AN ACCIDENT.

"Here comes a country-woman of mine," said Fairweather, of New York, to Count Oscar Von Held, as the two young en were strolling along the Unter den

"I never yet have known one of your fair Americans," answered Von Held. "I fancy they are a charming mixture of personal grace and republican sim-

Simplicity! You Europeans won't find much of that in our girls. Why, they ought to be Al. We spend plenty of money on them. Now this Miss Warof money of them. As with his hiss war-ren we're just meeting, she's had thou-sands spent on her education." Von Held responded with an inscruta-

ble German "So!" the only word of his native tongue that forced its way through his fluent and excellent English. He found it impossible to conduct a conversation both politely and prudently without using the familiar syllable that lent itself to any meaning or covered all meaning.

"She's with her father," Fairweather went on. "He's rich as Crossus-large mill-owner. I'll introduce you as they

pass." She is very beautiful," said Von Held; "tall and slight, brown eyes, lovely chestnut hair, and what a perfect crimson on what a perfect cheek! She has the softness and brightness of your autumn landscape, I fancy," and he dushed slightly in the fashion peculiar to the German blonde. But Von Held was neither bashful nor awkward. He was a tall, good-looking fellow of thirtyfive, with a long yellow mustache, pleasant blue eyes, much experience in the best society in Europe, and much given to formulating his views in neat, careful

"George!" exclaimed Fairweather, as Miss Warren came near, "she's grown handsomer than ever. She's got chic. That's from six months in Paris. Why, that girl's music alone cost at least ten thousand dollars."

"Then," observed Von Held, interrogatively, "she may be said to represent capital invested?"

"Exactly. Here they are." And the Count was duly presented.

Mr. Warren's greeting was: "Glad to make your acquaintance, sir. How are you, sir?" in a very loud voice, and with a show of feeling perfectly at home. Then he shook hands with the friendly grip current among brother mill-owners Eastern Massachusetts. The Count bent his blue eyes on him in the quiet-est observation, and returned the "How are you, sir?" and the grip with that last test of true politeness—the sacrifice of personal taste and pride to put another. of inferior breeding, at his ease.

But Miss Warren was unimpeachable: dignified, calm, slow of gaze, apt in speech, everything that the father was

"Where did she learn it all? How did she come by that grace and propriety?" asked the puzzled foreigner when he had parted from the Americans. "Is the mother charming?"

"Mother's a manikin," answered Fairweather; "dried-up party in black silk; never says much. Dora Warren is the new American girl; just adopts luxury, accomplishments, manners, style, and wears em as she wears her clothes—as if they were made to order expressly for her. She's the only daughter, too; go ing to have a fortune-cool million at

"I've always been interested in America," remarked Von Held just here. "The notion of a republic has long held a sort of charm for me. I think I must have a trip out there."

Fairweather kept a discouraging silence, frowned slightly, and stared at some distant object.

"From boyhood," the Count went on, "I've had a dream of republicanism-no caste distinctions, only those of personal merit. Le Comte's views have impressed me strongly. I feel our Old World manacles of dignities and prejudices slipping off. I want something fresh, pure, simple. I hope to find it in your country.'

"You'll find nothing 'green' (as we say) in America, count," answered Fairweather, with an attempt at good nature. Then remembering an engagement, he walked off, muttering to himself, "The fellow's poor. He'd like some Yankee money. Sorry I introduced him. Dora's a beauty.

A few days later, when Von Held called on the Warren family, he spoke of his intended trip, whereupon Mr. Warren said: "Well, we can't brag of castles, but I'll show you mills. We shall be at our seaside place at Rockport the first of June. Come there, and stay with us."

him, "I go to America to gratify the longing of years to enjoy a young civilization; to find something more natural, more vigorous, than our old types of taste. humanity.'

After the German had gone Warren nodded knowingly to his wife, with: Talk to the marines. I've found out all about that young count. Ancient family, splendid education, nice old castle, but poor; actually hasn't means to

keep up the place."
"He's a gentleman," remarked Dora What's that, miss?" said Warren, in the tone, half banter and half reproof, yet wholly pride and affection, with the boy, finding the foreign name too which he always addressed his handsome hard, addressed Von Heid as "Mr. creature he had the luck to call daughter. What's that, miss? A gentleman, is he? Well, we don't want him, do we? Let him keep his aristocracy, eh!"

