

HER LUTE.

The air that fills this jeweled lute
Hopes sweetly to awake:
Forever shall these strings be mute
For her dear sake.

The day she died, we laid it by,
Still vibrant from her touch
And fragrant from her dress; and I
Do love it much.

In meditation oft, at eve,
When heaven's note to men,
I fancy her pure soul doth weave
That song again.

And so, 'twere sacrilege to stir—
Oh, mortally!—these things,
Since all their memories are of her
And heavenly things.

—By C. G. Blandon.

AUNT ESTHER.

"Where have you been?"
"To the lake, Aunt Esther."
The questioning voice was harsh and
old; the answering one sweet and
young.

The aunt, grum, unlovely, wrinkled
and shrunken, as a withered leaf of
autumn, sat among the soft pillows
that lifted her time-wrecked form in
an invalid chair.

The niece, fresh and bright, with
sunny touches on the brown of her
hair, and a somewhat during spirit
shining from her dark eyes, stood near
the fireplace, whose ruddy light
flushed up and swept across her and
showed the slim, girlish figure clad in
heavy cloth and fur.

"What were you doing at the lake?"
"Skating. The ice is like glass
there, aunt, and I was practicing for
to-night. You know we are to have a
skating party on the lake to-night,
aunt."

"And you are not going to it."

"Not going! Why?"
"Because you are under my care
and my control, and I forbid you
to go!" cried Esther Claremont,
sharply.

"But I have promised—I will be
called for!" began Vera Claremont,
piteously.

"Who is to call for you?"

The bent figure of the old woman
straightened suddenly, her shrunken
hand was put out and laid on the
girl's arm, while her fierce, untender
eyes traced the fair young face, in
which a slow color was fluttering.

"You need not tell me, I know!"
cried Esther Claremont, with passion-
ate anger in her sunken eyes and
showing the unsteadiness of her
wrinkled lips.

"I am lying here day after day
helpless and crippled, and you would
fain deceive me; but you cannot! I
know who is playing at love with you,
who is teaching you that love is sweet
and youth is sweet and truth and honest
only words—idle words! That fair
young face of yours has brought you
what fairness and youth brought
me at your age; but your life shall not
be wrecked by it as mine has been."

"I will save you though I have to use
bolts and bars to keep you safe! One
Claremont is enough to be blighted by
a Damarel, and the lying lips of the
son shall not bind you to him heart
and soul, as the false lips of the father
bound me when I was a credulous
young thing like you!"

She paused, panting. Vera had
grown pale, but she could not remove
her eyes from those burning ones be-
low her; nor could she free her arms
from the grasp of those thin, fierce
fingers.

"Speak!" cried her aunt. "Is not
Lee Damarel trying to win your love?"

"Yes"—slowly and falteringly. "He
has said he loves me."

"And you believe him? Tell me!"

"I believe him."

Esther Claremont laughed—a quick,
mirthless, mocking, bitter laugh—and
suddenly loosing her hold of Vera,
pushed the slight figure from her.

"So," she cried, jeeringly, "I am
too late! You love the son of Conrad
Damarel! You have given me no con-
sideration; I owe you no consideration—
you, you, whom I took into my house
when you were a homeless child; you,
to whom I have been kind for ten long
years!"

"Never kind, Aunt Esther," spoke
out Vera, clearly. "You clothed and
fed me, you allowed your roof to shelter
me, but never in all those ten years
have you even spoken one kind word
to me."

"Ingrate!" hissed the woman.

"Not that, Aunt Esther, for I am
grateful to you for what I have received."

"Prove it! Prove your gratitude,
then," cried Esther Claremont, fiercely.
"Give up this lover of yours;
never see his face again!"

Poor, pale little Vera! Where did
she get the strength to stand, straight
and fearless, before the woman whom
she had always feared before?

"I would rather die!" she said, below
her breath.

"Die? As if it would be hard to die!"
her aunt exclaimed, harshly. "To
live requires courage—to live loveless,
friendless, unable to put faith in one
human being. But let me tell you
why the name of Damarel is hateful to
me. You never heard the story?"

"I have heard it, but not from you,"
answered the girl gently.

And she stood in an attitude of deep
interest, as, with the brief winter day
dying, and the shadows gliding to her
chair, Esther Claremont told her story.

"I loved Conrad Damarel," she
said, her voice pulsing with feeling;
"I loved him with my whole heart.
And he—he played at love. He never
truly loved me, or he would not have
made a few impatient words of mine
sufficient excuse for breaking with
me. I did not mean them—God knows
I did not! But they were spoken, and
he made them his excuse. He left me
standing in the sun light out there."

She lifted one thin, tremulous hand,
and pointed to where a vast sheet of
white-covered lawn might be seen
through the window.

"That was the love of a Damarel!
He went away and forgot the girl he
had won, and married some stranger;
and I, through all the years that have
gone by since, have remembered—re-
membered till, heart, and soul, I grew
soured and warped."

The girl went and knelt beside the
invalid-chair, and drew one of the
thin hands to her cheek. On that
soft, fair cheek tears were lying.

"Aunt Esther, let me tell you what
Lee told me—let me tell you what his
father's dying lips told him," she said,
brokenly. "You were so wrong—so
wrong! Conrad Damarel loved you all
his life."

"It is false! He left me because of
a few angry words. He was glad to
be set free!" cried the woman, fiercely.

"He loved you; but you bade him
go—when you told him you could live
without him—that you were tired of
him and his affection—he left you. Do
you remember his parting words to
you, Aunt Esther? If you wanted to
see his face again, you would recall
him. You never did. He waited for
five years, hoping. You sent neither
word nor line. He then met a fair,
sweet girl, whose heart went out to
him without the asking, whose tender
nature he knew could never wound
him, and whose love was great enough
to be content with only kindness. He
married her, and she outlived him."

"Aunt Esther, he has lain under the
earth for seven years, and, dying, he
gave the story of his love for you to
his son. That son has come to me,
loving me as his father loved you,
and I—I will not make his life a sor-
row, will not break my own at the very
root."

"Hear me out—be patient yet a
minute. No human being should be
allowed to sever loving hearts—no hu-
man power can part Lee's and mine!
But Aunt Esther, you will not try to—
you will not!"

"Hush!" cried Esther Claremont,
hoarsely; hush! Go—leave me! If I
have wrecked my own whole life—
wrecked it by my own fierce temper,
my own unholy pride! Oh, God,
above."

Vera saw her lift her hands and
cover her ghastly, working face.

Then, in the winter twilight, the
girl arose and left her there, to face
remorse and regret as best she might
in the very winter of her life.

An hour later the following note was
put in Vera's hands by a servant:

"Child, do what you will with your life,
with your love. When you return from
skating, bring Conrad's son to me."

"ESTHER."

And Vera went with the skating party,
and was happier than ever in her
life before, although now and then,
even as she sped like a swallow over
the ice, a pitiful thought for the lonely,
lovesick woman she had left in the
twilight was with her.

"We will be nearer after to-night,"
she told herself, "and when she has
seen Lee, she will not wonder that I
love him."

Returning in the startled cold of
the night, she led her lover to where
that frail figure lay back among the
pillows.

"Aunt, I have brought Lee, as you
bade me," she said softly.

No answer.

She bent over the still face, looked
a moment into it, and shrank toward
her lover with a cry of terror.

Aunt Esther was dead! The heart
that one love had filled to overflowing,
the life that a moment's hot temper
had wrecked, were as though the
world had never known them.

Varying Value of Silver.

Silver, in its relative value to gold,
has varied greatly at different times.

In the days of the patriarch Abraham
it was 8 to 1; B. C. 1000 it was 12 to 1;
B. C. 500 it was 13 to 1, and at the
commencement of the Christian era it
was 9 to 1. In the year 500 A. D. it
was 18 to 1; in 1100 it was 8 to 1, and
in 1400 it was 11 to 1.

In 1454 gold was only six times more
valuable than the precious white metal,
silver, and within the next hundred
years two pounds of silver could be
exchanged evenly for one of gold.

In 1600 gold was again worth ten
times as much as its paler brother. In
1725 gold was thirteen times more val-
uable than silver, just as it was 500
years B. C. At the beginning of the
present century it had risen in value
to a higher point than at any time
since 500 A. D., being fifteen times
more valuable than silver. In 1876
the ratio of silver to gold was twenty
to one, and in 1886 it was at the high-
est point ever known, since which
time it has gradually declined to
twenty to one.

Counterfeit Coffee.

The potteries in New Jersey exhibit
an ingenuity and enterprise not always
to be seen in protected industries.

They have just begun the manufacture
of a useful new article which is certain
to supply a long-felt want. This is the
bogus coffee-bean. It has always been
hard to adulterate coffee. The man
who bought whole, unground coffee
has always felt pretty certain that he
was getting straight, unadulterated
goods. They might cheat him on
ground coffee, but they couldn't on
this. The ingenuity of the New Jersey
potteries has overcome this difficulty.

The bogus coffee bean is made of clay,
and is so exactly like it in size, shape,
smell, and color that it cannot be de-
tected from the genuine coffee with
which it is mixed. It costs but a trifle
to make it. It is made from refuse
material unfit for anything else, and
can be supplied to dealers in any quan-
tity at a very small price.

DEAD FOR THREE DAYS.

Startling Experience of a San Francisco
Barber.

As Many Lives as a Cat—A Tonsorial McGin-
ty Who Falls to the Bottom of a Deep
Gulch and Was Supposed to be Dead.

"I'd better tell you the whole story,"
he said when pressed for an explana-
tion.

"In the winter of 1886 I was hunting
near Grizzly Flat, in El Dorado county,
with Tom Herland. As you may know
that country is all set on edge, and we
were in almost the worst part of it.

"The mountains were covered with
frozen snow, and I tell you we had to
go pretty easy to keep from breaking
our necks. Well, we were scaling
along the sides of a steep gulch, and
Tom was a hundred yards ahead of me,
when I slipped. It was 100 feet to the
bottom, and I knew I was going the
whole distance. I tried to yell, but I
was going too fast. It was only a sec-
ond or two before I reached the bot-
tom, but it seemed a long time. I
saw the jagged rocks below me, and I
felt dead sure that when I reached
them it would be all day with me. I
knew I was torn and cut with rocks
while I was falling, but every time I
hit the bank I seemed less conscious.

