Mere is the face of my lady, Her face, with its smile divine, Her eyes with their grave intentness.

And their shy, proud look at mine

O mouth, you are firm yet tender Your tones may be cold or mild, You may keep back a daring lover, Yet comfort a grieving child.

You are pure and tair as the July gun;
You are bright as the July gun;
You are grave and gay by flashes,
You are woman and saint in one.
—[Exchange. You are pure and tair as the lilies,

"IT."

MROM THE GERMAN OF ALEYANDER PREI

Returning from a business trip, I en bared my wife's boudoir, and found her enceling before a low chair, on which sat a boy baby with large, round and wondering eyes. She got up and came meet me. She reached out her hand and greeted me not more heartily nor yet more formally than we were accustomed to greet each other in those days. There it is," said my wife, pointing

to the child. What?" asked I. But she stooped down before the little stranger, held a biscuit close to its little upturned face,

and half turning toward me, replied:
"Well, you know-did we not read of it in the newspaper? Don't you remem-ber—the day before yesterday? And is it not beautiful?"

Now I did recollect that a few nights before she had held the Gazette under the light of my student lamp, and point-ing with her finger to an advertisement, said to me, "Please read that." It was the well known appeal, the cry of de-spair from a bleeding heart, addressed to "good people." A child was offered for adoption to persons well off. "What would you think of our taking it?" my wife had said; and I had returned the paper to her with a shrug of my shoul-

"But, Martha, what have you done?" eried I, in a tone vibrating with anger.

'You have really-" "Certainly, as you see. And then it belongs to me; I myself have settled everything with the poor mother, who is an reality to be pitied. I have sworn to take good care of it; and so I will, in-

I at once gave up all serious objection. Had we not been accustomed for years to act independently of each other? Our marriage was not a happy one, although we had not married for love. During the noise and bustle of the crowded exchange, our fathers had contracted this She had to tear her heart from a loved one, and in mine glowed a passion not yet outspoken. But parental wishes conquered. We chose to be obedient children; and so it happened.

At the commencement we were to each other a silent reproach; after which folsowed a declared war, until finally we came to a polite but gloomy peace.

Well, this child belonged entirely to her! I heard later that she had given the mother \$1000, the price of a se; of jewels which she sold secretly. Why did you not tell me of it?" said

I, half angrily.
"Because it would have been too late,

ad waited for your return to city; and besides I wanted to have it entirely for myself; I want to call it my own;" said she poutingly.

My horses, my dogs; her canaries, her gold-fishes—that I could endure, but that she wanted to have her child for herself alone, that was too much for me. The thought of it tortured me one, two days long. On the third day, my wife having gone out in her carriage, there came a veiled woman and demanded entrance. It was the mother. Like a shadow she glided into the room, and with a half suppressed sob, begge to see her child once more. She could not part from him forever without one more kiss upon his cheeks. I opened my safe quickly. "Here, my good wo-man," said I, "take that, they have not given you enough." Hot tears fell down her wan cheeks; she begged me not to judge her too harshly; she had another child, a cripple and helpless; she herself was sick and would not live much longer, and what was to become of the children? Then she thought- I myself had to finish the sentence, which a violent fit of coughing had interrupted. "Yes," she had thought, "I will sell the healthy one, in order that the money may help the cripple when I am dead

and gone,' No, she must not be judged harshly; we rich ones know but little of the trials and temptations of the poor.

When my wife returned, I gave her an account of the call I had had, adding that I had given to the unfortunate one "And now," said I, "you see that the child belongs to both of us," She bit her lip with her little white teenth.

"It is all the same to me," said she after a moment's reflection; and with that she pressed a tender kiss on the little boy's mouth. It sounded almost

like a challenge.
"Our child." I scarcely ever saw it. And the changes that were made in our household for his sake were made entirely without me. Sometimes after the most important things were decided my "We are consent was then asked. "We are obliged to have a nurse, I hired one Anselm." I nodded silently. "We must fit up a nursery; that room is too warm for the child." I nodded silently, but I heard the sound of the workmen, who were already busy in the ball. What were already busy in the hall. What could I do better? Was it not all done for our child?

