

Healthy Homes.

Robert Rawlinson, C. E., London, has given the following rules for securing healthy houses, in his "Letters and Papers on Sanitary Questions."

The subsoil beneath a house should be naturally dry, or it should be made dry by land draining.

The ground floor of a house should not be below the level of the land, street, or road outside.

A site excavated on the side of a hill, or steep bank, is liable to be dangerous, as natural ventilation may be defective and the subsoil water from above may soak toward and beneath such houses. Midlens, asphits, and cesspools, if at the back, must also taint such basements.

The subsoil within every basement should have a layer of concrete over it, and there should be full ventilation. Cesspools and cesspits, sinkholes, or drains should not be formed nor be retained within house basements.

The ground around dwelling-houses should be paved, flagged, asphalted, covered with concrete or be gravelled.

Outside channels should be in good order, and be regularly cleansed.

House eaves should be guttered and spouted.

Swirl-tubs should not be near doors or windows.

Pigsties should ever be at a distance, and, where pigs are kept, there should be rigid cleanliness. Improperly keeping pigs has caused more human sickness and destroyed more life than all the battles the country has ever engaged in.

Garden plats should, of course, be in order, and be properly cultivated. Many houses, from the mansion to the cottage, are unwholesome for some of the following reasons:

Damp and unventilated basements. Cesspools and foul drains within the basement.

Rotten timber in floors and skirting and tainted wall papers.

Kitchen sinks in improper places and unventilated.

Water closets in improper places and unventilated.

Rooms without adequate means for ventilation.

Water cisterns and pumps in improper places, supplying contaminated water.

These defects should be remedied by landlords.

Houses are also unwholesome from accumulated dirt, carelessness and personal neglect. As when:

Rooms are not sufficiently cleaned. Carpets are left down too long and never swept.

Windows are seldom opened. Water closets are dirty, neglected and without ventilation.

Dirty beds are unmade and shrouded by dirty hangings.

Dirty wardrobes and dirty clothes closets.

Nooks, corners and shelves which are never dusted.

These are points of construction to be attended to which I will name, so as to put them on record for the remembrance of those who may, at some time or other, build cottages or small houses, or be in communication with those who do build, or are going to do so.

A bed of concrete over the site of cottages will vastly modify otherwise objectionable positions; but, indeed, a bed of concrete should be used in all cases.

To ventilate stairs and passages, open the staircase or passage window, or both, by drawing down the top sash several inches in summer, one or more inches in winter, and in some cases screw the sash fast, so that these windows must be open all the year round; if there is a skylight above the staircase, let there be ventilation here which cannot be closed. The result will be improved health to the family. Pay no attention to any casual remark, "How cold your staircase is!" Let the ladies put on an extra shawl. But the remark will seldom be made.

Schools, as a rule, are very defectively ventilated. Ordinary flat-ceilinged rooms are totally unfit for public-schools. The space should be open to the roof ridge, and this should be lowered.

Nursery and children's rooms should be permanently ventilated. Dormitories for children should have ample ventilation; clothe the children warmly, cover the beds warmly, prevent draughts, and the cool air will not injure.

Avoid due ventilation of every sort; let the fresh air come in as direct as possible.

Religious.

A greedy man God hates. The wrongs we inflict upon others follow us like our shadow.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary to do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

The work which God has given me to do is to amend whatever is amiss in my natural disposition—that is what he would have me do; correct my faults, sanctify my thoughts and desires, become more patient, more meek and lowly of heart.

How many times we are impatient with our friends when they do not do as we think they should. If we knew the circumstances surrounding them, the difficulties they have to overcome, our pity, instead of our impatience, would, no doubt, be excited.

We judge harshly because we do not know the real facts. When will we learn to be patient and charitable, at least until we have just reason to be otherwise.

At NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches: "It is night now; and here is home. Gathered under the roof, elders and children alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm, the stars look out from the heaven. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs, rise out of their graves, both now alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch here and there in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it."

UNCLE ERK'S WISDOM.—"There is no victory so cheap and so complete as forgiveness."

If you suspect a man wrongfully you license him to defraud you.

Luck is the dream of a simpleton; a wise man makes his own good fortune. Wealth in this world is just so much baggage to be taken care of, but a cultivated brain is easy to carry and is a never failing source of profit and pleasure.

Gratitude is a debt which all men owe and which few pay cheerfully. Impossibilities are scarce. Mankind has not seen more than half a dozen of them since the creation.

Happiness consists in being happy—there is no particular rule for it.

About all that cunning can do for a man is to make him incredulous.

Too great economy in youth leads to avarice in old age.

All prudes were once coquettes and only changed because they were obliged to.

Experience has a very poor memory, and true charity none at all.

A fair compensation for honest service is the best present you can make a man, and the best gift he can receive.

Doing nothing is the most slavish toil ever imposed on any one.

True eloquence is the power of completely impressing others with our ideas.

The charities which a man dispenses after his death look suspicious.

Adversity links men together, while prosperity is apt to scatter them.

Some men seem to have a salve for the woes of others, but none for their own.

Extreme gravity is oftener the result of stupidity than of wisdom.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

David N. Selig, a blind man, has started a manufacturing enterprise at Newburg, N. Y., in which only blind persons will be employed.

A Presentiment.

It was in the Spring of 1859 that I prepared for my Western home to attend the burial of a brother in Huntsville, Ala. I have been since a Jonah of a traveler that I cannot avoid shuddering at the sight of water; but on that occasion my mind was so filled with pleasant anticipations of reunion with relatives and friends, that I was not annoyed during my preparations with usual forebodings and vague fears.

I bade adieu to my friends at Shreveport with a light and happy heart, although my husband being judge of the Eighteenth Judicial District, of course could not leave his duties and accompany me. He was holding court at the time I repaired to the boat, and one of his personal friends escorted me thither; but as the steamer would not leave before dark, he would come down as soon as he could adjourn court to bid me adieu. I had on my arm a handsome traveling companion or satchel, which I had just purchased, perfectly new and lightly filled. To my dismay and horror, I had no sooner put my foot upon the steamer than the chain of the satchel snapped in two, and it rolled down at my feet.

If I had the intellect of an Alexander or a Caesar, I could not have battled with the gloom and terrible apprehension of approaching evil which from that moment took possession of me.

"There!" I exclaimed; "it is an evil omen. If it were possible, I would not go on this boat."

My companion, of course, laughed and endeavored to quiet my apprehensions; and conscious of the silly weakness I betrayed I concealed my further evidences of it from him.

"Do not tell the judge," I requested. "He is afraid of my 'presentiments,' and I know he would feel uneasy."

My husband came down after awhile and introduced me to the only acquaintance of his on board, an elderly gentleman, Mr. E., whom he requested to take charge of his family.

I restrained all expression of uneasiness until after my husband left, when I freely confessed to the old gentleman the singular hallucination which had taken possession of me.

The old man, in a genial manner, soothed my apprehensions and the boat went down the river.

It was Saturday night—a sleepless one to me—and all the next day, with every knot the beautiful river palace made down the winding current my heart felt shortened of its throbs, as a malefactor whose the gibbet rise in the distance which he evens.

