

A HARVEST SONG.

From the Western Christian Advocate. The odor sweet of new-mown hay Is wafted o'er the land; Filed high, the sheaves of golden grain, Wait for the thrasher's hand. Wide, billowy fields of corn uplift Their banners broad and green, With plenty's promise gleam bright On each, in glittering sheen. The leafy vine bends low with weight Of juicy clusters fair, Springtime's glad phoebes fulfilled The burdened orchards bear. O'er all the land broad-handed Toil And patient Thrift have wrought Day after Day, till dreams have been To full fruition brought. Yet not to them all praise be given, Not all to Toil and Thrift, "Who gives the increase," unto Him Our grateful hearts we lift. Who can the richly varied store Of goodness gifts behold, Nor say with Ismael's prophetic bard, "Thy works, how manifold!" ELIZABETH F. STARKLEY.

RAVENSTHORPE TRAGEDY.

Mr. Glistler stood at his own shop-door and looked out upon the almost empty Cathedral close. Things were dull just then in Ravensthorpe, as they always are, except for the few months during which the bishop is regularly resident at the abbey hall, and the two rival local packs contribute to make them brisk, and Mr. Glistler seldom had much else to do in the long off-season but pursue such limited observations of the world's life in general as the close offered material for.

Glistler & Co., goldsmiths and jewelers, had a London house in Bond street. The London manager spoke sometimes to his clients of 'our Ravensthorpe branch,' which was inaccurate. The London house was only thirty years old, and had been established by the present proprietor (Co. had long since faded out of reality, but the old name of the firm was retained), who was the third of the dynasty in Ravensthorpe. He had personally managed the London house until satisfied of its growing solidity, and then returned to his native town and established himself in the venerable building of which his business premises occupied the lowest story.

He was one of the fine old race of country tradesmen now fast becoming extinct—proud of his business and of the long and untarnished history of the firm. His manner was that of a certain stolid, general politeness to all men, untainted by any effort to ape the grand air of his clients, who respected him as their forbears had respected his.

He passed nearly all his time in Ravensthorpe, going to London on the occasion of stock-taking and to draw the handsome profit, which went to swell his balance at the county bank, of which he was a partner.

Mr. Glistler was a warm man. He looked it with his clear, rich, rosy complexion, heightened by his crisp, iron gray hair and strips of silvery whisker, his portly waistcoat crossed by the modestly solid watch-chain, and the handsome diamond ring, which was his solitary vanity in the article of dress.

"Here he is again," said Mr. Glistler. A portly, elderly gentleman in the dress of a rural dean, turned the corner of the close and came briskly along the pavement. From his countenance beamed forth benevolence and good will to all men, and from his gleaming shoes and his neatly stockinged calves to his jolly port-wine face and clerical hat, his whole person seemed one solid smile. As he passed Mr. Glistler he gave him a casual glance of such cordiality that the jeweler felt emboldened to salute him with a bow, a courtesy returned by the reverend gentleman by a brisk "Good morning," and a yet broader smile as he went by.

Fate so ordained that Mr. Glistler, during the next day or two, saw a good deal of the reverend gentleman. The same afternoon the generally peaceful air of the close was rent by the departing wails of a very small damsel over the scattered shreds of an earthenware jug, with which she had been entrusted for the conveyance of the family milk. The child stood above the ruins in such despair as only infants of her tender years in dread of an imminent beating can know. The child was pretty, and looked all the prettier in her innocent affliction and Mr. Glistler was a tenderhearted man. Already he had taken a step toward the little one, and his finger and thumb were groping in the pocket of his portly waistcoat for the consolatory shilling which should repair the damage and dry the mourner's tears, when he saw that his charitable intention had been forestalled. The self-same rural dean whom Mr. Glistler had that morning saluted was soothing the child's grief with words of cheer and consoling pats of the tumbled golden hair through which the little damsel's tearful eyes already brighter at the sight of the proffered coin the reverend gentleman held out to her, looked up at him with shy gratitude. A pretty picture, thought Mr. Glistler, bowing again to the rural dean as they met, whereat the old cleric nodded with a confused and somewhat shamefaced aspect, as though embarrassed that his good deed should have been witnessed.