I reached out my hand, and then I
struck bottom. I felt my arm break
—it didn't hurt, but I felt the shock—
and then something hit me across the
eyes, and that was all. The last sen-
sation I remember was a feeling of
nausea that was worse than all my
bruises.

"I had gone out hunting Friday; it
was Monday night when I found my
senses before the fire. What happened
in the mean time I gathered after I
got well. I wouldn't believe it for a
long time, but they proved it to me in
one way or another, and at last I had
to acknowledge that I had been dead
more than three days and three nights.

"This is what they told me:

"It seems that Herland did not hear
or see me go down the precipice, but
after he had gone half a mile he
shouted for me, and not getting any re-
ply went back looking for me. He
found my tracks in the snow and fol-
lowed them until he came to a slide in
the snow. That was where I slipped.
In going down I left a regular trench.
He followed it with his eye and saw at
the end my body jammed in, head
down, among the boulders. He tried
to get to me, but could not without go-
ing around a great many miles. He
watched me for an hour, but as I made
no motion and the slide where I came
down was all bloody he at last con-
cluded that I was dead, and he left me
and went along. We were a long way
out and he could not have reached me
till after dark. It was night when he
got to an Italian goat ranch, where he
camped.

During the night he told the ranch-
ers of my death. They suggested that
possibly they could get my body out,
though it would be a hard job, and the
next morning they started out with a
burro and a lot of ropes. There was
no way of driving the burro to where
I lay; so they tied a rope around the
waist of the smallest man in the party
and lowered him down to me. He tied
the rope around my ankles and gave
the word to hoist. They pulled, but
my body was frozen to the ground so
solidly that they had to quit for fear
of tearing my legs out. They threw a
prospector's pick down to the man in
the canyon, and he dug my body
nearly clear of the snow and ice.

Then he gave the word to pull again.
They hitched the burro to the other
end of the rope and started him up.
They pulled me clear of the frozen
stuff, though my coat stuck there, and
dragged me this way by the ankles up
the hillside a hundred feet or more.
Then they threw me across the pack-
saddle with which the jackass was
provided, strapped me on like a sack
of flour and started for camp across
the hills. There was no trouble until
the party reached the river. It was
frozen over but the ice was quite thin,
and they were afraid that the combin-
ed weight of me and the jack would
be likely to break through, so they
unpacked me and drove the burro
across alone. Then they tied me to
the end of a riata again and hauled me
across the ice. On the other side they
loaded me onto the burro again and
began to climb the hills toward the
camp. There are lots of ticklish
places along that part of the country
and there were lots of narrow escapes.

"Once the hitch slipped," and I fell
off. They packed me on again, how-
ever, and went on until we were with-
in five miles of camp. Then they struck
just such a nasty place as I went over.
The burro got scared and balked. They
looked him and poked him until he
started on, but he had hardly gone a
dozen steps when he slipped and went
rolling over and over until we reached
the middle of the gorge. The fall killed
the burro, but they cut me loose and
hoisted me up to the trail again.

"By that time it was nearly night,
and they could not go to camp for an-
other animal and return for me. While
they were discussing what to do they
heard the howl of a coyote. They
knew that if they left my body on the
trail the coyotes would not leave a
bone of me. So they hoisted me up to
the limb of a small pine tree, out of
the reach of the coyotes, and left.
The next morning they came up with
a pack-mule and brought me into
camp.

Herland came to the city to hunt up
my people, so they could send up a
coffin to bring me down. They put me
in an ice house that day so that I would
keep, and I lay on the floor there all

night and a good part of the next day.
The weather, however, got warmer,
and that must have started my life
again.

"At about three o'clock in the after-
noon some man came into the ice
house. He didn't stay there a minute,
but rushed to the cabin where the other
people were, yelling that the dead
man had moved. He said that while
he was in there my leg, which had
been doubled up, slowly straighten-
ed out. He was scared to death and
would not go back. The others, how-
ever, laughed at him and swore he had
the jim-jams. But he was so earnest
about it that some of the men went
into the ice house. Sure enough, I
had moved. One of the men had pres-
ence of mind to force the mouth of a
whisky flask between my teeth, and
pretty soon I was kicking lively. They
carried me into the cabin, and I was
there before the fire before I regained
consciousness. God! how I suffered
while the heat was thawing my frozen
muscles. But I came through all right,
without losing as much as a limb.

These scars on my face and my de-
formed feet are the only traces of my
experience I have left. They sent a
telegram from Placerville, signed with
my name, countermanding that order
for a coffin.

"May be you don't think Tom Her-
land was a surprised man when he got
it."

POLITICAL AFFINITIES.

Men of Opposite Politics Flock
Together Unexpectedly.

Speaker Carlisle and Major McKinley
are much together, says a Washington
letter. Each has sincere admiration
for the other. Carlisle and a Republi-
can congressman, Mr. Steele, once
kept house together here. Carlisle and
that fine old Kentuckian, Willie Breck-
inridge, are as popular on the Republi-
can side of the house as they are
on their own, while McKinley,
Butterworth, Cannon and Henderson of
Iowa are prime favorites among the
Democrats. To hear the last named
make a party speech you would not
think him capable even of shaking
hands with a member of the odious op-
position.

As a partisan General Henderson is
as intense as he is eloquent as an
orator, and that is saying much. He
roars and throws his hands about wil-
dly, shakes his head till his auditors can
imagine they hear his teeth rattling,
and grows literally red in the face de-
nouncing the brigadiers on the other
side—and then goes over and sits down
among them as if he was at home.

General Hooker of Mississippi counts
his Republican friends by the score.

Another instance of the crossing of
the bloody chasm is found in the fond-
ness of Allison for Beck. This fine re-
publican and good old democrat con-
trive to dine together about twice a
week, and to lunch together in
the Senate restaurant nearly every
day.

A curious combination is that of
Frye and Gorman. It would be diffi-
cult to imagine two men farther apart
in political spheres and methods. Hale
and Joe Blackburn are cronies, though
as different in temperament as in polit-
ics. Hale is quiet, reserved, self-
contained. Blackburn wears his heart
on his sleeve. The Kentuckian is also
fond of that republican fire eater,
Foraker of Ohio, and the warmest tele-
gram of congratulations received by
the Blue Grass orator on the occasion
of his recent re-election to the senate
was from the less fortunate buckeye.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me,
They ever come in monotonous round—
Breakfast and dinner and tea,
Smoothing the snow white clothes
Sweeping and dusting with care.

There is ever some task in my little home
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' feet?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony
Over and over again!

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again
The birds come back to the nest.

The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door,
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before.

What does the robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

Just the Usual Ingredients.

"Say!" he called to a Woodland ave-
nue grocer the other morning, "I'm in
a great hurry and can't linger. My
wife wants the stuff to make some
mince meat. Put it up and I'll call in
as I go to dinner."

"Very well," was the reply, and
when he returned the grocer pointed
to a heap of packages on the counter
and said:

"Guess I've got everything put up
for you."

"Gowhitaker! but you don't mean
that pile is for me!"

"All yours, sir."

"But you don't claim that I want
thirty-four ingredients to make a
mince pie!"

"Only the usual ingredients, sir—
meat, apples, currants, raisins, all-
spice, pepper, vinegar, cinnamon, cit-
ron, cloves and so forth. If your
wife happens to remember anything
else she wants to put in just call me
up by telephone. Been over the list
twice and am sure I have it right."

No Kissing Likely.

Mr. Grubbs (10 p. m.): "I hate to
go to sleep knowing that a strange
young man is down in the parlor with
our daughter." Mrs. Grubbs: "Don't
you worry. We had onion to-night,
you know."

WINGED MISSILES.

Mica is now being used as an electrical
insulator.

Roumania has 200,000 gypsies, and Hun-
gary 50,000.

The Kalamazoo celery crop last year re-
alized \$600,000 for the growers.

Belva A. Lockwood has announced that
she will again run for president in 1892.

It is estimated that \$300,000,000 worth of
jewels are buried in the royal vaults at
Constantinople.

Miss Ida Sweet, formerly pension agent
at Chicago, has formed an ambulance sys-
tem in that city.

The only survivor of the class of 1823 at
West Point of which Jeff. Davis was a
member, is now Brevet Brig. Gen. Robert
Clary.

A remarkable little animal has been
added to the London Zoo. It is a deer,
though in size but a trifle larger than a full
grown cat.

Prof. Tucker, of Andover, limits the origi-
nal thinkers of America to three—Jonathan
Edwards, Benjamin Franklin and Nathan-
iel Hawthorne.

There is a charity association in Brook-
lyn devoted to the training of young girls
between twelve and eighteen for domestic
service or trade.

Berlin now has 1,530,000 population, to
which should be added the suburban popu-
lation of 175,000, making a city considerably
larger than New York.

A skull has been found in Rome in a
tomb of the fourth century before Christ,
the lower jaw of which contains a case of
gold with four false teeth in it.

Mark Twain works only three months a
year, and then does his writing on a farm,
near Almira, where he has an octagonal
glass room in which he composes.

Somebody has discovered that the berry
of the Florida palmetto shrub is an excel-
lent remedy for soreness of the throat,
cough, catarrh and colds in the head.

There are three spans to the new Mis-
sissippi river bridge at St. Louis. Each is
517½ feet in length, resting on four granite
piers. The superstructure is of steel.

The best paid magazine editor in New
York is probably Editor Gilder, of the Cen-
tury, who is said to have a salary of \$10,000
a year besides an interest in the magazine.

A canney at Pomona, Cal., has made a
contract with an eastern house to deliver
annually for four years 625,000 quarts of
peas, apricots, peaches, nectarines and
plums.

The express charges on a car load of
dressed turkeys shipped from Paris, Mo.,
to Boston were \$300. The consignor thinks
he will drive the next lot across the
country.

Gov. Joseph C. Yates, of New York,
was buried in 1837 at Schenectady. The
other day the body, when taken up for re-
burial in New York city, was found to be
petrified.