Late in the evening of Sunday the boat was moored to the shore, and we all leaning over the guards—some talking, but I peered out into the sombre and melancholy gloom of solemn-looking twilight.

My presentiment had taken by this time such possession of my mind that I had been able to speak of nothing else; but oh! horror! while I was standing a new revelation of terror smote upon my soul. Was it some voice whispering to me from the land of shadows? Whence, whence did it come?

"You, you only, are menaced—only your life trembles in the balance."

I held on at that time my little daughter by the hand. I had just folded away two other little darlings in their berth. Happiness and wealth are mine. I had all which could render life desirable.

I cannot describe the feelings which now took possession of my soul. Powerless, helpless, I was conscious that my fate awaited adverse powers and that the dread moment sped onward on the wings of the lightning.

We adjourned to the cabin, where Mr. E. and myself sought a divan, the chandeliers now flashing with radiance, in contrast to the solemn landscape without.

"Mr. E.," I remarked, "our catastrophe will soon arrive—and I shall only rejoice; for any certainty is better than the horrid state of suspense I have endured."

Mr. E. looked hard at me; he was impressed, in spite of his better judgment, by a perturbation which in some impending calamity.

"Indeed," he remarked, "you have nearly succeeded in frightening me, too, at last. Yet I do not see why this is not a very safe boat? It is finely officered."

"No," I replied, in a low tone; "you need not be alarmed; there is danger to no one but myself—and it comes now."

I had no sooner spoken than a deafening, crashing noise, like the tearing of timbers, smote upon the ear—loud, terrific and continuous. The floor of the gentlemen's cabin rose in the middle, like a ball bellying with the wind, and its convexity came traveling up to the locality. The ladies shrieked and rushed down toward the bow, flying past the mysterious enemy beneath their feet. I knew that that was the safest direction to seek in case of accident, but in the opposite one, in my stateroom, lay my two rosy cherubs, and instinct turned my steps toward them.

I caught up my little daughter in my arms and flew ahead of the strange monster, which was rending so fearfully our craft. I sought my stateroom, that I might perish with my children, but before I reached it, I was felled, stunned by a succession of blows, from heavy substances. The last thing I remembered was tightening my grasp around my daughter, and protecting her with my own limbs.

But, although badly bruised, I emerged from a pile of wrecks, to the astonishment of all beholders, who had thought such a catastrophe certain death.

An immense sawyer had penetrated our boat just above the lower guards, and the pilot, imagining it was a log, had steamed on prizing it higher up from the water with every puff. It had raked all along under the floor until it reached the stove in the ladies' cabin, where it had overtaken me, and where it lifted up the stove, snapping the pipe into several pieces, and precipitating every disjointed member, stove and all, upon my devoted head.

Nothing had saved my life but the little cane-bottomed chairs ranged around it which some kind angel had woven into a kind of bower for my head, and which though it was splintered into fragments yet broke the force of the descent of the iron missiles. My little daughter was unharmed.

I shudder now when I recall the narrow escape, and I am told that Mr. E., verging to the forgetfulness of old age, yet never loses the word "presentiments," without insisting upon relating the narration you have just read.

Seal Hunters.

A motley and curious lot are the men who for a few weeks in the year hunt the seal, says a letter writer at St. John's, N. F. Stalwart in frame, used to the sea until they have absolute contempt of its terrors, bold in adventure on the treacherous ice floes and marvelously skilled in seal lore, they make up a body of men in some respects not to be matched on the globe. Crowded like pigs on a sealing steamer, they cultivate a positive affection for dirt, and regard it as a kind of honorable badge for their adventurous calling. During a voyage of several weeks they never take off their clothes, even to sleep. The oil from seal blubber fairly drips from their garments, dirt, soot and tar adhere to their faces in steadily thickening strata, and when they finally emerge to strut the streets in unwashed glory they are incarnate emblems of filth and odor. A night in St. John after the arrival of two or three lucky seal crews means a day of festivity. Honest burghers fly the streets and go well to the doors and shutters at night. On the ice the endurance, sure-footedness and daring of the seal hunters are well-nigh incredible. They leap from cake to cake where it seems a child could not be sustained, drag their heavy boats long distances through the hammocks, and think nothing of passing a night in the ice far from the steamer, provided only seal are near. Their cold hands they warm by thrusting them in the gashes cut in the still palpitating carcasses of the seal, and of instance is recorded where a seal-sealer saved his life by heaping his gory carcasses for a night over his own body. When hunting, the sealers go by twos, so that one can aid his companion should he fall in the water between the floes.

Though the finding of the seal herds is largely a matter of luck, considerable depends on the sagacity of the captain, who, if up to his business, watches carefully the winds of late February and early March, so as to know where and when the ice can best be met.

Curious and isolated facts gathered from sealing experiences are related here without number. Some years ago, during an otherwise bad season, the seals "struck in" on the ice near Newfoundland coast, while the steamers were away. Women and children, leaving the shore, engaged in the slaughter and during a few days 64,000 head were killed within a few miles of St. John's. The flippers of the seal, by the way, when felled are reckoned a rare dainty by the islanders, and are often brought back from the ice in long strips to be kept for food. When, as rarely happens, more seals are found than a single steamer can load, the surplus are killed and pelts heaped with the steamer's flag. In that case an unloaded vessel can bring in the pelts and demand a certain large percentage of their value. On their second voyage out the steamers seek the full grown animals, which weigh some 300 pounds. They are fierce fellows, who force their way to the water and have to be shot, making the process of collection pelt slow and unprofitable as compared with the capture of a new born herd.

When the steamers arrive the pelts are unloaded and transferred to the oil factories which line the border of St. John's harbor. The blubber is separated from the pelt to be fried into oil, which is used for lubricating, for the fine soap and a dozen other purposes. The skins are salted, then sent to Europe, where they are tanned into coarse but handsome leather, particularly beautiful for its graining, and worked up for purses, costly bookbinding and like uses. As stated, the sealing business of the North Atlantic is almost monopolized by the Newfoundlanders.

A fleet of steamers belonging to a firm at Dundee, Scotland, came every year to St. John's, but they take their crews on land, and here also is the factory of the owners. The monopoly is now and promises to be for a time a natural one, founded on proximity to the ice, and still firmer on the long traditions, the trained experience and the almost reckless enterprise of the bold island sealers.

During the last thirty years the California quakewalker mines have produced 100,222,267 pounds of which 67,307,800 pounds were exported. California produces one-half of all the quakewalker used throughout the world. The Rothschilds control the Australian and Spanish mines.

For the Fair Sex.

A PUNGENT RADISH.—A radish of tapering red silk, with green tuft at the bulbous end is an emery-cushion in disguise, a dainty trifle for a lady's workbasket.

PERAMBULATOR ROBE.—A sensible robe for mild spring weather, to be tucked into a perambulator, is made of two thicknesses of blue "elder-down" cloth; the tufted surface of both squares placed outside, and the edges joined by rows of machine stitching. This infallible "buffalo robe" should be added to the usual printed or woven carriage coverings to keep even on the sunny side of the way.

OLD TINTS IN MEXICO.—Quaker gray, dove and cloud gray merinos are combined with velvet to make street toilets for spring. A pleated flounce at the bottom of the skirt, trimmed with velvet bands, which also form the trimming of the draperies, corsage and cuffs, makes a very elegant costume. Hand-run Andalusian lace with figures as heavy as those of embroidery is the fashionable garniture for black Ottoman silk dresses.

