THE MEDFORD MAIL.

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Woman's World.

Women as Doctors.

The increase of women doctors in the city has been very marked lately, and several of them are now admitted as staff physicians at the hospitals and dispensaries. One great advantage that they seem to have over their rivals of the other sex is that they can tack out their sign and then go as professional nurses until business comes to them. The male doctor frequently has to starve through a course of a year or two, and then he frequently fails to make enough to keep the pot boiling. Women doctors are generally proficient nurses, and they are trained by nature and study to care for the sick. They can take a patient and perscribe for him, and then watch by the bedside until all is over. At the end double fees are demanded—the regular doctor's fees for prescribing and then the nurse's salary for watching and nursing the patient according to the prescription made out by herself. There is no doubt but a great advantage is obtained in this way, and the nurse and doctor are both held responsible for any mistake. Among babies and women the female doctor has a field which is gradually making a specialty.—New York Times.

The Woman of Forty.

At 40, if ever, the ladies know how to make the most of themselves, which is untrue of the vast majority in the twenties. Perhaps at no other age is the best type of woman more strikingly beautiful. She understands how to exercise her gifts and charms in most effective fashion.

The grace of perfect self-possession, often wanting in young women, is hers. If she was diffident, awkard and inexperienced, contact with society has removed these imperfections. If she was gushing, emotional, affected and too talkative, she has corrected these faults, and is warily winsome where before she was postively wearisome. In the normal evolution of taste she has acquired the rare art of dressing faultlessly and so avoiding the distracting infelicities of earlier years. Her selections of style, color and material harmonize with her figure, complexion and the occasion, and she doesn't look "a day over 30."

The woman of 40 is infinitely more attractive to me than she will be in later life, when her fine complexion fades, wrinkles leave their year-marks across her brow, silver threads her glossy hair, her eyes lose their luster and her step its sprightliness. She may always be agreeable, but never again so fascinating.

The woman of 40! She is distracting, delightful, divine! Her society is a solace which robs remembrance of all remorse and poverty of all pain. The spell of her dark, depthless eyes wakens latent emotions into ecstatic life, while the music of her voice thrills and fills the soul with joy unspeakable. Grace, goodness and gentleness supplement the rare and ravishing beauty of face and figure and her welcoming smile is a precious prize beside which wealth and learning and kingdoms are but dross. Luxuriant nature, in the infinite plentitude of her blessings, has bequeathed to man naught else so in toxicating and incomparable as the woman of 40.—Troy Press.

Untruths About City Life.

Every now and then some of the papers print a gay and alluring tale of the life of a quartet of Western girls who come to this city to study art, write for the newspapers, or pursue some other little calling that does not require any experience, says the New York Press. They immediately take a flat, paying, according to their admiring historian, ever so much more than a substantial business man with a family and a settled income would dream of doing. It usually has hard wood floors, over which the impecunious young women airily "scatter rugs." Rich draperies are also bought for prices that would not procure cheese cloth, and without diminishing their capital in the least these remarkable young Westerners, without a particle of knowledge of New York or the best places to go, furnish "artistically."

Then they proceed to entertain, having friends to luncheon and dinner several times a week, referring in as nonchalant a manner to squabs, quail and game generally as ordinary mortals do to beefsteak and chops. They never seem to hurry from lunch to report at the office, and if they get caught in the rain it never spoils their hat nor boots. They divide expenses at the end of the week, and always have a nice little sum over to put in the bank, and so it goes. It is enough to make the everyday newspaper woman or other kind of worker laugh or cry, for she knows how utterly absurd and untrue it all is. She knows that to furnish and run even the most modest flat four girls must practice the most rigid economy, must deny themselves squabs and quails and regard porterhouse steaks with respect, must give up lots of little entertainments that would entail expense, and, in a word, live lives of absolute devotion to their business after they are fortunate enough to get any.

It is very harmful, this sort of thing. It makes girls think making their way in a big city is as easy as writing about it, and brings hundreds of them away from home to struggle on here till half of them learn the bitter untruth of the Utopian stories, and return broken in health, their bit of money gone and their courage with it. As to the other half of them a small proportion succeeds, and the rest—well, never mind.

Farm Notes.

No Middlemen Needed.

