

THE WINDS OF GOD.

Blow, soft spring wind!
Out of the amber west, when down the sky
The shadows slowly creep, and heaven's lit
lanes
Speak of evening nigh.

Reid's Time Saver.

The other morning as the managing
editor of the only really first-class adver-
tising medium on the Pacific coast
was grinding out an editorial entitled,
"our Corrupt Legislature," a terrible
chattering and scratching was heard on
the stairs, and a man and two dogs
entered with a noise generally suggestive
of a hurricane behind time.

gust of air blew off the paper. Instead
of a head, the figure on the lounge,
(which was carefully dressed in thread-
bare clothes to resemble a newspaper
man) ended in a cigar box. Let into
this was a tin tube, which led through
the plastering into the next room. Much
amazed, the dog trainer opened the ad-
joining door. At the other end of the
tube a small and dirty printer's devil
sat, sleepily watching the clock and
working off the familiar sentence every
two minutes. He was running that
beautiful and wonderful invention of
Whitelaw Reid's known as the Patent
Interviewer, or Editor's Time Saver.

The Black Death.

Already Europe is becoming alarmed
at the appearance of the plague, or black
death, in the East, and fears are ex-
pressed that it may spread westward. It
therefore becomes important to know the
characteristics of the disease. The Lon-
don Standard states, on pathological
grounds, that it is a "very malignant
form of contagious fever," which breaks
out suddenly in certain localities and
spreads with frightful rapidity, and that
the present "type" is as virulent as that
of the Middle Ages. It is character-
ized by swellings of the lymphatic glands
and by carbuncles, and beyond doubt
one seizure seems to afford no security
against a second attack. This is, how-
ever, a point upon which physicians have
not often had a chance of studying, since
"the pest" does not usually leave the
same individual a chance of experiencing
its symptoms twice. It has been con-
tended that it is not contagious, but in
almost every case of an outbreak the dis-
ease has been traced to persons having
come from infected districts. In the
Astrakhan epidemic of 1879, and in that
of 1771, which cut off 100,000 people in
Moscow, the pestilence was known to
have been brought, in one instance from
Central Asia, and in the other from
Choczin. Again during the latter out-
break, the 1400 inmates of the Imperial
Foundling Hospital, who were isolated,
and in 1813 the town of Jegia, in Malta,
which was shut off from Valetta, where
the disease was raging, entirely escaped.
Quarantine, however, as a preventive
against the ravages of the cholera,
has been proved to be utterly
futile, and it is very generally
allowed that it is not much more
potent as a barrier against the plague.
No other form of death has ever enlisted
into its service historians of such bril-
liant talent. De Foe could not have been
an eye-witness to the horrible scenes of
1665 in London. But he had doubtless
talked to many who had survived those
dreadful times and were familiar with the
tales of the corpse-carrying wagons go-
ing its dreadful rounds, of the living
being unable to carry out the dead, and
London deserted by the court, and, in-
deed, all who could escape into the
country. In "Rienzi" the late Lord Lyt-
ton has given an account scarcely less
pictorial of the plague in Florence, and
in almost every other European country
"the pest" which crept like a foul
miasma over Asia, Northern Africa and
Europe, from Naples to Archangel, and
even to distant Greenland, where it
smote the Esquimaux by thousands, has
secured such able chroniclers that at the
slightest sign of its reappearance west-
ern Europe naturally grew alarmed. In
the years 1348, 1361, 1363, 1569, and
1602 London was visited by the "Black
Death," though these early attacks of the
disease sink into insignificance when
compared with that which desolated the
city in 1665, the year which will ever be
known as "the year of the plague." In
reality, however, though it caused before
Christmas a mortality of 68,596 out of
the 500,000 people which the metropolis
then contained, it did not abate until
1666, while in the thirteen subsequent
years there were many fatal cases re-
corded. But after 1679 no death from plague
is known to have occurred, and 1704 so
entirely had it disappeared that the name
of the disease was actually omitted from
the bills of mortality.