My wife and I did not talk much about the child, and when we did mention it we used only the name "It." But this "It" could be heard through the house at almost any time of the day. "It must have its own name," said I

me day. "I entirely forgot to ask the mother-I mean the woman-what its name is," answered my wife. "She intended to come again. But she does not come, she certainly sick. Now, I call it Max. Max is a pretty short name, is it not?"

"Hn," returned I between two
draughts of my cigar, "Fritz would also be quite a pretty name"—"One can not change the name now, on account of

then called out loudly, "Is Max up stready!" Never mind, was it not our

answered she shortly, and

Once, though, I played my justifiable part toward our child. At dinner it was always served at a little table in an adhear, between the scantily dropping phrases of our conversation, its merry prattling, accompanied by the clattering of its spoon. My wife had no rest; there was a continual coming and going between us and him; the soup might be too hot; and he might eat too much. "Wife," said I very quietly but very de-cidedly, "from to-morrow it shall eat with us at our table. It is old enough now, with its two years.'

From that time on "It" ate with us. He sat there in his high chair like a prince, close to my wife; both opposite to me like declared enemies, as it were. The yellowish paleness of poverty had yielded to a fine aristocratic pink in his little cheeks, which, now becoming quite chubby, sat comfortable on the stiff folds of the napkin. It worked powerfully at its soup; and now that it had finished, set up the spoon like a scepter in its little round fist on the table. wife and I had exchanged a few words, and now and again we sat silent, its large eyes began to open wider and wider. They stared on me, stared at my wife, with a surprised, almost quiet expression, as if they had a presentiment that was not all right between us. I confess that these days embarrased me, and that I had a feeling of relief when Frederick entered with a dish. And I think that my wife felt the same.

And the following days there were the same large, wondering eyes, like an appealing question, staring into the pauses of our conversation. It sounds ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true, we were the culprits before the child, we two grown persons! And by degrees our conversation became mere animated. The occasional prattlings of the little one were noticed and spoken about, indeed, sometimes there was mutual laughter at

his attempts to speak. Ah! how light, how bell like pure sounded her laughter! Had I never heard that before? And what was the matter with me, that I sometimes bent over my writing desk, listening as though I heard from a distance these same silvery

With the first sunny spring days "It" began to play in the garden, which I could overlook from my seat in my office. She was generally with him. I could hear the sound of his little feet on the pebbles, and then her footsteps. Now she would playfully chase him and a chorus of twittering sparrows would join their notes with the merry laughter. Now she would catch him and kiss his cheeks over and over. Once I opened my window; a warm, balsamic air streamed around me, and a butterfly fluttered in and lit on my inkstand. Just then she came out of the green, vine grown bower; she was dressed in a dazzling white negligee, trimmed with costly lace; all over that her face was overshadowed by the

pink of her parasol. How slim she appeared! how graceful in her movements! Had I been blind? Truly, the aunts and cousins were right; she was in reality beautiful! A sweet smile transformed her features. She was happy-certainly in this moment she was -and her happiness came from her child. Then a voice made itself heard in my breast, which said very plainly, "you are a monster!" I got up and walked to the window. "It is a beautiful day," called consumes from three to four liters daily. I. I know how cold and prosaic it must have sounded to her. It came like a heavy cloud shadow over a sunny landscape. She answered something that I did not understand; but the brightness was gone from her little face. Then she took up the child who was stretching out his arms to her, and kissed and caressed

him before my eyes. There it was when the first feeling of jealousy was aroused in me; a jealousy truly, but what a strange jealousy which could not make clear to itself who was its object? If "It" said "mamma" to her, there came a pain in my heart; and the caresses with which she overwhelmed him almost drove me wild. I was jealous of both! It pained me that I had no part in this weaving of love; that I was not the third in the union, I exerted myself to gain a part of their love. I did it very clumsily. The child persevered in a certain shyness, and she-had I not kept myself forcibly away from her during these long, long years.