"There is something in birth and breeding, papa. Fairweather, with all his money and all his boasting, can't impress one as this quiet German does." "Impress! Whom does he impress,

miss, eh? Me or you?" "Oh, have your joke, papa; but you know what I mean perfectly." Dora was never embarrassed about men. As an American belle, she had been too long surrounded by admirers to treat their existence otherwise than a matter of course. So she straightened her fichu in front of the glass quite coolly, and met her own reflecting eyes with a calm ac-ceptance of their limped beauty that was

than vanity itself. When she had left the room Mr. Warren said to his wife, "Sarah, do you suppose our Dorry is taken with this foreign fellow?"

something more dignified yet more vain

Mrs. Warren had a strong claim to gentility, based upon being naturally your great national holiday," said Von not given to much talking, and being Held to Dora that evening.

artificially barricaded in the best black silk, which her husband thought the clothing most suited to her years and estate, and always bought himself in the heaviest grades. She answered, slowly, "I think, Samuel, our Dora is fit for any society, and could grace any European

"So do I, Sarah-so do I. There's no discount on Dora; but the question is, is this chap worthy of her, and will she be likely to accept him?"

"Somehow I think she would. I never heard her say as much in praise of any man before.

"All right, Sarah; I've got money, and I'm not going to stand in Dorry's light. She shall marry just whom she likes. Of course, I'd rather she didn't fancy a nobleman. I'm republican to the backbone. Still, if its Dorry's whim, why-

Don't make believe to me, Samuel, Mrs. Warren gravely reproved him; "you want Dorry to marry high just as much as I do.

"Now, Sarah," he laughed, good-humoredly, "don't you get too sharp." Then he kissed her and whistled a tune. Just before dozing off to sleep that night he asked: "Sarah, can Dorry speak in this count's own language? All his family mightn't speak English as well as he

"Dora speaks German, her teacher says, well enough to talk to the emperor

"All right, Sarah; I thought so, but wasn't certain;" and he fell tranquilly asleep.

About the middle of the following June, when the family where home from their European tour, and had settled at their Rockport place, Mr. Warren announced one day at the dinner table. 'I've a letter from Count von Held."

Mrs. Warren, long unused to changing color, actually flushed with delight, and looked significantly at Dora, who returned the look with frank complacency. Phil, the only son, and inheritor of all the mill property, bawled out, in a loud voice that was his most remarkable characteristic, "Who's Von What's-his name, anyhow?"

Dora calmly explained, "He's a German gentleman whom we met in Berlin, and found to be very agreeable."
"Is he coming here, father?" demanded

"Yes, he is coming to-morrow."

To-morrow, accordingly, he came. Dora floated into the drawing-room, lovely as a dream, dressed in white muslin sublimated with Valenciennes, and directly from the hand of Worth. Von Held's blue eyes promptly paid

to such beauty the tribute of an admiring gaze, ever returning to her face, and as often deprecating its own insatiableness. A queen couldn't ask a more respectful homage, and like a queen the American girl received it, as self-poised as the foreigner himself, and as perfeetly well placed in the luxurious drawing-room as a gem would be in a setting.

"Very glad to renew your acquaintance, sir," was Mr. Warren's greeting. "I hope you'll get along with our plain, republican way of living."
"Plain?" echoed Von Held, "Why,

this villa is one of the finest I ever saw, and your grounds are almost an English park. There's nothing here but taste and opulence.'

"Well"—and the happy proprietor "Yes," Dora answered smiled contentedly—"well, Count, I don't is very unconventional. mind confessing this sea-shore place cost me something like half a million. A little money, you know, buys everything."

"So!" responded Von Held, resorting to his useful German monosyllable. The guest was soon at home in the superb house, and filled it with plenty of distinguished callers. Members of the German legation dropped in in friendly fashion; so did the French and Italian ministers. Dora conversed with each in his own tongue; then she would play and sing to Von Held all the summer evenings, while the perfume of rare flowers and the flood of moonlight made a sort of witchery in the room.