A Woman's Victory.

Across the river there lives a woman
who has been twice married but is now a
widow. She has one child of her first
husband and two of her second husband
to support. When the latter gentleman
died he was in debt by an endorsement
for \$1000, and among his assets was a
second mortgage on a small farm which
it would not pay to take owing to the
size of the first mortgage. How the wife
managed to work things when thrown on
her own resources makes quite a story of
feminine New England enterprise. Take,
for example, the case of the worthless
second mortgage. The owner of the
farm had abandoned the property, and
the holder of the first mortgage, realiz-
ing that some day he would get it,
thought it wise to begin early, and so
planted a crop on the land in the spring.
The plucky widow, however, finding it
would take him several months to fore-
close, got from the owner a deed of the
land. Then she went and plowed under
the first mortgage man's crop and set the
fields herself to tobacco. The other
party was powerless until the machinery
of the law foreclosed his bond, and, be-
fore that time, the widow had cut and
removed her tobacco and was just so
much in. By pluck and activity, work-
ing hard herself, she got along supported
herself and family, and, little by little,
reduced the face of the \$1000 debt, which
was in the form of a mortgage on her
farm, and was held by a trustee, and so
could not morally be compromised by
him. Finally by her own labors she
cleared the whole farm of debt and
wiped the mortgage all off. This per-
haps answers the question whether
farms can be made to pay in Connecti-
cut. To finish the story it may be added
that the husband left no will and conse-
quently the farm, now that she has paid
for it, does not belong to her but his
children, and for all her labor she has
no ownership. The law is rather queer
in its working sometimes.—[Springfield
Republican.

Mrs. General Logan.

A special correspondent of the Cincin-
nati Commercial, writing from Washing-
ton, says of Mrs. Senator Logan: All
my personal knowledge of Mrs. Logan
was gained in three short visits, so it is
not extensive. She is a beautiful woman;
with snow white hair and dusky eyes;
with the merry laugh of a girl, and the
tender kindness of a mother. To the
young ladies who have been with her
during the winter she has the caressing
manner which so endears mature life to
young hearts, and enters at the same
time into their frolics and adventures
with the spirit of 16. There is nothing
prosy, precise, or mocking about Mrs.
Logan. Yet she is very earnest in her
convictions and conscientious in princi-
ple. She is a Methodist and a teeto-
talier—never touches wine or offers it to
others. That she was an incorrigible
girl, the following anecdote, which she
related to some young "convent girls,"
is proof:

"I went to a Catholic school; the dear
old sisters, what trouble I made them!
When we went into chapel I would never
go through all that bowing, and I was
taken to task. I said I was a Protestant,
and I would not do it. I was very fond
of the Mother Superior, and she put it
on the ground of our affection that I
should conform to this. It was a small
thing for me, and it would please her
very much; it was very mortifying to
have me hold my head stiff, when all the
others, whether Protestant or Catholic,
made the genuflection.

"I said: 'Now Mother, you don't want
me, just because I love you, to do a
thing which I don't believe in? It would
be mockery, hypocrisy. You would not
teach me that, would you? You are so
honest and so pure and so sweet?'
Nothing more was ever said on the sub-
ject; but I was put at the head of the
procession of girls, and consequently
when we entered the church my failure
to bend was not so noticeable as it would
have been in the middle of the line."

"But what was such a trivial thing,"
suggested a young hearer; "I should
think you would have done that, as all
the rest did. It was nothing wrong."

"My dear," returned the lady, "there
are no trifles in life. It would have
been mockery in me to have followed
the slightest custom to which my heart
did not assent. If I believe a thing, I
do it; if I do not believe, I do not do
it simply because others do."

"Don't you see? It is very much
easier to live happy if you follow this
rule." The gentle pat on the girl's lit-
tle hands, and the bending of the blonde
bangs impressed the lesson as argu-
ment could not have done.