The next morning saw Mr. Glistler again at his post of observation, and at his accustomed hour the elderly cleric was again desirous upon the pavement. The jeweler had already begun to feel a friendly, almost an affectionate interest in the old gentleman, whose appearance was so inviting, whose voice so jovial, whose

charity so ready and unassuming. His attention was so completely absorbed by the approach of his new acquaintance that he had no ears for the quickly approaching step of a young man advancing in the contrary direction. The rural dean was just opening his lips to reply to Mr. Glistler's morning salute, when the young man paused precisely opposite the jeweler, and extending his hand, hailed the old dignity as "uncle." The reverend gentleman turned with a quick start and a stumble which, but for the young man's restraining hand, would have brought him to the ground.

"You young villain," panted the old man, "you'll never be satisfied until you've been the death of me!" The young fellow expressed affectionate contrition for his abruptness, but his venerable relative was evidently more shaken by his sudden appearance than it seemed likely so robust an old gentleman would have been by so slight an occurrence. He trembled and leaned upon his nephew's arm for support, and was so evidently affected that Mr. Glistler begged him to enter and seat himself in the shop until his composure should return. The offer was accepted and the rural dean was bestowed in a chair. The jeweler made hospitable offers of wine, and of a glass of water, which were refused, the old man tapping himself upon the region of the heart, and shaking his head, to indicate to him that his malady lay there and was beyond the power of such medicaments as he proposed. Mr. Glistler and his nephew stood above him with respectful concern.

"You should be careful, Edward, my boy, you should be more careful," he said presently. "My dear uncle," said the young man, "I was never more ashamed in my life. But you are better now?" "Yes," said the old gentleman; "I am better. It is passing, I am extremely obliged to you, sir," he turned to Mr. Glistler; "extremely obliged to your prompt kindness."

Mr. Glistler begged him not to mention it. "But I must," said the rural dean. "It was extremely good of you."

Mr. Glistler was happy to have been of the slightest service, and deprecated further speech concerning it. "And what brought you here?" demanded the old gentleman of his nephew. "To frighten your old uncle, who thought you were a hundred miles away, and more?" "Can't you guess?" asked the young man with an embarrassed little laugh.

"Ha!" said the old gentleman beamingly. He was quite recovered now, and had got back all his accustomed geniality. "Love's young dream—eh? That's it—eh?" The good old man so enjoyed his little joke, and so shook and beamed over it, that Mr. Glistler could not himself refrain from a sympathetic smile. He looked at the young man, and felt somehow sorely disappointed. He was by no means a bad looking youngster, but he did not look, to the jeweler's eyes, like a nephew worthy of such an uncle. His face had none of the geniality which made the elder's countenance so pleasant to look upon. His eyes were shifty, and his young as he was—obviously more than eight-and-twenty—there was a hinted prophecy of coming crows' feet at their corners. But he appeared very fond of his uncle and deeply concerned at the result of his thoughtlessness.

"You haven't seen Maud yet, I suppose?" asked the rural dean. "No; I was coming straight from the station to call upon you when I met you." "And nearly frightened the life out of me," said the old man, rising from his chair. I was just on my way to see her, and since we have met we will thank Mr. Glistler for his very kind attentions and go together." And accordingly, after reiterated thanks of the warmest nature, they left the shop and went down the street arm-in-arm very lovingly together, leaving Mr. Glistler bowing his adieux upon the step.

