flat articles of silk or satin, delicately scented, and decorated with a bit of their own hand-painting, either floral or comical. These they suspend from the waist by a knot and ends of narrow ribbon. Into this case they slip the card on which is printed the order of dancing. Down the back of the case are fastened small loops of ribbon, which serve to hold a tiny pencil.

A stylish house dress is made of dark Russian gray cashmere. The skirt is laid all the way down in hollow plaits devoid of trimming. The bodice is pointed, front and back, the paniers are arranged in heavy plaits, rounding over the hips and joining the lightly puffed drapery in the back. The front of the bodice, the edges of the paniers, and half the length of the long, close sleeves are trimmed with an elaborate pattern in braidwork.

The highest range of mountains is the Himalayas, the mean elevation being estimated at 16,000 to 18,000 feet.

The loftiest mountain is Mount Everest or Gaurisankar, of the Himalaya range, having an elevation of 29,000 feet above the sea level.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet, and its height more than 21 feet.

The largest city in the world is London. Its population numbers 3,020,871 souls. New York, with a population of about 1,250,000 comes fifth in the list of great cities.

The largest theatre is the New Opera House in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground. Its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet. It cost about 100,000,000 francs.

The largest suspension bridge will be the one now building between New York and Brooklyn. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet six inches; the entire length of the bridge is 7089 feet.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

The largest island in the world, which is also regarded as a continent, is Australia. It is 2500 miles in length from east to west, and measures 1970 miles from north to south. Its area is 2,964,287 square miles.

The greatest thing in the world is the Falls of Niagara; the largest cavern, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; the largest river, the Mississippi; 4000 miles in extent; the largest valley, that of the Mississippi, its area 5,000,000 square miles; the greatest city park, that of Philadelphia, containing 2700 acres; the greatest grain port, Chicago; the biggest lake, Lake Superior; the longest railroad, the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in extent. The most huge mass of solid iron is Pilot Knob, of Missouri, height, 250 feet, circumference, two miles; the best specimen of architecture, Girard College, Philadelphia; the largest library is the Bibliothque Nationale, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV.; it contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals.

The largest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the river Kistnah, between Bezorah and Setaanagum. It is more than 6000 feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is 1,200 feet high.

Wonders of the Yellowstone.

James Carroll, a well known citizen of Helena, Montana, recently made a remarkable discovery in the Yellowstone Park. He says: "While waiting for many companions, I dismounted and sat down on a rock with my Winchester lying across my knees. Around me was a scene of grandeur. I was in a deep gorge which had down the valley. On each side the gray cliffs towered to a magnificent height. Behind me was the steep path down which I had come through a thick growth of stunted pines, while in front of and below me was the gorge (a quarter of a mile wide, perhaps), its bottom covered from the foot of one cliff to the other with a heavy growth of timber. After resting awhile I stood up and listened, expecting to hear my friends approaching. But not a sound came to my ears. The stillness was so deep that a feeling of uneasiness came over me, and I attempted to call out to my companions. But although I opened my mouth and went through all the details of a good, lusty yell, not a sound could I make. I tried again, and with the same result. I couldn't understand it. My horse, which had been standing quietly by me, noticed a movement of the bushes near by, and probably thinking my equine friends were near, attempted to whinny. It was a sad picture, for she could not make a sound. She was evidently as much astonished as I, and became uneasy."

"I was on the point of mounting and starting back up the mountain, when a fierce-looking wild animal of the panther tribe stepped out of the bushes within about thirty feet of where I was standing. It saw me instantly and stooped to spring at me. I hastily brought my gun to my shoulder and fired, shall I say? No. I pulled the trigger, but there was no report, although the smoke puffed out the end of the gun and the wild beast fell as if struck. It immediately jumped up, and hobbled into the brush, but leaving a trail of blood behind it. I was now confirmed in my former suspicion that I was in a land of enchantment, and although not at all superstitious under ordinary circumstances, I would not have been surprised now to see the devil himself jump out from behind a rock. I immediately got on my horse and started back up the path."

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The Worst Actor.

Some years ago an actor applied to Lester Wallack for an engagement for himself and wife, stating that his lady was capable of playing all the first lines of business, but, as for himself, he was "the worst actor in the world." They were engaged to support Wallack, and the lady answered to the character which her husband had given her. The gentleman having the part of a walking gentleman set him for his first appearance, he asked Lester indignantly how he could put him in such a paltry part. "See," said the smiling Wallack, "here is your letter, stating that you were the worst actor in the world."