One day at the dinner table, after skirmish of words, came a great stillness between us, a stillness more painful than it had ever been. I glanced down at the flowers on my plate of Saxon porcelain, my displeasure showing in my face; but I felt plainly that "It" had its eyes fixed on me, and also her eyes! It was as if those four eyes burned on my forehead. Then sounded suddenly in the stillness: "Pa pa!" and again louder and more courageous: "Papa!" I shuddered. "It" sat there and stared, now very much frightened, over at me, wondering perhaps whether a storm would be raised by its "Papa." But her face was suffused with glowing redness, and her half opened lips trembled slightly. There came a flood of gladness over

my heart. Certainly no one but her had taught him this "Papa." Why did I not spring up, bound toward her, and with one word, one embrace, strike out the loneliness of these last six years? One right word in this moment and all would have been well. It remained unspoken; I seemed to have lost all power to act, but on a certain page of my ledger are still traces of the tears I shed

in anger at my own stupidity. I felt myself always more and more unhappy in my loneliness. Jealousy grew in me; it gave me all sorts o oolish thoughts. I wanted to rebel against the little autocrat, that would be ridiculous: I wanted to give her the choice between him and me. I, audacious one, I knew very well which side her heart would choose. At another time I was ready to take steps in order to find the mother, and with the power of gold, force her to take back her child—behind my wife's back? That would be cow-

ardly. I could no longer fix my mind on business. I mistrusted even myself. People asked what was the matter with me. I feigned illness.

The sunshine would not let itself be banished, and the spirit of love was stronger than 1. With his flaming sword he drove me out. "I must take a long journey, Martha." My voice trembled as I said this. My wife must have noticed it; for something like moist, thining pity trembled in her beautiful eyes. At my taking leave, she held the little one in the latter one in the latter one in the latter of the latter of the latter of the latter one in the latter of the latter one in the latter of the latter one in the latter of the latter

toward me and asked in soft, caressing part toward our child. At dinner it was always served at a little table in an adjoining room. At such times we could too roughly; at all events, he began to cry and to resist my caresses. Then I

put him down and hastened away. I have traveled in uncertainty through the world, and behold! after the first few days, in addition to my ordinary traveling companion, bad humor, there came another fellow who told me plainly I was a fool. First, it sounded like a whisper, then louder and louder and louder: "You are a downright fool." Finally, I read it in the newspaper before me; it was traced on the blue mountains; the locomotive shricked it to me. Yes, I believed it, why did I not then and there turn my face homeward? Well, the fool must first travel it all off before everything

would be right again. At last, one day, with a violent beating of the heart, I again entered my dwelling. What a solemn stillness dwelling. What a solemn stillness reigned there! I could now hear the sound of whispering voices; my wife came toward me. "It is sick, very sick," moaned she, "It will surely die!" I tried to comfort her. Only a short time, however, proved that her fears were too well grounded. During the last night we sat by the little bed; she there and I here. Each of us holding one of his little hands. Ah! these feverish pulse beats!-every stroke sounding like an appeal: "Love each other, love each other; be good!" We felt eventually the appeal. Our eyes met full and earnest through the glitfering tears, as if in a first, holy vow. Words would have seemed a sacrilege then.

Not long after, we laid our darling in the warm spring earth. When we again sat down at our table, there was a stillness between us; it was not the same stillness as that which the little stranger had broken upon with his parting "Papa." Even by the wall stood his high arm chair, and on the little board before it lay his spoon scepter. My wife reached her fine, white hand over the table, and asked, "Did you love it? at least a little?" Her voice trembled. I fell at her feet and held her hands in

mine. After the first emotion had subsided, I pointed to the armchair. "The little one came to teach us love," whispered I, "And when it had finished its teachings it went again to the angels," added she, through her tears.

A Modern Arcadia.