"But I was an awful girl," continued
Mrs. Logan. "I often wonder how
those dear old sisters put up with me.
There was a cemetery near by our
school. One of our girls
married a Protestant, who died during
the honeymoon. It made a great im-
pression on our romantic minds. He
was buried just the other side the fence
in an unconsecrated ground. His wife
was a Catholic, but he was not a professing
believer. It looked so hard-hearted to
put that poor fellow out of the pale.
One night I got a lot of girls and we
went down to the graveyard, took down
the fence—it was an old-fashioned stake
and rider—and built it up so it took in
the grave. In a few days it was discov-
ered, and the rails replaced. So our
band worked all winter; first we would
bring that poor man's body within con-
secrated limits; then the authorities
would set the fence straight again. At
last I was discovered, and threatened
with expulsion if I ever did it again. I
never did until the night before I gradu-
ated. The next day it had not been
discovered—I had gone to school, and
sisters and priests. I said to Father
and I said to make one last request of
you. Please don't tear that fence down
again. I built it strong this time; please
let poor Mr. Smith stay in your yard."

"I never will forget how horrified
Father looked. Just as I was leav-
ing for good, I peeped in to see if he
was in a good humor. He laughed in spite
of himself, and shook his long finger at
me as I drove away.

one card the little fellow sitting on his
father's knee, has beside him two grand-
fathers and two great-grandfathers. In
the other photograph he is surrounded
by two grandmothers and two great-
grandmothers. A very unusual sight
this is, and gives promise of long life to
the beautiful little rogue sitting so un-
concernedly amidst three generations of
his kin.

There are blooming plants in the win-
dows, a fur robe thrown over a lounge,
plaques on the walls, tidies on the easy-
chairs, ferns and grasses nodding above
picture-frames; a framed photograph of
the General is on Mrs. Logan's table, and
a pearl encircled portrait of the same
face fastens the lace at her neck.

I am sorry that I cannot tell the in-
quiring friend more about Mrs. Logan,
for I share her interest in her. She has
the name of a brilliant, magnetic woman,
of irresistible power. I can only give
her the glimpses I have had of her in
her home, and surrounded by ladies.
These brief glances have impressed me
with her remarkable magnetic power, her
simplicity of manner, and her devo-
tion as a wife and mother.

The renowned "sun" orator, Rev. John
Jasper, preached from the Book of Exo-
dus: "The Lord is a man of war; the
Lord is His name." In a very graphic
manner the preacher carried his large
and very attentive audience over the
times, when Israel was in Egypt, and
across the Red Sea, the Wilderness, the
Jordan, passed Jericho, and down to the
wars of Joshua; and at this point proved
to the satisfaction of a large class of his
hearers that Joshua did command the
sun to stand still. The preacher refer-
red to many passages referring to the
rising and going down of the sun.
His logic about the distance of the sun
from the earth was very fine, when with
contempt he said some wise men, so
called, stated the distance to be 40,000-
000, others 50,000,000, and one as much
as 104,000,000 miles.

"What could you get tape line long
enough to measure such a distance? And
how could a man get up close enough to
the sun to latch it on so as to measure?
The railroads can't get that. The bal-
loons come nearer than anything else,
but who can go up? Now, in August it
is so hot here that folks want an um-
brella, a fan, and plenty of ice water,
and yet these wise men say we are 104-
000,000 miles from the sun. It is too
foolish to believe such stuff."

And, turning around, he looked into
the face of one of the most accomplished
divines in Virginia and one of the best
civil engineers in this country. Mr.
Jasper treated all such figures as the
work of a wicked, foolish mind, who was
not satisfied with the plain word of God
but must go outside to teach such things
that no man can learn. To his mind the
idea of the earth being round is so fool-
ish that he would not insult his hearers
with any argument on this subject. The
Scriptures say the earth has four corners
—and that was proof to him that it is not
round.

"How could men be under his feet?
How could they stick to the earth? They
must be like flies, that can walk on the
walls. I don't believe any such stuff."