"True," replied the observing actor, "when I wrote that letter I had not yet seen you act." He was cast a little higher—from the tip of the traitor Lester's boot.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

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Home Dressmaking.

How Every Woman May Become a Fashionable and Economical Dressmaker.

In the present era of cheap dry goods, the heaviest item in the cost of a dress is not infrequently the making. Therefore ladies who wish to economize, or who cannot afford the expensive luxury of a fashionable dressmaker, make their own dresses at home. It is undoubtedly false economy to entrust the making of a handsome dress to inexperienced hands, now that such robes are really works of art, which none but skilled modistes can accomplish successfully. Still, outside of these, there is no reason why every lady who has leisure to sew, who can use the sewing machine and handle her needle, may not be her own dressmaker.

The manufacture of paper patterns has grown into an immense business and patterns for the latest novelties in every article of clothing for men, women and children may be purchased for a trifling amount. With these are usually furnished plain and simple directions for cutting out and putting together, as well as instructions as to the quantity of material required for the garment. Before buying the pattern, take your measure, easy, around the bust, under the arms with a tape-line. Cut the lining out first before touching the material of which the dress is to be made. Take care to keep the goods straight in cutting and pin the pattern down carefully, with every straight line running true to the thread of the material. A piece makes a capital cuttingboard for large garments, pinnacles, skirts, etc., and next to that comes the top of the dining-table. For sleeves, folds, and for basques, an ordinary lap board serves every purpose. Mark the darts with a tracing wheel, which will leave a prickled line upon the goods, but do not cut them out. Baste upon and try on with the seams outside, taking up more or less, as may be necessary.

DRESSMAKERS' RULES.
The best dressmakers merely mark the darts, and pin up the figure, but this is not practicable if you are fitting yourself. Be sure to have a good light on your mirror, so that you can see exactly how your dress fitting fits. Never take up or let out a seam, without making a corresponding alteration in the opposite direction. No one, or your dress will be one of the dress waist, and it will fit well, tight, over the bust, and it is a wise precaution to lay a fold of batting or a soft, loose, across the bust, from under one arm to the other, quite low down; high darts should be kept quite low down; stout figures make the figure look flat. Stout figures require a greater distance between the front of the first dart than slender ones. After the lining fits to your satisfaction, rip it apart, and laying it on the dress material, cut out by it instead of the pattern. The two fronts must be cut so as to face in opposite directions, with the selvage of the goods on the outer edge. Everything, even white muslin, has a right side and a wrong side, and even if you cannot detect the difference it is safer to cut your dress all on the same face of the cloth.

The best dressmakers use silk for lining, or, failing this, fine gray linen, but the best silks is equally as good, although less expensive. Drilling is heavy, and apt to stretch, although some dressmakers prefer it. Baste each piece of the corsege on the lining; then baste up, and try on, as before. It is an excellent plan, to work the buttonholes, and sew the buttons on the front before this basting up, as it will greatly facilitate trying on. To measure the size of the buttonholes, put a piece of card beneath the button, and cut it an eighth of an inch on either side. Having turned down the piece in front on the right side, run a thread a sixteenth of an inch from the folded edge, and again another the width of the card. Measure the distance of the buttons apart, and cut at regular space, beginning with a buttonhole at the bottom of the bodice. It is no longer customary to stitch down the points when they are folded back, the buttons and buttonholes holding them in place, but a straight strip of the material an inch and a half wide, double, and with the edges turned in, should be set on the edge of the left-hand front, to underlap the buttonholes on the right.