A SPIRAL TAPER.—Amber wax candles moulded in deep spiral curves have appeared in the shop windows. This shape is to keep the wax from guttering down the sides irregularly, as the candle is consumed. The lower ends of the candles are sensibly cut away in grooves so that they can fit into an ordinary candlestick without "wobbling" or necessitating bands of paper. Besides amber, other pretty colored tapers are also bite and framboise pink.

PIANO BENCHES.—The piano stool, which like the Mauritian does still lingers in out-of-the-way corners of the world, will soon become an extinct species. Though not of Celestial origin it too "must go," that is, the conventional and most uncomfortable round stool which swings round and round, with occasional danger of spinning off into space. They are replaced by piano chair or benches. A low broad bench is covered with richly stamped leather of a dull crushed raspberry or copper color, embossed with flecks of old silver or gold. A longer mahogany bench, with carved back, is shaped to accommodate duet-players. These can match either the piano case or the wood of the furniture of the music room. Cabinet makers are furnishing piano chairs with tall legs, upholstered to match the parlor or music-room furniture.

Women and Children Engaged in the Seal Hunt.

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THREE BONNETS ON LIFE.

Failure is the result of many days. Little is the result of many things. That led me through my youth's glad hours. And stand beside me still, in those dark days.

Where once I met, the tangled maze of life, and from the far-off shores, a whisper, which my heart disdained, and I must pass. Beloved so long.

Will thou not stay with me, inconstant love? Nay, then, the cry upon the wind grows strong. I must, without thee, fresh adventure prove.

And yet it may be I but do thee wrong. And I shall find thee waiting where I rove. II.

BY PHILIP BOBKE MARSTON. Prisoner I was with a noble hall. Ringed round with many gracious images. And through it floated strains, which might appease the soul's sore thirst for music. On each wall.

Fair pictures hung, to hold the eye in high mountains, clothed in cold, immaculate peace. A light of water between warring trees. Wild seas, wherefrom drowned mariners seemed to call.

A table stood there, heaped with fruit and wine. But lo! the fruit turned ashes at my gaze. And to my taste the gold plates seemed like brim.

Here must I die, then, with no chance for strife. Lending the shivered beauty of the place. Then these words shivered past me: "This is life."

III. BY HERBERT R. CLARK. "I am born with pain, being born, we all and cry. Childhood thrives best upon a mother's tears. Youth is a storm of futile hopes and fears. Manhood is marred by passion, and folly. Age, though he hath seen so many follies fly. Hath not decreased his store when the grave nears. Fully and nobly all our little years. Till as we are born with pain, with pain we die. And over it, God's dome of azure towers. Where the angels sit, and the spirits keep their place. And we call life this pitiful brood of care. And stoop to be, with foolish earthward fare. While that vast, vast, vast, stupendous power. Sweeps on, eternally, through limitless space.

Recent Legal Decisions.

CORPORATIONS—PRODUCING BOOKS IN COURT.—In a suit between third persons, the President and Secretary of a corporation were subpoenaed to appear as witnesses to produce certain books and papers of the company in court. They refused to bring the books and papers on the ground that where the corporation is not a party there is no power to issue such a subpoena. In this case—Wertheimer vs. The Continental Railway and Trust Company—in the United States Circuit Court, S. D. of New York, Judge Wallace in granting a motion to compel the production of the books and papers, said: "This proceeding is opposed upon the authority of several cases in the New York Courts which deny the right of a party to compel the officers of a corporation to produce its books in evidence in a cause to which it is not a party. Notwithstanding these decisions, however, it is believed to have been the common practice in this State to subpoena officers as witnesses to produce the books of their corporations in action between third persons. In other States, so far as is known, the right to do so has never been controverted. Why should not the officers of a corporation be required to produce its books as evidence? The corporation can act only through its officers. The suggestion that the books are in the legal custody of the corporation, and not of its officers, may be theoretically correct. If technically it is not an objection to compelling the officers to produce them, for as Lord Ellenborough said, in *Amory vs. Lord*, 10 C. 17, 'Although a paper should be in the legal custody of one man, yet if a subpoena as a witness to produce it is served on another who has the means to produce it, he is bound to do so.'"

CONSTRUCTIVE LARCENY—BAILMENT—INTENTION TO STEAL.—A hundred to B, from whom he had made a purchase, a \$20 gold piece, from which he was to take the price. B could not make the change, and gave the coin to C to go out for smaller money. C took the piece, but never returned. He was indicted and convicted of larceny.

The case—*Murphy vs. The People*—was carried by the defendant to the Supreme Court of Illinois, by which the conviction was affirmed. Judge Scherfield, in the opinion, said: "If the

owner of the goods alleged to have been stolen parts with both the possession and the title to the goods to the alleged thief, then neither the taking nor the conversion is felonious. It can but amount to a fraud. It is obtaining goods by false pretences. If, however, the owner parts with the possession voluntarily, but does not part with the title, expecting and intending that the same thing shall be returned to him, or that it shall be disposed of on his account or in a particular way, as directed or agreed upon, for his benefit, then the goods may be feloniously converted by the bailee, so as to relate back and make the taking and conversion a larceny. The pointed inquiry in such a case must always arise: Did the owner part with the title to the things, and was the legal title vested in the prisoner?"

SALE—BREACH OF CONTRACT.—PROOF—RECOVERY OF MONEY PAID.—A sold to B a quantity of corn, and B claiming that A failed to deliver all the grain, and to recover an advance he had made on it and damages for the breach of the contract. A denied that he had broken his contract and counter-claimed for the balance due him and for the damages he suffered from B's refusal to take the balance of the grain.

The judgment was rendered for A. On the trial the parties were A and B themselves, so that there was no preponderance of evidence on the part of B, the plaintiff. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Iowa, which affirmed the judgment. Judge Adams, in the opinion, said: "Unless the plaintiff has proven his case by a preponderance of evidence the appellate Court cannot give him a new trial, and a verdict cannot break a contract and recover from the vendor what he has paid on it unless he proves, by sufficient witness that the vendor is in fault."

PROMISSORY NOTE OF HUSBAND AND WIFE—INSOLVENCY AND DISCHARGE OF HUSBAND—LIABILITY OF WIFE.—A husband and wife gave their promissory notes together, and the husband was subsequently discharged in insolvent proceedings. Judgment was rendered against the wife only, and she appealed. In this case—*Allers vs. Forbes*—the Court of Appeals of Maryland affirmed the judgment. Judge Miller, in the opinion, said: "We can discover no possible reason why the discharge of her husband under the insolvent laws should release her and her property. Her property does not pass to his trustee, nor are her rights therein in any way affected by his insolvency. The statute makes her stand, with respect to the obligations signed by her as these are, in the same position as stand. If the husband's discharge has the effect of releasing her from the debt, the security afforded by her name to the obligation would be destroyed, and the law would practically become a dead letter."