The duke of Westminster is believed to
be the anonymous donor of half a million
dollars for a convalescent hospital in Lon-
don. The duke's income is \$5,000 per day,
chiefly from rents in Belgrave.

A Chicago lady gathered some moss in
Florida and brought it north with her.
She hung it on a chandelier in her parlor
and it bloomed in the room. The moss re-
tained its vitality for over a year.

Plymouth, Pa., has a young ladies' pro-
tection society, whose object is the pro-
tection of the matrimonial interests of the
young women of the place. Only girls be-
tween the ages of 17 and 30 are eligible for
membership.

Captain Trevier, the French explorer
who recently crossed from the west to the
east coast of Africa, is of the opinion that
no commercial ventures are possible in
those portions of the country through
which he traveled.

Experiments in oiling the waves have
been so successful that all life boats in Eng-
land will be required to carry a gallon of
vegetable or animal oil and a distributor of
approved pattern for throwing the oil on
the sea in rough weather.

A jilted youth has sent a young lady of
Carlisle, Pa., a bill for \$100 for twenty two
yards of silk dress goods, two gold brace-
lets, a diamond ring, and other articles
which he presented to her. They were not
evidently very valuable of their kind.

John Holland of Leadville pleasantly
chewed off L. S. Woods' ear. Woods died
from blood poisoning and was buried in a
packing case, his head having swelled too
large to fit the ordinary casket of civiliza-
tion. Holland's jury was out nineteen
hours and convicted him of high misde-
meanor.

Lepers are still numerous in Norway.
The number is upward of one thousand,
most of whom are found in the seacoast
districts. There are four leper hospitals.
Leprosy, once common in Europe, has
maintained its hold in Norway longer
than in other countries, but is gradually
being exterminated there.

An electric appliance indicating the
names of stations has been put in English
railway cars. A magnetic apparatus turn-
ing a roller on which are printed the
names of stations in good visible letters, is
fitted over the window of every carriage
with an electric bell to call the attention
of passengers to the change.

James Robinson, a farmer living near
Jeffersonville, Ohio, is the owner of a car-
nivorous horse, which wants nothing better
for a good, square meal than a fat pig.
Whenever the horse sees a pig that it can
get at it grabs it by the back of the neck
and shakes it to death, much as a dog
would shake a rat. The horse then devours
the pig with great relish. Mr. Robinson is
very careful to keep his pigs away from
this horse as far as possible.

Andrew Twaddle, who died recently at
Morristown, Ohio, aged seventy-four, was
the last of a famous family of nine chil-
dren born without the optic nerve, there-
fore stone blind. The state decided them a
section of land for a farm. They could go
anywhere alone, did all the farm work,
cut timber, build fences, ran a grist mill,
drove horses, told the color of animals
and denomination and genuineness of paper
money by touch. They were useful and
wealthy.

THE RURAL HOME.

It Pays to Breed None But the Best Grades of Horses.

The Restless Farmer—Development of Animals—Drink for Hogs—Other Interesting Matters for Farmers and Stock Raisers.

Breed Only the Best.

Every American farmer should have enterprise enough to rise above the cheap service fees and raise the best class of horses. Only the best horses can be raised from the best stallions. The best imported stallions cost from \$1,500 to \$5,000 and must get a higher service fee than the scrub or grade that cost \$100 to \$500 and the benefits in the increased value of the colts pays a larger profit than any other investment on the farm.

English and Scotch farmers are eagerly hiring the best Clyde and Shire stallions at \$25 to \$50 a service fee. The draft horse is increasing the prosperity of the farmers of Europe.

If America is to lead the world, our farmer must rise to the importance of the occasion and breed to the best sires available and encourage the introduction of more good imported stallions into every neighborhood. The markets at home and abroad want more good heavy draft horses, and pay the highest price for them. Such, then, it will pay to raise. Increased size all along the line is the order of the day. Let us improve the opportunity; increase the size of our horses to the modern requirements in the city and on the farm. Farmers cannot make this universal improvement by crying "hard times." In many localities, fortunately, they rise above that poverty stricken, cheap service idea, and sustain the best imported sires, keep all their grade mares for breeding, and are thousands of dollars ahead of those farmers who have not kept up with the draft horse progress.

Restlessness of Farmers.

In any case that farming is not profitable, the most prolific cause of dissatisfaction is the prevalent restlessness of the farmers who are so anxious to change their place, if not their business, that they have no heart in their work, and no desire or intention of improving their condition. It is no exaggeration to say that four out of five farmers to day would sell their farms for less than the value, because of their discontent. This is quite sufficient to prevent success in their vocation. Success in agriculture depends upon preparation and plans made months or years ahead. A farm cannot be run on a "hand to mouth" system, but only on a method of rotation of crops and constant improvement. A farmer who is desirous of selling out and moving away will not drain his wet land, or build new fences, or improve his stock. He may spend \$100 in repainting his house and fixing up the front yard, but the farm will be left to the weeds and impoverished for want of good tillage and manure. A farmer once went to a dealer in real estate to find a purchaser for his farm. The dealer remarked that the farm was not in a salable condition; the fences were poor; the barn was dilapidated; the fields were run down and there were many objections. Said he, if you will spend two or three hundred dollars in fixing it up, I can get a thousand dollars more for it than now. I will lend you the money for a year and then try and sell the farm for you. The bargain was made. The farmer went to work and fixed up things; put the farm in good shape, used fertilizers for the crops and day by day grew in love with his home, and as he saw the promise of better crops than he had ever had before, lost his desire to sell. He had made his first real success, and as prospective purchasers came and looked over the farm, every time he became more and more unwilling to accept any offer made for the property. In the end he gathered his crops, from which he sold enough to pay off the debt and then withdrew the farm for sale.

Making the Cow.

The treatment that the heifer receives the first year after she has a calf, largely determines her value as a milk cow. And many a young heifer that with good management, might have developed into a good milk cow, is practically ruined. It costs nearly, if not quite as much, to keep a cow that gives only a small quantity of milk, and gives that only about six months in the year, as it does one that will give a liberal quantity of milk nearly, or quite the year around. One of the first and most important items, in the management, is kindness; get her gentle so that she can be handled. Most of the difficulty comes through fear, and once she thoroughly understands that no harm is intended her, she can be handled with very little trouble.

It will be a very good plan to allow the calf to suck the first year rather than to take it off and feed. The calf will aid to develop the udder and the teats. It will help in this respect to knead the udder; with the hands doing the work carefully so as not to hurt her.

Drink For Fattening Hogs.

Corn is heating food. It is too concentrated for most kinds of stocks, and even for hogs it often creates a feverish state of the system that requires a good deal of water to cool down. A hog that is kept feverish from over loaded stomach will not fatten. It should have beets or mangel wurtzels, but if this is impossible mix water, with the chaff taken off it, with a little fine mid-

dlings. This will distend the stomach and prevent constipation. It will also furnish the albuminoid food necessary to make lean meat, in which corn is deficient. If fattening hogs are given drink warm, and thus mixed with wheat middlings, they will drink much more heartily than they will of cold water alone, and be less likely to get off their feed.

Arrested Development in Animals.

Not a few farmers, and cattlemen, still believe in the old practice, that an animal may be half-starved when half-grown without much loss in the end. The fallacy of this theory is apparent to a close observer from the outset. There is no doubt but animals may be made to grow faster by high feeding, and by extra care, but there is no sufficient evidence to prove that they will ever recover the loss ground brought on by lack of attention.

Practice, as well as theory, will substantiate this assertion. Our best bred cattle are those that come from the stockyards, where the young ones are fed plentifully from their birth until they are ready for market. There is a constant and continuous growth, which cannot be obtained by any of the lax methods in vogue among careless farmers that have long since been exploded.

Recipes Worth Saving.

SWEET SAUCE FOR PUDDINGS.—One tablespoonful of butter, two of sugar, two of flour; season with nutmeg; mix well and pour over it boiling water until as thick as gravy.

FOR A COUGH.—Roast a lemon without burning, and when hot enough cut it and squeeze out the juice, which can be sweetened to taste. Dose, a teaspoonful when a cough is troublesome.

HICKORYNUT CANDY.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of water. Boil until thick, flavor with extract of lemon, stir in one cup of hickory nut meats, turn in a large flat dish. When cold cut in squares.

TEA CAKE.—One cup of sweet cream, one cup of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, three cups of flour with one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder mixed in it; bake twenty to thirty minutes.

RAISIN PIE.—One lemon, juice and rind, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of water, one cupful of rolled crackers; stone the raisins and boil till soft; grate the lemon rind, mix well together, and bake with two crusts.

WHEAT BREAD.—Sift together two quarts of flour and four teaspoons of baking powder, a teaspoon of salt; stir up to a soft dough with cold sweet milk or water; knead very little; mold and bake immediately; good for dyspeptics.

ALMOND CANDY.—To one pound of sugar take half a pint of water and the white of one egg, let stand a short time, then boil a few minutes, skim and boil until thick. Mix in a pound of blanched almonds, take from the fire stir, and pour on buttered plates.

COCONUT CANDY.—A pound and a half of white sugar and one pound of grated coconut; add the milk of the coconut to sugar, boil five minutes, put in the grated coconut, boil ten minutes longer, and stir to keep from burning. Pour on buttered plates to harden.

A Poem on the Devil.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do; They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through. There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain, And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell? If the devil isn't, and never was, will somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet? Who sows the tares on the field of time, where ever God sows his wheat? The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true; But who is doing the kind of work that the devil alone should do?

We are told that he does not go about as a roaring lion now; But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row To be heard in home, in church and state to the earth's remotest bound, If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know. The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone; But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

—Alfred J. Hough.

Customs of the Esquimaux.

Like the Indians, the Esquimaux often kill the old. Often the old are tired of life and beg to be dispatched. If food is scarce they are turned out to starve, whether they like it or do not. The superfluous women are also disposed of in this way. Barbarism shows itself in their treatment of the dead. The body of a favorite wife or child is sometimes protected through the winter and decently buried in the spring, but as a general rule corpses are dragged a short distance from the village and abandoned to the dogs.

The savages have no idea of the marriage relation. Women are treated as chattels. The number of wives a man may have is regulated not by his possessions, as among our Mormons, but by his ability to manage women. One infers from this that polygamy is not carried on to any great extent.