FINISHING TOUCHES.
Before sewing on the buttons lay the two fronts together, edge on edge, and mark the place where each button is to go, by means of a pin, which is stuck through the cloth, and the button is sewed on the right side, in the stitches. If the buttons are on the left side, they are sewed on the right side, in the stitches. If the bodice be much that the buttons will not match the buttonholes. Before stitching up the seams of the bodice make sure that your tensions are right; if too tight, they will draw; if too loose, they will stretch out of shape. After this is done, try on the waist again, and trim out the neck and arm holes. If these last are not carefully sloped, these ugly creases will always appear between the arm holes and bosom. The casings for whale bones are inserted at the side seams, on the left front, in advance of the buttonholes, and on each dart. The casings are made of tape, a little wider than the bone, firmly stitched down on each side of the open seams. The top of the casing is formed altogether of the tape which is doubled for nearly an inch, a precaution which prevents the bone from wearing the dress. These set on the darts should only extend to within an inch or so of the top of the dart, both on account of the fit, and to prevent cutting out. The clothing Jersey basque needs no facing beyond a two-inch wide strip of the dress material; but habit and jacket basques should have the tails lined with the dress goods in case they should accidentally turn up. When the edge of a Jersey basque is cut in battlements they also must be faced in the same manner. To prevent the bodice from slipping out of place, take the wide tape, which comes for the purpose, place its lower edge at the bottom of the waist line, and stitch it to the middle seam of the back, taking care not to draw it; put on a couple of hooks and eyes, letting the waist, in addition to this, on best dressmakers put a wide belt of the dress lining inside, extending from the front dart to the front, where it fastens with hooks and eyes. The edges of the lining and the dress goods are turned in and neatly overseamed together on every seam, so that no raw edges are visible. Sleeves fit close to the arm, and are deeply scooped out on the under side to accommodate the fashionable short shoulder-erms of the day. Many of them are slightly padded on top to give very high effect now considered desirable.

Linens and lawn dresses, gingham, and other wash goods, are not lined, but are made with the convenient French fell, which makes a neat finish, while it prevents the seams from stretching. To make this, stitch up on the right side, allowing room for another seam, trim the seams off close, turn and stitch up, once more on the wrong side.

edge along the selvage in form of a triangle, pin in place, and cut accurately on the folded edge. According to the required width of the strip, measure on the selvage fold, and cut it before. After the first piece is cut, it will serve as a pattern for the others, but care must be taken to pin exactly, and not to stretch it, else the bands will be of irregular width. Bias strips require the length and half as much again as the space they are to trim; box plaits, with a space between twice the length; quiltings and box-plaits which touch each other, in order to hang prettily, they must overlap each other a little.

The fashionable rose plaiting is still more extravagant, its triple box-plaits requiring double the quantity of an ordinary quilting, or six times the length of the space it is to trim. The quantity necessary for any trimming may be easily calculated by cutting a strip of paper and making a small quantity up in that, then measure the trimming and the length of the strip used, and you may make the estimate without difficulty. Dresses all have collars, and not infrequently there are two on the same dress, a round or Marie Antoinette collar, which is a kind of fishbone forming a collar in the back and revers in the front. The gathered Mother Hubbard collar is very becoming to slender figures; stout, broad-shouldered people should never wear it since it exaggerates the breadth of the shoulders. The English collar, so fashionable now, is merely a bias strip of the dress material or of the trimming fabric, an inch and a-half wide, faced with the same with an interlining of wigan. The ends are turned over in front, English style, or they may be rounded off in clerical fashion and left upright.

All the new bodices have the side forms running into the armhole. The shoulder seams should be taken far back and turned to the front. The long flat-edges of the present-day require under-clothing with but scant fullness at the waist, and will not set well over bulky dresses. Nor can the most skillful dressmaker accomplish a full fitting dress over an ill-fitting corset, a fact which seems self-evident, yet which many persons fail to understand, and, failing, throw the blame upon the dressmaker. —Ez.

OTHER DRESS PATTERNS.
The skirts of wash dresses are usually made with overskirt and underskirt separate, for convenience in laundering, and the draping is done by means of tapes run in casings, which may be easily let out or drawn up at will. All other materials are made up on a foundation, trimmed at the foot and faced with the dress material on the outside as high as the drapery demands. The drapery is made and trimmed and is then arranged on the waist, and fastened in place. No written direction can be given for this, it requires a plate to go by, and some talent in drapery to do it, the latter being more necessary than the plate. There is a decided tendency towards short front draperies, and much bunched up backs, which, however, come down long on the skirt.