The London News of recent date.

contains the following: According to a paper lately communi-cated to the French Geographical Society by Dr. Le Bon, there exists high up smong the Capathian Mountains of Galicia, in a district known as Tatras, one of the most primitive and unsophisticated communities in Europe. The popula-tion of this remote region numbers sevher streamed the golden sunshine, except | eral thousand individuals. They use neither strong drink or tea or eat animal food. Riches have no charms for them. Though poor they are content, and though their diet is spare and monotonous, they enjoy perfect health and live long lives. The food of these Arcadians is principally oats, either simply boiled or converted into cakes. During four or five months of the year those of them who accompany their flocks and herds to Practically, therefore, these goat feeders live on the sugar and mineral salts contained in they whey. They do not consider this regimen a privation, and, says Dr. Le Bon, who has been among them, when they return to the valley at the end of the season they are as strong and as orous as when they set out. The entire race of Podbalians (as the people of Tatras call themselves) are remarkable for their vigor and are incontestably superior, physically and intellectually, to the neighboring populations. The lives of the Podhalians are easy and tranquil, not because of the abundance of their resources, for they are a poor people, inhabiting an arid region, because their needs are few, and they are free from the craving for stimulants, which is the curse of working people in other parts of Europe. Their physique is of a remarkable purity. They are quick of apprehension and frank in manner. Though far from being highly cultured, the Podhalians are poets and artists by nature. They are fond of dancing, and often when the labors of the day are over, meet to indulge in their favorite diversion. They are born improvisatores, too, and many of them can sing their own songs set to music of their own composition. Their poetry, says Dr. Le Bon, is tender and artless in sentiment, generous and elevated in style -qualities which he attributes to the wealth of spontaneous resources" possessessed by natures that know neither violent passions nor unnatural excitements

Precautionary.

"What I want to inquire is," he said, as he leaned over the desk, "if you think this war in Egypt will affect the stock of the Suez canal?

"It may," replied the head clerk. "To any serious extent?" "Well, I can't say. Are you a stockholder?"

"Did you think of investing?"

"Then how can you be affected by any

"Well, I dunno. I'm a great hand to trade horses, and if a feller should come along and offer to give me \$25 in Suez Canal stock and a purty fair hoss for my five-year-old mare, I'd want to be posted. I got stuck once with \$30 worth of stock in a railroad which was to run from Wisconsin to Africa, and the hull family had to go without flannels for seventeen months. So you think it would be safe

The Reason Why.

Press.

to take Suez at par, eb?"- Detroit Free

"Patsey, me darlint, where do ye wish to be buried when yez are dead?" asked a sobbing wife of her dying husband, "Down in the Jew's cemetery," came

the faint and strange answer. "Ohone! an' are yez gone crazy en-toirely, Patsey? An' why do you want

"Because, Biddy, the divil bad cess to him-wouldn't think of lookin' for an

Longevity as a Measure of Happiness.

During his last expedition to Central Asia, Prof. Vambery managed to interview the Emir of Samarcand—a sort of Mohammedan prince-cardinal and pri-mate of the Eastern Sumnites. As Iman of the local lyceum the Emir appeared to take a natural interest in the progress of European science, but, when his guest expatiated on the material prosperity of the Western Giaours, he interrupted him with a less expected question. "The happiest people on earth, you

call them? What age do they generally attain to?" Vambery seems to have returned an evasive reply, though he admits that the query was not altogether irrelevant, at least from the stand-point of an Oriental who values existence for his own sake. But even in the less unpretending West, longevity is not a very bad criterion of happi-ness. Misfortune kills; Nature takes care to shorten a life of misery-for reasons of her own, too, for, in a somewhat recondite (but here essential) sense, the survival of the happiest is also the survival of the fittest. The progress of knowledge tends to circumscribe the realm of accident, and with it the belief in the existence of unmerited evils. In spite of prenatal influences and unprecalculable mishaps, the management of the individal is the most important factor in the sum total of weal or woe. If we could see ourselves as Omniscience sees us, we would probably recognize our worst troubles as the work of our own hands, and we thus recognize them now with sufficient clearness to be half ashamed of them. Most men nowadays dislike to confess their bad luck. We have ceased to ascribe diseases to the malice of capricious deamons, and even in Spain the commander of a beaten army would hesitate to plead astrological excuses. Polycrates held that a plucky man can bias the stars, and the popular worship of success may be founded on an instinctive perception of a similar truth. Sultan Achmed went too far in his habit of strangling his defeated pashas, but the world in general agrees with him that there must be something wrong about a generally unsuccessful man. After two or three decided defeats the partisans of a popular leader will give him up for lost, and after a series of disasters the damaged man himself generally begins to share their opinion and loses heart, or, as the ancients expressed it, admits the decree of fate-. e., his own inability to prevail in the struggle for existence; and it is curious how swiftly a physical collapse often follows upon such a giving way of the moral supports. The storms of every political, social, and financial crisis extinguish hundreds of life flames; lost hope is fatal (though a silent and sometimes an unconfessed and unsuspected) disease. Good luck, on the other hand, tends to prolong life; the longevity of pensioners and sinecurists is almost proverbial, and there are men who continue to live in defiance of all biological proba-