Mr. Jasper is a most earnest man, fully
believes all he says, wields a powerful
sway over his people, who regard him as
the most powerful preacher of their
color.—[Richmond Dispatch.

The Fashions in Women.

The fashions in women are varying,
like the shapes of bonnets, and the
colors of them, and the coming and
going of flowers and feathers and rib-
bons. We need to be contented with the
simple fashion of dark or of fair women,
each of whom had their particular sea-
sons of success, but the world has become
more exacting in its tastes and now de-
mands that the women in fashion at the
moment shall be not only of the fashion-
able complexion, but shall also have the
known fashionable features. Just at
this time the style seems to be of women
with large mouths, a style quite as un-
accountable as anything devised by dress
maker or milliner. Who invented this
fashion of big mouths it is impossible to
state officially, but it probably has its
advantages, if anybody could tell what
they are. The large mouth is pretty
generally accompanied by a generous ex-
panse of lips, and woman's lips are a
thing of actual delight that the inventor
of the fashion of large mouths doubtless
supposed there could not be too much of
them. If they were delightful and sweet
according to their size this would com-
pletely account for the fashion, but as
they are not always so and as fashions
are quite often popular because they are
actually hideous, the present style is
not fully accounted for and the confusion
is made still greater by the ever present
probability that in a week or a month
the fashion may demand small mouths.
All the arguments and reasons in behalf
of large mouths would then seem ridi-
culous. There is but one conclusion:
The mouth is large because it is the
fashion, and that is all the reason that
anyone who follows the fashion wants.

The suddenness with which fashions
of all sorts change must lead to particu-
lar embarrassment in the matter of fash-
ions in women. Nobody can make over
a big mouth to suit the caprice of fashion
as bonnets are made over into shapes and
sizes. The blue eye in style to-day can-
not be made over into a grey eye or a
black to meet the fashionable require-
ments of to-morrow. The dimple cannot
be taken from the chin when dimples go
out of style, and the pug nose will re-
main a pug in spite of the fact that the
fashion may demand any other sort of
a nose but that. It is going to make it
very troublesome for the man who wants
to get married. If he cares anything
about the styles—and every man cares
more for such things than he is willing
to have thought—he is likely at any mo-
ment to discover that his wife is alto-
gether out of fashion. If he had married
her because her big ears were in the
very height of fashion, it would be a
dreadful drawback to happiness to dis-
cover that large ears were no longer ac-
ceptable, but that fashion requires the
very smallest thing in ears. When the
girls come to consider dispassionately
the peculiarities of this branch of
fashion they will feel like discouraging it,
and allow the world to go on as has
been done in other years, when all sizes
of mouths and feet and ears were in de-
mand according to the multifarious
tastes of men. Getting married will be
more popular when the fashions in
women are less rigid.—[Philadelphia
Times.

Did that rough fellow that you passed
back yonder offer to take off his hat to
you, Tom? "No; but he made an agree-
ment though he were going to pull off his
coat for me." "What did he mean by
that?" "I don't know. I didn't stop to
see."

Fearful iniquity overheard while
leaving the Fifth Avenue Theater: He
said, "And now, Miss B., we will finish
the evening with oysters and ice-cream
Delmonico's—shall we?" Miss B.: "Oh,
no, thanks; but you can't expect me to
have much appetite after Ol-ivette."

In the year of our Lord 70 Vesuvius
had an uncommon eruption, which sud-
denly and very completely buried out
eight cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum,
and they remained so buried for
sixteen hundred years—until early in the
last century, when their sites were ac-
cidentally discovered. After much painful
labor and at an enormous expense, about
one-third part of these dead and buried
cities has been dug up; and the excavations
are still going on. Vast treasures
of gold and silver, rare statuary, paintings,
shells, and household utensils were recover-
ed in good condition, and many of these
are now preserved, as I have said, in the
National Museum at Naples. The paved
streets have been cleared of rubble, and
compared favorably with those of the
cities of to-day. The houses are
open to inspection, and one can easily
gather from them a good idea of the
manner of life among the people who
were buried into eternity with such
frightful celerity eighteen hundred years
ago.