Any strange face appearing in Ravensthorpe during the dead season is pretty certain of remark, and that same afternoon Mr. Glistler, from his usual coil of vantage, noticed a broad-built man in very tight trousers and a tall hat, which gave him, to the jeweler's eye, something of a sporting appearance, lounging in an unoccupied manner on the other side of the narrow street which opened into the Close. He took Mr. Glistler's eyes at once, so completely unlike was he and the natives about him. He rolled a little in his gait, and yawned frequently, and he had a trick of stroking with the tips of his fingers a ragged mark or scar, as of an old wound imperfectly healed, upon his smoothly-shaven cheek. Presently he strolled away out of sight on the other side of the cathedral, and Mr. Glistler forgot him. He remembered after that the stranger's disappearance was almost exactly coincident in time with the entrance into the shop of the young fellow who owned the rural dean for uncle, and had so startled the reverend gentleman that morning.

The young man's business was soon explained. He wished to see some articles of jewelry suitable for presentation to a young lady. Nothing too extravagant, the simpler the better; but good Mr. Glistler understood perfectly, and produced from the window a case of ornaments, which the young gentleman examined, choosing therefrom a collar and pendant, a buselet and some rings. He seemed to have admirable taste, and his ideas of simplicity in matters of jewelry seemed to Mr. Glistler to be of a most aristocratic distinctness.

He was hesitating between the different attractions of a diamond and sapphire ring to complete his purchase, when the door opened and his uncle entered. "Ah," he said, cheerily, "you here—eh? And on the same errand as myself. Very pretty! Yes—very pretty!" he remarked, examining his nephew's purchase. "Have you all you want? Then, if Mr. Glistler will be so good, I should like to see what he can do for me." "Now, my dear uncle," said the young man immediately, "be moderate."

"Really, Maud will be quite content with these!" "Tut, tut!" said the old man. "Are you the only person in the world who can make a present to a young lady? I claim my privilege, sir. We old fellows have privileges, though you selfish young fellows dispute them, and one of them is to show homage to beauty." Mr. Glistler produced a second case, and the old gentleman, generally pooh-poohing his affectionate remonstrances, chose various articles of a rich and expensive description. He went ahead so fast, adding article after article to his selection, that the young man gave up his objections in a kind of half comical, wholly affectionate despair.

"You will never be happy until you have ruined yourself," he said at last. "And if I do," said the old gentleman, "I think I know somebody who will find me a corner to end my days in." The young man silently pressed his venerable uncle upon his nose, and inquiring of Mr. Glistler the sum for which he stood indebted to him, produced a plethora of pocket-books and handed over the amount in notes, an example which his nephew followed.

They were just in the act of bestowing their purchases in their pockets when the door opened for the second time, and there stood the broad-built man whom Mr. Glistler had noticed that afternoon with the tall white hat, the tight trousers and the scar upon his cheek.

To Mr. Glistler's utter amazement the benevolent ecclesiastic dropped limp and gasping into chair. The young man made a rush for the door, but the newcomer was too quick for him. There was a struggle, a stumble, a sharp metallic "click," and behold the prospective bridegroom and the nephew of a rural dean tearing and cursing on the floor with a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"Take it easy, sir; said a white-hatted one; 'it's all right.'" Mr. Glistler was all abroad, and amazed and wonder-stricken. The newcomer was as calm as man could be.

"Get up," he said to his manacled captive.

The young man obeyed, and sitting in a chair at the counter, glared at his captor.

"I'm Inspector Roberts, Scotland Yard," he continued to Mr. Glistler. The rural dean groaned.

"You know me don't you?" said Mr. Roberts, smiling on him in recognition of his identity. "Come down here for a breath of air. Walking about, saw these chaps, first one, then the other, then both together. Saw 'em come in here. Had dealings before with 'em, and know their playful little ways, and so I thought I'd watch. Hand 'em out, your reverence." The rural dean groaned anew, and deposited his little parcel on the counter. "Now you—" To the younger man, "Oh, I forgot, you can't; you've got 'em on. Begging your pardon." He inserted his hand into the bridegroom's pocket, and withdrew the packet of jewelry. "Notes or checks, sir?" he demanded of Mr. Glistler.