THE WRECK OF CARMEL.

He Kissed His Babies a Long, a Last Farewell.

Touching Incident of the Wilson Creek (Ind.) Wreck, Pathetically Told By an Indianapolis Special Reporter.—Sad Experience of Conductor Engle—"We Will Save Them."

On the 27th of January of the present year an account was duly flashed over the country of the horrible wreck and burning of a train while crossing Wilson Creek near Carmel, Indiana. Among the heart-rending scenes of that awful hour, a most touching one is thus graphically wired by the press agent at Indianapolis.

When the train pulled into Sheridan for a stop, a middle-aged man, D. S. Oldham, accompanied by his wife, a handsome woman of about 30 got into the second coach. With them were three beautiful children, two little ones aged 3 and 4, and an older one aged 8. The mother and the oldest occupied the fourth seat from the rear end and the little ones were playfully jumping on the seat facing the stove in the end of the car.

"By-by papa, by-by," they chorused as the father kissed them and his wife, and then left the car. Little did he think as he stepped from the platform that it was the last time these little voices would ring merrily upon his ears, or the warm lips, unsullied and innocent, press to his own kisses of love. At the window the baby faces watched him as the car pulled from the platform and it was with anything but the foreboding of the terrible disaster that the former waived his hand to the departing group.

The party was bound for Indianapolis, where they expected to spend a week with relatives, and no thought save that of the anticipated pleasure of the visit occupied the mind of mother and children alike.

After the train left Westfield, Conductor Angle came into the car and saw the little ones on the seat and paused. He remembered when his own were like these, and stepping over to them he chuckled their dimpled chins and shook their hands as he would if he had found an old acquaintance and then took a seat in the middle of the car and watched the pranks of the children, who, kneeling upon the cushioned seat, watched the fitting scenery.

The next instant came a sudden jerk, the car swung and suddenly turned over, and the unconscious conductor saw no more. The mother, who from her seat had smiled upon her babies, lay close to him, also stunned, and by her side the eldest child. She knew nothing until she felt strong hands seize her and help her. She opened her eyes and in an instant realized the situation. "My God, my children, where are they?" she cried feebly and struggled superhumanly to release herself.

"We will save them," came a broken reply. "You are hurt badly and must keep quiet. Your children are all right."

As she was lifted from the already burning wreck she again lapsed into a faint and was laid upon a blanket upon the ground.

"We will save them," Brave words, but the most extraordinary heroism could not carry out their meaning. Save them? Yes. Through the window of the car a little hand stretched, limp and lifeless, but one man seized it. It was still warm. "We will save them." But the man looked through the window and there saw the impossibility to rescue.

The red hot stove loosened from its fastenings had fallen upon the babies, pinned them down with its awful weight and burned the bodies horribly, all the work of a moment, and when the promise had been made to "save them" the little souls had gone to their Creator. The mother recovering from her fright, partly arose, but her eyes caught the burning car and again the faint of anguish overcame her. She sank back conscious only of the truth.

A higher power had saved them.

Why She is a Rebel.

I am and always have been a rebel, with a large R.

What do I rebel against? Insincere friends and malicious gossip.

Thick cups and overbig soup spoons. Grass-green gowns and shiny dress suits.

Tight shoes and tight stays. Early dinners and late teas. Badly cooked terrapin and canvas-back sacrificed to ignorant cooks.

A great many diamonds and no manners.

Impertinent children and insolent women.

Bad actors and worse plays. The man who has a scheme on hand and the woman who takes you to a dress-maker so she may get a percentage off.

Politicians who are not politic enough to have their subordinates work well.

So-called Christians, who remember your trespasses and forget their own.

Yes, I'm a rebel, and shall be until the gentleman with the scythe approaches me, and even then I shall rebel against his cutting down like grass her who is known as Bab.

Fishy All Around.

Commercial Advertiser: "How is Bronson's credit?"

"Rather fishy."

"Then send the goods C. O. D."

FULFILL YOUR PROMISES

The value of a Good Reputation to Young Business Men.

There is no lesson the young business man needs to learn more thoroughly than the value of good reputation and good credit. These cannot be won and kept by false pretenses of any kind, but must be earned by a strict observance of contracts, agreements and promises. The man whose word is "as good as his bond" is the man who has inspired confidence in himself by always doing that which he has promised to do. He is also, as a rule, cautious about entering into obligations, chary about making promises that he may not be able to fulfill. If too prodigal in the latter respect one cannot hope to keep faith at all times. A man who is or intends to be honest sometimes loses credit and reputation simply because he is too hopeful. Counting with too great confidence on uncertainties, he makes promises that he cannot fulfill because of the failure of the event on which they were predicted. He voluntarily fixes the date for the payment of a debt, and finds too late something has gone wrong, so that he cannot meet his obligation. Such an accident may happen to any man. Upon the way in which he meets the unexpected trouble depends how his reputation shall stand afterwards. If he can fulfill his promise at any personal sacrifice he should do so; failing that, he should endeavor to keep his word by borrowing elsewhere, thus gaining time for the final discharge of his obligation. But if he cannot do either he should go as soon as possible to his creditor and secure an extension by frankly telling him the state of affairs, thus renewing instead of breaking his promise. The one essential to do is to keep good faith, or come as near to it as possible. The worst possible course is to let time run on until his creditor begins to press him on an obligation long overdue. It is too late then for explanations or renewals. His credit is gone, his reputation is broken down.

His after promises are distrusted, though they may be grudgingly accepted. He may for years after thus shattering faith in himself pay promptly and keep his word, but there will remain the lingering feeling of distrust born of one failure to keep faith or to explain in advance the reasons why it could not be kept. An engagement of any kind should be held sacred, and thus good reputation, which is of slow growth, may be gradually built up, for he who keeps his word at all times becomes respected and is trusted. The young man cannot learn too early in life his responsibility to himself and to others. He is to make his reputation by what he says and does, and at the outset should have a high regard for truth, which carries with it honesty and insures a prompt and complete fulfillment of all engagements. He should not allow a careless habit in money matters to grow upon him, but should pay all his bills promptly. There is an implied promise to pay at the end of the month, or when the bill may be presented, even though there has been no engagement to do so made in so many words, and it is good practice to keep these implied as well as all other promises with scrupulous care. Such a course will in time establish a reputation whose value cannot be measured by money, besides developing useful habits and keeping one free from oppressive and grinding debts.—Baltimore Sun.

A Clear Case.

Eminent lawyer: "Gentlemen of the jury, according to all the testimony presented the evidence against my client is purely circumstantial. A murder was committed, and the autopsy showed that deceased had been hit with a club. I few persons saw my client standing over the prostrate man. My client had a club in his hand. The club was bloody. He was seen to strike, or I should say gently tap the prostrate man a few times with the aforesaid club, but, gentlemen of the jury, remember the injustice which has been done in the sad, regretted, unrecoverable past and be cautious. Remember that hundreds of innocent men who would have suffered unjustly if at the last moment some happy circumstance had not thrown doubt on their guilt. Now, gentlemen, it is very evident to me that my client, in returning to his peaceful home from a prayer-meeting or something, just happened to see the deceased committing suicide by beating himself on the head with a club, and my benevolent client, true to the instincts of humanity, rushed up, jerked the fatal club away, and playfully patted him with it as an admonition that he should not try to commit suicide again." Verdict of jury: "Not guilty."

The Commerce of the Lakes.

The inland marine, representing an aggregate capital of \$53,000,000 has carried during the season now at its close, 102,000,000 bushels of grain from Chicago, 10,000,000 bushels from Duluth, 6,700,000 tons of iron ore from the Lake Superior mines to the blast furnaces, and brought back 2,200,000 tons of coal from Buffalo, and 2,000,000 tons of Ohio ports. It has brought into Chicago 450,000 tons of general merchandise, valued at \$50,000,000, and carried away 525,000 tons, valued at \$10,500,000. These figures, vast as they are, represent only the business of the inland marine between Lake Erie and Lakes Michigan and Superior. The great lumber trade and the local trade of the five great lakes, each representing a traffic of many million dollars, are not included.

AT THE UPPER GATE.

Abraham Jasper's Speech at Shanty Town Picnic.

Abram was an ardent politician, and took an active part in such matters. The Courier-Journal of recent date revives the speech made at a colored picnic during a campaign: Feller Freeman, says he, you all know me. I are Abram Jasper, a Republican from away back. When there have been any work to do, I has done it. When there has been any votin' to do I has voted early and often. When there has been any fightin' to do, I has been in the thick of it. I are above proof, old line, and tax paid. And I has seed many changes, too. I has seed the Democrats up. I has seed the Republicans up. But is yit to see the nigger up. 'Tother night I had a dream. I dreamt that I died, and went to heaven. When I got to do pearyly gates, ole Salt Peter, he says: "Who's dar?" says he. "Abram Jasper," says I. "Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says he.

"I is afoot," says I. "Well, you can't get in here," says he. "Nobod's 'lowed in here 'cept them as comes mounted," says he. "Dat's hard on me," says I, "arter comin' all dis distance." But he neber says nothin' mo', an' so I starts back an' about half way down de hill who does I meet, but General Willom Mahone. "Whar is you gwine, General?" says I.

"I is gwine to heaven," says he. "Why, Gen'l," says I, "Tain't no use. Ise just been up dar an' nobodys 'lowed to get in 'cept dey comes mounted, an' you's afoot."

"Is dat so?" says he.

"Yes, it is," says I.

"Well, do Gen'l sorter scratched his head, an' arter a while he says, says he: 'Abram, I tell you what let's do. You is a likely lad. Suppose you git down on all fours an' I'll amount and ride you in, and dat way we kin both git in.'"

"Gen'l," says I, do you think you could work it?"

"I know I kin," says he.

"So down I gits on all fours, and de Gen'l gits a-straddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin an' prances up to de gate, and ole Salt Peter says:—

"Who's dar?"

"Gen'l Willom Mahone, of Virginey," says he.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says Peter.

"I is mounted," says de Gen'l.

"All right," says Peter, "all right," says he; "jest hitch your hoss outside Gen'l, and come right in."