A new chapter has been added to the history of selling raisins in this country, and it may lead to good results to the growers, says the Fresno Expositor. A man with only ten acres of vines broke the barrier between the producer and the consumer, and altough it was a bold undertak- for a man with so small a vineyard, yet it worked so well that he cleared 5 cents a pound for his entire crop, without stemming or grading.

N. Chilgren, who lives in Washingington colony, is the man. His ten acres of vines are a small possession, in comparison with some others in this country; but he was determined to realize something on his crop or know the reason why.

When the buyers came around they offered him 4¼ cents for the best raisins, and from that down to nothing for the others. He refused to sell. Then the commission men offered him 2 cents down, and the rest when the raisins should be sold.

"How much will the rest be?" he asked. The commission men said they couldn't tell. Then he asked when the rest would be paid him. They could not answer that either. He at once refused to sell on such terms.

But he came to Fresno, bought $16 worth of clean sacks, packed his raisins in them just as they came in the sweat boxes, chartered a car for $385 for Minneapolis, loaded his crop and started them. Then he bought a ticket for $44 for Minneapolis, and with two or three packages of raisins as samples he set out.

He arrived in Minneapolis three days ahead of his car. With his little boxes of samples he went to a wholesale grocery and asked to sell his carload. They examined the samples and said:

"If your carload of raisins are as good as these samples we will give you 7 cents a pound."

In three days the car arrived, and the raisins were found up to the samples. The sale was made. Mr. Chilgren returned to Fresno, paid all costs and expenses of the trip to Minneapolis, and had 5 cents a pound clear for his crop.

Before leaving Minneapolis the merchant to whom he sold said to him:

"Next year, if your raisins are as good as these, ship them to me. You need not come. I will take them."

Mr. Chilgren is pleased with his success. It was quite an undertak- and a bold move, but he made a success of it. It is a lesson for raisin men to think over. They will think over it no doubt. They are thinking in that direction already.

Paris Green on Asparagus and Tomatoes.

On June 27 it was noticed that the asparagus beetles were very numerous on the young growth of asparagus. Two different poisons were used, hellebore, one teaspoonful to one gallon of water, and paris green, one-fourth teaspoonful to two gallons of water. The latter was by far the most effective, one spraying being enough to destroy almost all of them. The hellebore not being of much benefit, the paris green was used on the beds that had been sprayed with it, and the same good results followed. These applications were made after the cutting season had passed, and in no way can hurt the crop for market.

Paris green was also used when planting tomatoes, each plant being dipped in a solution of one-half teaspoonful of paris green to four gallons of water. This proved its value, as there are very few plants destroyed by the potato beetle, while in other years it has been almost impossible to save the young tomato plants except by hand picking the beetles.—C. E. Hunn in the New York Experiment Station Bulletin.

Poultry Hints From Exchanges.

Hay and clover litter and the rakings of the barn loft make excellent scratching for fowls.—Fanciers' Journal.

If fowls are penned up in close quarters it is impossible for them to be availed of as breeders or to lay many eggs. No large city can sustain itself as regards numbers. The crowded territory of a metropolis is insufficient for this and but for the constant incoming of fresh recruits from the country, or through immigration, in a few generations, these cities would become extinct. So, if you would have your fowls do well and breed well, don't crowd them to death or try to keep a hundred in the space where only a dozen can live and thrive and grow in comfort.—American Poultry Yard.

A correspondent in the Practical Farmer recommends giving cows a teaspoonful of sulphur once a week to make the cream churn quicker. John Gould, in the same paper, says it might affect the blood of the cow sufficiently to neutralize the albumen contained in milk, which is the principal cause why cream is tardy in rising.

A noted Western man riding across the country and noticing thousands of acres of corn stalks standing in the fields from which the ears had been jerked said: "The farmer is conducting the only business in the world that allows a man to lose 45 per cent of his capital stock and at the same time live."

THE AIR.

Like some mysterious, sentient thing,
It throbs to throbbing lands and seas;
I hear it weep, I hear it sing,
In vagrant wind or breeze.

It fills the ghostly gloom of night
With halcyon calm, with storm and clash;
And I can trace its farther flight
When autumn meteors flash.

It flings the new dawn's glory wide
Over the dusk of silent shores,
Over the misty hills which hide
Sleep in their rocky cores.

And when it feels the shock and crowd
Of the electric fires, it shows
Mad splendors leaping from the cloud,
Booming their thunder blows.