"Notes," said that excellent gentleman. His amazement had lasted only a minute or so, and he had been hurriedly examining them during the inspector's latter proceedings, "and all sham." "Quite so," he said it languidly, but with a shade of amusement in his voice. "I'll trouble you for 'em, sir. They'll be wanted at the trial. So will they," he added, pointing to the little parcels. "If you'll just make a note of all these, I'll take 'em and give you a receipt."

Mr. Glistler, much shaken by the events of the last few minutes, set himself to this task. Inspector Roberts produced a toothpick and continued his conversation with his captives with the calm playfulness which distinguished him.

"Didn't expect to see me, Jimmy—eh?" he demanded of the stricken cleric. "Bit of a shock, ain't it? Never mind, old man; you'll get over it in time in the quiet and retired retreat which awaits your declining days. You can't grumble; you've had a tidy long run, you know. Why, it's seven years since I seen you last on business—seven years! Lord, how time flies! And Joe, too!" he went on, beaming mildly on the bridegroom, "I've often thought about Joe lately. Let's see, is he your son or your nephew, or your younger brother this time?"

In the church, too! That's a rise for you, Jimmy. Why you was only a stockbroker when I saw you last. Old lady in Maiden Vale, you know. Plate. You remember of course. Very neat it was done, too. I'll send you always a good workman. I'll send that for you. That the memorandum, sir? See you've got everything done? There you are." He signed, and handing back the paper methodically shoved away the little packets in an inner pocket. "Ready?" he demanded of his prisoners. "Off we go, then. You'll hear from the authorities in a day or two, sir—probably to-morrow—when you'll be wanted," he said to Mr. Glistler. "Well, spare you all the trouble we can. Now march!"

"I say, take these things off," said the younger prisoner, extending his manacled hands. "I'll come quiet." "Fraid I can't oblige you," said the inspector. "I ain't much afraid of his reverence. He's getting a bit too heavy even for a welter weight; but you're another pair o' shoes." He paused and meditatively scratched his head for a moment, and then turned again to Mr. Glistler. "Could you oblige me with the loan of a overcoat to put over his hands and hide the cuffs? It's just as well to keep the yokels off. I'll leave it at the station for you."

Mr. Glistler went in search of the desired garment, and the inspector, having arranged it in a natural fashion over the young man's hands, civilly bade him "Good day," and departed with his prisoners.

asked for counsel. The superintendent looked grave, but simply promised to make inquiries, and communicated the result. The next day a man walked into the shop, and inquired for Mr. Glistler. That gentleman confessing his identity, the stranger gave his name as Green of Scotland Yard. To him Mr. Glistler recounted the nefarious deeds of the rural dean and his nephew, and the acts of Inspector Roberts.

"There is no such name at Scotland Yard, sir. It's pretty plain. He was one of the gang—a confederate!" Mr. Glistler staggered as if Green had shot him. "But why?" he asked; "why was he wanted? They had the goods, and were going away with them, when he entered." "Ye-es," said Green, thoughtfully. "You didn't happen to leave 'em all together in the shop did you?" Mr. Glistler confessed that he had done so, and gave his reason. "Have you missed anything—anything more, I mean, than the man Roberts took away with him?" "Yes; six rings and a brooch. I couldn't think what could have become of them, I'm sure they were not among the purchases. Here is the note. But I see it all now." "Well, Mr. Glistler, of course the yard will do all that's possible. I know the man with the scar on his cheek, and I dare say, some of our men may know the other two. We'll do all we can—you may depend on that; but I'm afraid you'll never see your jewels again."

The California Gold Discovery.