The Road to a Woman's Heart.

How shall women be wooed? Let no random counsel guide her. Women are as various as the leaves in the wood, and each leaf has a mood for each hour of its life from swelling spring to crackling autumn. Doves that would be most acceptable to one might be repulsed with stinging force by others, and addresses that were welcome at noon, even though clothed in identical garments, may pall at night. No man can tell. Arrows shot at a venture often find joints in the harness of a heart as well as of a king. Some women were made to be taken by siege, and all the storming of Mars Antony could not compel surrender; and some would rush to capture in the swift assault who could defend walls, gates and circling moats forever and a day. But mark you, lady! She who would capitulate to the stubborn wooer may change her liking with the flying hours and change it back again—no rule is sure to win. But however madame should be wooed, she demands at least that she be loved, and reads in her article of faith that constancy is part of vows.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Favorable Answer.

A gentleman advertised for a lady correspondent, with view to matrimony. Many replies were received. Among them he found this gem:

"My dere fren I sean in to-day nuse Paper you Wanting a wife I shall be glad for a good husbun But I should be very glad to now you Age firs 2 I should like to now whether you are good temper. My age is twenty-four yers an a little incom for life and if you are Really in Want of A wife I should be happy to sea you after you have sent you likeness and then I will meet you at my sisters and then we will talk the matter Over, short acquaintance som times maks Long Reptance But I would make you comfoble while I liv and A Little after I am dead weekly incom. P S rite soon P S answer by mail P S what is your nam let me now by post."

He has taken the matter under advisement.—Chicago Lyre.

Took the General at His Word.

Our drive is now out to the big field where we went for review. Just left of the house was Gen. Hancock's tent. Here is where Corporal Blake took the general at his word. Blake was on duty; the general, coming to the door, asked: "Well, my man do you get enough to eat?" Blake said he did not. "Well, asked the general, 'do you get half enough?' Blake replied he did. "Well, responded the general, 'it's a poor soldier that can't steal the other half.' A few minutes later hot coffee and biscuit were steaming on the general's table. As the cook turned around to invite the general out to breakfast, Blake turned the plate of hot cakes into his haversack. That's all there was about it.—Washington (Pa.) Reporter.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.
Any person who takes the paper regularly from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

This country held its grippe with a frightful tenacity little expected when it first took hold. In this connection it is well enough to remind the less classical that the technical French pronunciation is "lah gr-ripp."

BRETHREN of the country press should be cautious, and never buy diamonds except on a clear day. The least mist or fog in the atmosphere will prevent you from discovering the flaws in them. Damp, murky weather practically kills the diamond business.

The most encouraging reports come from Greytown, the headquarters for work on the new Nicaragua canal. The American diggers are at work on the ditch, and are conquering all obstacles. Present indications are that the gloomy fate of the De Lesseps canal will not overtake this enterprise.

L. F. BENSON, Nashville, Tennessee, is treasurer for the fund that is being raised to keep the Hermitage, General Andrew Jackson's late home, in order, and to buy the relics and mementoes now owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson. The sum needed is \$150,000, and it is believed that this can be raised in one dollar subscriptions.

"EITHER Kansas will have to quit raising such enormous crops," says the Atchison Companion, "or the railway companies of the state will have to begin building more cars." To this the Emporia Republican makes curt reply, "Let the railroads get down to their knitting then. Kansas crops are not to be limited for the accommodation of anybody."

THERE are important undertakings on the programme in foreign lands as well as in our own America; among them the building of a 4,500-mile railroad across Siberia by the Russian government. The estimated cost is \$220,000,000. Another is the bridging of the Bosphorus, connecting Europe with Asia. French engineers have the latter under plan.

THERE is and always has been a most dreadful horror on the part of many people lest they be buried alive. It will be truly a relief to such to know that science is coming to the rescue with an infallible means of testing whether or not the vital spark has forever left the mortal frame. Electricity is the potent agency, and very soon facilities for its application will be doubtless made available to all.

WHEN it is learned that the colonel of the czar's body guard and several other officers in it have committed suicide on account of having been implicated in a plot against his life, we can realize the reason for the shattered nerves of the imperial family that are from time to time alluded to as something surprising. If a man has to guard himself continually against his body guard he may well wish himself dead and done with it.

THE Wabash railway company has issued an order of a most positive nature which will draw intelligence, if not experience into its service. It is that no boy or young man shall be employed in any of its shops or other departments for the purpose of learning any trade or skilled work unless he bring a certificate from his instructors stating that he has completed the studies of the second grammar department of school work.

The rite of canonization seems to be a long and difficult matter. It will take about nine years, according to a Rome letter, to canonize Joan of Arc. The popular impression of the savior of France is that she was an estimable and proper young woman, but popular impressions are not sufficient for the pope. He requires the frozen truth of history, and a learned advocate is diligently looking over musty old documents to see if any flaws in her character can be discovered.

A MISSOURI farmer with a turn for statistics has furnished a communication to his country paper on the subject of official salaries in which he states that an official who receives \$4,000 per year salary absorbs the price of 26,666 bushels of corn at 15 cents per bushel, or of 6,666 bushels of wheat at 60 cents per bushel, or 33,333 bushels of oats at 12 cents, or the price of fifty good farm horses. He also estimates that a farm hand at \$13 per month would have to work the year round for a quarter of a century to earn the same amount, and adds that in 1866-7-68, about 5,000, to 8,000 bushels of corn would have footed the bill, or 3,000 bushels of wheat.

BEFORE VICKSBURG.

How Gen. Grant Succeeded in Getting Reinforcements.

He Wanted 10,000 More Men, and Must Have Them.—Stanton, Leggett and Lincoln—Strategy Needed Outside of Battle.

In the last part of 1862, when Gen. Grant was preparing to make a movement by land to reach the rear of Vicksburg, in accordance with the plans he had made for the capture of that stronghold, says a Washington correspondent to the New York Times, who gives the story first to the public, he saw that he did not have a sufficient number of men to command success, and that it was imperative he should have 3,000 or 10,000 more. His plans had been sent to Washington and approved, but to his request for men the answer came that he must go ahead with the force he had. In response Grant informed the president that he could not do it, the attempt would end in failure, and the expedition had better be abandoned than attempted without reinforcements. Determined that the war department should fully understand the situation, he ordered a former member of his staff, Gen. M. D. Leggett of Ohio, then commanding one of his brigades, to proceed to Washington and lay the whole matter before the president and secretary of war.

Gen. Leggett had a personal acquaintance with Mr. Stanton, and knew there was little hope of changing his mind when once made up, and accordingly decided to gain access to the president before the secretary should forestall him by the presentation of the war-department side of the case. He therefore called upon the secretary at 8 o'clock in the morning, after his arrival, and said to him: "Mr. Stanton, I wish you would take me to Mr. Lincoln and introduce me and let me do the talking. I don't want you to destroy my case with objections."

"All right," was the response, and the call was made. Gen. Leggett was permitted to present Gen. Grant's ideas as fully and as clearly as possible, while Mr. Lincoln listened with the closest attention.

When he had concluded the president took him in hand and gave him the most severe and critical cross-examination he had ever undergone as to the situation in the west, Grant's purposes, etc. Mr. Stanton added several questions of his own, and when he had ended the president thought for a moment and then said decidedly: "Very well; he must have the troops."

"But where will you get them?" asked the secretary. Turning to Gen. Leggett the president said: "How many must we have?"

"Sixteen thousand," Gen. Leggett responded, setting a high figure for the purpose of future compromise if need be. Turning to the secretary the president asked a series of questions as to the disposition of certain forces not then in the field. How many are at Cleveland? how many at Detroit? How many here? and how many there? until he had gone over the available force in the west and had demonstrated that 12,000 or 16,000 could be sent on to Grant.

Then Mr. Lincoln turned to Gen. Leggett and asked him when he intended to leave Washington.

"At 5 p. m."

"Well, I want you until then."

A carriage was ordered and the two entered it and were driven to the soldier's home, where the president was then living. Of all the quizzings and close examinations Gen. Leggett ever experienced those of that day were the most severe. It must be borne in mind that the Grant who was then planning so great and important a move as the reduction of Vicksburg, was not the Grant of Appomattox, but only of Donelson and Henry, and known then to neither Mr. Lincoln nor fame, as in the latter days, but the president was determined to learn all he could from the witness then present, and, as Gen. Leggett was loyal in heart as in speech to his chief, and had already had a dawning realization of the great figure Grant was destined to cut in the civil war, his responses were clear and to the point, and visibly impressed Mr. Lincoln as being as true as they were complimentary.

Gen. Leggett returned to the west, and when the union troops marched to Vicksburg he had the honor, although suffering from severe wounds, to ride into the city at the head of the first brigade, which was granted the privilege of being the first to enter, receive the surrender, and raise the union flag.

AN OFFICIAL FAMILY.

Its Members Have Held Offices for a Hundred Years.

A Harrodsburg (Ky.) correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says: The Allin family of this place, of which our venerable County Clerk Ben Allin is the head, have a history that for officers and office-holders is without a parallel in the state, and perhaps in the United States.

In September, 1786, at the first court ever held in Mercer county, Thomas Allin, Sr., father of Ben C., the subject of this article, held the office of both county and circuit clerk until 1830, a period of forty-four years. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas Allin, Jr., a brother of Ben C. Thomas Allin, Jr., held the office (both county and circuit) until 1866, a period of thirty-six years, and in 1849 Uncle Ben took one of the offices from him. He

was succeeded in turn by Ben C., our present county clerk, who had been circuit clerk from 1849 to 1862. 'Squire Richard Bonsel was then elected to the circuit court clerkship, and held the office until 1884, when he was defeated by Bush W. Allin, son of Ben C., who is the present Circuit clerk. Ben C. was ousted from the County court's office during the war for a period of four years, during which time the office was held by Dr. C. S. Abell. This period is the only time since this has been a county that one or both offices have not been in the Allin family, and in 1866 Ben C., the present clerk, was re-elected county clerk and has held it uninterruptedly every since, a period of nearly forty-one years. Barring the period of four years during the war the office of county clerk will have been in this family 105 years next September, and the Circuit court clerkship, in the family for eighty years. Nor is this all.