The front breadths of the skirt should be without fullness, and hang well to the back, an end attained by scooping them out well at the waist. If the wearer be stout it will be necessary also to take up one or two pleats in front of the stomach. In sewing on the waist-band, mass the fullness at the back, either in large gathers, or else in a quadruple box plait. Dressmakers usually sew a full pleating of ermine at the belt in the back, in order to produce a bouffant effect. More recent, however, is the introduction of a narrow cushion filled with horsehair. This is sewed to a bag, the upper half, which is sewed to the waistband, being empty, and the lower stuffed. Alpaca makes the best foundation for silks, and French silks are sewed next in grade. English cambric comes next, as well as calico, in solid colors, black, brown, blue, etc., according to the dress.

All plaited flounces and frills should be cut straight, all gathered ones bias. Gathered flounces on wash dresses, however, should be straight, since bias ones do not wash well. Gathered bias flounces are coming rapidly into fashion. Most of them are narrow, more ruffled in fact, and from five to fifteen of them are used. All bias folds, platings and flounces must be cut exactly on the bias, or they will not set well. For this cut the material perfectly straight from edge to edge of the selvage, fold the cut

edge along the selvage in form of a triangle, pin in place, and cut accurately on the folded edge. According to the required width of the strip, measure on the selvage fold, and cut it before. After the first piece is cut, it will serve as a pattern for the others, but care must be taken to pin exactly, and not to stretch it, else the bands will be of irregular width. Bias strips require the length and half as much again as the space they are to trim; box plaits, with a space between twice the length; quiltings and box-plaits which touch each other, in order to hang prettily, they must overlap each other a little.

The fashionable rose plaiting is still more extravagant, its triple box-plaits requiring double the quantity of an ordinary quilting, or six times the length of the space it is to trim. The quantity necessary for any trimming may be easily calculated by cutting a strip of paper and making a small quantity up in that, then measure the trimming and the length of the strip used, and you may make the estimate without difficulty. Dresses all have collars, and not infrequently there are two on the same dress, a round or Marie Antoinette collar, which is a kind of fishbone forming a collar in the back and revers in the front. The gathered Mother Hubbard collar is very becoming to slender figures; stout, broad-shouldered people should never wear it since it exaggerates the breadth of the shoulders. The English collar, so fashionable now, is merely a bias strip of the dress material or of the trimming fabric, an inch and a-half wide, faced with the same with an interlining of wigan. The ends are turned over in front, English style, or they may be rounded off in clerical fashion and left upright.

All the new bodices have the side forms running into the armhole. The shoulder seams should be taken far back and turned to the front. The long flat-edges of the present-day require under-clothing with but scant fullness at the waist, and will not set well over bulky dresses. Nor can the most skillful dressmaker accomplish a full fitting dress over an ill-fitting corset, a fact which seems self-evident, yet which many persons fail to understand, and, failing, throw the blame upon the dressmaker. —Ez.

Changed the Subject.
"Always," said papa, as he drank his coffee, and enjoyed his morning breakfast, "always when children change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is wise and polite." That evening on his return from his business he found his carnation bed despoiled and the tiny imprint of slippers still faintly bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel, did you pick my carnation pink?" he demanded.
"Papa, did you see a monkey in town?" was the reply.
"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"
"What did gran'ma send me?"
"Mabel! what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers or not? Answer me, yes or no."
"Yes, papa, I did, but I foud I'd try and change the subject."

The Gratitudes of War.
Gratuity of the Troops Engaged in Egypt.
A special War Office circular has just been issued in England, announcing that a gratuity will be issued to every officer, warrant officer, non-commissioned officer and private in the European troops who landed in Egypt between July 16th and Sept. 14th, 1882 (both dates inclusive). The gratuity will be issued according to the rank or relative rank of the recipient. On the staff the gratuities range from £1000 to generals, to £150 to staff lieutenants. The regimental gratuities to officers range from £34 to £15; warrant and non-commissioned officers will receive gratuities ranging from £8 to £3; and lance corporals, privates, boys, drummers, etc., and artificers not holding higher rank, £2.

IF IT BE TRUE.
If it be true, and who shall deny,
The universal voice of prophecy?
If it be true, that just beyond the river
Which we call Death, the soul shall live
Ever.
Is a fairy country bathed in morning light—
We see none to reach that realm of bliss,
Should we not find you wedded unto this?
If it be true that we are children all
Of one kind Father, and that gracious call
We come to live in peace with one another,
That every child of sorrow is my brother—
If it be true that virtue hath no guile
Nor gold the power to purchase paradise—
If the dear Father loves the weak and poor,
Nor turns aside from any humble door—
If he would seek his children's happiness,
Why in my labor should I venture loss?