The man who discovered gold in California in 1848 did recently and with a commendable appreciation of romance, he died "broken-hearted and poverty-stricken." His death will recall to the "old Forty-niners" and to all who remember the gold excitement, one of the most romantic incidents in history. When Marshall's child found the first nugget of gold on the Pacific slope, Missouri and Arkansas were the only States north of Texas and west of the Missouri river that had been admitted into the Union, and Texas and Iowa were under their first State administrations. The bank of the Missouri river was practically our ultima thule, and the region beyond the Rocky Mountains was an unknown land. The small settlements on the Pacific coast were but far off colonies. The tide of emigration from the Eastern States had already set westward, but it was extending only as the cheap agricultural lands attracted farmers. Rapid as the growth of the West had been (Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky were yet called the West) its growth had been prosaic. But Marshall's discovery of gold gave it a romantic impetus. From every state the adventurous went to the new El Dorado, and the trans-Rocky Mountain country became as rapidly populous as the accessible states along the Mississippi, but with another class. In 1850 California had more than 92,000 inhabitants, most of whom were adventurers; and in 1860 it had nearly 380,000, which was the most rapid increase of population in one decade that any state has made. People went not only from other states of the Union, but from other countries as well.

How much richer these discoveries of precious metals have made us is only partially shown by the relief they gave the world in its need of gold and silver; but the magnitude of this contribution is itself romantic. The estimate of the amount of gold and silver produced in the United States in 1847 was less than \$890,000; in 1848, it was \$10,000,000; in 1849, it was \$40,000,000; and it reached its highest point in 1878, when the production was estimated at more than \$96,000,000; and our total production of gold and silver since 1847, is \$2,074,545,000. This is little less than the total production of precious metals in Mexico from the time of their discovery there by Europeans till 1875.

Priority of Invention.

From the Electrical Review.

The following are points in decisions on priority of invention: The party who first reduces an invention to actual use is entitled to the patent for it, although the other party may have first conceived it, if he did not exercise reasonable diligence in reducing it to practice.

If a party who first conceived a machine followed up the idea diligently, and was the first to reduce it to actual practice, he is entitled to a patent for it, although his competitors had complete working drawings of it previously prepared, and had obtained a patent.

Whoever first reduces an invention to practice and makes an application of it to use, will usually be the prior inventor.

In order to defeat a patent the courts require it to be shown that another not only conceived the invention in dispute before the patentee, but was also the first to perfect and adopt the same to practical use, or was using reasonable diligence for that purpose.

It's parties who first embodied an invention in a machine which they kept in operation afterward for actual use, beside manufacturing and selling other machines, are prima facie entitled to that patent. He is the inventor, entitled to the protection of the patent law, who is first to complete the invention and publish it to the world, and not he who confines the knowledge of it to his client. When an invention consists of a combination of elements, the date when all the elements are combined is the date of invention. When one is first to conceive an invention, he throws aside all evidences of the conception, makes no efforts to complete or introduce it to the public, and delays making an application for a patent for nearly four years after another has brought it into extensive use, he has standing as an inventor. It is priced at £500.

A NEW AMERICAN EDEN.

Queer Legends of Turnips and Pumpkins—Where Immigrants are Wanted.

New York Tribune. There is a man here from Georgia burdened with schemes for making his region prosperous. He owns land by the thousand acres and thinks that if he can persuade immigrant farmers to buy of him it will be to their everlasting prosperity, and help him along in the world, besides doing a little for his state. He doubts not that his motives are patriotic. "The people of Georgia," he says, "don't bother their heads about immigration. Foreigners may come there if they want to, but they've got to come without begging. We don't mind their coming if they'll settle among us and learn our ways, but we don't want 'em in colonies, bringing their socialism and communism and their other isms with them to destroy the peace of our state. Give us immigration, but not colonization." That's the way they talk and that's why we've had no agent to turn foreigners down our own way.