Uncle Ben had a brother Jack who was clerk of Huntsville Mo., who held the office for a number of years, and he in turn was succeeded by two sons, who held the office for a long while, and still another nephew, Thomas H., was clerk of Kirtsville, Mo., for three terms. Phil Allin a son of Uncle Ben, is circuit clerk of Claiborne, Tex., and has been for three terms of two years each. Another son William B., of this place, was county attorney for twelve years, and I doubt if there is a man in the country who could beat him now if he offered for the place. One of the most remarkable features of Uncle Ben's office-holding is yet to come. At the last primary there were 1,707 votes cast, of which he got 1,706. Uncle Ben refusing to vote for himself. He is the only man who ever run for office in the country who got the entire vote cast. He is in his 82d year, and enjoys good health and attends to the duties of the office with that regularity that he did thirty years ago. In 1878 he got his second sight, and he now sees as well as he did when he was a youth.

It is proposed that next September Mercer celebrate the centennial election of the first of the Allins in a way to make the old man's heart prouder than it was last election day, when he got every vote cast but his own.

Uncle Ben's actual term of office does not include all his time spent in the office. He acted as deputy to both his father and brother. When this time is considered he has been in one or the other of the offices for over sixty-five years.

Thwarted.

At midnight, in an autumn desolate,
Intent to do an injury, I arose,
And called upon the deadliest of my foes,
So fearful was the fury of my hate.
Malevolent as some avenging fate,
I sped, by moonlight thro' the garden-close,
By blighted poppy and by ruined rose,
And stood at last beside my victim's gate.
A dim light burning within—softly and still
I crept up close against the window-sill,
And paused—then peeping thro' the light-
ed pane,
I reeled, as one transfixed at heart and brain,
For there, God's mercy! on his bended knee,
I heard my foe—my neighbor—pray for me!
—J. N. Matthews.

INGALLS ON SOAP.

The Senator Taken in by a Smart Reporter.

Dave Lewsley, a reporter for a Washington Journal, was sent to hold an interview with the senator upon an important matter of state. The senator had no intention of being drawn into a conversation on that subject, but met Mr. Lewsley with his accustomed grace and courtesy and veered the conversation to the general subject of shaving.

"By all means," said Senator Ingalls, "you should learn to shave yourself," and then he went on with a learned, thoughtful and highly entertaining disquisition on the advantages, economic and metaphysical, of shaving oneself rather than hiring a barber to do it. Mr. Lewsley paid careful attention to all the senators said, fixing facts and dates in his mind, and said nothing. When the senator had related circumstantially his own varied experiences with razors and brushes and soaps, recommending this make of blade and that brand of leather to Mr. Lewsley's use, the reporter, convinced that he could not learn what he had come to learn, arose to go. There was, or the reporter imagined there was, a sort of merry triumph twinkle in Senator Ingalls' eye as he politely bowed his caller from the room—a twinkle which seem to say: "I have made the young man really forget what he came for."

The next morning Senator Ingalls was more or less horrified at finding in the local newspaper a true report of what he had said, including the earnest recommendation of a certain shaving soap, which he unqualifiedly pronounced to be the very best that could be had. But the reporter's vengeance was not yet satisfied. He marked the article and sent it to the manufacturer of the recommended soap. In a fortnight the newspapers, the periodicals and all the many means employed by advertisers were brought into use, the Senator Ingalls' eloquent eulogy of that soap was printed in every form that could be devised to attract attention.

Worse Than the Worst.

New York Sun: "Is there any question more disagreeable to you men than 'Where did you get that hat?'"
"Well, I should hate like thunder to be asked where I got this umbrella!"

A FAMOUS SONG.

"John Brown's Body Lies a-Moldering in the Grave."

How the Old War Hymn Came into Existence, and Still "Goes Marching On"—How it Was Set to Music.

On the 17th of April, 1861, I became a member of the Second Battalion of Infantry, a Massachusetts militia organization of some local repute, with headquarters at old Boylston Hall, Boston, writes George Kimball in the New England Magazine. The battalion comprised four companies, commanded by Major Ralph Newton. We had many good singers among us, and during our long evenings in quarters, we sang almost constantly.

Religious hymns were as popular with us as secular songs. Among the former none gave greater satisfaction than a hymn, at that time a great favorite in revival meetings, entitled "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?"

How the music of "Say, Brothers, Will You Meet Us?" was made to do duty in the building up of the "John Brown Song" will appear in what follows.

We had a jovial Scotchman in the battalion named John Brown, and as he happened to bear the identical name of the old hero of Harper's Ferry, he became at once the butt of his comrades. If he made his appearance a few minutes late among the working squad or was a little tardy in falling into the company line, he was greeted with such expressions as "Come, old fellow you ought to be at it if you are going to help us free the slaves"; or, "This can't be John Brown—why, John Brown is dead." And then some wag would add, in a solemn, drawing tone, as if it were his purpose to give particular emphasis to the fact that John Brown was really, actually dead: "Yes, yes, poor old John Brown is dead; his body lies mouldering in the grave."

This nonsense was kept up from day to day, and these expressions, particularly the ones referring to the defunct condition of Brown, were so often heard that they became by-words among us. They were usually followed by exclamations of feigned surprise, such as, "Is that so?" Finally ditties composed of the most nonsensical doggerel rhymes, setting forth the fact that John Brown was dead and that his body was undergoing the process of dissolution, began to be sung to the music of the hymn above given. These ditties underwent various ramifications until eventually the lines were reached:

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
His soul's marching on.

And he's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord.

His soul's marching on.
The song, or rather this small beginning, became at once immensely popular. There was just a flavor of coarseness, possibly of irreverence about it slightly objectionable to the more fastidious "Tigers," and Major Newton and others made a combined effort to have the wording changed, but their endeavor fell through. Others thought that the song should commemorate some distinguished soldier of the war, and "Ellsworth's body" was suggested. But this effort also failed. Nothing would answer but "John Brown's body."

Greenleaf was a musician, the organist of a church in Charlestown. He therefore naturally had most to do with the earliest arrangement of the notes of the song. C. S. Hall of Charlestown, also became interested in the production, and together they went to work to see what could be made of it, for it was becoming so popular that something had to be done. Another gentleman, C. B. Marsh, was taken into their confidence, and the result was the composition of additional verses, and the song, as thus constructed, was printed upon common printing paper and sold on the streets of Boston as a penny ballad in the latter part of May and in June and July, 1861. This copy, the first issued, was made from an original in the possession of Mr. Abram E. Cutter of Charlestown and kindly loaned by him, and bore the imprint: "Published at 256 Main st., Charlestown, Mass."

Poor Brown, the victim of those practical jokes and guys that, coupled with the remembrance of the martyrdom of his heroic namesake, gave birth to the idea from which the song sprang, found a watery grave in the Shenandoah river, at Front Royal, Va., on the 7th of June, 1862, while serving in the same company with the writer—Company A, Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers.

The First Railroad in New York.

The Albany & Schenectady Railroad, chartered in 1862 as the Mohawk & Hudson, was opened September 12, 1831, and was the first Railroad built in the state of New York. In 1847, the name was changed to the Albany & Schenectady.

In 1853, this road was consolidated with nine other small lines, forming the New York Central; and in 1869 this company was consolidated with the Hudson River Railroad, forming what has since been known as the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

In 1831, the Mohawk & Hudson carried but a few hundred passengers; last year, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad carried over eighteen million.

WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

How it Feels to be Shot—Like Being Hit With a Snowball.

A Rhode Island soldier, Lieutenant George B. Peck, Jr., in his story of a "Recruit Before Petersburg," describes his experiences and observations when first under fire. He felt curious, he says, to see how men behaved in such circumstances. They took all manner of positions, and he was especially amused to observe how some of them bobbed their heads as the bullets flew past. But all at once "whit" sped a ball close by his own ear, down went his own head, and he laughed no more at his comrades. The enemy proved to be too strong for them and a retreat was ordered.

I had reached the foot of the hill when I felt a dull blow in the neighborhood of my left hip. I realized that I was shot, and was at once curious as to the amount of damage. I looked down and saw that the hole was too far to one side to implicate the groin.

Forgetting a possible severed artery I threw my weight on my left leg, and finding no bones broken, began to laugh as the ludicrousness of the affair flashed upon me.

"You're never hit till you run," was my first reflection, and my second, "Three weeks, lacking one day, and in the hospital! Such is glory."

Do you want to know how it feels to be shot? Ask your brother to step into the yard some bright February day when the water is running freely in the streets, scoop a double handful of snow from the top of the nearest bank, spit it once only with the hands at right angles, and hurl it with ordinary force from a distance of twelve feet. The dull, spreading sensation will be sufficiently accurate.

I got across the creek, and after trudging on a spell, using my sword for a cane, I found myself directly in front of Captain Allen's battery.

At the rear of this I began to inquire for the hospital, and finally had a little farm house pointed out to me. Twenty rods this side I met a couple of ambulance corps.

"Let us assist you," they said.

"No, I can walk."

"But let one of us take your arm." I consented and started; but the two men had to hold me up for the rest of the way.

Near the house they laid me on the grass and one of them went for a surgeon.

"Where are you wounded?" he asked. I showed him.

"Let me examine it."

"What for?"

"To see if a bone is broken."

"Well, let some one hold my hands." An attendant held them and the surgeon explored the wound with his finger—at least he said he did; I felt nothing.

"Lieutenant, you have had a very narrow escape."

"I am perfectly well aware of it." He took my silk handkerchief, rinsed it thoroughly in cold water and laid it on the double wound. That was all the dressing it received for three days.

The next thing I knew I didn't know much of anything. I was winking and trying to open my eyes. Soon I discovered tree branches and men wearing caps. I opened my eyes a little wider; hearing returned to my ears, and the cannon's roar restored me to myself. Thus it was I scraped acquaintance with the dogs of war.

Ants in a Hotel Dining-Room.

"See that?" asked a waiter in the Palace hotel, holding up a dish filled with black insects.

"Caviar?" inquired a San Francisco Examiner reporter to whom the question was addressed.