the ministers and marsh ploded empire have followed their leader "weary of life and tired of buttoning and unbuttoning," as the captain of H. M.S. explained his suicide.—[Dr. Frelix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly

bilities, merely because existence some

how or other has become desirable, as a

liberal supply of external oxygen will nourisbalamp in default of the inner oil.

At the begining of the Franco-Prussian

war, King William and his chancellor

and staff officers were already grey

headed veterans, and it is no accident

that they are all alive yet; while nearly

for September.

Diving Belts. The first diving bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle supended by ropes, with the month downward and planks to sit upon fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo made an experiment with it before the Emperor Charles V. They descended in it with a lighted candle to a considerable depth. In 1683 William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a Spanish ship sunk on coast of Hispanolia. Charles II. gave him a ship with everything necessary for the undertaking, but being unsuccessful he returned in great poverty. He then en-deavored to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscription, to which the Duke of Albermarie contributed. In 1683 Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first his labors proved fruitless, but at last, when he seemed to despair, he was fortunate to bring up so much treasure that he returned to England with the value or £500,000 sterling. Of this sum he got about £20,000 and the Duke £90,000. Phipps was knighted by the King and laid the foundations of the fortunes of the present house of Mulgrave. Since that time diving bells have often been employed. On the occasion of the breaking of the water of the Thames, during the progress of the tunnel beneath it, Mr. Brunel frequently descended in one to the bed of the river. Diving helmets, supplied with air by a force-pump; are of more recent date and have proved of great use in submarine explorations; but these bid fair to be at last superseded, so far as the supply of pumped air is concerned, by the new and remarkable system of Mr. Fleuss, which requires no supply of air from the surface.

Pains from Severed Limbs. The feet of Josiah West, who met with that terrible accident on the railroad a few days ago, were yesterday taken by his wife to Fremont, New Hampshire, for burial. When the unfortunate man gained consciousness at the hospital, the morning following the loss of his limbs, he complained that his toes pained him a great deal, that they seemed badly cramped, and he requested that some one move them for him. At that time the feet were tied in a bag, and the hospital people did not know where they were to be found. It seems simply incredulous that the position or condition of a severed member of a person's body should affect in the least the sensibilities of the owner; but suffice it say that the undertaker, with whom the writer conversed, affirms that he personally knows of numerous cases where persons who have lost a limb declared that they felt pain from from awkward position in which the member was in.

an arm in this city last Fall. After being amputated it was sent to the under-taker's for burial. It was placed in a box, the back of the hand being down, remaining in this position for several hours. The owner of the severed member, during that time, experienced pain in the arm, which grew so unbearable that at last be asked a friend to go to the undertaker's and see about the limb. This was at 5:45 in the afternoon. The friend was busy and did not start off for half an hour, and during that time the pain had ceased and the wounded man said he need not go. He went, however, and found that the undertaker had just finished caring for the arm; that it had been placed in an easy and natural position in the box. The time when the arm was changed from the awkward position to the latter coincided exactly with the time when the owner had felt the pain leave him. When the friend reported to the unfortunate man, he (the latter)

placed; that he could feel its position, and correctly described the same. Another case cited by the undertaker was about a man who lost an arm above. the elbow. The member was given to the undertaker and buried. The man subsequently went to Lawrence to live. About a year after the accident he paid the undertaker a visit and told him his arm for a long time had pained him a great deal; that the fingers seemed cramped, and that he wanted to see the buried member. Accordingly, it was dug up and examined, and strange to say, found to have the fingers tightly turned up toward the palm, as the man had said they felt to him. The fingers were straightened and the arm consigned again to the ground, and no more trouble was experienced from it.

said he knew just how the arm was

bereass of Insaulty.