"What inducements have you to offer to farmers?" "Nothing extraordinary, I reckon. My region's the Eden of America. That's all. Ain't no place that can beat it for crops." "Corn?" "One hundred and thirty bushels to the acre. Plant in April and gather in November. One plowing, no hoeing. Fodder till you can't rest. Have to pull it from horseback. Why! Stalks so high can't reach to the top. There's only one trouble with growing corn in Georgia; you don't have enough nubbins to feed your steers." "Nubbins for steers?" "That's what's the matter. The ears are so big that a steer can't get 'em in his mouth. See? You've got to chop 'em up, and that takes time." "Do you grow potatoes?" "Sweet? No. They grow themselves. We just give 'em half a chance. Run a furrow in the sand, drop in your seed, cover it with your foot as you go along and leave the crop to itself. It grows summer and winter and you needn't ever dig it for a year or two. Of course, by-and-by the 'taters get too big to be good. At 18 months old half a one makes a meal for ten persons."

"And turnips?" "A few. It don't take many to do us. We daren't sow the seed as your Northern farmers do. We check off the turnip patch like a chess-board, making the corners eight feet apart, so that the turnips won't crowd. It don't do to have the turnips too thick. How large do they grow? Well, I had 14 merino sheep, fine fellows they were, and I use to fold 'em every night for fear of dogs. One day three of the biggest were missing and the whole farm turned out to find 'em. We hunted for 'em for two days, killed 17 dogs on suspicion, and gave up the search. The next day I found the three inside of one of my turnips. You see they had jumped into the turnip patch and eaten their way right into one of the vegetables."

"How could you feed such things to your stock?" "Oh, we have to chop 'em up. I use a 15-foot cross-cut saw on mine." "How about pumpkins?" "Pumpkins? They fairly sweat, they grow so fast. There ain't no prettier music than the sound of growing pumpkins. Best scare-crow in the world, self-acting. Crows and blackbirds worried us lots until I made the discovery. Plant one in your raspberry patch and the birds won't come around. Why? The growing pains and the groans of the pumpkin frighten 'em away. Ever hear of Punkin Vine creek? Got its name from a punkin vine. Years ago, when the Cherokee Indians lived in North Georgia, they wanted some sort of a bridge across the creek. There wasn't a tree around, and they didn't know what to do. An old settler said he'd fix it. He planted a punkin seed near the bank, and when the vine began to grow, he trained it in the direction of the water. In a few days it grew across to the other bank, and bore a big punkin on that side, which held it so that the Indians could cross. Any old farmer down there'll tell you that story. From what I've seen of punkins I readily believe it."

"Is your's a good fruit country?" "More'n we know what to do with. I turned my hogs and my neighbors into my orchard the other day to see if they couldn't rid me of a few bushels of the fruit. They didn't do much good. I drove through the next day with a horse and buggy. The apples were so thick on the ground that there was a regular slice of cider following me wherever I went. Mashed out, you know, by the wheels and the horse's hoofs. That'll give you some idea of our fruit crops. Anything else you'd like to know?" "Is it all like what you've been telling me?" "Every man for himself, you know. I'm talking for my own region. I haven't traveled much."

"Do you mean to say—" "Young man, I haven't got time to go into details. Do you want to go to Georgia? Come down and start a newspaper."

A wooden ship of 2,628 tons is a curiosity indeed, and it is no wonder that the people of the wholesurrounding country poured into Rockport, Maine, to see the launch of the big four-master Fredrick Billings.

Benson's watch, the size of a sixpence, creates quite a sensation at the London "Inventions." There is another thesis of a shilling, which shows the time, the year, the month, the day of the month and week, and the phase of the moon. It arranges itself to suit the exigencies of leap year, and performs all these various functions by being wound as an ordinary but less complicated chronometer. It repeats, when required, the hours, the quarters, and minutes on a deep-toned gong. It is priced at £500.

FACT AND FANCY.

East Portland, Oregon, is to have a \$250,000 flour-mill.

In the New York public schools there are about 124,000 pupils. Large quantities of raisins are being shipped daily from Fresno. The Saturday holiday of the negroes troubles Alabama farmers.

In Berks county, Pennsylvania, many horses are dying from lockjaw. "Globe-trotting Americans" is an English description of American tourists.

Natural history: If the swallow had no throat there would be no swallow. In California agriculture has displaced mining as the chief business of the state.