If soon beneath the very turf I tread
This mortal form shall slumber with the dead,
And resting of his cold and crumbling pillow,
Shall no more feel the loss of passion's billow.
If dead and hand no more have power to move,
To thoughts of mercy or to deeds of love,
Should I this lingering moment consecrate
To thoughts unkind, or deeds of scorn or hate?

Alleged Humor.
"I'm married now," was the excuse a Chicago youth gave a florist for not buying as many bouquets as in former years.
A politician of Maryland is named Skipwith Wilmer. He should be the hero of an elopement if there is anything in a name.
Never accuse a political opponent of a purpose to elect himself by the use of money. All who want money will rally around his flag.

A local Mrs. Malaprop gushingly said that she "does so love to sit at the piano in the gloaming and improvise." This Malapropism is not improved.
An exclamation contains an article on "Young Women Who Die Early." This frequently occurs, but the cases of old women who die early are very few indeed.

A young man in a train was making fun of a young lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the seat with him: "Yes," said his seat-mate, "that's my wife; and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would make fun of it."
When he called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose and said: "Gentlemen, if it wasn't for de wheels on a wagon the wagon wouldn't move. When de wheels is on, den what?" "Grease!" solemnly exclaimed an old man. "Ker-rect!" whispered the president, softly rubbing his hands together. "We hazz de wagon an' de wheels. We will now pass de hat aroun' for de grease."

Doan's think that a man is brave "what he wants to fight for. A man what can walk away from an insult is he bold."

"How can I leave you, my darling?" murmured a lover in tones of distressing tenderness, as he observed both hands of the clock approach a perpendicular on the dial. "Well, John," responded the girl with wicked innocence, "you can take your choice. If you go through the hall you will be liable to wake up father, and if you leave by way of the back shed you'll be likely to wake up the dog."

An Austin young lady, who has enjoyed the advantages of a classical education at a northern female college, happened to be at home when her aged grandmother was stricken down with a fatal illness. The entire family gathered around the death-bed of the old lady. "No, in a feeble voice, said: 'Good-bye to you all, I'm giving 'em up.' 'Grandmother?' exclaimed the young lady, in a tragic tone of voice, 'please don't say that. Don't say you are giving to give up. Say you are going to expire or that you contemplate approaching dissolution. It sounds so much better.'"

It was not very late when we went home a few nights ago, and as we were in good humor with all the world, we thought we would surprise the "old woman" in a pleasant manner, so that she wouldn't be angry with us about late hours, etc. So stepping up to the window, tip-toeing to be high enough—that opened on the room where she was "sawing boards" like forty, we turned our voice to its most captivating pitch, and in operatic style we sang:

"Wake, little, wake, my gay salloo,
Rise up, my lady, white and red my lull."
The window flew up, "hand-ho, two pairs of plates and a foot tub slapped us in the face, while the lady in white said, on a high key-note: "Come into

the house, you little jump; to-morrow you'll be grunting around with your liver and wanting to make your will again! (A pretty time of night for you to be cavorting around, and bleating like a dying calf, when you should have been at home rocking the cradle.)
"It is said that at some point in every man's life he will do something to surprise his friends, but a chap in Detroit, says the Free Press, did more than that the other day. He was a comparative stranger, who made his headquarters in a Michigan avenue saloon. He was old and ragged, and it was not always that he had a nickel about him. He brought in the fuel for the stove, helped to scrub-out, and was tolerated on account of his good nature. Everybody enjoyed him for a half-wit, and no one dreamed that he had it in him to create a surprise, unless it was by refusing a drink. Two or three evenings since, a boy 19 years old, ragged, barefooted, bareheaded, and with the stains of tears on his cheeks entered the saloon and softly asked one of the dozen men in there for a penny to buy bread with. He was roughly refused, when up spoke the old tramp and said: "Gentlemen, here is a poor orphan boy who has asked for money to buy bread, and been refused. I am, only, a poor old man, ragged and hungry and almost penniless but I can't stand that. I've got a whole quarter for that poor boy!" That was the first surprise. For a minute no one spoke. Then eight or ten voices cried in chorus: "So have I!" and it wasn't five minutes before a purse of \$3.20 was made up for the forlorn and hungry lad. The old man rose seventy-five per cent. in the estimation of those who knew him, and the boy cried some more and went out with the money. Two minutes later he and the boy divided the proceeds under the gaslight at the corner. It wasn't exactly a whole lot, but the old chap took \$2 and left the boy twenty cents. When it was known in the saloon four-teen determined men rushed out and entered up and down, and declared by the great horn spoon, but they didn't find the big-hearted old tramp whose heart had been touched. He had gone to refresh himself with an oyster stew.