Or else, above that frozen land
Which sends the piercing winter forth,
It marks, in colors rich and bland,
The aurora of the North!

—George E. Montgomery in Harper's Weekly.

END OF A ROMANCE.

Renie Normand opened my studio door the other afternoon and received the hearty welcome he had a right to expect. We clasped hands, and after exchanging exclamations of greeting and surprise, peered earnestly into each other's eyes. For it was ten years or more, since we had last met; and we had changed in those ten years; so we looked curiously into each other's faces. Ten years and more was stamped upon us since last we me met, but still we stood well on our feet and our hands clasped firmly. But how handsome Renie had grown! He always was handsome, but this, his mature manly beauty, was wonderful. His dark once-laughing eyes now had a subdued sadness in their expression, his voluptuous mouth was firmer, and his curls that had once been so blue-black were strongly mixed with gray.

"You can rest," I said to Pauline, the model, who was staring at us, wondering at our silence, after the first greetings.

I had many questions to ask Renie, and many to answer about those past years, and I put down my palette and we lit cigarettes and began our cross-questioning. How odd it is to greet a friend you have not seen for years! a friend you have cared for, been intimate with, and who suddenly dropped out of your life long ago. You stand face to face with him again, hold his hand and hear his old familiar voice; and there is the same freedom and familiarity in manner now as before, and yet, between you is an invisible space of years, a tremendous void that can never be filled. In time many things can be explained and recounted to bridge over that space; it may even be silently disregarded, but it can never be completely obliterated. Happy you are if you can make the old friendship and the new join and forget the lost years.

"So you have been a professor all these years at Bordeaux; but you came to Paris sometimes?"

"Yes, once or twice a year."

"And you never came to see me!"

"What was the use of ringing your bell in summer?"

"That's true!"

"Only winter; twice I tried to find you when I came up at New Year's and you had followed the sun south."

"I am afraid I am rather unsettled."

"I remember when you were settled you were always talking of going somewhere. But I am coming to Paris next year. I expect to have a professorship here soon, and then I shall dispute you oftener. But tell me who will be there of the old set?"

"The old set—not many," I replied, shaking my head.

"Where are the Grands," Renie continued, "who used to live on the Avenue de la Grande Armee?"

"Oh they? They—went back to England years ago."

"I am sorry; I shall miss them. What strange delightful evenings—nights I should say—we used to have there; and what a strange crowd it was! Do you know I always enjoyed these long walks home in the gray morning light; long, long past midnight, when no sound was heard on the streets but the distant market wagons, the Alsatian peasant sweeping, and the early twittering bird—"

"And do you remember," I interrupted, "the supper that night at Madame Savage's, the night of the snow-storm, when the coachmen, not ours, sent in word they could not wait longer, and Madame invited them, to supper."

"And what has become of Madame—Madame—" Renie hesitated trying to remember her name, "who was Miss Kendle?"

"She's dead."

"Dead!"

All the light suddenly went out of Renie's eyes that stared wildly at me. "Dead," he repeated, and then trying to pull himself together, asked, "What did she die of?"

"Ennui," I answered, turning away to light a fresh cigarette.

"Ennui!" he repeated.

The match I was holding was suddenly blown out by a draught of air.

"It's awfully hot here!" exclaimed Pauline, who, with a woman's tact and wisdom, had thrown the window wide open.

"Are you sure she is dead?" Renie asked.

Sure! How could I declare I was sure to a man who looked at me as Renie did at that moment? "No," I answered, "I am not sure. I thought I heard of her death several years ago, but I may be wrong. "I'll write and find out."

"Thank you, if you will. I hoped to see her again some day. She was a delightful woman!"

"A delightful woman!" I repeated. How was it I had, for a moment, forgotten he had been fond of her? We had talked of Barbizon, and the way he said "Barbison," with a tender note in his voice, should have made me remember, but I did not.