DEBT—STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS—PROCEEDINGS IN BANKRUPTCY.—A sued B for a debt, and the defense was made that the debt was barred by the statute of limitations. The plaintiff replied that as the defendant had been put into bankruptcy the meaning of the statute had been suspended. He had not proved his debt in bankruptcy. The trial Court decided in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff carried the case—*Dee vs. Erwin*—to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, by which the judgment was affirmed. The Chief Justice Morton, in the opinion, said: "The bankrupt law of the United States does not prohibit a creditor whose debt has not been proved from bringing an action against the bankrupt; it only prevents him from prosecuting his suit to final judgment until the bankrupt has had an opportunity to obtain his discharge."

INSOLVENT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—CLAIM OF AGENT ON FUND.—A general agent of a life insurance company which had become insolvent and been placed in the hands of a Receiver, claimed that he should be allowed damages out of the fund in the Receiver's hands for the breach of the contract with him by the company. The trial Court decided against him, and he carried the case—the *People vs. Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company*—to the Court of Appeals of New York, by which the judgment was affirmed. Judge Finch, in the opinion, said: "There was no breach of the contract between the agent and the company by

either of the parties; it was being fully performed on both sides until the injunction was issued forbidding the company or its agents from in any way or manner conducting or interfering with the affairs of the company. This injunction paralyzed the action of both the contracting parties. Before the agent can recover he must show that he had fully performed, or was ready to perform, the services for which he claims he should be paid; but, in the face of the injunction, even an attempt to perform those services would be a criminal contempt of the injunction. Therefore, he cannot show any ground for his demand."

LITTLE ELFIN'S PLEA. A Reminiscence of the Last Days of Parepa Rosa.

The season of music was closing. Satiated with praise, Parepa Rosa drew her fur-wrap around her shoulders, and stepping from the private entrance of the "Grand," was about to enter her carriage when "Please, mi ladi," in low pleading accents, arrested her attention. It was only the shrunken, misshapen form of little Elfin, the Italian street singer, with his old violin under his arm; but the face upturned in the

gasp, though pale and pinched, was as delicately cut as a cameo, while the eager and watchful light in the great brilliant eyes, the quiver of entreaty in the soft Italian voice held her for a moment against her escort's endeavor to save her the annoyance of hearing a beggar's plea.

"Well!" said the great singer, half impatient, yet full of pity. "Wouldst mi ladi please," in sweet broken English, and the slender brown hands of the dwarf held up the fragment of a white, with a crystal drop in its golden hair.

"Do you mean this lovely flower for me?" A passionate gesture was her answer. Taking the flower, Parepa Rosa bent her startled head. "You heard me sing?"

"Mi ladi, I heard the voice. Oh, mi ladi, mi ladi, I could die!" The words came brokenly from quivering lips, passionately in earnest. The loud voice of the world she had just left had never shown Parepa Rosa the power of her grand voice as she saw it now in these soft, dark eyes in a flame and in the sobbing, broken words. "Mi ladi, oh! mi ladi—I could die."

"Child," and her voice trembled, "meet me here to-morrow at 7, and holding the lily cunningly to her cheek, she stepped into her carriage, and was driven away.

It was Parepa Rosa's last night. In a box near the stage sat little Elfin, like an entranced. Grandly the clear voice swelled its triumphant chords and rang amid the arches with gleefully power and sweetness. The slight frame of the boy swayed and shook and a look so wrapt, so intense, came on his face, you knew his very heart was stilled. The curtain rolled up for the last time, and as simply as possible the manager told the audience of last night's incident, and announced that Parepa Rosa's farewell to them would be the simple ballad warbled many a bitter day through the city streets by little Elfin, the Italian musician.

Long and prolonged was the applause, and at the first pause, sweeping in with royal grace, came our queen of song. At her breast was the fragrant lily. Queen, too, by right of her beautiful, unstained womanhood, as well as by the power of her sublime voice. She stood a moment, then sang clearly and softly the ballad, with its refrain, of "Farewell, Sweet Land!" Accompanying her came the low, sweet wail of little Elfin's violin. There was silence in that great house at the close, then a shout went up that shook the mighty pillars. A whisper being heard that Parepa Rosa meant to educate the boy musically, the generous hearts of a few had opened the gates of fortune for little Elfin. To-day he is great and famous, and they call him to play before Princes.

The new town of Naples, in Idaho, on the Oregon Short Line Railroad, maintains a jail

For the Young.

A Cat's Strategy.
In a certain doctor's family there is a cat—thought to be the smartest of its kind. Like other cats he is fond of petting, but, unlike them, he wants to do it all himself.

But put out a hand to stroke him, or that delight of cats, to scratch his head, and an ugly slap with his paw exhibits his displeasure. Yet he himself keeps on petting in his own way, jumping into your lap and standing up to rub his head against your chin.

Cats have never been known to attend church services, as dogs sometimes do, but this cat never takes an active interest in the family prayers. Having been well brought up, he never expects to be fed until breakfast is finished and prayers are over. If, however, he thinks the family has sat long enough at table, he taps his mistress on the arm and runs swiftly back upon his hind legs, and sits up like a kangaroo, begging. If he discovers that this has no effect, he jumps up on the little stand where the Bibles are kept, and pushes them off, one after another.

The attention of the family is thereby drawn, and he is punished, but his end is gained. For the Bibles are handed to the different members of the family and prayers begin.

Then he jumps upon the stand, sits upright with wide open eyes, a grave and solemn aspect, and utters a low sound during the reading and the saying of "Amen." Before the word is finished, an imperative *Mew* tells that he well knows that his turn has come at last.

Alfonso's Kindness.

Alfonso, the young king of Spain, is popular with his subjects. They credit him with possessing more of the virtues and fewer of the vices than are usually associated with monarchs.

One of his prominent traits is his kindness of heart. In this, he resembles his mother, the deposed queen Isabella, who, notwithstanding her grave faults, is generally believed on account of her amiable disposition.

One day, while riding in a Madrid horse car, the Marquis entered. Whereupon a friend told us an incident associated with that nobleman, which goes to explain Alfonso's popularity.

The Spaniards are fond of picnics. Even in winter, families may be seen in sunny spots, sitting on the ground, eating and drinking with merry hearts. We have witnessed, with a surprise incident to a Boston training, a group of friends sitting on the curb-stone, on the sunny side of a broad street in Madrid, and munching together as pleasantly as if in a dining-room.

The royal family share the Spanish love for life in the open air, and often go on picnics into the country around Madrid. One day, last spring, a party of ladies and gentlemen, headed by the king and queen, started on horseback for the woods, where they intended to breakfast, a meal which, in Spain, is eaten at noon.

It began to rain, but the royal cavalcade were not to be balked of their pleasure for fear of a slight wetting. They kept on, entered the woods, ate their breakfast, and had a jolly time, even though the raindrops did beat a tattoo on the leaves.

On their return, the horse of the Marquis—slipped on the wet road, and fell with his rider under him. The marquis' leg was broken; there was no doctor in the party, and they were three miles from the city.

Constructing a litter of branches and leaves, they placed the wounded man thereon, and bore him to Madrid. The king dismounting from his horse, insisted upon walking the whole distance by the side of the litter, that he might cheer the sufferer with encouraging words.

When the party reached the city, Alfonso ordered the Marquis to be taken to the royal palace, and the king's physician to be summoned.