Manganese mines of great value have been opened in Independence county, Arkansas. At Athens, Ga., the other day, a negro was seen hauling a buggy through the streets, to the back of which was tied a mule.

President Cleveland's stableman says the president does not care much for horses. In taking exercise he much prefers to walk. An irrigating canal carrying eight thousand inches of water is to be built at the confluence of the Agua Fria and Gila rivers, Arizona.

The first copper furnace in Cuba will be put in operation in a few days, and the metal will hereafter be exported instead of the ore. Small Mediterranean oysters, considered by gourmards as the most delicate of all bivalves, are now canned for exportation from Italy.

"The height of impudence" is defined in Vancouver, Washington territory, to be the calling of one doctor up to learn the address of another doctor. A man in Early county, Georgia, dug a well in order to drain a pond on his farm, but struck a bountiful spring and now owns a capacious lake. Southern sweet-potato eaters can not understand the northern style of boiling the potatoes. "Fangh! think of boiling sweet potatoes!" they exclaim in contempt.

An Essex, Vt., man recently paid a debt, it is said, of \$5,000 with the hard cash all in silver—he had hoarded up. The box weighed 360 pounds, and the new owner stays awake nights watching it. The largest pilot-boat in New York is now lying at the foot of Liberty street. It is more than one hundred feet over all, and was originally built for a yacht. All its fittings are of mahogany.

There are about seventy steamers of various sizes plying the St. John's river, Florida, and its tributaries. The largest is the Alice Clark—592.12 tons gross—while there are thirteen under four tons. An autopsy on a California horse, recently made, showed that death was caused by a 50-cent piece, which had lodged in the animal's heart and worked itself into such a position as to stop the flow of blood.

The American who has taken the prize of \$1,000 and the order of the Red Cross for the best portable field hospital shown at the Antwerp exposition is a collegeman and the head of a great cracker bakery. Owing to the frequency of fatal mistakes through the great similarity in appearance of morphine and quinine a physician urges the plan of coloring morphine red and enacting a law prohibiting the sale of white morphine.

One of the Mexican editors who recently traveled in the United States in a well-intentioned effort to express his delight at the busy air of Pittsburgh, Pa., described that city in a letter to a Mexican journal as "the workhouse of America."

The French cooks at the Hotel Netherwood, New Jersey, took a good time for pressing their claims against the landlord a few days ago. They struck before breakfast, and there being 175 guests in the house their back pay was at once handed to the enterprising cooks, though it amounts to \$2,000.

New York theatrical people complain that they are not reaping the benefit they expected from the yacht races. The swarms of eastern visitors find their hotel bills so large that they have nothing left for the theater, while the yachtsmen from abroad live on board their vessels, and very little is seen of them on shore.

John G. Ward, who lives fifteen miles southwest of Albany, N. Y., has an apple orchard covering over thirty-five acres and containing over two thousand trees, in which every tree has this year borne fruit, and all of which, except a few of the early fruit already gathered, are now loaded to their utmost capacity.

An Ipswich, Mass., man started twenty years ago to build a house. He bought some land, laid out a garden, and planted fruit trees. Fifteen years ago he went down in Maine and bought lumber, which he has from time to time moved about to keep from becoming valueless. The man is now nearly 60 years of age, and last week commenced to dig the cellar.

The merchant tailors of Cincinnati have just organized a protective association, which includes all the leading firms, and is designed to weed out fashionable "dead beats." A solicitor is to be employed to make a register of non-paying customers, copies of which are to be furnished to members, who are bound to supply information in regard to them under penalty of suspicion or expulsion.

A young lady died in the Roosevelt (New York) hospital last May shortly after undergoing a surgical operation for the removal of a sarcoma, a species of tumor of the malignant type, from her face. She was engaged at the time to be married to a New York police captain's son. Last week the latter had also a sarcoma removed from his face, and the cases are regarded as unusually interesting, since if there is anything more than a remarkable coincidence in them, it is that a tumor can be contracted by contagion or sympathy.