For it was at Barbison they first met. Her family had heard the praises of Barbison on the edge of the Fontainebleau forest from the painters and came down there for a few days. They arrived after dark, were shown to their lodgings through a farmyard and were horrified with the entrance to their quarters. But what could be done? It was late, Paris was many miles away, they must sleep somewhere, and so they stayed that night; and next morning, when they awoke, the family were surprised to find they had slept well, that the beds were comfortable, and, although the chambers were not luxurious, they were clean. The sun was shining; they would stay one day, as they had come so far, and all that day they wandered in the forest and—it's the old story—they stayed all summer. There Renie met Miss Helen and all that long summer they played croquet, explored the forest and sang songs together, songs long since out of fashion. Renie was not a painter, although a friend of many painters, but a student of philosophy. He had a pile of books with him, and read at times, but it was his vacation, and his studies never interfered with Miss Helen's plans or prevented him from being always in attendance at any picnic, tea or forest ramble. One evening we went into the forest, a merry pack of us starting early together and returning late in pairs, and when we returned one couple was missing, Miss Kendle and Renie. Mrs. Kendle was very anxious, fearing her daughter had been lost and would be devoured by the wild beasts. We tried to console her, telling her that probably Renie would see her safely home, and that the wild beasts of Fontainebleau were mostly rabbits and deer. But Mrs. Kendle refused to be comforted, and so a relief expedition was organized. There were plenty of volunteers, and as the night was lovely many volunteered in couples. Hunting horns and a drum were carried to wake the forest echoes, and torches to see the "babes in the woods" when found. The party did not go far; they had not started off with serious intent—only to pacify the mother, and contented themselves by exploring the "brigands' cave," where some were almost smothered by the smoke of the torches, and came back singing in chorus, almost forgetting why the torchlight procession had been organized. As the returning explorers neared the village, the lights of their torches fell upon a couple sitting on the bench just inside the forest gate.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Leon, suddenly changing the note of the solo he was singing.

"Hallo, yourself!" answered Renie. "You are making a great deal of noise."

"But how did you get here?" asked Leon.

"Easy enough—round the other way."

Leon began it, and we all burst into a laughing chorus.

"What is the joke?" asked Renie.

"Joke! Suppose you and Miss Kendle fall into line with us and we will explain."

And the march continued, horns blowing, drums beating, and all shouting at the top of our voices; and so the successful rescuing party returned with the lost one.

It was about Christmas when the Kendles gave a grand dinner. Renie sat on the left of Miss Helen, and a stranger, a young man whose looks I scarcely remember, sat on her right. Of course, Renie monopolized Miss Kendle. The young stranger tried to join in the conversation, but was not successful. I cannot say Renie was rude to the man, for he did not seem even to recognize his existence.

"Don't you think it is outrageous?" whispered Miss Tipman, my neighbor.

"What?" I asked.

"Don't you know?—of course, you do—everybody does, except him—"

"Him?"

At that moment Mrs. Kendle gave the signal for leaving the table, and my question was left unanswered. We were allowed to smoke in the drawing-room at the Kendles', so we followed the ladies. Miss Tipman captured Renie and insisted on his looking over the family photograph album with her. He did it politely, but his attention and eyes would wander across the room where Miss Kendle was talking with the stranger. But Miss Tipman kept him at the album. What was she about? I wondered; surely, not trying to fascinate Renie; she must well know any attempts of that kind would be wasted. Besides, Miss Tipman was not a flirt; she was one of those—yes, I must say it—uncomfortable women to have about. One of those women who are always trying to "do their duty." What was she up to now? Talking loud enough for any one near to hear, so there was no indiscretion in my listening.

"There, do you know her?"

"Yes," answered Renie, turning over the page, anxious to finish the book.

"And do you know him?"

"No." Again he would turn the page, but Miss Tipman put her hand upon his.

"But don't you recognize that picture?" she insisted.

"Well, yes; it is of the man who sat next to Miss Kendle. I was introduced, but forgot his name."

"But don't you know who he is?"

"No, and what is more—"

"Don't you know he is engaged to Miss Kendle?"

This time Renie turned the page without any hinderance from his neighbor. He closed the book, rose and laid it on the table, turned, and without a word to anyone left the room. Miss Tipman and I looked at each other for a few moments in silence. I felt as if I must say something. If she had been a man I should have told him he was a first-class fool. As it was, I simply remarked, "You've done it!"

"I thought it was right," she answered, compressing her lips disagreeably.

Renie went home and had a brain fever, and Miss Helen Kendle married to other man. Why had I not remembered all this when my old friend asked about madame, who was Miss Kendle? What right had I now, after my brutal manner of announcing Miss Kendle's death, to criticise Miss Tipman?

Renie did not make me a long visit, but at the door I again promised to find out "if it was really true."

"She was a charming woman," he said, as we shook hands; and for the second time I repeated, "A charming woman!"