In a few hours the incident was known all over Madrid, and even the most pronounced Spanish republican could not help saying:

"Long live Alfonso!"

He who established his throne in the affections of the people acts on the republican principle, and usually enjoys a long reign. The incident may indicate the stability of Alfonso's throne.

Truthful and Thorough.

William Cullen Bryant was a plain man, and disliked pretentious people. "How is it that you can make Mr. Bryant talk?" asked a lady of another, with

whom she had seen the poet conversing. "Simply by not trying to be smart and making no effort to talk well," was many sought the poet whose words they admired. Some used to call him cold and unsympathetic. They were mistaken. The man they sought was modest in his estimation of himself, and therefore shy. He disliked to be lionized, and would not be patronized. But his apparent coldness of manner arose from his truthfulness—he was willing to express a greater degree of interest than he felt.

No man was more cordial to those he knew and esteemed. As the editor of the *Evening Post*, he was distinguished for his frank and easy manner with his subordinates. His commands were given in the form of requests. If he visited for a member of his staff, he never sent for, but went to him. He was never ostentatious of himself on his position.

Consideration for others, and a desire to avoid the infliction of pain were prominent traits of Mr. Bryant's character. A literary editor of the *Evening Post* once had a bad case of poetic idiosyncy to deal with.

Mr. Bryant said to him, "I wish you to deal very gently with poets, especially the weaker ones." The editor was embarrassed—on one side was the injunction, on the other was the book of poems, without a line to praise.

Just then Mr. Bryant came in, and the editor, stating his embarrassment, read some of the stanzas to him—"Amen." Before the word was finished, an imperative *Mew* tells that he well knows that his turn has come at last.

Journalism demands rapid work. Topics must be shot on the wing. The haste is fatal to the style of journalists. But Bryant's style was marked all through his half century of editorial work by purity and elegance. It never degenerated.

"How do you manage to retain the purity of your style?" asked a friend.

"If my style has fewer defects than you expect," answered the poet, "it is for the reason, I suppose, which Dr. Johnson gave Boswell for conversing so well: 'I always write my best.'"

"But," rejoined the friend, "there are daily emergencies when there is no time to choose words not so dainty, when the alternative is a hasty article or none at all."

"I would sooner," replied the painstaking editor, "the paper should go to press without an editorial article than descend to the printer one I was not satisfied with."

Perhaps another cause for the purity of Mr. Bryant's prose may be found in his habits of reading. He was fond of the old English classics, and often deplored their neglect by the present generation. He believed there was no worse thief than a bad book, and thought a man degraded his memory and his reason who used them to read any book which did not make him better intellectually or morally.

Clips.

The export trade in furniture is confined chiefly to medium grades, which are sent to Africa, China, the Sandwich Islands and to South America.

The little canary seed, which we feed to our birds only, is used by the natives of the Canary Islands as an article of domestic food. It contains a large proportion of nutritious farina.

In Florida the strong fibre of the leaves of a species of cactus is turned into rope, its juice into a pleasant beverage, and its trunk, after the removal of the pith, into pulp.

French silk merchants are thinking about acclimatizing a species of spider which has been discovered on the African coast. This spider makes a thread very like yellow silk and almost as strong.

One of the industries of Australia is the cooking and canning rabbits, which are so plentiful in some districts that whole crops are sometimes destroyed by them. One firm during the last season which lasted twenty-five weeks, canned 675,000 of the animals.

According to the *London Court Journal* the institution of bronze earrings, with "Meri" engraved on them, is said to be contemplated by the authorities. These ornaments are to be given to female nurses who have distinguished themselves in hospital service during war.

A New Cereal.

An exchange says: A new cereal has been introduced by a gentleman of South Carolina, a description of which may interest our readers. Millonize is a native of the Southern Hemisphere, being found in large quantities in Colombia, where it is used as the common food of the working people and the grain is fed to working animals. In food qualities it is said to be superior to wheat, and experiments show that fifty to one hundred bushels of clean seed can be raised to the acre. Rev. R. H. Pratt, formerly a missionary in South America, the gentleman who introduced the grain and who has raised it successfully for some years in South Carolina, says the millonize is allied to the sorghum and Guinea corn families, and should not be planted where there is any danger of mixing them. The grain is small, and more mealy than the Guinea corn families, heads are larger and more compact, and the color is milk white instead of red. It differs from sorghum in this, that the sugar it contains is fully converted into corn when the grain matures—so that the pith of the grain stalks becomes as dry and tasteless as that of Indian corn when the stalk is dead. In Baranquilla, on the coast, where we have a dry season (which is really a drought) of five or six months' continuance, I have had it planted in my garden, and after it had ripened one crop of seed I have cut it down to the roots in the midst of this dry season and had a second crop, of inferior quality, of course, to shoot up at once from the roots. I have been told that a third crop of fully ripened seed can thus be obtained from a single plant. I do not know what this can imply (for the soil at this season gets as dry as a potsherd, and nearly as hard) unless it means that, above most other plants, this lives off the atmosphere which there, certainly, is densely charged with moisture from the sea. It was this unlimited capacity to stand drought which induced me to bring the seed home, in the belief that it would be of incalculable service to our Southern States, where our crops so often fail from drought.

Ornamental Hints.

ORNAMENTAL TABLE COVERS.
Handsome table covers are made of alternate squares or half squares of basket flannel and of velvet—one made of two shades of brown is very pretty, and one of brown and lemon color is particularly effective. The spread should be lined; it is not necessary that the entire lining should be of expensive material: unbleached factory cloth will answer, provided that the facing is deep. No border is requisite, but if one prefers to have it this should be of velvet, and the facing of a contrasting color. If the blocks are neatly put together no needlework is necessary to adorn the spread; but, of course, this point may be determined according to the taste and means of the maker.

THERE ARE MANY WOMEN, at least two in every village, some of whose moments are made burdensome on account of having in their sitting-room, behind the coal stove, a long shelf of wood. This is usually painted white, to match other wood-work in the room, and on this white-painted surface the soft, gray dust settles all the time. There is no vigilance short of the eternal which serves to keep it free. A young wife tried this plan, and it is so nearly satisfactory that she tells it for the benefit of others. Make a lambrequin for the shelf; it may be of aids canvas or of Macramé. It need not be a deep lambrequin, from ten inches to fifteen will answer. Then cover the shelf with crash and attach the lambrequin to it. The dust may settle there, but if given one careful brushing in the morning you will not be disheartened by seeing it for the rest of the day. The lambrequin in the case mentioned was made of Macramé, and was crocheted; three spaces were left through which scarlet ribbons were run; the edge was finished with a deep, large scallop. The ribbons were put in lengthwise. If one chooses to do so, the ribbons could be put in the other way and the ends could be left a little longer than the lambrequin, and, after being turned back in points, little tassels of crevel could be put on. This is a pretty design for a corner bracket.

Sulicide by starvation is so popular now that a Philadelphia man is going to try it. He will board at a New York hotel and refuse to eat the waiters.

Keeping Warm in the Far North.