"No; Ants," was the sententious reply. "This is my harvest since noon. Every other gentleman in this dining-room has collected as many more. The house is literally overrun with them, and has been for three years to my certain knowledge."

"Trying to evict these little crawlers has cost the Sharen estate \$10,000, and it will cost many a thousand more before any effect will be made on these intruders. They creep in everywhere and there is no way invented to keep them out. I don't think we can get rid of them without moving the hotel. They are in lots of houses and nothing has been found that will feaze them. They are worse than flies, because poison doesn't have any effect on them, and they are worse than cockroaches, because they are smaller."

A "Non-Partisan" Doctor.

A daughter of a well-known Back Bay physician remarked that one of her schoolmates had asked her whether her father were an allopathist or a homeopathist.

"Well, what did you say?" asked her father, wondering if she understood that the correct answer in such a case was to say, with a great affectation of scorn, that her father belonged to "the regular school."

"Oh, I said," answered the little one, with the air of one who feels herself particularly knowing, "that you weren't either; that you were a mug-wump."

Artless.

Miss Oldum—No, Mr. Hollings, I am getting too old for the assemblies. Hollings, 93—Oh, don't say that, Miss Oldum.

"Why, I feel like a faded leaf among all these young buds." Do you ever press autumn leaves, Mr. Hollings?"

(Great embarrassment from '93.)

TENNESSEE ROMANCE.

History of the Old House With Four Chimneys.

A Noble Fortune Lost—The Owner of a Fine Property Sinks to a Laborer's Life and His Friend Marries His Divorced Wife.

Tennessee is divided into three parts—East, Middle and Western Tennessee. This, the eastern part, is a region rich in coal and iron, heavily timbered, possessing some fine farming and grazing lands and noted for its beautiful streams and picturesque scenery.

A ride of many miles along the old stage road leading from Nashville to Knoxville indicated that in ante-bellum days, before the railroads were built, this section enjoyed a high degree of prosperity and wealth. All along the route may be seen the old-time characteristic southern mansions—two stories high, portico in front, wide hall and a massive chimney at each end and invariably on the outside.

But these pretentious mansions are falling into decay. Moss-grown, weather-stained and dilapidated, they are mute mementoes of the hopes and ambitions of their builders, long since laid to rest and generally in the garden adjoining the dwelling, where the grave-stones are nearly hidden from view by weeds and brambles. Sometimes these graves are marked by a costly monument, as imposing as those in a city cemetery and surrounded with an iron railing. In one place the shaft had tumbled from the pedestal and no loving hand replaced it, although the descendants of the one thus honored lived close by the old home.

Having occasion to inquire the way several times it was soon discovered that nearly all roads led to one particular house, which seemed to be a local point in that community, and it was, therefore, concluded that this particular mansion must have been occupied by a patriarch with a history, and the place was approached with curiosity. Entering the beautiful valley, surrounded by wooded hills, the stately residence of Colonel came in view and gave the tourist a genuine surprise, for it was greater and more imposing than anything heretofore seen along the route in the way of architecture.

In Kentucky it is said that when a man has a chimney at each end of the house he is a major, but in Tennessee it seems that the rank of colonel is indicated by four chimneys, for here was a mansion nearly twice as large as those before noted, with a double portico in front and four massive chimneys, all on the outside. This great mansion had been built in the days of the stage coach, and as the owner had kept the stage station, an important function in those days, he had built in a manner commensurate with his importance.

The beautiful valley, through which flowed a noisy and seemingly querulous brook, were some five or six hundred acres in cultivation, or land that had been in cultivation, now mostly in pasture or occupied by briars and broom sedge. There was not much stock to be seen, though the surroundings were those of an ideal stock farm, so far as natural advantages are concerned. The road led around the base of a high bluff, and forty or fifty feet above and running parallel with the road was an old embankment, giving the impression that some time in the long ago an attempt had been made to construct a roadway along this precipitous hill-side.

A sharp turn in the road dispelled the illusion, for it revealed a bridge over a mill race and below was an old mill with a ponderous overshot water wheel, presenting a picture that would entrance an artist or poet. The mill was green with the moss of fifty summers. Here had been ground the corn to feed a hundred slaves and the mill race had been dug to lead down the water from a never-failing spring high up in the ravine. Thinking that some romance must attach to such interesting surroundings, inquiry was made of an old resident, who related the following story of the house of four chimneys.

During the war with the Cherokee Indians General Jackson's command was for a time encamped on the Tennessee river not far from this place. Along with the army as a kind of camp follower came a young man by the name of Eskridge and his wife. He bought a piece of land and remained here when the army moved away. Being industrious and frugal he rapidly accumulated property and soon had a large plantation, well stocked. He it was who built the house of four chimneys and the mill with the overshot wheel.

He seemed to possess a mania for buying land and, at the time of his death, a few years previous to the war, owned all the land for nine miles up and down the Tennessee river and far back in the interior. He died childless and left his large estate to a nephew, whom he had raised. When the nephew came into possession he was accounted the richest man in Roane county, but he was unversed in the ways of the world and lacking in business capacity.

Among the ambitious daughters and designing mothers of the vicinage he had many affairs of the heart, and to one of his sweet-hearts he gave a fine farm. Finally he married, but lived with his wife only one short week. She sued for divorce and alimony and was successful in her suit. At the end of three years the prodigal nephew was bankrupt and the great estate dis-

sipated, and to-day he is working a common laborer to maintain himself. Pending the divorce suit the nephew sent his friend, Colonel —, to see his wife and make an effort to settle matters, and the Colonel made such an impression that he subsequently married the divorced wife and has given his name to the fine old homestead instead of the founder and builder thereof.

SHE KEPT IT BURNING.

Brave Abbie Burgess, the Light-House Keeper's Daughter.

A woman who is now assistant keeper at White Head Light could enlighten those who wish to know something of the experiences of light-house keepers. In 1856 this woman lived at Matinicus Rock, twenty-five miles from mainland and inaccessible except in pleasant weather. Her father, Samuel Burgess, was the keeper at this light and his family consisted of an invalid wife and five children, one daughter, Abbie, being 17 years old. At the time of the memorable gale that swept Minot's light into the sea, the keeper happened to be away. The heavy seas broke over the rock, washing every movable thing away until of the dwelling not a stone remained. The little ones hurried the mother to the tower and then crept in themselves as the sea cleared the rock of all, save the stone light-house. For four weeks they lived there alone, for no human being could go to their rescue, but night after night Abbie lighted the beacon and it never failed to shine through the gale.

One day in 1857 Mr. Burgess left the rock to obtain his salary and to secure provisions. A gale prevented his return and the family ran short of food. Abbie fashioned a sail and her brother, who happened to be at home, started in a small skiff to procure food. For twenty-one days the family lived on a cup of corn meal and an egg each per day, for the son was not heard from until the twenty-second day, and added to the risk of famine was the suspense as to the fate of their father and brother, for were they drowned the family would have starved on the desolate rock. During all this time, at the end of which the father returned, Abbie cared for the sick mother, comforted the children and kept the bright light burning to save the passing ships from dashing on Matinicus Rock. To day her husband is keeper at White Head light and she is his assistant. A braver woman never lived. —Portland Express.

THE FIRST LIGHTNING-ROD.

The Claim of Franklin as the Inventor Disputed.

Everybody believes that Franklin was the inventor and constructor of the first lightning rod. In one particular everybody is mistaken says the St. Louis Republican. The first lightning catcher was not invented by the great philosopher, but by a poor monk of Stutenberg, Bohemia, who put up the first lightning rod on the palace of the emperor of Preditz, Moravia, June 15, 1754. The name of the inventive monk was Propoth Dilwisch. The apparatus was composed of a pole, surmounted by an iron rod, supporting 12 curved branches, and terminating in as many metallic boxes filled with iron ore, and inclosed by a wooden box-like cover, traversed by twenty-seven iron pointed rods the basis of which found a resting place in the ore box. The entire system of wires was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Dilwisch, jealous of his success, excited peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that his lightning rod was the cause of the excessive dry weather, had the rod taken down and the inventor imprisoned. Years afterward Mr. Melsen used the multiple pointed rod as an invention of his own.

A Fish in His Jug.

There used to be an old resident of Fayette, Me., who was greatly given to spinning yarns. He was the hero of his own narratives, and to hear him tell it, his adventures, exploits and hairbreadth escapes were as wonderful as those of Baron Munchausen or Sinbad the sailor. He has left the shores of time and gone to the happy hunting grounds, but some of his stories still survive. Here is a specimen: One day he was out on the lake near his home fishing, and happened to have a two-gallon stone jug in the boat, which jug accidentally fell overboard, filled with water and sank to the bottom. Some years afterward he was again fishing near the same place, when, feeling a strong bite, he tugged stoutly at the pole and pulled into the boat on one end of the line the identical lost jug with a big pickerel in it. It seems that the fish, when small, swam into the jug and not finding the way out, grew to a large size in its prison. When the baited hook chanced to drop into the jug the fish seized it and was caught.

First Robin of the Spring.

P. T. Barnum told a good story some time ago of an old lady who was so deaf that, when some playful chaps fired a small cannon near the old lady's door, she merely said, "Come in." "That was a pretty fair story when I first heard it," said the veteran, but I heard a good one a day or two since that beats it. Two gentlemen were walking along a highway near a railroad. One of the pedestrians was somewhat hard of hearing. Along came a train, and the engineer emitted a frightful shriek. "H'm," said the deaf one, "that's the first robin I've heard this spring."

PRIVATE GORMAN.

How He Proposed to Scatter the Army of Gen. Lee.

He Would Use the Ghosts of Bull's Run—"Easiest Thing in the World," but Burnside Couldn't See It That Way.

We had in our company a very conceited young man named Gorman, says a writer in the New York Sun, and from the day he shouldered a musket he was anxious to invent a plan to save the country. He had somewhere read that a private soldier gave Napoleon the plan of a successful campaign and was rewarded by being made a general, and his whole time was taken up in inventing plans, all of which were knocked in the head by our captain. One failure after another had no dampening effect on Private Gorman, however. The more he was suppressed the harder he thought, and his time finally came. When Burnside moved up to attack Lee at Fredericksburg Gorman wrote him a letter, saying that he had a plan by which Lee's whole army could be driven into Richmond in terror or captured without bloodshed. The letter was put in such strong language that the general decided to investigate, and Private Gorman was sent for to explain his plan. He came back to us a prisoner, and was kept in the guard-house all that winter, and it was three months before we got a chance to find out what had happened at headquarters.