"And he has never married?" asked Pauline when I closed the door.

"No."

"And was she handsome?"

I hesitated, but why should I not tell the truth to Pauline? "No."

"And was the other as handsome as Monsieur?"

"Oh, no, nothing like!"

"But he was the richest?"

"Yes, I suppose he was."

I well knew Renie had only a modest patrimony, while "the other" had houses and lands and "a big business."

For a while I worked in silence, Pauline's eyes were very bright, with a suspicion of tears. I knew her thoughts had wandered from Renie to her soldier lad and the baker's shop that was to be opened on his return, where behind the counter Pauline was to reign supreme. At last Pauline's thoughts returned again to Renie, for she said with an accent of conviction in her voice, "How could she have done it? I don't understand," thus unconsciously echoing what all "the old set" had exclaimed many years ago.

I wrote to a friend as I had promised, and received the reply expected—"Madame —— who was Miss Helen Kendle, died several years ago." This note I enclosed to Renie and he sends me a card in acknowledgment. On it he has written—"Thanks, my friend, for your note. I am sure those who die do not suffer the most."

And Renie Normand is an eminent professor of philosophy.—Henry Bacon, in Boston Transcript.

Tony's Complaint.

Upon a certain southern plantation, before the late war, there was among the negroes an old man named Tony, whose duty it was to attend to a little over-shot mill, where was ground the meal used upon the plantation. He was a constitutional grumbler, never satisfied that he got his share of everything.

Between Tony and his master there existed a strong friendship; they had been playmates in boyhood, and Tony never failed to pour into his master's ear the tale of his real or imagined wrongs.

One summer an epidemic of fever broke out in the crowded negro quarters. It prevailed for several weeks, and many of the servants died; but Tony's house was apart from the others, upon a high hill near the mill, and he and his family escaped the pestilence entirely.

One morning in the fall, after the epidemic had subsided, his master, sitting upon the gallery, saw Tony approaching with his usual moody, dissatisfied expression.

"Well, Tony," he said, "what's the matter now? You've been so lucky in escaping the fever, I expected to see you happy for once in your life."

"Lucky?" growled Tony, "I don' see whar de luck is. Hyahs's all dem other niggahs been layin' up an' restin' in dey beds fur weeks an' munts' havin' no' physic den dey could hole down, while I'se been grindin' stiddy on dat mill, an' me an' my folks aint even had our sheer uv de physic used on de plantashun."

Hawthorne's tombstone at Concord has been so mutilated by relic-hunters that it has been necessary to surround the plot with a high fence.

Major McKinley is a most devoted husband. Every minute that he can spare from his political duties he passes by the side of his invalid wife.

HISTORICAL SLANG.

EXPRESSIONS COINED BY THE MASTER MINDS OF LITERATURE.

Some Familiar Phrases Which Had an Ancient Origin—The Bible Cited—Milton, Sir Walter Scott and Thackeray as Producers of Slang.

The present age has a tendency toward sacrificing elegance for aptness in its daily conversation and this gives rise to many popular expressions, not in accordance with the rules or books of the wise men, which are known as slang. The word slang is of obscure origin, probably coming to us from the gypsies.

A "slang-whanger" is a noisy, turbulent fellow, whose language is not of the best, and slang itself is generally considered disreputable. But there are qualities, classes, distinctions and differences even in slang. There is the low, vulgar slang, whose origin is in obscurity and whose use is among the vicious and degraded. Above this is the dictionary slang of known pedigree and traced descent, often classical.

"High toned" is an expressive term which precise people generally walk around. It means "nobly elevated," especially in character, and was coined by Sir Walter Scott. Similar to it are "upper ten" and "upper crust," meaning the higher class of society, which are said in the dictionary to be Americanisms, colloqual and low, the former being contracted from "upper ten thousand," and the latter carrying with it the suggestive superiority of the fancy top crust of a pie.

The "brick" is a merry citizen, rarely one of the "upper ten" and usually a grade or two below the "upper crust" in social standing, but he bears his mediocrity lightly and laughs his cherry way through the world, often enjoying more than his stiff-starched superiors. He is a jolly good fellow and never lacks friends. W. M. Thackeray first used the word in the sentence, "He's a dear little brick." "A brick in his hat" is an expression applied to an intoxicated person, probably from the fact that in that condition his head feels as heavy and useless as a brick would be if worn in the hat.