I reached home on the 13th, the coldest weather I experienced on the trip being on the 13th, when, about two hours before sunrise, the thermometer indicated 33° F. That day I made a journey of twenty-five miles, riding most of the way on the sleds, and at no time during that day did I feel uncomfortable, the highest the thermometer reached being 50° F., and I might here say that I really enjoyed the whole trip. I attribute it almost wholly to the Esquimaux reindeer clothing and constant living in a snow igloo like the natives, where the temperature is never above freezing and generally 10° to 15° below that point. I do not believe—and my belief is confirmed by the written accounts of others—that any Arctic voyagers, housed in warm ships at their base and clad in the usual Arctic suits of explorers, could stand such a journey without more or less material discomfort. Once only did I learn the lesson of caution. I took off my right mitten in attempting to get a shot at a passing reindeer, the wind blowing stiffly in my face, and the thermometer 37° F., when the persistent refusal of the frozen gun-lock to work perfectly kept my hand exposed much longer than I had intended. When I attempted to use it again it seemed paralyzed, and looking at it I noticed that the skin was as white as marble. Too loath, who was beside me, noticed it at the same time, and with an inimitable exclamation of surprise, hastily doffing both his mittens grasped it between his warm hands, and then held it against his warmer body under his coat, or Esquimaux coat. It soon resumed its functions, and although I felt for some time as though I was holding on to a hornet's nest, I experienced no more serious results than a couple of ugly looking blisters where the iron of the gun had been in contact with the bare hand. The reindeer escaped. As the reindeer clothing is the warmest in the Arctic, so the warmest bedding, two large skins made into a long coffin-like bag or sack, the hair side in being a sufficient protection in the coldest weather when in a properly constructed igloo. When the first severe cold came at North Hudson Bay I was sleeping under a blanket and two Esquimaux robes, which I found, as the thermometer sank below 30° to 40° F., to be inadequate to secure comfort. Until I procured a reindeer sleeping-bag, weighing out half as much, after which cold nights were no longer dreaded. The robe of the American Indian, seems under the least provocation to become damp, and then freezes as stiff as a piece of sole-leather. Once spoiled in this manner, it is difficult to dry it and restore it to its former pliability in the low temperature of an igloo. The furs of the beaver and muskrat I found to be equally unsuitable in our mode of life, and I believe that all the other furs of the temperate zone would have shared the same opinion if tested in the same practical way.—*Linda Schenck, in Forest and Stream.*

Laugh and Grow Fat.
"That puts a different face on it," said the swindler when he raised a check from \$20 to \$200.

Massachusetts newspapers are to be prohibited from publishing marriage notices in the future, because marriage is a lottery.

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Fiji Islands offered to show how cannibals ate their food, if any lady would lend him a baby. The lecture had to go unillustrated.

"Money does everything for a man," said an old gentleman pompously. "Yes," replied another man, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

A poor excuse is better than none. We heard of a man who justifies his meanness towards his wife by asserting that he and she are one, and therefore by refusing her money he practices the heroic virtue of self-denial.

Does she ever threaten to tear your eyes out? Does she ever hump her back? "No," he answered pensively. "I can't say that she ever humps her back, but she's raised a hump or two on mine."

Very innocent man, old man Mildred. A friend found him at his desk the other day absorbed in perplexing study—*if* and *writing*—my will, the old man said, "and I want to fix it somehow so that the lawyers can get some of the property."

What is that on the table? That is cake. What are those things looking at it? Those are children. Do children like cake? No, children do not like cake. Does cake like children? Yes, cake likes children. Where have the children gone? The children have gone upstairs. Where has the cake gone? The cake has gone with the children.

At the mechanical school: "Now, John, did you ever see a saw?" "Yes sir, I've saw a saw." "What saw was it you saw, John?" "It was a saw-saw, sir." "A saw-saw? Why, John, what do you mean?" "I mean a saw-saw, sir." "And when did you see the saw?" "Oh, sir, I didn't see the saw."

"Why, sir, I never saw the sawer." "I saw the saw-saw, sir. Saw?" "Well," my boy, if that's the way you see saws the less saws you see the better. You may take your seat."

The time wasted by men in feeling in the wrong pocket would make the next generation rich if they had it.

It looked very gloomy the other morning. The sky was heavy overcast and a mist was falling, the air was chill. But before noon an organ grinder appeared. How much we doubt, how little we trust.

Bill Nye's platform is: "One country one flag and one wife." He says, he has never pinned to make the marriage record of his family Bill look like a hotel register. It is suspected at Salt Lake that William is opposed to Mormonism.

"Well, what do you want here?" remarked Mr. Smith, as he sat up in bed and addressed a professional burglar who stood in front of the bureau.

"I want money and bonds," hissed the burglar through his fingered teeth, "and quick about it, too." "My friend," retorted Smith, "I've been looking for those things for the last twenty years without success; but go on with your burglary, I'm sleepy."

Afraid of Banks.
An old lady of respectable appearance was recently arrested at a draper's shop in Paris on suspicion that she was circulating counterfeit coin. A clerk had pronounced her a silver five-franc piece which she offered him, whereupon she had drawn from a large canvas bag another coin of the same denomination, which he likewise rejected. The police authorities found suspended under her dress by a belt and wires five bags containing 240 five-franc pieces, 1000 francs in gold, six bank-notes of 1000 francs each, 100,000 francs, in public securities. In reply to questions the old lady gave her name and address, and said that as she lived alone she always carried her fortune about with her; moreover, she doubted that her coin was bad, as she never accepted a piece without examining it. The Commissary of Police sent the silver to a money changer, who at once declared that the coin was a piece among the coins. The lady then redoubled her treasure in his hiding place, and left the police station somewhat disturbed by her adventure.

FAITH'S MESSAGE.

Out in the stormy night
With not a star in sight,
And moaning winds that wander wearily,
Rocked in his lonely nest of gloom,
And vexed and sore distressed,
A little lonely bird pines drearily.

And I within my room,
Who know that dawn has come,
In my lonely room I sit,
The night would have no chill,
The rain that would not fall,
No moaning wind, if thou couldst heed my word!

"For close again thy tree,
That seems so dark to thee,
Even now the rising sun has flashed his gold,
And in a moment more
Exultant thou wilt soar,
And cleave the upper skies with pinions bold."

And thou, oh fainting heart,
That shrink'st when winds upstart,
And canst not rest in sorrow's bitter night;
If thou couldst only hear
Faith's message in this ear,
And calmly wait until the morning light!

For even will surely come,
Ere now the shades of gloom
In her soft light are fading fast away.
Thou but a moment more
And, free, thy soul shall soar,
And speed on thine way to endless day.

The Secret of the Chateau.
It was in the days of the French Revolution, when the reign of the Goddess of Liberty had closed all the churches and stopped every outward religious form, and when the Reign of Terror was at its height in the land.

The little town of Verreville, in the south of France, lay all wrapped in a glory of evening sunshine that wrought rare magic among the dingy houses and in the dusty streets and alleys. Now it played golden jokes with the fountain that danced in a broken basin in the little square; now it clothed with a new, wondrous, picturesque charm the gable of yonder old decaying mansion; now it glided into a small gloomy back court, and turned it into a living gem.