The count said to her one day: "I never cease to wonder at your varied accomplishments, your taste, your perfect self-possession and perfect—pardon me." He stopped, checked by the slow gaze of her brown eyes; but she understood the compliment as plainly and with less sacrifice of dignity than if she had received it in words. "You have nothing of what I expected to find in this new country.

you would grace a European court."
"Thanks," returned D ora with the languor proper to a much-beflattered wo-"I hope you won't be shocked by man. such crudities as still exist in our society

"Oh," responded Von Held, "under-June. Come there, and stay with us."
Von Held explained, while thanking acteristics. Independence, freedom of m, "I go to America to gratify the speech, originality of thought, quaintness of expression, I admire greatly, even if they are not always in the most refined

Dora smiled, and understood another and subtler compliment that embraced even her surroundings.

Von Held's patience with Phil, the most noisy of Yankee boys, made Papa You see, Sarah, our guest wants to be friendly with all the family."

Friends the two certainly were, and went off on long tramps and fishing excursions together. On such occasions Count," or oftener with only the jolly hail, "I say."

One day Phil screamed from a long distance down the river bank (it was his peculiarity to yell his conversation across wide distances): "Mr. Count, I say, to-morrow's the Fourth: You'll have to get up early if you go out with me.' 'Oh yes, I'll get up. It's your na-

tional holiday."
"Bab and me always get up early to fire crackers. Got a bite?" "No. Is Bab the dog?"

"Dog? No; Bab's a girl." A laborer in a field across the river looked up and answered, "Hallo!" thinking the remark was addresed to him. "Ain't talking to you," Phil explained, fortissimo, then trumpeted out the information: "Bab is Barbara Chase, She's my cousin. Her mother is father's sister. Her father's dead. She's awfully

poor. We ain't. But she's a nice girl. She's seventeen. She's a little taller than I am. I'm thirteen. I'll soon catch up to her."

"I'm glad to be in New England on

"Oh, you mean the Fourth of July. Let me see. It's to-morrow. Such a dreadful bore! but we keep out of the blare and giare here. Fortunately the

grounds are large."
"Then you don't care for the day?" "Only children and the lower orders celebrate these dreadful national fetes. Of course patriotism must be popularized, and this is the unpleasant noisy form it takes."

"You are entirely cosmopolitan; you have no national enthusiasms," observed Von Held, politely. Then he strolled across the lawn to smoke a cigar.

While he was gone, a box arrived by express. Mr. Warren ordered it brought in, and explained, "It's full of firecrackers for Bab." "Surely, papa," exclaimed Dora, "that child Bab isn't coming here to-

morrow? Why not?" "Because she's such a queer, plain lit-

tle thing that-" "Samuel, you ought to know better," remonstrated Mrs. Warren, "than to let Count Von Held see such a girl as Dora's

"Nonsense! Bab's not very stylish, but she hasn't money to buy that sort of thing. She's my sister's child, anyway, and I mean to give her all the firecrackers she wants, and a place to fire 'em off in." Mr. Warren was conscious of having done but little practically for his niece, and was tenacious of doing

something sentimentally.
"It's your own fault," snapped the wife, with an energy born of her new ambitions, "if the count is disgusted

with such queer-looking relations. "Barbara was dressed in common coarse, blue flannel when I last met her," said Dora.

"Don't you worry about the count," Mr. Warren, answered, soothingly. "I've shown him all the mills and the Boston house. He's no fool. He won't mind Bab any more than he minds Phil. Money's money, my dear; money's money.

The family (as ill-luck would have it) were seated that evening in a full light, the weather being rather cool, and into the parlor came the dreadful Bab, dressed in the condemned blue flannel. It was an old dress and not pretty; nor was Bab a very pretty girl. She was rather small; had warm, reddish hair dressed in two hard, ungraceful braids; good, fearless gray eyes; skin slightly freckled; nice dimples, a little cleft chin, and a fresh, childish mouth.

"I came for my fire-crackers, uncle," she said.