How a Dog Pulled a Baby out of the Fire.
Dog stories are without number and are always interesting; and in the great family of dogs that race that came originally from Newfoundland boasts more real heroes than any other. There are pathetic stories of dogs told in connection with every breed, and they have been duly immortalized by Sir Edwin Landseer and his emotional successor, Mr. Briton Riviere. The dogs of St. Bernard find travelers who are lost in the snow; collie dogs are the most affectionate of creatures in life as well as in death; and even the ordinary mongrel or huncher has a heart of compassion for the baby girl who is sent out of the room in disgrace and sits disconsolately on the doorstep of the stairs. But Newfoundland dogs are the true heroes; they win the medals and Victoria Crosses of dog fairs. Hitherto they have confined their attentions of heroism to seas and rivers. If a child tumbled off of a nurse's arms into the river some great-nephew Newfoundland dog is sure to be at hand to offer his valuable services. It seems that they are as lumpy as in case of fire. An imprudent mother in Paris left her infant alone in a room with an unprotected fire while she went out on an errand. The baby, while she was away, slipped up on the marble hearthstone, falling head first under the grate. The natural thing for a child to do under such circumstances was to howl, which it promptly did. Its screams attracted the attention of Medor, who was dozing down stairs in the kitchen. The dog, who was greatly attached to the child, sagaciously thought that something was wrong, so he bounded up stairs, luckily found the door open, and, seeing the situation of the infant, unable to extricate itself from its perilous position, dragged the baby away from the fireplace, conveyed it into the centre of the room, and was found by the neighbors licking the face and little arms of its friend, who had luckily been only slightly burned during the interval. The delight of the mother, who heard what had happened was naturally intense; but how could she reward such a heroic preserver? The dog certainly deserves a Human Society medal, or should be promptly attached to the nearest division of Sapsu's Pompers.

THE NATIONAL ODE.
Look up, look forth, and on thy
There's light in the dawn's early
The clouds are parting, the night is gone;
Prepare for the light of day
Follow thy path, and on thy
And the fields of the vast domain
Of knowledge, desire and deed,
For lesser suns and mellow rain!
Pluck them back with the old adieu
From the touch of hands that stain:
So shall thy strength endure
Transmute into gold the gold of Gain.
Compel to beauty thy ruler powers,
Fill the bounty of coming hours,
Shall plant on thy fields apart
The oak of Toil, the rose of Art!
Be watchful and keep us so;
Be strong and far no foe;
Be just and the world shall know
Thy same love, love us as we give;
And the day shall never come
That finds us weak and dumb,
To join and smile and cry
In the great task, for thee to die,
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Love is a Pastime in Which the Hunter Should Make the Game Pursue Him.

Because she was a flirt—that is the reason it served her right to be caught up with in the manner I am about to narrate. Not the usual thing—the emotionally cruel young woman who lightly breaks men's hearts until she falls into the hands of the emotionally cruel young man who breaks hers for emotionally young men are usually hopeless cases, and Miss Woodbury loathed a cad, and knew one by instinct after a while.

When Rachel French, in Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's," makes a dead end at the youth and then throws him over, her father, on being aware of her little adventure, calls her conduct "decidedly ungentlemanly," which is expressive. Bell Woodbury was not an ungentlemanly girl, but she inherited, and her education had fostered in her, a slight contempt for the emotional side of human nature; so she did not realize the damage she sometimes did. Most girls are reasonable and disinterested, but she was not. She professed to believe that love was a fifteen-minute madness, which oneness of chills; and laugh at, like new conquests, and marriage—that bulwark of the state—this foxy young woman regarded as a sort of infernal locus-pocus, by which a young man had been taught, by infinite flattery and prelate adoration, to believe herself a queen, suddenly found herself helplessly a slave forever.