Up the principal streets of the town came lumbering a cart bearing a salubrious. It was a coffin, over which was spread a coarse, shabby black mantle by way of pall. At each side of the heavy cart horse which drew the vehicle walked a dark-robed figure—a man and a woman. Slowly the little funeral party advanced over the rough pavement, that made the wheels of the cart jolt noisily, and with no reverent sound of woe. Slowly on they came through the river of sunlight, and as they went, two or three women, loitering with their pitchers near the fountain, watched them with eyes which had a touch of sorrow in them, and made their comments, as they gazed, in low tones.

"Ah, poor young lady!" said the oldest of the group. "She's the last of them—the very last. I recollect the coming home of her mother, Madame la Comtesse, as a bride, and all the train of livery in gold lace, and the cheering of the crowd as she threw silver pieces among them like rain in Autumn. And now to think that this should be the funeral of her daughter! I have seen strange changes in the land since I was your age, Babette, my child."

Babette tossed her head and the red handkerchief upon it a little disdainfully, as if her modern lights showed her things which were more worthy of note than anything which the old woman's memory could call up out of the past.

"What good were they in the hand, those aristocrats?" she cried. "They were of no more use than the statues in the garden of the old chateau, where we poor folk can wander now with our babies or our sweethearts at our will."

"But the young countess was of a different pattern from those who went before her," he put in a third woman. "When my husband lay sick with the fever, and everybody fled from our cottage on account of infection, she came to visit us, and stood by his bed often and felt his pulse better than the doctor, and sent him strengthening food and medicine. She was no more like her grandmother, who used, when I was a child, to go rolling along in her coach, all one-piece of silk and pride, than one of the glittering butts on the liver coats of the count's footmen was like a bright bit of money that we can spend to buy chocolate and sugar, and all sorts of good things that will rejoice our husbands and children's hearts."

"Well, anyhow, if she had not died so young," said Babette, "she would have been a great help to her father, and she was quickly enough to have followed him there, I

Know on good authority.

know on good authority, and what a prison and in for aristocrats in these days we all know better than we used to know our patternists in the times when it was the fashion to say them."

"Her death seems to have been a sudden and rather strange one," said the old woman who had first spoken.

"Yes," replied the older woman; "it was but two days since I saw her crossing the foot-path through the field opposite our cottage."

"They say she fell down in a fit as she was standing before her dressing-table arranging her hair, and never spoke afterward," said the other old dame, pouring out her information rapidly, as though she feared Babette might be beforehand with hers.

"That is often the way these aristocrats go out of the world, if they are left to die a natural death," exclaimed Babette, dipping her hand into the fountain and tossing some drops of water about contemptuously, as if they were drops of aristocrat blood. "They eat and drink and sleep so much that their brains and bodies get dull and heavy, and they just fall down and die for very weariness of life."

"I wonder what is to become of all the rich plate and jewels that belong to the family?" said Rose, the eldest of the women.

"Oh, M. le Mayor will soon find out that," cried Babette. "It will be in the chateau, depend upon it, by to-morrow morning or before, and he'll look into everything, and make good use of it, too. He's a man that knows what he's about, and who has no false feeling about the aristocrats. Very likely he'll distribute some of the plunder of the chateau among us poor folk."

"Filine looks grave and sad enough as she walks by her dead mistress's body," remarked the other elder woman.

"No wonder, poor girl," answered Rose; "they were brought up together, and loved each other more like sisters than like mistress and servant."

"But for all her sad looks I would wager my silver earrings against your cat's neckpiece, Rose, that she is thinking more of her jewels than of the dead."

"It's a beautiful arrangement of her," said Rose, "but I have no faith in it, to have him for her companion in a business like this. Ah, she's a sly one, for all her demure ways, and her smooth face, that seems to have no more in it than an empty milk-pail."

Babette made a little expressive wink, which might imply more or less according to the fancy of her companions, as she spoke these last words.

"They will marry very soon now, I should think," said old Rose, taking up her pitcher, which had been long brim ming over patiently at her side.

"Oh, I won't say that it will ever come to a marriage, after all," exclaimed Babette, with such a toss this time that the folds of the red handkerchief got loose and fluttered in the breeze. "Does he look like a bridegroom as he strides along there, with just the same grin as usual on his broad face? he can't get rid of it even at a funeral, the blockhead? Does he look like a bridegroom that any sensible girl would give an old tin kettle for?"

"Well, it's strange of all that they should bury her in this way, if, as you say, there's money and riches of all sorts left in the chateau still," said the younger of the two old women.

"Ah, Mlle Filine and M. Maurice know more about that matter, I suspect, than any one else," rejoined Babette, with a wink, yet more saturated with meaning than the last. "They are master and mistress at the chateau now that the count is in prison and the countess is dead; and they are making the most of their time, as the birds do in the vineyards before the vintage begins."

After that the group round the fountain broke up, and the women dispersed in different directions. As she went Babette had her own special train of thought, into which she probably would not exactly have liked any of her friends to look.

"As sure as the countess' diamonds are real, and not glass," this was the way in which her reflections ended—"Pierre shall try his luck to-night. I don't see why Babette and Pierre should not be the fortunate pair, as well as Filine and Maurice."

Meanwhile the young man and the girl, of whom their neighbors' mouths and minds had just, but unconsciously to their two selves, been so full, had reached the church for the completion of their sad errand. No religious ceremonies of any kind were permitted at this time in France. But still the ser-

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"Ah, Mlle Filine and M. Maurice know more about that matter, I suspect, than any one else," rejoined Babette, with a wink, yet more saturated with meaning than the last. "They are master and mistress at the chateau now that the count is in prison and the countess is dead; and they are making the most of their time, as the birds do in the vineyards before the vintage begins."

After that the group round the fountain broke up, and the women dispersed in different directions. As she went Babette had her own special train of thought, into which she probably would not exactly have liked any of her friends to look.

"As sure as the countess' diamonds are real, and not glass," this was the way in which her reflections ended—"Pierre shall try his luck to-night. I don't see why Babette and Pierre should not be the fortunate pair, as well as Filine and Maurice."

Meanwhile the young man and the girl, of whom their neighbors' mouths and minds had just, but unconsciously to their two selves, been so full, had reached the church for the completion of their sad errand. No religious ceremonies of any kind were permitted at this time in France. But still the ser-

Know on good authority.

know on good authority, and what a prison and in for aristocrats in these days we all know better than we used to know our patternists in the times when it was the fashion to say them."

"Her death seems to have been a sudden and rather strange one," said the old woman who had first spoken.

"Yes," replied the older woman; "it was but two days since I saw her crossing the foot-path through the field opposite our cottage."

"They say she fell down in a fit as she was standing before her dressing-table arranging her hair, and never spoke afterward," said the other old dame, pouring out her information rapidly, as though she feared Babette might be beforehand with hers.

"That is often the way these aristocrats go out of the world, if they are left to die a natural death," exclaimed Babette, dipping her hand into the fountain and tossing some drops of water about contemptuously, as if they were drops of aristocrat blood. "They eat and drink and sleep so much that their brains and bodies get dull and heavy, and they just fall down and die for very weariness of life."

"I wonder what is to become of all the rich plate and jewels that belong to the family?" said Rose, the eldest of the women.