There was a murmur of introduction, she bowed to Von Held, then, with a laugh, tucked the box under her arm, and throwing back some jest at the uncle, who saw her off from the front door, she ran away across the lawn, toward the village.

The next morning at breakfast Von Held remarked, "Phil and I have been enjoying the Fourth of July. I've been to the village and I've fired off crackers with your consin, Miss-Miss Bab as you call her.'

Mrs. Warren frowned with vexation. 'That girl is quite a trial to us, count. She's so very queer about her dress, Why, Dora has often sent her rich clothes that she had done with, and the child refuses to wear them.'

"Yes," Dora answered, "the poor girl

"So!" the count responded. That inevitable Bab came to the house that evening again. It was her usual Fourth of July custom to fire crackers from the end of the big piazza, with Phil for companion.

"The noise is so unpleasant, let us go," Dora proposed, "to the other side of the house.'

"Oh, no," answered Von Held. "I rather like it all. It is something new to me. It is quite refreshing to see those two young people absorbed in such child's play

Soon Von Held's visit had ended. He was going to travel. The Warrens would spend September in the moun-tains. October would see bim at Rockport again.

With many compliments upon his entertainment, with renewed expressions of surprise at the advance, cultivation, and wealth he met in America, he took his

leave. "Did he say anything-anything in particular?" whispered Mamma Warren

to her daughter. "Not yet," answered Dora, in a tone that was perfectly satisfactory.

During the visit to the mountains Fairweather overtook the Warren famlly. In October he returned with them to Rockport. Von Held they found already at the hotel in the village. He had been there a month or more. Fairweather muttered: "Thought he

would be on hand in time. Didn't count on seeing me come home with Dora." Then Fairweather ordered the most extravagant of bonbonnieres sent up from New York to Miss Warren. The fact was, he recognized a dangerous rival, and so spent thousands of dollars at once in buying horses, bringing his yacht to most noisy of Yankee boys, made Papa Rockport, bearing the expense of all Warren remark, with a significant laugh, sorts of festivities, and hunting up costly fruits and flowers; then he scowle constantly upon Von Held, and generally

played the desperate lover. Both men were leaning over Dora's piano one evening, when Mr. Warren chanced to pass through the parlor. Von Held, with a hurried "Excuse me," overtook his steps, and Fairweather could hear these words: "May I speak to you privately, Mr. Warren, upon an impor-tant matter?" Then the two passed out

upon the piazza together. Fairweather felt that he understood the purpose of that interview, and he exclaimed to Dora, "If I'd known that foreign adventurer had followed you home,

I'd have come back six months' sooner. Miss Warren rose, turned toward Fair weather, swept him once up and down slowly with her eyes, and walked deliberately out of the room.

The suitor felt such a pang of love for her in that repose, that scorn, that general superiority to his own nature, that in a moment he had lashed himself into a jealous fury, and he strode toward where Warren and Von Held were sitting outside on the piazza.

Coming upon them unawares from one of the draperied windows, he heard this from the count: "I wish to ask your sanction for the

addresses I have already paid her." "Aiready paid her?" repeated Mr. Warren.

Fairweather sprang forward, forget-Strange Ways of Making a Living.

ting everything but his anger.
"Mr. Warren," he vociferated, I protest against this. This man is poor; doesn't own fifty thousand dollars in the world. He wants your daughter for her money. I warn you, and I accuse him of base motives.

Von Held started up as if he had been dealt a blow; then, meeting the hvid face and angry eyes of his accuser, he laid his hand quietly on the back of a chair, and so stood at ease almost smiling.

"He's a fortune-hunter," Fairweather went on. "He's spoke of a trip to America just as soon as I spoke of your daughter's wealth. And, moreover, he's"— Fairweather swaggered up very close to Von Held-"he's a-he's a-The word "coward" was forming itself on his lips; but the quiet eyes that met him, the unchanged color, the steady mouth, checked that word, and left a silence, during which the count resumed his seat, while Fairweather stood quivering with unmastered rage.

"Much obliged for your impertment interference, young man," Warren an-swered at last, rather dryly, "but my daughter isn't in the question at all."
"What!" exclaimed Fairweather.