By assuming an elevated and coldly philosophical tone in discussing problems of the day—university education for women, co-education, the ballot for women—she contrived, in the very early stages of their acquaintance, to lure the men she flirted with into a frank expression of manly compassion for the whole sex, that could only help itself to any independence and recognition by consciousness—no matter how forced from them—granted by men. "Men are natural tyrants" was a phrase she had heard so often that she could hardly place the different tones she had heard it in.

She liked to hear these things said, because they seemed to strengthen her position. She braced her armor anew, saying: "The real world is quite as I thought. There is nothing in the love artists' delirium, nothing." The reiterated was a delusion of his unquiet misgivings as to whether men are likely to turn their hearts inside out for inspection, when their due is to be coldly philosophical. Still, when some unfortunate told her, later, with more or less excitement, and would find make such each other's inhibition permanent, it amused her to ask how it was possible that he should care so much for the favor of one whom he pitied so heartily and meant to rule so despotically?

No, but she was different from all other women, and he an exception to the tyranny of all other men. It is just to say that Miss Woodbury was made, and not born, a flirt. At an early stage of her development a brilliant woman of the world had taken a fancy to her, and assured her that she had in her the material for a *chef d'œuvre*. Belle was restless under the training of her friend. She was naturally reserved, and a little melancholy, and the admitted diversions of young-ladydom bored her. "It's all so pale and meaningless," she fretted; "I could be Adam's Menken, or I could be a nun, but this pitiful betwixt and between, what is it?"

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Miss Woodbury acquired from her friend's invaluable lessons an insatiable thirst for knowledge, which made her more conversational than trustworthy. She could treat a new acquaintance as if he or she were the found-at-last complement of her being, and then forgot the wretch so utterly that when it rushed forward next time, to renew the pleasantly begun intercourse, while Miss Woodbury made every effort to seem as if her memory was equally good as if her memory were equally good, in fact, no recollection of anything in particular. In short, obeying her friend's precepts, she had adopted the peculiarly feminine line of activity called by young women in moments of expansion "trying to make people like you," and it is so true that the heart leaps kindly back to kindness that the effort is usually crowned with success, and Belle sometimes gathered in a scalp she had not warred for, and was made inexpressibly happy by the acquisition.

In her various affairs she generally took a man of her size—to speak in the language of schoolboys—a wordling, and an intellectual mortal, in order that conversation need not be limited to sentiment, and that she might have the consolation of remembering that, of course, he went in with his eyes open. She liked to find out what was sensitive and high in men, their dearest dreams, their griefs, inmost good qualities, and she was, as I have said, quite gentlemanly and discreet; but once she contemplated a thoroughly unworthy and heartless flirtation, and was amusingly punished for it, and this was the way it was:

There was an interesting woman in the city of St. Dominick, where Miss Woodbury lived, who desired to pose as a patroness and fosterer of such artists and writers as had the misfortune to live in Saint Dominick; for while artists would not for the world be anything but what they are, they are disaffected to be pursued by Philistines solely on account of their artistic proclivities, and they talk shop the Philistines cannot understand, and if they talk anything else the Philistines look aggrieved, as if she were losing part of her invitation's worth. The lady I have mentioned—her name was Mrs. Reade—professed an admiration for Belle Woodbury, and from the hour that misguided young woman had rashly printed a volume of poems, Mrs. Reade had marked her for prey.

Belle's fixed rule was to decline three invitations and then accept one. Mrs. Reade's delight was in her Friday afternoon receptions, and into one of these thronging Belle projected herself one day wondering how she should make herself smile when she finally reached Mrs. Reade. When she did, she became interested and forgot herself altogether. By Mrs. Reade's side stood a long, ungainly man, with a good face. He was quite unembarrassed, but Belle wondered whether, if he could have been made conscious how unconventionally he would have remained unembarrassed. She did not know him. His nature was so simple and robust of nerve, that, after the most carefully caustic explanation of the transgressions of his singular appearance against all the canons of art, sincerely: "Does it matter? And if somebody for the love of him had tried to teach him the regulation outer man, he would have turned the noblest efforts to confusion by some incongruity that not Beau Brummel's self could have foreseen.