"The dickens" does not come from the name of the genial novelist, but is a contraction of devilkins, diminutive of devil, and, therefore, only a polite, Sunday-school way of saying "the devil." Webster calls it a vulgar interjection. "To play the devil" means to interfere with in a ruinous way or to imitate the evil one, and this expression is given in solemn seriousness by the staid old dictionary without any signs of disapprobation, from which it may be concluded it is good English, although it would not, add to the elegance of drawing-room conversation.

John Russell Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, is authority for the statement that "on his own hook" means by himself or on his own responsibility, and John Milton, stately and ponderous, is accused of having originated the phrase "by hook or crook," which means in any way or by any method, and it is in this way that Americans are accused of obtaining the "almighty dollar," this last being an expression fathered by Washington Irving, which is so apt that it has had large use.

The modern use of the word "rats" as an interjection can hardly be explained. Sometimes it expresses incredulousness and is uttered disdainfully just after the climax of an exaggerated statement. Sometimes it is used to express disgust and if rightly pronounced is effective. Its use as a noun has a place in the dictionary of slang as one who deserts his party or associates, among printers one who works at less than established rates.

Lord Stanhope, also known as Lord Mahon, an English statesman and historian who died in 1875, gives this interesting history concerning it: "It chanced that not long after the accession of the house of Hanover, some of the brown, that is, the German or Norway rats, were first brought over to this country (in some timber, it is said), and being much stronger than the black, or till then, the common rat, they in many places quite extirpated the latter. The word (both the noun and the verb to rat) was first, as we have seen, leveled at the converts to the government of George I, but has, by degrees, obtained a wider meaning, and come to be applied to any sudden and mercenary change in politics."

In the book of Job, the oldest literature extant, and according to John J. Ingalls, "the highest production of the human intellect," appears the sentence: "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," which is modernized "by the skin of my teeth," and gives the idea of a narrow escape, one so close as to be just by the thickness of the skin on the teeth which is so thin that no microscopist has yet been able to find it. "To cast in the teeth," means to throw defiant reproaches of insults spitefully, as one would cast a stone at the exposed teeth of a snarling dog. "Tooth and nail" denotes the manner of an action full of frenzied fury, typified by biting and scratching as when two belligerant cats make the fur fly.—Kansas City Star.

American Celebrities.

Eichol's "American Celebrities"—a new publication—gives the ages of various well-known persons, as follows: Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 55; Mary Anderson, 32; Susan B. Anthony, 71; Maurice Barrymore, 37; James G. Blaine, 61; Edwin Booth, 58; Robert J. Burdette, 46; Benjamin F. Butler, 73; Will Carleton, 45; Georgie Cayvan, 32; George W. Childs, 62; Mark Twain, 55; Rose Coghlan, 37; John A. Cockerill, 46; Anthony Comstock, 46; Lotta Crabtree, 44; W. H. Crane, 45; Amos J. Cummings, 49; George William Curtis, 67; Walter Damrosch, 28; Charles A. Dana, 72; Fanny Davenport, 40; Chauncey M. Depew, 57; Mary Mapes Dodge, 52; Kate Field, 50; Marshall Field, 50; Dan Frohman, 39; Richard Watson Gilder, 46; Amelia Glover, 20; Pauline Hall, 33; Murat Halstead, 62; Marion Harland, 56; Joel Chandler Harris, 63; Alice Harrison, 40; Frank Hatton, 44; Bret Harte, 52; Julian Hawthorne, 45; John Hay, 52; Bronson Howard, 48; Julia Ward Howe, 72; W. D. Howells, 53; Agnes Huntington, 31; R. G. Ingersoll, 57; Louis James, 49; Marie Jansen, 30; Herbert Kelcey, 36; Belva A. Lockwood, 71; Mary Logan, 50; Sadie Martinot, 30; Brander Matthews, 39; Joseph Medill, 67; Clara Morris, 44; Joseph Murphy, 51; Thomas Nast, 51; John C. New, 60; Bill Nye, 41; Tony Pastor, 56; Annie Pixley, 35; Joseph Pulitzer, 44; George M. Pullman, 60; Matthew S. Quay, 58; Ada Rehan, 31; James Whitcomb Riley, 38; Stewart Robson, 54; Lillian Russell, 31; Sol Smith Russell, 43; Edgar Saltus, 32; Harriet Beecher Stowe, 80; Emma Thursby, 34; George Alfred Townsend, 50; George Francis Train, 62; Charles Dudley Warner, 61; Henry Watterson, 50; Ella Wheeler Wilcox, 36; Francis Wilson, 37.