"No; its all about my-"Allow me," interrupted Von Held ren upon my engagement to his niece, Miss Barbara Chase. Fairweather's shame was swallowed

np in astonishment. The German went on: "I have found in this young girl all my ideal, all that I have so often declared held peculiar charms for me-freshness of heart, simplicity of taste, and the richness of nature and imagination that finds an excellence in pure childish enjoyment. Accomplishments, beauty, wit, I can admire, but I tire of them soon; they are nothing new. Every city in Europe gives you plenty of clever and handsome women, but your niece, Mr. Warren, has qualities that I far prefer."

Yes-oh yes; take her, sir, by all means," stammered Warren. hasn't a dollar in the world." "I would be sorry if she had."

"See here," said Fairweather, stam-nering too. "I've often heard you talk mering too. this way before."

"But you didn't believe me? I see-I see. There's a vicious effect from this American prosperity. The great and successful struggle for wealth lends an undue weight to mere wealth. Not that you don't use it well, not that you don't appreciate the refinements it buys; but your minds will run back and measure everything by the outlay entailed. think you sometimes forget the value of such things as can't be valued. Pardon

me if I say that I find you apt, with just pride in your own honesty and industry, to judge harshly of certain classes in Europe. If we have aristocratic pride and prejudice, you have republican pride and prejudice. If we can't realize there are taste and refinement in America, you can't realize there are genuine impulses, honesty, and singleness of purpose among us. I've learned lately that the villain of an American romance is commonly a European nobleman."

Von Held laughed outright, and Fairweather felt more at his case and yentured:

"Count, I hope you bear me no grudge. "You insulted me because you knew

ment of all dispute. Mr. Warren had hurried indoors tell his daughter the news. Immediately she appeared in the drawing room,

overflowing with expressions of congrat-"You see," said Von Held, "I fell in love with my little Barbara that Fourth of July, when she was so childlike and unaffected and inexperienced, and en-

joyed those absurd fire-crackers so heartily." Within a week Dora had scornfully rejected Fairweather, and Von Held and Barbara were married, and off for Ber-

in at once. On their wedding night, Mrs Warren found their daughter in tears. "To think,"cried the indignant mother, "that he should have married that plain

little thing! She could not touch a feather to you. It was an accident anyway-all those horried fire-crackers.' 'I suppose it is an accident to meet an honest man now and then. And-and love's an accident," responded Dora, bit-

terly. Then the tears came again.

Mr. Warren stole softly away. She said to her husband: "Ithink Dora liked the count.' "Sho! did she?" answered the kindly old father. "That's too bad. We must go to Europe and buy her another-I

mean we'll meet more of those foreign

chaps. Dorry shall take her pick. I've

got the money. Tell Dorry not to cry." Seth Green's Spider Story.

If you put a pole in a body of water and put a spider upon it he will exhibit marvelous intelligence by his plan to escape. At first he will spin a web several inches long and hang to an end while he allows the other to float off in the wind, in the hope that it will strike some object. Of course this plan proves a failure but the spider is, not discouraged. He waits until the wind changes, and then sends another silken bridge floating off in another direction. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts, until all the points of the the compass have been tried. But neither the resources nor the reasoning powers of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically goes to work to construct a silken baloon. He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished he does not go off on the mere supposition that it will carry him, as men often do but he fastens it to a guy rope, the other end of which he attaches to the island pole upon which he is a prisoner. He then gets into his aerial vehicle, while it is made fast, and tests it to see whether its dimensions are capable of the work of hearing him away. He often finds that be has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it all apart, and constructs it on a larger and better plan. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get it, snap the guy rope, and sail away to land as gracefully and supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined.

Said a witness under cross-examina tion: "I am an early caller. I call different tradesmen at early hours, from 1 to 5:30 in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I gets up between 12 and 1; I goes to bed at 6, and sleeps till the afternoon. I call bakers between 1 and 2-the bakers are the earliest of What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we should say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early caller's fee is well earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not thrown out of work altogether for failing to keep time. Not so deserving of encouragement are the "tup-pennies," carrying on their voca-tion in those quarters of London where the pawnbrokers and poor people abound. They are feminine intermediaries between the pawnbroker and folks anxious to raise a loan on their belongings, who, rather than transact such business for themselves, are willing to pay two pence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's "uncle" or redeem them from his clutches. These go-betweens, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen they favor with their patronage: and so one way and another contrive to make a comfortable living out of their neighbors' necessities.