It came out at a recent convention of delegates, representing charities and corrections, at the capital of Wisconsin, that there are now in the United States fully 100,000 insane people, of whom less than one balf can be accommodated in the public and private asylums. It appears, also, that insanity is increasing more than three fold as fast as the population. The increase from 1870 to 1880 was 100,000 per cent. against 30 per cent. of population. The asylums are costing \$12,000,000 a year, yet more are cared for out of them than in them. The ratio of cures to the total of the afflicted is lower than it was ten years ago, and asylum statistics show that it is only by taking hold of the disease in its early stages that cure is at all possible. "Alcoholism" is presented as one of the chief causes of this increase of madness, and the marriage of persons inheriting the disease another. Startling as the theory may seem at

keeps about even pace with the advances

of civilization. The States that are most enlightened are those which have the highest per cent, of people in the asylums for the insane. Savages and barbarians hardly ever become crazed. insane Indian is as rare as a dwarf In dian. The logic of it is that there must be radical defects in the thing we call civilization; and these are probably as often traceable to the schools and col leges as to the family and heredity. Can it be that the children are prostrate: in their brain force and nerve force by be ing overtaxed at school? Certain it is that the great majority of crazed people in the asylums are of the educated class. No doubt alcoholism is a prolific generator of insanity. The records of the California asylums explain that. The history of the growth of insanity in this State shows that it has been about in proportion with the excess of the growth of the cities and towns over the growth of the rural districts. It is in the town and city that alcoholism most prevails. Not only alcoholism, but other promoters of disease. such as sudden revulsions of fortune and vices peculiar to all cities. This assertion is fully sustained by comparison of the statistics of insanity in the states containing the large cities with those almost exclusively rural. New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and California rank highest in the percentage of insanity; while Iowa, Kansas, Texas and Arkansas, which contain no cities over 30,000 or 40,000. rank lowest. All remedial measures for the prevention of disease are but perfunctory; but temperance, moderation in study by the young, and relaxation from the cares and vexations of business by those of maturer years, are the best in results yet tried. Eras of high excitement and reckless speculation are promoters of insanity. The Comstock mines have added five hundred victims to the list in this State and Nevada, -- San Francisco Chronicle.

The Boss Blackbird Story.

were at work on a prairie between Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee road and Grand river, we walked over there this forenoon to see. The story proves to be too true. The whole prairie looks as if it had been burned over. Millions of worms are at work, and almost every blade of grass has been attacked. They appeared some time last week on the piece of ground owned by the Hon. G. W. Webber, and have been and appear to be still traveling westward. had not reached the high-water road this morning, but were pushing vigorously in that direction. Myriads of black-birds, yellow-birds and robins were hovering over the place most infested, evidently making a meal of the worms. Just in front of the right flank of the army worms is a corn-field, and along the east fence, which separates it from the meadow, a line of blackbirds were stationed, in as good order as if they were marshaled for a fight under a military leader. They would fly in a solid mass to the ground, as if attacking something, and then fall back to the Surely enough, examination showed that the pestiferous insects had come up to the fence, but had not gone one inch beyond, and none could be seen on the corn. But a large number of dead worms could be seen on the ground where the birds had been east of the fence It is certain that the birds had made havoc with the worms, and it really looked as if they had a design in it to keep them ont of the corn-field. Who will kill birds after observing such things as Polish Immigrants to Betroit.

"They're a thrifty people, the Poland-

"Thrifty! Let a family consisting of husband and wife, four children, and a grandfather and granumother, come to own with \$150 or \$200 in cash, and in five years they will own \$5000 worth of

property."
"How in the science of economy do they do it?"

"By having just such women as ee ahead of you.' "They are used to such service from childhood?"

"Yes; the children are utilized for the gathering of firewood and swill." "Now, what do they do with that scrap lumber? Firewood?"

"Firewood! Not much. That is building material."

Mr. Baxter drove through the Polish quarter of the city. The houses are all small, but they afford perfect shelter from rain and cold, and in very many

cases are made of scrap lumber.