He explained that he was ushered into the presence of Gen. Burnside with ceremony, identified himself as the writer of the letter, and the general wheeled on him with:

"Well, how would you scatter Lee's army?" "Easiest thing in the world, general," was the unshaken reply. "Wait for a dark night; then let 10,000 soldiers dress up as spooks, put on false faces, and cross over the river. Each one is to step softly, groan every few seconds, and if accosted he is to answer that he is the ghost of a soldier slain at Bull Run. The sight of these spooks will strike terror to every rebel's heart, and he will either fly or surrender. If this don't work I—" "But he got no further. He said that the general booted him out of the tent. It was a sudden and radical cure, and he spent no more time planning great campaigns.

Great Drinkers.

A group of old-time politicians talking over the early history of republicanism, in the days when a Minnesota state convention could be easily manipulated, is a pleasant party to join, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press, especially for the younger and ambitious generation of political savants who are desirous of molding public opinion. Not long since there were two ex-judges of the supreme court, an ex-governor and two ex-United States senators engaged in a conversation and incidentally the question of temperance came up. One of the ex-senators, while not a prohibitionist, has very pronounced temperance views and it is said that during his entire official career he was never known to indulge in even so much as a glass of wine. "Why, gentlemen," exclaimed this enthusiastic apostle of the cold-water doctrine, "the time is coming when liquors of all kinds will be banished from the table of every official who gives a public entertainment." "Well, senator," remarked the ex-governor, "I am indeed surprised to hear such a statement from you. Why, I venture to say that you and I have drank more whisky and water in the last thirty years at public entertainments than any other two men in the state." "What do you mean, sir?" replied the teetotaler, noting the look of surprise from all present. "Why, I mean that you drank the water and I drank the whisky," and in the laugh that followed the ex-senator joined heartily. Any old-timer will readily recognize Gov. Ramsey and Senator McMillan as the parties of the first and second part.

Webster's Suppressed Speeches.

Mr. Atkinson has called attention to the suppression by Webster of some earlier and excellent speeches of his which might interfere with his Presidential aspirations. This suppression went farther than concerned the tariff, for one of the best speeches Webster ever made—in 1813—being an anti-war speech, has never been included. I think, in any of his own collections. It was printed in the Portsmouth Oracle of New Hampshire, which then gave official utterance to the "god-like Daniel," who lived in Portsmouth until 1817. There should be now a complete edition of Webster with these suppressed orations inserted; for they are essentially to a full view of the man.

Sufficient Sleep.

In this age of hurry and worry, with its consequent nervous exhaustion, of which so much is now heard, the necessity of taking sufficient sleep can not be insisted upon too forcibly. To lay down any hard or fast rule for its regulation is not possible, for, naturally, brain-workers require more than the drones of society; in fact, every brain-worker if he wishes his power to last, should take from eight to nine hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. Charles Lamb did not think eight hours enough, whereas Sarah Bernhardt finds six hours a sufficient quantum of sleep.—The Hospital.

OLD-TIME FARM FUN.

Lament of the Pioneer That Old-Time Customs Are Passing Away.

It is the lament of the pioneer farmers that country life isn't what it used to be. In chorus they ask, "What has become of the spelling bees, the corn-huskings, the log-rollings, the quiltings, the apple-parings and all the other gatherings that once made country life the happiest on earth?"

"One by one the customs of our early life have been abandoned," said an old farmer, until country life has lost all its charms. No wonder the young men and women of the country are constantly drifting to the cities, and strange it is that more of the middle-aged people in the country are not discontented. The trouble is the people of the country have, in late years, become possessed of a false pride, which prevents them from indulging in the jollifications that gave health, happiness and noble characters to their fathers. I shall argue as long as I live that country life will never be what it should be until we get back to the spellin' school, the corn huskin's, the quiltings and the apple-parings. The log-rollin' days, of course, are past, never to return again.

"How I wish the young folks of today could only have a taste of the enjoyment we got out of those old-time gatherings. I'll warrant they would be as willin' to get back into the old path as I am anxious to see them there. Lord, but what times we used to have," continued the old gentleman, his face lighting up at the visions of bygone scenes passed before his mind. "Those corn-huskings! What times of love-makin'! Young and old could hardly wait until the season for them came round and I think everybody wept in private when the corn was all husked. None of your little cliques in 'society' controlled those gatherings. Everybody was on an equality then and no one in the neighborhood was slighted when there was to be a huskin'.

"As soon as the corn was ready to harvest there was a race in the neighborhood to see who would get his crop 'jirked' first, and consequently open the huskin' season. Whenever a man got his barn full he fixed his day for the gathering, and the word was passed around over the neighborhood. Men, women and children all attended, and the labor of huskin' the corn was always forgotten in the frolic. Often have I seen a hundred men and women, of all ages, husk all night, and never a one of them complain of being tired. How the boys and young men would hustle the shining grain, looking for a red ear. It was a standing custom that whenever a young man found a yellow ear of corn he should have a kiss from the girl seated nearest to him, and the girl who found the most red ears was to be married first, and to the young man who sat nearest her. To make the sport lively we would mix just a few grains of red corn with the seed corn, so as to have only a few hundred ears, of that color in the whole crop. When the crowd was large a fellow was lucky if he got many kisses and luckier still if some good girl—perhaps just the one he hoped for—got the largest number of red ears and sat nearest him. What a sight it would be to see a young fellow find an ear which entitled him to kiss some pretty, bashful girl. Girl-like, she would jump and run as soon as she saw what was coming, and then began the chase, up and over and around the pile of unhusked corn, through the barn and out and around the barn-yard, until she was caught, generally in some secluded corner, where the fellow could steal a half-dozen kisses, instead of one."—Indianapolis News.

Behavior in Other Lands.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person, it is sacred, is one of their proverbs. In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain, to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of honor. No Turk will enter the sitting-room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted, it runs away.

In Syria, the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

KENNAN IN SIBERIA.

An Entertaining Talk With the Famous Lecturer and Traveler.

George Kennan, the man, is eminently suggestive of George Kennan, the traveler and historian. One glance, and you can see that the tall, supple-limbed, alert man before you is a person of unusual and indomitable energy of mind and body. A light pallor rests upon his lean face, and a few furrows have crept into his high white forehead, but his raven black hair is still untinged with gray and his large black eyes snap with a strange, significant flash that tells of the restless and impulsive spirit of the man whose tireless footsteps have led him into the hitherto unknown and waste places of the earth. His voice is deep, rich and resonant, and adds much to the impressiveness of his discourse.

"What first led you to become interested in Russian affairs, Mr. Kennan?" "My first experience in Russian affairs dates back to many years ago, when I was employed to assist in surveying a telegraph line to run from San Francisco to St. Petersburg. I learned the language then, and took every opportunity to inquire into the condition of the people about me. I afterwards made a three years' trip through the entire country, visiting many out-of-the-way points in all parts of the empire. Since then my interest in Russia has been unflagging."

"You have been informed of the recent slaughter of political exiles in Siberia?"

"That was not a recent happening. The news comes to us to-day, but the murder was committed months ago. It occurred last March, but the government has carefully suppressed it until some how the news leaked out and has been sent over the entire world, creating the greatest furore everywhere. To quiet the press of Europe the Czar has given out that the perpetrators of the affair shall stand trial for their brutality. But I am extremely doubtful if anything will ever come of the order. There are thousands of political murders committed in Russia every year that never come to the ears of the world."

"That is the policy of the Czar?"

"At present, yes, sir. No man can call himself safe in Russia. All process of law is violated openly day by day and hour by hour. When a workingman leaves his home in the morning the kiss he leaves upon his child's forehead may be the last that will ever salute her from her father. At night he, perhaps, will not come home. Where is he? ask the neighbors. Ask the employers. Ask the police. No one knows. He simply disappeared. That is all—he disappeared. But if you could inquire deep enough you would probably find that the wretched man had become the innocent and guiltless inmate of some casemate in a government fortress, from whose depths he would never again be ushered into the light of the day until death came to his release and robbed the tyrant government of its prey. Such cases exist in Russia by the hundred. No position of rank or power is secure. Any citizen is likely to be carried off at any time, without any process whatever, except such as emanates from a tyrant's decree of perpetual exile, banishment or death."

The Sobering Machine.

There is some talk here says a Doylestown, Pa., letter, about reviving "sobering machine." Forty years ago it was a familiar piece of mechanism. Simple in construction, durable in use, it served its purpose well and effectively. In those days a drunken man was a rare sight. A few citizens of this place remember it well. "Jack" Reynolds was one of the men who manned the machine, and recollects when he did yeoman service. But the persons who fell victims to it are too modest to recall its purifying effect.

It was devised because it was necessary, and it consisted of the running gear of an ordinary wagon, with the hind wheels taken off and a box fastened to the axle. Sobriety was the watchword of the half dozen men who ran it. Whenever a drunken man or woman was seen on the street the machine was brought out. The victim was placed on the broad of his back in the box. Then the command was given and the occupant was run out of town.

It was seldom that the man got the second dose of the "sobering machine." The tramps soon got to dread the ride of a mile or so, and they never returned after the first experience. The wife-beater feared the same, and its influence had a salutary effect on this class of people. The old inhabitants say that the "sobering machine" of nearly half a century ago was much more effective than the threats and the violence of the White Caps of the present day.

Lectures Languihing.

Mr. Bob Burdette, who has had ample opportunity to "know how it is himself," certifies that "lecture courses have been almost abandoned in New England, and lecturers are finding that the eastern boundary of their territory is moving farthest westward every year." The situation is not to be deplored. It offers evidence that the people are more addicted to reading, travel more and are less amenable to the seductive enticements of the clown in the circus or on the lecture platform, and the evanescent glories of the magic lantern and its orator. There are still some in the west who admire the illuminated picture of the latter—as witness the Stoddard courses—but happily that vulgar taste is giving way to superior intelligence.