There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the linseed plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterwards pressing the oil from the linseed and dispos ing of the linen, after bleaching it to the paper maker. Others make a couple of france a day by collecting old corks, which being cleaned and pared, fetch, it

is said, half a franc per hundred. A lady resident of the Faubourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, brown and black ants for pheasant preserves. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fastening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third marchand d'asticots boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial pur poses. He owns a great pit an Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from 5 to 10 pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over £300 a year.

This curious avocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago, we are told, Mr. Wells, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lob worms, cockspurs, ring-tailed brand lings, and other worms in demand among the disciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked, men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures, a moist, warm night yielding rom 2000 to 6000 worms. As soon as they are brought in they are placed in properly selected moss, field-moss for choice, to scour until they become little more than skin-freshly caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while "when a worm is properly condition is attained the worms are packed in moss and put up in light canvas bags for the market. This worm merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden-the component parts of his breeding heap being a secret he not unnatur-ally keeps to himself.

Malaria from Kitchen Sinks.

Or while she has clean water in the pan. do you see that she has scraped half the waste from the plates right into the sink, where it remains until her dishes are washed and put away? Well, what great harm is there in that? Not very tidy, to be sure; but what cause for malaria does Mrs. Beecher see in it? The wasteor, in plain English, the swill-thrown into the sink and brushed one side out of the way of the dish-pan, as the dishwater and suds are constantly dashing over it, gradually finds its way into the pipes which carry off the dish-water. These pipes under the sink have usually a bend-or, what is called by the plumbout sediment or substance easily flows down through this bend without any hindrance, and, if hot, cleanses the pipes. But the small, greasy particles from the solid matter thrown into the sink stick by the way, and grease and sediment accumulate until the pipes are effectually blocked up, or so nearly so that the water is carried off very slowly. These particles, at first, seem perfectly harmless, but hourly deposits have ren-dered them formidable. Remember what they are composed of-meats, vegetables, coffee and tea dregs, milk-and then imagine, if you can, what they will be after some days' or weeks' accumulation. When, at last, the plumber must be called in to open a free passage for the dish-water, if the mistress of the house stood by, she would wonder that the terrible stench which rises on opening the passage had not caused sickness and death, not only in her own family, but throughout the whole neighborhood. And if it is from such small beginnings, such carelessness, unnoticed by many housekeepers until brought to the light of day, when compelled to have pipes cleared out or the drains opened, that our homes become the hotbeds for propagating disease, which finds every facility for becoming malignant enough to de-populate a whole neighborhood. —[Christian Union.

Tue Czar, Alfonso, the Prince of Wales and ex-Queen Isabella are cigarette smokers; the Pope and King Humbert smoke Cavour cigars; Emperors William and Francis Joseph smoke big porcelain pipes; Grevy, Gambetta and Queen Victoria don't smoke at all; Bismarck and the Sultan indulge in a pipe occasionally, and both prefer Turkish tobacco.

Women, ever in extremes, are always either better or worse than men.

A Medicated Shirt.

Have you got any good summer under-shirts?" inquired a New Orleans man as he entered Rube Hoffenstein's store on

Poydras street. "Vell, my frent, replied Hoffenstein, pleasantly, "venever you vant anyding from a shoestring up to a double-breasted ulster, don't you forget dot dis vas de place to get it at cost brice. Now, here vas an undershirt, cheap, and nothing but pure light vool wich vill last shust de same as ledder."

"How much do you ask for it?" inquired the customer, examining the gar-

ment closely. "Vell, you can dake it along for von dollar und dwenty cents, ven last year you don't buy dat undershirt for dree dollars. Shus dink if dere vas any money in de pisness any longer.'