He said, as I have said, a good face. To be sure, the lines of it were round rather than oval, but that stands for the gentler side of human nature; and his nose, small and undecided like a child's, and prettily shaped, indicated a lack of combativeness and power not good to see in a masculine face. He had full, soft lips, that came snugly together like a German's—kindness again, and love and talent. Eyes soft and patient, like those of a lady's horse. He was very quiet, and had a sweet voice.

Belle summed him up in this way, and had not him—"Mr. Bracey"—and was talking with him about whatever everybody was discussing that afternoon, when she became suddenly aware how distinctly she was saying to herself: "I wonder if I could make him love me. I wish I could." Not at all because she was interested in the man, but because she thought it would amuse her to see him suffer. He would not be nerve and restful on the rack, but dumbly and submissively wretched, like the dog his strange master vivified, or the doe the shot that should have been kept for

stallion—game has wantonly done to death.
Bracey gave himself up to her blandishments with an activity that gave her food for reflection.
"I wonder if he is married?" she mentally observed, and the next thought, although not permitted to take definite shape, was something like: "If he is, so much the worse for Mrs. Bracey."

Such promptly barbarous designs deserve a word of explanation. Miss Woodbury was in a savage frame of mind, and, like the irritated cobra, ready to strike at a tree if that was the only thing that presented itself. Without exactly calling life a circus, she always thought of herself as the heroine of the savants' arena, riding lazily, lying along the back of a horse which symbolized freedom, dreams and inspiration. She would picture the philosophers, her friends, as ring-masters rushing up to her, extending a paper-covered hoop through which she would jump; wonder very much where she was going to land, and, until lately, rejoice to find herself safe on the back of the dream-horse again. If she made a misstep or a good jump, she would roll indignantly on the sawdust, and the man who held the fatal hoop would have the right to count a tally. Long ago there had come into the ring a man, not a ring-master, but a rider like a man, and his horse, a splendid black, kept beside her a while, and that was riding, indeed. Then one day the vicious black bolted, and went clear over the railings and out of sight, carrying his brilliant, indolent rider, Miss Woodbury's friend, informed her, to the devil. That, as I have said, was long ago, but still when the arena seemed oppressively circumscribed, Belle's thoughts went wandering to the possible whereabouts of this hero, and she wondered if her own horse would not bolt some time and carry her where he was. Then she remembered that the Inferno itself is in circles, and thought possibly the sawdust, ring might have its advantages for women.

Meantime, in her latest leap she had been disgracefully unhorsed, and, although the ring-master stood chivalrously ready to give her a mount again, for the moment it seemed more easily said than done, and she had brooded over the defeat until her mood was somewhat dangerously vindictive.

Of course, she stood beside Bracey a model of suave receptiveness.
"You are a poet," said Bracey, with a thrill in his voice.
"So are you," said Belle, softly, while she inwardly crossed herself and vowed a cock to Swinburne and a candle to Shakespeare for so taking in vain the name sacred to her under the sun. She made the remark at a venture, too; she couldn't know the man rymed, but the muscles of his face relaxed subtly, showing that she had stroked scientific the velvet of his softest vanity.

"If Mrs. Reade could hear us she would be delighted," she continued, winking a little. "This is the way she writes us to talk."
"I don't understand you," said Bracey simply.
"I mean that Mrs. Reade wishes us to pretend that we believe that our miserable little penny-dips are lighted with the sacred fire, and to talk as if we were real," pouted Belle, discontentedly.

"Are you not real?" said Bracey, quite gravely. "I am perfectly sincere in all I write; I couldn't write if I weren't."
"No, I'm not real," said Belle, impetuously. "I try to be sometimes, but I am not."
Bracey looked first sad, then thoughtful, then radiant. His eyes smiled into hers.

"I believe in you," he said.
"I must certainly ask Mrs. Reade about this man," thought Belle. And she accordingly did so, eliciting that Bracey was a man even more of the people than most Americans, but one who was ambitious for a college education. Every kind of misfortune had combined to make the fulfillment of his ambition impossible until within the past few months, when, not daunted by the fact that he was two or three years older than most graduates, he had entered the freshman class at the University, and fully designed to remain until he took his degree.

"He writes?" asked Belle.
"Or you would not see him here inspired Mrs. Reade. I liked his poems—oh, he has genius, Miss Woodbury—and I never rested until I met him. Isn't he strange and brilliant, and isn't it delightfully