There is a large museum just within
the main gate of Pompeii, in which are
stored vast numbers of articles recover-
ed from the uncovered houses. These
are bottles, vases, plates of bread, dried
fruit, glasses, towels, candlesticks, ladies'
scales, needles, baskets, funnels, etc.
But, among all these familiar things,
the most impressive was an iron safe—
an actual iron safe—identical in pattern
with those knobbed articles that only a
few years ago were considered the best
safes in the world for banking houses
and counting rooms. And yet dozens of
persons have within fifty years taken out
patents for newly invented safes.

I saw also a lot of fish-hooks of the
identical pattern now so eagerly prized
by anglers—the veritable Limerick hook.
Is the world progressing? And then
there are prostrate figures of men and
women, skeletons of horses, cats, dogs,
and rats. And there are many skulls—
one of them still retaining some of its
hair. All these dreadful trophies,
snatched from the jaws of death, serve
to illustrate the terrors of the dreadful
night when fire and brimstone rained
down upon the devoted cities and
wrapped them in the darkness of death
and desolation.

If I may judge from paintings and
sculptures on the walls of many rooms,
and from the translations of numerous
inscriptions on door posts, the people of
Pompeii were not strictly virtuous in
every respect, for there is everywhere evi-
dence they had reached a remarkably low
degree of licentiousness, as well as of
luxury. Almost every house had its
fountain, its hot and cold bath, its spa-
cious yard or garden, its statuary and
pictures, and excellent culinary arrange-
ments. But now it is a silent city. Its
houses are tenanted, and its streets are
trodden only by the feet of curious tour-
ists. All is desolation—still beautiful
and wonderfully attractive, but dead
and very dead. Despite its paintings and
its statues, and its glorious sunshine, it was
to me but a pathetic suggestion of woe
and despair. I would not care to live in
a dead city, and if I did, I could find
one nearer home.—[Correspondence Bal-
timore American.

SHORT BITS.

Speak little, speak truth; spend little,
pay cash.
Lies are hiltless swords, that cut
hands that wield them.
Watch for little opportunities of
sparing and put little annoyances out of
way.
There is one thing that every man
puts off from day to day, and that is his
necktie.
Homely women look the best in
hats. We state this in the hope of
sparing only small hats at the theaters.
"A babe," says a disciple of Tupp-
er, "is a mother's anchor. And therefore
the mother is the 'anchor's spanker.'"
We don't just see why a woman should
like her mirror better than a man, but
the man will flatter her and the mirror
won't.
The man who enslaves himself to
money is proclaimed in our very lan-
guage to be a miser, or a miserable man.
—[French.
A land speculator, in describing a
certain estate, says: "It is so close
and deep that by looking into it you
see them making tea in China."
Garrick heard a noise in the street
one morning. "What's all that?" he asked.
"A temperance possession," was the an-
swer. "What nonsense," he cried, "I
don't make such a row when I get some
port wine."
For Worms in Hogs.—Give a
spoonful of copperas to each six month
old pig; give half the dose to younger
animals. Give by mixing with meal
made of chopped grain.
Jones (a tailor suddenly clapped
the back by a customer): "Hello, you
nearly frightened me into a
Customer: "Well, I wish I could
frighten this coat you made me, into
fit."
"You are a fraud sir! When I bought
this horse from you, you assured me
that he had a fault. Why, sir; he
stone blind!" Vender—"I know he
had; but I don't consider that a fault. It
is a misfortune."
"Did that rough fellow that you passed
back yonder offer to take off his hat to
you, Tom?" "No; but he made an agree-
ment though he were going to pull off his
coat for me." "What did he mean by
that?" "I don't know. I didn't stop to
see."