The Prize Kentucky Family.

A remarkable story comes from the Census Office. It is said that there is a white family in Montgomery county, Ky., named Willoughby. The age of the father of the family, Henry, is thirty-five, and that of the wife thirty-two. They have had thirty-two children; the eldest, a boy, is twenty-one, and the next child a girl of seventeen. This would make the father but fourteen and the mother but eleven when the first child was born, and necessitate the birth of a child every eighteen months subsequently. The census reports show many colored parents of ages ranging from twelve to fourteen years, but there are few white mothers recorded less than fifteen years of age.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Col. George B. McClellan, treasurer of the Brooklyn Bridge Company, is said to be all the time growing more like his distinguished father in appearance.

AN ONION PARADISE.

HALF A MILLION BUSHELS EVERY YEAR FROM ONE OHIO COUNTY.

The Great Industry in the Home of Garfield—The Glory of a Small Township—How Onions are Grown for the Market—Boys as "Weeders."

The long line of yellow Lake Shore coaches whirling along the low Southern shore of the blue Erie carries the traveler through one of the finest farming regions in the country. One of the most beautiful parts of this region is the historic Western Reserve of Ohio, so famous in wartime as the home of Ben Wade and Joshua Giddings, and later of the lamented Garfield.

The Reserve has an even dozen of counties and if any one of these is to be given first place, it must be "Little Lake," the smallest and one of the richest counties in the State, famed the country over as the home of Garfield—and the onion. Last year this little county shipped away of onions nearly 200,000 bushels, and some years, as in '88, has rounded out a full 600,000. Of these tremendous amounts nearly half is raised in Perry, the smallest township of this smallest county, where, instead of the stereotyped "Howdy do," the happy granger meets you with "How's your onions?"

In Perry, no matter where you turn, onions is king and council, too. Field after field, acre after acre of them meet the onion-sick visitor on every hand. Onions everywhere, and few soils are so poor as to be slighted. Clay, gravel, sand, loam all do their share, but the soil of all soils for the onion is the rich black muck, made by vegetable decay and growing onions of so monstrous a size as to be beyond belief. A curious thing about muck is that it will burn readily when dry, and known to burn to the depth of a foot or more, making it completely worthless.

In the latter part of March the onions are sown in drills or rows, twelve to fifteen inches apart, and in a few weeks are large enough for the first weeding. The rows are gone over with a cultivator and the earth made loose and mellow. Then the boys fairly swarm to the fields, and the "patches" are dotted with shavers of all ages, toasting their bare shins in the broiling sun, and weeding for dear life. The boys generally use, to help their tired fingers, "weeders" made of thin strips of steel, bent in triangular shape, and fastened to wooden handles. With these the work is lessened by half and the boys literally "buckle in," in their haste to get to the end of the field.

The wee ling must be done over three or four times at least, and if the season be a rainy one the weedings must be doubled, and all the boys out of dresses, kept on the qui vive fighting the miserable "pusley," the plague of all onion fields. Boys of ten to fifteen are paid from $1 to $1.50 a day for weeding and in the busiest times the town must be secured to find boys enough. In well-regulated fields the weeds are all gathered and lugged away and great care is taken lest any go to seed.

Few crops have more foes than the onion. Often it is attacked by a kind of louse and almost eaten up. The cutworms and wireworms levy exorbitant toll, too. Besides, a form of blight often spreads over the fields, and the thrifty green tops are soon yellow and shriveled. Through all of these trials the farmer must keep a stout heart, and if the crop has no serious setback it will be ripe and ready for "pulling" by the 1st of September. The pulling is generally done by hand and the onions left on the ground till thoroughly dried. Then "topping," or cutting away the dry tops, is in order, and the urchins have their hands full again. "Snip, snip," go the shears, and one at a time the onions go into the crates, while the lad reckons his probable earnings at three to five cents a bushel.

After this the onions are barreled and are ready for the market, and if one will alight at the little ferry station any time in the fall he will find the quiet little village bustling with business and the coopers working with might and main to keep the shippers supplied with barrels. The onion crop alone brought into the county last year over $130,000, and of that amount at least $80,000 went to this little township.