"Oh, M. le Mayor will soon find out that," cried Babette. "It will be in the chateau, depend upon it, by to-morrow morning or before, and he'll look into everything, and make good use of it, too. He's a man that knows what he's about, and who has no false feeling about the aristocrats. Very likely he'll distribute some of the plunder of the chateau among us poor folk."

"Filine looks grave and sad enough as she walks by her dead mistress's body," remarked the other elder woman.

"No wonder, poor girl," answered Rose; "they were brought up together, and loved each other more like sisters than like mistress and servant."

"But for all her sad looks I would wager my silver earrings against your cat's neckpiece, Rose, that she is thinking more of her jewels than of the dead."

"It's a beautiful arrangement of her," said Rose, "but I have no faith in it, to have him for her companion in a business like this. Ah, she's a sly one, for all her demure ways, and her smooth face, that seems to have no more in it than an empty milk-pail."

Babette made a little expressive wink, which might imply more or less according to the fancy of her companions, as she spoke these last words.

"They will marry very soon now, I should think," said old Rose, taking up her pitcher, which had been long brim ming over patiently at her side.

"Oh, I won't say that it will ever come to a marriage, after all," exclaimed Babette, with such a toss this time that the folds of the red handkerchief got loose and fluttered in the breeze. "Does he look like a bridegroom as he strides along there, with just the same grin as usual on his broad face? he can't get rid of it even at a funeral, the blockhead? Does he look like a bridegroom that any sensible girl would give an old tin kettle for?"

"Well, it's strange of all that they should bury her in this way, if, as you say, there's money and riches of all sorts left in the chateau still," said the younger of the two old

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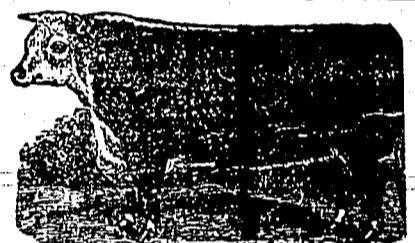
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Pilot, Barnum's ugly elephant, was killed.
 In the billiard tournament at Chicago last week, games were won by Schaefer, who made the best average on record, against Dion, and by Daly against Sexton.

[Surgeon-General J. K. Barnes died last week.

Secretary Folger was well enough Monday to resume work.

The Government's bill relative to explosives passed its third reading in the English House of Commons yesterday. It provides that the maximum penalty for causing an explosion imperilling life or property shall be life-long servitude; that for keeping explosives with intent to cause an explosion, twenty years' imprisonment and that for the unlawful making and keeping of explosives under suspicious circumstances, fourteen years' imprisonment.

Bernard Gallagher, the plottor arrested at Glasgow, has made frequent trips between the United States and Great Britain within the last few years.

The Marquis of Ripon will resign the Vice-royalty of India at the end of the present year.

The Italian Minister of Marine has approved plans for the immediate building of a colossal vessel to be used as a transport for troops and war material. The King has signed a decree ordering the formation of seventy-two new companies of territorial and Alpine troops.

Floods have covered a large section of Southern Russia with water. Railway travel has been temporarily suspended.

The will of the late Peter Cooper was offered for probate on Wednesday. The estate amounts to \$2,000,000, of which \$200,000 will be devoted to special bequests. Cooper Union receives \$100,000 in addition to the money and property given to it during Mr. Cooper's lifetime, and the greater part of the estate is to be divided equally between Mr. Cooper's children—ex-Mayor Cooper and the wife of Abram S. Hewitt.

Postmaster-General Gresham assumed charge on Wednesday.

Thirteen persons lost their lives in the Ende Hotel disaster Friday night, in Greenville, Texas.

Mr. Lowell, speaking at a dinner in Kensington Saturday evening, said that no American approved the dynamite policy.

Little Johnny had been to church and heard a very obese parson. On the way home he remarked:
 "What a Norfolk stomach that preacher had! Didn't seem right, though, for him to get off that joke."
 "What joke?" interposed his father.
 "Why, don't you know," returned Johnny, "where he put his hands down on the part where his vest stuck out, and said, 'Man wants but little here below.'"

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The Winter Arrangement, 1892

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Ha. Ac.
Philadelphia	9 20	5 50	9 50	7 35
Camden	9 10	5 42	9 40	7 25
Penna. R. R. Junction	9 05	5 37	9 35	7 20
Indianfield	8 55	5 27	9 25	7 10
Berlin	8 52	5 24	9 22	7 05
Atco	8 20	4 55	8 45	6 22
Waterford	8 17	4 48	8 40	6 17
Winslow	8 07	4 38	8 29	6 07
Hammonton	8 00	4 29	8 21	6 00
DelCosta	7 55	4 23	8 15	5 55
Elwood	7 46	4 16	8 06	5 46
Egg Harbor City	7 37	4 06	7 56	5 37
Absecon	7 15	3 41	7 35	5 15
Atlantic City	7 00	3 30	7 20	5 00

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At. Ac.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Ha. Ac.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	4 00	6 10
Camden	4 10	7 40	3 40	5 50
Penna. R. R. Junction	4 15	8 15	4 15	6 15
Indianfield	—	8 27	4 30	6 35
Berlin	—	8 52	4 56	7 04
Atco	5 15	8 58	5 03	7 11
Waterford	5 23	9 06	5 16	7 20
Winslow	5 35	9 18	5 28	7 30
Hammonton	5 42	9 25	5 35	7 37
DelCosta	5 47	9 30	5 40	7 42
Elwood	5 54	9 37	5 47	7 49
Egg Harbor City	6 06	9 47	5 58	7 59
Absecon	6 26	10 07	6 18	8 19
Atlantic City	6 40	10 20	6 30	8 30

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Time-table on and after Nov. 9th, 1892.

	At. Ac.	Mail	Su. Ac.	Ha. Ac.
Philadelphia	8 00	4 00	8 00	3 30
Camden	4 40	8 20	4 20	3 22
Oakland	4 57	8 27	4 29	3 29
Williamstown Junction	5 08	8 38	4 39	3 38
Oak Brook	5 12	8 42	4 43	3 41
Winslow	5 31	9 01	4 52	3 54
Hammonton	7 05	9 28	5 28	4 31
DelCosta	7 20	9 38	5 41	4 37
Elwood	8 03	9 41	5 48	4 45
Egg Harbor	8 30	9 51	5 58	4 55
Pleasantville	8 38	10 15	6 00	4 58
Atlantic City, Ar.	9 25	10 30	6 35	5 25

Acco. M'd. Acco. Sum'y
 Atlantic City..... 7 16 10 45 3 30
 Pleasantville..... 7 30 11 10 3 45
 Egg Harbor..... 7 53 11 47 4 07
 Elwood..... 8 03 12 10 4 17
 DelCosta..... 8 10 12 26 4 25
 Hammonton..... 8 16 12 39 4 32
 Winslow..... 8 35 1 18 4 52
 Oak Brook..... 8 41 1 28 4 58
 Williamstown Junction..... 8 41 1 28 4 58
 Oakland..... 8 41 1 28 4 58
 Camden..... 9 12 2 40 5 30
 Philadelphia..... 9 20 2 40 5 40

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 By Mary Halleck Foote, entitled "The Led-Horse Claim," to be illustrated by the author.
 The Point of View, by Henry James, Jr.
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The Christian League of Connecticut.
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