"You see," said Mr. Baxter, "they strike the city, and until they get a house of their own they are cared for by their friends. (There are now from two to four families in nearly every house.) They lease a lot for ten years at \$10 per year, agreeing to pay all taxes. They then begin work. The men are, most of them, ordinary laborers, earning from ninety cents to \$1.25 per day. By the aid of choice bits selected from swill gathered by the children, enough is saved from the wages to pay ground rent and, buy nails, bricks for chimneys, and little odds and ends needed in house. building. Meanwhile the women patrol the city for scrap lumber."

"What do they do for foundation tim bers and framing?'

"Occasionally they buy them, but often they get the stuff for the carrying of it away, when, in the business portion of the city, some old wooden building is being torn down to make way for a new structure."

"The women do not lug joists and scantling on their backs, do they?" "No; they find out where such ma terial is to be had, and then they get some friend who is driving a team for some merchant or manufacturer, and when he is on his way home at night meet him at the place specified and load

up his wagon. "As a class, these Poles are very healthy?"

"A physician told me once that he never saw a class so muscular, so free from disease, and so free to pay for medical attendance.

"How do you account for it?" "I don't try to. The other day I met two Polanders whom I knew well, and they each had four or five beef hoofs, with perhaps two or three inches of shank attached to each hoof. I asked first thought, it is probably susceptible where they got them, and they told me of proof that the increase of insanity they got them at the Michigan Carbon Works and that they were taking them home for food. Sounds disagreeable, doesn't it?"

"It's literally chewing glue." "Still when you think of it it isn't so bad. There's lots of gluten in a shank, and hoof, and I suppose they get the material for nothing.

"No wonder they prosper."- | Detroit Free Press.

A Won lerful Game of Pitch.

Some further facts regarding the pitch penny game on Third street have come The names are carefully kept out. secret from the general public, neither of the gentlemen engaged in the game care for notoriety in this matter. The game was not between brokers, as reported. One of them was a broker and the other was a gentleman well known on Third street as a speculator and genial frequenter of the broker's parlors. The game was played in the rear office of the broker, and the two began with pennies in the merest sport. Four or five mutual friends were also present, and they watched the game with interest. Their interest was soon exchanged for excitement when the principals, rapidly raising their stakes, were engaged in matching for hundreds, and then thouands of dollars. The broker was uniformly successful, but the other gentleman, with all the pertinacity of a gambler who is sure the next throw will bring back everything, kept on recklessly doubling and losing. In this way, \$18,000, and not \$12,000, as was incorrectly stated at first, were won by the broker. At that stage the loser began to appreciate how largely he was out, and to desire to retrive his ill-luck. This the broker courteously concurred in, although more than once before he had signified his willingness to stop at any time. Three more trials were had and the amount was reduced to \$13,000. Then the friends of the two players delivered an opinion, as it was getting late that the broker had given all the chances that could be well demanded of him, and It is, perhaps, not generally known that he ought not be compelled to play that the city of Ionia has been invaded any longer. So the wonderful game by the army worm. Hearing that they came to an end, and the broker put in his breast pocket a promissory note for 812,000.— Chicago Times.

"Wit ess My Hand and S al."

A thousand years ago the masses, the nobility, the poor and the rich, were wholly unacquainted with the mysteries of the alphabet and the pen. A few men, known as clerks, who generally belonged to the priesthood, monopolized them as a special class of artists. They taught the business only to their apprentices; and beyond themselves and their few pupils, no one knew how to read and write, nor was it expected of the generality, any more than it would be nowadays that everybody should be a shoemaker or a lawyer. Kings did not even know how to sign their names, so that when the wanted to subscribe to a written contract, law or treaty, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would amear their right hand with ink, and slap it down upon the parchment saying: "Witness my hand." At a later date, some genius devised the substitute of seal, which was impressed instead of the hand, but oftener beside the hand. Every gentleman had a seal with a peculiar device thereon. Hence the sacramental words" Witness my hand and seal," affixed to modern deeds, serve at least the purpose of reminding us of the ignorance of the Middle Ages.

A conspicuous increase is noted in the importation of foreign wares. New York City foot up \$11,370,040.