Nothing is more variable, however, than the market price of these fragrant treasures. I have known of their bringing as high as $2 a bushel—last winter they nearly reached that figure—while three years ago they would bring but 7 cents, less than the cost of handling, and many thousand bushels of choice onions were carted to the fields and dumped. These, of course, were extreme years, an average price being probably from fifty cents to seventy-five cents, and the grower who receives more than $1 is counted lucky. There is great danger in holding over the crop for higher prices, as sometimes quite unexpectedly the bottom suddenly drops out of the market and prices go to smash. Speculation in onions is a source of profit to many, but on account of the sudden fluctuations in prices, the successful speculator should have the shrewdness of Wall street, and must have his weather eye on all the leading markets, unless he wants to be "scooped."—Bayard Wyman in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Diving for Diamonds.

Diamonds worth $2,000 were taken from the bottom of New London harbor recently, and the diver in his mailed suit who recovered them walks beneath the river daily for another lot that are also worth $2,000. The diamonds didn't grow down there, but are the property of Mrs. Boerum of New York. They were on board Mr. Boerum's naphtha launch, the biggest one in the world, that was burned at the Eastern Point (Groton) wharf one night recently. Mr. Boerum sat on the Fort Griswold Hotel veranda smoking a quarter-of-a-dollar cigar while the launch was blazing, and he smiled coolly; but Mrs. Boerum didn't smile, for all her fashionable wardrobe, together with the $4,000 diamonds, were in the vessel. Mrs. Boerum wants the rest of those diamonds, and she paid the diver who walked under the river big day wages to look for them.

The Laplander's Bible.

The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation. Over thirty years ago a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta. During the riots several homicides occurred, and Lars and some other of his companions were committed to prison on a charge of murder. They were found guilty and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment. Commiserating his condition, his keepers and the prison chaplain extended to him such favors as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write. Lars became interested in the Bible, grew day by day more fond of reading it and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on, for Lars was no great scholar and the Lapp language, as may be readily supposed, is not a fluent literary medium of thought. But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and though an old man, was still active, and often served parties of travelers as a guide.—Boston Transcript.

MAN-EATING GIANTS OF SERI.

Horrible People Living on an Island in the Gulf of California.

"There are 174 giant cannibals, men and women, living on Seri Island, in the Gulf of California, and not sixty miles from the mainland of Mexico," said George G. McNamara to an Examiner reporter at the Palace Hotel.

"What I say might seem ridiculous, but it is nevertheless a fact, for I have seen some of them during my travels in Mexico. Who their ancestors were or how long they have occupied the island is not known, but they are now becoming extinct.

"I saw three women and one man, and their appearance and manner gave me impression that they were brutes by nature and brutes in heart and soul. It was just by chance that I saw them, as few of them venture away from the island except to sell the mats and shawls which they make from the skins and feathers of the albatross. They are cunning thieves, but otherwise their minds are dull—in fact they seem stupified. They have a vacant stare in their eyes, and, when not serious, an idiotic smile spreads over their faces.

"The island of Seri is about twenty miles long and at places ten miles wide, and I was told no Mexican or white man ever ventures near or attempts to land on it, as they claim the island is their domain and shoot the intruders with poisoned arrows or capture and eat them. They exist on fish and goat meat, which are plentiful. Low houses built of shrubbery, are their abode. Some live in 'dugouts,' or caves cut into banks. They roam about the island and lead the laziest life of any people that I have ever heard of. No one can really tell what their daily routine of living is, but it is a fact that the tribe is dying out, and it will not be many years before they will become extinct.

"Their mode of burial is not known, but it was estimated that where there are now a handful there were several thousand not ten years ago, and if they bury the dead, and do not burn the bodies, as cannibals do, the bones of their enormous frames will cover a large area of the island.

"The man I photographed is over 7 feet in height. His face was a study when he saw the lens pointed at him, and he could not understand what was being done. He, as are all his race, was superstitious, but we overcame that obstacle by giving him a present of an old pair of trousers, which he immediately tied around his neck. The gentleman standing next to him is about six feet tall, and he had to hold the Indian's hand. An old rag encircled the upper portion of the Indian's limbs, and it was tied around the waist. The blanket is made of albatross skin and feathers. The bow and arrows which he holds are the only weapon they know of or use. His leg