"It's not worth that much," replied the customer, carelessly. "I'll give you six bits for it. "Seex bits! My g-r-a-acious, my friend, I used to lif next door to a gouple of

families in New Jersey vot died mit de same complaint. Seex bits for dat undershirt! Vell, I nefer did dink I would live to hear it!" "I can get as many as I want for that price, and I'm not going to pay any more," said the customer starting for the

door. "Hold on, my frient, don't go met de store out undil I dell you someding. Do you know, my dear sir, vat is de brinci-

pal addraction of dat undershirt?' "No, I don't." "Vell, it was medicated. When de vedder is varm, and you berspire, it von't smell. You can vear it more as dree veeks, und it von't smell. It vas de only genervine sanitary undershirt dat vas made, and ven you got one on you don't get scared mit de yellow fever. De iteh, you know, vas going de rounds, and if you take it you don't can go to de balls und de parties mit de ladies, you know. It wouldn't be po-lite to scratch yourself in company, and a man mit de hen is bound to scratch, you know. I had a broder vonce vot got de itch in de army, and he come home and made de whole family a present of it, and he didn't get vell until he vore de medicated under-

shirts "Will the shirt keep you healthy?" inquired the customer, becoming inter-

"Keep you helty? Vell I shust dink so. Last year, measles and de schmallbox vas around my house. I vore von uf dem undershirts for two months und I don't got a headache. Dem under-shirts vas dwice so helty as a liver pad, you know.

"I'll take one of them," said the customer. "Dot's right, my frient, und ven you haf a bain in your head und you dink an ice house was climbing up your back, you shust put on dot undershirt, und you don't haf the yellow fever."

When the customer had gone Hoffenstein said to his clerk: "Herman, how many pairs of socks did you sell de shentleman I saw you wait-

ing on shust avilego?"
"He wouldn't buy none, sir." "My gr-r-racious, Herman, vy didn't you dell em day vas medicated?"

Loafing.

Does the young man who persists in no better, sir," was the subtile answer educated, he is as tough as a bit of india-that Fairweather considered as settle- rubber, and behaves as a worm should it would cost to be a decent, respectable do when put upon the hook." When this man? Does he imagine that loaferism is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he choose to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time, in the first place, days, weeks and months of it; in fact, about all the time he has, for no man can be a first class loafer without devoting his whole time to it. The occupation well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, dri—we had almost said drinking, but on reflection we will except that. The loafer finds time to drink, whenever in-Let me ask, do you keep a proper watch over your sinks? Did you ever vited, at the cost of friends. Once fully notice how the girl washes her dishes? embarked on the sea of loaferdom and you bid farewell to every friendly sail that salls under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaneers of society. It costs money, for, though the loafer may not earn a cent or have one for months, the time lost might have procured him much money, if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honor, dignity, self-respect, and finally, all right of con-sideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

Berlin's Sewerage. - Berlin has the sewerage system in successful use at ers, a "goose-neck"--half way down Dantzic, under which the city is divided from the sink to the floor. Water with- into sewer districts leading to points into sewer districts leading to points about the border of the city where, the sewer contents are pumped out, mixed with water and spread over a sandy soil which absorbs all the deleterious matters, water reasonably pure being drained off. As a necessary part of the system, each house is directly connected with the sewers and a plentiful supply of water is used to flush the sewers and house drains. At Dantzic a field of 400 acres of sandy soil is large enough to purify the sewage of a town of 100,000 inhabitants. Since the adop-tion of this system, which, it will be ob-served, does away with the population of river and streams, the death rate of Dantzic has dropped from 36 per 1000 to 28; the annual cost of pumping the sewage, the only point at which the system is more costly than ordinary sewers, is \$7000, and is met by the crop from the irrigated lands.

What Rum Will Do.

Some years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until drunk. In the delirium of drunkenness he went home and murdered his wife in the most barbarous manner. He was carried to jail while drunk, and kept there through the night. Awakening in the morning and looking around upon the walls, and seeing the bars upon the windows, he exclaimed:

"Is this a jail?" "Yes, you are in jail," answered some

"What am I here for ?" was the earnest inquiry.

"For murder," was the answer. "Does my wife know it?"
"Your wife know it?" said some one

"Why, it was your wife you have killed."
On this announcement he dropped suddenly as if he had been struck dead.